

Forecast 10/31/1918

Alam Mettinger, grand old man of the Falls of Schuylkill, died Friday, October 25, of his late home, 105 Mill, was a victim from general breakdown experienced by his years aged 84. He had been seriously ill two weeks.

The funeral took place Monday afternoon. Four clergymen were present at the ceremonies, namely, the Rev. Bishop Neely, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. F. A. Hawks, pastor of the local Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. T. J. Mutchler, secretary of the Sabbath Day Association, and the Rev. A. P. Haggson, of Germantown, lately of the Falls of Schuylkill Methodist Episcopal Church. Joseph Smith of the Falls of Schuylkill Male Chorus, rendered "Lord, Kindly Light."

The pall bearers were Jenn Bailey, of Malvern avenue; Dr. Kutter, of Queen street; Jacob and Frank Hess, of New Queen street; George Stubblebine, of Queen lane. The interment was made at Mt. Peace cemetery.

Mr. Mettinger is survived by a son, John K. Mettinger, of Jacksonville, Florida, and one sister, Mrs. Dr. Geo. S. Blum, of Norristown, Pa., and two granddaughters. He has indirectly numerous relatives.

After Mettinger was born at Newtown, but when four years old his parents settled in the Falls of Schuylkill, the father, John Mettinger, who emigrated from Baden, Germany, where the historic warriors dwell, operating the farm which then occupied the ground from Fish Hill to the Miffin mansion near James (now Stanton) street, between Ridge avenue and the Norristown Railroad.

Young Mettinger attended the yellow school house on Fish Hill and at an early age was apprenticed to the local barber. After completion of his study years he opened a barber shop and shortly thereafter a grocer's and furnishing store. The first enterprise, as far as could be ascertained, dated from 1856.

In 1887, when Odd Fellows' Hall had been finished, the restaurateur Mettinger moved his barber shop to this place and at the same time embarked in the men's furnishing business previously mentioned. He was the first tenant in Odd Fellows' Hall.

When Odd Fellows' Hall was reconstructed recently, Mr. Mettinger retired from active business after being over 50 years a tradesman and merchant. Since his having laid aside his business cares he spent six winter months in Florida and the summer months in the mountains.

He joined Captain John DeBson's regiment at Camp Stonley during the Civil War period and for a time helped in an army hospital.

Mr. Mettinger knew much of the town, having seen most of the developments which have taken place. He was frequently consulted in the matter of local history.

Mr. Mettinger was a charter member of Palmyra Lodge, No. 411, F. & A. M., and a charter member of Wyandott Tribe, of Red Bank, having belonged to this latter body over fifty-two years and drawn his benefits for the first time during his recent illness. He was a regular attendant at the Falls of Schuylkill Methodist Episcopal Church.

—Dr. Charles K. Mills being a former playmate and a warm friend of the writer, your correspondent does not blame him for the peck of trouble his recent lecture has caused. Ever since March 10 last, when that interesting lecture was given, I have been asked to throw some light on different facts connected with the history of the Falls. "Tell us something in the CHRONICLE about the ferry that once was located at the Falls Hotel," is one of the requests. This ferry was known as Watkin's ferry and had a frame ferry house at the foot of the roadway that led from Ridge avenue on the upper side of the hotel between it and the old-time house sheds. Beside the house was an immense tree, willow, I think, to which one end of the ferry rope was fastened. The other end on the west side of the river was fastened to a large iron ring which was placed on a rock above the river road near Simpson's old barn. I remember this ferry and that it was attended by George Glanding, whose family occupied the dwelling. His father Archibald Glanding, and Peter Shronk a granduncle of the writer, previously had charge of the ferry. On the west side of the river the ferry road led up the hill back of Simpson's barn, crossed the railroad after the latter had been built in 1840, and ran along the base of what is now Chamounix hill and out toward the "Five Points," coming up on the top of the opposite embankment at the turn of the Falls road. Until the Falls road was built in 1850 to connect with the Falls bridge built two years previous, Ferry road was the only one leading from the river to what is now Bals, Merton and other points in Montgomery county. When a boy the old ferry scow, which my uncle Godfrey Shronk, 20, used in ferrying goods to and from Simpson's mills, was moored at the shore of my father's property. In the then good old summer days a number of boys would unfasten the scow, pole it up the river to the Wissahickon then throwing off our clothes let the scow drift down with the current while we would swim. Many a time that old scow carried a good load of fine apples which the boys borrowed from Jesse Evans's orchard, down to its mooring place.

R. R. S.

—In the recent death of John P. McNeill the Falls lost one of its best known residents. He came here from Ireland when a small boy with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Loughlin McNeill who resided for many years on Laboratory Hill. John was the oldest child and was the last of three brothers: Archibald, Daniel and Loughlin to answer the dual summons. After leaving Forest School he worked in Simpson's silk works and later was employed in the laboratory as an engineer, where he continued more than 40 years until stricken with blindness. He also conducted a grocery store on Clearfield street near 35th, and was among the first members of St. Bridget's Catholic Church. At the time of his death he was a member of Corpus Christi Church.

Within a brief period John McNeill is the fourth of my former schoolmates to the Forest school to pass away. The others in their order were John W. Shronk, Brigit Hayard and Jacob Neill.

—Talking to a man on Monday he said: "Chickens are bringing 30 cents a pound if they are good roasters, others can be had from 25 cents a pound up and eggs are going up in price. There has been no prediction as to what the price of turkeys will be. No doubt the European war will boost the price. It used to be that those who could not afford a turkey would buy a roast of pork to save money. Have you bought such a roast lately? If so how much cheaper was it than a good turkey? Look over the list of prices of most food stuff and see what it costs to live. Most of the soaring in prices is the result of greedy, heartless speculators who ought to be brought to justice. Even the raw-drymen have raised the price of doing up a shirt the cost now being 12 cents, instead of 10. There has however not been any report of a raise in the working man's wages. People seem to have forgotten all about the great Judgment Day, of which so much use to be said in the old-fashioned sermons."

Forecast 10/31/1918

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Adam Mettinger, grand old man of the Falls of Schuylkill, died Friday, October 25, of his late home, 165 Madison avenue, from general breakdown experienced by his years aged 84. He had been seriously ill two weeks.

The funeral took place Monday afternoon. Four clergymen were present at the ceremonies, namely, the Rev. Bishop Newby, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. F. A. Hawks, pastor of the local Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. T. J. Mautcher, secretary of the Sabbath Day Association; and the Rev. A. P. Hodgson, of Germantown, lately of the Falls of Schuylkill Methodist Episcopal Church. Joseph Smith, of the Falls of Schuylkill Male Chorus, rendered "Lord, Kindly Light."

The pall bearers were Jenn Bailey, of Malvern avenue; Dr. Kutter, of Queen street; Jacob and Frank Hess, of New Queen street; George Stubblebine, of Queen lane. The interment was made at Mt. Peace cemetery.

Mr. Mettinger is survived by a son, John K. Mettinger, of Jacksonville, Florida, and one sister, Mrs. Dr. Geo. S. Sloan, of Norristown, Pa., and two granddaughters. He has indirectly numerous relatives.

After Mettinger was born at Newtown, but when four years old his parents settled in the Falls of Schuylkill, the father, John Mettinger, who emigrated from Baden, Germany, where his historic warriors dwell, operating the farm which then occupied the ground from Fish Hill to the Miffin mansion near James (now Stanton) street, between Ridge avenue and the Norristown Railroad.

Young Mettinger attended the yellow school house on Fish Hill and at an early age was apprenticed to the local barber. After completion of his study years he opened a barber shop and shortly thereafter a grocer's and furnishing store. The first enterprise, as far as could be ascertained, dated from 1856.

In 1857, when Odd Fellows' Hall had been finished, the resourceful Mettinger moved his barber shop to this place and at the same time embarked in the fish's furnishings business, previously mentioned. He was the first tenant in Odd Fellows' Hall.

When Odd Fellows' Hall was renovated recently, Mr. Mettinger retired from active business after being over 50 years a tradesman and merchant. Since his having laid aside his business cares he spent six winters in Florida and the summer here.

He joined Captain John DeBson's regiment at Camp Stockley during the Civil War period and for a time helped in an army hospital.

Mr. Mettinger knew much of the town, having seen most of the developments which have taken place. He was frequently consulted in the matter of local history.

Mr. Mettinger was a charter member of Palestine Lodge, No. 478, F. & A. M., and a charter member of Wyanet Tribe, of Red Bank, having belonged to this latter body over fifty-two years and drawn six benches for the first time during his recent illness. He was a regular attendant at the Falls of Schuylkill Methodist Episcopal Church.

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R. R. S.

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Within a brief period John McNeill is the fourth of my former schoolmates to the Forest school to pass away. The others in their order were John W. Shronk, Bright Hayard and Jacob Noll.

—Talking to a man on Monday he said: "Chickens are bringing 50 cents a pound if they are good roasters, others can be had from 25 cents a pound up and eggs are going up in price. There has been no prediction as to what the price of turkeys will be. No doubt the European war will boost the price. It used to be that those who could not afford a turkey would buy a roast of pork to save money. Have you bought such a roast lately? If so how much cheaper was it than a good turkey? Look over the list of prices of most food stuff and see what it costs to live. Most of the soaring in prices is the result of greedy, heartless speculators who ought to be brought to justice. Even the laundrymen have raised the price of doing up a shirt the cost now being 12 cents instead of 10. There has however not been any report of a raise in the working man's wages. People seem to have forgotten all about the great Judgment Day, of which so much use to be said in the old fashioned sermons."

1/19/21  
One of the institutions mentioned in the Falls cemetery is the Public Dog Kennel at Thirtieth and Chestnut streets. I called there some time ago and was shown through the building, including the dead house, where the stray dogs are stationed in a few minutes by the times of passing cars. As I listened to the superintendent's statement I thought of a dog I saw killed when a boy, Daniel Hays, who was then superintendent of the Powers-Washington hardware shop yard, had a handsome large poodle dog, which he had named "Topsy." One day a strange dog, said to be suffering from rabies, ran up Rialto avenue, jumped and bit "Topsy." Hays, fearing the dog might be taken with the rabies, gave me a hint and asked me to go to the store for some strychnine to give to the dog. The stranger took from a large glass jar about half a pound of some white powder, wrapped it up in three thicknesses of paper and told me to hold it out at arm's length, which I did. Hays had soon another boy to a hardware shop for a best grade. He took the powder I had brought, sprinkled it liberally over the pup's neck, and fed it to the dog. After eating all she could, the dog looked on the powder. As it did not show any signs of falling over dead, Hays secured an air rifle and fired three shots, which fell on the dog's head. William Taylor, boss of the firm's stable, came along, picked up a club and struck the poor dog a violent blow on the head, putting it out of its misery. Hays then gave another boy and me 25 cents to take the dog's body down to the river, where we buried it in the sand.

1/19/21  
It seems strange that so many persons have an idea that the day is the anniversary of former President General Andrew Jackson's birth. It marks the anniversary of his defeating the British in New Orleans in the War of 1812-13. General Jackson has been lion received as an apostle of democracy, and there are said to be many things in Paoli and Berks counties who hold they are still voting for him at every election. The day passed here without any formal observance. There was a time when Cooksberry was in evidence on the west side of the river that the Jackson Club, which met in Christie's Hall, would hold its annual dances on the night of Jackson Day. Of the many who belonged to that once strong organization, I do not know a single survivor. Edward F. Daxman was one of its most enthusiastic members until he removed to this side of the river and became a Republican. He received the influence of the late George A. South, State Comptroller of the anti-slavery ward, who had May 19

1/19/21  
A few weeks later he was permitted to depart, and within a few months later was made lieutenant of the Twenty-second district, and died after serving several years.

1/19/21  
Measure last Saturday evening Dr. George M. B. at the home of his sisters, 2235 along Park avenue. He is one of the few survivors of the classmates I had in the Forest school when every now and then we were punished unmercifully by the teacher Robert Mackie just because we didn't know the lesson or was caught doing things we had no right to do. Dr. Felt retired from his extensive practice some years ago and is devoting himself to the care of his farm.

1/19/21  
Mrs. Mary E. Potter, widow of Zachary T. Potter and daughter of the late Joseph E. and Elizabeth Stone Sorber, was buried on Saturday afternoon from her late residence, 3550 Queen lane. Interment was made in West Laurel Hill cemetery. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Francis of the broad and Oxford streets Presbyterian church, and the Rev. A. Percival Hodgson of the Methodist church. The funeral was in charge of Undertaker C. L. Dykes.

1/19/21  
Mrs. Potter died on Tuesday, September 12, at her home in Lewisport, N. J. She was a member of the Episcopal church here and is survived by a son and two sisters, Miss Kate Scales and Mrs. Harry E. Conover. She was widely known and highly esteemed here at the Falls where she was born and raised. She had resided for some time with her son and sister Kate in Lewisport.

1/19/21  
At the fifteenth annual reunion of the Survivors Association of the 88th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers last Saturday afternoon, on the lawn of the Secretary William F. Dixon's residence, 8825 Ridge avenue, Rockport, Judge John Kelley, who was the first man to emigrate from the Falls, told in his address at the dinner in the Manhattan Baptist church how he came to emigrate. He was employed by Samuel Frazer, who rented the Robinson farm, which an-

2  
cluded the meadow on which Stockley was located. One day he was Frazer for a raise in his pay and gave him until the next day to consider the matter. The request was denied and Kelley told him, "Sorrow than work for you for \$12 a month I'll go over to the meadow and enlist for \$13 a month." He said he climbed over the post and rail fence, walked down to the camp and was sworn in as a soldier of the regiment, and allowed he had never regretted the act.

1/19/21  
I thought last week as I walked along Ridge avenue and crossed Midge avenue, of the time when Samuel H. Mayberry had his store on what was then Mithin street, and how he was annoyed at every heavy rainfall by the water flooding his store and stable. In those days there were no sewers to carry off the surface water, and at every rain great volumes of water rushed down Queen lane above the railroad, Bowman street, Sunnyside and Fairview avenues and gattered at the top of "Dutch Hollow," would form a little river out of old Mithin street. It was no unusual thing for the crews of the old horse cars to shovel the accumulation of mud and debris off the tracks. While thousands of dollars damages resulted to Mayberry, he never received a dollar from the city towards covering the loss. The floods were in law considered as the work of God, despite the fact that their flowing down the valley was due to a great extent to the negligence of man, or city officials.

1/19/21  
R. R. S.

THE MIFFLIN MANSION

A HISTORIC RESIDENCE OF COLONIAL DAYS TO BE OBLITERATED

SCARED BY A GHOST

An Old Man Tells How He and a Number of Other Boys Were Almost Frightened to Death Near the Old Mifflin House at the Falls of Schuylkill.

On the summit of a small hill, which extends back from Ridge road, below James street, at the Falls of Schuylkill stands the old Mifflin mansion. It is a three-story stone building in the colonial style. Although built previous to the revolutionary war it is still substantial, showing the few signs of its age and maintaining its original appearance at least as it was in colonial days. This famous mansion was erected by and was the residence of Governor Thomas Mifflin, who was born in Philadelphia in 1754. One of our earliest Washington was a guest of the old mansion. Robert Morris, Benjamin Franklin and other patriots of the revolution used to ride out there to breakfast, and such men as General Morris, Clement Biddle, Andrew Brevintin, General Meredith and Timothy Pickens used to stroll the historic driveway given above.

And now this interesting and historical colonial mansion has been sold to a well-to-do visitor, a German and will be torn down and reconstructed, and so effort made to make the site. "Things won't seem natural here any more when the mansion's gone," said an old settlerman who has spent all his life at the Falls of Schuylkill. "How the old house takes me back in my youth! One winter night a party of us came through the park near the mansion from a little above we had up in Martin's little stone cottages in the woods. What a time we had getting home; how we reached our beds and tossed and tossed and thought of a ghost. How the old house takes me back in my youth! One winter night a party of us came through the park near the mansion from a little above we had up in Martin's little stone cottages in the woods. What a time we had getting home; how we reached our beds and tossed and tossed and thought of a ghost."

"We had walked along till we had reached the little marble porch from where we could see the moon shining through an opening in the big paper fence. The moon was peering behind scattered clouds and looked like a leaf sailing through Japanese white waves. We stood and watched it for quite a while when we all something pale, white or so and blew a warm breath in our faces. We could feel the breath and hear a rattling noise that sounded like some paper which a large sheet of it is crumpled in a person's hands. We were so frightened that we could neither scream nor cry and I never experienced such a sensation in my life.

Behind that feeling my heart beat and clattered away breath I breathed would be the last. The permission, as cool as the water came out on my forehead as large as my eyeballs. Just as I thought I would fall over I looked around and coming down from above the trees was a faint white light that lit my face and on the. The light was like a fire, with long slender rays emanating from behind the trees and penetrating all lines by which things are made to live. Much like the light that comes from the sun but it was a white, cold light that was not like the sun's. The light was not like the sun's.

There was another night that I'll never forget. I was returning home from a visit to my best friend on Indian Queen lane. I stayed till midnight, but didn't know it was so late until the old English clock struck twelve. Then I got up to make an apology for leaving the young lady up so late and late. It was in the summer and I hadn't gone far before a thunderstorm broke in great fury over the Falls. My best friend told me and the lightning nearly blinded me it was so vivid and frequent. I was within the gate before I had gone some hundred yards. While I was walking up the old path with my head down and pressing forward against my hat, I heard a noise that sounded like feet after a heavy iron chain would have been. I was directly in front of the entrance to the Mifflin mansion, and started towards the steps when I saw what I'll always believe was the devil himself.

"He was fully twice feet high, and wore an old-fashioned red cloak. He had a head like a ball, with a short horn curving out on either side. His ears were long and hairy, in one hand, which had claws like a grizzly bear, he held the end of his tail that was dressed with his smoulder, and with the other he held the end of a long chain, about which the lightning played. Scarcely through the middle of his coat was a long-headed, three-pronged pitchfork. He came down the stone steps three steps at a time, and was with stepping on the wall with the end of his tail. I don't know whether he said anything or not, but I told the story. I was in a hurry to get home.

"How I got there I don't know. All I can remember is that next morning when another party came down stairs the found me lying on the floor in a dead faint in front of the open door, which I had possibly run under so hard that I broke it open, tearing the hole clean out of the oak door frame. They saw the faint and let him that a year stepped at a distance to the main line.

"In 1867 when the young boys were attending the revival exercises here in one of the churches, a young woman related a great sensation on Ridge road by seeing the ghost. She had a narrow escape from being shot. If Tom Parker's gun hadn't snapped she would have returned for her body. It was a bold thing for a woman to do, especially believing in those days that the old Mifflin mansion was haunted. The young woman had been at wedding and dancing on ahead of the others, she walked up the stone steps, missed her other white skirt over her head and walked till the ribbon fasten came loose when she felt a faint and a heavy sound and ran out on the road.

"Some of the young boys had their eyes and feet down the streets like road, while the girl pulled forward, and then turned back and looking up the porch of the mansion and then shot at the ghost. The ghost heard and tried to shoot the speaker, but the captain stopped.

"The girl immediately kept running down the street at the road to the other, with half a hour's distance and chasing her. They took good care, however, to keep from getting too near. She kept on till she got to the foot of the stone steps and after turning around the corner, dropped the white skirt and walked outside the grounds but at the main gate to the mansion. In a sudden vision of light she said, 'I have got you and your friends around this mansion.' Of course, she was thought to be very much surprised and when she had done so she disappeared. She found the rest of the crowd and with them would go to the church. But the story of the ghost was a little bit of a story.

Washington Park has passed on its entrance a "For Sale" sign, which means the passing of that pleasure resort. The property belongs to the estate of the late Martin Ulrich, who purchased it in 1868. He fixed it up and called it Pasuma Park and it became famous for dog races. Later the grounds were improved and the name Washington Park was placed upon it. For years it was the popular resort for organizations of all automobiles to hold their meetings and dinners and the revoking of the liquor licenses two years ago practically killed the park.

With the passing of Washington Park will go the last of a number of similar resorts which once flourished in this vicinity. The first and smallest of these was Mifflin mansion park, which was opened soon after the property was purchased for brewery purposes. This park lasted but two years. Then came Steppacher & Becker's park in 1857 on what was Smith's knob which faced "Hutch Hollow," and extended along the Norristown Railroad. Jacoby & Schenkel afterward came into possession. The Philadelphia Refs Club bought the property of Dr. Emmanuel Krull on Queen lane in 1871 and formed it into the Schenken park. The grounds were taken as part of the site of the Queen lane reservoir, when the park was moved to Labor, Mund & Albrecht bought most of Samuel Caser's property on Queen lane and turned it into a pleasure park. It lasted several years until the large frame hotel was destroyed by fire, and ceded that park. Guckes, a well known brewer, bought the property on School lane and the Norristown railroad turning it into a park, but its popularity soon faded.

It looks as though the Falls and vicinity will soon be without a pleasure park, a deprivation it can stand without going into mourning.

R. C. S.

MAY 25 1934

Weekly Forecast, June 20-1912

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JAMES S. ASHTON, NOBLE GRAND

Falls of Schuykill Lodge, No. 467, I. O. O. F., to Celebrate Its Sixtieth Anniversary—Short History of the Lodge.

The celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Falls of Schuykill Lodge, No. 467, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, which is anticipated as a great and extraordinary event, not only by the Odd Fellows in particular, but by the community at large, will be observed in next Sunday evening by commemorative services in Grace Reformed Episcopal Church, Ridge avenue, above Walnut street.

At seven o'clock on that evening the members will meet in their lodge rooms, in Odd Fellows' Hall, to prepare to march in a body to Grace Reformed Episcopal Church, where a sermon will be preached by the Rev. Walter B. Oakland, pastor.

On Monday evening an entertainment

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will be held in the parlors of Odd Fellows' Hall... program has been... Opening... Mr. Charles A... Falls of Schuykill... Mr. Fred... Mr. William H... With the Program... Miss Kathryn... comedian, Mr. Joe... Lewis... shouting and... Mr. Frank... Then will... Dr. Charles... Mr. Fred... Mr. William... a court room... silver... eccentric comedian... singing and... Mr. Frank...

On Wednesday... will be... in Odd Fellows' Hall... 200... place.

The following... which will be...

- Herbert... Ewald Knuth... with... R. Green... Stockton... Foster...

A short history of Falls of Schuykill Lodge, No. 467, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, will be... present-day members.

Prior to 1832... was but... in Pennsylvania... had not yet... and any one... self with the... either to... which met at... Township Lodge... at what is now... but today...

To the... with one of... nected themselves... Falls of Schuykill... population they... formal and... should be...

Accordingly... 1832... a petition was... for a lodge for... and on the 19th... year's... the institution of...

- The following... Joseph Evans... Charles Whaley... Samuel Kirk... William... Hugh Taylor... James... Peter McG... John... H. Green... Sarah... Robert... Thomas...

—What was the office of Dobson's  
apprentice mill was the Hager  
mansion in which Charles V. Hager,  
the historian, inventor and mechanic,  
lived, reared with his parents, Rev.  
Robert Mackie, who taught in the  
Forest School, with Mrs. Mackie occu-  
pied part of the mansion during part of  
the time I attended the school. One  
day one of the boys happened to look  
out of a school window and saw flames  
of fire issuing from the chimney, he  
cried out, "Mr. Mackie look at your  
house it is on fire." After a glance the  
teacher rather excitedly said, "come  
boys get over to the house as quickly as  
possible." While running to the fire  
he asked us to yell lustily so as to attract  
men who were working to the old granite  
quarry on Ridge avenue. The boys  
yelled, the men came, and soon had the  
fire extinguished. We returned to the  
school and had scarcely resumed our  
studies when John Scott, who lived in  
the Carson mansion on the school prop-  
erty, stepped into the school and told  
the teacher his home was on fire again.  
This time the shingle roof was on fire.  
The school again hurried to the house  
shouting as before. Some of the boys  
suggested to the teacher that they run  
up to the laboratory and get the little  
fire engine. The teacher thought it  
was a good suggestion and told us to go.  
One of the boys, Theodore Morley,  
stopped at his home on Queen lane and  
and got an old fire horn. Before reach-  
ing my house it began to rain so we  
concluded the rain would put the fire  
out so we spent the rest of the day in  
our school.

—Of the many men I have known  
here at the Falls John H. Richards an  
Alabama Frenchman was the most pe-  
culiar. He came to this country when  
a young man and carried on brush  
making. In Virginia he became ac-  
quainted with a naturalist, a Dr. Houl-  
brook, who was a friend of the great  
Agassiz. The latter one day told Rich-  
ards to draw him a gold fish that was in  
a globe. To please the scientist he did  
so, but when he handed him the draw-  
ing the Professor tore it up, saying go  
draw the fish. This was repeated sev-  
eral times until an acceptable drawing  
was made. He then showed Richards  
how to color it to nature. From that  
day he gave up brushmaking and took  
to drawing and coloring and became  
one of the best artists in that line in the  
country and for years was employed in  
the Smithsonian Institute in Washing-  
ton, D. C. He lived with a woman  
everybody thought was his wife until  
near her death in 1869, when it became  
known they had never been married.  
He had signed over his property to her  
during the civil war, and when it  
learned he had told the secret she would  
the property to a nephew and a niece.  
Richard brought suit but lost the case.  
It was however compromised, I worked  
for him at the time the suit was tried.

*October 3, 1916*  
—In my long experience and ob-  
servations in the Falls I have met  
many characters, among whom was  
Absalom Barker, who came here  
more than half a century ago from  
Yorkshire, England. In many things  
he was peculiar. He was unmarried  
and lived with his sister-in-law, Mrs.  
Miriam Barker, who conducted an ice  
cream saloon on Ridge avenue above  
Midvale avenue. Absalom did odd  
jobs for people in the neighborhood  
and was very saving. As soon as he  
accumulated \$10 he would get some  
one to give him a bill of that amount.  
He kept his savings in a belt about  
his body. After Mrs. Barker left the  
neighborhood Absalom was given per-  
mission by the late John R. Johnson,  
to sleep in his stable. The poor fel-  
low was found dead in the stable one  
morning. On his body was the belt,  
containing sufficient money to bury  
him. Among the bills were several  
Confederate notes some one had  
piled off on him as paid money.

—Have you noticed how bare some  
of the trees are? In some instances  
the leaves began falling immediately  
after those hot days in August.

K R S

5  
From his keen observation and re-  
markable memory Mr. Scott is a veri-  
table encyclopaedia of local history and  
biography. In his youth he learned the  
carpentering trade which he mastered in  
every branch and became one of the  
best wood workers the Falls has ever  
known. He is one of the few survivors  
of his business that could take undressed  
timber and from it make a house, in-  
cluding sash, doors, moulding, stairs  
and other furnishings. As a painter I  
have worked on his splendid work and  
also found that it needed no blanching  
to be covered up with paint, and that  
means a great deal in carpentering as  
any mechanic will admit.

Mr. Scott is also one of the very few  
now living who attended school in the  
Old Academy Building or of those who  
were enrolled in the old Union Sunday  
School, which met in that sacred old  
building. He married Mrs. Elizabeth  
Whitaker Dunckerly some years ago and  
with her is spending the evening of his  
long and useful life in their home on  
Queen lane.

With other writers on local history I  
am indebted to Mr. Scott for valuable  
information. His brother George L.  
Scott was widely known here as a mason  
and ornamental plaster. Their sister,  
Harriet Scott, a noble woman, passed  
away when a young woman.

May Hugh Scott live many more  
years to maintain the honor of his  
respected family.

*Sept. 11, 1914. R. J. S.*

—Hugh Scott, man whom no one  
better known or more highly esteemed  
in this community, was the recipient on  
Wednesday at his home on Queen lane,  
of hearty congratulations on his having  
that day completed his 83rd mile in the  
journey of his useful life, and as hearty  
an expression of the wish that he may  
keep on adding to the years without  
becoming old. Mr. Scott was born here  
May 10, 1833, and is the only surviv-  
ing child of the late Samuel and Hannah  
L. Scott. His brother George L.  
and sister Harriet, having finished the  
pilgrimage in their young manhood

## FALLS ITEMS.

—According to the almanac Spring began on Tuesday. Already the city of fresh shad and ripe strawberries is heard on the streets, a sure enough sign that Spring is here.

—An excellent illness of Levi C. Holt, of Roxborough, is printed in the 17th annual report of the Old Fellows Orphanage just issued, he being a member of the Committee which selected the site for the new Orphanage at Oak Lane.

—John Timbers, aged 75 years, for many years a resident of the Falls, was buried on Saturday afternoon from the parlors of Eugene Leech, 7127 Woodland avenue. Mr. Timbers, who died Wednesday, March 15, was born here and was a son of the late Silas Timbers. In his youth he learned the carpenter trade but only followed it a short while when he entered the employ of Powers & Weightman. Soon after the civil war in which he participated he removed to West Philadelphia.

—Persons using the steps leading from Midvale avenue to New Queen street are again complaining because of their rickety and dangerous condition. These steps belong to nobody, were erected by popular subscription, no property joined by the late Daniel R. Rubin. Georgetown Church had a plan sometime ago for doing away with the frame steps, and having a flight of stone steps attached to the abutment of Cresson street bridge. This plan could be carried out at small cost and the steps would be permanent and upon city property. It might be a good idea for the Business Men's Association to take hold of and back Mr. Cough in this matter.

—In his highly interesting and instructive lecture on March 10, of the Colonial and Revolutionary history of the Falls, Dr. Charles K. Mills stated that there was at one time a fall of 6 or 8 feet in the Falls run. I have been asked where that fall was located. The only fall I have ever known or heard of existing in the run was at a point where John Dobson's "Flush Hill" property joins the Forest School grounds. The run, prior to its being turned into the

intercepting sewer, extended along the east side of Ridge avenue bridge, crossing it at what is now the entrance to the carpet mills an approach to the Hagner mansion, now the carpet mill office, and at what is now Crawford street, the road leading transversely up the hill to the Carson dwelling and to the Forest school. The water tumbled over a dam that was constructed some time prior to January 1, 1773, a paper mill on the Schuylkill side of Ridge avenue, then known as Plymouth road. This paper mill was operated by water power from water which flowed through a culvert under the road to a trolley along that side of the rail race passing under a bridge that led to the mill erected into Falls run. The mill was erected by Joseph Potts, gentleman; Isaac Parrish, farmer, and Benedict Dosey, merchant, who also constructed the dam. The paper mill was subsequently turned into a crockery mill and at such was known in my boyhood but not operated. The mill later became the property of Wambald Nagle, a well known butcher, who in 1869 erected his meat store in front of the old mill. While attending Forest school in the early fifties boys and girls too, living "up the road" had two ways of reaching the school, over Smith's hill past the old octagonal bonding and family burying vault, or crossing the breast of the old dam and climbing up the wooded school hill.

Mar. 18-1927

### Mrs. MICHAEL ARNOLD

Judge's Widow, 87, Dies at Home of Son-in-Law

Mrs. Michael Arnold, widow of Judge Arnold, died last night at the home of her son-in-law, Edward E. Tesson, 2025 Pine st.

Mrs. Arnold was in her eighty-seventh year. She is survived by a son,

Carl E. Arnold, Atlanta, Ga., a daughter, Mrs. Alexander J. Gray, and two grandsons, Lieutenant J. F. W. Gray, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Alexander Gray, U. S. N. Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at St. James E. Church, 22d and Walnut sts. Interment will be in West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

—Work on the alterations of the Falls building, Ridge avenue and Ferry road, as an addition to the Young Women's Christian Association headquarters. In passing it a few days ago I thought, what a pity the property north, or west, could not be preserved and made up-to-date. This old building has the distinction of being the first place in which lager beer was sold in the Falls. It adjoins the old chocolate mill, the gable of which is partly to be seen back of the smaller building. The old mill was converted into dwellings and stores by the late Wambald Nagle, who used part of the basement for his slaughter house when he carried on his extensive butchering business. In those days it situated on Dobson's rue, and all the refuse was carried down the run into the Schuylkill. Originally the mill stood back from Ridge avenue with a run flowing in front, a bridge affording entrance to the mill. When a boy I have crossed the bridge to get to the drug store kept in part of the mill by the late Charles Ber-

—I was reminded last Saturday of the late William F. Hill, who while keeping a grocery and dry goods store at 30th and Clearfield streets, acted as Falls correspondent for the Chronicle. As I looked after the Falls end of the Schuylkill at that time, 1875-76, we were thrown much together. Hill was an enthusiast on the Centennial. My first visit to the great exhibition was in the second week of the show and I went with Hill as his guest. We tramped along through the bewildering exhibits till we came to the music stand in the main building, where we secured favorable seats. Looking beyond the Grandstand I saw a painter lettering a large show case. That being my trade I watched him so intently as he masterly applied his brush, that I did not hear the music even when Lety the grand cornetist played a solo. The painter finished his work just as Lety completed the solo, everybody clapped an applause in which I joined. After it was over Hill remarked, "What's that grand?" I replied "Yes, I never saw anything done so well." "How?" was Hill's rejoinder, "You don't see music and hear it," and was polite enough to tell me I had no soul when I said this I had not heard the music but had been watching the sign painter. Hill has passed away and I hope he is now enjoying the music beyond the stars.

H. A. S.

—Riding in a Ridge avenue trolley car a few days ago, I thought of the interest that was taken in the first horse car that ran from the old depot at Ridge and Columbia avenues to the Falls. It was on July 3, 1859, when in the middle of the afternoon the car came to James—now Stanton street, where a crossing was laid for running it to the southbound track. Early in the Fall of the same year cars ran to Manayunk. With the introduction of horse cars the line of stages which for a number of years had been run from the Fountain Park Hotel to Girard avenue, by Wm. Stern, was dispensed with. People were pleased with the new convenience of getting to and from the centre of the city. The fare was seven cents or a through ticket to Second and Arch for ten cents.

Extra horses were required to pull the cars up Kelly's and Robin Hood hills. Should no accident occur one could get to the city in three-quarters of an hour, and the cars ran half an hour apart from 8 a. m. to 10.30 p. m. Now the fare is five cents, cars run every few minutes and one gets to Front and Arch by transferring at 19th street in half an hour. Only on special occasions were the horse cars filled. Now at almost any time of the day or night one is never sure of getting a seat and cars are run all through the night.

—The Church of St. James the Less, which rents the old Academy Building, is very commendably making needed improvements to the property. This building, which ought to be regarded as sacred by every professor of religion, in this part of the city, is fast approaching its centenary and in three years will round out its first 100 years. The greater part of its history the property has been in charge of a board of trustees which re-elects its members or selects successors to those removing from the Falls, those who resign and those who die. Until 1872 the board labored under the mistaken idea that it had no power to charge rent for the building but could only receive such sums as might be donated. An examination of the charter showed that rent could be charged. This led to such an increase of revenue that the trustees were able to make improvements and meet other expenses.

The trustees might make an effort to revive the The Falls of Schuylkill Association, to which the charge of the property was originally given. Anyone desiring could become a member of the association by recommendation and the paying of a fee of \$4, with a stated an-

nual dues. The association while it existed selected trustees.

The building ought to be given a thorough renovation before its 100th birthday. This would include replastering and repainting and the placing of the grounds in proper order. It may be all right for the present occupant to brighten up the property but would it not be more to the credit of the community if the trustees would take up the matter and open up a general contribution fund so that a community pride might be shown in the work?  
July 9, 1915 R. R. S.

transportation, and they know nothing of the trolleys and other conveyances now enjoyed. There were no shuttles or ferries to warm the bones. Wood fires were depended upon. Water was obtained from pumps, wells or springs and light was obtained from candles or oil lamps. There was no post office or free delivery of mail and but few persons had even a weekly paper save those whose business took them to the city. What will be the changes in January, 2000?  
1/8/20 R. R. S.

—One hundred years ago the Falls of Schuylkill was a small village, which by some people, was still called Fort St. David's. Most of the houses clustered near the river. Fifty rods wide average as a sample, was forty years old. Then, as now, it was the best situation for landing to and from the city. In 1820 there were no rail roads and the banks of the river sloped gradually from the hill-tops to the water, unimproved by the hand of man. There were no cemeteries in the vicinity. Laurel Hill came into existence in 1835. Its site was known as Laurel

Hill and on the summit was a hotel kept by James Renshaw. There the people were wont to gather on the Fourth of July to hold their celebration. In 1834 the Norristown branch of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad was constructed, while the Reading Railway came in 1840. In 1820 there was no church in this vicinity. Those desiring to publicly worship God journeyed to the city or to Germantown, where there were Methodist and Lutheran bodies, or to Roxborough to the Baptist church, which was eleven years old, or over to Blockley. The only religious organization here was the Falls of Schuylkill Sunday School, which met in the Academy, on Queen lane, which was opened July 13, 1819. Along the river were extensive shad fisheries operated by the Stronks, Sorber, Roberts and others. The Schuylkill Navigation was being built; it had its canal constructed through Har Rock or Leverington, which village three years later was named Manayunk. In the following year, 1821, the dam at Fairmount was completed. This put an end to the ebbing and flowing of the tide and raised the Schuylkill here and at other places along the stream. A century ago the people had to walk to and from the city, there being no

reminded on Saturday through a letter of a well-known character who use to stroll through the Falls sixty years ago. He was a tall well formed man of rather an attractive appearance notwithstanding the careless habits he had of uncleanness. His name was George Monday and he was noted for never wearing a hat or other head covering. With his yellow tanned hair parted in the middle and down on his shoulders he would stroll along the street without speaking to anyone, and if questioned generally answered "yes" or "no." Years after he ceased coming to the Falls I met a man who had known him well and he told me that Monday had never worn a hat because Christ his master never wore one. He also said that Monday had been well educated and would at times deliver strong talks on Temperance and was well known through all parts of the city. I as a boy never felt any fear when meeting this strange character, but there were two other occasional visitors to the Falls of whom I had a dread—"Joe" Duaco, who went along the street in long strides waving one arm in the air and blowing in the mouth of a bottle imitating the whistling of a locomotive. I heard with little sorrow of his having been found one cold morning frozen to death. The other "Billy Mahogany," would loiter along the Norristown Railroad when it was a single track road, and take the trains drawn by wood burning locomotives. I believe he died in the same house.  
R. R. S.



Forecast 9/26/1916

88

# River Steamers Of Half-Century Ago Formed Line Of Travel From City To Manayunk

One of the pleasures the people of the city enjoyed half a century ago was a ride up the Schuylkill River from Fairmount to Manayunk on the steamboats which then plied on the river from the latter part of April until cold weather. It would be a difficult task to ascertain just when the steamboats first started to run up and down the river, as apparently no record of their starting has been kept. Late in the '30s of the past century a little side-wheel steamer, called the Mount Vernon, ran daily during the summer from Fairmount to the Falls of Schuylkill.

Later a line of boats was put on the river, the largest of which were the Frederic Graf and the Washington, stern wheelers. The Wissahickon took the place of the Washington and some years afterward two other boats, the Reindeer and the Andrus, were added. They ran up to Manayunk to a pretty little garden just below Schur's lane. Then one of the boats, the Wissahickon, was moored over night, its commander, Captain John Conway, being a resident of that suburb.

The boats left Fairmount every hour and made their first stop at Belmont Cottage, on the west side of the river near Columbia bridge. The next stop was at the end of Nicotown lane at Laurel Hill landing. From there they again crossed the river, stopping at Wood's landing. That was changed in the spring of 1888 to Cook's wharf, by which name the village is known until it was annexed to the city of Fairmount Park. At the Falls of Schuylkill the boats originally stopped at a little wharf in front of the Falls Hotel, while Robert Evans was the proprietor. In the early '80s he rented the Griffin's mansion, which had been purchased by James Spencer, and fitted it up as the Belmont Park Hotel, and built another small wharf for the steamboats.

After Michael Arnold, father of the late Judge Michael Arnold, purchased the Falls Hotel, in the early '90s he induced the steamboat proprietors to erect a wharf at the mouth of Mill Run, a point halfway between the two hotels. The boats stopped near at Wissahickon, at a wharf on the upper side of the creek, in front of what is now Colony Castle, the headquarters of the Philadelphia Casino Club. From there the boats steamed up to Manayunk. At the latter landing was a neatly kept summer garden attached to a small cottage, in which ice cream, cakes and other refreshments and soft drinks were sold.

The building of the Ridge Avenue Passenger Railway, in 1872, was the beginning of the end of steamboating on the Schuylkill. Prior to the running of the horse cars the steamboats formed the only conveyance to the people of Manayunk, Barborough, Wissahickon and the Falls of Schuylkill for getting to and from the central part of the city, except "Johnny Smith's stage coach, which left Manayunk shortly after 7 o'clock in the morning and returned between 3 and 4 in the afternoon.

During the Civil War the Schuylkill steamboats were commandeered by the

United States Government and were used on the Potomac River as transports for troops. The landing of the boats temporarily from the Schuylkill also helped the Edge users horse cars. Many people who preferred riding to and from the city on the horse cars, and becoming accustomed to riding on them, did not abandon them when the boats were brought back after the war.

Among the Schuylkill mariners, as they were called, none was more popular than Captain William T. Clark, commander of the Frederic Graf. He had a small dog, a black and tan terrier, which he had taught a number of tricks, with which passengers on the boat would be entertained. One of the tricks was diving into a half-barrel of water for a silver quarter. Captain Clark also had a boathouse at Fairmount, where he kept a large number of rowboats for hire. Frequently people hiring the boats would row up the river, get tired of the exercise, and abandon the boat, while the captain would row back to Fairmount with the steamboat. He continued the boathouse after the steamboats ceased running and conducted a cigar store on Green street close to the Park.

Another fleet of steamboats, somewhat smaller than the other ones, was run on the Schuylkill some 30 years ago, under the management of the late Richard Patterson. He had landings located at Rockland and Strawberry Mansion. These boats only ran up to Wissahickon, where the old-time landing was discarded for one placed in front of what was long known as the Minister Mansion. The boats catered, it was claimed, more to the pleasure resort than to the public and that it was, gradually resulted in ending steamboating on the Schuylkill.

The running of the steamboats on the Schuylkill was looked upon from opposite points by people residing along the river. Some held that the stirring up of the water by the boats and the dashing of the "rollers" on the shores, caused the chills and fever which for years prevailed along the river. Others held just the opposite and argued that the stirring up of the water prevented it from becoming stagnant and thereby prevented the annual epidemic from being greater than it was.

Shortly after the construction of the dam at Fairmount the chills and fever

or fevers by the Commissioners of Fairmount Park by which most of the old-time coves and wharves were eliminated and the water no longer had a chance to become stagnant, caused the disappearance of the malaria.

I was asked last week if I remembered the election of 1876 and if I could tell who the candidates were that year for the Republican nomination for the State Legislature. The answer to the question may perhaps be interesting to readers of "The Chronicle." At that time the Falls formed part of the Twenty-eighth ward, which was but six years old, and with the Twenty-first ward, from which it had been taken, formed the legislative district of which Josephus Yezzer, of Manayunk, was the representative. Yezzer was a candidate for re-election. In the Twenty-first ward there were twenty-one divisions, sixteen of which were carried in 1876 by Yezzer. Peter Heston, of Roxborough, carried the other five divisions. There were twenty divisions in the Twenty-eighth ward, four of which were formed by the Falls, and was the only candidate from the Falls. John M. Vandenberg and Robert Dugan were from the other parts of the ward. On the morning of the convention at the old Park House Tavern, Broad and Diamond streets, forty-one delegates answered the roll call. On the first ballot Yezzer had nineteen, lacking but three of the twenty-two votes necessary to carry the ward, after those remaining had votes were dropped. He negotiated with one of my delegates, who was near two others, thus giving Yezzer twenty-one votes on the next ballot and the nomination. I had no thought of securing the nomination and made no effort to secure it. Each of the four delegates here asked me to allow them to be my delegates and I let them be so. I was born and raised here and given me a unanimous vote. All the candidates have passed away excepting Robert Dugan and myself. In 1878 I was a delegate from Manayunk to the legislative convention that met at the old Wine House, Broad and Commerce streets. The Twenty-first ward had no candidates for the nomination. A caucus was held prior to the opening of the convention when I was requested to serve as a delegate and become a candidate, some members of the nomination. I declined the honor and the ward's votes were cast for Charles Bond, who was nominated.

—Charles S. Bond, who would have been 61 years old on December 17, died last Friday at his home, 3113 Olive street, after a brief illness, as a result of pneumonia. He was born in Salem, N. J., December 17, 1857, and for thirteen years was a justice of the peace in Bethayers, Montgomery county. Later he was a delinquent tax collector in Norristown and was widely known in Montgomery county. At the time of his last illness he was a clerk in Washmaker & Brown's clothing store. Mr. Bond was an old school Baptist and was one of the best versed men of the Bible I have ever known. I met him last on November 24 and congratulated him on his looking so well. He was buried on Monday afternoon in Hildens Cemetery and is survived by a widow, age 67, two daughters and two granddaughters.

—One of the most useful of modern inventions is the telephone and yet it has been proved an annoyance and a little a great trial to some patients and it is hard to stay.

57

# JOHN TUCKER ESTATE IS FALLING INTO

## Home of Reading Railway's First President Was Long Neglected.

### RECENT SUNDAY INDUSTRY INVADED LAWNS July 15, 1914 Old House Still Stands Although Blackedened by Smoke of Nearby Factories.

Old Oaks, once the palatial home of John Tucker, who was the first president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, for whom it was erected more than 70 years ago by Christian Swartz, the company's master mason, on the brow of the hill overlooking the long stretch of land south of Abbotford avenue and west of the township line, now Wissahickon avenue, is gradually crumbling into decay from lack of care. This large mansion of heavy brownstone attracts the attention of passengers on the Germantown & Chestnut Hill division of the Pennsylvania Railroad as they ride over what was once a part of its grounds, which extended from Abbotford avenue to Noctown lane, now Hunting Park avenue, and from Wissahickon avenue to Stoney avenue, excepting Devauchère, the home and property of the late George Blight.

Back of the mansion there used to be large stables, coach houses and other buildings of heavy brownstone and a large octagon-shaped summer house of ornamental iron erected over a deep, walled-up ice-preserving house. These structures were surrounded with towering oak trees, from which the place was named. Along the railroad front was another wood of huge oaks extending over the L-shaped portion of the grounds to Wissahickon avenue. These noble trees were killed by the fumes from industrial plants erected upon parts of the grounds or on nearby sites. West of the handsome home and down in the hollow were a Spanish grape arbor and greenhouse. The vineyard had an arched roof glazed with best French glass of the best quality. On the east and along the sides the glass bore pic-

tures of fruit and vegetables in rich soil. Beneath were deep bricked walks.

### Once Used as Cemetery.

When occupied by the Tucker family the home was the scene of many social functions. Two driveways led from Noctown lane to the mansion with bridges spanning the Port Richmond branch of the Reading Railway.

In 1870 the property was purchased by a company and was transformed into Old Oaks Cemetery. In front of the mansion on the sloping ground was laid a large circle from which avenues radiated in all directions. Upon the circle was erected a large monument bearing a statue of George Washington, the Volunteer Fireman of Philadelphia. A large number of burial lots were sold and for a time the prospects of the cemetery becoming a popular one were encouraging. It turned out, however, that most of the ground was so wet from springs that graves in being dug would fill with water. From this and other causes the cemetery was abandoned and the dead buried therein removed to other places.

The opening of the Germantown and Chestnut Hill Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad through the grounds destroyed the estate by the filling up of the lowlands west of the mansion where the arbor and greenhouses stood. This hollow and the winding drive from Abbotford avenue was later made a dump for ash-suthers, which killed the noble oaks back of the mansion.

Another invasion of the property was in the building of a branch railroad through the heart of the grounds to connect with the Midvale Steel Works and the Bladen bicycle factory. Most of the front toward the Reading Railway was sold and industrial establishments erected thereon. Prominent among these is that of the American Pulley Company, which has laid out an extensive sporting field for the use of the men employed in the works.

Roberts avenue is being opened through Old Oaks grounds and a substantial bridge of stone and reinforced concrete has been erected under the Pennsylvania Railroad. The avenue will extend from Germantown avenue to the Falls of Schuylkill.

1914  
70  
1734

THE JOSEPH BONAPARTE SALE.

Here About a Famous Sale of Effects of Art and Furniture.

Following the sale of the contents of the Bonaparte mansion at 20th Street and Broadway, a large amount of the finest furniture and effects of the time which had been purchased during the time which included the purchase of the furniture, pictures, bronzes, and other articles brought from France by the ex-king and his family, were sold for prices which were very absurdly small. Indeed the Bonaparte effects are far exceeded almost everywhere in the world by those given for the personal possessions of another fortune which were sold the same day.

The billiard room contained a magnificent billiard table, mahogany chairs with figured leather seats, and two long mahogany sofas, respectively leather and rose leather (with green) covers, with green figured velvet and blue and white. There were also tables and chairs, with silver and Italian marble tops, and a large billiard table. The four mahogany sofas, which were very comfortable, were brought from the billiard room and placed in the parlor and the kitchen. A large number of chairs, sofas and beds. Four mahogany beds, a lower bed, two bronze chairs, and two bronze chairs, with blue and white covers, completed the furniture of the room.

In the large drawing room, was much that was interesting and valuable.

The very superior mahogany chairs, the armchairs and three sofas, were really one of a kind, with gray marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

The contents of the dining room, which were in the nature of the best, were sold for very low prices. They would have been sold for much more, had they been offered at a public sale.

No. 1. Two mahogany chairs, with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

No. 2. Two mahogany chairs, with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

No. 3. The magnificent bronze chairs, with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

The mahogany chairs, with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

A very beautiful billiard table, with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

In the small room between the large drawing room and the parlor, were a number of chairs, sofas and beds, which were sold for very low prices.

A very beautiful billiard table, with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

The mahogany chairs, with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

There were besides two very beautiful billiard tables, with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

The mahogany chairs, with green marble top, and a very beautiful billiard table with green marble top.

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In looking through some papers I have just seen I came upon a somewhat faded photograph of the little cottage that once stood on the southeast corner of Ridge and James, now Stanton street.

Standing on the sidewalk is the picture of Henry J. Becker holding a bundle of papers in one of his hands. The little cottage was known to former generations as the porter's lodge of the Millin mansion.

In the recollection of your correspondent it was occupied by the families of Harry Hess, William Warren, the latter's only son a bright boy of 12 years, was drowned one summer afternoon in the Ocean City while bathing near the laborer's wharf.

Charles Whalley and his wife Margaret Smith Whalley made their home in the cottage for a number of years. She was a daughter of John Smith a Bradford manufacturer.

The late Jonas Everhart, a silk hankery and calico designer in Simpson's mill, purchased the cottage in 1856 and turned the grounds into one of the most beautiful flower gardens the Falls has ever known.

The entrance to the Millin mansion, when I was a small boy, was located about 100 feet above Stanton street. At the entrance was an ornamental picket gate in the center of which was a brass plate bearing the name "Andrew McMackin," who at that time owned and occupied the Millin mansion.

Henry J. Becker was doubtless one of the most progressive men the Falls has ever had as a resident and was what was known as a plunger. He never seemed to know the value of money. One after another projects in building operations ended in failure, but he never lost hope but would rise again.

While he failed the Falls was benefited. During the Centennial Exposition in 1876 he was proprietor of the branch of the Southern restaurant on the Exposition grounds, where he served a 50 cent meal, dinner or supper, and in the six months of the great show cleared more than \$100,000.

After the show he started up outstanding financial papers which he paid in full, then went into building and other operations. He always claimed that all he had to do to sell a house was to advertise in the Chronicle.

He was a man of many talents and a great deal of energy. He was a man of many talents and a great deal of energy. He was a man of many talents and a great deal of energy.

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Alvan Mettinger

11

Mettinger with his father yesterday with every prospect of completing it, a thing he will accomplish if the wishes of his many friends have anything to do with it. The young man received a number of congratulations at his home 103 Midvale avenue. He was born in Nicetown July 23, 1954, came to the Falls when a child with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mettinger. He has but one child, John K. Mettinger of Sanford, Florida.

—It was in the summer of 1877 when my initial first appeared under the letter from the Falls. The files of the paper will show the exact date. In the forty years the letter has appeared without a single interruption, every week, a record of which anyone might be proud. While every important event occurring at the Falls and vicinity has been noted there is a peculiar satisfaction in knowing that not a line has been written to injure or offend anyone, and nothing has appeared in this column that could not be read by any member of the many homes in which the paper has been a welcome visitor. A persons religious or political belief has never prevented him from being justly treated in any news item.

—What a difference there is in the mode of living to what it was 60 years ago at the time of the panic of 1857. I remember men who had been accustomed to making \$12 and \$15 a week in Simpson's silk handkerchief print work, and that was considered big pay in those days, working for a dollar a day rather than be idle. Some walked a long distance to work on farms for 75 cents a day and their meals, taking most of the pay out in potatoes, cabbage and turnips. I came across an old account book of my father's when he was supervisor of roads in North Penn Township a few years previous to the panic in which men who were well known at the Falls were paid a dollar a day. Some of them managed to own shares of stock in a Building Society and built their own homes. A gold dollar went as far then towards filling a market basket as a \$5 bill will today. The people lived a simple life, knew few of the comforts, conveniences or luxuries which working people of today enjoy. Seldom would anyone be found on the streets after 10 o'clock at night. Most of the people worked hard, kept out of debt, helped those in trouble and as a general thing knew more of happiness than the present generation.

—In a talk with a resident of the

Falls one night last week, the question came up, When will the abandoned police station be ready to again be used as a sub-station? He replied, "That is a hard question to answer. The trouble is there is too much factional fighting among our councilmen. Instead of their working together as they should they oppose each other with the result the place gets few if any improvements." When William McMurray was Select Councilman of this ward—the 26th—he told me that if he could get the other councilmen to come together and decide what they wanted the ward would get everything it ought to have in the way of improvements and appointments. There was no civil service sham in those days. This paper has repeatedly mentioned the disgraceful condition of Scotts lane, without any attention being given to the important matter of health and comfort. It might have been a good thing during the recent rains to have had the councilmen driven over the lane through the mud.

—When the city council met last week they told their constituents why the completing of the opening, grading and paving of Roberts avenue has been so long delayed? They would like to know.

—Last Friday, July 20, will go down in history as one of the gloomiest days in half a century or more years. It was draft day, when the men between 21 and 31 years were drafted to make up the army called out by President Wilson. In the city immense throngs gathered in front of the newspaper offices to see the numbers placed on the bulletin boards. A more anxious gathering of people I have never seen since the days when people watched the bulletin boards when President McKinley was gradually sinking in Buffalo.

In the days of the civil war the drafting was conducted different to what the present one is. There were no Registration Boards then. The town was canvassed and the names taken from the wheel. Those drawn were notified and had to serve unless they were found to be physically unable; could pay the \$300 commutation fund, or secure a substitute. In this advanced age a law has been enacted by Congress prohibiting the securing of a substitute, and there is no commutation law, so the men drafted will have to serve if physically able, whether they want to or not. While the thought is a sad one, it must be remembered that every citizen of

this the crassest nation in the world, is a unit of that nation and is obligated to maintain that honor, even to the giving of his life. I spoke to a young man on Friday while in the city and asked whether his number had been drawn. His reply was, "I do not know. I haven't time to go see. If I am drafted I will do my best to serve the country." What more could anyone do? Some people think that the law against employing substitutes is unconstitutional and would not be sustained by the Supreme Court. Be that as it may the probably be over before a highest court of the land.

R. A. S.

# LAST MILESTONE ON RIDGE ROAD

## Fifth Marker On Historic Highway Removed by Contractor, But Will Be Placed in Face of New Building

**T**HE fifth milestone on Ridge road, the last one on the old avenue within the city, has had to bow to modern improvements. It has been removed, together with some other landmarks in its immediate vicinity, to make way for a row of houses to be erected on the site.

When Philip Guckes purchased the Abraham Martin property on School road nearly 40 years ago and started a beer brewery, he purchased the place into a pleasure park. Finding that the locality was not of easy access he rented a property at School near and the Reading Railroad from James Dobson, created a house, tennis alley, pavilion, dancing floor and other buildings and laid the grounds out for what, for a short time, was known as Guckes's Park. The park extended along School lane to Ridge avenue and along the railway and across to the a short distance of the ridge road.

### A White Elephant

The enterprise did not prove a success and the park became what was termed a "white elephant," and was soon closed. The Brooks high houses lay out as well as the saloons and the buildings soon became dilapidated.

The property, which was acquired in 1864 by James Dobson from the estate of Jonathan Robinson, had been in the Robinson family since the latter part of the 17th century, when it was purchased from the Penns. Mr. Dobson had intended to build a mansion on the property, but changed his mind and erected it on the hill near what is now the station.

A few years ago Mr. Dobson erected a cluster of brick buildings on the railroad front, and with his nephew, Charles Schofield, of Roxborough, started an independent match factory. After but a brief existence there was a fire in the factory, when most of the property was destroyed.

The plant was rebuilt and business was resumed, only to be swept after relinquished.

### A Landmark Dislodged

The "Old Park," as the property was known so long, has recently been purchased for \$10,000 by Frank B. Jones. In clearing away for new buildings workmen removed the old fifth milestone which for 35 years stood in its position to mark the distance on the old Ridge avenue turnpike from its commencement at Ninth and Vase streets. A photograph of the old milestone, with a brief sketch of Ridge avenue turnpike, appeared on this page of the *Evening Livestock* several months ago.

Adjoining the park property on the north is the old Strickland cooper shop and dwelling. In the cooper shop the Stricklands for more than a century made their barrels for the Robinson brick mill that stood on the corner of the old Strickland road and Ridge avenue.

John Willard Stone, on the opposite corner, was the old Robinson lumbered mill. It was purchased in 1861 by James Dobson, who maintained the old dwelling and occupied it as his residence until the mansion on the hill was completed. The milestone destroyed by the workmen will be incorporated into the front of one of the new buildings.

### A Life Preserver

**W**HEN Brown, in reading about from the evening newspaper, came to the heading, "Francis Joseph Sinking," little Francis wanted to know if Francis Joseph was a ship. Benji informed that it was the name of an Emperor, Sinking remarked, "It seems to me he ought to be rich enough to always have a life preserver at hand to keep him from sinking." Then Mrs. Brown explained that the Emperor did not need a life preserver but a doctor. "Well," said Francis, "ain't a doctor a life preserver?"

Nov 13 1914

The following letter to Andrew J. Kelly appeared in a recent issue of "The Bulletin" and is worth preserving. Give it in full for the benefit of the "Chronicle" readers.

Dear Eben:  
The City History Society recently succeeded in the Falls of Schuylkill where they were met by Dr. Charles K. Mills, who led us through a large district teeming with Revolutionary history. Dr. Mills was thoroughly conversant with the entire region, lucid in his descriptions and painstaking in performing a task that was apparently a labor of love.

On leaving the Midvale station of the Norristown branch of the Reading Railroad we walked eastward along Midvale avenue to the corner of St. Felix, or Thirtieth street, where is located the mansion now known as Carlton. The privilege of examining the house and grounds was courteously given by Mr. Robert S. Smith, the present occupant of the mansion, who also gave some interesting details as to the history of the place. Dr. Mills made some remarks about the house and surrounding neighborhood, especially with reference to its Revolutionary and Civil War history. Before, and at the time of the Revolution, the mansion, or at least the original part of it (for it has several times been added to and rebuilt), was occupied by Henry Hill, a well-known landholder and wealthy merchant of that period.

The army of Washington—the second army raised by the Americans—was encamped in the immediate vicinity, during the first week of August, 1777. When it left this encampment it journeyed to Westbury and elsewhere, eventually passing through Philadelphia on its way to the heights of Brandywine, where it met the army of Howe, on September 26, 1777. After the battle of Brandywine, the army again retreated to Philadelphia, a gap of Chester and Darby and made under the old camping ground between the Falls and Germantown. Here it remained only two days, and again took up its march in the Ridge road, and crossed Levering's Ford at Manayunk and maneuvered for some time on both sides of the Schuylkill.

The Queen Lane reservation marks by considerable part Washington's encampments. Washington had his headquarters at Henry Hill's house, which is now kept in excellent order, being exquisitely furnished, and no one would suspect that it antedated the Revolution. Lafayette visited Washington there. The camp extended over the plateau from Wisahickon avenue, westward and including, at least so far as the officers' quarters were concerned, the village at the Falls of Schuylkill.

During the Civil War, one of the most famous of the Union regiments, the Over Exchange Regiment, or the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, was recruited in a camp which occupied in part the site of Washington's army, including what is now the novel northern part of the reservoir. After the British occupied Philadelphia, the Hessians, under Knyphausen, had their camp for some time on the same plateau.

Leaving the Carlton, we passed in Thirtieth, or Fox street, which skirts the reservoir at its northeastern corner, noting a tablet which has been erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution in commemoration of the site of the camp of Washington's army.

Along Thirtieth street for a distance of two or three blocks, the ruins of a house were reached, which, during the days of Howe's and Knyphausen's forces, was used as a stable and veterinary hospital by the British. This house was on a portion of the old Hill estate, which afterwards came into the possession of Griffith Evans, and still later that of his son, Dr. Horace Evans. A few years since the house was burned, but the walls were still standing.

Skirting the northern end, to some extent, the western side of the reservoir, the party reached a house usually known in the neighborhood as Alfordford. The original portion of this house was built by a man named Kirklin. Later it passed through several hands—among them families known as White, Moss, Wilson, Bird and Abbott. It was several times changed and enlarged, especially by Mr. Charles F. Abbott, who lived in it for many years. For several years Mr. Abbott was a member of the Board of Education of Philadelphia. The central part probably represents the original Kirklin house, which was built in 1752. Officers of Howe's army encamped their headquarters in this

house. Until a comparatively recent period between this mansion and the terraced house standing northeast from the former was a grave, enclosed by a picket fence. A marker stated that it was the grave of Captain Sims, an infantry officer in the British army. One of the incidents in Henry Paterson's novel "Pemberton" is said to refer to Alfordford. There is a beautiful view from this house which takes in the village of the Falls of Schuylkill, and a long stretch of country especially to the west north and south.

The excursionists next visited an old house on a line which crosses from Queen Lane towards the Schuylkill, at a point just below the west of the Norristown branch of the Reading Railroad. This large house is sometimes called the Scott-Cadwalader house. Just when it was built is not known, probably early in the nineteenth century. It shows on its eastern side a deep roof descending from the ridge pole, three stories high, to the first story. At present it has been built up in such a way as to take on additional stories, but traces of the original roof are still discernible. At one time it was owned by Hugh Scott, who was an uncle and supporter of Henry Clay Scott, who owned the old Falls quarry, and is said to have made a bet of his whole fortune with General Cadwalader against \$100 that Clay would be elected. His loss, and Cadwalader sold the property to John DeLano.

Tracing northward along the railroad, the party reached Queen Lane and also the old Academy. It was built in 1819 by contributions from neighbors for a school house, on ground donated by William Moore Smith, the son of the first president of the University of Pennsylvania, and since has been the center of religious and educational interests of the neighborhood. It was occupied by different private schools, and lectures and exhibitions of various sorts have been given in it. It has also been used for a branch of the Free Library and for a library.

The next station is the Mill east

13  
It was first occupied by William D.D. the first pastor of the Lutheran Church in this city, as early as 1775, and remained with his descendants until the beginning of the Civil War, and it is still in a good state of preservation.

Palmer's Tavern, on the east side of Ridge road below Queen Lane, was known during the Revolution, as a place of resort by generals and statesmen. Court martial were held here during the time Washington's army was in the vicinity. The house is now owned by the Sorber family.

Across the street stands another building known as the Falls Tavern, and locally called St. David's Hall. The village was designated after St. David, a fishing and country club located in this vicinity in the eighteenth century.

The tour of the party was finished at this point, although Dr. Mills advised us there was much more of interest to be seen in the neighborhood.

—Andrew J. Kelly.  
R. K.



# Honor Roll Unveiling in Conjunction to Fourth Liberty Loan Parade And Speechmaking

The "Falls of Schuylkill Honor Roll," containing 607 names of the local boys who left home when the country called, was unveiled at 7 o'clock on Monday morning in the presence of 5000 persons by little Miss Mary Elizabeth Dobson Altemus, who walked through a passageway made across Midvale avenue, from the Honor Roll to a large truck decorated with bunting and flags, by a double file of Emergency Aid aides, clad in attractive uniforms, in conjunction with the Fourth Liberty Loan parade from Ridge and Midvale avenues to Calumet street, countermarching to Allegheny avenue, returning along Ridge avenue to the place of the beginning where speech-making upon the unveiling of the Honor Roll and the Fourth Liberty Loan was had.

The unveiling of the "Honor Roll" was the great event in the Falls of Schuylkill, attracting 5000 persons to the scene; the parade, however, is to be noted for the great numbers of men, women, young men and young women, and children, who took part; and the audience which listened to the addresses was the largest assembled in this section for some time. The turn-out by the people of Falls of Schuylkill and nearby places has demonstrated the conquering war spirit of the community to its fullest and foretold the attitude of the townspeople toward the Fourth Liberty Loan, which is that the Falls of Schuylkill will be a 100 per cent. subscription community.

The parade, which started at 8 o'clock, was escorted by mounted policemen followed by Marshal John Hohenadel and his assistant, Harry Hayes; Major Bessie Dobson Altemus and her Emergency Aid aides and the National League for Women's Service were next in line, after which came the faithful White House workers carrying a large American flag; the Red Cross folks were there in large numbers, as were the Boys' Brigade and the Girls' Legion; any number of men, women, young men, young women and children joined in the parade lines. Uniformed men with rifles fell into the parade shortly after it had started. Three musical organizations furnished the music, namely, the Philadelphia Police Band, the Lutheran Sunday School Band and the John and James Dobson five and drum corps of fourteen pieces. Gus Thompson, of Calumet street, is especially mentioned for the splendid work of carrying a large replica of Old Glory along the parade route.

After the parade every one turned toward the Honor Roll. The Rev. William Cooke, pastor of the Falls Presbyterian Church, made the opening prayer, the significant phrases being "victory," "eventual peace" and the "brotherhood of men." At 9 o'clock little Miss Mary Altemus pulled the string, thus revealing the tablet with 607 names of Falls of Schuylkill lads in the war service.

In his address on the unveiling of the Honor Roll John E. Smithies spoke of the 607 local fellows away who are part of the great armies and the great navies to avenge the atrocities of Belgium particularly and the bloody slaughter of the Canadians. He pointed to the Bulgarian capitulation as an indication of the weakening of the enemy and praised America as the country that had saved Europe. He mentioned the names of the Reverend Fathers Ling Hayes and Dr. Bonner, sometime at St. Bridget's Church, who are serving as chaplains.

His hearers were told that it was planned to pay for the Honor Roll by public subscription, but that he had been informed by Ernest E. Corwardine, editor of the "Weekly Forecast," that Mrs. Bessie Dobson Altemus had demanded to take charge of the matter and thus not a cent had to be asked. The names of those who helped in completing the Honor Roll were given by Mr. Smithies as: Roy Wallace, plans; John Mitchell, head carpenter at the Dobson Mills; and his associates construction; Owen Young, s...



... whose mother resided in Falls of Schuylkill at one time, art work and letters; George Seddon, electrical work; P. J. Kelley and John Coates, sodding and plants; George Weer, Robert Porter and George Kelley, iron railing; L. Kersan, lighting; all the aforementioned making no charges.

In closing Mr. Smithies, in behalf of the people of the Falls of Schuylkill, presented little Miss Mary Elizabeth Dobson Altamus with a large basket of flowers, Mrs. Bessie Dobson Altamus with a floral bouquet and Owen Young with a bouquet.

The Honorable W. Fredand... adolphie, and chief potentate of... Fourth Liberty Loan address. His... the listeners strongly. The large... inspiration and an incident of... throughout the entire United Sta... the enemy tactics, stating that the... the designing schemes of the Br... reliance in the American boys, of... the Falls of Schuylkill. He appea... obligation and subscribe to the F...

The Rev. Father Kelly... defiant speech at the Kaiser and pr... prior was not only on a parity with b... the Central Empires.

A letter from Richard Joseph... who was severely injured during t... strongholds, was read. The comm... had been put out, knocked unconsc... not know anything until one day... 20, where he saw four Falls boys, J... Allison and Jean Budish, who are... health.

Colonel Sheldon Potter, from... dead heroes from this town, Basil... knock the Hell out of the Kaiser.

Lieutenant Mason, a dischar... 2 1/2 years of active service before... manner spoke of the Prussians... ter.

The Rev. William Cochrane... mentioned two things of many... One is national unity, which ab... war and was cemented by the Ge... spirit of liberality which pervades a...

The Rev. Edward Ritchie, recto... amplified on the duty to support... Thomas Gavaghan was the last spea... to the Fourth Liberty Loan.

The Rev. Father Kelly offered... the blessings of an early and a con...

The Falls of Schuylkill Male Cl... led the mass singing, between the ad... Thee," "Over There," "Old Gray Mare," "Never Let the Old Flag... Fall," "Keep the Home-Fires Burning" and the "Star-Spangled... Banner."

Chas. W. Bothwell presided at the affair.

Fifty years ago on Monday members of the Masonic Fraternity residing at the Falls, most of them members of Roxborough Lodge, No. 135, took part in the parade held in connection with the laying of the cornerstone of the Masonic Temple, at Broad and Gilbert streets, June 24, 1868. I was shown last week a well-preserved menu card of the Masonic banquet held that evening in the American Academy of Music. The menu, very elaborate, was printed in gold upon broad heavy blue silk ribbon. Any one who partook of all the courses, had an appetite to be envied. Most of the good things to eat were included, showing there was no hoarding of eatables half a century ago.

Community or war gardeners are complaining of the cold weather, which keeps the crops back, especially the sugar corn. It is also said to be bad on the wheat and oat crops.

Grace Reformed Episcopal Church, which worships in the frame edifice, off Ridge avenue above Calumet street, is not far from being half a century old. Its new pastor, Rev. Clifford W. Collins, manages to keep it well in evidence and has awakened an interest among the young people. This church grew out of a mission known as Holy Trinity Mission, started in the old Academy Building by the Church of St. James the Less, with the Rev. Robert Mackie, a former principal of the Forest School, in charge. It was about the time when the Reformed Episcopal Church came into existence. Thomas H. Powers, of the Laboratory of Powers & Weightman, and Thomas Moore, manager of the laboratory, became interested in the mission, and through them and others it was swung into the Reform movement. Services were held in Odd Fellows' Hall while the present edifice was being erected by Mr. Powers at his personal expense. He completed the building and gave it over to the church for a rental of one dollar a year. During its existence it has been ministered to by Revs. Fugner, Felwell, Sloan, Finley, Moffet, Oakford and the present pastor, Mr. Powers, bought the property from Joseph Shantz, at a time when a law suit was pending and which was instituted by Shantz against the firm on the charge that chemicals from the laboratory percolating through the ground had ruined the water in his well. It was the first of many similar complaints that reached court, and Mr. Weightman was said to have been greatly displeased because Mr. Powers did not allow the case to be tried. It was through this complaint that the firm bought up the Warner, Wimperny, Lewis, Shrank, Hoffman and Glouse properties fronting on Ridge avenue.

Jan. 27/18 R. R. S.

I had a talk some time ago with a former resident of the Falls on the old way in which the streets here were laid out. Ridge avenue is the main thoroughfare, the other streets running at angles therewith are Clearfield street, Allegheny avenue, Scots lane, Crawford street, Queen lane, Midvale avenue, Evaline, Stanton and Calumet streets, Laboratory road and School lane. Clearfield street and Allegheny avenue have cross streets intersecting them. Aside from the little driveway leading up to Sugden's row Scots lane has no outlet below the Norristown railroad. Crawford street is open only to Kral street, which extends to the south side of Queen lane. The latter is devoid of any outlet on the upper side to the railroad. Midvale avenue has opening into Frederick street which also intercepts Evaline and Stanton streets, and forms the only outlet below the railroad. Calumet street has no break between Cresson street, neither have the Laboratory road or School lane. Some provision ought to be made for the opening of cross streets before properties become more costly.

The manufacturing of artificial ice has become such a widespread industry that the old-time employment of cutting ice from the river, dams and ponds has become a lost art. Prior to the making of ice freezing weather was an important thing. Not only did it furnish temporary employment to a large number of men and youths, but it meant that ice be available for sickness during the summer. The two large hotels here, as well as a number of the well-to-do residents had their own ice houses. The work of cutting the ice, singular as it may seem, was much easier when the weather was freezing than when it was mild. The water which was bound to splash on the legs and feet of the cutters would freeze so that their feet and ankles would be dry. It was somewhat cumbersome to move about in the frozen trousers but that was better than having the water soak through shoes and trouser legs. I remember an occasion when there had been no ice thick enough to cut on the river when the late Louis Tisset, proprietor of the Fountain Park Hotel, filled his ice houses with ice taken from the river during a freeze late in March. He employed men, youths, boys and carts and had them draw the ice from the river on the west side of the Schuylkill below the Washburn. I was one of the youths given work on the ice, but I did not work more than had in

later when I went in his anxiety to help me and a large cake gave me a shove that sent me into the swollen river. Swimming ashore I went home and did not return. I was paid for a full day.

**'WIFE' SUES FOR \$10,000 FOR BREACH OF PROMISE**

**Miss Alice Albert Charges That Robert L. Loud Tricked Her With False Certificate**

Miss Alice Albert has filed in the New York Supreme Court a breach of promise suit against Robert L. Loud, a dealer in musical instruments, in which she says that from 1906 until 1917 she believed herself to be Loud's wife. She charges that an alleged certificate of marriage was falsified upon her, and demands \$10,000 damages.

In her complaint, Miss Albert says she is a native of Buffalo, N. Y., and comes of a family known in society there. Loud, she says, told her he was a divorced man and that his wife was confined in a retreat for the insane.

In 1906, she says, Loud showed her what he said was a certificate of marriage and both signed it. When it came to announcing the marriage, however, Loud declared that for business reasons this must be deferred, and she finally agreed when he told her he would settle \$50,000 upon her.

The couple went to New York to live and were happy until 1915, when, so Miss Albert states, her husband informed her he never had been divorced and that they must separate.

—I noticed in the Record one day last week a suggestion that the survivors of Captain John Dobson's "Battery F" hold a reunion in September in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its organization and marching forth to the music of Richard Smith's drum and Andy Ford's fife, to help repel the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania. It was an exciting morning when the company more than two strong marched away in command of Captain Dobson with George P. Eldridge, principal of Forest School, as first lieutenant. While I did not go with the company I sent a substitute in a peculiar way. At that time I was an apprentice at painting in the city and spent Sundays tending toll gate for an uncle, so he could attend church. That Sunday instead of going to church he joined Captain Dobson's forces and marched off leaving me in charge of the gate, putting an end to the apprenticeship. Dr. Charles K. Mills was secretary of the company and has a roll of membership of whom I do not believe one-fourth are among the living. There ought to be some kind of a semi-centennial celebration and a marker of some lasting material made to perpetuate the history of the company with the names of the officers and men. In his last illustrated lecture on the Falls of Schuylkill Dr. Mills showed a fine photograph of Captain Dobson in uniform. Why not have a statue in bronze made therefrom and erected in some appropriate spot with the roll of membership inscribed on the base of the statue. Such a statue would honor the captain and the entire Falls as well. The company having defended the State on two occasions why shouldn't the State appropriate funds for such a memorial?

—I was asked a few days ago what I thought Philadelphia would do without Fairmount Park? My answer was that it would have to get along as a person would without lungs. The question might be narrowed down to What would the Falls do without the park and that would be difficult to answer. To those who, like the writer, remember when there was no such public domain there were plenty of resorts that have gone out of existence, and that has not been so very long ago. Never in the history of the great park has it been more appreciated than during the bested term of the present month. Scores of the people here spent all the time they could along the quiet and cool looking river. Ailing infants were carried or taken in baby coaches and cared for beneath the shade of the great trees. Go any place

soon, especially a Saturday afternoon, down to Strawberry mansion, and see through which gather these for rest or pleasure. Cross over to the west park on one of the comfortable trolley cars and see the crowds about Chamonix, and the multitude around Belmont mansion. Stroll along the ravine and see the numerous picnic parties and one is led to wonder if any of the city's inhabitants are left in their homes. It is a great park and each year becomes more appreciated.

I often think of a talk I had back in the seventies with James S. Swartz in his home on Queen lane, when the people were in a state of unrest because of the Park then going to take in Simpson's print works and other properties along the river. I, like many others, was opposed to the movement. Mr. Swartz said, "Should you live fifty years from now you will change your opinion. The park commissioners are looking to the future when the larger population of the city will demand more extensive breathing places." Forty years have not passed and yet all he predicted has been fulfilled and one is led to wonder whether the park will be large enough for the people ten years from now.

R. R. S

### Knox by Way of London

The London Daily Mail prints the following:

Senator Knox, well known to Londoners, whose hospitality they often shared during his many visits to his home on the Upper Thames, tells the following story, which greatly amuses those in the inner circle of Anglo-American politics:

An American in London was introduced to an Englishman, who said: "Why, no introduction is necessary, you and I have had a lot of correspondence."

"In her garden," said the Yankee, "What was the name?"

"Chamley."

"Chamley?"

"Yes, J. Fenix Chamley—Choo-oo-moo-oo-oo."

"Oh, to be sure! But will you kindly tell me why you folks over here don't pronounce your names as they are spelled?"

"At that," replied the Englishman, "we are not so sure as you."

"In what way?"

"Which you pronounce the name of your Secretary of State J. M. McKim and you pronounce it House?"

### MRS. JAMES P. SCOTT.

Sudden Death in London of a Well-known Philadelphia Society Woman.

Philadelphia society will be pained to learn of the death of one of its brightest ornaments, Mrs. James P. Scott, of Walnut street, near Twenty-first. She died suddenly in London this morning while walking on the street. The cause is not stated. Mrs. Scott had been ailing for some time, but was feeling somewhat better of late. Accompanied by her husband she went to Europe only a short time ago solely for the benefit which she expected to derive from the ocean voyage. It was her intention to return after a fortnight and go to B. & B. Harbor for the season. Mrs. Scott was one of the foremost leaders in Philadelphia society and voted for the magnificent steps in which she participated. She also gave largely to charity. Her residence on Walnut street, adjoining the Second Presbyterian Church, is one of the handsomest in the city. Mrs. Scott was about 35 years old. She was married about twelve years ago to James P. Scott, a son of the late Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Her maiden name was Davids. Her sister is Mrs. Gray, the wife of Andrew Gray, ex-President of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company. Both ladies were considered remarkably handsome. Mrs. Scott leaves several children.

1920

### BUG IN EAR TIES UP TRAFFIC

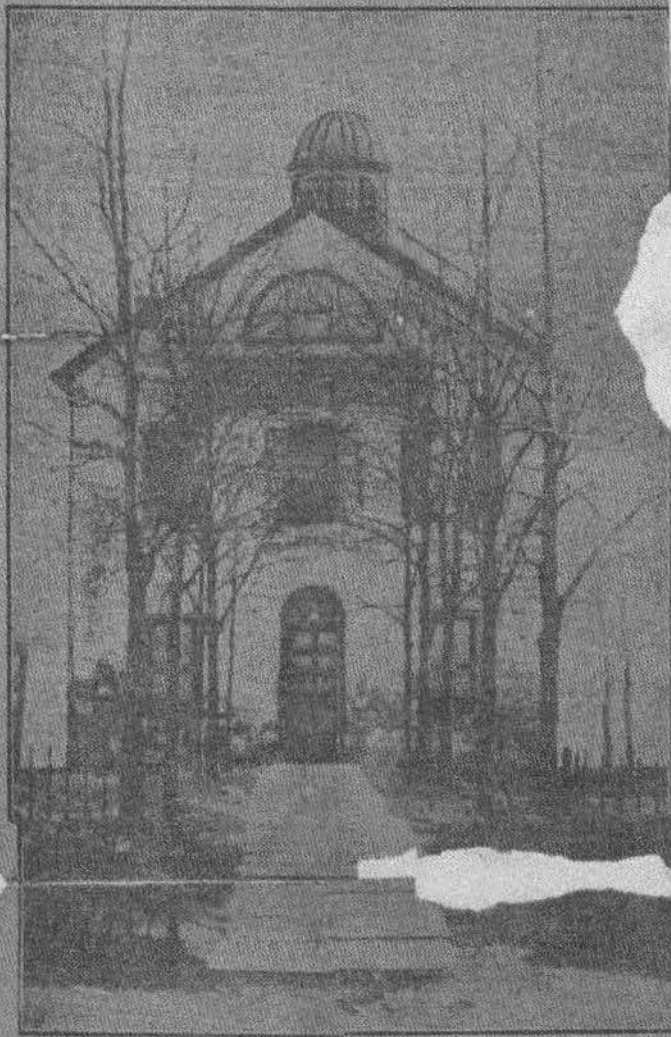
Monkey Demolishes Stock, Attacks Policeman and Blocks Fifth Avenue

New York, June 21.—Some sort of a bug got in the left ear of a little monkey in an animal store at Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street last night. Before the excitement was over the monkey had upset all the gold fish basins, released all the birds and white mice and gray mice and white rabbits and Belgian hares, killed two canaries, whipped the doghounds out of their surreys, whacked a policeman over the head with his own club, tied up traffic in Fifth avenue for half an hour, drove to the scene more than 200 interested persons, all the traffic policemen within five blocks and three special policemen from the West Thirtieth street police station. And the monkey is about two feet high and answers to the name of Heccey.

Phila. Record Monday February

ARY 17, 1913.

FAMOUS ACADEMY AT FALLS OF SCHUYLKILL.



LIBRARY TO QUIT FAMOUS ACADEMY

Old Building Was the Cradle of All the Church in That Vicinity.

TERMS OF LAND GIFT

Trustees Must Meet First Monday of January or Public Loses the Property.

With the completion of the new Carnegie Branch Library Building at the Falls, the Old Academy Building, the

most famous structure in that suburb, will be left without a regular tenant, and the question of its future use will be one for the decision of the trustees. Few buildings in the city have a more interesting history, or are more closely associated with the life of any particular section, than this famous old structure, which now houses the Falls of Schuylkill Branch of the Free Library of Philadelphia.

Standing on the lower side of Queen Lane, a short distance from Crosson street, Falls of Schuylkill, in the former stone building, about 60 by 70 feet, with its pitched roof surmounted by a dome-shaped cupola, which is known as the Old Academy Building and the cradle of all the churches in that vicinity. The building was erected in 1811, by popular subscription and was given over by the people of the Falls of Schuylkill for a place of worship and a school house.

The building was occupied in 1811 by the Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church, which was the first church in the Falls of Schuylkill.

On the side of the land was to the north

was eventually stated that it would be used for the erection of a school house, and a house of worship. There was a "series" attached to the lot, to the effect that should the trustees fail to meet on any day Monday in January, the land would revert to the donor of its lots. As a consequence of this proviso, the first Monday in January has been carefully watched all through the 93 years by both the trustees and lots of the donor.

Little for Directors to Do

There are also members of the board, and all they do at the annual meeting is to recognize and all vacancies caused by death or removal from the Falls at the expiration of terms. At this year's meeting three members were re-elected for three years—Samuel Green, president, Horace S. Green and Franklin W. Morrison. The other members are Francis Ferguson, Isaac, secretary; Charles K. Sorber, treasurer; William E. Macleay, Arthur Boston, Adam Mettigan and Charles L. Dykes, mostly representatives of the older families of that section. Prominent Garrett's ancestors, the Green family, having been among the names who procured the land to this country. All through the history of the building the trustees have included a member of the Sorber family, while the names Morrison and Macleay names are to be found in many years of the trustees' records.

When the building was erected an organization was formed by the "young men" of the neighborhood, known as "The Falls of Schuylkill Association," in which any respectable resident of the place could become a member upon the payment of \$4. This association has long been defunct, and the property has for years been held by the self-appointed trustees, who care for it as a commonwealth belonging to the people.

Home for Churches.

Prior to the erection of the building, the only religious services held in the community were conducted in the different homes of the residents. Rev. Harlan G. Jones, a Baptist clergyman, who in 1800 had established himself in the old homestead, at Wissahickon, frequently came down to the Falls to conduct such services. He was among the first to preach the Gospel in the school house. Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, long pastor of the Falls Baptist Church in large years, was the first to preach

from the Hookley Church, of which he was pastor, to preach at the Falls. Rev. Dr. Shull, a Lutheran clergyman, came over from Germantown to minister to people of that faith, while clergymen and local preachers from the Fairmount and Manayunk circuit of the Methodist Episcopal Church held class meetings and preached to the Methodists.

The Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church was organized in the school house on June 7, 1838, with 11 members, most of whom had been members of Hookley Church. This church first occupied its own building, on Queen Lane near Ridge avenue, on March 21, 1862, and is preparing to celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary in June.

Sunday Schools Organized.

An organization known as the Falls of Schuylkill Sunday School Association was formed about the same time the building was completed. Abraham Martin, of School Lane, was for many years its president. A Union Sunday school was formed and had as its superintendent, Thomas Mason Mitchell, a devout Presbyterian. He was succeeded after resigning by Benjamin R. Marley, a Baptist. The school continued as a union school until 1862, when it became known as a Baptist Sunday school and left the schoolhouse to erect in the Baptist Church.

The Falls of Schuylkill Methodist Episcopal Church, which occupied its own building, at James street, in 1851; St. James the Love, Protestant Episcopal Church, Falls of Schuylkill, Protestant Episcopal Church, St. James's, Catholic Church, Grace Reformed Church, and the Falls of Schuylkill, of

Garrett

The professor all worshipped in the old building.

The Forrest Public School was organized in the old building and occupied it until 1850, when the little yellow schoolhouse on Carson's Hill was first occupied.

For years the old building was the only place of amusement in that section, magic lantern shows, Indian exhibitions, lectures, concerts and other entertainments being given there.

When the Baptists met in the old building converts were taken to the Schuylkill to be immersed.

The baptisms took place at the mouth of Mill Run, now opposite the Midvale avenue entrance to Fairmount Park. At the corner of Ferry road was a frame building that once belonged to Watkins ferry. In that dwelling the converts would put on dry clothing after being baptized. Close to the house at the river's edge was an immense willow tree with a large limb extending out over the river. One Sunday in the spring of 1850, when Rev. John M. Richards, who was supplying the church, baptized a large number of converts, a party of about 20 young men climbed out on the limb so as to witness the baptism. When the last candidate had been immersed the young men rose simultaneously from their sitting position, with the result that the limb snapped off close to the trunk and with a thud on it fell near the river. Those who could swim helped the others to shore. R. R. SARAWAN

# The REPORTERS' NOSEGAY

Most settlement workers have adopted the plan of club organizations within the settlement. Clubs are organized, or classes which are divided by the name of clubs for almost every purpose of instruction. One of the most interesting of those conducted among children is connected with the Child Protection Union at Westfall and Christian streets. It is called the Sanitary League, and the children of the neighborhood they all follow. Little cards, with printed forms and instructions on face and reverse are given to the children. Those who undertake to use the cards are called inspectors, and the cards when filled in are returned to the supervisors of the League. Each child is expected to see that the elders in her immediate neighborhood are informed of the health and sanitation rules of the city. Under the heading of "Home," the children are given a few simple rules to follow. "Garbage shall be kept in a covered receptacle. Do not throw garbage on pavements or in alleys. It should be collected once a day. Put no paper tin cans or rubbish in the ashes. Tie up all loose paper. When the streets are not swept, resort, but the people must not waste paper and rubbish in the streets to litter them." There are some of the hints which the children, mostly of Italian families, are supposed to impart. The report which they fill in not only covers name and address of the person of whom they complain, but has a list of "inside" and "outside" conditions against which they may direct their complaints. Keeping accounts of

the rubbish they collect and the other sanitary features make up the list.

William Strubbe, a musical critic, who spends much time at the Willow Grove concerts, during the season.

Some enthusiasm. The acquaintance of a young man and the composer of the songs, and the strange fact that Strubbe that his name is in Cleveland, Oh. and he had arranged the singing as he could be at Willow Grove during the season. Now he was choosing himself to the utmost, never taking a concert. Interested by the young man's love for music, Mr. Strubbe intimated that orchestra concerts might provide a more elevating form of amusement. That the young man dissipated. He could be preferred a band to an orchestra. Then they talked about composers and Mr. Strubbe then to know that such an orchestra could be made to the works of masters like Beethoven. "Well, but I must say," declared the enthusiast from Ohio, "but I think Sousa is a far greater composer than Beethoven." Now Mr. Strubbe realized it was hopeless to continue the discussion. But later he earned the gratitude of the young man by arranging for his introduction to Sousa, and the Cleveland had spent the last 15 minutes of his conference talking with the bandmaster whom he regarded as the world's greatest music man.

"What a change has come over people since I last visited Philadelphia," said a visitor of Nocturno yesterday. "It has been more than 40 years since I last came on from my home in Michigan. I was raised here and, where the handsome police station now stands, was a little two-story stone seven-room house in which I had what little education I received hidden into me with the teacher's rattan. When I was last here they were running horse cars on Germantown road, and we took called the main thoroughfare, and all this section formed part of the Twenty-fifth ward, which extended clear across to the Delaware. I was looking for the Baptist church which the late Rev. Dr. John M. Richards founded just before I left for the West, and find it in place a large hall in which the Standard branch of the Free Library is located, while the church has moved northward to an up-grade structure at Belmont street. I always loved Philadelphia, when I regarded as one of the best and most teacher appropriate ever known. No, I have not many of my old-time acquaintances. Most of them have passed on, and I remember how people here used to be in an September came in. It would be the winter season, and I had in the month in which the streets were not and stowed in barrels again."

# The REPORTERS' NOSEGAY

The Bohemian Society for the Protection of Seafarers, the group identified on a number social occasions in November, 1907 to a regular membership of the list counts for having made a splendid address. The society was composed of a number of young people of Washington, of whom but one still survives. The medal is handsomely engraved and on the reverse side bears a seven-pointed star with arrows between the points. On the top are inscribed the initials of the recipient and beneath is embossed the figure of an old man. The society possesses considerable influence and an attorney was employed to look after the interests and interests its interests. These are now in the custody of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Whether the medal is the only one awarded by the society is not known. It is, however, carefully preserved by its owner, who holds for his trophy as esteem that is quite unrivaled by the artistic manner in which leather had and are viewed at present.

The antique whose daily routine consists of being up at six in the morning and in bed by nine at night, it never occurs that there is need for any initiative to make day out of night. It was doubtless this habit that sent a woman into the Twenty-ninth street station house a few nights ago in such haste that it was a couple of minutes before she could grasp the full import of what she meant. After looking the woman up and under, it was found that some terrible deed of sin had been committed which would have been of the heaviest of police. It, too, Miss Sergeant thought that she had carried on as to the loss of her pet before the station house closed at midnight.

Most of the imitation shanzha which will be worn by some and many of all kind on St. Patrick's Day come from a source that is about to be removed from Ireland, geographically and historically, as you will be imagined Irishmen have given up to having their national custom made of cheap paper in Germany. They were overlooked unintentional effort contained in the assessment that came to America about 10 years ago with the national stores badly deteriorated. The years supply of shanzha and Irish flags come from Japan. When the importers found that Germany would be prevented by the war from supplying the immense demand, they at first considered making up a few million themselves, but Japanese manufacturers seem for some months obtained heavy orders from American dealers many months ago. Recently the shipments have begun to arrive. The custom authorities were at first inclined to hold up these commitments on the ground that they had been underwritten by the Japanese empire. An arrangement has been made, however, whereby the duties imposed are according to quantity rather than value and in a year the import will blossom forth on a par with millions of shanzha that are really an essential article of Irish patriotism.

61

I Sam. VI: 7

—In a letter received on Saturday from James S. Swartz of New York, he said: "I have just been looking from my office window on the fifteenth floor at the landing and reception of the Russian Commission. Great preparation had been made for it and it was an impressive sight. It feels our heart with pride to realize that the old and powerful nations of the earth are sending their greatest men to represent them and cultivate the friendship of our young and gigantic Republic. I say young, because a hundred or two hundred years in the life of a nation is but a speck of time. We surely have a wonderful country and are living in a grand and awful time."

While the foreign commission are

—In a letter received last week from James S. Swartz of New York, he sent me the following "A Scripture Puzzle." Being unable to solve it I include it to my correspondence this week, hoping some of the CHRONICLE readers may enlighten me therein.

We left our little ones at home,  
And whither went we little know,  
We, for the church's sake, did roam,  
And lost our lives in doing so.  
We walked upon a perfect road,  
With all the wicked in full view,  
We lived for man and died for God,  
Yet nothing of religion knew.  
A solution will be gratefully received  
by the writer.

**FACING THE SITUATION BOLDLY.**

"Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square."  
Used to complain she "had nothing to wear."  
Forty years later—let's see how she bears it:  
Gee, she has nothing to wear—and she wears it!

**"JOHNIE," THE BLACKWIPES SAY**

(SEE "A" Reader, in Scribner's Republic)  
A half-century or so ago when on a day I strolled in one of the lanes running out of Germantown, Pa., there was a dilapidated old farmhouse on the left bank of the Schuylkill between the manufacturing offices of Manchester and Philadelphia. On the other side of the lane there was a red stone building named "The Falls of Schuylkill" so named on account of a fall of rock over which it is said formerly existed in the vicinity. The mansion of "The Falls" as it was then familiarly called, was chiefly—as I remember it—disaster-stricken, red water and beer brewed, the latter, as can be imagined, in considerable numbers. Of a dinner more unwholesome and unpalatable than this one it were difficult to conceive. The site of the place was now vacant. During dry seasons the spot would present every evidence of being dead, and in wet weather one struggled about in the mud to a death-struggle according to his avocations. Minor fragments and wood-piles were everywhere in evidence, and to deem out the remaining atmosphere it was an unwholesome and unpalatable mixture along with her life to her nostrils. Unlike the conditions elsewhere found in Oregon, "The Falls" was never washed by the river. It was never loved but in its own antipodes.

Among the people dwelling in this necessary locality was one Johnson, a sturdy fellow, whose fragmentary life was shared from the unfortunate remnants of the highway. His little son "Johnie" I remember, but do not recall anything in particular about him to distinguish him from the boys of other little fellows that played in the gutters. During his father's stay, they were boys that had been induced to by a greater appreciation of their situation. This was exemplified at the city of Washington when the famous agreement was made by the States Dept. and Great Brit. "Johnie" Johnson, in his infancy, was having contact with the situation of the situation, as mentioned at the end of the last paragraph, in the city of Washington, and was the first to be mentioned.

1921.

**Deaths of a Day**

**R. R. Shrook's Funeral**

Robert Roberts Shrook, who died last Thursday at his home 2135 Ontario street, was buried yesterday in Levensington Cemetery, Roxborough. Mr. Shrook was for thirty-three years on the editorial staff of the *Princeton Evening*.

Those who officiated at the funeral services were the Rev. Edwin W. Sawyer, Pastor of the Schuylkill Baptist Church; the Rev. Herbert Agate, Temple Baptist Church; and Dr. John Gordon, Temple University. James S. Schwartz of New York, a lifelong friend of Mr. Shrook, made a short address. The pallbearers were deacons of the Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church, of which Mr. Shrook was a member.

**Johnie Johnson**

Readers of this column are well acquainted with many items of historical interest which were formerly printed about the far northwestern section of the city—Toga, Middletown and Roxborough. They are well known to have again for their author is dead. He was R. Roberts Shrook, familiarly known as "Bob." "Bob" was the oldest reporter in Philadelphia. Up to his seventieth year he worked the Town Manager office for an evening in the local morning paper, handling "The Record." He also made the strength of the Record which provided his death a few weeks ago, detailed in contributing to the Newark column. He always wrote in a simple and in a way that is the way of the people. Invariably he wrote in "local interest" or "philanthropic interest," but he really meant it. He died on his own little apartment in the city, and his last days were a story of long and hard work in the same office and in the same way. But when there will be no more of these stories, there are people, reporting and have to contribute articles about things seen and heard at a more recent date than those mentioned in the "Bob" column.

Written by James S. Swanton, LL.D. During World War  
New York

(22)

Dear Miss Stewart:

It is more than a month  
since I received your last  
interesting letter. What is  
the use of apologizing? You  
know how it is yourself.  
We say we are sorry and  
then go on committing the  
same old sins. I have some  
excuse for mine. With a  
feeble hand and a bone  
head, or ossified brain  
writing is not easy and

Written by James S. Swartz, LL.D. During World War.  
New York.

22a

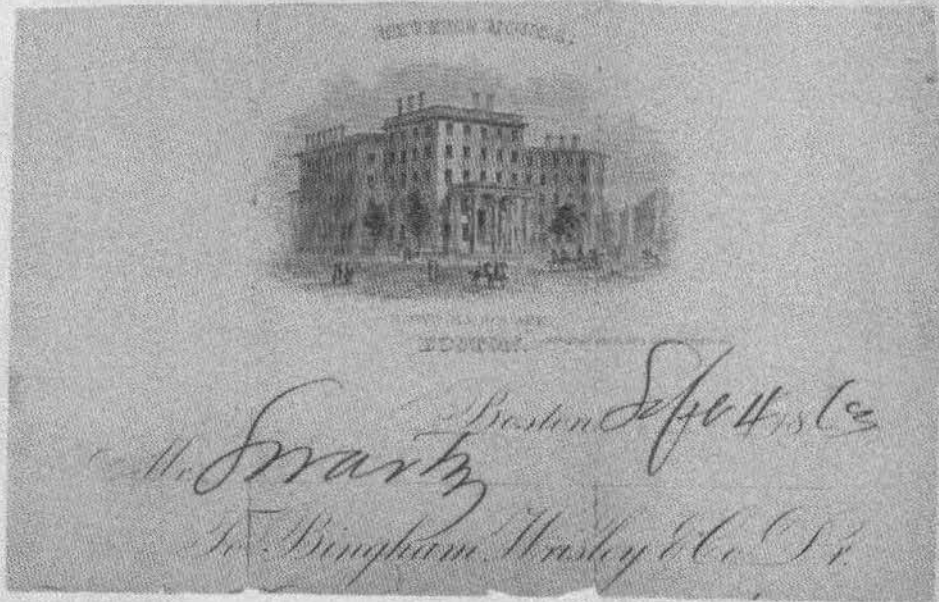
and the product is not worth formed at the Fall, the  
the effort. Therefore, I am sending out the call for  
not going to try to get up the pilot meeting it was  
a letter. I stated the Society was he,  
some big things have taken signed to embrace all  
place. Get it. The Red Cross Local women. Of course  
drive was one of them. I joined it from a patriotic  
never realized before there sense of duty. The experience  
were so many women in and activities then enjoyed  
the world, or that they could have proved invaluable even  
be so attractive and per- such; that is, if the testimony  
suasive. They can extract of the writer her is to be  
blood from turpentine and believed. If anybody doubts  
substances from encumbers, it let her end for the proof.  
During the civil war, a The second notable event  
soldiers' aid society was was the great parade on  
the front. I don't believe



Written by James S. Swartz, LL.D. During World W  
New York

nothing like it was ever  
seen. Over 100,000 persons rep-  
resenting 42 different  
nationalities were in line.  
It took over ten hours for it  
to pass one one given point.  
The foreigners joined the  
procession as evidence of  
their loyalty to our flag  
and government.

	JOHN E. MILLIGAN SAMUEL F. EHLY	Manayunk, Pa., <i>July 22, 1918</i>
When You Need <b>PRINTING</b>	<i>Mr. James Swartz</i> TO <b>Chronicle and Advertiser, DR.</b>	
it will pay you to let us know.	<i>1 Year's Subscription, July 22, 1918 to July 22, 1919 \$1.00</i> Received Payment,	
	<i>Horace J. Heaps</i>	



IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN FIVE DAYS RETURN TO  
 JAMES S. SWARTZ  
 11 BROADWAY  
 NEW YORK

—A large motor boat drawing five feet of water passed down the Schuylkill last week on its way to be handed over to the Government for service during the war. With its above-deck cabin it reminded one of the pretty little packet boats which were run up and down the Schuylkill sixty or more years ago. They were painted white with green shutters to the windows, which were also adorned on the inside with lace curtains. It was one of the pleasures of my early boyhood to watch these boats go by drawn by gaily harnessed horses. In the cabin and on the deck could be seen ladies in their flowered dresses and holding pretty little elbow-jointed sunshades to keep the sun from spoiling their beauty. At the time of the civil war the three river steamboats, Frederic Graff, Wissahickon and Reindeer, were taken off the river and used as transports for the Union Army on the Potomac and other rivers.

—I had a chat last Friday evening with a friend, who before the end of the month, will enter upon his 80th year. He asked many questions regarding the Falls and told me how, when a young man working at paper hanging, he used to have to either walk to the Falls or be at Ridge avenue in time to catch the Norristown mail coach which left the city between 4 and 5 o'clock every morning and then be ready to ride back in the coach at 5 in the afternoon. Among the work he helped to do in this neighborhood was to paper Mount Peace, the large colonial mansion owned by Robert Kalston and from which the name of Mount Peace cemetery was obtained. The cemetery company having purchased the property the mansion was torn down to make room for additional burial lots. Only those who have reached the limit of threescore and ten years, have any recollection of the Norristown mail coach, and how it stopped at the Fountain Park Hotel, the local post office, to leave and take on mail. That was in the days before the prepaid postage law was adopted. A person could take a letter to the post office and send it without cost, the receiver having to pay the postage which was never less than three cents. I think of being told a letter awaited you in the post office and then sending a messenger with the three cents to receive a one cent valentine.

R. A. S.

—I was asked last week to explain why some of the streets here have two names. The streets in question are those running north and south and are known in most parts of the city as "numbered streets." When the city was consolidated in 1854 there was what were known as the city and the Germantown plans or surveys. They did not agree as to the location of certain streets so it was arranged that the numbered streets should extend northward to Hunting Park avenue then Nicetown lane, and that from that point northward the streets would be called after deceased Mayors of the city. Twenty-ninth street intersects Hunting Park avenue west of the Norristown branch of the Reading Railroad while the same street on the Germantown plan would cross a short distance west of Wissahickon avenue. That 29th street is or will be known as King street, 30th as Stokley avenue, 31st which runs along the east end of Queen lane reservoir is Fox street, 32d McMichael street, 33d which runs along the west end of the reservoir is Henry avenue of which it is proposed to make the boulevard that will pass through Roxborough to the county line. 34th street is Vaux street and 35th Conrad. According with what a surveyor told me some 40 years ago when he was engaged in trying to make the Germantown survey correspond with the city plan, Allegheny avenue was the last thoroughfare that would cross Hunting Park avenue and yet there is here at the Falls what people call Westmoreland street otherwise known as Dilson's row.

—March came in the middle of a fine day morning was rain and soon it however got down to business before the day was over and by eight o'clock had into the wind blizzard the snow had brought since 1858. Everything being what was tied up before midnight with most of the electric street lamps out of commission and the trolley cars were being turning Monday being one of the fiercest days of the season passengers and pupils were late in reaching the schools while many were compelled to remain at home. Mill operatives had a hard time getting to their work while the policemen and letter carriers had as much as they could do getting over their beats and routes.

—Saturday, the last of February, was the fifty first anniversary of one of the saddest days in the history of the Falls. The last day of the month is being kept also on a Saturday. The neighborhood was then greatly concerned over the unknown disease afterwards called sporadic fever and later cerebral spinal meningitis, by which the rare cases are now known. On that Saturday a funeral with three hearsees proceeded from the homes of Francis D. Mower and Lewis Shrank to Lawrence cemetery. From the former's home the oldest daughter Susan and the son to die in less than two weeks were buried, while from the latter home clothed by Shrank's mother Elizabeth Leary Shrank, granddaughter of the Mower girls, and his youngest daughter, Isabelle, were buried. After the funeral Shrank took the remainder of his family to Norristown. His son Lewis, Jr. was stricken with the disease while on the train and died before midnight. The recurrence of the anniversary of the same day of the week led many of the older residents to recall that sad Saturday and the anxiety that was felt here in all homes concerning the strange malady.

—An article in a recent issue of the Record on part of the property in West Fairmount Park being claimed by the heirs of Titus Roberts, has aroused a widespread interest in the old claim. In 1860 an effort was made to recover the property when it was in possession of William Simpson, Joseph Kubican and the numerous home owners in what was then known as Cookskey or West Falls. Ex-Mayor Richard Vaux was attorney for the claimants but the movement was brought to an abrupt ending when it was discovered that the records had been cut out of the books in the office of the Recorder of Deeds. At that time there was a good deal of sympathy left for the individual home holders, who by long saving and hard work had built their homes. They however sold out to the Park Commissioners and should a successful move be made to recover the land which in justice should go to the heirs of the original owners the loss would fall upon the city. Some of the heirs are at work searching family and other records with a view of beginning proceedings to recover the property.

R. A. S.

#### A BIT OF FALLS HISTORY—NOSE-

GAY 3/12/14

"How things have changed since I last traveled in this neighborhood," said a passenger in a Midvale avenue trolley car, as it crossed Wissahickon avenue on its way to the Falls of Schuylkill. "The last time I came here it was by way of Indian Queen lane, and I stopped for dinner at Sam Wilson's Abbey Hotel. The grounds we have passed were then part of Coulter's big farm. I have heard of this new settlement, Queen Lane Manor, but had no idea it was as pretty as it is. So that's the Queen Lane reservoir and filtration plant? I remember Scott's 20-acre lot with the big barn occupied by James Stacs. On the lot was the encampment of the One Hundred and Eighteenth or Corn Exchange Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, in 1862. In those days, where this avenue now is, was a cart road through a dense wood, in which I spent many a day gunning for rabbits. Right here east of the old Norristown Railroad was the big dam known as McMackin's Dam, on which we boys skated in winter or swam or fished in it other seasons. This part west of the railroad was swampy land and it was called 'Dutch Hollow' because Henry J. Becker, a German stonemason, built rows of dwellings and the big brewery up there on the hill. Where the Reading Railway's new station stands was Patrick Dougherty's stone dwelling. When it was being built in 1854 the walls collapsed and one mason was killed and two others badly injured. Here where the Baptist Church stands was Algeron Roberts' deer park. On the upper side of the hollow was the Millin mansion, which we boys used to dread to pass after sundown because of its being haunted. In the little stone springhouse by the run the ghost was frequently seen and would come out dripping with milk. The run passed under Ridge avenue in a large culvert, at the far end of which were troughs to carry the water to the big catfish ponds belonging to the Falls and the Fountain Park Hotels, from which many a good fry of fresh catfish were borrowed by unscrupulous fishermen. Yes, things have changed, and, all things considered, I guess it is for the better, but I cannot help feeling a longing to have things as they were even if I can never have them."

#### SCHOOL-DAY REMINISCENCE

Two gray-haired men stood at Ridge avenue and Crawford street lately and watched the boys and girls going to the brick public school on top of the hill at Crawford and First streets. One of the men said: "When I was a boy I attended that school, which was then known as the Forest School, and was held in a staid yellow-plastered stone building. The teacher, Robert Macie, was a Scotchman and had been educated for an Episcopal clergyman. He was very much like Longfellow's little girl. 'When she was good, she was very good, but when she was bad she was horrid.' When things didn't go to his liking he would become excited and stammer. One day I met a man who had just been released from an insane asylum, and coaxed him to go to school. He would not go at first, but after a while while the teacher was hearing a class in spelling, 'Johnnie,' as we boys called the stranger, helped the speakers by spelling each word the teacher gave out, until the latter became excited and started stammering. He sent me to a school director's house to get him to come to the school. When I returned I found all the boys but one in the school yard. That one was inside watching the teacher and stranger sparring at each other. James Hogan, a heavy-built boy in the little mill that stood at the bottom of the hill, was sent for and led the man from the school, and the teacher, whom I had called the trouble, I would have been hugged without mercy. The Forest School, despite the butcher's peculiarity, turned out young men who became presidents in many professions. One thing I could never understand about the school was that on election days the school closed at noon, and we boys would spend the afternoon down at the old Dove and Swan tavern, near Nicetown lane, watching the men vote and wait for them to get fighting. It didn't seem like an election day in those sane-bellum days if there wasn't a fight."

Inquirer May 21st  
Philadelphia 1923  
SATURDAY MORNING, MAY

## Girard's Talk of the Day

I AM reliably informed that heirs of John and James Dobson are fighting their interest in the great textile plant created 20 years ago and owned by Dobsons ever since.

For two generations, the Dobson brothers were figures in Philadelphia industry. They contained an important part of that galaxy of industrial chiefs who in the last half of the last century made this our fountain.

Others in that group were the well-known Crotons, the Broadbents, the Lees, Robert H. Froediger in leather, Thomas Dulan and James Pabok in textiles, Edwin H. Fisher, the reeking, the Hestons, foremost, saw makers, Bells, car manufacturers.

Associated with all these in a certain way were John Wenschler, John Field, W. W. Foulcher, Francis C. Skylesbridge and Isaac H. Clothier.

These men were not only princes of trade and business but nearly every one of them swung a goods as in politics.

All of these names were known not only in Philadelphia but throughout the State. Some were international figures.

WHAT a power these captains of commerce and industry were in Republican politics.

Men of wealth, energy and fortitude, employing scores of thousands of workers, they represented a factor which State and Nation could not ignore.

These men had created the business of which they stood at the head. They were enter-operators and not merely official representatives of large corporations.

They were independent capitalists and a distinct leader in his own field. No other American who had a more powerful group of men who took an keen interest in civic or political affairs as they did in business.

They were sturdy citizens who, while deriving fortunes for themselves, aided necessarily in upbuilding Philadelphia practice for financial and industrial empire.

JOHN DOBSON was ten years older than his brother, James.

The latter told me when he had passed away, that John started the Dobson industry with a capital of less than \$200. He had come here from England where he had learned his trade in woolen mills and learned it right.

Hard work, thrift and a belief in the future of the United States, made the Dobson industry one of the greatest of its kind in the world. Their name was international.

In certain instances here the Dobson name was a double-edged sword. For the Republicans they were who believed that the true way to make America great was to make its industries and things self-sufficient.

because now they are at the top of the industrial world. Now James Dobson when he was young, meant something to parties from a foreign factory.

When the Dobsons, Robert, John and James, Froediger, Isaac, Thomas, George, Hestons and Bells got together in their trade circles, they proved the United States could make as good as could be bought.

And that was a real achievement. For that group of industrial leaders a protective tariff was a thing to be revered as their grandmother.

Hence their aversion in 1860, Harrison Dutton became a city leader. Fisher was Mayor.

In an important crisis of our National administration, Thomas Dobson was selected as arbitrator.

Froediger was a Congressman after he had introduced to the world a new kind of leather and made a fortune out of it.

NOW after almost a full century, the Dobson company ceased to hold office. For at least seventy years of that period that was the backbone United States in manufacturing.

No other American connected with the industry was so widely known in this and foreign lands as Charles H. Froediger. His name, grand names and famous markets were all the time in the newspapers.

John Field was postmaster of Philadelphia, Wenschler was Postmaster General of the United States, Benjamin Strong Mayor of this city. Fisher was chosen to be President and was once placed in nomination for that highest world office.

Do not think it really far from truth that a textile operator who helped make known the American system of that trade.

Then he became one of our Country's Trustee with P. A. B. Widener and W. L. Ekins. He led at the head of our country's greatest gas company.

DOBSON always appeared to me like a college president.

On occasions when something took him by the ear and spoke exactly the common language of college presidents, yet his was one of the keenest business and practical minds Philadelphia ever has ever known.

The witty James Pabok was connected not only a big success in industry but a public member with few equals.

The Dobsons were quietest men. Not one of the group I have mentioned once said to me in his own colloquial way:

"It would always want to John and Jim. They were both as cocky." Quite that would be their father and grandfather with the best of his wit and their parents in equality to have a million dollars.

I DO NOT recall that a single one of these men I have named ever went to college.

A President Roosevelt once wrote to E. H. Harrison: "You and I are financial men."

These Philadelphia minds of industry were just that. They were operators. They created great things, but they were not one thousand in the land.

It is a surprising fact to create an industry of business instead of selling his wares and work and see its name become a thing known to almost every man in a great nation.

Every generation of these men who completed that name had 1796 and would stand in world. Almost everyone who was not a "Girard" boy.

As I have said, I never met the name of Dobson anywhere but in a large Philadelphia industry. It is all country. We are John and James Dobson.

26

I picked up a little book some time ago entitled "Nuts for History to Crack." It was published back in the thirties by Horace W. Smith, and deals with the teachery of some of Washington's generals during the Revolutionary War. Horace, who lived most of his life at the Falls, was a son of Richard Penn Smith, and published other books, among which was "Smith's Works," relating to his father and a two volume work on his grandfather, Rev. William Smith, the first President of the University of Pennsylvania. Horace studied dentistry which he practiced here for some years. He was a newspaper writer and at one time edited the Sunday Mercury. He lived for a while in Roxborough, from where he returned to the Falls and later had charge of and resided in the Penn Mansion in Fairmount Park, where he died twenty some years ago. He had two children, Richard Penn Smith, Jr. and Ella Smith, who died in her girlhood. Richard was house sergeant in the Park and Lehigh avenues police station up to the time of his death.

Monday was generally observed here as a holiday owing to Memorial Day falling upon Tuesday. The stars and stripes were much in evidence, most of the homes being decorated with the nation's handsome emblem.

As on former occasions during the past 47 years the chief attraction was in the different cemeteries of this vicinity where the various Posts of the Grand of the Republic held their interesting exercises. In each of the cemeteries the surviving comrades, assisted by members of junior organizations furnished additional grounds upon which to place the Post markers, flags and flowers as many had, during the year, passed on to the great majority. The aged veterans, despite the weight of years and infirmities, marched bravely, showing the metal American soldiers are made of. Is it not remarkable that so many of the "Brave Boys in Blue" are available, after more than half a century since they completed their great suffering, to be able to perform the sacred duties?

The Falls was honored on Sunday morning by Meade Post No. 1, attending services in Grace Reformed Episcopal Church. The pastor, Rev. Walter E. Oakford, son of Post Commander Isaac R. Oakford, preached an appropriate sermon. 23 comrades died during the year.

R. Z. S.

FEBRUARY 11, 1916

## The REPORTERS' NOSEGAY

To the younger generation of Philadelphia, Nicetown is a vague and undefined region. Before the consolidation of all of Philadelphia counties in the city, Nicetown was a quaint little settlement on the Germantown road, between Broad street and Germantown. In late years, however, there has been an encroachment from the south and Wayne Junction from the north, so that it is difficult to determine whether anything is left of Nicetown. "Mike" Germantown, Frankford, Malvern and other parts of the city, Nicetown was never a borough or a township, hence its bounds were never legally defined. Some of the industries of the region retain the old name, but the two weekly newspapers published there claim to be published in North Philadelphia. Some time ago an effort was made to change the name of the Nicetown post office, but it did not succeed. Now it is suggested that as a new building is to be provided for the Nicetown branch of the Free Library, its name ought to be changed to "Toga Branch."

Speaking on the subject of self-control at a dinner the other evening, William H. Durborough, the war correspondent, said that one of the first essentials in getting self-control is to learn to obey. He related an incident that happened in the German trenches to illustrate what obedience means to some people. "I had managed to creep through the connecting trenches to the first line trench," he said the other day. When I got there the captain in charge of the 60 men told me to go back. I showed him my permit, but he said that did not matter. He told me that he had received orders to charge at 2 o'clock in the morning and it was after 1 o'clock then. He added that his servants had informed him there were three Russian machine guns right in front and that if he charged probably not a man would survive. He was making an effort to have the order revoked, but the commander refused. When he received the refusal he walked about through the trench shaking hands with the men and asking them if they got back alive to go and had his wife far away. In a moment every one of those 60 big Germans were crying, shaking hands with each other and saying, "Good-bye, Hansie. Good-bye, Fritzke, and every man there pledged himself to visit the family of every other in one way or another. Then I jumped and got out. Just at 2 o'clock those 60 men went over the edge of that trench with their bayonets fixed and rushed for the Russian machine guns. In less than a minute four of them were back in the trench and the other 56 with their captain were lying stretched on the field."

### NOSEGAY'S FALLS HISTORICAL NOTE

One of the oldest thoroughfares in the upper part of the city is Ferry road, which at present extends from Ridge avenue to the East Park drive, one square in length. Prior to the Revolutionary War it led to Fort St. David's, a kind of a commonwealth formed by the early Welsh settlers of the city and vicinity. The house or castle was located at what is now the eastern end of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway's stone bridge. At the river end of the road it turned southward along what is now the river front of Laurel Hill Cemetery, to Nicetown lane, where it connected with the Mendenhall ferry, by which persons and light vehicles and horses were ferried across the Schuylkill. Another road led to this ferry from Ridge avenue at what is now the entrance to Fairmount Park opposite Cumberland street. On the west side of the river was the Mendenhall tavern, and on that side the road passed up the hill in a winding course to Mount Prospect, now known as Chancounix, and across the ravine, then known as Bennett's hollow, and up to Rockhill, now the Philadelphia Country Club's home. The road extended to the Five Points, where it connected with Monument road, which extended to Hostonville, once a thriving village in the northern part of West Philadelphia. At the Ridge avenue end of Ferry road once stood the Jefferson Hotel, said to have been erected while Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States, and for years a popular hostelry, at which farmers put up for the night when coming to or returning from the city. The road still exists, but its old-time environments have all disappeared, and its only use now is as an approach to Fairmount Park.

### ST. TIMOTHY'S HOSPITAL ANNIVERSARY

The twenty-fifth anniversary of St. Timothy's Hospital was celebrated Friday with a lawn fete and bazaar on the hospital lawn. The celebration was in charge of the Rev. James B. Halsey, rector of St. Timothy's Protestant Episcopal Church, who is a member of the board of managers. Addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Halsey, Dr. Barton Cook Hirst and John Vaughan Morrisk, 2d.

### FALLS GETS HONORABLE MENTION IN NOSEGAY

"While there is a general desire for a sane and safe Fourth of July on the part of the best people of our city," said a caller recently in a Manayunk store, "I think it would be worth while for all advocates of such a celebration of the nation's birthday to copy a custom that has long been observed by the Sunday schools here and at the Falls of Schuylkill by holding Sunday school picnics on that day. I do not know just when that way of celebrating the day was first observed, but it originated down at the Falls, when the old Union Sunday School met in the Academy Building, Abraham Martin, for whom Martin street up in Roxborough was named, was among the earliest officers of that school, of which Thomas Mason Mitchell, a good

Presbyterian, and for whom another Roxborough street is named, was for many years superintendent. The picnic was generally held in woods not far from the schoolhouse, and on several occasions the day was spent in groves along the Schuylkill, whither the picnickers were conveyed on canal boats belonging to Daniel Shonk. They were what was known as stone boats, considerably smaller than the coal barges. Other Sunday schools as they were established in Manayunk followed the same custom. The children met at their respective schools and joined in a general street parade and then marched to the woods, where the balance of the day was spent in various kinds of games, with plenty of good things to eat. I never spent the Fourth better than when I used to take part in the Sunday school picnics. For 70 years I have watched the Sunday school Fourth of July picnics, but I have never heard of a single serious accident happening to any of the children."

Wednesday of this week, Oct. 17, was the 52d anniversary of the first running of cars on the Norristown Railroad. On that day, Saturday, four handsomely painted cars each with a lower and upper deck, and each drawn by two fine horses, left the depot at Ninth and Green streets, and were run out to Shur's lane, Manayunk, where the bride crossing the lane was in course of construction. The 150 passengers were escorted to the Fountain Hotel on Main street, where a dinner was partaken of. On August 15, 1835, the first locomotive ever seen in this vicinity drew a train of cars to Norristown. People gathered along the line to see the iron horse.

Another event and one of prime interest to your correspondent, occurred on Friday morning, October 18, 1834, when he made his advent into this world of trial and sorrow in the living of Scott's mansion, Ridge avenue below Queen lane, consequently he to the day was just ten years younger than the opening of the Norristown Railroad on Wednesday.

K. R. S.

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34

Mar. 7-1901 (2)



### New Home of the Colonial Dames, "Randolph Mansion," "Laurel Hill.

#### LAUREL HILL.

The Old Randolph Mansion Now Undergoing Renovation—Colonial Dames' New Home—Historical Sketch of the Early Owners of a Building Known to Every Frequenter of Fairmount Park.

Every frequenter of Fairmount Park knows Laurel Hill, a colonial homestead, where stands the ancient mansion originally the home of the Rawle family.

The old stone building is picturesque and quaint in its architecture, while the interior is elaborate in colonial fittings and decorations.

Francis Rawle, the first inhabitant of "Laurel Hill," was a descendant of an ancient family in Cornwall, England.

His great-grandfather, also Francis Rawle, came to America in 1696, emigrating from Plymouth, England, and settling in Philadelphia.

His son, Francis, who came from England with him, married in 1689 Martha Turner, whose father, Robert Turner, became through a commission from William Penn Register General for the Province of Wills, and he in turn made his son-in-law his deputy.

Francis Rawle, Jr. also became Judge of the County Courts of Philadelphia and Justice of the Peace. He died in 1727, leaving six sons. The third was the father of Francis, who was born July 19, 1729.

Being of wealthy parentage, he received an liberal an education at schools and much travel afforded.

On his return from a European trip in 1755 he married Rebecca Warner, of Philadelphia.

Two Colonial Estates.

With his brother-in-law, Joshua Howell, he purchased in 1760 the large tract of land on the east bank of the Schuylkill, just north of Fairmount. Rawle

took the lower portion, 31 acres, with the handsome colonial house, which he called "Laurel Hill," while Mr. Howell built a fine country home upon his portion of the land, to which he gave the name "Edgemoor."

Among the congenial neighbors which surrounded the Rawles were the Swifts, the Gibbseys, the Francises and the Millins. On the west bank of the river was the country seat of the Pennes, "Lansdowne," and Peters' home, "Belmont," while farther down the river were the "Woodhinds," the summer home of the Hamistons.

A Scene of Social Triumphs.

In his early days, "Laurel Hill" was the scene of the greatest social events of that time in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

In June 1761 Mr. Rawle was brought home in a wounded condition, having been shot by his own fowling piece while hunting on another country place belonging to him. He died a few days later at his home in Philadelphia.

His widow, with her three children—Amos, William and Margaret—spent several months of each year at "Laurel Hill." William was given a liberal education, and showed an inclination at an early age to law, at which he afterward became so famous.

Mrs. Rawle married again in 1767, her second husband being Samuel Shoemaker, of Philadelphia, a famous Tory. He afterward became a very conspicuous and popular character in political circles, and still later suffered much from the Whigs for his loyalty to the King.

Confiscated by the Legislature.

In the early years of the Revolution the Rawle-Shoemaker family resided peacefully at "Laurel Hill," but in 1778 the Legislature, then in session at Lancaster, declared all of Mr. Shoemaker's property forfeited to the State, and he was forced to sell on June 17 for New

York.

Joseph Reed, then president of the State, was allowed to reside at "Laurel Hill" by the State agents, apparently as lessee, but on February 20, 1782, the place was sold for £5000 to Major James Parr, who leased the estate for five years to Chevalier de Luzerne, Minister of France to the United States.

The Rawles, however, were having the ownership of the property disputed in Court, which, in 1784, came to a satisfactory termination, and arranged that Major Parr, in consideration of £300 silver should convey all his interest in "Laurel Hill" to William Rawle.

The French Minister's Tenantship.

In the two years of the French Minister's tenancy "Laurel Hill" once more became conspicuous in social circles.

The Rawles returned again to the home of so many pleasant recollections to them—but under changed circumstances. Mr. Shoemaker lost much of his wealth through his staunch Tory principles and his loyalty to the King.

But he ended his days peacefully here, and died October 10, 1800. Mrs. Shoemaker lingered 19 years longer, dying at her home, on Sanson street, below Eighth, on December 21, 1819.

William Rawle sold the old homestead in 1828 to Dr. Physick, who resided here but a short time, and it was subsequently sold to the Randolphs, whence it receives its present name, "Randolph Mansion."

In 1838 it became the property of Fairmount Park, and under its care was kept as a monument of the eventful occurrences in its immediate neighborhood during the Revolution.

The Colonial Dames of Philadelphia are now having the place renovated and painted throughout in the colors of the Society, with the intention of making it the summer quarters of their organization.

(28)

Dobson Oil Well at mouth of Wissahickon Creek.  
Turned out to be a flim flam. Note sent  
by E. W. Hooper, of Germantown Historical Society.

Norristown Herald, June, 1886

25 cents charged to see boring for oil on South bank of Wissahickon Creek at mouth. Six or eight acres enclosed with a board fence. Payment made at gate. Two derricks. Tank with capacity of 350 barrels. 11-horse-power steam engine. One well, 4 inches wide, 320 feet deep, equipped with pump. Printed circular says well yields 40 barrels a day. "Oil" pumped into tank never seems to rise beyond an established level. Inquiry as to whether any oil has been shipped away meets with indefinite responses. Looks like oil and ~~smells~~ smells like oil, but the writer is not certain that it really came out of the well. Second well is down 30 feet.





—In riding along Ridge avenue a few days ago I thought of the time when there were but two houses on the west side of the avenue from Millin run now Midvale avenue to within a short distance of Wissahickon creek. That was as late as 1845. William Griffiths house was being changed by Robert Evans into what he called Fountain Park hotel. The other was the Shronk homestead now used as a storehouse by the laboratory. In that year Daniel Shronk had by proceedings in equity secured his father's share of his grandfather's grandfather Godfrey Shronk's property, and in 1846 erected a frame dwelling on the upper part of the recovered property. The rest he parcelled out to his four brothers and two sisters. One of the latter sold her claim to him before the case was heard, so he had two-sevenths of the property. At the lower end is a 20 feet wide street known as Shronk's fishing lane, to be used forever by the family to get to and from the river. Two years later the Falls of Schuylkill Bridge corporation bought a tract from Thomas Shronk of Manayunk for an approach to the bridge. Thomas in 1850 built the store and dwelling on the upper side of the bridge road in which Joseph Shantz conducted a general store to which was added what was known as Shantz's Hall. The part south of the bridge was sold at public sale, and was bought for \$250 by Wm. Steble, a Manayunk baker, who in 1850 built his home and "bake" shop. Wm. and Peter Shronk each built their homes in 1849. Prior to the deciding of the case in equity the grounds as the Shronk homestead were noted for the apple, pear and cherry orchards of which one or two of the old apple trees remained until a few years ago. Along the river was located the once celebrated fishery owned and conducted with marked success by the writer's great-grandfather Godfrey Shronk, until the constructing of Fairmount dam in 1824 put a stop to the run of shad and herring up the river.

R. E. S.

1011

—In all the histories of the Falls I have never been any mention of the quaint old English style building that existed at the foot of the hill in Robert's hollow, and which for years was known as the Reading Railroad's watering station, above West Falls. In this building the late Ellis Leech kept a tavern some sixty years ago and at least three men lost their lives by being run over on the railroad in the deep cut just below the tavern, while on their way home. One of these was Jimmie McCaskey, who fell on the tracks and was decapitated. I remember seeing his body carried on a stretcher to his home on old Ferry road. The other victims, John Cameron, Sr., an aged Scotchman of Manayunk, and John Wilkins, a busy negro, were killed at night and their bodies found the next morning in front of the house on the upper side of the run was a pretty garden. The house or houses were used long before the building of the railroad, in connection with the shad fishery of Titus Roberts. When the buildings were built I have never been able to learn. The property is now included in Fairmount

*Chronicle 9/18/14*

Park, and like the rest of the Roberts' estate was taken by the commissioners without a justified title.

—The blizzard last week reminded some of the older residents of the snow-up in the winter of 1855-56. The word blizzard had not been adopted if in existence at that time. Things were tied up here that winter for weeks. Trains ran occasionally on the Norristown and Reading Railroads. "Johnnie" Sotall of Manayunk drove his neighbor to the city in the mornings and returned late in the afternoon. Outside of the few grocery stores, and taverns, men who could do work, spent much of the time in the distillery shanty of Powers & Weightman's laboratory. Daniel Hoyt was superintendent of the yard and sold the refuse from the distilled alcohol, as slaps to farmers and others as feed for their cows or hogs. Dan was a jovial entertainer and had many friends. His family lived in the home below the "show yard." The oldest daughter, Mary, married Charles Little, Esq., who was reared for his uncle, became the wife of Sylvanus Snodgrass, of Manayunk. Clarine married after leaving the Falls, while Elias remained single. All are now numbered with the dead. Hoyt died in West Philadelphia about 30 years ago. No family ever attracted more attention than that of Daniel Hoyt.

# The REPORTERS' NOSEGAY

30

Attention having been attracted to Halifax by the terrible explosion in the Nova Scotia metropolis, there is considerable interest in the story told by a Philadelphian who visited there ten years ago, long before there was any thought of war. "Halifax," he said, "not only has one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, but is one of the strongest fortified places on the American continent. Back of the town rises the famous Citadel, a veritable Gibraltar, but this is not the main fortification by any means. The real defense of the city was situated below the city, at the entrance of the harbor at Point Pleasant Park, a delightful place in winter, to which the inhabitants of the city flock in great numbers. To all appearance this is a simple pleasure park, but it really is a fort of immense strength, as I found. I was wandering through this park one day when my attention was attracted toward a clump of scrub trees surrounded by still shorter bushes. I wondered why the trees and bushes were allowed to grow so thickly at this particular point. Without thinking there might be anything hidden in the trees, I pushed my way through the bushes. You can imagine my surprise when I found myself in the midst of a gun pit. There in front of me frowned a giant gun, concealed from the road. A sentry pointed me to get out, and I did. All through the park were similar clumps of trees and bushes, each one concealing a heavy gun. No fleet would dare attack Halifax."

Not a few are the complaints one hears these days about the ill-treatment and ennobishment the men from Pennsylvania at the various training camps in the South receive at the hands of the townspeople. Those who believe such whimpers would do well to first read some of the letters received in this city from the members of the military police and other organizations stationed in Georgia. The personnel of the military police contain the names of many local policemen, while George Chaffin, former drillmaster of the Philadelphia police, is the organizer of the unit. In their letters home the ex-cops state that the innate hospitality of the Southern people is all that survives when it is to be. They have been stung and entertained by the "Best" families of the South. People visit the camps and make themselves acquainted with the soldiers, and then make suggestions with them at their homes. When the day net upon arrival, the host calls for them in his machine, and before dinner takes them for a long drive. "Right" social parties are also gotten up by the townspeople and the boys are taken on trips to the neighboring cities. The same spirit of camaraderie applies to the people of Washington, D. C., the Carolinas and the Virginia. The young men who write home saying that they are snubbed or ill-treated either can blame themselves or they are just trying to arouse sympathy at home.

Although knitting has been forbidden in the classes of the Germantown High School, Rev. Charles Henry Arach is encouraging that industry in the classes of the Sunday school. He is the pastor of Christ Episcopal Church, Germantown, and he recently told the girls and women of the Sunday school that he had no objection to their knitting in Sunday school. Now a considerable number of them bring their needles and yarn on Sunday mornings and are busily engaged in the needlework during the hour.

"Arrangements are being made for celebrating in April the centenary of the Public School system. Approval to this celebration is the following notice from the Falls of Schuykill Academy, controlled by Mr. Samuel Conrath :

"First School, James Stout elected Teacher by the Falls of Schuykill Association January 3, 1821. Be it further ordained and enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the Teacher of the school of the said Association shall from the first day of October to the first day of April, annually open school in the morning at 9 o'clock and let out at 12 o'clock. In the afternoon open school at half-past one o'clock and let out at half-past four o'clock. From the first day of April to the first day of October annually open school in the morning at 8 o'clock, let out at 12 o'clock. In the afternoon to open school at 2 o'clock and let out at 5 o'clock." This arrangement of hours has, with but small changes, been adhered to up to the present.

R. & S.

### NOBECAY'S SCRAP OF LOCAL HISTORY

After a search of some years the definition of the old Pittsburgh mill on the Mississhockan Creek, has been found in Hutchinson, where it was found as a cover for a sewer main. The stone is to be erected on the site of the mill. At the School of the City History Society, the search was begun by a committee consisting of Joseph D. Beckwith and Edwin C. Jaffert. Mr. Beckwith was killed in a railroad disaster, and then Mr. Jaffert, cousin and the great uncle. The Pittsburgh mill was built in 1783, on the Mississhockan, being situated just above the junction of Linton's Drive. The removal followed the construction of the Park in that locality. Stephen Hittorffman, the last owner, traveled to Hutchinson and took with him the date stone of the old mill. Residents of Hutchinson remembered that the stone stood in the garden of Mr. Fitzhugh's residence, but when the city took this property for George Park and tore down the house, the stone disappeared. Recently Mr. Jaffert, interested W. F. Shultz, a pearl druggist along the Mississhockan, to the search, and he finally learned of the use of the stone as a cover for a main. It is a wide measuring 28 by 22 inches and on fitting it the "adjoining foundation was revealed." Lintonian, Mill—Built 1783; abandoned 1785; rebuilt by N. Hittorffman, 1865.

"Friday was the tenth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. It might be well for the American people to read up a little on his wonderful life, so as to learn that patriotism. Next Friday will be Washington's 180th birthday anniversary. He too is worth considering during the crisis through which this country is passing.

"Today is the 35th anniversary of the first death of the Fall, where the spotted fever of what was known as strange disease made its first appearance and brought sorrow to many homes. It was not until a council of physicians had gathered at the home of the first sufferer to discover that the name of spotted fever was given the malady. It is now known as cerebro spinal meningitis.

"A dealer passing along in a wagon drawn by a not very strong looking horse the other day, cried out, 'old parties, old rags.' A man overbearing the cry said, 'That fellow sings it out after battle. How many a man has brought himself and family to rags by over indulging to the bottle.' Will there be any other in a country where prohibition?"

### CRIMINALS

"It was thirty years last Friday, the 15th, since I was given charge as reporter of what is known as the North or Maryland district for the Public Ledger. At that time the district took in the 13th and 2nd police districts, with Newtown and West Maryland. The telephone was in its infancy and the old horse cars rumbled over the streets. During these three decades many changes have taken place both of the places and people. Many of the old landmarks for which the district was noted have been removed while the dread reaper has cut a wide swath among those who were prominently known. In three years the city has expanded in all directions so that what were farms or backyards are now occupied by rows of modern dwellings. Notable among the improvements are those along Mifflin avenue, which 30 years ago was known as Mifflin street or "Dutch Hollow." Now it is a fine thoroughfare with the handsome sentiment favored as Queen Lane Market.

R. & S.

"Monday was generally observed as Flag Day when 141 Clerg men, with in evidence. The custom of observing June 14 as the public school day was introduced in the public schools by the late Dr. Woods when Superintendent of schools. The day has become partly generally recognized as the one on which the first American flag was made by Betsy Ross in the little house on High Street above Second. There is however no authentic record of the flag she made as being the first American. John Bull former school principal to that date on his gallant ship flying the American flag.

"Ten or more years ago I paid my first and only visit to the Arch street flag house. It was on a cloudy day in February I had an errand on Front street near State and later when walking up Arch street I noticed the house. Something inside I was met by a young woman when the following conversation took place: 'Is this thing first house?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'is the at home?' 'Why no, the is deep.' 'When did she die?' 'I don't know any more in the papers.' 'I don't know the thing when I was a child.' 'Was there any one here?' 'John Quincy Adams, secretary of the Big Association came from a room next in a window that stood in the rear room by east the curious front.' I repeated the questions to him and he called the same answers, after which he gave me an interesting account of the tradition connected with the house all of which he offered to be historical for me. It matters not when or where the flag was first made. It is the most beautiful and meaningful national emblem that ever waved in the air and every American boy and girl should be taught to reverence the glorious stars and stripes.

R. & S.

With the different Young Men's Christian Associations and Boys' Club houses being equipped with swimming pools, together with the public bath houses, boys of the present day should have no difficulty in learning to swim. This subject was discussed yesterday in a Third grade class. One of the orders, a man of more than 70, after listening to the others, said: "I'll never forget an experience I had when I was a little shaver about 10 years old. I lived over at the Falls of Neverskill, when the home lot extended back to the river. Moored to one of the big willow trees was a large scow that we used to ferry goods across the river before the Falls bridge was built. The scow, with its little beach and gradually slanting bottom, was a favorite place for the boys of the neighborhood to swim, and how they delighted in jumping or diving from the scow. I used to sit on top of the bank and watch the boys swimming. I would lie in the high grass, kick out my legs and move my arms as the swimmers did, and concluded I could swim as well as any of them. One evening, at the supper table, my father told my brother and I we could go into the river. It took no time for us to run down the hill. I pushed my clothes off as I ran. Reaching the river, where a dozen or more other boys were swimming, I dropped my clothes in the bow of the scow, ran to the stern and jumped as far out in the river as I could, to where the water was more than six feet deep. I sank to the bottom, came up almost strangled, and would have drowned had not one of the other boys taken me to shore. I put on my clothes and for a long time had no desire to go into the water again and gave up all notion that I could swim. There is one thing about being in deep water that every one should know, and that is that no one can drown as long as his or her hands are kept under water. With them there anyone could walk to shore. The trouble is a person gets scared and throws up his hands and sinks."

*Chronicle*  
 --The war with Germany and the drafting of young men has awakened remembrances of the civil war, and led some of the residents here to recall those who went to that war from the Falls never to return. While there were a large number of noble men of the Falls who responded to Lincoln's call for troops the number of those who did not return was comparatively small. Washington Peel, who with his father, Robert Peel, enlisted in a New York regiment, and who for bravery was promoted to a lieutenantcy died of wounds received in battle. Frank Bechtel and Charles Naher lost their lives in battle in old Virginia. Edward Breen was among the missing while Philip Les', Jr. served 3 years re-enlisted after being married and met his death soon after returning to the army. Dr. Samuel Pelz, surgeon surgeon in the United States navy, lost his life when the war vessel Potapska was blown up by a torpedo in front of Fort Sumpter. Heroes whose names and memory are cherished by loved ones and others who knew what manly men they were. 6/7/19

--The history and growth of the local post office briefly told is as follows: Up to 1870 the Falls had its mail served from station 1, Manayunk. In that year station 2, virtually a sub-station of the Manayunk office, was established in the flour and feed store of the late John B. Ferris, at Ridge avenue and Calumet street, with one carrier, Stephen McGowan. The district in which he had to make two deliveries a day, extended from School lane to Lehigh avenue and from the Schuylkill to the Township line as far south as Hunting Park avenue from where the eastern boundary was 22d street to Lehigh avenue. Charles K. Sorber succeeded upon the death of John B. Ferris held the position in his office Ridge avenue below Queen street, until Postmaster Harity during President Cleveland's first administration made John Cruice superintendent with the office on Ridge avenue opposite Dobson's carpet mills. Frank Hohlfield succeeded Grant, and served with the office in Scotts row during Harrison's administration. Michael Murphy was made superintendent in Cleveland's second term with John D. Hutchinson as assistant. This order was reversed during McKinley's administration, Hutchinson becoming superintendent and Murphy assistant, the office being in Dobson's row where it remained until the present office on Midvale avenue was built. Superintendent Hutchinson has four clerks, twelve carriers and a laborer. The territory covered extends from Wissahickon drive to Lehigh avenue and from the Schuylkill to 24th street.

R. R. S.

--When Richard Vaux, who like his predecessor, Robert T. Conrad, had his home part of the time in the 21st ward, selected his police force he appointed Peter McGregor sergeant in place of Robert T. Roberts. McGregor was formerly a soldier in the British army and had a decided military bearing. He was a silk handkerchief printer in Simpson's mill. At that time the police wore no uniforms and were distinguished from other citizens by the star or badge. McGregor was a member of Roxborough Lodge, No. 135, F. & A. M., of which he became a Past Master. With his wife Harriet he lived in one of two houses which he erected on James, now Stanton street. Mrs. McGregor was an active member of the Baptist church here, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. The sergeant, though a strong Democrat had among his warmest and best friends men of the opposite political faith.

R. R. S.

*The Reporter's*  
**REPORTERS' NOSEGAY**

A resident of Toga received a letter a few days ago from a friend in New York city. It was written on a sheet of ancient paper, which was among the first manufactured in this country and was enclosed in an envelope that was issued by the Government for the Centennial Exposition in 1876. The postage stamp is shield shape and illustrates the mode of carrying the United States mail in 1776, by a rider upon a galloping horse, going as the saying was at "post haste." The mode employed in 1876 is shown by a locomotive and a train of cars. The envelope, with others, was purchased by the New York correspondent during the centennial when he resided in this city. The ancient paper he had in his possession for almost half a century and the sheet was part of a quantity he had received as a gift from the late Horatio Grant Jones, of Roxborough. He in turn had received it from one of the descendants of Claus Rittenhouse, who was the first manufacturer of paper in this country. The paper on which the letter received in Toga was written was of the same stock as that used by Horatio Gates Jones for having a small book made in which he wrote a history of paper making along the Wissahickon. This book, with other of his belongings, was bequeathed to the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Claus Rittenhouse and his brother William came from New Amsterdam, as New York was then called, in 1688, and with William Bradford, of New York, erected the first paper mill on a stream which empties into the Wissahickon creek, near where Landon drive now begins, and which became known as Paper Mill run. In this mill the paper Jones cherished so highly was made and preserved by the generations of his ancestors. The original mill was destroyed by a flood between 1800 and 1701. The owners lost all their tools and were so distressed that William Penn, then in this city on his last visit, wrote a letter requesting the citizens to give relief and encouragement to the sufferers. At the time the paper mill was first erected Wissahickon creek was marked on the map as Whipplins creek. The Indian name, Wissahickon signifies Yellow Catfish stream.

--A large portrait of Samuel Breen has been placed on the wall of the assembly room of the Breck Public School, Ridge avenue and Crawford street. Underneath the portrait is an inscription where the pupils can read it on every school day. It says that Samuel Breen was born on July 17, 1771, and died August 31, 1862, and that he was chairman of the legislative committee that framed the Pennsylvania State School Law of 1834. It is now a tradition of the Breck School that "B" stands for bravery, "R" for regularity, "E" for earnestness, "C" for conscientiousness, and "K" for kindness.

R. R. S.

The doors of the Forest School were thrown open on Wednesday morning after being closed since June. The season was more in the nature of a vacation, but the real work began yesterday and the long vacation has passed into a pleasant memory.

I knew a boy when I was a boy who was of my shape and size, who always managed to get at least one additional week of holidays. He would get busy in his father's garden fixing things up and always had the work half completed when school began. Whether his father understood the plot or not he was always given time to complete the work and thus saved from reciting the long lessons Mr. Mackle, the teacher, gave the boys to study during the holidays. Had that boy been more attentive to his books he might have a better job now than to write for newspapers.

I learned on Saturday afternoon of the whereabouts of Mrs. Elizabeth Miller Mettinger, who has not resided here for many years, but who is now living with her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Weaver, at 339 N. 43th street, West Philadelphia. Mrs. Mettinger is the oldest daughter and only survivor of the late John and Mary Ann Miller. Her other sisters were Mary who was married to Joseph B. Walker, and Sarah, who died in her young womanhood. Elizabeth was married to Lewis Mettinger, one of the best patterned men the Falls has ever known. She has two sons, John Miller and Armer R. Mettinger, both of whom live in New Jersey, and two daughters, Mrs. Weaver and Mrs. Watson. Mrs. Mettinger though well advanced in the eighties is reported as being in the best of health. She is the only survivor of the large number of converts baptized in the Schuylkill in 1850 by the Rev. John M. Richards, who was then supply pastor of the Baptist church here. This makes her the oldest living member of that church.

7/10/16 R. & S.

**NOSEGAY'S STORY ON TALK WITH COP**

While waiting for a train at North Philadelphia Station and admiring the improvements recently completed by the Pennsylvania Railroad on and about the structure, a passenger gave an interesting history of the station to Policeman James Kenna, of the Thirty-ninth district, who is assigned to duty about the place. "I am glad," he said, "to see that with all the improvements the company has preserved the first building ever used for a station. Doesn't it look pretty, surrounded by those handsome trees and the splendid sloping lawn? I remember when that little station was first opened, and how commodious it seemed—those days back in the late 40s. After the Chestnut Hill line was opened the station became known as Germantown Junction, a name which it held until North Philadelphia was substituted. While this line was being built the trains were run up on the Reading Railway to West Falls and then over the Port Richmond branch to Kensington. When the line was first opened Broad street was little more than a country road, with part of the roadway macadamized. One could stand at the railroad station and look across pasture fields almost up to Nicetown, northward, and westward to the cemeteries. Over on Sixteenth street were the old State Fair grounds. Old Oakdale Park, east of the Reading Railway, below Huntington street, was still in existence, and the tavern at Broad and Somerset streets was a strong rival of the Punch Bowl on Broad street near Diamond, for the holding of old-time political conventions. Up Broad street, nearly opposite Convention Hall, was the old Rising Sun Tavern, kept for many years by John Dwyer. Yes, sir, the surroundings have undergone great changes."

When I was a boy, in 1854, the dambreast was considered along the east side of Avenue, from the Reading Railway, passed under a culvert a short distance below Queen lane. Between the run and the turnpike was a row of willows. There was a path that led from the road over a dambreast and up the wooded hillside to the school. This dambreast was of stone and helped to form a chapter in the history of the Falls that few persons are aware of. Some time prior of January 1, 1773, Joseph Postle, who owned the land, joined with Isaac Parrish and Benedict Dorsey, in the erection of the dambreast and a paper mill, the latter was on the west side of Ridge Avenue. The mill was sold on the above date to Morris Trauman and Joseph Crutchanks, who, on April 31, 1784, deeded the property to Joseph Fey. The water, backed up by the dambreast, flowed through a culvert under the Avenue and formed a forebay in front of the mill. The old structure, the south gable of which can still be seen, was used originally as a paper mill, and later as a drug mill by Charles V. Hagner, the historian, and became known as the chocolate mill. I remember the bridge that crossed the forebay and led to the entrance of the building. A Doctor Ross kept a drug store in the upper part of the building. Years afterwards William Nugete came to the Falls, after working a few years in Powers and Weightman's laboratory, married Elizabeth Naher, daughter of Louis Naher, who had, a few years previous, opened the first lager beer saloon in the Falls. Nugete got possession of the old mill, and turned the basement into a slaughter house, and established a large and profitable business. Later, Nugete erected stores in front of the old building. I wonder how many who used to cross that old dambreast on their way to and from school, knew that the dambreast was once an important part of the old chocolate mill?

May 13, 1920 R. & S.

School lane, which marks the upper end of the Falls, and is the dividing line of the 21st and 25th wards was opened early in the forties of the past century. The name at first was "School House Lane," and was so named from a school located on the Marin property. It extended from Ridge avenue to the German town road. Along it were the country homes of wealthy Philadelphians. Two of the city's Mayors, Richard Vaux and Alexander Henry, resided along the lane. At the Ridge avenue end the City started to build a fort in 1863 as a defence against the Confederate army's coming to the city. The fort, Diana, was almost completed when the news came of the Confederate's crushing defeat at Gettysburg, and the work on the fort was suspended and never resumed. The opening of a stone quarry at this corner long ago led to the blasting away of the site on which the fort stood as well as what were once regarded as landmarks.

I was given a handful of luscious large black cherries a few days ago of the kind that good old Dr. Emmanuel Kraut use to raise on what afterwards became the Schuylkill Park. One time when your correspondent was a boy he with several of his chums were engaged to pick the cherries. Dr. Kraut sat near the top of the tall fence. He told the boys to whistle so as to keep the birds away from eating the cherries. Of course the boys complied but one of them happened to conceive the thought of a boy's whistle and call the cherries at the same time. The thought was communicated to the other boys and they arranged that while one boy was eating the others would whistle. This was done until each boy in turn had eaten his fill, and then, although it was a mean trick, they slipped down out of the trees and left for their homes leaving their partly filled baskets up in the trees. They thought their action was no meaner than that of the doctor in getting them to whistle.

Wm. R. S.

In riding over Allegheny avenue last Friday afternoon I wondered what the avenue would look like if the late John Dobson had erected a bridge over the wide thoroughfare to connect his house with his cow stable and to afford an easy way for his getting to and from the church of St. James the Less. Mr. Dobson had secured the right to construct such a bridge through an ordinance passed by Councils at the time William F. Dixon, of Roxborough, was chairman of the Highway Committee. The committee visited the site for the proposed bridge was entertained in Mr. Dobson's residence and was so favorably impressed by the argument that they unanimously recommended the passing of the ordinance. The opening of Allegheny avenue through Mr. Dobson's property took a large slice off the sloping lawn in front of his residence and left the remainder so high up in the air that the present high and unsightly retaining wall had to be erected, virtually spoiling the handsome home so that all the compensation received did not pay for the damage resulting.

I rode from 12th and Arch streets in a Hunting Park avenue car to 21st street and Ridge avenue, where I was transferred on a Manayunk car one day last week, arriving in Manayunk in less than three quarters of an hour, even though the car was delayed by two funerals and kept back by heavily loaded wagons. This was some traveling all for a nickel. I remembered in the old horse car days one evening when the late Joseph Shantz, a Republican politician, wanted to reach the city to get a train from 32d and Market streets and of good old Harry Murray who drove and conducted the car, took him from the Falls to Columbia avenue, about two and one-half miles, in less than half an hour he regarded it as a great performance. Murray was well rewarded and often boasted of the quick run. Things, however, were slower in those days and people were just as much contented as they are now. In the ride last week I could not help but think what a time saving the trolley cars are to what the horse cars were when the ride I took would have cost not less than fifteen cents.

"LABORATORY HILL," FROM THE GREAT NOSEGAY

"Laboratory Hill" is a familiar term at the Falls of Schuylkill, and applies to a row of dwellings on the summit of the hill opposite the approach of Falls Bridge. They were erected by Powers, Weightman & Harrison in 1848 for the families of the employes brought out to the new works. The houses are in pairs along the slope of the upper hill and in a row on the summit. All are on the lower side of the street, save one larger building now used by four families. It stands on the crest of the hill, and was erected in 1848 as a schoolhouse for the employes' children, and also as a library and reading-room. In front of the dwellings was laid the first brick sidewalk in that part of the city. In addition to these homes provided at low rent, each of the families was given the use of a good-sized plot of ground for raising vegetables. On top of the hill was a large square given as a playground for the boys. The school, library and reading-room were very popular until the end of 1885, when George Lebb Harrison withdrew from the firm. He had taken an active interest in the mental and moral training of the men, and frequently visited the library. He also established a Sunday School, with James K. Pinley, teacher of the day school, as superintendent, and came from his home every Sunday afternoon to teach a class of boys. After he left the firm the school was closed and the building transformed into dwellings.

One of the heaviest financial blows ever inflicted upon the Falls was the removal of Simpson's Print Works from the west side of the river to Edgestown, Delaware county, near Chester. I looked a short time ago on a large photograph of the print works which was taken a short time before the removal. These works grew from a small shop which originally was used by Watson & Oyle, carriage builders. William Simpson, Sr., a devout Christian, started in the silk handkerchief printing nearly 80 years ago and resided in what afterwards was known as the machine shop. He added to the plant as the business prospered and at the time of his death in 1843 was succeeded by his son William Jr. It became known as the Washington Print Works. At the time of its removal plans had been prepared for the enlarging of the plant by erecting an immense building above the Reading Railroad. With the removal of the print works many of the homeowners at the Falls removed to Chester. Another sad feature was in the destruction of the long row of stone dwellings near the Reading Railroad bridge and the doing away of the thriving village below the bridge known as Looksocket. These caused a drain upon the various business houses and churches here that has never been fully recovered.

W. R. S.

—There is a little thoroughfare here at the Falls which never had an official name, but which was known to a former generation as Watkin's Ferry road. It is less than 100 feet in length at present and leads from Ridge avenue to the Park drive on the upper side of the Falls Hotel and formerly extended to the river. Mrs. Robert Watkins, while proprietress of the Falls Hotel had a ferry known as a rope ferry, because of a stout rope being stretched across the river, one end being fastened to a large willow tree on this side of the river while the other end was fastened to a large iron ring the holder of which was fastened to a rock that stood on the hillside above the River road. At this end was a frame house in which David Davis once conducted a store. It was known as the ferry house and was last occupied by George Glanding who afterwards moved to Manayunk. He was the last to have charge of the ferry, which became unnecessary after the Falls bridge was opened in 1849. Ferry road on the west side of the river extended up the hollow north of Chamounix till it joined with the Mendenhall Ferry road.

*July 16 1918* R. R. S.

#### TALKS ON PRINCE OF PEACE.

##### New Jersey Clergyman Preaches in the Falls Baptist Church.

"The Prince of Peace" was the topic of a sermon delivered by Rev. F. M. Ashton, of Collingswood, N. J., on Sunday in the Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church. "The Prince of Peace was born on a battlefield," he said, "and all through His life was subjected to the worst kind of treatment. Herod tried to slay Him in His infancy. Satan tried to conquer Him after the 40 days of fasting in the wilderness; people of His own city tried to cast Him headforemost down the rocky hill on which the city was built. In His wonderful work He had the opposition of His own people.

"All powers acknowledged Him, even the waves of the angry sea became calm at His command. He never went in the presence of death, but the dead came back to life. He came not to destroy but to build up. In His wrath, when He drove the dealers out of the temple He caused no one to suffer loss. Pilate, the Roman governor, before whom He was brought, said: 'I see no fault in this man.' The centurion who had charge of the soldiers who crucified the Prince of Peace said, when he saw

36  
Him die: 'Surely, this was the Son of God.'

"Death nor the grave had any power over Him. He gave of His power to His disciples when He commissioned them to preach the gospel. In the economy of grace, humanity must do its part. The lost sheep could not find its way back to the flock. The lost piece of silver could not help the loser to find it, but the lost boy, the prodigal son, could resolve to return to his father's home. When he started to return the father ran to meet him with forgiveness and restoration."

The speaker told this legend in illustration of man's choosing; "God made three men exactly alike, took them to a river and told one to jump in the water. He came out of the water white and clean. The second man was told to do the same thing, the water being polluted this man came out red. The other man jumped into the more polluted stream and came out black. On the river bank were three bundles. The black man was told to take one of them, and he took the largest; it was filled with implements of labor. The red man chose the next largest, and found in his bundle implements of war. In the last bundle the white man found an ink horn, a quill and parchment, representing literature."

—The old saying that "Water is free" has been put to a test to the people residing in the neighborhood of Ridge avenue and Queen lane. The flowing fountain connected with the Falls Hotel, which was erected in 1731, has been removed, as has the large trough from which many a thirsty horse quenched its thirst. The old fountain was supplied with water from a large spring up in what was once known as Smith's hollow, and conveyed to the hotel in pipes. People in the vicinity have long been accustomed to carry their drinking water from the fountain. It is not known just how long the fountain has been in existence, but it has stood there for more than a century. From the time the old horse cars first ran to the Falls in the summer of 1859 until the fountain was removed cars would stop in front of it that the conductor, driver and motor-man might drink the cool and refreshing water. Drivers of the horse cars would frequently give their horses a drink. Some one has suggested that the removing of the fountain is to get even with the advocates of prohibition. Whether that be true or not, the removal of this old landmark is most sincerely regretted. *8/12-20.*

—Time flies. It was sixty years last Wednesday since George Leib Harrison retired from the laboratory firm of Powers, Weightman & Harrison. His retiring marked the close of the Pay School on Laboratory Hill and ending of the Reading room and Library on the second floor of the building, which he had established for the benefit of the men employed in the works. There are a few others besides your correspondent who went to the Forest school in the beginning of 1854 after their old school had been closed.

—Considerable complaint is being made by business men and others over the condition of Hunting Park avenue between 29th street and Wissahickon avenue. It seems that when the lines of 48 inch water mains were laid some years ago, they were not put deep enough under the roadbed. In grading the avenue these pipes were exposed and will have to be lowered. Up to this writing nothing seems to have been done to complete the work, and the avenue between the points named is closed to travel, making very inconvenient for the business men who desire to use it.

*Jan 21 1918*  
—When the Chronicle first made its appearance here on January 2, 1869, there was a growing community on the west side of the Schuylkill, which had successively been known as Wood's Landing and Cocksocky. The village was below the Reading Railroad's stone bridge. Above the bridge was the old stone row of dwellings, and Simpson's extensive print works. In less than ten years later the village, the row and the print works were taken by the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, and torn down, causing a heavy blow to all kinds of business at the Falls. Many of the villagers employed in the print works removed to Eddystone, Delaware Co., whither the Simpsons removed their works. In 1869 a clerk in the print works, Captain Charles Johnson, who served in the civil war, cut quite a wide swath in the Falls by his liberality to churches and individuals. One day a strange woman came to town called herself Mrs. Johnson and the captain forsook the wife he was living with, fled and never was heard of.

RRS 8/25/20  
—The recent freshets in the Schuylkill were noted for the immense quantity of thick ice that was carried down from the upper Schuylkill, also for the inky blackness of the water caused by the coal culm from the mining regions being swept into the river. After the water had receded there was left along the embankments a deep deposit of a black gummy-like mud. If any one was unfortunate enough to step into this substance they found it difficult to remove from their shoes.

—In a walk some time ago over the hill from the Falls to his home in Tioga your correspondent noted many changes that have taken place during the past quarter of a century. It used to be that one could walk out Queen lane to Wissahickon avenue or take a short cut over what was known as Evans' road. The latter has been practically done away with, while the other was blocked off by the construction of the Queen lane reservoir. When your correspondent was a boy the hill was considered the most delightful part of this section. There was the Evans' homestead, the home of Griffith Evans, an American diplomat, who represented this country for a number of years in Portugal or Spain. His son, Horace Evans, studied medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, but never practiced. There were two daughters, Elizabeth, who married Charles F. Abbot, and their home, Abbotsford, was most attractive. The other daughter, Sarah, married Rev. John M. Richards, and their home with its high spire and known as Summit Place, added greatly to the beauty of the surroundings. Dr. Evans, a bachelor, occupied the old homestead as his country home until his death. This old building, which dates back in history to the time of William Penn, is now in ruins. Summit Place was sold a few years ago by Horace E. Richards, the only survivor of the family, and Abbotsford, which passed out of the Abbots' possession, is fast approaching decay. Of that once happy family but one, Dr. Griffith E. Abbot, survives. When last heard of he was residing in Boston, Mass. The thoroughfares in the vicinity of the reservoir are in a most deplorable condition and should command the earliest attention of the city authorities that they might be made a blessing instead of an eyesore of the city.

—I have often wondered how large a book might be written on the Falls and of the men and women, who having been born here, achieved greatness in their various vocations. Like other places the population has generally been what might be called a floating one. Only a smaller part of those born here have continued in the place until their life's labors were completed.

One of the greatest events for which the old Falls has every right to be proud and which adds zest to the celebration of the Fourth of July, happened on the nation's natal day in the year 1830, when the Falls was a peace loving village. On that day, in a cozy stone dwelling that stood on a part of the site Young Women's Christian Association's building, was born a little boy, who was given the name of James Girvin Maree. The little boy kept on living, caught and suffered all the ailments to which childhood seems destined to, started going to school, and then to the great loss of the neighborhood, was taken by his parents to Manayunk. Notwithstanding this change of climate he grew up through boyhood and youth to manhood and in 1851, when he entered upon his majority as a full fledged citizen of this great country, he established himself in the jewelry business, married and settled down to a career which brought him a degree of wealth, an enviable reputation and legions of friends. He also became known for his unusual musical abilities and has sung in as many church choirs as any other baritone now living.

This Falls boy is now a happy grandfather, residing in Germantown with his only surviving daughter, Mrs. W. L. Nassau and her husband. On Saturday last, July 4th, he started in the best of spirits upon his 85th year. The CHRONICLE heartily congratulates this young octogenarian and wishes him many happy returns of the day.

—Widespread sorrow was shown throughout the Falls on Sunday morning when it became known that Mrs. Ellen W. Ritchie, widow of Rev. Robert Ritchie, D. D., for more than a quarter of a century rector of the Church of St. James the Less, had quietly passed away in the church rectory.

Mrs. Ritchie was a woman of noble character and through her husband's long ministry proved a fitting helpmate in his parish work. From their entering upon their work here, she, by her amiable disposition at once endeared herself to the parishoners and won the highest esteem all in the community. Like an angel of mercy she looked after

and ministered to the poor, and gave comfort to those who were in trouble, grief or distress.

In their married life the union was blessed in the birth of a daughter, Mary, who developed into an unusually bright and attractive young woman, possessed with a broad intelligence. She won honors in the schools she attended and became a favorite in Bryn Mawr College, where in the height of her success and popularity she was fatally injured in a runaway horse accident. Her death was a severe and lasting blow to her parents, and doubtless hastened her father's death.

After Dr. Ritchie's earthly work had closed, Mrs. Ritchie removed to the New England states, but returned to the rectory a few years later as housekeeper for her brother-in-law, Rev. Edward Ritchie, the present rector. Mrs. Ritchie was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bridge of Maine. Her death came after several months illness.

The funeral services, which were largely attended, were held in the church on Wednesday morning and interment was made in the church yard where her remains repose beside those of her husband and daughter all of whom will be lovingly remembered by the people of the Falls and vicinity.

R. R. S.

37



*Chronicle 12/1/14*  
—The frequent mention in the daily papers of deer escaping from the enclosure in Fairmount Park along the Wissahickon Creek has led

older residents of the Falls to talk about the deer park that enlivened this place sixty some years ago. The park took in the upper side of Queen lane from the Ridge avenue to beyond where the Baptist church now stands extending back to Mifflin hollow. When the Baptist church was being erected in 1851-1852 it was called by many the "Deer Park Church." The late Michael Brehl used to tell of his having captured the last deer ever caught in the Falls. The deer, a handsome buck, managed to get out of the enclosure and made its way to the Schuylkill along which it roamed till it reached the woods near City avenue bridge. Brehl saw the deer browsing in the woods and securing some loaf sugar he coaxed it to him after eating several lumps of sugar and slipping a rope around its head led it back to the park.

—The Survivors Association of the 88th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers which is so closely associated with the Falls from the fact that the regiment was recruited here in 1861 and that many of the Falls men served in it during the war, lost one of its most prominent members in the death last week of Col. Robert Beath, a member of the executive committee. Col. Beath succeeded the late Gen. Louis Wagner last year as Treasurer of the Soldiers' Home at Erie. He was a born soldier, a splendid executive and one of the finest gentlemen I have ever met. The last talk I had with him was at the Association reunion last September at Strawberry mansion. That was the last place too that I had met Gen. Wagner a year previous. I have a valued book, "Philadelphia in the Civil War," presented to me last May by Col. Beath. A delegation of the Survivors Association with the Secretary William F. Dixon, went over to the late home of Col. Beath last Friday evening as a mark of the high esteem in which they held him. The funeral was held on Saturday. Col. Beath was born January 26th, 1839.

—In the Schuylkill, in front of Turf Villa, are a number of motor boats securely anchored prior to their being housed for the winter. Among them is the beautiful "Isabella," the property of my esteemed friend James G. Marce, of 424 West Chelton avenue, Germantown. Since bringing the craft from

opposite Lafayette Mr. Marce makes frequent visits to the Falls, his native village. During one of his visits last week he took a survey of the surroundings of Turf Villa, which awakened in his mind happy recollections of when he was a boy and living in Manayunk. He thought of the large orchard connected with the home of Mrs. Christiana Gaim Shronk, my grandmother, on Ridge avenue just above the lower works of the laboratory, and of the luscious pears he was given when visiting Mrs. Shronk with his mother. The orchard extended from the lower side of the Turf Villa property to Shronk's fishing lane adjoining what is now the Fairmount Inn property. When I was a boy some of the trees remained and bore splendid fruit.

R. R. S.

With the advent of the season's first real snowfall last week a Falls of Schuylkill resident, who came to this locality before the "Falls" were moved further up-stream, relapsed into memories of the "snows of yesteryear" when sleighing parties for weeks on end kept the drives and roadhouses along the river ringing with gaiety. "In those days this old Fairmount inn was conducted by Louis Tissot," began his reminiscence. "Louis planted a lot of Norway spruce trees near the building, and under one of these trees was enacted one of the many little comedies that were an every-day affair with the patrons of the old hostelry. A man well known to us as an inveterate wag came out of the hotel dining-room carrying a dish covered by a napkin. Without noticing that he was being observed, he placed this dish beneath the spreading branches of a spruce tree and then returned to the hotel. With a friend I went over to see what the mystery was all about. The dish contained a broiled chicken—evidently stolen from the dining-room. After we had finished the chicken and placed the bones back in the dish beneath the napkin we waited behind the shelter of a near-by bush to see what would happen next. Accompanied by another practical joker of considerable local fame, the purloiner of the chicken returned presently and we heard him say: "This time I'm telling you the truth—and this chicken is done to a lovely brown." Together they picked up the dish. The accomplice to the theft raised the napkin, and the next moment we saw our unwitting benefactor rolling to the bottom of the garden terrace from the impact of a violent slap he had received in the face. It was more than we could do to control our laughter, and we had to seek safety in flight, leaving the two jokers to decide which of them was the worst fooled."—Nosegay.

*26875 RRS*

*The Inquirer 7-29-1913*

### DOBSON MILLS INCORPORATE CONCERN CAPITALIZED AT \$9,200,000

#### James Dobson the Ruling Spirit

John and James Dobson, incorporated, on last Wednesday succeeded the partnership business of John and James Dobson. The transfer included the big mills in the Falls, Germantown, Manayunk and Eighth and Somerset streets, Philadelphia. The mills were closed down Wednesday for a taking of stock in connection with the passing of the business from a partnership to an incorporated firm.

The new concern is capitalized at \$9,200,000, half in 7 per cent, preferred and half in common stock. The assets taken over include between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 of cash, accounts receivable and materials on hand. The remainder consists of the mills, machinery and real estate. The principal stockholders are James Dobson, Elizabeth D. Riddle, daughter of the late John Dobson, and his grand-daughter, Sarah Dobson Fiske.

James Dobson is president of the company. He has managed the business since June 28, 1911, when his older brother, and for long years joint business partner, died. Thomas F. Barry, for many years a clerk, is treasurer.

The incorporation of the company means the continuance of the textile manufacturing business by the remaining members of the Dobson family, but on a much larger scale than heretofore.

The history of the Dobson mills is a most extraordinary story of the attainments of two plucky English lads, who came to this country a half century ago and engaged in business for themselves on the banks of the Schuylkill near the Falls.

Neither had a penny. In England they had heard of the marvelous commercial possibilities of America and determined to win for themselves fame and fortune. They engaged in business as partners agreeing to share each other's successes or failures on equal terms.

There was no written agreement. In a small stone mill which they leased they began the manufacture of carpets. Today the names of John and James Dobson are known over the entire world. The industry at the Falls of Schuylkill is one of the largest in the world. Starting with no capital, the total current assets of the company are today shown to be more than \$5,000,000.

Mr. Samuel W. Pennypacker, master and examiner of the estate of the late John Dobson, in his recent recommendation to the courts, the granting of articles of incorporation for the Dobson carpet and textile industry, said in part as follows:

"The partners were two brothers, John and James Dobson. They each had an equal interest, and the profits were divided equally.

"They began without capital, met with great prosperity and the business grew to such proportions that it became the most important of its kind belonging to individuals in the United States. They did a business amounting at times to the value of \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000 a year. The real estate, including the factories and buildings, which have become large and extensive, being nineteen in number, and covering about sixteen acres of ground, the machinery and equipment, were paid out of the profits of the partnership. In this way two energetic and capable men, in the course of 50 years of continuous effort, built up a trade which extended beyond the Continent and across the seas and over the world."

—Mrs. Amelia B. Leech, aged 62 years, wife of Arthur Binkin of Queen lane, and daughter of the late William and Catherine Booth Leech, was buried last Thursday afternoon in Mount Vernon cemetery under the direction of Charles L. Dykes, Undertaker. Mrs. Binkin was born in the Falls and always resided here. In her early womanhood she was married to Mr. Binkin, who with their son and only child, Walter, survives. She was a member of the Baptist church, the pastor of which, Rev. Dr. Charles L. Seasholes, officiated at the funeral, assisted by Rev. A. Percival Hodgson of the Methodist church, a near neighbor. She is also survived by a brother, Joseph C. Leech of Frankford. Mr. Binkin has been in ill health for a number of years and at one time was dispatcher at West Falls on the Reading Railway.

—The Business Men's Association, John W. Flanagan president, took action on Tuesday night at its meeting in America Hall, on the opening of Henry avenue and other needed improvements for this—38th—ward. The opening of Henry avenue from Hunting Park avenue will doubtless puzzle the civil engineers as to how to get across the three lines of the Reading railway. It will intersect Hunting Park avenue in the vicinity of 29th street and will have to cross the Centennial, Port Richmond and Norristown lines or branches, before ascending the hill to the west end of the Queen lane reservoir and filtration plant. The opening may also interfere with the series of sewers constructed a few years ago under the Reading Railway. Sometime it is thought the association will take up the equally important question of having Cresson street opened from Scotts lane to Westmoreland street.

*Feb 2-17*  
R. R. S.

ing. *Chronicle 4/27/17*

—The probability of the government having to resort to conscripting men into the Army and Navy has brought recollections of the Civil War, when President Lincoln had to resort to that method of filling up the Army. At that time the draft was for men between the ages of 20 and 35 years, and it was astonishing how many mistakes were discovered in family records of birth. Men who boasted of being almost old enough to vote found that they were only in their 19th year, while others who prided themselves on being young jumped in their age to beyond 40. The second draft took in men between 18 and 45 years, so that those referred to had to submit to the inevitable. With the draft came the Bounty fund or Quoto organizations, which raised money to pay substitutes or to pay the \$300 commutation to free those drafted. Here at the Falls Michael Arnold, Sr., proprietor of the Falls Hotel, was president of the quoto association of the 2d division of the 21st Ward. Mass meetings were held at frequent intervals and contributions solicited. With all its efforts the association did not keep the draft away, and quite a number of the citizens were conscripted. They each furnished the \$300. Two men still remembered raised the required money by holding raffles and then took a short route to Canada where they remained until the war was over. Another, was exempted by the United States Marshal owing to varicose veins on his legs. His wife made him give her the money and putting it with a similar amount she had in the house without her husband's knowledge bought the little house they lived in. As raffles are illegal other means will have to be resorted to to raise money should the draft come.

R. R. S.

Midvale Ave. in  
Noted Valley

Scene of Interesting  
Events Past

R. ROBERTS SHRONK.

Recent improvements on Midvale avenue have caused a rapid increase in population in the northern part of the city, especially in that section west of Wissahickon avenue and between Queen lane and School lane. Within the last few years hundreds of families have moved into the district and, it is declared, their change of residence was made because of the railroad and transit facilities to and from the section occasioned by the establishment of a railroad station near the avenue and the widening of the avenue between Germantown and Falls of Schuylkill.

The avenue, although less than a quarter of a century old, is of historical interest to the city. The direction is directly north and south, although the direction is believed by many to be to a point eastward. This is explained by the fact that there is a curve in Ridge avenue through this section.

Midvale avenue is so named from the fact that it occupies the middle of the valley, between two hills, a short distance beyond the Norristown branch of the Reading Railway.

Once Called Mifflin Street.

Long before the avenue was opened to its present length there was a dirt road passing up the hollow from Ridge avenue, which was known as Mifflin street, so called because the Mifflin mansion stood on the upper side of the road on the top of the hill back from Ridge avenue. This mansion was erected and occupied for years by General Thomas Mifflin, the first Governor of Pennsylvania, who also owned a large tract of land extending toward Germantown. Along the lower side of Mifflin street, some 60 years ago, was a deer park with a high picket fence inclosure and extended to Indian Queen lane.

The run passed beneath a stone culvert under Ridge avenue. At the river end of the culvert, or arch, were two wooden troughs, which carried water to two ponds, one on the upper side and one on the lower side of the run. These ponds were used for keeping live catfish for the Fountain Park Hotel, kept by Robert Evans, and for the Falls Hotel, kept for many years by Michael Arnold, father of the late Judge Arnold. The fish were brought in large quantities from the city and would be killed daily to supply the once famous catfish and waffle suppers for which both hotels were noted.

At the confluence of Mifflin run with the Schuylkill was the old-time steamboat landing, with a little bridge spanning the run for the accommodation of customers going to the lower or Falls Hotel. At this point in the river was a fine sand bar, and provided an excellent place for the baptizing of converts by Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church, when services were held in the Old Academy Building, prior to 1852, when the present church edifice was first used.

On one of the baptism occasions, conducted by the late Rev. John M. Richards, about 20 young men climbed

a large willow tree and got out on a thick limb that extended far out over the river. At the conclusion of the baptism the young men, rising simultaneously, caused a strain that snapped the limb off at the trunk of the tree and precipitated the crowd into the river, much to the amusement of the large number of spectators.

Next Name Dutch Hollow.

When the Norristown Branch of the Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown Railroad was built, in 1834, that part of Mifflin hollow was filled in to secure a level roadbed. The filling in caused the backing of the water in the run and formed a large and deep dam, almost obliterating a smaller dam, erected by Governor Mifflin to supply his mansion and stables with water. These dams, with a cartway between them, existed until the opening of Midvale avenue, 20 years ago, when the Reading Railway erected a stone bridge to carry its road over the avenue. These dams were for years noted for the swimming, fishing and skating they afforded.

In 1853 there came to the Falls of Schuylkill an energetic German stonemason, Henry J. Becker. He purchased ground in the hollow and erected rows of dwellings and the large brewery. This caused the name "Dutch Hollow" to be given to that part of the valley.

At the railroad end of the hollow Patrick Dougherty built his dwelling, a 2½-story stone structure, on the hillside. When the building was nearly ready for the roof the walls collapsed and one of the masons was killed and several others severely injured. Dougherty built his stable at the foot of the railroad embankment and cultivated the side of the embankment for the raising of potatoes. The Dougherty property was purchased some years ago by the Warden estate, and with other land was presented to the Reading Railway as a site for the handsome new East Falls station. The estate also bought the brewery, which was torn down.

Used as Camp Site.

As late as the seventies the valley now occupied by the avenue was covered with a thick forest, principally of tall poplar trees, with an undergrowth almost impenetrable, and formed a splendid place for rabbit hunting. At Conrad street, on the lower side, began Garrett's woods or chestnut grove, with most of the ground covered with a peculiar sort of green moss, giving it the appearance of being carpeted. The woods for many years was used by Sunday Schools for their picnics. Back a short distance south of the woods still stands Garrett's log cabin, the first dwelling erected in that part of the city, but which for years has been used as a cow stable. On the other side of the avenue once stood the Morton house, a quaint Colonial structure. Close to the house was a run, which an old map designates as the boundary line between Roxborough and North Penn townships.

Adjoining the Garrett farm was a 20-acre lot, known as Scott's lot. On this lot in 1862 was located the recruiting encampment of the One Hundred and Eighteenth, or Corn Exchange, Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. The regiment left the encampment in time to take part in the battle of South Mountain, near Antietam, and was given a terrible baptism of fire. On this lot and adjoining properties now stand the Queen Lane reservoir and filtration plant. Here, too, in 1777 Washington and his army was encamped after the battle of Brandywine. Washington had his headquarters in the Hill mansion, now owned and occupied by Robert Smith.

Lower Avenue Half Century Ago.

Midvale avenue, or Mifflin street, 50

odd years ago had a different appearance between Ridge avenue and the Norristown Railroad to what it has at present. At that time, on the lower side, at the corner, was John R. Johnson's store and dwelling, with its pretty flower garden. The store was kept by Harmon Johnson and Christian Hess, under the firm name of Johnson & Hess. In the rear was the old stable, beyond which were the nicely kept yards of the dwellings fronting on Indian Queen lane. Then came the little frame dwelling, the home of Charles Boothroyd, then Benjamin R. Marley's carpenter shop, with its yard inclosed with the high picket fencing which once surrounded the Deer Park; next was the rear of the Baptist Church, with its sheds for horses and the three-story stone rectory occupied by Lewis Mettinger. Beyond was the row of dwellings erected by Henry J. Becker, and the big brewery at the end of Smith's knoll, which once was covered with a blackberry thicket. Patrick Dougherty's home and stable close to the railroad finished that side of the hollow.

Along the upper side were the two dwellings, the first Becker erected, standing on what is now St. Bridget's Church lawn. One of the houses was occupied by Becker and the other by Cornelius De Grott, the marble cutter and noted singer. At the lower side of Frederick street, where the Midvale Theatre now stands, were James Morrison's two dwellings; he occupied one and Elijah Schofield and family the other. Then came the brewery yard, and on the corner James Morrison's frame building, used in 1862-63 as the armory of Captain John Dobson's "Battery I."

"What do you know about Kelly's Hill?" is a question I was asked last week by a man in the city. Kelly's Hill had a double significance when I was a small boy. The grade on Ridge avenue, from the Reading Railway's bridge to the entrance of North Laurel Hill Cemetery, was one of them, the other was the hill that extends from the railroad to the original northern boundary of the cemetery, between Ridge avenue and the Schuylkill. The latter was for years a popular resort for Fourth of July and other gatherings, and many a participant suffered from lacerations of the head as a result of the fights which took place on the hill. The name of both these hills was given in honor of a jovial Irishman, Richard Kelly, who kept a grocery store at the upper end of Steven's, now Ridge avenue, above Scott's lane. Everybody called him Dick. In addition to selling groceries he also disposed of gun powder and whisky, as was the custom in most stores in his time. The grade on Ridge avenue is occasionally referred to as Kelly's Hill, but the real hill lost its old-time name after it had been included in the cemetery and became part of that quiet resting place for the dead. The roadway in the upper end of the cemetery, which now leads to Laurel Hill station, was once the approach to the bridge crossing the river before the railroad was constructed.

R. R. S.

—In these days when almost every one is interested in the drafting of men for the army one hears a good deal about the heroes of the civil war, and the methods employed in that war to increase the army. As to the heroes the Falls contributed a goodly number. Every one who volunteered laid his life and his all upon the altar of his country. Most of those brave men came back after the war had ceased, some still survive and not a few wish they were physically able to again serve their country. Frank Bechtel, Chas. Naher, Charles Jones, all three of whom resided here, were never heard of after the battle of The Wilderness and were supposed to have perished in a large woods which was set on fire; Philip Lesh, Jr., was killed in battle; Washington Peel, a lieutenant, died of wounds received in battle. Dr. Samuel Peltz lost his life when the Polepit was

blown up in front of Fort Sumpter. All heroes whose memory should be ever kept green. Robert Timbers who enlisted in the 88th Regiment, performed an act of bravery in one of the battles before Richmond, Va. The color sergeant and his squad were shot down. The line was withdrawn. Timbers walked out fearlessly, picked up the flag, waved it defiantly at the Confederates, and carried it safely to the Union line with bullets flying all about him. John Rodgers who had long been a resident of the Falls, but resided in Manayunk when he enlisted in Captain John Belsterling's Company C, in the 88th, and was killed the same day the gallant captain fell mortally wounded.

R. R. S.

**ADMIRE LOCAL FREE LIBRARY**

A former resident of the Falls of Schuylkill, while riding over Midvale avenue, in an automobile, admired the Free Library building which stands at the bottom of a wooded slope at Warden's road, and said: "When I was a boy there was a Falls of Schuylkill Library Association that did a great deal of good for the moral and intellectual benefit of its members. Every young man of any account was glad to be admitted as a member and have the privilege of reading and studying the valuable books. I was not old enough to join the organization, but I knew most of those who did. As I think of them my heart feels sad, for most of them have passed away. The organization was kept up until the Civil War. I only know of four men now living who belonged to the library, and they have each seen more than four-score years. Hugh Scott, Charles K. Sorber, Franklin W. Morison and Adam Mettinger, all of whom are well preserved and have been lifelong residents of the Falls of Schuylkill."—Nosegay.

—I was asked last week if I knew Dr. Jonathan Knight Uhler? The question was rather a queer one to ask anyone acquainted with the history of the Falls. Dr. Uhler came here in 1855 fresh from the University of Pennsylvania and opened an office in the home of Peter Shronk, Ridge avenue opposite what is now Calumet street. At that time there was no local physician. Dr. L. M. Service resided in The Lilacs, below West Falls; Dr. John Conry of Manayunk and Dr. Thomas Betton of Germantown, attended to the needs of the people here. Dr. William Geyer, a retired physician, residing on Hart lane, now Lehigh avenue, occasionally attended emergency cases. Dr. Uhler's coming was opportune for a short time after he opened his office there was an epidemic of scarlet fever. It was not long before he built up an extensive practice. He removed his office to 128 Queen lane where his sisters Eliza and Rebecca kept house for him. A master of his profession, well educated and a man of winning manners, he became very popular. He married Miss Cauffman of Roxborough, and purchased the Smith mansion and a large tract of the property from John Dobson and took up his residence there. His practice covered a large range of territory from Roxborough to North Penn village and from Germantown to the county line beyond the Schuylkill. In the height of his popularity and success he was stricken with heart disease and died suddenly. Dr. Uhler was one of four brothers, all noted physicians—Dr. Wm. M. Uhler, head chemist and manager of the Laboratory; Dr. Harry N. Uhler of Manayunk, and Dr. Algernon Uhler, I think of Bryn Mawr or Ardmore. He was survived by a widow and a son Jonathan Knight Uhler, Jr. Many of the people here hold his name in loving memory. Few men who ever came to this place did more to relieve suffering humanity or won more friends than did Dr. Jonathan Knight Uhler.

R. R. S.

**MRS. MARY E. POTTER**

Mrs. Mary E. Potter, of 3550 Queen lane, widow of Zachary T. Potter, died Tuesday at Lewistown, N. J., after being sick with pneumonia for about two weeks. She had been living on a farm of her son, at that place. The funeral will be held Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from 3550 Queen lane. The interment will be at Laurel Hill Cemetery.

—The Evening Ledger published a photograph Saturday of Dr. Charles K. Mills who was appointed consulting physician of the Philadelphia Hospital for contagious diseases by Dr. Krusen, Director of the Department of Health and Charities. Every lover of the Falls of Schuylkill will rejoice in this honor being conferred upon Dr. Mills. His boyhood was spent here and though highly advanced in his chosen profession, always kept up a strong interest in this place and its people. Of the many boys who have gone out from the Falls none have achieved greater success or been more honored than has Dr. Mills.

—My attention was called last week to the numerous places where ice cream is sold, and of the different makers of that luxury. I remember when the only place to obtain a plate of ice cream at the Falls was at Evan's or Arnold's hotels and then it could only be had on rare occasions, or on the Sunday School Fourth of July picnics. Like ice it is now used in most homes. When the old well pumps were in existence no one thought of using ice except in cases of sickness, then it was procured from those having ice houses. When the late Charles H. Lippen of Wissahickon began running his ice wagon at the Falls people wondered how he expected to make a living in that business. Now almost every home has its refrigerator and ice pitcher and the butter does not have to be spread on bread with a spoon.

R. R. S.

—Many of the residents of the Falls who visited Willow Grove last week were delightfully surprised to find an interesting sketch of James Girvin Maree in the musical program for the week. Mr. Maree was a member of the Caroline Richings opera troupe and is credited with being the oldest opera singer in the world. Mr. Maree, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday anniversary on July 4, was born at the Falls.

*Sumale*

**Found Copy Of Old  
10/25/17 Falls Newspaper  
Townsman Had Been Making  
A Search In His Library**

Charles K. Sorber, local townsman, while searching through the archives in the library of his home, on Queen lane, found a copy of a newspaper, which was printed and read in the Falls of Schuylkill years before the "Weekly Forecast" made its appearance.

The newspaper was called the "Falls Advertiser and Riverside Gazette," and will be remembered by some of the older residents of the Falls of Schuylkill. It consisted of four pages, of six columns to each page.

Its editor and proprietor was William G. Middleton, who, among other things on the editorial page, had printed the following:

"An Independent Weekly Local Newspaper, published every Thursday, at 3261 Ridge avenue, Falls of Schuylkill, Philadelphia, Pa."

"The Advertiser reaches a majority of the families resident in the Falls of Schuylkill, Manayunk, Penn Village and Tioga. As it is so generally read by such a large number of our people, the publisher feels warranted in calling the attention of business men to the valuable medium of advertising, which it affords."

The particular issue written about, is from Volume III, number 26, dated Falls of Schuylkill, Thursday, November 17, 1881.

In this issue, editorial comment is made on Guiteau's Trial. Guiteau was the assassin of President Garfield. Under another caption, "The Insanity Dodge," which Guiteau's lawyers were employing, is discussed.

Found in the news items is this interesting bit of information:

**"FALLS CHORAL SOCIETY"**

"The reorganization of the above society took place in the Old Academy Building, on Friday evening, as per announcement. The following were elected officers:

"President—C. K. Sorber.

"Vice president—Smith Walker.

"Treasurer—John W. Tees.

"Musical Director—William R. Williams.

"All persons interested in music are cordially invited to join this society. The expenses are to be met by the male members. It is earnestly desired that there will be a large attendance of ladies. We are glad that the above society has once more struggled to the surface, and earnestly hope that it may float successfully."

Among the advertisers of the newspaper are found these well-known Falls of Schuylkill old family names: Leask, Hollingsworth, Merison, Winkley, Birkhead, Green, McKinney, McKay, Ray, Mayberry, Shronk, McNeill, Mills, Foster, Krall, Swartz, Mettinger, Dollard, Oldroyd, Righter, Rhoads, Ruffner, Middleton, Scott and Sorber.

—Mrs. Mary Porter, the oldest resident of the Falls, is confined to her home in Midvale avenue, suffering from a fractured leg. She had only recovered from a fractured jaw when another fall resulted in the breaking of a leg. Mrs. Porter is the only survivor of the little company who, on November 7, 1856, founded the Presbyterian Church in the old Academy building. She has ever been a faithful member of the church and is greatly revered by the congregation and all who know her in this community.

—In last week's letter I mentioned that shad had again appeared, but did not know at that time that the fish were being sold at the high price of 55 cents a pound.

—Palestine Lodge, No. 470, F. and A. M., will celebrate its golden jubilee in April. It hardly seems possible that so many years have elapsed since the lodge was instituted here.

—In a nosegay published last week in the "Record," in which the old-time falling-top buggy was compared with the automobile, an interesting account was given of the experience that the late Dr. L. M. Service had on the Fourth of July, 1872. He was called from his home on Belmont avenue to attend a case of sunstroke in West Philadelphia. Soon after another messenger came on horseback to summon him to another case in Hestonville, half an hour later another man galloped to the doctor's home from Merion on a similar errand. He, like the former, followed after the doctor. It was late in the afternoon before the third patient had been ministered to. After supper and having had his horse fed, the doctor started for home, when a terrific storm broke over the country; the rain came down in torrents, filling the country roads. As he was jogging along the horse stopped, the wheels of the buggy being halfway to the hubs in sand and water. The animal could go no further. The doctor was obliged to sit in the buggy till daylight, when, taking a rail from a fence, he used the sharp end to shovel the sand from in front of the wheels.

*Chronicle, 25/20 R. S.*

—"Is Bowman street what was once known as Bowman's lane?" I was asked last week. Bowman's lane was the name first given to what is now Queen lane. In the early part of the past century a hotel at the Germantown avenue end of the lane was called Indian Queen Tavern and had a handsomely painted sign of an Indian queen on it. The name of the lane gradually changed to Indian Queen lane and of later years has been abbreviated to Queen lane. When the reservoir was constructed the lane was blocked off and persons had to go around by either Abbotsford avenue on the south or New Queen street on the north.

—The Falls of Schuylkill has been noted for the men who have been born or raised here and who became prominent in the various professions and businesses. One of these, well known and highly esteemed by readers of the "Chronicle," is James Gervin Maree, who first saw the light of day at this place on the Fourth of July, 1830, and was the second son of James and Elizabeth Maree. When a child, his parents removed to Manayunk; there he obtained his education, and for many years carried on business as a jeweler. Possessed with a baritone voice of unusual compass, he very wisely gave attention to its cultivation. He sang for many years in some of the most prominent church choirs in the city, and in the days before there were any travelling conveniences as are now enjoyed, he was obliged to walk home through all kinds of weather, winter or summer. Mr. Maree is the only survivor of the one time famous Virginia Minstrels, and is probably the only person now living who helped form the celebrated Caroline Richings Opera Troop. Mr. Maree quietly celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birth on Sunday.

—Do you know Dennis Lynch? Most everybody else does. He is one of the most genial and faithful men in the employ of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. His position, though a humble one, is important. He looks after the curves and switches of Midvale avenue, Allegheny avenue, Wayne avenue, Hunting Park avenue and Twenty-second street. In all sorts of weathers, he can be seen with his oil can. The worse the weather the more Dennis has to do. Meet him when or where you may, he always has a pleasant word and a cheering smile. When I saw Dennis a few days ago, I thought of good old "Jimmie" Noonan, who was given the job of keeping the tracks clean of the Ridge avenue passenger railway, when it extended from the depot at Twenty-third street and Columbia avenue to the station above Green lane, in Manayunk. Jimmie invented a shovel that fitted the old-time flat tram rails. He, too, was both genial and faithful, and like the old-time conductors, James Page, Alexander Thompson, Thomas Everman, William Bernard, James McClure, Isaac Richmond, Joseph Bernard and Harry Murray, has passed to his reward. In Jimmy's day the avenue was a turnpike, as was Main street, and it required much watchfulness to keep the rails free from stones, which would often cause the old horse cars to jump from the track.

*July 8, 1920 R. F.*

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42*

Forecast 1/25/1917

43

## Drug Trade History To Be Told To-night Hagner's Drug Mill Believed First In The World

The interesting history of the drug trade in this city will be recited to-night at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, when the members of the Philadelphia Drug Exchange will hold a banquet. The organization is the oldest and largest in the United States, having been founded in 1861. Its purpose is to facilitate the buying and selling of drugs and chemicals to advance the standard of purity and strength of the commodities and to protect the trade and public against injurious legislation.

Members of the Exchange are representatives of the large importing, manufacturing and distributing drug and chemical interests of Philadelphia. Its membership is made up exclusively of wholesale druggists and manufacturing chemists and pharmacists, with their related interests.

According to the United States census of manufacturers in 1914, there were in Philadelphia 22 pharmaceutical manufacturing establishments and 15 chemical manufacturing establishments, employing a great many thousands of men and turning out millions of products which are shipped to all parts of the world.

The first chemicals in this country were made in Philadelphia in 1783 by Christopher, Jr., and Charles Marshall. The first sulphuric acid manufactured in this country was made in 1791 by John Harrison, the original founder of Harrison Bros. & Company, Inc., whose business was bought the other day by E. I. duPont de Nemours, of Wilmington, for \$6,700,000.

Philadelphia at the present time contains the most extensive chemical manufacturing in the United States. The first morphia quinine and strychnine made in this country was manufactured in Philadelphia by firms which ultimately became nationally known as Powers, Weightman & Rosengarten Company, who have extensive factories on the Schuylkill, where nitric and muriatic as well as sulphuric acids, epsom salts, copers, alum, etc., besides many medicinal chemicals, are manufactured. It is said there is more quinine here than in any other city in the world. Our chemists have an enviable reputation for purity, exactness and beauty of product. Our chemical laboratories are the largest and best equipped in the world. Philadelphia can lay claim to being the greatest city in the world for chemical research. This position was first attained in 1821, when great discoveries were made by Robert Hare. The principles evolved by Hare are responsible for many of the inventions of the present day. Because of his work when only a boy of 20 we have the lamp light used for years all over the world in lighthouses to guide the sailors. The now common oxy-hydrogen flame used for many commercial purposes was also his invention. Another great Philadelphia chemist was N. Carey Lee, who was pioneer in photographic chemistry. He made possible the rapid advance in photography and kindred arts.

The first biological and vaccine laboratories were established here nearly a quarter of a century ago by H. K. Mulford Company. Millions of dollars worth of these medicines, chemicals, vaccine virus, etc., have been shipped

abroad to the warring nations.

Daguerreotype and photographic chemicals are made largely here in Philadelphia, also a large number of chemical preparations for coloring purposes: Prussian blue, chrome green, yellow and red. Here also are manufactured water colors. Philadelphia also has large manufacturing of fertilizing chemicals. Large quantities of magnesia are also manufactured here.

Philadelphia's medical schools are the largest in America, and Philadelphia is rapidly becoming the peer of any city in the world in the education of physicians and disseminating chemical knowledge. The first school was founded here in 1751. The Philadelphia College of Pharmacy was the first of its kind in the United States.

In this city was produced the first refined glycerine. Glycerine was discovered by Scheele in 1789, who called it "the sweet principle of oils." Its value was not recognized for many years, but today it is in universal use, not only pharmaceutically as a solvent, and preservative, but also for the production of nitroglycerine and explosive compounds. When absorbed by infusorial earth, sea-dust, mica powder or other inert material, nitroglycerine forms the different varieties of dynamite, and when combined with gun-cotton it constitutes the explosive known as "blasting gelatin."

As first obtained, glycerine was quite odorous, and the late Henry Bower, of Philadelphia (later the Henry Bower Chemical Manufacturing Company), worked out in 1858-60 a successful method of manufacturing odorless glycerine by purifying the waste liquors obtained in the manufacture of stearin candles, and he marketed it in large quantities.

At the present time glycerine is made in enormous quantities in a number of American cities, and, while its use pharmaceutically is large, its use in the arts is far larger. Perhaps the largest use of glycerine is for the making of explosive products, such as nitroglycerine, dynamite, etc.

It is inspiring to pharmacists to know that all this was made possible by the work of a Swedish apothecary and the commercial acumen of a Philadelphia apothecary.

The first drug mill was manufactured and started in this city, and it is believed to be the first drug mill in the world. This was established by Charles V. Hagner, Falls of Schuylkill. The idea for substituting machinery for the mortar and pestle was suggested in a transaction between the proprietor and Dr. Harrar, who had several tons of cream-of-tartar, which under the old method of hand grinding would have required the work of several men for many months. Hagner offered to grind it by the same machinery which he used for grinding bark, ores, etc., and he did it in 12 hours, to the great consternation of Dr. Harrar, whose amazement and indignation were unbounded. He de-

clared it had been ruined; that it was impossible in a single night to do that which it would have taken his men months to accomplish. A meeting of the principal druggists and other experts was held at his office to consider the matter. The cream-of-tartar was examined and tested in various ways, resulting in its being pronounced perfectly good, unusually white and finer than any of them had ever seen before.

The doctor was now well pleased and the affair became known not only in Philadelphia, but also in New York, Boston and other cities; the trade was completely revolutionized and immense quantities of cream-of-tartar, Peruvian bark, rhubarb, jalap, ipecac, etc., were sent to the mill from all parts. After this success the proprietor determined to extend the business, which increased to such an extent that in 1820 he erected mills at Manayunk and was one of the pioneers in building up that town.

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1/15/1915

—Waiting for a car at Ridge and Midvale avenue last week I chanced to look over to what was once the corner occupied by the store and dwelling owned by John Reddinger Johnson, but which was demolished when Midvale was opened. In its place are a number of one-story structures which in no way add beauty to the scenery.

John R. Johnson was a veterinary surgeon and was also an accomplished druggist. Few men were ever more widely or more favorably known throughout the Falls and vicinity than he. In his early manhood he married Miss Amanda McEwer, a very estimable young woman, who with him were members of the Baptist church. Mrs. Johnson passed away in early life. Their only child Uretta E. Johnson has for years followed her mother's example in church work. Mr. Johnson in addition to his profession in treating horses kept a grocery store at the lower end of Scott's row on Ridge avenue and later removed to the corner of what was then Ridge avenue and Mifflin street, where he was succeeded in the business by Harmon Johnson and Christian Hess, devoting himself to his professional practice. In 1857 in partnership with James Morison he began the manufacture of mineral waters. Morison withdrew and Francis Albright joined in the business, which afterward was carried on by Mr. Johnson up to the time of his death in 1883. In his later life he married Susan Kennedy who died a few years after their marriage. Mr. Johnson was an entertaining conversationalist being well informed on general topics and was highly esteemed in this community where most of his life was spent.

R. A. S.

Forest 12/16

## Noted Yellow House Torn Down Built Years Ago; Home Of Well Known Strong Man

The little yellow washed frame dwelling that for more than a century stood on the east side of Ridge avenue, a short distance below School lane, has been torn down to make way for improvements in connection with the coal bunker erected to supply fuel to the Queen Lane pumping station. The little old building was, according to tradition, erected near the close of the eighteenth century as a farm house of Peter Robeson's farm.

Among those who have occupied it were George Miller, whose Herculean strength made him a terror to evil doers. His grip was so strong that he could place a raw potato in each hand, hold his arms at full length and squeeze the potatoes into pulp. He was also credited with being able to take hold of a barrel of cider by the chimes, raise it up and drink from the bung-hole. In tilling the farm he was the first to raise sweet potatoes in that part of Philadelphia county. A later occupant was Jesse Evans, who carried on an extensive dairy farm for many years. When he moved in a narrow addition to the front and extending the length of the house was built.

The house, until 1854, was the uppermost dwelling in North Penn township, and since the consolidation, which went into effect that year, formed the last house toward Manayunk of the Falls of Schuylkill. Jesse Evans raised a large family in the small house, which for years was the centre of social functions. Samuel Frazier succeeded Evans and was the last to occupy the farm, as it passed into the ownership of William Weightman. The meadow, or that part of the farm between Ridge avenue and the Schuylkill, was transferred by Mr. Weightman to the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, on condition, it was said, that the laboratory firm of Powers & Weightman should retain their wharf at their lower works. When built the little house was surrounded on two sides with a rocky embankment, which of late years has been quarried away.

### FOREST SCHOOL TRAINED BIG MEN—NOSEGAY

On top of the hill at Crawford and Krail streets, Falls of Schuylkill, is the only public school in that part of the Thirty-eighth ward. It is now called the Brech School, after a man whom no one in that part of the city ever knew or heard of until a few years ago, when the name was substituted by the Board of Education for the name Forest, by which the school was known from the time in 1850 when the first building of yellow plastered stone, containing three rooms, was erected, and in 1851 was first occupied when the school marched down

the higher hill from the old Academy Building on Queen lane near Cresson street.

From that little school, which was taught by Rev. Robert Mackie, principal; Miss Jane Palmer and Miss Annie Conway, boys went forth to become prominent. Among these were Judge Michael Arnold, Rev. Jacob Garrett Walker, who for more than forty years was pastor of Mantua Baptist Church, West Philadelphia; Dr. Charles K. Mills, the well-known neurologist, recently appointed a specialist of the Department of Health and Charities; Dr. William Hudson Daley, who removed to Missouri, where he was impressed into the Confederate army during the Civil War, but deserted the ranks of the Gray and enlisted in the Union army; Rev. James Mooney, who died when a young man, when he was an assistant priest of St. John the Baptist Catholic Church; Rev. Thomas Barry, who built up the Catholic Church of Our Lady of Visitation and later had charge of St. Ann's Church, until he passed to his reward; Harrison Kripps, who became prominent as a photographer and artist; James S. Swartz, for many years treasurer of the International Navigation Company, and now a resident of New York city; James Hope, well known in the oil cloth and linoleum trade, and a president of the Union League, who passed away several years ago; Dr. Samuel Peltz, a surgeon in the United States navy, blown up on the Potopaska in front of Fort Sumpter during the Civil War; his brothers are Dr. Jesiah Peltz and Dr. G. M. Dallas Peltz. The principal subsequently engaged in Protestant Episcopal mission work in this city. The yellow building was torn down to make room for the large brick structure which crowns the hill.

PROPERTY.

Chronicle 7/23/15

—I was asked a short time ago if I remembered Benjamin Johnson? He was among the men I first learned to know when a small boy and was among those employed in repairing the country roads by my father who was yearly elected supervisor of highways, a position that went out of existence in 1854 when the city and county of Philadelphia were consolidated. At that time "Uncle Benny" Johnson lived in a little building which stood in the meadow at about what is now 35th street and Allegheny avenue. He was a man of small stature but of large energy. He married Ann or Nancy Garrett. About the time of the consolidation Uncle Benny bought a lot of ground near 34th and Bowman street, then in the woods, and erected a farm house thereon in which he lived until his death late in the sixties. Aunt Nancy died before him and her sister Sarah Garrett Hutchinson looked after the house. Uncle Benny's last employment was as a watchman of the Falls bridge. Never has there lived at the Falls a better natured or more obliging man than Uncle Benny Johnson. His little home still stands but it is no longer in the woods.

44

When Jesiah White, proprietor of a wire mill at the Falls of Schuylkill in the early part of the nineteenth century, shipped coal from Schuylkill county in small arks, which were floated down by the current when the water was high enough in the Schuylkill, he paid more than \$20 for each ton thus brought to the city. In order to get the arks past the natural falls at the Falls of Schuylkill, White constructed a short canal on the west side of the river with locks to lower or raise the arks. The canal, minus the locks, remained until the Commissioners of Fairmount Park obtained possession of the properties along that side of the river, when the old canal was filled up. After the Schuylkill Navigation Company constructed its canal towpath the entrances to the White canal were closed. The closed-in body of water formed splendid swimming pools in summer and skating rinks in winter for the young people of that section. It was also a breeding place for bullfrogs and snapping turtles, and many an epicure secured the wherewithal for a meal to his fancy. The present high cost and scarcity of coal led a former resident of the Falls of Schuylkill to recall the old canal and to tell what his forbears told him of the black stones, when they were first used in this city for fuel, and of the trouble they had to get the coal to burn. After the stove grate was introduced and the using of coal became general the old-time wood fires were abandoned and many a boy rejoiced in being relieved of the task of keeping the shed filled with firewood. In upper Manayunk some of the families have gone back to the wood fires this year owing to the coal famine.

"How recklessly some rich folks spend their money is shown in a story that recently came to my attention," said James R. Walker, secretary of the Germantown Business Men's Association. "A merchant sold a ham to a woman. Immediately afterward he was called to the phone, and then several important business matters required his attention. By the time he again thought of that ham he could not recollect who was the purchaser. He recalled that he had waited upon eight different women, all regular patrons with charge accounts. So he told his bookkeeper to charge the ham to each of the eight women. 'Those that didn't buy it,' he said, 'will notify me and I'll apologize and it'll be all right.' But of the eight whose weekly bill included the ham only two protested against the error. The other six all paid for the ham."

R.R. 2/26 1920

—On the east side of Ridge avenue, a short distance above the Laboratory are two frame dwellings. They are among the oldest dwelling places in the Falls and were erected in the latter part of the Eighteenth century by Jacob Eahler and for many years were occupied by Mrs. Eahler's daughter, Elizabeth Clouse, whose husband carried on the shoemaking business in a little shop separated from the dwelling. The other, or upper dwelling, was occupied by Mrs. Eahler's stepson, James Smith, whose widow, Catherine, married Jacob Hoffman after the death of her son, Jefferson Smith. Both houses were sold by their respective owners to Powers & Weightman nearly fifty years ago.

—What a change there has been in the reading of newspapers since before the Civil War broke out. At that time the late James Mills owned what was then known as the Ledger route, which took in the territory between School lane and Islington lane and from the river to the township line. The Public Ledger was the principal paper and had but four pages, as had the Inquirer, Press and German Democrat. Mr. Mills had a store on Ridge avenue opposite Calumet street. He kept a horse stabled in the rear end of the cellar of the ten-pin alley next to the store and drove in a wagon every morning to Third and Chestnut streets for the daily supply of papers. In those days an evening paper scarcely came to the Falls and there were but few Sunday papers sold here. None of the daily papers published a Sunday edition. Today a 14 or 16 page morning and evening paper scarcely satisfies the reader.

—I received an invitation last week to attend the Appomattox dinner at Kertel's restaurant, Spring Garden street above Tenth, on the night of Saturday, April 8, at which time the survivors of the 88th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, will again be the guests of Louis M. Wagner, son of the late General Louis Wagner, who delighted in having his comrades as his guests every year while he lived. This regiment always had a warm place in the hearts of the people here, as it was recruited in 1861, in Robeson's meadow along the Schuylkill. Company C, commanded by the heroic Captain John Belsterling, was composed of men from the Falls and Manayunk many of whom like their brave captain gave their lives for the perpetuation of the Union. Each year at the dinner gathering the names of the comrades who have fallen from the ranks are reported by the Secretary William F. Dixon of Roxborough. The gathering is among the most pleasant your correspondent has had the pleasure of attending.

—Tomorrow, March 4, has been set apart by the Directors of the Bank of East Falls as inspection day. The headquarters in Odd Fellows' Hall will be open the greater part of the day and visitors will be received by the Directors. On Monday the bank will be opened for business. With the exception of the name the bank is all right, but there is a great deal of regret over the non-meaning title that that has unfortunately been given to the institution. I was asked how the name East Falls

came to be applied to the community. When the Norristown Railroad went into operation in 1834 the stopping places here were called Falls, an abbreviation of Falls of Schuylkill and School lane. After the Reading Railroad had leased the Norristown line in 1870 the station here became known as East Falls to distinguish it from the station on the west side of the river which was known as West Falls, so by naming the bank East Falls it is merely perpetrating an action of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad and does no honor so the Falls of Schuylkill.

—It has been a number of years since the name of the public school here was changed from the appropriate title of Forest to the Breck school in honor of a man unknown in this community and of whom very little seems to be known by the members of the Board of Education who changed the name. Should the people of the Falls take up the matter, even at this late date, they might prevail upon the Board of Education to either restore the name so dear to every man and woman who attended the school, restored or changed to a name that would mean something to the community. For instance, Charles E. Abbot, who gave years of faithful service as a member of the Board of Education and did much to further the cause of education in the Falls. Should the request be denied then it would be up to the Board to give a sketch of the man Breck so that people here when asked, as I was last week, to tell something about him would not have to plead ignorance. Will some in the meanwhile tell who the man was and what he did?

*Margaret E. Hubbard*  
R. S.

**MRS. MARGARET E. HUBBARD**  
HUBBARD, — MARGARET ELIZABETH HUBBARD, wife of the late Alfred Hamilton Hubbard, president of Hubbard Bros., Publishers, and of Edgewood Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, home at Edgewood, East Falls, this city, daughter of the late Rev. Horace Richards and Sarah Evans, this city, died suddenly, Jan. 10, at her home, Cambridge, Mass. She leaves a son, Griffith Evans Hubbard.

*Forecast Jan. 22, 1914.*

## Joseph Johnson

Oldest Resident of the Falls of Schuylkill Dies Shortly Before His 97th Birthday

The sad news of the passing away of Joseph Johnson last Friday at his home, 4500 Ridge avenue, was sorrowfully received by the entire community, in which he had been the oldest resident. His many friends were preparing to congratulate him on his ninety-seventh birthday anniversary, which would have occurred on Saturday, January 24. He had been in ill-health for some weeks, but seemed to be improving when a sudden change came, and he passed peacefully away in the presence of his family, retaining consciousness until near the end.

Mr. Johnson was one of twelve children of Jacob and Elizabeth Fox Johnson, and was born January 24, 1817, on his father's farm, on the west side of the Schuylkill, adjoining the estate of Judge Peters, now known as Belmont Mansion, Fairmount Park. The plantation had a frontage of more than a mile along the river, and extended back to Ford road. His early life was spent on the farm. Having an inclination for mechanics, he learned to be a mechanical draughtsman, and became an expert forger of keen-edged tools and instruments used for surgical and scientific purposes. He invented a number of important instruments, but never took out any patents. Mr. Johnson for a number of years had charge of the machine business in Dobson's mills and in the Midvale Steel Works, and for a time carried on blacksmithing in the rear of his home. In 1865 he became a member of Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church, while the Rev. John Enoch Cheshire was pastor. In his early manhood Mr. Johnson married Christianna Duey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Duey, a descendant of one of the first Germantown families. She died nine years ago. He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Alexander Supplee, Misses Elizabeth and Clementine Johnson, and a son, Dr. Charles Johnson, of Camden, N. J. He also leaves a brother, George Johnson, of this city, and a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Jewett, of Ohio. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon, and was largely attended. The services at the house and by the grave in Laurel Hill Cemetery were conducted by the Rev. Charles L. Seasholes, D. D.

Mr. Johnson had a remarkable memory and gave great pleasure to many of his friends in telling of events in the early history of the Falls.

### MRS. MARGARET E. HUBBARD

Widow of Former Boston Publisher, at Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Hubbard, widely known in this city, having resided on Abbotsford Ave. for many years, died Friday of last week at her home in Cambridge, Mass. She was the widow of Alfred Hamilton Hubbard, who was president of the Hubbard Brothers' Publishing House, and of the Edgewood Publishing Company, of Boston.

Mrs. Hubbard was the daughter of the late Rev. Horace Richards and niece of the late Dr. Horace Evans, of Philadelphia. A son, Griffith Evans Hubbard, survives.



1/9/1919

46

—Yesterday, January 8, was Jackson's Day, in honor of that great general's victory at New Orleans. The day this year passed so quietly here that but little attention was given to the anniversary. It used to be an occasion for jollification among the Democrats. Prior to the blotting out of Cookssocket, a thrifty village on the west side of the Schuylkill, by the extending of Fairmount Park, there was a strong organization known as the Jackson Club, which held its annual receptions and dances on the 8th of January. Is it possible that "Old Hickory" is being forgotten?

—The Rev. B. F. Bray, pastor of the Baptist Church, returned last week from North Carolina, where he was visiting his father. On Friday night, in connection with the weekly prayer meeting Mr. Bray conducted one of the most interesting, instructive and inspiring Bible studies I have ever attended. The lesson was from the second chapter of Paul's epistle to the Galatians and the subject was "Justification by Faith." It was a wonderful and yet simple and plain presentation of the truth. Any one having any doubt on this important subject would do well to attend these Friday night Bible studies.

—Through delays, occasioned perhaps by red tape, some of the Government telegrams notifying persons of loved ones being killed, wounded or missing reach their destination after other information has been received. A case of this kind happened here during the latter part of December. A telegram was delivered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones, 3636 Calumet street, notifying them that their son, Edward R. Jones, had been wounded in action on November 1. The telegram was received December 24 and would have caused that home to have had a sad Christmas but for the fact that Edward was home, he having arrived safe and sound in this country on the 18th and spent the holidays with his parents. He is recovering from a shrapnel wound on one of his legs and is now in a base hospital : \* Camp Meade.

—This year, 1919, will mark the centennial of two events that have always been important to the people of the Falls. It was in 1819 when William Smith donated a plot of ground for the erection of a building to be used for religious and educational purposes. Upon the lot was erected what is now known as the Old Academy Building, on Queen lane. It was completed the following year and in 1821 was occupied by a school, which in

later years became the Forest School and continued in the building until its new edifice on Carson's Hill, overlooking Ridge avenue, was completed in 1851, when the school moved into its new quarters. The other event was the starting that year of the construction of Fairmount dam by the Schuylkill Navigation Company. The dam was finished in 1821, which put an end to the once profitable shad fisheries along the river. The backing up of the water resulted in causing periodical spells of chills and fever among those residing along the river. This was remedied to a great extent by the stirring up of the water by the swells of the steamboats, which for years ran on the Schuylkill between Fairmount and Manayunk. Among those affected by the destroying of the fisheries were my great grandparents, Godfrey Shrack and Titus Roberts. The year will mark also the completing of the canal through what is now known as Manayunk, but then known as Leverington and Flat Rock. What change the century has brought! One hundred years ago there were no railroads; postage stamps were unknown; houses and other buildings were heated by wood fires and lighted with candles or loud-smelling oil lamps. Gas or electricity were not dreamed of. Neither were matches known. Fires had to be kindled by the old-time tinder boxes, flint and steel. There was no police protection and when a house took fire the yeomen of the place fought the flames with buckets of water. Here at the Falls the nearest place of worship was the Baptist Church at Roxborough. No newspapers were distributed here and few persons cared to be away from home at nights. When they were obliged to go out after dark they carried lanterns to light them on their way. And yet the people were happy.

Jan 9-1919 R R S

—Flocks of wild ducks were seen on the Schuylkill and Wissahickon last week, and were regarded by local weather prophets as harbingers of spring. They came from the South and were perfectly safe in alighting where they did for two reasons : The prohibiting of shooting within the limits of Fairmount Park, and the State game laws, which closes the duck shooting season until June. I never hear or see wild ducks on the river but I think of a big loon which made its appearance on the river one morning in 1867. Willam Leech started after it in a rowboat with his gun. Samuel Winpenny with a rifle stood on the old steamboat wharf. The loon was close to the west shore. Leech and Winpenny fired simultaneously and the loon fell over dead. Both claimed to have killed it, Leech, however, got possession and had it stuffed and mounted.

—Some of the people down here got up early on Tuesday morning to watch the weather so as to see for themselves whether there was enough sunshine to enable the pesky little groundhog to see its shadow. Of course there are no longer any of these creatures in this vicinity. Some of the people to keep up an old Falls habit, had fried sausage for breakfast, that being another kind of groundhog. The days are gradually growing longer and whether the sun shone or not on Tuesday, or whether the groundhog went back for a nap of weeks or not, better days are on the way. St. Patrick's day, which always precedes the vernal equinox will be here in 37 days. Ash Wednesday, the commencement of the lenten season, comes this year on February 17, so be hopeful and remember this is a pretty good world to live in, if you live right, with plenty of opportunities of helping some other traveler along. You may have coal bills to pay but what's the difference, in a few more weeks you will have the fun of pushing the lawn mower again.

# OBSERVATIONS

The young men of today who are athletically inclined are proud of their achievements on baseball and football fields or basketball floors. As time rolls on they will look back at the days of their glory with fond remembrance.

Not all of the good teams, that have been made up of Falls boys, are of the present age. Back in 1901-1902 the Forecast printed some interesting news concerning the doings in local athletic circles.

In one article is a letter from William Gray, of the Roxborough baseball team, and James V. Kelly, of the Wissahickon baseball team, thanking the members of the Young Men's Literary Institute for some dresssuit cases that they received for the efforts they had made on the ball field.

Willard Hess, managed a basketball team—the East Falls—which held an enviable reputation throughout the eastern part of Pennsylvania. Some of the players under his direction were: MacKay, Walters, Buckley, Hoffman, Walten, Walter Maith, Sterling, Cole, Stout, Stamm, Hutchinson, Siefert, Clayton, Stocker, Molineaux and Myers. Trenwith, Murphy, and Campbell played at various times with East Falls, St. Bridget's and the Y. M. L. I. teams.

St. Bridget's had a wonderful team, which broke a great many records, composed of the following: Enos, Murphy, Campbell, Trenwith, Kelly and Coyne. The Young Men's Association had a five made up from the men whose names are here listed: Dolphin, Marriott, Phy, McLaren, Warren, Mirk, Clayton, Whitaker, Schofield, Strenger and Cropper.

The Y. M. L. I. outfit had as players: Murphy, King, Parks, C. B. Kelly, Trenwith, Enos, Campbell, McNeill, J. Furlong, W. Furlong, Coyle, White, Foster and Coyne.

Football! Who forgets the old Westmoreland team? Webster, Kirchoffer, Reese, the Dunlaps—Bob and Sam—and all the rest of the crew. And rough old days they were, too.

The Fairview eleven and the substitutes were picked from these: Kelly, T. Murphy, T. Gribbon, R. Gaughan, V. Hurley, J. Mirk, F. Short, G. Maguire, J. King, Buckley, Shivers, Clegg, Tweedie, Barch, Turner, Kelley, Homer, Jenkinson, Welsh and Matsinger.

Yes, Clearfield has always had a team. The following men played in 1901: R. Timbers, J. Nichols, G. Denby, D. Flemings, S. Auty—he can still play—B. Bright, "Yank" Welsh,

H. Daly and Hughie Owens.

Reams could be written of the sporting activities of Falls boys, especially of other years. The Montrose and Chamonioux Boat Clubs, the Mohawk Canoe Club, the Fairview baseball team, the Falls Quoit Club, on Scott's lane, are among the other organizations which have at various times turned out men of skill, nerve and muscle.

When the boys of the present day have lived another twenty years, to 1945, they too, will look back with pleasure to the days when they played a leading part in the athletic events of the Falls.

It is generally held, that the first settler in the Falls was Garrett Garretson, of Swedish extraction, who is supposed to have lived here in or about 1680. The Garretts—the name having been shortened—for five generations have occupied the original estate.

It appears, from some old records of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, that one Hans Moens promised to build a mill at the Falls of Schuylkill, and that another man, Jan Shoetan, made a claim for land near where the Falls Creek emptied into the Schuylkill. This was about where the present Midvale avenue now touches the River drive. It is probable that Moens and Shoetan, and possibly a few others that are now unknown, share with Garretson the honors of being the original settlers.

In an old map showing the Falls of Schuylkill and its vicinity in 1750, there are farms and plantations which are marked: Robeson, Morgan, Garretson, Palmer, Shute, Bond, Francis, Hood, Miffin, and Harrison, to the east of the Schuylkill, and Evans, Roberts, Peters and George to the west of the river. A sawmill and a sickle mill are also shown and appear to be situated on Falls Creek, probably being the first mills erected in this locality.

SCCAFF

A clipping of a reprint from the Aurora of July 25, 1825, describes the "Colony in Schuylkill" as follows:

"The Schuylkill Fishing Company was formed in the year 1731, and was composed of distinguished citizens of Philadelphia. They built a house near the Falls of Schuylkill, formed articles of association under which they elected a governor, council, secretary of state and treasurer, sheriff, and coroner, adopted a common seal, and called their territory 'The Colony in Schuylkill.' At the close of the War of the Revolution they re-assembled, declared their independence in due form under the name 'The State in Schuylkill' and revised their constitution. They migrated some miles below the

Falls, made a new location of territory and built their present castle.

"On Thursday, the 21st of July inst., at half past 2 o'clock, General Lafayette and suite, accompanied by the venerable Judge Peters and the gentlemen composing the committee of Councils attending him, agreeably to previous invitation, arrived at the Castle of the 'State in Schuylkill.' The governor, council and citizens, in the costume of fishermen, were marshaled on the borders of the territory, and, on the approach of the illustrious guest, the files opened to the right and left. The general passed in toward the castle, where he was met by the secretary of state who made a formal address.

"Previous to the general's arrival he was unanimously elected an honorary member of the company, of which he was officially apprised by Thomas Morris, Esq., first councillor and governor pro tem, who delivered him a certificate, and forthwith invested him with a straw hat of ample dimensions and the large white apron, the badges of membership. After the usual introductions and salutations the general viewed the fleet of the company and expressed a desire to be permitted to do his duty by assisting his fellow members and the visitors in the labors of the day."

SCCAFF

*Falls Record*  
*Oct. 8, 1925*

"Going to town" is not so difficult a task to the people of the Falls as it was to those who resided here sixty-five years ago. At that time William Stern was running a line of two coaches from the Fountain Park Hotel to Ridge and Girard avenues. The coaches ran on the hour and were considered to be a great improvement over the single stage of "Johnny" Small, which came down from Manayunk around 8 o'clock every morning. Stern's line was well patronized, but was forced out of commission when the Ridge avenue horse car line went into operation on the 3d of July, 1859. On that day the first car, driven by the late Henry Ritter, was run up as far as James, now Stanton, street. The horse cars were regarded as a great improvement and the people here appreciated the convenience afforded them. Today the trolley car carries passengers from here to the heart of the city in less than half an hour.

*6/24/20*

R. R. S.

*Falls Herald*  
Sept. 24, 1925 P

## OBSERVATIONS

Events that are shadowed by years, unless they be an actual part of history and are set down as such, must fight against the constant effort of man to relegate them to the field of legend.

From the earliest settlement of Philadelphia such citizens as were fond of fishing had ample opportunity to indulge in the sport, for both the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers were full of fish of various kinds. The Schuylkill was particularly well known to contain catfish, rock and perch, and as early as 1732 two famous fishing clubs were founded which became historic in the annals of the city.

One of these was the Colony or State in Schuylkill, which is still in existence. The other, to which the Falls of Schuylkill owes its birth, was known as the Society of Fort St. David. The founders were Welshmen, belonging to the Order of Ancient Britons, which fathered the Welsh Society that is distinguished by a long record of meritorious benevolent work.

The home of the Society was on a broad rock, near the Ferry street entrance to the Park. A one-story wooden building was erected as a club house, which was named Fort St. David, in honor of the patron saint of Wales.

The fishing club increased in membership, many well-known citizens of Philadelphia being enrolled. In 1768 the list of 150 included such names as Michael Hillegas, the first treasurer of the United States; Henry Keppele, John McPherson, Thomas Bond, Henry Neglee, Matthew Clarkson, Joseph Wharton, Christian Ludwig, Richard Waln, John Coultas, William Plumstead, George Meade, Gousse Bonnin, the potter; Christopher Marshall, John Dickinson and Tench Francis.

Gradually houses were built in and around the vicinity of the Club until a village resulted, which became known as Fort St. David. During the War of 1812 the colony assumed the name of Falls Village and, to this day, the locality, while a composite part of the corporation of Philadelphia, is still known as "the Falls."

Comparatively little is known of the doings of the fishing club during the Revolution, its meetings probably having been suspended as many of its members were engaged in public affairs. The original club house was destroyed by the British when they occupied Philadelphia.

When the war was over the club was rebuilt, but in a few years this, too, was destroyed by fire and final-

ly closed the actual existence of the Fishing Society of Fort St. David.

The State in Schuylkill was, at this time, flourishing, and it was decided to unite the two clubs, Fort St. David turning over all its relics and treasures, including pewter dishes which had been a gift of the Penns.

Today there are very few fish left in the river, due to chemical and other deposits which are emptied into the river from the large manufacturing plants along the banks.

In order to improve a traffic condition on Ridge avenue, some action should be taken in regard to the special cars which are provided by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company to convey workers of the Dobson plant to their homes.

Two cars—one southbound and one or more, northbound—are stopped regularly at the daily closing hour in front of the mill gate. As this point happens to be on a slight curve and traffic rules prohibit motorcars from passing standing trolley cars, the congestion is augmented by a long line of automobiles.

Recently a fire company endeavoring to get to a fire with a minimum of lost time, was delayed for five minutes or more, to obtain room to pass.

The street car in one direction, at least, could be stopped a few yards to the north or south of this point, which would permit other traffic to proceed, thus eliminating a source of annoyance to motorists, as well as providing for emergencies such as arose through the arrival of a speeding fire truck.

The writer listened to a couple of old men, a few days ago, discussing the school at Crawford and Krail streets.

One of the men remarked that when he attended the school, it was known as the Forest School and the building was of stone construction, with yellow plaster. The teacher was a Scotchman by the name of Mackle—Robert Mackle—and had been educated to be an Episcopal clergyman. He was of a very excitable nature and when things did not go exactly as he wanted them to, he began to stammer. The school, despite the teacher's peculiarity, turned out many graduates who, afterward, became very prominent.

One of the things, that seemed odd, to the old men, was the fact that the school closed down on election days, at noon. The men remembered going down to the old Dove and Swan tavern, near Nicetown lane, in the afternoon, to watch the men vote and to wait for them to begin fighting. They said that "it doesn't seem like election day any more, because of the absence of the fights."

The large red brick building has been erected since the days of these men and even the name of the school has been changed, it now being called the Samuel Breck School. This name was bestowed on it in 1915.

SCCAF

*Jan 18/1918*

48

—"Do you know why Ridge avenue is such a crooked road?" I was asked on Saturday by a former resident of St. Georges Hundred, Del., who said he was told that it was originally by persons followed cow track. Prior to 1812 when it became known as Ridge avenue, owing to its being controlled by the Ridge Avenue Turnpike Company, and extended from Ninth and Vine streets to Perkjomen Bridge near Collageville in Montgomery county this thoroughfare was called Plymouth road, and was one of the main arteries leading to Philadelphia, to but not into the city for at that time Vine street was the northern boundary of the city, and remained so until 1854, when the act of consolidation went into effect. The windings of the avenue in most instances was due to the hilly conditions along its course and to securing the right of way, I was asked the same question a number of years ago by a man in a Ridge avenue horse car but before I had a chance to answer him another man told the stranger this story: "Many years ago a resident of Roxborough rode to the city on a blind horse. He became drunk and getting on the horse left it take its own way home." The crookedness of the avenue is such that one night in 1865, when Nixon's Paper Mill in Upper Manayunk was on fire a policeman standing on the porch of the old Dove and Swan tavern just above Nicetown lane, judging from the illumination, thought the fire was in West Philadelphia. When the Turnpike company took charge it was intended to run the road through the meadow above the Dove and Swan tavern by a long curve to where Crawford street now intersects it. The plan was abandoned on account of the cost of securing the right of way.

R. R. S.

—Some time ago I stood at the west end of the Falls bridge and looked on what once was the River road, but now abandoned north of the bridge. I thought of the swamp that once existed along it, in which water lilies grew and a peculiar kind of a flower that resembled somewhat the black-eyed yellow daisy. I thought, too, of the time when the Pencoyd Iron Works were in their infancy, and how the products were loaded to the city by Robert Gaston in wagons made for that purpose and drawn by a string of four horses. Gaston, who lived in Chamounix, gave the job over to his son, John, a young man, who had no mercy on horses.

*Chronicle 10/16/11*

Herald

Oct. 15-25 PHIL.

## OBSERVATIONS

The monotonous regularity of the men of the coal industry—both those who dig for the black diamonds and the mine owners—to disagree, brings into thought a little scrap of local history.

In a rolling mill, along the Schuylkill, near the present Stone Bridge, White & Hazard used bituminous coal as a fuel. They conceived the idea that the "back stone," by which anthracite was then known, could be used. They were the owners of a large section of ground, which contained quantities of this "black stone," in the coal region of Pennsylvania, and brought some of the stone, in question, down the river to their mill, to experiment with.

Their efforts apparently proved a failure until one day a fireman, who had left the furnace filled with the stone, started off to lunch. On returning for something which he had forgotten he found the fire blazing.

Thus was the secret of the successful burning of anthracite discovered. The trick was simply to let the coal alone, without poking it, as was done with that of the bituminous variety.

White immediately began to plan a suitable grate to be used for burning anthracite.

In his efforts to promote the coal industry, White directed his attentions to having convenient shipping facilities organized to bring the coal to the city. This led to his constructing the first canal and locks. The canal, in most places, was simply part of the river deepened, excepting where it was necessary to have a lock to make the descent from one level of the river to another, at which places a canal was dug close to the river. He was the first to conceive the Schuylkill Navigation Company, which it is believed is now controlled by the Reading Railroad Company.

Sometime, let us hope it will not be far in the future, some other White will come along to discover a method of heating—probably from hydro-electric plants, which are still in their infancy—and the family provider will cease to worry over the disagreements of those interested in coal.

Until recently the ground bounded by the Norristown Branch of the Reading, the rear property line of the north side of Queen lane and the south side of Midvale avenue, down to Cresswell street, was a part of the Whiehle estate.

A part of the ground, which was

sold some years ago to the Wardens, was occupied by a huge brewery which has become a thing of the past. It was erected in 1856, by the late Henry J. Becker, a German stone-mason, who had settled some years before in the Falls, and began to "plunge" on building operations.

The brewery, at one time the largest building in the neighborhood, stood on a point of ground known as Smith's knoll, where Smith's and Mifflin's Hollows joined and formed a triangular-shaped plot with the railroad for a base. The hill was covered with blackberry bushes and small underbrush.

Becker formed a partnership with Joseph Steppacher to brew beer. Becker, a Free Mason, had a large stone set in the front of the building on which was carved the compass, square, trowel and other emblems of the order.

The underbrush was removed from the surrounding land and a saloon was opened, near the railroad track, which, with dancing and other pavilions, became known as the Falls of Schuylkill Park. The saloon had at one time as proprietor a man named Ritter, who was of a family which has since acquired a reputation in the canning industry.

Becker did not remain long in the brewery business. It being said that he withdrew in order to save what little money he had left.

Steppacher continued until the early seventies and was succeeded by the late Joseph Hohenadel, who rented the property from the William Stoner estate. Centennial year, 1876, the greater part of the brewery was consumed by fire. Hohenadel, in an effort to save some of his valuables, had to be physically restrained from entering the building while the conflagration was at its height.

Before the present East Falls station was erected, the brewery had been used for years as a coal and lumber yard. The Warden estate disposed of this part of the ground, to the Reading Railroad Railroad Company as a site for the station.

The remainder of the property, including ten dwellings on Whiehle street, with the ground along the railroad and down through old Smith's Hollow, has recently been acquired by Gottlob Steinle.

SCCAFF

*ford*

*ford*

—President McKinley, like great and good men, had his favorite hymns, one of which was "Abide With Me." Upon hearing this hymn sung some time ago I thought that the stanza

"Fast to its close ebbs out life's little day;

Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou, who changeth not, abide with me!"

applies particularly to the Falls. Those who have known the place for three-score or more years recall many changes that have taken place since their childhood. A noticeable one is that relating to what was known as Sorber's corner, at Ridge avenue and Queen lane. Where the large store and dwelling now stand once stood the blacksmith shop of the once famous coach and carriage works of the late William E. Sorber. In front of the shop was a large poplar tree, about which on Sunday afternoons would congregate men of the vicinity to watch the driving on the avenue. In the winter the old shop was a favorite resort of those out of employment and subjects worth while were discussed. The proprietor was a man of unusual intelligence and delighted in imparting his knowledge to others. His sons, Joseph E. and Charles K. Sorber, who succeeded to the business, imbued with their father's spirit, continued what might properly be termed the blacksmith shop school, and in which I have never heard of any scandal being taken up. Just below the old shop were two small one-story frame buildings, in one of which Dr. Joseph Sorber conducted the first drug store the Falls ever had. Charles K. Sorber in his eighty-sixth year alone survives of that remarkable family.

Feb. 27, 1919 R R S

### Old Mansion Changes Hands.

A famous old Philadelphia mansion changed hands today when the title to the old Horace E. Richards house, at Abbotts <sup>190/16</sup> avenue and Thirty-second street, passed from Horace E. Richards to Chester D. Rottner. When this old house was built, about eighty years ago, it was said to be the third largest in the United States. It was erected by the father of the Horace E. Richards who just sold it, and passed by descent to the latter upon the former's death. For many years the son occupied it. It was known as "Summit Place," and its magnificence, together with its history, made it an attraction to many visitors as well as residents of the city. The construction is of stone and plaster. There are about thirty large rooms, with a high tower on top of the house that made the place conspicuous for miles around. There are also stables and summer houses on the grounds, which contain about 7 1/2 acres. Abbotts <sup>190/16</sup> avenue runs through the tract, segregating about one acre and a half, which is unimproved. Mr. Rottner bought both tracts, but stated he was not ready to announce his plans. He now has a tenant on the place.

# OBSERVATIONS

In a recent conversation with one of the old residents of Cooksockey—the village of some 300 souls which was once situated on the west bank of the Schuylkill, opposite the Falls—he recalled many pleasant memories of his childhood, which may prove interesting to the readers of this column.

With him I took an imaginary journey through the old village in the year 1872, from the southern boundary, near the present Columbia avenue bridge, up along the river to City Line avenue, and west as far as Belmont avenue.

Near the present Columbia avenue bridge was the oil works of the Philadelphia and Reading Oil Company. Just below this point were the homes of the Logans, the Clarks and the Roneys, although the latter family subsequently moved to a house near Grimes lane.

We walked northward, past the home of "Messeeny" Marley, to Garrett's lane, on the corner of which dwelt the community's only colored man—John Parker.

Garrett's lane was named from the old Garrett family, who owned a vast estate in the neighborhood. The lane ran from the River road to West Philadelphia.

Walking up Garrett's lane, just above the railroad track, we came to the haunted house of Montague, which was notorious at the time as the place where a young woman had been murdered.

Continuing west along the old lane we came to the home of William MacIndoe, who worked at Hunter's mill, in Hestonville. After saying, "How do you do?" to Mr. MacIndoe, we came to the home of the MacFarlands, and across the road, in a cedar thicket, lived George Missmer, the butcher.

In the next house lived a family by the name of Quay, and then came "Phil" Butler's farm.

Philip Garrett had a house on the site of the present Woodside Park. His next neighbor was Murray Close, and a school house stood—and still is used by the Board of Education—next the old Close residence.

Andersons were located in the next house that we came to, and after passing it we stopped in to see Lund Montague, who was a son of the owner of the haunted house, farther down on the the lane.

Anderson's saloon was on the corner of Garrett's lane and a road which is now a part of Belmont avenue.

We then turned our steps eastward and down the old Falls road toward the Schuylkill. Near the place where

we turned was a mushroom patch which belonged to old Charles Eagle, and just a little further on was the home of Samuel Wynne.

Charles Butler lived a little to the west of Matt. Quay—a relative of the late senator of the same name—who lived on the site of the Philadelphia Country Club.

Howard Long, a book publisher, was a neighbor of Quay, and next to Long was the farm of Charles Hagner.

On the opposite side of the road lived Harry Pretty, who was the manager of Simpson's Washington Print Works.

We slowly wended our way back to the junction of Garrett's lane and the River road, so that we might visit that part of the village along the Schuylkill.

Campbell's farm ran along the River road for a considerable distance, and we finally reached an old rope walk, at the foot of Johnson's lane. This ran up the hill to the present Chamonioux Mansion. Johnson was of a firm which was prominent in the publishing business in Philadelphia.

Passing Johnson's lane we came to the homes of James Grimes, young Owen Conner, Jim Dillon, Maurice Holster, John Wood, the elder Thomas Wood, Samuel Harper, Martin Lovell, William Mawhinney, Joe Anderson, the younger Tom Wood, Thomas Grimes, Mary Ann Harper and John Cruse, who kept a grocery store, until we have made our way to the "Dutch Block," which was occupied by the families of Minningan, Lohringer, Hennis and Roehenbach.

We made a short detour up Grimes lane and along a road which paralleled the railroad track, as far as "Bob" Crompton's, at the foot of Johnson's lane.

Close by was the village school, taught by Miss Mary Hagner, with Miss Birkmire as her assistant. The school wa built upon the side of the hill, and underneath the class room dwelt Mrs. MacFarland, Jim Lord's family and the Widow Fitzpatrick, who kept a general store in the vicinity.

We dropped in to see young Owen Connor, and upon leaving him passed Robert Jardine's house.

Harry Wilcox, old Peter Boyle, George Wilcox, Jr., Matthias Zimmer, the shoemaker, and Michael Breen lived along the River road, just below the stone bridge. Across from them was the old Continental Hotel, of which Margaret Morrison was the proprietress. In the same building—the Continental Block—lived the Andrews, Kehoes, Hilberts, Myerses and Bob Birkmire.

Above the stone bridge was a row of eleven houses—Simpson's Row—where we saw the families of John Nolan, Samuel Birkmire, George Black, Timothy Donovan, Jacob Hansell, Peter Dykes, John Hogan, Widow McClay, George Hilbert and the McGranns, with that of another

George Missmer, who, by the way, was no relative of the butcher of the same name who lived on Garrett's lane.

We walked on up past the buildings of Simpson's Print Works until we reached the Falls bridge, where we encountered William Dowdall, just about to leave his home on his way to work. After talking for a few minutes to Mr. Dowdall, we resumed our trip up the river to City line. To get there we passed the homes of the Nolls and Primms and stopped for a few minutes' chat with Mrs. Robert Peel.

The number of places visited and the dozens of people we saw on our little imaginary trip through the old village may be a little confused, but anyone who is familiar with Cooksockey can straighten out the few minor details which might be wrong. The writer was unfortunate enough to be born some twelve years after the demolition of the little town, by the Fairmount Park Commissioners, who had acquired the most of the property.

SOCAFF.

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Sunday, 6/30/16

—A few days ago I came across a copy of the Falls Star, published by Warren Watson in 1884. It reminded me of William B. N. Gifford, who in 1876 started a little paper which he printed in his home on Haywood street under the tuition of Rev. Alfred Free, then pastor of the Baptist church. The paper was a splendid success and was called The Falls Advertiser and Riverside Gazette. Later the office was removed to Ridge avenue and was shortly after sold to Watson who changed its name. Gifford came to the Falls a few years after the end of the civil war and being a practical nurse, made a living by sitting up with sick members of beneficial societies being paid by the members whose turn it was to sit up. He was a carpenter and for a time was employed in the laboratory. Mr. Gifford was a consistent member of the Methodist church and one of the best men who ever came to the Falls, consequently everybody has a strong regard for him and his manly qualities. Had he retained possession of the paper he might have made it a financial success. His last employment was in Dobson's mills as a carpenter, and there met his death by being wound around shafting in the dye house, an event that caused a widespread sorrow.

R. R. S.

# Causeway Over Schuylkill Is Monument To Builders

We marvel at the beauty and strength of the new bridges which have been erected in this northwest section of Philadelphia recently, but give little thought to the manner in which concrete and steel have been developed for the convenience of the bridge-builder.

Very few persons among the thousands who daily use the East River Drive to reach the center of the city have any conception of the engineering feat which was accomplished three-quarters of a century ago, when the Reading Railroad Company's Stone Bridge at the Falls was thrown across the Schuylkill River.

The structure was started in 1852. The company receiving the contracts were held strictly to the specifications, and realizing that their bid was too low, they, after completing the western abutments, threw up the contract.

The work was then placed under the direction of Christian Swartz, of Pottstown, who at that time was the superintendent of masonry for the Reading Company. Swartz immediately moved to the Falls of Schuylkill where he would be near his work, and for a number of years resided on James Street. This thoroughfare is now familiar to us as Stanton Street.

Swartz had as an assistant Peter Rankin, a Scotchman, who resided at Limerick, near Pottstown.

The "boss" stonecutter was an Englishman named Sidney Hanley, of Manayunk, who despite a lack of theoretical education carried his work through to a successful completion. Each and every stone used in its construction had to be marked and Hanley, used his own ciphers. Once, when Hanley was confined to his home with a temporary illness, it was found necessary to send a carriage to his home in Manayunk and bring him to the operation, so that he might point out the next stone which was to be used.

The carpenter work was taken care of by Edward Hellig, a German who lived in a house on the site of the present Parkview Laundry, at 4138 Ridge Avenue. He was assisted by his brother, John, who resided across the river in Cookssockie.

The chief engineer was J. Dutton Steel, of Pottstown, and Antus Snyder was his assistant.

The form of the bridge, at the time it was built, was entirely different from anything ever before attempted in any part of the world, and was known as a "skew," or twisted, bridge, being a succession of single arches which formed a whole, each line or circle of stone being independent of the other, and no tying in was done. The theories of those old engineers have been proved beyond argument, and their work has been copied in the building of similar bridges since that

occupied on the scow to which it was attached and did the hoisting of the dirt, rock and mud taken from the bottom of the river.

On one occasion, just at dinner time, and as the bell was about to be hoisted, the rope broke and it was several hours before the imprisoned men could be liberated, it being necessary to attach a new rope. The men who were left in the dangerous plight were James McCabe and John Curran. Fortunately the air connections were not broken, but notwithstanding this fact, great excitement prevailed for some time.

All the framework for the arches was made at Pottstown, loaded on cars and afterward put together on the ground, each piece being marked as to its position. The stone used in the bridge's construction was taken from a nearby quarry along the present East River Drive, just below the bridge, and was known in those days as Stoever's, or Scott's Quarries.

The only fatal accident which occurred during the erection of the bridge happened to one of the employees of the first contractor, and happened while he was eating his lunch, a small stone from a blast in the quarry hitting him on the head and killing him instantly.

A young lad named James Kane, an apprentice stone-cutter, while working about a derrick, had his leg so badly crushed that it had to be amputated. He afterward and for a number of years was engaged in the tobacco business in Manayunk.

The stonecutters received the highest wages of any of the mechanics. They worked piecework, and averaged from \$4 to \$5 per day. Carpenters were paid \$2, foremen \$1.75 and laborers received from ninety cents to a dollar a day.

At the time the Reading Railroad first opened the Port Richmond branch, which began in 1859, the laborers received as low as 75 cents a day, and it is said the majority of them were more interested in the number of "jigs" they were to receive than in the monetary rewards. A "jig," be it noted, was a term used to designate liquid rations. Some contractors issued six drinks while others would give seven or eight.

One of the contractors was a man named Bernard Riley, of Pottsville. He was afterward a Judge and a Congressman. His son, James B. Riley, was also a Congressman from Schuylkill County.

The stone work of the bridge was completed in November of 1855, and the railroad tracks laid and connections made in the spring of 1856, under the direction of Eli Schuck, of Pottstown, with "Squire" Nice (after whose family Nicetown is named) acting as foreman.

From the time the bridge was started until its completion there was not one moment's delay in the transmission of trains. There were 30 trains each way daily, beside the shifting and

drilling of them, but the work went on.

As the new arches raised higher and higher the old supports were cut away and replaced with what were termed screw-backs, and the masonry built up around them.

Christain Swartz was afterward killed at Exeter, near Reading. He had just stepped out of the way of one train, when he was struck by one coming in the opposite direction.

James Swartz, who is president of the Board of Trustees of Bucknell University, and at present lives on West 44th Street, in New York City, was the timekeeper during the erection of the entire work. Young Swartz, though but a boy, showed the ability to take care of the duties imposed upon him that has characterized his actions through his life, and fitted him for the position of honor and trust which he afterward occupied with the International Merchantile Marine Company.

Some others who worked on the bridge were: Thomas Woods, Edward Flanigan and William P. Dowdall, John MacDonald was the day railroad despatcher at West Falls. The night despatcher was Thomas Clemens, and the superintendent of the road, up as far as Norristown was John Binkin.

The shifting engines employed at West Falls in those days were wood burners and worked double shifts. Among them was "The Atlas," with Patrick Lowe as engineer and John Major as fireman. "Bjadge" Riley was the engineer on the other shift, with and John Kerns and John Brady as stokers. The "Ferry" was throttled by John Lowe and the "Baltic" whose Charley Evans as fireman. Then there

was the "Hercules" with William Campbell and Joseph Quigg as engineers, destinies were guided by Joe Cunningham. In addition there was an extra engine named the "Druphin."

But more about the railroad men later.

SCCAFF.

—Since July 1, this year of grace, 1916, the local post office, known from the time of its establishment in 1869 as "St. John's" has the name "East Falls Post Office." Not a voice, so far as I have heard, has been lifted in protest against the change, or the meaningless title given in place of the old. When George W. Fairman was postmaster of the Philadelphia office he established the local office as station Z, and attached it to the flour and feed store of John B. Ferris, Ridge avenue and Bridge road, now Calumet street, with one letter carrier, Stephen McGowan. How such an important change could be made without some protest from the people here who have always shown an interest in the place, I am unable to say. The post office is the

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# OBSERVATIONS

Queen lane, after it crosses Thirty-fifth street, takes a bend to the northeast and then proceeds in a northeasterly direction to Germantown. After the reservoir was built by the city, vehicles were compelled to go around the basins but pedestrians could take an almost direct route by way of a footpath which separated the two bodies of water. The short stretch of Queen lane between the eastern side of the filter plant and Wissahickon avenue has been abandoned for some years and the greater part of the eastern-bound traffic goes via New Queen street.

At that point in the Falls where Queen lane turns to the northeast, Abbottsford avenue has its beginning. The first few hundred feet of this avenue was originally a private road to a house, which still stands, called Abbottsford. It may have been named after the ancient home of Sir Walter Scott, but it is more likely that it received its appellation from the fact that, at one time, a family by the name of Abbott occupied the place.

There is an incident in "Pember-ton"—a novel by Henry Peterson—which has been said to refer to this Abbottsford of the Falls.

Between the house and the southeast corner of the reservoir was, during the Revolution, a small private burying ground. The place was enclosed by a fence, and one of the stones indicated that Captain Sims, of the British army, had been interred there.

On the corner of Thirty-third street and Abbottsford avenue stood a log cabin which, historians tell us, was used to isolate men of the British army who were stricken with yellow fever.

The original part of Abbottsford was built in 1752, by a financier named Nicholson. There is some dispute over the name, some claiming that Nicklin was the proper spelling. Other families, after the builder, lived in the house, among them being the Whites, Mosses, Birds, Wilsons and Abbotts.

At one time when changes were being made around the place an underground passage was discovered extending toward Scott's lane. The tunnel was wide enough for a person to crawl through and is thought to have been a secret way of escape.

General Knyphausen, who had command of the Hessians in the battle of Germantown, is said to have, at times, temporarily resided at Abbottsford.

Musket balls, grapeshot and military buttons have often been unearthed nearby. The Observer has in his possession a United States penny, dated 1794, which was picked

up on a path in front of the house. The penny, which was coined two years after the opening of the first United States Mint, is as large as the present half-dollar and has on its edge, instead of the familiar milling, the words, "One hundred for a dollar."

The rapidity with which modern homes are being erected in the immediate neighborhood will make it only a short time until Abbottsford, like other old landmarks, will vanish.

In the early days of the United States the villages were sometimes spread far apart, so that it was necessary for each to have an inn or tavern where travelers could stop for refreshments or rest.

The Falls village was like other towns in this respect. The oldest recorded hotel was one called Fort St. David's Hotel, and the original building is still to be seen today. The sign which hung in front of this hostelry bore a picture of the old St. David's Fishing Club.

In later years, the hotel was called the Falls Hotel, and as such it is still known. It has always been a popular resort, more so in the days of the horse and carriage.

However, it had its rivals, for hotelkeeping was an entertaining and profitable business and the Dove and Swan, at Nicetown lane; the Robin Hood, at Strawberry Mansion, and the Fountain Park, on the Ridge at Stanation street, also had their regular patrons.

When winter sports were in vogue and the Schuylkill was frozen over, skating as far as the Falls was a popular amusement. Sleighing, too, was in fashion, and many a merry party made the Falls Tavern the terminus of its ride, with a stop, perhaps, at the halfway house, Lambs Tavern. The Falls Hotel was celebrated for its catfish, which, when served with waffles and coffee, attracted thousands of visitors to partake of them.

SCCAFF

4/12/1918  
**IDENTITY OF SCCAFF  
DIVULGED AT LAST**

Alexander C. Chadwick, Under Nom de Plume, Builds Fine Reputation

**HISTORICAL AUTHORITY**

In addition to being in the first Roxborough Times, there appeared in a competing local paper a column headed "Along the Schuylkill with Scaff," which is one of our own exclusive features, which has been written for the

past four years by A. C. Chadwick under the now-familiar nom plume of "Scaff."

While we do not believe the article was published deliberately to bewilder the reading public, it may have fooled some, so we feel that now is the time to compel the writer of the column to disclose his identity.

Mr. Chadwick, who with Isaac M. Walker and Cornelius L. Wells forms the triumvirate who publish this paper, tells us, and we have no reason to doubt his word, that the signature was derived from the initial letters of the words of a phrase, "Surely Chadwick Commits a Fine Folly," which came into his mind as he timidly submitted his first article for publication. If the name has any other derivation we are not in on the secret and are willing to let it go at that.

However Scaff's articles have come into popularity and favorable comment has been heard of them as far south as Louisiana and north into the middle of New York State, from former residents of the territory covered by this paper.

Many have supposed him to be a stoop-shouldered old man with a flowing beard, but this is not true. He is constructed along lines which proclaim to the world that he is in the finest of health, being short of stature, but wide of girth. He was born in the valley of which he writes, and admits to being thirty-eight years of age, which causes many of his readers to wonder where he obtains all the facts about the beginning of things hereabouts. His stories are gleanings from old books, papers, deeds, maps, and the personal reminiscences of old residents, with whom he seems to have an unlimited acquaintance.

Historical lore has always been a penchant with Scaff, and on assignments his best work comes forth when some of the things which happened in the past have to be described.

Like the fellow who took a ride on a carousel, "he's been around

some," for his work, previous to entering the newspaper field, carried him to farms, to the offices of great corporations, to schools and other institutions, to battleships, the foundries and construction enterprises, through the Government departments and even into the White House. In pursuing his vocation Scaff acquired the knack of observing things that were going on around him in his leisure moments set down his thoughts on paper, so that today he wields a mighty trenchant pen.

We assure all of his readers that his articles will continue to be one of the regular features of the Roxborough Times, and that the only reason one of his tales appeared elsewhere was because it had been set in type a week previous to his resigning his old post with the competing newspaper. This will never legitimately occur again.

52

*Chronicle 4/18*

I stood some time ago at a point in North Laurel Hill Cemetery at the bend of the river, and looked with delight up and down the beautiful Schuylkill Valley. Crossing the river at the bend, is the handsome skew-arched stone bridge, which will ever stand as a memorial to Christian Swartz, the master mason, under whose efficient superintendency it was erected more than sixty years ago. As I viewed the winding stream and its sloping banks, I thought how much more beautiful the scene must have been before it was marred by man, when the aborigines roamed along the shores and the undisturbed deer browsed upon its banks or waded into its cooling depths. On the opposite prominence is Mount Prospect, now known as Chamounix, erected before the Revolutionary War, when the occupants seated on the porch or indoors could drink in, to their delight, the beauty of the scene up or down the valley.

—Among the men who were employed in Simpson's silk handkerchief pint works before the Civil War none were better or more favorably known than John Hope. He was among the little band, who in November, 1856, organized the Presbyterian Church in the Old Academy Building, and was one of its first Elders. Mr. Hope was a blocker preparing the patterns on blocks, by which the handkerchiefs were printed. Soon after the opening of James street he erected a home on the top of the long hill. He had three sons, James, John and Alexander, and one daughter, Jean. Alexander, the youngest, died when young. James was at one time president of the Union League and praised the Union League and passed away several years ago at his home in West Philadelphia, leaving an estate of upwards of \$100,000. John died in Germantown several years previous. They were schoolmates of your correspondent under Robert Mackie, in the Forest Public School.

—Fifty years ago Manayunk and the Falls had no local newspaper. It was in the fall of 1868 that the late James Milligan conceived the idea of publishing a paper. He consulted with the leading residents of the Twenty-first ward, which at the time included the Falls, and having received their approbation, he went to work, and on January 2, 1869, the first number of "The Chronicle and Advertiser" was published. Those who are readers of the paper and are old enough to remember the conditions, moral and intellectual, will appreciate the changes which have been brought

about, greatly through the advocacy of this paper. On January 2, 1919, just five months off, the paper will have existed half a century. The anniversary will fall on a Thursday, publication day. The event ought to be recognized by a fitting celebration with a fitting memorial to its now sainted founder. Who will second the motion?

*Chronicle 9/19/13*  
I rode from Manayunk to the centre of the city last Friday in a trolley car and made the trip in less than half an hour, the time it used to take the horse cars to go from Queen lane to the depot at Susquehanna avenue. In those days considerable time was consumed in getting up Kelly's and Robin Hood Hills, on each of which an extra horse was required to pull the cars up the steep grades. In the ride I noticed that many of the large wagons turned into Allegheny avenue, thus verifying the prediction made in this column when advocating the opening of that avenue. It is an easy way of reaching the business part of the city by way of Germantown avenue or other intercepting thoroughfares.

—In a talk with a veteran of the civil war last Thursday he told of the experiences the men of 1861-65 had, not only in fighting in the open with the old-time muzzle-loading rifles, but of the privations they were compelled to endure. In one instance he said he had to pay \$5 to a sutler for a plug of navy tobacco. The clothing, he said, was also scant and uncomfortable. He lauded the action of the Red Cross Auxiliaries and other organizations which are providing so liberally comforts for the boys in the present war, who deserve all they are getting. Anything of which he said he is proud is the large percentage of wounded men who are returned cured to their companies, which is due to the great advance of modern surgery. His only regret, he said, was that he was not young enough to take part in the good work our boys are doing in France.

—Fifty-six years ago, last Friday night, while walking along Ridge avenue at nearly 11 o'clock on my way home from the city where I was an apprentice, I had an experience that will ever be remembered. When within a short distance of Lehigh avenue, and the night was very dark and warm, a white something appeared a short distance in front of me in the middle of the road. It had the appearance of a half-grown calf. A chill crept up my back and I felt my hat rise on my head. To go back was out of the question, while to go forward required more courage than I had. Finally I concluded to face the music. As I approached it retreated, until it

got to the bend in the road, when it sprang up and darted through the iron fence that then stood on top of the wall of South Laurel Hill Cemetery. This added to my fright and I almost flew up the road till I reached the Falls, dripping with perspiration. What it was I have never been able to figure out. I only know that one badly frightened boy was glad to reach his home that night. I have since passed the same place later at night, but never saw any sights of the apparition.

*Chronicle 12/24/10*  
then?

—Mr. James G. Marce, of 424 West Chelton avenue, a lover of antiques, kindly sent me last week an ancient copy of "The North American" bearing the date of Monday, April 13, 1846, and having a head notice: "Devoted to the Truth." Glancing over the news of that long-ago day, I noticed one item of interest to the Falls which reads: "New Episcopal Parish. Episcopal service was held yesterday afternoon in the school house, Indian Queen lane, where a congregation of that denomination has been organized." The schoolhouse is the old Academy, and the congregation referred to was the Church of St. James the Less which had been previously holding services in Mount Peace, the home of Robert Ralston, in what is now Mount Peace Cemetery. Mr. Ralston donated the ground on which the pretty edifice stands at Nicetown lane and Clearfield street.

—Passing along Ridge avenue, one night recently I thought of the difference there is in the lighting of that thoroughfare now to what it was when lamp posts were first placed along the winding old turnpike in 1855, the year after the Falls was consolidated into the city. The lamp posts were few and far between and the first lighting was by camphine lamps. Lewis Mettinger had the distinction of being the first lamp-lighter in the Falls. One night one of the lamps that either leaked or was over-filled, exploded when he applied the match to light it and he was severely burned. In those nights and for some time after gas had been introduced the lamps were lit and put out according to the moon. When the moon rose early the lamps would not be lighted till it set. When it rose late the lights were extinguished.

R R S



—I was asked a few days ago if I knew who Samuel Breck was for whom the Board of Education a few years ago named the Forest school. I knew so much about him that till his full name was given I didn't know his first name was Samuel and I doubt whether there are a dozen persons in the Falls who ever heard of him till the name was given to the school. When a new name was needed for the school, if it ever was, why didn't the namers consult the list of those who have been connected with the school either as Controllers or Directors. They might then have selected Nathan Nathans, Charles Frederick Abbot, Cornelius DeGroot, James Mills, Robert Morison, William M. Sorber or some other so that the people might know whom they are honoring.

—I was reminded last week of the Rev. James Cullen, the first pastor of St. Bridget's Roman Catholic Church. He was a highly educated man and was acquainted with a number of languages. He worked hard for the success of the parish and made his home in part of the unfinished building. John Cox, a nephew of Father Cullen, made the handsome wooden altar. He was ordained a priest but met an early death by drowning in the capsizing of a boat. Father Cullen went from here to a charge in New Jersey where he became an ardent advocate of Temperance. He came to the Falls some years ago when I met him and when he told me of his having met with a great misfortune that of losing his memory. While before the altar one day his mind suddenly became blank. He said he had to learn to know again his dearest friends and by close study had learned sufficient to say Mass. Not a great while after seeing him here I read an account in the papers of his having been run over by a heavy truck in Chicago and was taken to a hospital supposed to be fatally injured.

—There use to be a line of tall pine trees that grew widely apart and extended in an almost straight line from the upper part of West Philadelphia diagonally to Germantown. One of these monster trees stood on the top of Smith's hill close to the Carson or school property line, and was felled by Francis Donobugh while I attended the Forest school. This tree was at least four feet in diameter and nearly 100 feet high. Two other trees stood close together near the home of the late Chas. F. Abbot and were hugged to death by trumpet vines. Others stood in Laurel Hill cemetery and were cut down in sections by erecting scaffolding about them and sawing them off in short

lengths to avoid damaging tombstones. Others stood on the west side of the river the line reaching close to Belmont manston. How these trees more than a century in growing came to be in so straight a line I have never heard explained. They may have been planted by Indians or some of the earliest white settlers. They have, so far as your correspondent is aware, all disappeared, as have nearly all of the buttonwood or plane trees which once grew in this vicinity.

June 1915 R. R. S.

## Article On Falls Across The River

### R. Roberts Shronk Gives Bit Of Local History

On the west side of the Schuylkill is what is known as West River drive, in Fairmount Park. It was formerly known as River road, and extended from Fairmount along the river to and beyond Norristown. In the last quarter of the past century it was vacated north of the Falls Bridge through the influence of the Pencoyd Iron Works and the Reading Railway. The closing extended northward to Righters' Ferry road, on the corner of which the little foundry used for the making of blacksmiths' anvils was erected in 1855 by A. and P. Roberts, originators of the Pencoyd Iron Works, now known as the American Bridge Company's plant. Later, the Pencoyd Iron Works secured the vacating of Righters' Ferry road between the Reading Railway and the River road, and the closing of the latter to within a short distance of Belmont avenue.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a road was opened from Righters' Ferry, which extended in a winding course to the Lancaster pike. This road was called Monument road and, although shortened at West Philadelphia, still bears the old name. The road formed part of what was once the Five Points at which it intersected the Falls and Ford roads. Along the north side of Monument road, a short distance west of Belmont avenue, on the sloping hill, stood a monument, built of stone. It was circular in form and tapered upward to a point formed by the cone-shaped capstone. At the base the pile was about five feet in diameter. This crudely-built monument, according to tradition, was erected by Judge Peters, who at the time owned and occupied Belmont Mansion, and was erected to mark the spot where he first met his wife, a charming woman, who was gathering blackberries on the sloping hill. Close to where the monument stood the road took a sharp turn toward the south, passing through clumps of cedars, from which it was called Cedar lane. At the foot of the slope the road again turned westward, near to where the "Iron Gates" once stood. Two large, ornamented iron gates, with a neatly-built porter's lodge on each side, formed the entrance to the Lansdowne Mansion, which overlooked the Schuylkill from the height near where Memorial Hall now stands, and which was destroyed by fire on July 4, 1856, and was never rebuilt.

Owing to the great expansion of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Monument

road was vacated from the point where the iron gates once stood. It used to be a favorite road for people of the Falls of Schuylkill to get to Hestonville, by which name the upper part of West Philadelphia was known, and to the Old Cathedral Cemetery, or to the Blockley Baptist Church burying-ground.

From the lower road one could reach the Monument road by Ford road, which still exists, and Mendenhall's ferry, which was once located at what ferry, which was once located at what is now the bottom of Strawberry Hill drive, near Nicetown lane. The ferry road extended from Ridge avenue at what is now Huntingdon street entrance to Fairmount Park. On the west side of the river it climbed the hill to Mount Pleasant, now known as Chamounix, then descended into the ravine and continued along the west front of the Philadelphia Country Club's property until Falls road was constructed in 1850, when that part of Ferry road became part of the new thoroughfare. At the Falls of Schuylkill, at the upper side of the ancient Falls hotel, was Watkin's ferry, known as the rope ferry, owing to a rope being stretched across the river, one end fastened to an immense willow tree and the other to a huge iron ring soldered into a rock. Other ropes, with pulleys, trolleyed along the large rope, keeping the boat from drifting down stream. This road extended along the lower side of Simpson's dam, now known as Chamounix Lake, where it merged with the Mendenhall ferry road. When the Philadelphia & Reading Railway was constructed in 1840, Watkin's ferry was blocked by the railroad embankment, but was continued by running it up the hill over the embankment until the Falls road was opened, when it was permanently closed. It crossed the railroad for ten years without an accident.

The improvements which followed the extending of Fairmount Park obliterated most of the old-time landmarks, including the Judge Peters monument after it had begun to crumble with the old road and who saw the monument after it had begun to crumble with age and want of care, would scarcely be able to locate its site. The old woods, the iron gates and other objects of interest have all disappeared, and in a few more years will be forgotten, as the present generation know little, if anything, about them.

R. R. SHRONK.

54

Prospect

—How often one is forced to the conclusion that after all death is a blessing. In a walk across from Tioga and while passing the home of the late Dr. Horace Evans, now in ruins as is the large barn, I could not help but think that it is a blessing he passed away before a great part of the old homestead property was taken for part of the site of the Queen lane reservoir. The building of the reservoir did away with the old road over which he passed to and from his home. Then when one reaches Abbotsford, once the handsome residence of Charles F. Abbot and family, and sees how the place has become dilapidated he is again forced to the conclusion that the passing of Mr. and Mrs. Abbot before the clash came which placed the property in other hands, was a great blessing. The sight of that once well kept property is enough to make anyone who knew it when in its glory feel sad. The years come and go bringing many such changes which one can't account for.

*Chronicle 7/27/14*  
—A little bit of your correspondent's boyhood experiences was given recently in the Record's "Reporter's Nosegay," and told of his having, as he had thought, learned to swim by lying in the grass and working his arms and legs as he saw boys doing in the river. One hot summer night he and his brother were given permission to go into swim. Running down the hill and undressing on the way he threw his clothes in a large scow, ran to the stern and leaped out as far as he could into the river. Sinking to the bottom of 6 feet of water he rose to the surface when he was grabbed by a swimmer and taken to shore. No more swimming that night. Years later when diving for an axe thrown into a hole where the water was 20 feet deep, the swimmer with James Downing and Henry Chadwick dived for the axe, or rather intended doing so, but the first one to dive down got his right foot fast in the ring handle of a large iron poker, such as are used in boiler houses. Having presence of mind he drew himself down to a stooping position and then leaped upward. Reaching the surface a handy rowboat came to his relief. He drew up the right foot, took off the corroded poker, which he sold to a blacksmith for \$1.50.

—The church bells will peal out their invitations to the services on Sunday. The day will be a memorable one to at least one of our citizens, which to him will be the eightieth anniversary of his birth. I refer to Adam Mettinger of 105 Midvale avenue, than whom no resident of the Falls is better known nor more highly respected. He began his earthly pilgrimage over in Nicetown on July 26, 1834. When a small boy his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mettinger, came to the Falls. Adam got along nicely, catching all the ailments to which childhood is destined. When a youth he learned the barbering business, which in those days included teeth pulling, cupping and leeching. Soon after attaining his majority he married Miss Elizabeth Ferguson, whose father Francis Ferguson, was a local preacher in the Methodist church. Theirs was a happy wedded life. Their only child, John K. Mettinger, is a prominent citizen and a former Mayor of Sanford, Florida. Mrs. Mettinger passed away some years ago. Adam for more than 40 years kept a men's furnishing store in Odd Fellows' Hall, from where he was ousted more than a year ago when alterations were commenced. He is prominent in the Methodist church and one of its most regular attendants. He looks back upon four score years well spent and with his

health and strength but slightly impaired may reasonably expect to keep up the pilgrimage for years to come. The CHRONICLE joins his many friends in most hearty congratulations and best wishes that his restful and peaceful life may continue until the octogenarian may become a nonogenarian.

R. R. S.

—I was asked some time ago if I could tell who erected the large storeroom barn in which the laboratory horses are kept. I have often wished I could get the history of this barn. In 1847 when Powers, Weightman & Harrison bought part of the property on which the laboratory now stands from James Spencer, who then owned the Fountain Park Hotel property, the barn was used by John Roberts in connection with his farm. The farmhouse stood further back on the lower side of the hollow through which a brook meandered down to the river. Roberts had a fine orchard on top of the hill. The farmhouse was turned into two dwellings but for years has been almost forgotten. Like other things in every community the history of the barn, which is more than 100 years old, will probably never be known. Its condition today is so well preserved that it looks good for another century. In my boyhood days many a school holiday I spent in the barn playing in the big hay mow.

*Chronicle 1/22/15*  
—A jolly party of local Republicans left on Monday for Harrisburg to attend the inauguration of Governor Brumbaugh. The party included Dr. David J. Boon, who acted as one of the marshals of the inaugural parade wearing a fine white beaver hat; Chas. L. Dykes, John Hohenadel, Common Councilman William J. Benham, Robert Roy, Chas. H. Sudell, Thomas Wolfington and Robert Crooks. Dr. Boon is the first resident of the Falls who has had the honor of taking such a prominent part in an inaugural parade at Harrisburg. He performed his part nobly and well. There is a good deal of guessing as to the attitude Governor Brumbaugh will take on the liquor question. From what I have known of him since he became Superintendent of the Public Schools I believe he will adhere to every promise he made on that question during his campaign regardless of consequences. Any man in the position he held who would tell of his walking 3 miles barefooted to Sunday School when a boy in the country, may in my estimation be trusted.

R. R. S.

*Chronicle 8/2-14*  
I had a brief chat on Sunday morning with Squire Charles K. Sorber, who has the distinction of being the oldest resident of the Falls. I was somewhat surprised when he informed me that he is in his 82d year all of which have been spent in the Falls.

Mr. Sorber is the only surviving child of the late Squire William E. and Mary Morison Sorber, who in 1803 came from Germantown, the father having purchased the old Palmer tavern property on the corner of Indian Queen lane and Ridge avenue, where he built up a large business in his coach and carriage factory, and for a number of terms served as an Alderman. Upon his death in the early sixties of the last century the business was continued by his two sons Joseph E. and Charles K. Sorber.

In 1870 Charles was elected an Alderman by which he acquired the title of Squire and served until that office was legislated out of existence. In 1871 he was elected to Common Council and served one term, refusing a renomination because it interfered with his business. Joseph E. Sorber died early in 1872, and the coach making business was continued by Charles. He later went into the Real Estate business on the death of his only son Harry, who built up a large clientage, a business in which he is still engaged.

Mr. Sorber in his early manhood married Miss Virginia Matherson, who died several years ago. The union was blessed with three children, Mary, Harry and Virginia, the later now Mrs. Chas. L. Dykes, being the only survivor. Mr. Sorber was appointed Superintendent of Station Z, the local post office in 1877 and held the position until President Cleveland's first administration. He is Treasurer of Palestine Lodge, No. 470, F. and A. M., and of the Board of Trustee of the Old Academy Building, and is one of the oldest members of the Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church. In his younger days he was a member of the choir, having a bass voice of remarkable register. Few men who have lived here have commanded a stronger respect of his fellow residents than has Mr. Sorber. In the courts he has been recognized as an expert in the valuing of real estate. May he live to count many more milestones before reaching the end of his journey.

R. R. S.

*The Chronicle 7/26/18*  
In the death of Samuel Stewart the

Falls lost one of his best known residents. He came to West Falls from Scotland late in the fifties of the past century and was a silk handkerchief printer in Simpson's mill. Only one of that jovial set of block printers survives, Thomas Wood, Jr., who is well advanced in years. Stewart's death leaves your correspondent as the only survivor of the committee which in 1864 got up the jollification dinner in honor of the reelection of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Stewart, like most of the men of his country, was a well read man, particularly in the Bible. He served in the civil war and for many years took a strong interest in politics. He was a lamp lighter for the U. G. I. company.

—I was asked a short time ago whether I knew anything about Gypsy lane. The lane was opened through properties belonging to the Kempton estate on the east and Jonathan Robeson's on the west, and extended from the north side of School lane to the Wissahickon pike, as the drive was then known, and was brought about chiefly through Henry Lippen, then proprietor of Wissahickon Hall and picnic resort. Owing to the steep grade the lane never became popular as a thoroughfare. It formed however a near cut for pedestrians to get to the Wissahickon particularly in winter when there would be skating on the creek. The name I have been told was derived from the frequent encamping of a band of gypsies on the Robeson lot. Opposite to the lane was the "snake" or serpentine walk along the west end of the property of Thomas H. Powers of Powers & Weightman's laboratory. This path, about four feet wide, wound in and about the trees and was a delightful way of reaching School lane, as Mr. Powers never objected to the public using it. The lane and the path were opened about 60 years ago.

—In looking over old papers last week I came across a receipt of the late John Amey, who at one time was proprietor of the Jefferson Hotel and in addition thereto conducted a general hauling business and was an auctioneer. He was an all around good fellow, somewhat particular in giving the best of order about his establishment, and cried an auction sale with almost as much humor as did the late James Clegg of Manayunk. The hotel in his time was more of a general boarding house than a saloon. On the lower side of the building between the large barn, was a wide space which was used as a hand ball court, the ball being thrown or batted by hand against the broad and high gable of the hotel. In the L on

the upper side was an arch leading to the rear yard, and what was known as "Mother" Winpenny's store. The latter was subsequently kept by the late Michael Brehl and later became the saddler shop of Henry Lutz. Back of the store on Ferry road were several small buildings connected with the hotel originally. In one of these Mrs. Margaret Mooney kept one of the first ice cream resorts conducted at the Falls.

—Toomrow, July 26, Adam Meltinger, one of our best known and highly esteemed residents, will start on his 84th year. He began his long and useful life July 26, 1835, over in Nicetown. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Meltinger, soon after came to the Falls. Adam, the youngest of two sons, learned the barbering business in all its branches, and carried it on here until the Civil War, when he became attached to the Chestnut Hill Military Hospital, with the rank of a captain. After the war he returned to the Falls, and later went into the men's furnishing business in Odd Fellows' Hall, where he continued until the hall was renovated a few years ago, when he retired. For a number of years he spent his winters with his only son and child, John K. Meltinger, in Sanford, Fla. He is a member of the Methodist Church, of Palestine Lodge, No. 476, F. and A. M., and of Falls of Schuylkill Lodge, No. 467, I. O. O. F. "The Chronicle" joins his many friends in tendering its hearty congratulations and best wishes that he may round off many more years.

—Among the many who became successful in business here, none is better remembered than Harmon Johnson. He came here in the early forties of the past century with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Johnson. His father was a tailor and carried on business in Queen lane above Ridge avenue. Harmon learned block printing in Simpson's silk handkerchief print works. In 1854, in partnership with Christian Hess, he bought the general store from John R. Johnson, at Ridge avenue and Mifflin street. Later he carried on the flour, feed and coal business. In his early manhood he married Matilda, a twin daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Shronk Winpenny and managed his father-in-law's estate. He was for years secretary of the Twenty-eighth ward school board, a director of the Manayunk National Bank, a Past Grand and Patriarch of Falls of Schuylkill Lodge and Encampment of Odd Fellows, Past Master of Roxborough Lodge, No. 135, F. and A. M.; a member and trustee of Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church. In bequeathing two shares of stock of Manayunk National Bank to the church, with the provision that the interest be used only for the Sunday School's Fourth of July picnic and New Year's entertainment, he perpetuated his own memory by a cheap but lasting memorial.

—More than sixty years ago a young man from Chester County rode down Ridge avenue in the wagon of a farmer friend. As he passed through the Falls on a Sunday, and saw the hotels in full swing, the sheds crowded with buggies and other vehicles, he con-

cluded the place was the wickedest he had ever seen. The two old hotels still exist, but are closed tight on Sundays, save for the serving of meals. The old-time buggy has disappeared and Ridge avenue no longer is the chief drive through the village, the park drive having taken its place, and the automobile has succeeded the buggy. While no liquor is sold and little if any drunkenness seen on the streets, there is more Sabbath breaking than there was sixty years ago. People no longer show the reverence they once did for the day or for the House of God. A spirit of independence possesses even the young people, and the chief aim of life seems to be in having a good time. Who is to blame, is a question well worth pondering. Club-houses find Sunday their most profitable day. What will the harvest be?

*7/25/1918* R. R. S

#### THE TALE OF A DOG

My friend, Malachy, and I were passing by the Dog Pound on Clearfield street, when he says: "Clancy, did I ever tell you about the drug clerk measuring the death of a dog?"

"You did not," says I.

"No?" says he. "Well I have to tell it to you. Moriarity's boy, Denny, had just graduated from college and was filling his first position as a drug clerk. His boss took a day off and Denny was in sole charge of the store. Things were going fine with him, he was attending to everybody in apple order, selling stamps, telling what street the Jones' lived on, what car to take to go to the park, what day of the month was last Tuesday three weeks ago, and the other thousand and one things a druggist does without increasing the count in the cash register. He was wishing some one would come along and spend a little money, so his boss could see he was on the job.

"'Twas after dinner when a woman rushes into the store. With disheveled hair and a wild gleam in her eye, panting for breath, she rushes up to Denny and screams: 'Are you the doctor?' Thinking he was dealing with a maniac his first impulse was to run away, but he collected himself, assured her he was the doctor and asked what he could do.

"Between sobs she told him that she had gone to town and left her poor little pet at home in the best of health. But when she came back she found he had eaten her tape measure. After a few more boo-hoo's, she said, 'Won't you help me, please? Poor Fido! I know he is dying inch by inch.'

"Denny, thinking it was a child he was to help, was so disgusted when he found it was a dog, says to her, 'Cheer up, lady, don't let him die inch by inch; take him outside and let him die by the yard.'

"It was a doggone shame the answer he gave, but there is many a good tail in the dog pound."

PARADISE.

### Dedication of New Library.

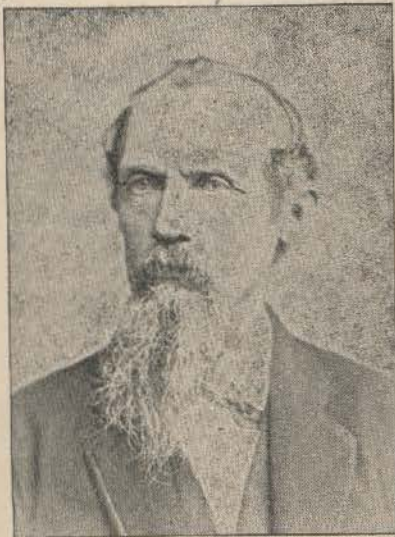
The new Free Library building will be formally dedicated on the evening of November 18 next with appropriate ceremonies. The principal address will be delivered by Hon. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, and the affair will mark an epoch in the progression of the town's improvement.

Cards of invitation for the occasion will be sent out during the coming week.

### WARNING TO THE BOYS

For some time past boys, many of them too small to realize the damage done, have been breaking windows and doing sundry damage to the old academy building. At a meeting of the trustees of the building on Monday last it was decided that future occurrences will be severely dealt with, and this warning is given. Offenders in the future will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

*The Forecast 11/6-13*



FRANKLIN SNYDER

### Long-time Resident of Falls Passes Away at Home of Son-in-Law.

Franklin Snyder, who for many years was a resident of the Falls, died at the home of his son-in-law, John Crosson, 3417 North Eleventh street, on Tuesday, October 28, 1913, of heart failure.

He was stricken with apoplexy eight weeks ago, and was confined to his bed till the end.

Mr. Snyder was born at White-marsh, Montgomery county, December 12, 1831. He learned the trade of carpenter at Norristown, and was employed at his trade when the war of the emancipation broke out. At the first call to arms he enlisted in Company B, Pennsylvania Cavalry, which regiment captured more battle flags than any other regiment. Among the battles Mr. Snyder and the regiment participated in were the battles of Cedar Mountain, Va., Fredericksburg, Va., Brandy Station, Va., Culpepper Courthouse, Va., Gettysburg, Pa., Rappahannock Station, Va., Rapidan Station, Va., second Bull Run, Gainesville, Va., Cross Keys, Va., and Drainesville, Va. The regiment while marching to take part in the battle of Antietam was attacked by the rebels and a fierce battle took place, and the regiment was so badly scattered that they never reached there.

After the war Mr. Snyder settled in the Falls and followed his trade as carpenter and builder. In 1869 he was married to Susan Stuart Shaffer, of the Falls. He was for many years choir-master of the Falls M. E. Church, and was an active worker in the early

days of its existence. His wife died in 1906, and he since lived at the home of his son-in-law. He retired from active business 10 years ago. He was past commander of Post No. 15, G. A. R.; also fourth oldest member of the Penn Township Lodge, I. O. F., and member of Encampment No. 3, Union Veteran Legion. He is survived by three children, Charles Franklin, Jr., of Nevada, and Mrs. John Crosson.

### WILLIAM RICHARD WILLIAMS, FORMER RESIDENT OF FALLS, PASSES AWAY.

*Forecast 9/23/10*

When the sad news of the death of William R. Williams was received at the Falls last week there was a general expression of profound sorrow. Having resided here for nearly forty years, he had endeared himself to many of the people by his kindly disposition and friendly actions. Few men have the happy qualities he possessed in winning and retaining friends.

Mr. Williams breathed his last on September 14, after being confined to his bed for ten days, suffering from general debility. He was a son of Richard Williams and was born in Anglesea, Wales, August 17, 1834. He came to this country in 1858, and for several years had charge of the garden and greenhouse of George L. Harrison, on School lane. Later he leased the homestead farm of the late Dr. Horace Evans, on which he devoted himself to the dairy business and in the breeding of Jersey cattle. He also had charge of the registering of Jersey cows for a number of wealthy farmers in different parts of Eastern Pennsylvania, including George W. Childs, proprietor of the Public Ledger, at his country seat in Bryn Mawr. The taking of a large portion of the Evans farm as part of the site for the Queen lane reservoir practically ruined his dairy farming, and a few years later he retired with a well-earned and deserved competency. For a while he resided in the home of Harry Schock, on Abbotsford avenue, and later removed to Germantown, where he quietly passed the remainder of his days. The last five years of his active and useful life were years of darkness, as he was afflicted with blindness, which resulted from the weakening of the optic nerves. In his early manhood Mr. Williams was married to Miss Emma Bradford, who, with their four children, survive—Benjamin and Horace E. Williams, Mrs. Annie Allen, a widow, and Miss Nettie Williams.

Mr. Williams was for a time a member of the Baptist Church here, removing his membership to Wayne Avenue Church, Germantown. He was an enthusiastic member of St. David's Society and other Welsh organizations. He inherited his nation's love for music, and was a singer of rare ability. He was also a member of Palestine Lodge, No. 470, F. and A. M., and of Falls of Schuylkill Lodge, No. 467, I. O. O. F.

The funeral was held last Friday morning at 11 o'clock in the parlor of Oliver P. Bair, 1820 Chestnut street. The services were conducted by the Rev. R. T. Newkirk, pastor of Wayne Avenue Baptist Church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. R. L. Jones, a life-long friend of the deceased and a fellow-member of the Welsh Societies, pastor of Susquehanna Avenue Presbyterian Church. The interment was made in Mount Peace Cemetery.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wake to weep."

R. R. SHRONK.

51

—Mrs. Virginia Sorber, wife of Chas. K. Sorber, fell quietly to sleep on Tuesday evening, at her home 4179 Ridge avenue, after a long illness, which she bore with Christian patience and fortitude. Mrs. Sorber was the daughter of the late Robert Matheson and most of her life was spent in this vicinity. More than half a century ago she and Mr. Sorber were married and occupied the old homestead, the oldest dwelling in the Falls, in which her quiet and peaceful life was ended. It is the lot of but few mortals to have so many friends as she had. All who were ever brought in contact with her were charmed with her gracious personality. In the early seventies Mrs. Sorber was given charge of the local post office, Station Z. This widened her acquaintance and won for her many friends. She was a devoted helpmate to her husband; a sincere follower of Christ, without ostentation, a home and family loving woman. Mrs. Sorber was a member of the Baptist church here. Of her three children but one survives, Mrs. Virginia, wife of Charles L. Dykes, the well-known undertaker. The funeral will be held tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon.

Mrs. Sorber's mother, at the advanced age of 94 years, is still living in Germantown.

—Peacefully, as though falling asleep, Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson, wife of Adam Mettinger, passed into the spirit world on Friday morning at her home, 105 Midvale avenue, in her 76th year. Mrs. Mettinger had for a long while been a patient sufferer from an internal tumor and until a few ago when she was obliged to take to her bed she kept the ailment a secret. She was a daughter of the Rev. Francis Ferguson and when a young woman was married to Mr. Mettinger. They have one son, John K. Mettinger, of Sanford, Florida. She like her father was a devout Methodist, and was perhaps the oldest member of the church here. She was widely known and respected. Only a short while ago she and her husband quietly celebrated their golden wedding. A widelife sympathy is shown the bereaved husband in the great loss he has sustained.

The funeral on Tuesday afternoon was largely attended. The Rev. Dr. Richard Turner conducted the solemn and impressive services. Rev. Dr. Jacob Hughes and Rev. Dr. T. F. Mutchler spoke in high praise of the deceased. Interment was made in Mount Peace cemetery and was in charge of Charles L. Dykes, Undertaker.

In the death of Mrs. Mettinger your correspondent has lost another of his lifelong friends, one for whom he had the highest esteem and he joins with the many others in words of sympathy to Mr. Mettinger in his loneliness, and to the faraway son of whom she was so fond.

R. R. S.

## Thomas J. Lister, Old Townsmen, Passes Away

Late John Dobson Met Him  
On Arrival in America

*Forecast 4/11/15*



Thomas J. Lister, husband of Catherine Lister (nee Hess), a resident of the Falls of Schuylkill since 1861, died Friday evening, March 29, at his home, 3611 Queen lane, of a complication of diseases after a lingering illness, having been sick since January, aged 76 years.

His funeral took place Tuesday afternoon, services being conducted by the Rev. A. P. Hodgson, former pastor of the Falls Methodist Episcopal Church, assisted by the Rev. F. A. Gacks, newly-appointed minister to the Falls M. E. Church. The interment was made at West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

His widow and one sister, Euphemia Smith, two daughters, three sons and six grandchildren survive him.

He was born at Heckmond-Wike, Yorkshire, England, in 1841. His trip to America was made in a sailing ship, which required six months to complete the journey. On his arrival in the United States he was met by John Dobson, deceased, and a relative, Alfred Snowden.

For over 47 years he was employed at the Dobson mills. Later he worked in City Hall for two years until a fall incapacitated him for further work. He had been living retired for four years.

He was one of the noted Company "I," Pennsylvania State Volunteers, headed by Captain John Dobson, his friend, in the Civil War days.

He belonged to the Falls of Schuylkill Lodge of Odd Fellows and Shakespeare Lodge, Sons of St. George.

On Christmas, 1915, the Listers celebrated their Golden Wedding Anni-

*Feb. 20, 1917*  
—I was asked on Saturday if I remembered Thomas Short. He was at one time one of the best known men in the Falls and is still held in memory by his many surviving friends. He was a son of John Short, an early settler. In his early life he was associated with District Surveyor Siddell and was appointed a policeman by Mayor Henry. He served until Mayor Fox replaced the Republicans by men of his own party. Short was subsequently given a position in the gas works, a position he held until his death. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and an interesting conversationalist and was also possessed with a streak of humor. In his early manhood he was married to Ann Marley, the only daughter of Albert and Ann Marley, and is survived by two daughters.

—Saturday will be the 187th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, America's first and greatest soldier President. I have often wondered since Wilson went abroad what Washington would have done under similar circumstances. His birthday will be fittingly celebrated.

George Washington was not an American by birth, although being born in Virginia, which at that time was part of Great Britain. He was, however, an American in every other sense. Martin Van Buren was the first American-born President. Washington lacked many of the privileges which are today enjoyed. He never rode on a steamboat nor on a steam train. While he smoked a pipe he never saw a match. He had been buried forty-five years before the magnetic telegraph was invented, and while he out-generated the best of the British commanders he never licked a postage stamp nor saw an envelope. Every American boy should read and study the life of Washington. It was the studying of that book, with the Bible and the Declaration of Independence, which inspired Abraham Lincoln and helped him become the greatest American statesman.

*60*  
—In the account of personal estate, published last Saturday, is shown the remarkable energy and perseverance of one of the most successful men the Falls has ever known. Less than 60 years ago he came here from Manayunk, and with James Lees as a partner, started manufacturing in Foster's little mill on Scott's lane, comparatively a poor but hopeful man. By a disastrous fire the mill was destroyed with no insurance to recover. The fire dissolved the partnership and Mr. Dobson assumed sole control. Phoenix-like the business arose from the ashes. Then came the Civil War, with its possibilities which were taken advantage of legitimately, and then began what became the greatest enterprise the place has ever known. No account is given of the real estate holdings of Mr. Dobson which are immense here as in other parts of the city and country. With all his wealth he lived a most unostentatious life, finding his greatest pleasure in attending to his large and ever-growing business. To no single man is the Falls more indebted for its progress than the late John Dobson.

—I stood one day last week on the rear platform of the Reading Railway's East Falls station and viewed with delight the vista presented of the Schuylkill valley. The air was not so clear so there was a light mist in the distance which seemed to add to the space observed. The cluster of buildings on lower Queen lane, with the edifice of the Baptist church in prominence added to the beauty of the scene. Across the river loomed up Chamounix once known as Mount Prospect at the top of the rounded knoll and then the descent towards what is now known as the ravine but once as Bennett's Hollow. This is but one of the many charming prospects one can have of the Schuylkill Valley, a panorama worth traveling many miles to see. A month or six weeks later the beauty of the scene will be enhanced by the variegated foliage of the trees after that greatest of artists Jack Frost has touched the trees and shrubbery with his mighty brush. As I gazed upon the view I wondered what it must have been before the hand of man disturbed it with "improvements."

*Chronicle 12/9/14*  
—I was asked some time ago whether I had any acquaintance with the late Joseph Shantz, who passed away in 1883 while occupying the large dwelling at Ridge avenue and Calumet street. Mr. Shantz came here when a young man from Lawrenceville, Chester county, and engaged in the coal business with a yard along the river near the Reading Railway bridge. He soon after married Mary Ann Evans daughter of Robert Evans proprietor of the Fountain Park Hotel. In 1852 he started in the grocery and general store business in the house in which he died. Later, Thomas Shronk of Manayunk, who owned the property erected the store building on the corner.

Shantz was an old line Whig in politics and was one of the first to join the Republican party when it was organized in 1856. In the rear of his store he had a roomy office in which were a number of arm chairs. These were generally occupied in the evenings by friends who came to discuss political questions with the proprietor.

In 1860 Shantz was elected by city councils Chief Commissioner of Highways, and sold out at auction. During his administration the city bought the tumbled down Falls bridge and erected a free structure on the site.

He had but one child a daughter Josephine, who became the wife of Philip Woodhouse, a Southern druggist, who came north after the civil war.

A short time before his death Mr. Shantz and one of his Chester county friends, Henry Swartz, visited my father, Daniel Shronk, who was confined to his bed with what proved his last illness. Mr. Swartz returned to his home, was stricken with pneumonia and died after a brief illness. Shantz who was suffering from heart ailment soon followed, and the three men passed away in as many weeks.

R. R. S.

A former resident of the Falls of Schuylkill, while riding over Midvale avenue, in an automobile yesterday, admired the Free Library building which stands at the bottom of a wooded slope at Warden's road and said: "When I was a boy there was a Falls of Schuylkill Library Association that did a great deal of good for the moral and intellectual benefit of its members. Every young man of any account was glad to be admitted as a member and have the privilege of reading and studying the valuable books. I was not old enough to join the organization, but I knew most of those who did. As I think of them my heart feels sad, for most of them have passed away. The organization was kept up until the civil war. I only know of four men now living who belonged to the library, and they have each seen more than four-score years. Hugh Scott, Charles K. Sorber, Franklin W. Morison and Adam Mettinger, all of whom are well preserved and have been lifelong residents of the Falls of Schuylkill."

—One of the most remarkable men that ever resided here was the late John H. Richard. He was a native of Alsace when it was a part of France. There he learned the trade of a brick-maker. He came to this country in the early forties of the past century. He became acquainted with a Dr. Holbrook, of Virginia, who was a noted naturalist. During his visits he met the great naturalist, Professor Agassiz, who took an interest in the brick-maker. One day the professor handed him a sheet of drawing paper and, pointing to a gold fish in a globe of water, told him to make a drawing of the fish, a task he undertook to please the professor. One attempt after another was made and shown to the professor, who took them up and said, "Try again." He succeeded and was then shown how to color the fish. That was the end of his brick-making and he became celebrated as an artist and colorist and was for years employed in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C. Coming to the Falls he established himself in a little building off Ridge avenue, close to where the Presbyterian Church now stands. His last work was preparing and coloring the United States fish exhibit for the Centennial

under the direction of Spencer F. Baird. He subsequently went to Washington, and while visiting a friend in old Francisville, this city, in 1881, died suddenly of apoplexy. I had known Mr. Richard from the time he first came here, but became intimately acquainted with him in 1871, when he taught me coloring and I helped him to color Professor Baird's "Ornithology of the Pacific Slope."

*Oct. 17, 1915* R. R. S.

—"What do you know of the three peculiar characters who occasionally visited the Falls when we were boys?" was a question given me by one of the few survivors of my schoolmates. The characters, George Mundy, a fine looking man with his light brown hair parted in the middle and flowing in long locks upon his shoulders, was a native of Philadelphia, and was known in most parts of the city. He wore no hat or any kind of head covering, claiming that the Saviour never covered His head. Mundy was well educated and often spoke to crowds on the streets and although not a total abstainer would deliver temperance talks. "Billy Mahogany" was a tall, lean built man, and used to practice running along the Norristown Railroad, racing with passenger trains. He was intelligent and about as lively a man one could meet. The other Joe Boscart was fond of blowing into

59.  
the mouth of a bottle at  
"The engines coming." He  
fondness in staring at young women and  
girls and then suddenly jumping in the  
air give a shout and hurry away. He is  
said to have been frozen to death on  
one of the cold winters before the out-  
break of the civil war. Either of the  
three if appearing in this age would be  
arrested for vagrancy and sent to the  
House of Correction. Another character  
more recent than those mentioned was  
Thomas Byrnes who with his brother  
Stephen lived in a house on old James  
street. Stephen worked in the labora-  
tory while Tom kept house until he  
would take a notion to go up in the  
woods where he slept in a tent made of  
tree bark. He too was too lazy to  
work, talked a good deal of spirits and  
impressed people that he was somewhat  
off in his mind. How the boys would  
run when they saw him in the woods  
and yet he was never known to harm  
anyone. 6/23/16

R. R. S.

—Quite an excitement was caused here on Sunday morning, when the fire apparatuses of Company No. 35 hurried to help put out the fire in the High Bridge Hotel, at Ridge avenue and Wissahickon Drive. The old structure, which antedates the Revolutionary War, has been vacant for two years, and is supposed to have been set on fire by sparks from a locomotive in the Reading Railway. The house was occupied by Jonathan Robison for many years, and later by Jonathan Moore. In 1864 it was purchased by James Dobson, who had it fitted up for his residence and occupied it until Bella Vista, his present home, was erected.

—On Monday next the doors of the public schools will be thrown open. Scholars and teachers will resume their important work. According to a statement made by a supervising principal of one of the schools, there is a likelihood of there being a scarcity of teachers, many of whom having secured better paying positions. A case was quoted in which a young married woman, a former teacher, had substituted last term to oblige the principal. She had to hire a woman at \$2.25 a day to attend to her house. After a week's substituting she received her compensation, \$2 a day. That was not a gainful bargain.

—Labor Day was pretty generally observed here on Monday. The Falls is getting used to being without a pleasure park, yet many regret the discontinuance of the once enjoyable Canstatter Volksfest Verein annual

—I was asked a short time ago how some of the streets here got their names. One of those mentioned was Krail street which extends from Queen lane to Crawford street. It was named after Alexander Krail, who with Matthew McCullough purchased the upper part of Richard Penn Smith's property from John Dobson during the sixties, and laid the tract out in building lots one of which was bought by the Methodist church. Alexander Krail was the son of Dr. Emmanuel Krail, who owned the property on Queen lane which afterwards was known as the Philadelphia Rifle Club's Schutzen Park. Dr. Krail had a throat ailment and could not speak above a whisper. He had two sons, Alexander and Charles, and three daughters, Julia who was married to Charles Garrett; Amanda and Margaret. Alexander established a large coal and feed business on Ridge avenue which after his death went to his two sons, William and George. He was a man of strict integrity and never was known to have an enemy. Haywood street running parallel with Queen lane, was named for Titus Haywood, a textile worker, who came here 60 years ago and became very popular owing to his gentlemanly demeanor. He was drummer for Captain John Dobson's "Battery I" during the Confederate raids in this State in 1862-1863.

R. R. S.

—In a talk with a veteran of the Civil War last week he spoke of the conditions which prevailed in the beginning of September, 1862, when the Confederate forces, under General Lee, were marching northward, and how Governor Curtin and Mayor Henry issued proclamations calling out the State and city militia, to help repel the invasion of Pennsylvania. I remember the feeling of depression that was felt here at the Falls, and how the late John Dobson organized a company known as "Battery I." It was in that critical period when Abraham Lincoln made an agreement with God, in which he promised to issue an emancipation proclamation if God would give victory to the Union army. After Antietam, in a conference with his Cabinet, Lincoln told them that as God had kept His part he would keep his promise. The great instrument was signed, and on January 1, 1863, the slaves were freed and this country for the first time in its history became the land of the free and the home of the brave. While 56 years have come and gone since that dark September, there are a number still living who enlisted under Captain John Dobson.

Sept 8/19 R R S

Forest 2/5/14  
From the Reporter's Nosegay.

"I've just had a tramp through West 'airmount Park," said a caller recent in a Wissahickon cigar store. "What a splendid view one has up and down the Schuylkill Valley from Chamounix! I wish I were an artist able to put the scenes on canvas like dear old Berdsteadt did. Coming from that height I stood awhile admiring Chamounix Lake. Did you ever notice the breast of that large body of water? I remember when it was built, way back in the early fifties of the past century. I was but a little boy then, but I remember being taken by my father to see the work. It was built by William Simpson, proprietor of the Washington Print Works, which stood on the west side of the river until the property was added to the Park. During a slack season in the print works Mr. Simpson put the men at work building the dam breast. It is about ten feet wide at the top, but widens to some 30 feet at the bottom and curves toward the dam. It is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar and will last till the crack of doom. It was known for many years as Simpson's big dam, there being two smaller dams between it and the Reading Railway. It was built as a reservoir to supply the large quantity of water used in the dye and wash houses connected with the works, and as a precaution against fire. Water mains led from the big dam to all parts of the works, with numerous fire-plugs or hydrants in the yards. That dam breast has stood a number of severe tests without being damaged. I remember one summer afternoon when there was a regular cloudburst, that the water poured over the breast six or eight feet deep, doing great damage to the lower works and washing many tons of coal into the river, but not a stone was moved in the dam breast. It is a piece of masonry that dam builders ought to study."

Forest 9/20/14  
A BIT OF FALLS HISTORY

"Fifty-two years ago I saw the One Hundred and Eighteenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, which had been recruited by the Corn Exchange, march away from that lot," said a passenger on a Midvale avenue trolley car last week as it passed Thirty-first street. "In those days the ground was known as Scott's lot. The encampment was on this end near the woods, and the cooks got their water from the brook that ran through the ravine. Adjoining the lot at that time was Uncle "Sam" Garrett's property and his old cabin, which he inherited from his ancestors, who were among the Swedes who settled along the river, to which they gave the name Schuylkill. Scott's lot was sold to a man named Harrison, who erected a large mansion and fitted up the old Revolutionary war barn. This old barn was occupied when I was a boy by James Stace. Samuel Bradbury afterward bought the property and held it till the city took it as part of the site for the Queen lane reservoir. Garrett sold his property in 1872 to Mund & Albrecht, who turned it into a pleasure park, and for four years it was a popular German resort. One Sunday morning the large frame hotel took fire and was entirely destroyed. That put an end to the park. Did I know any of the soldiers in the Corn Exchange Regiment? Yes, quite a number of them. Many of the brave fellows were killed in the battle of South Mountain. For several years after the war I attended the regimental reunions held on the old camp ground."

60  
Chamounix 7/10/14  
—Riverside Section, No. 49, Caets

of Temperance, will celebrate its 40th anniversary tomorrow, Saturday, evening, with appropriate services in Odd Fellows' Hall. Edwin Singer, who helped organize the Section in 1874, and who has cared for its interests all through its four decades, and others, will speak.

—Five-years-old George Gaston, of 4011 Ridge avenue, had a narrow escape from death on Sunday afternoon. He was playing on top of the quarry back of his home when he fell down the rocky bluff, a distance of 20 feet, landing in sand that had crumbled from the bank. He was taken to St. Timothy's Hospital suffering from a severe laceration of the scalp and many bruises.

—The Manayunk trolley cars, by which the line operating between that town and the centre of the city is known, have a hard time getting under the Reading Railway's bridge, near Scott's lane. The bridge is so low that the trolley pole is forced down to its lowest point, and frequently jumps off the wire despite the slowing up of the speed. I have been told that the Reading company will have to raise the bridge at least a foot.

—The Baptist church is arranging to celebrate its 76th anniversary on Sunday, May 24th. The Diamond Jubilee was postponed last year owing to the death of the pastor, the Rev. I. F. Stidham, Ph. D., LL. D. Since the coming of the Rev. Charles L. Seasholes, D. D., last October, the church has enjoyed a season of prosperity and growth. Twelve new members were received during the communion season on Sunday morning and others are awaiting baptism.

—The frame house on the east side of Ridge avenue above Laboratory road, and occupied by James Crawford, often attracts attention by its quaint old-fashioned appearance and its numerous outbuilding. Originally it belonged to Jacob Aeler, one of whose daughters was married to George Clouse, a shoemaker. Clouse erected a small frame building which he used as a shop. He and his three brothers, Philip, David and William, for years followed canal boating on the Schuylkill and were employed on my father, Daniel Shronk's boats. George was the only one who married. Their sister Christiana married a man named Carte. Giving up shoemaking George served for a time on police force under Mayor Henry and was employed in the laboratory. The property was sold to Powers & Veightman as was the house adjoining which was owned by Mrs. Catherine, wife of James Smith. Their only child a son, Jefferson, died in his early manhood. Mrs. Smith afterwards married Jacob Hoffman, a farmer, and with him became active in the Baptist church. Mrs. Clouse was also a member of that church, as is her only child Miss Mary Clouse, who in her 82d year resides in the house her father had erected on Queen lane. The old houses are over 100 years old.

Apr. 1915 R. R. S.

## The REPORTERS' NOSEGAY

"Talk about women having no idea of finances," said an uptown butcher yesterday. "Why, they could give lessons to most of us. There's a woman around the corner—never pays her bills—never has any money, I suppose. Her husband is pretty mean about giving even enough to run the house, so she just buys everywhere as long as her credit is good. She owed me a pretty big bill, and I began to wonder if I'd ever get it. I finally wrote her a letter, and one day she walked in here and paid me \$10 on account. I told my wife about it, and I wish you could have seen her face. 'Why, that woman called on me this morning,' said she, 'and asked me to lend her some money. She told such a hard-luck story that I let her have \$10! She said she had a big bill to meet, but I never guessed it was ours! Can you beat it?'"

A dusky matron marched into the army recruiting office on Arch street the other day and demanded to be shown to the officer in charge. "Mah husband he done went 'listed two weeks ago and ah ain't heard nothin' from yo' folks yet." "Well," demanded the recruiting officer, "what do you want to hear?" "What ah wants to know," replied the soldier's bride, "is when mah alimony begins."

Speaking at a banquet in Philadelphia recently, Congressman Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio, told this one: "Out in my town there was a bashful youth who called on a girl steadily for four years without uttering a word about marriage. The girl finally got tired of waiting, and one night, when they were holding hands, she said to him: 'Charlie, will you marry me?' 'Yes,' answered the youth; that was all. After that the couple sat silent for fully 10 minutes, until the girl began to get fidgety. 'Charlie, why don't you say something?' she demanded. He grunted and replied: 'I've said too blamed much already.'"

I was asked if I remembered the old time "Anniversary" exercises the Methodists used to hold on the night of Washington's birthday in the little church on "Jimmie" street. They were to many the event of the year. The boys and girls of the Sunday School were drilled for weeks before the entertainment and how quiet they kept not to let anyone know the pieces they were to recite or sing. There is one woman here, now a widow, who when a small child won the admiration of all who heard her recite her little piece, "I am a little curly head, my father is no preacher, but I love to go to Sunday School and listen to my teacher." A drawing attraction was the announcement on the posters that "The Misses Simpson of Manayunk will sing." I have wondered how such an entertainment would take in this advanced age.

R. R. S.

## NOSEGAY AND OLD TIMES

"There is one satisfaction when one gets up in years," said a passenger in a Manayunk car. "Every once in a while he comes across friends whom he has not seen for years, and they naturally talk of the has beens. I met a friend whom I had not seen since the end of the Civil War and listened with a sort of rapture as he recalled things, places and persons we had known when boys. What pleased me most was his extolling the Schuylkill and the pranks we played along it in those happy days. There were no park guards or policemen to interfere with or interrupt boys' fun. Up at what is now Midvale avenue was the Miffin Run, a stream of cool and clear water that meandered through the winding hollow to the river. A little west of Ridge avenue were two good-sized ponds, inclosed with narrow strips of wood. The one on the upper side of the run belonged to the Fountain Park Hotel, kept by "Bobby" Evans, and was in charge of the hostler, Edward McGarvey. That on the lower side belonged to the Falls Hotel, of which Michael Arnold, Sr., was proprietor, and was in charge of William Leech. In these ponds were kept thousands of live catfish, which were brought from the city in a wagon by a man known as "Catfish Tom." McGarvey and Leech would dip from their respective ponds daily enough fish for the catfish and waffle suppers. They each were experts in skinning the fish and always had apt pupils of us boys to learn the art. Singular as it now seems, those ponds were never robbed but once, though the padlock on the door could be opened with a bent wire. That robbery was committed by a man who had a contract to supply a minister with fresh fish and young chickens. That night he stole and beheaded two of my mother's hens and dipped a bucketful of fish from Evans' pond. He acknowledged his guilt, but was never punished."

—One of the most interesting characters ever residing at the Falls was Captain Charles Johnson, who claimed to be a veteran of the civil war. He came here with his alleged wife and an adopted daughter in 1868 and was employed as a clerk in Simpson's print works and for several years by the lavish use of money led people to believe he was wealthy. While not a member he attended services in the Baptist church. One day the town was surprised by his sudden disappearance. At first he was thought to have embezzled money from the Simpson's, but an investigation showed that the firm was indebted to him for salary not drawn. Then it became whispered about that another Mrs. Johnson, putting in her appearance, caused the captain's hasty flight. Where he went no one here ever knew, for he was never heard from.

R. R. S.

tree this

52C 28/1917

—When I looked at the date line of last week's Chronicle, and saw that it was the 51st number of the 49th volume I realized that I am getting on in years. It hardly seems that 49 years have come and gone since December 1868, when James Milligan visited the Falls and conferred with the late Rev. I. F. Stidham, who was serving his first pastorate at the Baptist church, and others as to the advisability of starting a weekly newspaper. The paper, the Chronicle and Advertiser, made its first appearance on January 2, 1869, and despite the feeling of many it come to stay and I had the pleasure of being among its first subscribers. It would take a great deal of space to enumerate the many blessings which were brought about by the paper's suggestions and strong advocacy. Mr. Milligan lived to see his paper well established. Forty-nine years does not seem long to look back upon but oh what changes they have brought. Most of the first readers like the founder, have gone to their reward.

March 18



—As I rode over Allegheny avenue on a trolley car on Sunday morning I thought of the change that has taken place along that thoroughfare. It does not seem many years when "Uncle Bennie Johnson" occupied the little springhouse which stood in the hollow at what is now 34th and the avenue. The property was then part of the farm owned by Frederick Stoever, and later was rented by "Billy" Simons, who conducted a large truck raising business upon it, one of his specialties being strawberries. John Dobson purchased the property including that of the Scott farm, and in 1865 had erected on the summit of the hill his handsome gothic residence. Stoever's house, still standing near the Reading Railway, was for many years occupied by the late David Speese, who also raised a considerable quantity of vegetables. Today these farms are known only as a memory, and should the estate of John Dobson succeed in selling the pasture fields along the avenue and Hunting Park avenue the Falls will be swallowed up by the westward march of improvements from towards Tioga. Uncle Benny Johnson built his little farm house up in the woods where he spent the rest of his active life.

5/11/16 R. R. S.

—I have in my possession an old-fashioned ambrotype, of Andrew Gilmore, taken when he was a boy about 12 or 14 years of age. Sunday, June 13, was the 77th anniversary of his birth. He was the only child of Hugh and Harriet Evans Gilmore. His father went to Little Rock, Arkansas, when Andrew was a child. He was raised by his maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans, in the Fountain Park Hotel. On the day that he was 7 years old, his grandparents gave him a party, to which a number of his school companions were invited. The party was held in the evening and was a splendid success. His mother, her two sisters, Miss Amanda Evans and Mrs. Mary Ann Shantz, and the latter's daughter, Josephine, helped in serving the guests. It was my pleasure to be one of that party, and as I look back over the 70 years that have come and gone, I can recall but two others beside myself who were among the guests. John M. Shronk and William Penn Bell, the latter has for the most of the year resided in the city of Erie, Pa. Andrew Gilmore was a bright, intelligent boy; he served in a Pennsylvania Regiment during the Civil War, and for a few years afterwards worked at his trade of housepainter, in the city. He passed away in his early manhood to the sorrow and regret of the many who knew and admired him.

6/14/16 R. R. S.

Forecast 5/6/19  
MRS. MARGARET WYNNE CARPENTER

Mrs. Margaret Wynne Carpenter, direct descendant of Dr. Thomas Wynne, who crossed the Atlantic Ocean from England with William Penn, founder of Philadelphia, died Sunday, March 2, at 3530 Sunnyside avenue, of infirmities of age, after several days' illness, aged 86 years.

The funeral took place yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon, the Rev. F. A. Gaeks, pastor of Falls of Schuylkill Methodist Episcopal Church, officiating. The interment was made at West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

She was born in that section on the outskirts of Philadelphia known as Wynnefield, named after the Wynnes, early Colonial settlers. Her girlhood days were spent in that neighborhood and for a time she taught school not far from her birthplace.

After her marriage she took up residence in the Fulmer mansion, near Belmont avenue, which later became the administration building for the Woodside Park Company. Twenty years ago she came to Falls of Schuylkill to make her home here.

On the paternal side she could trace her ancestry to Dr. Thomas Wynne, who was with William Penn on his colonization trip to America. On the maternal side, Delancey Sharp, who was cabin boy on the good ship, Speedwell, was her forbear.

Eleven nieces and eleven nephews survive her. Most of these are identified with the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution. One nephew, Hiram Wynne, of Roxborough, is distinguished for his activities in patriotic affairs.

—From the fact, as shown in last week's letter, that school was held in the Old Academy in January 1821, shows that the Falls ought to take part in the centennial celebration of the public school system to be held in April. One of the best known and most successful educators of the century was Nicholas H. Maguire, who started his long career as a teacher at the Falls, where he taught boys in Smith's Observatory, an octagonal shaped building that stood on Smith's hill below Queen lane. Mr. Maguire was for years head of the Central High School. His last charge was Supervising Principal of the Horace Binney School. He married a Falls girl, Emelin, daughter of Robert Evans, once proprietor of Fountain Park Hotel.

62  
—Mrs. Margaret, wife of Harry Furlong, of 3045 North Thirty-fifth street, was buried last Thursday morning, in Holy Sepulchere Cemetery, after Solemn Requiem Mass in St. Bridget's Catholic Church. Mrs. Furlong was a noble woman, and much devoted to her family and church. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McCarty, long respected residents of the Falls. I called on the sorrow stricken home on Wednesday night, and looked for the last time on her peaceful face. Mr. and Mrs. McCarty came to the Falls back in the forties of the past century. The father was employed in Simpson's print works. Their family consisted of four sons, John, Michael, Patrick and James. The last two served in the Civil War. Of two daughters, Margaret and Mary, the latter alone survives. She is also survived by her husband, three sons and two daughters. Another son, William, passed away but a short time before his mother was called to her eternal home. In her departure your correspondent has lost another of his childhood friends. Her father and mother helped to organize St. Bridget's Church, and she was among the first to be confirmed therein. I know of no family that ever lived here that was more devoted to each other, more helpful to others or more highly esteemed than the family of Patrick McCarty.

6/29/18 R R S

—I was asked a few days ago if I remembered Aaron Smith. He came to the Falls in 1852, succeeding William Davies as toll collector on the Falls bridge and continued in that position until 1861 when the corporation bridge was sold to the city after the middle span had fallen down by the weight of ice that had accumulated on it during a freezing rain. Mr. Smith purchased the toll keeper's frame house and moved it to his lot on Ridge avenue near Stanton street, and built the larger dwelling on the corner. He was one of the best boot makers the Falls has ever known, carrying on his trade while tending the bridge. After living in his new home some years he gave up shoemaking and was employed for a short time in the laboratory. Later he returned to Norristown where he passed away more than 20 years ago. His widow, who was Matilda Valentine, survived him some years. Their three sons, Elwood, Howard and Alexander, are all dead, as is their sister Mrs. Ida Smith Johnson, who died a short time ago in Norristown.

R. R. S.

*Chronicle 2/14*

—In the makeup of the Falls population a generation ago few men were better known than Philip Lesh, who reached beyond the allotted span before being called home. When a small boy I first became acquainted with Mr. Lesh when he and his family occupied the Mifflin mansion. He came from the lower part of the city, then known as "The Neck," and was a gardener or truck farmer. For many years he had charge of the garden attached to the residence of the late Thos. H. Powers. He was a man of few words but did many acts of kindness and was universally respected throughout the community. His wife, Lydia Lesh, was one of the best women the Falls has ever had. She was an active member of the Baptist church, and was widely known for the excellency of her cooking. They had four children: Margaret, who was married to John Porter; David, who is their only survivor; Philip, Jr., who was killed in battle during the civil war, and Charles, who died in 1870 soon after attaining his majority. Margaret had two daughters, Josephine the wife of Edwin Singer, and Margaret who died in her girlhood. In the life of Philip Lesh little but good could be found. A faithful husband and father and an industrious and honored citizen.

R. R. S.

*1912-14*

*Chronicle 4/16*

—Mention was made in recent issue of the Chronicle of Charles Whalley, who at one time resided in the little cottage on the Mifflin mansion property. Like his father William and brother Thomas he was a silk handkerchief printer in Simpson's print works and was a jolly good fellow. For a time he was assistant foreman at the print works. "Charley," as he was called, was a fine looking man and of more than ordinary intelligence. In politics he was a strong Democrat and served several terms as an Alderman. He was an active member of the Falls of Schuylkill Library Association and an Odd Fellow. He used to tell of an experience he once had with a carbuncle on the biceps of his left arm, a game was to be played at Strawberry Mansion, he insisted on taking part claiming he could pitch and would let another bat for him. This was agreed upon and the game started. The other side by tossing a cent, got the bat. Charley took his position to pitch and the first ball he pitched was struck by the batter and shot back striking Charley square on the carbuncle. The game was stopped, other players cleaned the burst carbuncle with their handkerchiefs, the arm was bandaged and Charley resumed his part ever to batting and helped to win the game. "It was," he said, "the most painful blow I ever had and had as much as I could do to keep from fainting." Few men living here were better known or more highly respected than was Charles Whalley.

R. R. S.

—A meeting of the shareholders of The Bank of East Falls was held on Friday evening in Odd Fellows Hall to select a Board of Directors and to arrange for the opening day inspection. From the names of the stockholders there can be no doubt but what the enterprise will be firmly established and that it will prove a success. How the name came to be adopted no one seems to know. As there is no such place on the map as "East Falls," the title represents no locality. This village for more than a century known as The Falls of Schuylkill derived its name from the natural fall in the river and by many was for a time more properly called Schuylkill Falls. The name, however, will not injure the success of the bank "a rose by another name would smell as sweet." Like its neighbor, the Manayunk Bank, it will soon become a great convenience to the business men in its vicinity. The shareholders elected the following directors, all of whom are well-known throughout the community: President, John Hohenadel, First Vice-President, William J. Benham, Second Vice-President, P. H. Kelly, Directors: Messrs. John W. Flanagan, Ernest E. Carwardine, Edward Delahunty, E. McLain Watters, J. J. Donnelly and Richard Young.

*Feb 25/16*

R. R. S.

—Philip M. Dollard, than whom no man was better known or more highly respected at the Falls, was buried last Thursday morning from his home, 2410 Clearfield street. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the church of Corpus Christi, 29th and Allegheny avenue.

Mr. Dollard was the only son of the late Michael and Catherine Delahunty Dollard. He was reared at the Falls, was a devoted son to his widowed mother, his father having died when he was a child. As a boy he won many friends all of whom he retained through his manhood. Of a genial disposition and blessed with more than ordinary intelligence his company was always desirable. He was active in his church and the different Catholic organizations connected with the church. As a public speaker he had the happy faculty of knowing what to say and to stop when he had said it.

*Chronicle 12/11/14*

—Mrs. Christiann Whalley, one of the oldest and best known residents of the Falls, died at the home of her son, Thomas Whalley, 3411 North 35th street, of general debility, after a brief illness. Mrs. Whalley was the oldest child of the late John and Elizabeth Shronk Burke, and was born on Christmas Eve, 1830. In her early womanhood she was married to Thomas Whalley, a silk handkerchief printer, who died 33 years ago. Of their four children, William, Charles, Elizabeth and Thomas, the latter alone survives. Mrs. Whalley was for more than half a century a consistent member of the Baptist church here. She was widely known for her kindness to those in sorrow or distress, and was unusually well posted in the history and traditions of the Falls. She is survived by a brother, John Burke of Wissahickon, and Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly of Roxborough. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon, when the services were conducted in the Baptist church by the Rev. Dr. Seasholes, and were largely attended. Interment under the direction of Undertaker Charles L. was made in Leverington cemetery.

*May 12 1916*

—The Forecast last week in its leading article told of forty new dwellings that are being erected on Queen lane and Bowman street. With rows of modern up-to-date homes to be had on easy terms the owners of some of the old houses may be led to either replace them with better buildings or have them remodelled. The building of these houses means more to the Falls than the mere adding to the dwellings in the town. It means advancement, and will prove a blessing to the place so long neglected.

—Franklin W. Morison of Queen lane, which seems to be a healthy place to live, will tomorrow, May 13, become an octogenarian. He is a son of the late Joseph and Mary Morison, and was born in the L extension of the Scott Mansion, Ridge avenue below Queen lane, Friday, May 13, 1836, the same house in which your correspondent first saw the light of day, on Friday, Oct. 18, 1884. Mr. Morison is an authority on Building and Loan Associations and is also well posted on the local history of the Falls in which he represents one of its oldest and most honored families.

Sept. 26, 1918  
Chronicle and Advertiser,

—It is amusing to hear the crews of passenger trains on the Norristown branch of the Reading Railway call out "East Falls" as the trains approach the local station. To those who have known this place for years the name is meaningless. The same applies also to the local bank. Originally the little village along the river was known as Fort St. David, so called from the club house of the Welsh Society of St. Davids, which, prior to the Revolutionary war, stood near the east end of the Reading Railway's stone bridge. After the war the name of the settlement was changed to Schuylkill Falls, after the natural falls in the river, and later it became changed to its present name, Falls of Schuylkill. This name, until 1821, when the building of Fairmount dam meant something, as the dam was obliterated by the backing up of the water, the name of the town meant only what had been. People coming from a distance often ask to be shown the Falls of Schuylkill, thinking the term still applies to the falls in the river. With all these facts the people would seriously object to having any other name given to this locality. The place, by the march of city improvements, is gradually losing its identity, but owing to the cemeteries to the south it will never be completely obliterated. There are four organizations that will likely perpetuate the old name. These are the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches and Falls of Schuylkill Lodge, No. 467, I. O. O. F.

R R S

Sept. 15, 1921  
—One of the men who resided here sixty or more years ago was Sebastian Gilbert. He, however, was generally known as "Boss John." He came here as a journeyman baker in the late William Stehle, when the latter transferred his business to the Gilbert became proprietor and one of the first things he did was to introduce the baking of pretzels. Occasionally I was employed by him Saturday afternoons to help him see his customers on School lane. I remember the pleasant gatherings which I used to see on the lawn of Sam Wagner, Sr. There I first learned to know John Wagner, Samuel Wagner, Jr., J. Vaughn Merrick and D. Roy King and the Misses Wagner, that happy group Samuel Wagner, Jr. is the sole survivor.  
Gilbert conducted the bakery very successfully for several years, when Stehle, dissatisfied with his city venture, returned to the Falls. Gilbert purchased a property on Lanchest avenue, a short distance from the Monument road, where he continued the business.

—In last week's "Forecast" was an interesting article on the centennial of the starting of the chemical works of Powers, Weightman and Rosengarten, a reprint from "The Druggists' Circular." In the article mention is made of the objection of the settlers in the vicinity of Ninth and Parrish streets to the acid fumes. This objection led the firm, Powers, Weightman and Harrison, to purchase property here at the Falls, upon which the present works were erected. As I read the article I thought it strange that no mention was made of George Leib Harrison, who was a partner of Thomas H. Powers and William Weightman from the starting of the works here in 1848 until the close of 1853. It was through Mr. Harrison that the dwellings were erected on the hill for the accommodation of the men employed. He also had erected a building in which was established a week-day school and Sunday School with a large room on the second floor fitted up as a reading room and library for the benefit of the employes. The school and reading room were continued as long as Mr. Harrison was a member of the firm, but were closed on the day of his retiring, December 31, 1853. Mr. Harrison took a warm interest in the reading room and regularly attended the Sunday School, teaching a class of boys which included your correspondent. Immediately after Mr. Harrison's retirement the school building was remodeled into four dwellings and as such still stands on top of the hill.

Read "The Chronicle and Advertiser" weekly.

Sept. 26, 1918

—I was asked a short time ago if I knew Peter McGregor. He was a native of Scotland, and one of the most careful men regarding his appearance I have ever known. He came here in the forties of the last century, and was employed as a block printer in Simpson's silk handkerchief print works. Soon after James street was opened, in 1850, he erected two houses on the top of the hill. The houses were constructed so that four families could live in them. He and his wife, Harriet, lived quietly together for a number of years, when a son of a previous marriage, Matthew McGregor, came from Scotland and lived with them. McGregor was a staunch Democrat in politics, and when Mayor Richard Vaux became Mayor of the city he appointed McGregor a sergeant of police of the Manayunk station. He was a past master of the Roxborough Lodge, No. 135, F. and A. M., and in 1853 helped to organize as a charter member Falls of Schuylkill Lodge, No. 467, I. O. O. F., of which he became a Past Grand. Courteous in speech and of a kindly disposition, he made and retained many friends.

Chronicle 2/26/18

64  
"One of the strangest things that ever puzzled my brain," said a passenger in a Roxborough trolley car yesterday, "was the success of a boy with whom I attended school down at the Falls of Schuylkill. He was as jolly a schoolmate as ever wrote on a slate, was well up in all kinds of sports known in those days, and had the happy faculty of pleasing everybody, and yet he was the most stupid pupil I have ever known. He managed to learn to read, write and cipher, would beat Josh Billings at spelling, but had no comprehension of geography, history or grammar. His parents were poor, but tried their best to have him receive an education. I often pitied him when we would stand up in front of the teacher's platform to recite our lessons. He was always at the foot of the class. When all the other boys were promoted he left school and went to work in a mill. At the commencement of the civil war, in 1861, he enlisted in the United States navy for four years, after which he spent nearly a year in the army. After the war he went to Venango county, where he invested the money he had saved in a farm. As a farmer he was as great a failure as he was in books. Two years later he sold the farm to oil speculators, taking part of the payment in stock. Later he became interested in iron, got into a steel concern and soon became wealthy. Should you see his signature on one of his checks you would think a fly dipped in ink had crawled over the paper. That man became a multi-millionaire and got as much pleasure out of his three-score and ten years as anyone I have ever known. With all his success he kept to his boyhood generosity, and was done out of a great many dollars in loaning or giving to persons who got off their tales of woe to him. He married a poor but educated woman, who I think helped put a polish on himself. The last time I saw him he was as much like he was when we sat side by side in school, except that his old-time agility had disappeared."

Chronicle 2/26/18  
—With the newspaper train speeding through the Falls in the neighborhood of five o'clock every morning, the serving of papers is far different today than it was 60 years ago. About that time James Mills, the first local newspaper carrier, became owner of the Ledger route, which extended below North Penn village and over to Nicetown. In order to get the papers Mr. Mills had to go down to the old Ledger office at Third and Chestnut streets. He had a horse and wagon, stabling the horse in the old tenpin alley that stood on Ridge avenue nearly opposite Calumet street. His sons and daughters assisted in serving the papers. Today the papers are brought to the railway station and the route Mr. Mills served has been cut up into a large number of routes. Mr. Mills was one of the best citizens the Falls has ever known. He came here when a young man and carried on his trade as a cloth finisher. He was one of the founders and most liberal supporters of the Methodist church here. For a number of years he served as a School Director when the 21st Ward extended southward to Montgomery avenue.

R. R. S.

Dr. Charles K. Mills in his military history of the Falls incidentally mentions Drs. Wm. M., Harry N., Jonathan K. and Algernon Uhler, among the physicians of the vicinity. Four noble men they were. Walter M. was manager and chemist at Powers & Weightman's Laboratory; Jonathan Knight came here as a graduate from the University of Pennsylvania about 1855 and opened an office in the home of Peter Shronk, Ridge avenue opposite Spencer street. He soon built up a large and lucrative practice, was indefatigable in his service. Later he removed to Queen Anne in the house now owned and occupied by John Hohenadel. In 1869 he bought the Smith mansion from John Dobson after marrying Miss Cauffman of Roxborough. The purchasing of the property and other heavy expenses are said to have broken his heart and led to his sudden death when in the height of his popularity. Harry N. became widely known in Manayunk, where he had a large practice, kept a drug store and became interested in Republican politics. Algernon, the youngest of the brothers, died when a young man. He was possessed with a wonderful memory, could listen to a sermon or lecture and repeat it almost verbatim. They had two sisters, Eliza and Rebecca, neither of whom married. Eliza died some years ago. Rebecca is living in West Philadelphia.

6/2/16  
R. R. S.

## Last Workman On P. & R. Bridge Dies

### David A. Lesh Had Suffered Injury By Falling On Ice

The last surviving workman on the stone bridge of the Port Richmond branch of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway company over the Schuylkill River, built many years ago, David A. Lesh, son of the late Philip and Lydia Lesh, died Tuesday evening, February 25, at 9 o'clock, in St. Timothy's Hospital from infirmities of age, supplemented by a shock from a fall by slipping on the trolley tracks at the curve at Ridge and Midvale avenues on Tuesday, February 5, when he suffered a painful injury to his right arm near the shoulder. He was in his eighty-second year.

His funeral will take place this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence of his niece, Mrs. Edwin Singer, 123 Midvale avenue, the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Seasholes, pastor of the Falls Baptist Church, officiating. The interment will be made at Leverington Cemetery, Roxborough.

Mr. Lesh, who is survived by his niece and two nephews, was born in Philadelphia, May 14, 1836. He came to the Falls of Schuylkill when quite young and resided here until his death. He never married.

For over 40 years he had been fireman at the Powers-Weightman-Rosengarten Laboratory, but for the last twelve years he had been living retired.

65  
sermon.

Mrs. Lizzie F. Richards wife of Horace Evans Richards, died last Thursday at their city home, 1825 Vine street, after a prolonged illness.

She was a lovable woman, a most devoted wife and mother. Quiet and unobtrusive she won the affection of all favored with her acquaintance, and was a consistent Christian, being a member of Temple Baptist Church, 221 and Tioga streets, which she and her husband helped to found. Few having the opportunities she had of indulging in pleasures would like she find her greatest pleasure in her home and in the service of her Master. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon when interment was private in Laurel Hill cemetery. The many friends here of Mr. Richards heard the news of his great bereavement with sincere sorrow for himself and his only son. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea saith the spirit that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."