OBSERVATIONS

written by

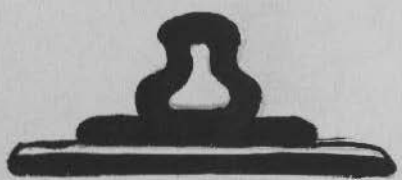
A.C.CHADWICK,JR

for

THE EAST FALLS HERALD

over the pen-name of

SCCAFF



May 21st 1925

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OBSERVATIONS

While riding to work on the 7.43 this morning, I happened to overhear a conversation, held by two gentlemen, concerning our new Delaware River bridge. After surreptitiously observing these men, who were apparently a type of highly trained office clerks, I was surprised at the ignorance contained in their remarks. The conversation, as I remember it, was along these lines:

"What do you think of the Delaware River bridge?"

"Oh, I see that they have to discontinue work on it until the Jersey pier can be plumbed, on account of it being thirteen inches out of line."

"Yes, just imagine the thoughtlessness of engineers who would plan a bridge that would do that!"

"I don't believe that I will ever use that bridge for I will always feel that it is unsafe."

These gentlemen would never have made the foregoing remarks if they had carefully read the article concerning the bridge, which was printed in our daily newspapers. The papers had very minutely described the reason for the pier being out of plumb and the reason therefor, but evidently these men had simply looked at the photograph, pictured, and read the subscript and failed to accept the knowledge offered them by reading the complete article. As is often true, the average reader scans the paper in the same slip-shod manner, missing entirely the fundamental purpose of a newspaper—EDUCATION.

While the Business Men's Association is considering ways and means of improving our community, some action should be taken to secure additional police protection. Why can our original police station not be used as a sub-station of the Thirty-ninth District? The cost of repairing this building, which is rapidly becoming an eyesore, should not be begrudged this locality, which has its share of taxes to pay and the people in it should certainly receive some return for their money. If we want to see a policeman, who in this neighborhood has become a curiosity, we have to proceed from the four corners of the town to Ridge and Midvale avenues or to Ridge and Allegheny avenues to see one. Doesn't Butler know there is a Falls? Why not call on the old Devil Dog? Toot your horn.

The filling in of the ground surrounding the old Nuneviller homestead, on Nicetown lane, will without doubt, cause many a heart pang to the old residents of the Falls. The old White Swan Hotel will probably disappear entirely. Who of the old folks remember this place in the days of its glory? Did you ever get a cool drink from the pump in front? Who of the younger generation, when ridiculing this old place, can imagine the good times that once were enjoyed there by us old fellows? And Nunnies—the baseball and football games—even African golf—will soon be things of the past, and houses and business places will be built on the old ground where many happy hours were spent. The wheels of Progress grind on, and memories of the past are only exceeded by our hopes of the future.

SCCAFF.

May 28th 1926.

OBSERVATIONS

One of the greatest problems which confronts the Falls Business Men's Association is the natural topography of the town. On one side it is hemmed in by cemeteries, on another by the Schuylkill and on the third side by the Wissahickon. The only way in which the town can really expand is to the east. Eventually, possibly after many, many years, the handicap presented by the cemeteries can be eliminated, but this date is apparently so far in the future that contemplation on the subject seems futile.

To date the building operations which are rapidly growing toward us from Germantown—that is, Queen Lane Manor—have strictly adhered to the residential type, which is an advantage to the Falls Business Men's Association.

Why not make some efforts to have the people who reside in this section shop in the Falls instead of being practically compelled, by conditions, to do the majority of their buying quite a distance from home?

With these thoughts in mind, the writer respectfully submits the following suggestion to the Association, or to any other resourceful person, who can see a way clear to start something:

On the north side of Midvale avenue there is a tract of land about 100 feet deep, stretching east from the Norristown Branch of the Reading Railroad to the Public Library. A row of modern, conservative stores along this eastern entrance to our town should attract people to our locality by their convenience.

The railroad offers an objection to homes being built on the ground, inasmuch as most people object to the noise, and the dirt which accumulates in any home near the railroad, while the nearness of the station and the increasing number of commuters from Queen Lane Manor, who use the station, would be an asset to the shopkeepers.

The high embankment in the rear of this narrow strip of land is also an objection to its being used for residential purposes.

There may be many more good reasons for, and a multitude of other objections against a project of this kind, but if by offering this suggestion I have planted a thought in the mind of anyone interested in the subject I feel that I have accomplished something.

• • •

While Midvale avenue is torn up, being repaved, it may be interesting to some of the Herald readers to know that the man who piloted the first street car over what is now known as Route 75, is a member of the Falls Business Men's Association and that his genial personality in serving the devoted followers of My Lady Nicotine has and is still helping him store up a nest egg for the future.

And, I'll wager, he doesn't even think there is among us one who remembers the Big Boy as he pushed on the hand brake of that little old red four-wheeler, to prevent it from running clear across the Ridge and into the river. More power to you, Fred! May you live to see the Roxborough elevated completed.

• • •

For many years, just beyond the northern end of Laurel Hill Cemetery, was an old quarry, from the stone of which many important bridges and private and public buildings—the last including the Blockley Almshouse and the Eastern State Penitentiary—were built. All that now remains of the quarry is a rock—formerly whitewashed—a few feet in height and a little more in length. This can be seen to the south of the roadway now known as Ferry street, which passes from the Ridge to a point in the park, just above the stone bridge.

A story is told about this relic of the old quarry, in explanation of its never having been blasted away: It marks the spot of the coming together of the properties of Scott, Stoever, and McGowan, neither of whom was willing to allow it to be removed unless the others would agree that no part of his domain should be invaded. It was to be a "pound of flesh"—or rather a pound of stone—or nothing. The rock of contention is now within the park limits, and it is hoped that it will be permitted to remain as a reminder of the old quarry.

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June 4th 1925.

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Few persons, driving north on the West River drive, from the Strawberry Mansion trolley bridge to the railroad bridges, realize that less than fifty years ago, a thriving village was located along what is now such a beautiful drive.

Cooksockey was a village which owed its existence to the fact that Simpson's Mill—a calico print works—was a little farther to the north, between the railroad bridges and the Fells bridge.

Among the families who once dwelt there the writer recalls the names of the following: Grimes, Wilcox, Jardine, Boyle, Rooney, Zimmer, Mawhinney, Breen, Gaffney, Binkham, Primm, Shronk, Cullen, Harper, Morrison, Conner, Childs, Cruse, and a little to the north were the homes of the Peels, Nolls and Dowdalls. Of the latter family, Bernard was one of the Falls of Schuylkill's historians. All told, the village had a population of about 200 people.

When Fairmount Park purchased the property, some time in the nineties, the mill was moved to Eddystone, Pa., and the inhabitants of the surrounding village, through the demolition of the buildings, were compelled to move.

Members of some of these families still reside in the Falls, and some of them will, undoubtedly, recall numerous happy hours spent in the lost village of Cooksockey.

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On Ridge avenue, opposite the Queen lane pumping station, is a dump, which is on the property of a chemical manufacturing concern.

This place is utilized by the company to dispose of the refuse from the manufacture of quinine.

Quinine is derived from the bark of the chinchona tree, which is ground and made into a mash, from which a liquor is drawn, and by further chemical processes transformed into quinine.

After the liquor is extracted from the wood, the refuse is partly dried and then sent to the dump.

It has always seemed feasible to the writer that when this vegetable matter has decayed sufficiently, with the addition of some cheap chemical, it could be used as a fertilizer and be of great value to agriculturists.

If experimentation would prove successful in producing any satisfactory result whereby this waste could be eliminated, I feel that the company, in addition to increasing the profits from the increased production, would benefit mankind in general, and the real estate now used as a dump could be used to better advantage.

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The improvements made in the vicinity of Cresson and Bowman streets, by the erection of individual garages and the silo-equipped coal yard, bring back to memory many hours spent, as a youth, in watching the men working in Ruffner's, making spring washers for railroad use.

It may be remembered by some of the older folk that the Ruffners held a patent for manufacturing the double spring washers used on railroad fish-plate bolts to prevent the loosening of the nut at the rail connections.

The simplicity of the machine that formed these eight-shaped springs always was a source of interest to the boys of the neighborhood.

Pieces of one-quarter inch square rods, approximately six inches long, were heated cherry red and thrust into a machine equipped with a number of projecting pins, some of which, when a lever was swung, while the remainder stood stationary, bent the rods into the proper shape. While still hot the springs were thrown into an oil tank for tempering. On being brought from the tank they were spread upon plates of sheet iron and the surplus oil burned off, which process prevented any erosive action for a long time.

At one time all of this type, of spring used throughout the United States was made at Ruffner's Works, at the Falls.

For many years this property has been in a very dilapidated condition, and the changes which have been made are without doubt to the advantage of the whol ecommunity.

SCCAFF

June 11th 1925.

OBSERVATIONS

How many times have you been asked where or how the name Falls of Schuylkill derivated? The following information may aid those who cannot authentically answer the question:

Originally, a village, the Falls of Schuylkill, once called Fort St. Davids, was situated between the fourth and fifth milestones on Ridge road—these have long since been moved or lost—and on the Schuylkill River, about four miles above Fairmount Dam. This village was one of the most picturesque suburbs of Philadelphia.

On the Schuylkill, at a point where the two railroad bridges cross, just below Ferry street, the river once fell several feet through a series of rocks projecting from the shore, or jutting in an irregular manner across nearly the width of the stream, forming a falls or rapids. When the dam was built at Fairmount, to accommodate the Water Works, the river naturally backed up and the water entirely covered the rocks, eliminating the falls and consequently making it harder for the present inhabitants to know how their town came to be known as the Falls of Schuylkill.

Recently this name has been shortened to East Falls, which was due to the fact that the Reading Railroad at one time had a passenger station on the west side of the river, called West Falls, to differentiate from the station on the Norristown Branch. This station—West Falls—deteriorated into a freight station and eventually passed out of existence, while the present East Falls station has been allowed to retain its directional name. In adopting this name for the convenience of the postal service and for the name of our newest journalistic effort, the shortened name seems to have had the stamp of approval placed upon it.

The practical manner in which the teachers of Breck School are proceeding to teach elementary science and nature, by taking the various classes on "hikes" to the Wissahickon woods, should be commended, by all the people in this school district.

History, too, could be made an interesting study, if the same idea were followed in respect to the Wissahickon Valley.

At what is now known as Hermit lane, John Kelpius, a scholar and mystic, who had studied in Helmstad under Dr. Fabricus and was well versed in the languages, lived on the Wissahickon, about the close of the seventeenth century, where he dwelt in religious meditation, awaiting the coming of the "Woman of the Wilderness."

The legend is that he was the possessor of a stone of supposed miraculous powers, which, just before he died, he is said to have thrown into the creek.

David Rittenhouse, the noted American astronomer, was born within a short distance of the creek, near which his ancestors, in 1690, erected the first paper mill in America.

"Along its banks; the partisan
McLane oft raided with his clan."

Colonel Allan McLane was a famous American partisan leader during the War of Independence. While the British occupied Philadelphia, McLane was continually roaming the upper parts of Philadelphia and Montgomery Counties, in efforts to intercept the British provision trains. There is a story in "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania" that on the night of the Meschianza—an entertainment held by the officers of Howe's army—McLane with a small body of men set fire to the whole line of barriers in front of the British trenches, or redoubts, as they were then called, and fled to the wilds of the Wissahickon, where the British pursued him. In retreating, it became necessary for him to swim across the Schuylkill, where some American reinforcements came to his assistance, and turning on the enemy he drove them back to their lines near the city.

According to tradition among the Lenni Lenapee tribe of Indians, in past ages, their ancestors had emigrated eastwards from the Mississippi, conquering and expelling on their way the race of "mound builders."

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Continued.

The Wissahickon and Schuylkill Valleys are said to be the last spot deserted by the Indians, who inhabited this part of the United States.

These are only a few of the tales of historical significance, concerning the Wissahickon, but by consulting the various libraries I am confident that sufficient information of historical character could be obtained which would instill a love of the study into most of the school children of the day, and the teacher would find that each member of the class would take a more active interest in the study of history in general.

"The Schuylkill," by M. K. C.; Graham's Life of Morgan; Keyser's "Fairmount Park"; Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania" and Whittier's "Pennsylvania Pilgrim" are books which are replete with history concerning our locality.

The Wissahickon

Where comes—
Proud wealth in haughty equipage,
And poverty afoot, as proud
Out from the town's wide open doors
A human current, ceaseless flows;
Come sage, and student flying schools,
The love of stream and earth and air
To learn, uncramped by roof or rules,
Mechanics, glad an hour to share,
With Nature, free from work and care,
Doctor discarding recipes,
And lawyer losing sight of fees;
Soft youthlings flirting along the way
And romping boys and girls at play.

From "The Schuylkill," by M. K. C.

SCCAFF.

June 18th 1925

OBSERVATIONS

While riding from town, on 61 route, I happened to notice the name "Robin Hood Garage" on a building, which has been erected in the last year or two, at Huntingdon street and Ridge avenue.

Whoever bestowed this name upon the garage has, evidently, some knowledge of the past history of the neighborhood.

On the Schuylkill River, during the Revolutionary War, about one-half mile below the Falls, was a ford which bore the name Robin Hood Ford. This was slightly below where Nicetown lane now enters the park.

This ford was reached on the west by the old Ford road and by the river road, which extended to the north and is now part of the West River drive.

On the eastern side of the river was a road, which can still be traced. Traveling from the Schuylkill, it began at the base of the large cliffs that are the southern boundary of Laurel Hill Cemetery, and, passing a short distance up the ravine, it curved around over the slope of the hill to the Ridge road, which it reached just below the old Robin Hood tavern. The ford, no doubt, and also the new garage, received its name from this hostelry.

This roadhouse, whose records date back as far as 1735, was, more than likely, built by one of the Hoods, or some other resident of the locality, to serve the western travelers on their way to and from Philadelphia by way of Ridge road and the Lancaster pike via the Robin Hood ford.

While the vicinity of the garage is now known as Strawberry Mansion, there is undoubtedly, someone connected with the establishment who know some of the early history of the locality.

Many facts concerning history could be interestingly presented to the students of the local schools if the teachers or parents could take them for a visit to the Laurel Hill Cemeteries, which are in the Falls.

In tracing back the ownership of the strip of land from Huntingdon street to the Richmond Branch of the Reading Railroad, between Ridge avenue and the Schuylkill River, we find that this ground was first granted by William Penn, in 1682, to three of the old Swedish settlers along the Delaware; Swan, Andred and William Swanson, in exchange for other real estate holdings in the heart of Philadelphia. Through various descendants and connections by marriage of these Swedish families, among them the Justices and Tysons, the land passed down for a hundred years or more. Some of it, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, came into possession of Benjamin Chew and Tench Francis and his son of the same name, all noted Philadelphians. Later the names of Kepple, Renshaw and Milnor appeared in the briefs of titles, that of Renshaw being well known down to a comparatively late date.

In 1797 Joseph Sims became owner of part of what is now North Laurel Hill.

Laurel Hill Cemetery was incorporated in November, 1835. In 1855 the most northerly part was added to its acreage, having been purchased from the family of Frederick Stoever.

William Rawle, the distinguished jurist, had a home, called Harleigh, on the part known as South Laurel Hill. It was afterwards owned by the Livezeys, from whom the cemetery company bought the ground.

Central Laurel Hill was the family estate of the Peppers and, previous to them, of the Willings, and was known as Fairy Hill.

In North Laurel Hill is buried the body of General Hugh Mercer, who was killed in the Battle of Princeton, in 1777. Thomas Leiper, who was with

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OBSERVATIONS

The erection of the Delaware River bridge brings back to memory a little scrap of local history which may interest the readers of The Herald.

The first wire suspension bridge built in Philadelphia, if not in the country or world, was stretched across the Schuylkill River near where the Stone Bridge crosses the river at the Falls.

It was fabricated under the direction of Josiah White, who, with Erskine Hazard, conducted a large rolling mill, in which they manufactured nails and wire. The bridge, for foot passengers only, extended from an upper window of the mill, which stood along the river. The other end was fastened to a large tree on the west bank of the river.

A toll of 1 cent a trip was charged until White and Hazard were reimbursed for the $125 which the bridge cost, after which it was made a free passageway across the river.

The tradesmen of East Falls are to be congratulated on the wisdom shown in electing Bernard Klebanoff as president of the local business men's organization.

In a few minutes interview with Mr. Klebanoff, which were literally golden moments stolen from the life of an unusually busy person, the writer sensed some thoughts and ideals which this energetic man has in mind for the advancement of business conditions in the Falls, which indirectly will have their bearing on the life of each individual in the town.

A step into his store will convince the most skeptical that here is a man who, in addition to having an earnest desire personally to serve the neighborhood to the best of his ability, with a full line of drugs, medicines, comforts, gifts and so forth, has also instilled his business methods into each of his employes, and that the courtesy of these assistants and the service they render is noticeable to a marked degree.

The business men are fortunate in securing the services of one who, with youth, vigor and breadth of vision, will, in the humble opinion of this writer, lead the Association to a higher plane than it has even anticipated.

Why should we hide our light under a bushel? Here are a few things over which the residents of the neighborhood should feel elated:

White and Hazard, in a rolling mill near the present Stone Bridge, were the first to discover how to burn anthracite coal as a fuel.

This same White—Josiah—later constructed the first canal and locks in Pennsylvania, if not in the country, about 1731.

William Smith, the first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, lived at the Falls, and his residence still stands on Plush Hill.

The first silk handkerchief ever printed was made at the Falls by William Simpson, in the early part of the past century, in a little stone building on the west side of the Schuylkill.

Joseph Speakman, in an old building which is next door to the present Y. W. C. A., manufactured the first rubber goods in America.

The first mercury, or quicksilver, was made in this town by William Weightman, at the local plant of the Powers, Weightman & Rosengarten.

The first governor of Pennsylvania, Thomas Mifflin, lived in a mansion at the Falls, facing the Schuylkill River, between what is now Stanton street and Eveline street.

And as for additional things to brag about, there will be more anon.

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Continued.

Mercer during the same battle and afterward was distinguished in civic affairs of Philadelphia, is also buried there.

Another grave is that of General Jonathan Williams, head of the Engineering Corps of the Continental Army.

The last resting place of General Joseph Reed, secretary to George Washington in the first two years of the War of Independence as adjutant general and better known as President of Pennsylvania from 1777 to 1781, is also to be found there.

Richard Dale, who as a lieutenant fought on the Bon Homme Richard, in the battle with the Serapis, by the side of John Paul Jones; Isaac Hull, who commanded the Constitution when it fought and won its battle with the British frigate Guerriere; LaVallette, Murray, Godon, Inman, Ronckendorff are others of the naval heroes of our country whose graves can be found in Laurel Hill.

The tomb of Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, can be seen from the East River drive.

Another explorer, Rear Admiral George Wallace Melville, is interred there.

General Meade, of Civil War fame, was buried there in November, 1872. General Robert Patterson, a hero of three wars, lies there, beneath a carved lion which typifies his character; General Joshua Thomas Owen, of the Sixty-ninth (Irish) Regiment; General Thomas Lieper Kane, leader of the famous "Bucktails"; Captain Ulric Dahlgren and Captain Walter Newhall, comrades of Custer, are some of the military leaders of history whose graves can be found in the hills.

Here are some, other than soldiers, whose remains lie in these beautiful hills: William Bradford, the first printer of the Colonies; Charles Thomson, secretary of the Continental Congress; Thomas McKean, signer of the Declaration of Independence and governor of Pennsylvania; Thomas Godfrey, inventor of the quadrant; David Rittenhouse, mathematician and astronomer; William Smith, first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and Henry C. Lea, historian.

For all of this data, the writer is indebted to Dr. Charles K. Mills, who in his "Military History of the Falls of Schuylkill" has gathered a most wonderful collection of historical facts concerning our town.

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June 25th 1925

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Late in June and the early days of July, 1863, when Lee's army, flushed with its victory at Fredericksburg, crossed the Maryland border and was throwing its advance guard toward the Susquehanna and up the Cumberland Valley, the people of Philadelphia became panic stricken with the thought that the Rebels would soon attack Philadelphia. To prevent this invasion a series of defenses were planned to repel the enemy.

One of these forts—Fort Dana—was built on the hill where School lane joins Ridge avenue. This was in close proximity to the center of the Robeson property, on which a regiment—the Eighty-eighth—had been encamped while recruiting.

The fort held a very commanding position, the approaches, both by the river and Ridge road, being adequately covered.

Fort Dana—named after the assistant secretary of war—was the largest and best built of the entire scheme of defense, and the cost of construction was in the neighborhood of $3500. The failure of the politicians of the day to take advantage of the opportunity to obtain graft on the erection of these forts was in itself a sign that the people were patriotically inclined.

When the news of Lee's defeat at Gettysburg was received the work on the fortifications was stopped.

The site of Fort Dana has been slowly quarried away, so that more than likely it has been forgotten by even the older folk, but with the approach of Fourth of July the writer in his observations had this little scrap of military history brought to his attention.

Wellsville, Kansas, a town of 1000 people, has a high school costing $25,000, a $10,000 church and many beautiful homes. It has never had a saloon since it was founded fifty-four years ago, nor a pauper, nor a town drunkard, nor a crime against woman, nor a thief, nor a lawyer.

Think this over—surely prohibition must be right—there is evidently something wrong with the method of enforcement.

The intention of the Falls Presbyterian Church to move to a new location impelled the writer to delve into the history of this religious organization. The various efforts which the pioneers of the church made to form an association for the Lord's work were and are commendable and should prove to the youth of today that intelligent determination applied in a good cause, can have only success as its reward.

In 1855, the Rev. William Fulton, of the Old School Presbyterian Church, with which the majority of the worshippers were identified, instituted prayer meetings which were held in private homes in the community. In these meetings he had as an associate, the Rev. Andrew Culver, of the New School branch of the church.

In November of the same year $70 was obtained through personal contributions, to refit the upper room of the old Academy, on Queen lane—about which volumes could be written of the religious history of the neighborhood.

The first preaching service was conducted by the Rev. J. H. Knox, of Germantown. The Sunday School was organized in 1856, with John Kinnier as its first superintendent.

The Rev. Joseph Beggs, of Roxborough, began to preach as stated supply of the church on February 19, 1856, and was later appointed the regular minister. The church was offi-

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cially organized at a meeting of the Presbytery held in Bridesburg in 1856.

The following persons were the charter members of the Falls Presbyterian Church:

From other churches—John Kinnier, Mrs. Mary A. Kinnier, Mary A. Harper, John Bailey, John Hope, Mrs. Janet Hope, John Morrow, Mrs. Jane Morrow, Robison McKinley and Mrs. Jane McKinley.

By profession of faith—Elizabeth Scott, Alexander Thompson, Margaret Thompson, John Chadwick, John McClay, Agnes McClay, Robert Stewart, John Maxwell, John Bell, John Buchanan, Samuel McKinley and William Cowan.

John Hope and John Kinnier were ordained elders and composed the first session.

The present site of the Church was purchased from the estate of Andrew Robeson for $1800, and the property originally ran from the Ridge road to the river.

The cornerstone was laid on September 7, 1867.

In moving to a place which will be more accessible, the Falls Presbyterian Church will undoubtedly be in a better position to serve the spiritual needs of the community.

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OBSERVATIONS

While waiting for a Ridge avenue car at the Falls bridge entrance to the Park, the writer made the following observation of what is commonly known at "Laboratory Hill."

Across the street is the stable yard of the Powers, Weightman & Rosengarten Company, in which a well-fed-looking brown horse was contentedly munching grass. The story is that this horse has served his masters so well that they have pensioned him off and that enough work is given him to prevent him from growing too stiff from the total lack of anything to do.

Above the stable there is a row of houses which were erected by Powers, Weightman & Harrison—as the firm was then called—in 1848, to be occupied by their employes, who were brought to the Falls to work in their new chemical plant. The houses are of the twin type and are built up the hill to the summit. All are on the south side of the street, except one, which is directly back of the stable and is now used, by four families. It stands on the crest of the hill and was erected in 1848, to be used as a school house for the children of the chemical workers and also as a library and reading room.

In front of the dwellings was laid the first brick sidewalk in the northwest section of Philadelphia. It has long since been replaced by one of cement.

In addition to these homes, for which a very low rental was charged, each family was allotted a good sized plot of ground for a garden and, on Christmas, a ton of coal was delivered to each residence, as a gift from the firm.

The school and library were popular until the end of 1853, when George Leib Harrison withdrew from the Company.

Harrison had also established a Sunday school, with James K. Finley, who was the teacher in the day school, as superintendent.

Mr. Harrison himself attended every Sunday to teach a class of boys.

After his separation from the chemical concern, the building was transformed into dwellings.

With the death of Thomas R. Marshall, who was Vice President of the United States from 1913 to 1921, the American people lost one of the greatest philosophers of the age.

The following are a few of his usually pointed sayings, which may be of interest to readers of the Herald:

"A so-called skilled laborer separated from his cog of the industrial machine is as helpless as a babe out of its mother's arms."

"The work of the world could be done on a four-hour-a-day schedule if everyone found out what he was fitted for and did it."

"If laziness had not overtaken me I would have been a shoemaker."

"Politics is the science of fooling the other fellow."

"The thing that ails mankind is compulsion. Men should not be driven like galley slaves, scourged at night to their dungeons, but should be persuaded to serve gladly."

"Every man should do something—not somebody."

After oil was first discovered in Pennsylvania, as usual, a coterie of manipulators planned to fleece the people of Philadelphia and in their efforts to do so leased the property known as Robeson's knoll.

It is now a part of Fairfount Park, and is at the eastern end of the City avenue bridge, between the northern branch of the drive and Wissahickon Creek.

A high board fence was built all around the knoll and a huge derrick, like those used in oil drilling, was erected. No one not interested in investing money was admitted, so that the ordinary curiosity seeker had little opportunity to find out what was going on.

From a building beyond the creek, a person could see over the fence and

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from this source it became known that the operators were sinking holes and that they were actually trying to strike oil.

The scheme continued for some time, until one night a gossiping watcher declared that he had seen wagons loaded with crude oil entering the grounds and that the oil was poured into the drilled holes.

The tales which followed are said to have put a stop to the boring and finally the property was abandoned, thereby ending the existence of the only oil field in Philadelphia.

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The irregular section of ground bounded by the Reading Railroad, Hunting Park avenue and Queen lane, the lower end of which is now seeing many changes, has had quite a remarkable history.

It has been known successively as part of the Redinger, Scott, Cadwallader and John Dobson property.

John Redinger, a miller by trade, purchased the ground in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He erected a home on the north side of Scott's lane, just west of where the Norristown Branch of the Reading traverses the property. On the gable of the house, facing the lane, was a datestone, which bore his initials and the date, "JR1814." The last heard of the stone was that it had fallen from its place and reposed in the yard.

Redinger carried on his flour mill on the lane and erected a number of houses for the families of his workmen.

Hugh Scott, a shrewd Irishman, came to the Falls, later in the same century, and shortly afterward acquired, by purchase, the larger part of Redinger's holdings. Redinger moved over the river to Cooksockey—a village, which disappeared when Fairmount Park was enlarged—and built for himself another home. While living there he adopted a lad named James Giles, who upon the death of Redinger inherited what was left of the property.

The mill on the lane was purchased by Israel Foster, who converted it into a textile plant and built the row of frame houses which still stand just below the railroad.

Scott enlarged the dam that bears his name, on what is now the Port Richmond Branch of the railroad, from which the water flowed through a long winding race to run the water wheel of the mill.

The dam, while its size was decreased when the railroad was built, is still in service, not to furnish power for the mill but to supply water for the dye house.

On January 25, 1839, after a heavy rain and rapid thaw, Scott's dam burst, from the great volume of water that flowed into it from the valley extending from the lower part of Germantown. Great destruction followed, both to the mill and to other properties along the run.

Winpenny's little mill, which stood near where Crawford street intersects Ridge avenue, was flooded. Holes had to be chopped in the floors to pull through some of the workpeople, who had been trapped in the lower floors.

A stable and wagon shed belonging to John Burk, a contractor, was swept into the river, including all the horses and wagons.

Hugh Scott was a rabid follower of Henry Clay and was so certain that Clay would be elected President of the United States that he wagered the property along the Norristown Branch of the Reading, together with a triangular-shaped lot along the east side of the railroad and skirted by Scott's lane and Queen lane, against a large sum of money, with General Cadwallader, and lost. Scott stood the loss with the spirit of a true sport.

In 1855 John Dobson made his appearance as a mill owner in the Falls and in partnership with James Lee, who was from Manayunk, obtained possession of the Foster, or Newman Mill, the name having been changed, and began the manufacture of yarn. The following year the mill was destroyed by fire and there was no insurance.

After the fire Dobson offered Lee to give or take $6000. Lee accepted the offer and retired. Dobson rebuilt the mill, fitted part of it up as a residence and lived there until 1865, when he built his home on what is now Allegheny avenue, and which has recently been demolished. The place at that time was known as Scott's Hill.

At the breaking out of the war, Dobson took a sub-contract to furnish blankets for the Union Army. His were the first blankets to reach the army in the field. Afterward he obtained original contracts and began enlarging the plant, to which he

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kept adding until the time of his death.

Mr. Dobson had purchased the properties of Cadwallader and Scott and his real estate holdings grew quite large. Apparently his heirs are disposing of these properties inasmuch as on the lower portion, there is being erected a row of dwellings in addition to several large factories.

How customs have changed! The old-time physician bled his patients in the arm. Just thing of it—in the arm!

Bunch your hits. Abraham Lincoln put it this way: "He who does something at the head of one regiment will eclipse him who does nothing at the head of a hundred." Watch your batting average.

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Those who remember the steamboats which ran on the Schuylkill may possibly recall the names of two of the steamers, the Frederick Graff, commanded by Captain Cline, and the Washington, under the direction of Captain Green.

These boats were at all times in readiness to take aboard passengers on what was termed "delightfully romantic excursions." The captains were exceedingly proud of the speed and comfortable appointments of their craft.

The boats ran from Fairmount to Manayunk, the fare being 12½ cents, which—quotes the printed matter of the Company—was considerate, inasmuch as "you have a great variety of handsome and interesting scenery, a part of which is seven splendid bridges, crossing the Schuylkill and one the beautiful Wissahickon, four railroads, the Inclined Plane—this at Belmont—two extensive waterworks, one canal with its numerous boats, etc., trains of over 100 cars attached to a single engine, constantly crossing the river upon the Reading bridge."

The people of today, may not be able to observe anything beautiful or interesting in the bridges, railroads, trains of cars or waterworks, but those to whom these things were an innovation must have been fully repaid for a sightseeing trip up the Schuylkill on the steamers.

There were other boats which at a later period ran up and down the river, one, the Undine, being in commission until about 1895, after which smaller boats continued for a while, and then the service was finally disposed of.

When the coal bunker of the Queen lane pumping station was erected, in 1916, a little yellow frame house was torn down to make room for the railroad siding.

The house stood on the east side of Ridge avenue, just below School lane, and was originally a farm house on the property of Peter Robeson.

There is a story concerning one George Miller, who once occupied the house. His physical prowess made him the terror of all evil doers. It is said that his grip was so strong that he could place an apple in each hand, hold his arms at full length and crush the apples to a pulp. He was also said to have been strong enough to lift a barrel of cider by its chimes and drink from the bung-hole.

Miller was given the credit of being the first farmer to raise sweet potatoes in the County of Philadelphia.

Jesse Evans later dwelt in the house, while he conducted a very extensive dairy on the farm.

It was the uppermost dwelling in North Penn township until 1854, when, with the consolidation, the township became a part of Philadelphia.

The meadow of the farm, which extended from the house to the Schuylkill, was deeded to Fairmount Park, by William Weightman—who had purchased the property—with the understanding that he was to be permitted to have wharfage on the river, at his lower plant.

A splendid view of the Schuylkill Valley, both up and down, can be obtained from the top of Chamonioux Hill. It is impossible to convey in words appreciation of the beauty which can be seen for miles in any direction.

Across the upper Chamounix Lake is a sloping hill on which, about fifty years ago, stood a large house, occupied by a family named Pretty. The master of the house, Harry Pretty, was manager of the Washington Print Works.

The dam breast of Chamounix Lake was built about 1852 or 1853 by Wil-

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liam Simpson, proprietor of the Print Works, which stood on the west bank of the Schuylkill, until the property was added to Fairmount Park.

During a lull in the business Mr. Simpson, instead of "laying off" his men, kept them employed building the dam breast. It is about ten feet wide at the top and spreads out to some thirty feet at the bottom, and curves toward the dam buttress style. It was built to stand forever.

It was known as Simpson's big dam, there being two smaller ones between it and the railroad. The one nearest the river has long since been destroyed by the Park Commission, to make room for a foot-path up the hill.

The dams were built to supply water for the wash and dye houses of the Print Works and also to furnish water in case of fire.

There have been many cloudbursts, which have tested the strength of the dam breast, the water sometimes pouring over the breast to a depth of six feet, but not a stone has moved. It is a wonderful piece of masonry, of which even engineers of today could feel justly proud.

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When we made our arrangements for a short outing, we decided to paddle our canoe up the Schuylkill to the Perkiomen, in search of interesting things to see and inquire about.

We left the Falls early one morning, and after passing the mouth of the Wissahickon, with its wonderful view of the water fall and High Bridge, continued to the iron works at Pencoyd, where even on this torrid day, men were busy pouring and fashioning the molten metal into forms which eventually will support vast weights in the shape of bridges and buildings.

For the sake of safety to the bottom of the canoe, we were compelled to keep in the old Schuylkill Canal channel—which, in most places, is simply one side of the river, deepened—for the shallow places are yearly becoming more numerous, due to the lessening of boat travel on the river, and the consequent lack of attention to dredging.

After passing Pencoyd the channel turns to the east side of the river, where it enters the Manayunk locks. These locks, which are double,—that is, of two steps,—each have a rise of nineteen feet making a total rise of thirty-eight feet from the river bed to the level of the canal.

The canal then parallels the river through Manayunk, passing between large mills, where various lines of manufacturing are carried on, some of which still use water power furnished by the canal. At North Manayunk is situated a hydro-electric plant of the Philadelphia Electric Company, where electricity is generated from the force of the water in its drop to the river.

The next lock is at Flat Rock, which is single and has a rise of one and one-half feet.

After leaving the canal at Flat Rock, we again entered the river and soon reached Shawmont, where a pumping station of the Philadelphia water bureau is situated. This station pumps water to the Roxborough filtration plant, which supplies a portion of Philadelphia with millions of gallons of water for everyday use.

We arrived at Miquon in time for lunch. There is a regular colony of boat and club houses along the river at this point, in which large numbers of Philadelphia folk spend their weekends. The Philadelphia Swimming Club is housed in a building just south of the railroad station, where many championship races have been held.

Leaving Miquon, the next reach of the river extends to Spring Mill, and around the bend can be seen the lower Conshohocken lock. There is a twelve-foot rise at this lock, and the canal wends its way through Conshohocken, flanked by rolling mills, where the hum of industry intrudes upon the peace and quiet of a rural setting.

After a short paddle we leave Conshohocken behind and the river stretches away to Bridgeport, where another lock with a lift of twelve feet is encountered. The canal channel through Bridgeport is not a thing of beauty, the banks being lined with dwellings whose back yards run to the edge of the water, and garbage and other refuse are thrown into the stream. At the plant of a fibre manufacturing company large pipes spew a red muck into what is eventually drinking water for Philadelphians.

After this dirt and scum is passed the canal returns to the river just below Barbadoes Island, and from there on the river is one continuous vision of beauty.

We pitched our tents on the upper end of Barbadoes Island and camped for the night. The next day we continued our journey and finally reached the mouth of Perkiomen Creek.

Here we stopped, for nearby is the home of America's first ornithologist, John James Audubon. A marble slab,

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near the roof, has carved in it the date of its erection, 1762.

The place has evidently seen little change, and there is a story that some of the original window glass still remains.

The property is better known as the Wetherill Farm, inasmuch as it has been in possession of the Wetherill family of Philadelphia for more than a century.

Beneath its hills and valleys are supposed to be veins of lead and copper, and the Wetherills at one time mined the metals, but the cost of the operation was prohibitive and the mine was abandoned.

The house is of stone, built upon a hillside, with lawns sloping down to the Perkiomen. The original name of the place was Mill Grove, it being surrounded by some splendid old trees. In the quiet of a summer afternoon there is peace and calm and beauty that could enthrall any Nature lover, not alone Audubon.

Audubon was born in Haiti in 1785. His father was a French naval officer. After some years spent in France the elder Audubon later returned to America and purchased the property on the Perkiomen, which had formerly belonged to the Penns.

John James Audubon, while much of an out-doors man, was nevertheless one of the dandies of the day, and legend tells that at times he was wont to go hunting wearing black silk knee breeches.

His father had destined him to be an officer in Napoleon's army, but John James objected and so his father sent him to America to care for his property.

After his arrival at Mill Grove, it was no time before he fell in love, with the daughter of an English neighbor, Lucy Bakewell, and eventually he married her. R. Blackwell.

It was here at Mill Grove that he conceived the idea of ornithology, although his work on the subject was not begun until 1824. With sketches and specimens of stuffed birds, animals and reptiles, the house became a veritable museum.

In 1808 he was compelled through the machinations of a partner, Da Costa, to leave Mill Grove and he moved to Louisville, Ky.

Subsequently he bought an estate, now Audubon Park, near New York.

He died in 1851, after completing several great works on the bird and animal life of America.

The physical effort of canoeing, the awaking of fresh thoughts, the communing with Nature and the knowledge gained of Audubon enabled us to return home, better in spirit, mind and body for having spent the time on a trip up the Schuylkill to the Perkiomen.

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Over the river, on the grounds of the Philadelphia Country Club, is a picturesque piece of ground that has some interesting history.

In what is now known as Anderson's Hollow, through which Neill drive wends its way, flows a creek, which previous to and during the Civil War was called Rubicam's Race. The valley was known as Rubicam's Hollow.

On the crest of the hill, in the neighborhood of where the fourth hole of the golf course is located, Hooker's Cavalry had a recruiting camp in 1861. The young men of the locality received a considerable amount of inspiration at the sight of these soldiers and their mounts, and while no records are available that any Falls men enlisted under Hooker, the patriotism aroused led many of them to join other organizations.

Down near the water tanks of the railroad was the home of the Peels, who were a very patriotic family. Three of the Peels later enlisted; the father, Robert, and his two sons, Ferguson and Washington.

Robert Peel, the father, enlisted in the Fortieth New York Regiment, familiarly called the Mozart Regiment. Ferugson served for three months in Company A, Twenty-first Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Later he joined Company M, of the Sixtieth Regiment of Cavalry, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and finally was in the Third Regiment of Hancock's Veteran Corps. After the war he served for many years as a mounted policeman in Philadelphia.

Washington Peel joined the same regiment as his father, the Fortieth New York, going in as a private. He became a sergeant, and after taking an examination was appointed a second lieutenant. He was eventually promoted to first lieutenant and at the time of his death was acting captain of his company. Although young Peel was not 21 years old at the time of his demise, he had served throughout the war until he was killed in 1864. He was in Fort Hell before Petersburg and during one of the fierce actions which took place there was shot, through a port hole, and the wound finally proved fatal.

There is also a story to the effect that the old camping ground was one of the last reservations of the American Indians, in the eastern part of the United States.

While waiting for a train, in the Columbia avenue station of the Reading Railway, the Observer was attracted to the permanent exhibition of the Rocket, one of the first eight locomotives purchased by the Reading Company.

The Rocket was named for George Stephenson's famous engine which in 1827 won both fame and fortune for its inventor.

The engines were built by Braithwaite & Company, of London, England, in March, 1838. Upon their arrival in Philadelphia they were loaded upon canal boats and hauled up the Schuylkill River to Reading, Pa.

It is said that in passing through the Falls the boats—on which the locomotives were loaded—were received with continuous applause by the inhabitants of the town, and, the attentions of the crew of one of the boats being diverted from their work, the boat left the canal channel and almost stuck in the mud. Energetic action saved the day, and the engines were finally landed in safety at their destination.

They were hauled by horses to the Reading's tracks at Seventh and Penn streets, Reading, and were placed in service between Reading and Norristown, which was as far as the Reading tracks reached. Later a consolidation was effected between the Reading Company and the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad Company, by whose rails the trains entered Philadelphia.

The Rocket began to run regularly, to haul passengers, in May, 1838, ar

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continued in service until March, 1879 —a span of forty-one years—covering in that time over 300,000 miles. The Rocket was originally built to burn wood, but was later reconstructed to accommodate anthracite coal as a fuel; being one of the first locomotives capable of doing so.

It ran at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and weighed eight and four-tenths tons. Compare that with the speed and weight of the present day locomotives, and you will grasp some idea of how rapid the advancement has been made in engine building.

The Rocket was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 and at the St. Louis Exhibition in 1904.

The Reading Company, through sentiment, no doubt, has placed the engine on some of the original rails of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad and installed it in the station, so that interested people may inspect it.

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The question often arises in my mind as to whether the people of Philadelphia, really appreciate the rugged beauty, the profound silence and the thousand and one wonders of Nature which are contained in the Wissahickon Valley.

To prove that this "Switzerland of America" holds a fascination for visitors from foreign countries, I submit the following poem, written by Radcliffe Hall, in the London Sunday Times.

I remember on a morning
How I drove to Wissahickon;
On a pleasant autumn morning,
When the woods were red and brown;
How my little mare went flying
With the frost upon her fetlocks,
Striking sparks from off the cobbles
Of the road beyond the town.

How she strove and fought against me
For the joy she had in living,
For the ancient joy of combat,
Pulling hard upon the reins,
Till my muscles stretched and quickened,
And the blood went leaping through me,
With the pleasure of adventure
In the power that restrains.

I remember that a bird sang
In defiant jubilation,
From the windy topmost branches
Came the cadence loud and long;
And I slowed the pace to listen
From a very sense of wonder
At the gladness, and the valour,
And the beauty of his song.

I remember Wissahickon
With the mists above the river,
How they folded me and hid me
In a swirl of chilly gray,
Then I struck a winding cart-track
Leading up beyond the valley,
Through the dimness of the pine trees,
And came out into the day.

Oh, that day at Wissahickon!
All the joy of it and vigor,
All the racing, stinging vigor
Of the swiftly moving air!
I remember I was young, too,
When I drove to Wissahickon,
In my black and yellow buggy
With the little chestnut mare.

A short distance to the east of where the Norristown Branch of the Reading Railroad crosses the Port Richmond Branch is an old house, which in a short time will be torn down to make way for improvements. Already the contractors are grading the surrounding land and the house is almost hidden from view. The building was erected many years previous to the Revolutionary War. A trail ran up the hill to Andrew Garrett's log cabin, the first building built in the Falls of Schuylkill, or Fort St. David, as it was then known.

The house was at one time a dwelling on the Stoever farm, but about seventy-five years ago was occupied by Dr. Phillip Peltz as a country home.

A lane that ran past the house was called Kennedy's lane until after Dr. Peltz took possession of the property and since then the lane has been called Peltz's lane.

It ran from Hunting Park avenue, just to the east of the property of a large cake-baking company, down to and across the railroad track, past the Peltz house and on up the hill to Edgewood—more recently the home of the Hubbards—thence by a private road to Abbottsford avenue, with which it connected, on the south side of the Queen lane filter plant, just west of Fox street.

The lane has almost disappeared, and it is only a matter of a few months until the house, too, will be gone to make way for improvements, which are the inexorable toll of Time.

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On the upper side of the Wissahickon, where the creek joins the Schuylkill, is a quaint looking old building known as Colony Castle, which is the club house of the Philadelphia Canoe Club.

The buiding was erected far beyond the recollection of even the fathers and mothers of the oldest residents of the locality.

It was for many years the headquarters of the Ancient and Honorable State in Schuylkill Fishing Club, of which John Wagner, of School lane, at one time was president.

The structure was at one time a nail mill and such machinery as was used was operated by water power, which came from a forebay, formed of the tail race of a small saw mill that stood a little to the north of the creek along Ridge avenue. The lower dam of Wissahickon Creek was built to furnish sufficient water to operate this saw mill. In 1856 the mill was destroyed by fire, but the dam still remains to add a touch of beauty to the entrance to Wissahickon Creek Park.

The property contiguous to Colony Castle, which is now a part of Fairmount Park, once belonged to a family named Minster, and was later known as Riverside.

The arched passageway of the Castle, that gave exit to the water after it had turned the ponderous wheel, always had a weird appearance and gave credence to the belief that the place was haunted.

Back of the building, but facing on the Schuylkill, was the Wissahickon steamboat landing, when the old line consisting of the Frederick Graff, Wissahickon and Reindeer, plied the river between Fairmount and Manayunk. These boats were chartered by the government during the Civil War and used to transport recruits to and from the camps near the river.

There is a legend of the Revolution connected with the Castle. Moses Doane and his seven brothers, the outlaws who terrorized the inhabitants of Philadelphia and Montgomery counties by their depredations, were said to have used the old building as a rendezvous. It is asserted that they often emerged to prey upon the Robesons, Smiths, Garretts, Rittenhouses, Leverings, Righters, Holgates and other well-to-do families on the east side of the river and the Roberts, Latches, Hoffmans and others on the west side.

Joseph Neef—an apostle of Pentalozzi, the Swiss philosopher—was brought to this country about 1809, by William McClure, who was an American who showed a great deal of interest in psychology. Neef kept school for several years in a building in the Falls which stood on the old Smith estate. The building was known as "Smith's Folly" and also as the "Octagon." It stood on ground that was quarried away to permit the erection of a row of stores, on the east side of Ridge avenue, just below Queen lane.

Neef was a good natured pedagogue and a fervent lover of nature. He took an active part in all the sports of the boys under his tutelage, and taught without books, using blackboards and objects. When tramping the country with his scholars, which was his regular routine, he encouraged them to hunt for curious plants, flowers, minerals, and so forth, about which he would talk to them.

Henry Pentalozzi, Neef's instructor, was born in Switzerland in 1745 and lived to be 82 years of age. He was the inventor of a new mode of teaching and was the author of several valuable works, in which he advanced his peculiar ideas on the subject of instruction. He was held in high esteem by his own and other nations, and his plans had the support of the Helvetic government at Stanz, Berne and other places in Switzerland.

In his recent letter to the Philadelphia Record, Charles W. Alexander tells of a Sunday that he spent, eighty years ago, with John Wanamaker, the originator of modern department store methods.

Alexander, then a boy, accompan-

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ied by his father, the Rev. William Alexander, and John Wanamaker, crossed the Delaware to Gloucester, to attend a religious meeting. While the clergyman conducted the service the boys were intent on observing the giant sturgeon and other fish, leaping gracefully into the air from the river.

"Later, on the same day," quotes Mr. Alexander, "we went up the Schuylkill on the Fairmount steamboat to the Falls, where, in the Church of St. James the Less, Bishop Alonzo Potter ordained father into the Episcopal church. And today, John Wanamaker, after his gloriously rising career, high above all competitors, slumbers quietly with mother earth and Tom in the mausoleum in the little churchyard, there."

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A recent copy of the Evening Bulletin contained one of the earliest descriptions of the Delaware written for the purpose of acquainting Europeans with the beauty of its banks. The history was written by Peter Lindstrom, of Sweden, a son of the secretary of the College of Mines, at Stockholm, when he was 22 years old, and has just been translated into English, by Professor Amandus Johnson, of Philadelphia.

Lindestrom secured permission to visit the New World in one of the expeditions that came across in 1654. He was known as a hardy youth, with a bent for adventure and a keen sense of curiosity. In return for the passage, over the Atlantic, he agreed to send back to the Royal Commercial College, of Sweden, all the information he could collect concerning the land of New Sweden, on the Delaware.

So it was that, although he remained here little more than a year, he explored both banks of the Delaware, from the falls to the Capes, and entered into every stream that flowed into the river and bay, making soundings, charting the course for coming navigators and noting the possibilities of the agricultural and commercial development of the territory. He, therefore, collected an immense amount of information concerning the region and its inhabitants.

Years later, when he was in a pitiful state of poverty—so poor, that when he died, his wife was unable to bury him—he devoted his time to the writing of his "Geographia Americae."

This is the history which Dr. Johnson has translated and is published by the Swedish Colonial Society of Philadelphia.

The quaint and picturesque phraseology, mixed with a sufficient amount of superstition and child-like acceptance of the myths of the age, stamps Lindstrom as a born narrator.

The manuscript of the Geographia, consisting of nearly 250 quarto pages, written in the Swedish handwriting of the seventeenth century, in a beautiful state of preservation, is in the Royal Archives of Sweden, along with a map of New Sweden which this cartographer drew. It is said that the map is surprisingly accurate, despite some inevitable errors.

As for the site of Philadelphia, Lindstrom tells us that the land from the Poaequessingh to the Pemickpack—from Poquessing to Pennypack Creek—is good for maize; that farther down, until one reaches the region of Passajonck—Passyunk—there are many woods, in which he believed there was an abundance of rare wild animals, and that up the Menejackse Kill—Schuylkill—as far as the Falls, the land was very fine and occupied by the most intelligent savages. Six Indian towns or settlements, he says, were to be found along this part of the Delaware and Schuylkill, each consisting of several hundred inhabitants and ruled by a sachem or chief.

There were comparatively few Swedes here at the time, but that there was an abundance of nature's gifts for their comfort and sustenance is set forth by the explorer of this new and fruitful land that was to add to the glory of his king and country.

Dr. Johnson adds a lexicon of some of the old Indian names which appear on Lindstrom's map, which illuminates the meaning of some of the familiar places in Philadelphia. He discards, for instance, Heckwelder's old interpretation of Wissahickon, the "Wisa-meck-han" or catfish creek, as that interpreter of the Indian tongue called it, and accepts David G. Brinton's statement that the word comes from Wisa-hickan, meaning merely "the yellow creek." The Menejackse Kill was derived from the same stem as Mene-yunk, meaning "the place where we go to drink"—from which it is easy to trace the Manayunk of today and the river that ran from Manayunk to the Delaware.

To Edward Manley, of the Falls, who is a member of the Germantown Site and Relic Society, the Observer is indebted for a vast fund of historical lore concerning our town. It was from him that I learned of the

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story of the Jenkins house—a brownstone mansion that was built by an official of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and was afterward the scene of his suicide and gave rise to the theory that the building was haunted. The house is now being torn down to make way for improvement to the Atwater Kent plant.

Mr. Manley also supplied the location of General Knyphausen's Hessian headquarters during the battle of Germantown, in 1777. The building was situated on the northwest corner of Thirty-third street and Midvale avenue, and stood until only a few years ago. The last tenant, to the best knowledge of the writer, was an Italian farmer and contractor by the name of Delassio.

General Orney, a United States army officer, who was supposed to have given valuable information to the British government during the Civil War, when Great Britain was favorable to the cause of the Confederate states, lived in a house on a knoll overlooking Warden drive.

The vast amount of facts and legends of the Wissahickon possessed by Mr. Manley would take volumes to describe. Kelpius and his monks, and their heiroglyphics, which can still be seen, by the initiated, some of which were omens signifying the coming of the "Woman of the Wilderness," based on the final chapter of the Bible, Revelations—the site of the battle of Germantown, which extended from Limekiln pike west across the Wissahickon valley to Ridge avenue, near the present Memorial Hospital, the tales of the garnet mines, of the terraced gardens of the old inhabitants and the love affairs of the men and women of the locality, in ancient times, are all familiar to this gentleman.

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Ridge road has been, for more than two centuries, a main highway for Philadelphia to Norristown, Perkiomen and beyond.

The Ridge is a natural highway, its ups and downs and twists of the road as it follows the rise and falls of the land along the eastern side of the Schuylkill, now bordering and now running away from the stream, cutting a convenient diagonal course to one of the oldest settled parts of the city of Philadelphia, show how the first road builders closely followed the lines on an old trail. There is a legend that it was a well established Indian path long before the arrival of William Penn.

There are authentic records that it was not long after the Welsh and Swedes and Germans had settled the lower section of the Schuylkill Valley, just beyond the present county line, that the need of a short cut to the city, other than the old German Towne road, prompted the bettering of the Indian trail until it became known as the Manatawny road, or "the great road leading to Plymouth."

That was in 1706, when the farmers had opened up the section between Roxborough and Norristown and flour and grist mills had begun to make use of the water of the Wissahickon. Later, when the road was opened to Perkiomen, there, too, the water was used to turn the wheels of the mills.

For a long time it was a rough and rocky road and sometimes the ruts were so deep as to make the journey anything but pleasant for those who rode in cart or carriage. In those days, as in recent years, the courts were filled with petitions asking for improvements, and apparently little attention was paid to them.

The city leaders of today should be commended for the present condition of this fine highway, for its smooth paving, despite the tremendous loads that are hauled up and down its length, is far beyond the dreams of the men who built the original road.

Within the city, Ridge road is officially an avenue. On its upper end, near Perkiomen, it is sometimes called "the pike;" in Norristown it is Main street, although it is sometimes called Egypt road. But from one end to the other it is generally called "the Ridge."

The turnpike company that first controlled its traffic a century ago adopted that name in 1811. In that year Governor Simon Snyder signed an act authorizing General Francis Swain and ten other commissioners to solicit subscriptions to the stock of a company to construct an artificial road over "the Ridge." In this enabling act it was provided that the road it was to build and maintain, from Ninth and Vine streets, in Philadelphia, to the Perkiomen bridge, in Montgomery County, over the line of the old road, was to be not less than forty nor more than sixty feet in width. The customary rate of toll was charged so as to maintain the road.

Prosperous farmers along the Ridge between the Falls of Schuylkill and the city proper, joined with those farther up in getting the usual statutory protection of being able to go from one part of their farm to another without paying any toll, and a further clause that there was to be no toll-gate south of Barren Hill until at least five miles of the road had been built north of that point.

In contrast, however, to the later franchises granted for the exceedingly profitable Ridge Avenue Street Railway, the turnpike company was able to obtain only a limited franchise.

In 1814, as there was no Public Service Commission, the turnpike company had to fight its own battles to obtain sufficient revenue to obtain returns on the investment. One statute the company fought for and had enacted provided that double tolls could be charged on heavy loads from November to May, to prevent the rutting of the road, and later on, while tolls were still being collected in Philadelphia, and Laurel Hill, as the largest of several cemeteries on the Ridge, had come into existence, a special act was passed to relieve the company from being forced to provide free passage for funerals.

Associated with the history of the old highway, both in the days be-

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fore and after the coming of the turnpike company and its later improvement as a city street and trolley and motor road, are many noted names.

William Smith, the first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, was one of the early residents on Indian Queen lane, in the Falls of Schuylkill, in a mansion near the Ridge, which still stands and is famed in the history of this locality as a place where Washington once stopped at the time of the yellow fever epidemic in 1793, when General Knox carried on the business of the war department in the building. Joseph Neef, who brought Pentalozzi's system of education to America, also at one time dwelt in this house.

Thomas Mifflin, the first governor of Pennsylvania, lived in a house on Ridge avenue, opposite the present Cafe Reviere.

Norristown is called after Isaac Norris, who bought the site of the town from William Penn.

The lower Ridge also has its historic sites, the chief one being Girard College.

The old Ridge changes slowly and today you can go along its ten-mile run within the city limits and find many a concern doing business at the same stand where its founders, more than half a century ago, set out to capture the trade which came down from the Falls of Schuylkill and beyond.

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The path of the religiously inclined has for years ascended to the heights as far as this life is concerned, at least, by way of Queen lane.

The first religious organization in the Falls was the Falls of Schuylkill Sunday School Association. It held services in the old Academy, which was erected in 1819. Abraham Martin, of School lane, was for many years president of the Assiciation. "Father" Martin, as he was affectionately called, was known throughout Philadelphia as the Sunday School visitor.

In 1838 the Falls Baptist Church was organized and its members, too, also tramped to the Academy until their own building was opened for services, lower down on the lane.

The Falls Methodist Church came into existance in 1837, when a class meeting was organized and meetings held on Sunday afternoons, in the home of Andrew Gilmore.

Later services were conducted in the old Academy by ministers supplied by the Philadelphia Local Preachers' Association.

In 1851 a board of trustees was elected, which consisted of the following members: Israel Foster, Joseph Clegg, Albert G. Marley, Thomas G. Wyatt, Andrew McGaw, James Dykes, James Mills, Sr., all of the Falls, and Edward Preston and Charles H. Sutton, of Manayunk. In three months a building was bought, improved and ready for occupancy, at Frederick and Stanton streets. This property was used as a house of worship until 1875.

In that year the present location, on Queen lane, was purchased from Alexander Krall, and the church erected, the total cost being in the neighborhood of $3981. The faithful once more ascended the lane.

Bishop Thomas B. Neely, whose death occurred on Friday, September 4, was a pastor at this local church, from 1867 to 1869.

At its altars souls have been born again, children have been baptized, hearts have been united in marriage, the mortal clay of dear ones has rested a while for the chant of a solemn hymn and the eulogies pronounced by loving pasctors.

The Falls Methodist Church, sacred with its many precious memories to hundreds of people, near and far, will, it is hoped, continue to serve the soul needs of the community, in its present location. Christians, in an earthly sense as well as in a spiritaul one, will then be permitted to continue to climb nearer to the Supreme Being.

As true today, as ever, is this from William H. Seward, in 1846:

"Whoever will study the character of the earliest immigrants to this country will find that they were alike unquiet under ecclesiastical and civil abridgements of their rights; he will find the same indomitable love of liberty among the Episcopalian adventurers on the Roanoke, the Puritans, who in their fear of God established their congregation upon the rock of Plymouth, the Quakers on the Schuylkill, the Catholics on the Susquehanna, the Netherlanders on the Hudson, the Germans on the Lehigh, and the Swedes and Finns at Cape Henlopen. He will be ready to say that God in His providence seems to have collected from the nations of Europe men of sturdy limbs, free minds and bold hearts, to lay broad and deep foundations of a state. Degenerate descendants of such ancestors should we indeed be, did we not value above all other blessings the boon of liberty—above all other distinctions, that of self-government."

Just above the railroad bridge, on the north side of Midvale avenue, was once a pond called McMackin's dam. This dam held back a large body of water, which backed up when the embankment was built across Mifflin's Hollow, to carry the railroad tracks.

A small dam, which was built by Governor Mifflin, when he erected his mansion on Ridge avenue, was

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completely covered by the larger accumulation of water.

The youth of the neighborhood used the dam for fishing and swimming in summer and for skating in winter.

"Bobby" Evans, who once kept the old Fountain Park Hotel, used to supply his ice-houses with ice cut from this pond. The men who cut the ice were paid on an average $2.50 a day, which was, compared with the wages of today, on a par with what plasterers are getting.

Another thing which has changed since those days is the fact that it has been many a long year since the ice froze thick enough, in this locality, to permit anyone to lay in a supply for the summer.

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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, Jousse 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 finally 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

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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 Mackie—Robert Mackie—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.

Andrew

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.

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On September 14, 1862, Company I, Blue Reserves of the Eighth Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia, left Philadelphia enroute to the front, at Hagerstown, Maryland.

This company was organized by and composed of men of the Falls of Schuylkill.

The captain, John Dobson, was at that time about 35 years of age and in the prime of his life.

Although the military career of Captain Dobson was short, it was such as to merit him considerable praise. He was somewhat militarily inclined and, for a short time, belonged to Captain Charles Thompson Jones' Pennsylvania Dragoons.

Dobson was a man of courage and determination and as captain of his company showed energy, resourcefulness and soldierly qualities which proved him equal to all demands made upon him while he led it.

His care in looking after the welfare of the men of his command was appreciated by the men who served under him.

John Dobson was probably best known as a carpet manufacturer who left a lasting impression on the industrial development of America, but there are still some who loved him best as captain of Company I.

The first lieutenant was George P. Eldridge, who was principal of Forest (Breck) School. He was a descendant of Sir Jeremy Eldridge, who had been sent to America by the king of England, to settle real estate titles for the heirs of William Penn.

The second lieutenant, Samuel Sutcliffe, was also an excellent officer and possessed the confidence and respect of the men who served under him.

The orderly sergeant, Jacob Dietrich, a German by birth, was an employe of Powers & Weightman and a leading member of the Falls Baptist Church.

Most of the men enlisted in Company I were 21 years of age or more, not a few being in or near middle age. The Company, including its officers, numbered ninty-eight men.

Besides these named, the officers were: Second sergeant, R. T. Roberts; third sergeant, Henry Pretty; fourth sergeant, William Stevenson; fifth sergeant, C. F. Abbott; first corporal, Edward Struse; second corporal, R. M. Morrison; third corporal, Edward Boardman; fourth corporal, John Nuneviler; musicians, Andrew Ford and Titus Haywood.

The privates were: Jerome Andrew, Henry Barber, Charles Boothroyd, George Blue, Duncan Blue, Burnell Brown, John Buchanan, James Buckley, James Bell, John Bell, William Birkmire, Joseph Bernard, Alexander Cox, George Clemens, John Dorsey, Michael Dougherty, John Hallowell, Edward Hoffman, Henry Huhn, John Hutchinson, William Illingsworth, John Ingram, Nathaniel Jaggers, William Jardine, James Johnson, Charles Krail, Benjamin Kenworthy, William Kirkpatrick, Henry Kuhn, Joseph Oozey, Rogers Oldman, Davis Phy, John Rhoades, Isaac Richman, Lewis Roseman, Theodore Reaver, George L. Scott, R. Stevenson, T. Schofield, Owen Shronk, John M. Shronk, Alfred Sherritt, John Speece, James Swartz, William Dillon, Felix Downing, Joel Fielding, John Fielding, Thomas Foster, William Flynn, Robert Flynn, John H. Green, Charles Greenwood, Robert Gilmore, James Grimes, Albert G. Marley, Jr., Charles K. Mills, James A. Mills, Adam Metinger, Augustus Messmer, Charles H. Miller, F. W. Morrison, Timothy Murphy, Robert McGowan, William Magill, John McEwen, John Sargent, Charles K. Sorber, James M. Smith, Silas Timbers, Thomas Lister, David Lush, James Lees, Theodore Marley, Henry Newman, William Wheeler, Alexander Thompson, Albert S. Ulary, Joseph B. Walker, Jacob G. Walker, Thomas Whalley.

The movements of the Eighth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, of which the Falls men were a part, are fully described in a diary kept by Seageant Dietrich.

The company marched from place to place in the vicinity of Hagerstown, and on the afternoon of the

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19th were drawn up in battle formation across the road about a mile or two from the town.

General John F. Reynolds, the distinguished commander of the First Corps in the battle of Gettysburg, at which place he was killed in the first day's fighting, was temporarily in charge of the militia.

Company I remained in the locality of Hagerstown for three days, but while the Confederates were close by, no fighting occurred.

On September 21 the regiment marched back to Hagerstown, and from there to Greencastle, where the men entrained for Harrisburg and were finally sent back to Philadelphia, arriving home on September 25, 1862.

The following year the Company was again organized, mainly by the same men, although there were a few changes in the personnel.

The Company was in Carlisle at the time the town was shelled, being the only time the Company was under fire.

Although opportunity to fight was denied them, the patriotism and spirit of the soldiers from the Falls, during this crisis in the history of the country, left little room for complaint.

While scores of other men enlisted in other regiments in various branches of the service, Company I, of the Blue Reserves, was really the "Falls Own."

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A bronze tablet on the East River drive that is little noticed is near the Queen Lane Pumping Station. This marker was erected October 5, 1907, to commemorate Camp Stokley, the recruiting ground of the Eighty-eighth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, from August 24 to October 5, 1861.

The tablet stands a short distance back from the drive and is almost hidden by shrubbery, so that the inscription can only be deciphered by close scrutiny.

When the regiment marched from the camp and down dusty Ridge road on its way to the front, the 830 men and officers had not yet been armed. The men had been drilled and taught military tactics without the use of guns, as the quartermaster's department had been unable to adequately equip the hastily organized army.

George P. McLean, as colonel, had charge of the regiment from October 3, 1861, to December 1, 1862. George W. Gile, a breveted brigadier general, was colonel from December 1, 1862, until March 3, 1863.

The late General Louis Wagner was a lieutenant in Company B and later, from March 3, 1863, to June 30, 1865, was in command of the regiment.

Captain John Belsterling, of Manayunk, who had seen service in the Mexican War and prior to the Civil War, was leader of the Manayunk Greys, commanded Company C. Belsterling's company was made up of men from the Falls and Manayunk, who appreciated the ability and kindliness of their commander.

The regiment served in the First and Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. It participated in the following battles: Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock, Chantilly, Thorofare Gap, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomoy, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, White Oak, Five Forks and Appomattox.

The total enrollment was 1213; killed, 109; died of disease, 72; wounded, 363, and prisoners of war, 165. The regiment was mustered out at Camp Cadwallader, June 50, 1865.

The Observer has in his possession a treasured letter written by a member of the Falls Business Men's Association, in which is contained one paragraph of original philosophy, that is assuredly a gem to be remembered. He writes, apologizing for not having answered a letter immediately:

"It is not indifference, but just neglect to do the thing I ought most to do. Oh, if we would always do the things we should do, without procrastinating, how many opportunities we could make use of, that we let slip by, and how much better we would enjoy life, knowing that we did the right thing."

As often as the writer reads this paragraph he is impelled to think of some action that should be pursued and so I pass it along, feeling that it might make like impressions on others.

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

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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."

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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.

Uutil 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 Schylkill 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

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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.

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There are hundreds of people who annually go to see the boat races on the Schuylkill, where at the finish line is Peter's Island, and it is remarkable how few are aware of how this beautiful piece of ground received its name.

Belmont Mansion, in West Fairmount Park, was the birthplace and residence of the distinguished Judge Richard Peters. Keyser, in his "Fairmount Park," written many years ago, says: "On this place, twenty-five years ago, was still standing what Downing describes as the grandest avenue of hemlocks in America. These trees were centenarians, in the perfection of their growth, ninety feet high, some draped with immense masses of English ivy."

The estate ran from the mansion to the river and included the island.

All of the famous men of the day—after the Revolution—who lived in the locality or who visited Philadelphia were the guests of the Judge, who was known as a "patriot, legislator, jurist and a pioneer in the agriculture of Pennsylvania. He wrote excellent songs, told the best stories and was regarded as the most noted wit of his time." The quotation is from Colonel Forney's "Anecdotes."

The island, to the best knowledge of the writer is the only part of the Judge's property which still retains his name, although Belmont Mansion is very often referred to as "Peter's monsion."

If you were a Falls boy some twenty years ago, before the erection of the public bath house, you probably had many a good time swimming in Gukas's pond. Every day of the school vacation the boys of the neighborhood were wont to go to this popular swimming hole, which was formed by the water of a small stream being dammed up by an old wall of the fire-destroyed brewery. On one side of the pond the woods ran out to Midvale avenue, and on the other was a close-clipped stretch of grass, which extended to School lane.

The boys would start up the hill, from Midvale avenue, opposite the Library, and race along a path through the woods, to see who would be the first in the water. Most of them, in summer, at least, simply wore a blouse, pants and a cap, being sans shoes and stockings. Very often, some lad, more daring than the rest, would dive in, clothes and all. Swimming to the shore, with all the glory of having been first in, he would wring out his scanty raiment and spread it on the grass, in the sun. By the time the boys were ready to go home the clothes would be dry.

Today Warden drive covers the site of the pond, but the memories will live for many years with the boys who enjoyed the swimming at "Gukies."

Another favorite swimming place was in the Schuylkill, just below City avenue bridge, and was familiarly known as "The Tree." The name was given to the place because a tree that extended out over the river made an excellent thing on which to tie a rope. The bathers would grasp the swinging end of the rope and would spring out from the shore, as far as it was possible to go, and then drop into the water.

There was a fly in the ointment, though, in bathing at this point, for it was in the confines of Fairmount Park, and in those days swimming in the river was prohibited. The Park police boat Rescue used to patrol the waters, and many was the time that the guard on duty would confiscate the clothes of some lad who had been careless enough to leave his "duds" on the bank. The initiated always took the precaution to stow them in a safe place, foreseeing just such an emergency.

The loss of one's clothes was always a source of worriment, until the enforcer of the law would relent, and, after administering a lecture, would return the clothing and let the offender off with the promise that he would not swim in the river again. The promises, I am afraid,

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were very often broken. Like peaches in the other fellow's orchard, it was always a temptation to go swimming at "The Tree" for the opportunity it offered to "put something over" on the park guard.

Scott's Dam, Abbott's Dam, the pond in Anderson's Hollow and McKinney's quarry were other places where the youth of the vicinity were in the habit of bathing, before the city provided safer if not as enjoyable facilities.

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Bicyclist Injured

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When Washington and his officers, in their papers, referred to one of their camps, in 1777, they sometimes spoke of it as "near Germantown," or at other times, "by the Schuylkill Falls."

The camp was situated on the ground which is now known as the Queen lane filter plant, of the Philadelphia water bureau.

The home of the Garretts—or Garrettsons, as the family was then known— was nearby and stood until quite recently. Incidentally, members of the Garrett family served under Washington in the Revolution and some of their descendants are still residents of the Falls.

A farm house, on the site of Carlton mansion, on Queen lane, was used as headquarters by Washington and other officers of the American army.

Griffith Evans lived in a house which was burned down about fifteen years ago, at what is now Fox street and Abbottsford avenue, where at this time there is a factory being built.

Evans was quite a character during the Revolution, and continued to live in the Falls for some thirty years or more after the war. He and his brother, Owen, also served with Washington at Valley Forge.

The Sorber property on Ridge avenue, just below Queen lane, was then known as Palmer's tavern, and while Washington's army camped here there were at times courts martial held in the tavern.

The army camped in the Falls from August 1 to August 8, 1777, and again for two days, September 12 and 13, just after the battle of Brandywine.

Lafayette, who visited Washington, while here, estimated the number of men to be about 11,000.

Some of the commanders were Greene, of Rhode Island; Knox, of Massachusetts; Stirling and Maxwell, of New Jersey; Muhlenburg, Weedon and Morgan, of Virginia; Wayne and Moylan of Pennsylvania, and Nash of North Carolina.

The army on August 14, 1777, marched from the camp by Schuylkill Falls and crossed the river again to give combat to the British army.

All that remains, as a reminder of this camp, is a large stone marker, surrounded by ancient cannon, at the northeast corner of the filter beds.

An unusually meritorious piece of masonry that deserves the attention of the younger generation is the stone bridge which carries the tracks of the Reading Railroad over the Schuylkill.

Christian Swartz, the master mason of the Reading Company, who lived in the Falls, erected this bridge in 1853 or 1854.

It is known as a skew stone arch bridge and was the first of its kind built in or near Philadelphia.

For years it has withstood thousands of tons of moving weight and, from all appearances, is fully capable of many more years of service.

This from Tyrone Power's "Memories of Philadelphia, 1836":

There was then no Fairmount Park; the term Fairmount was appled to the hill and ground in the immediate vicinity of the water works and reservoir, near the dam; and the bridge and gardens, pathways and pleasant places of retreat, enabled the people to enjoy the scenery, especially on Sundays and holidays.

The water works were one of the great "sights" of the city and were known all over the United States as a remarkable example of municipal enterprise. The Schuylkill water that was distributed in the city had then the highest reputaion for is purity, and Power, in using it, explained the gratitude he felt to the Fairmount water works, as well as his respect for the public spirit in which they had been conceived.

Time and again he rambled along the Schuylkill to the Falls, to Man-

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ayunk, to German Towne and into the wilderness of the "Wisihissing," as he called it. He made these excursions chiefly on horseback; and they gave him "many pleasant surprises," but more than once he spoke of his misgivings as to the new bridge, which the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad was building as a connection between the eastern shore of the Schuylkill and the "Inclined Plane" at Belmont. To him it was a useful, but most unpicturesque invasion, "highly beneficial to the community, no doubt, but destructive to the repose and seclusion of this charming scene."

They say that there is nothing new under the sun. In this marvelous age of invention we reap the benefit of long hours of thought and perseverance of the men who dreamed of sending speech through the air. By means of the radio we, of the present age, have the world brought right into our homes.

After Franklin discovered electrical force, Morse is credited with the telegraph, and quite recently Marconi utilized the teachings of both and developed wireless telegraphy. Radio, through evolution, is at this time the electrical wonder of the day.

According to Parton's "Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin," Franklin was in reality the first to discover that electricity could be transmitted from the source to another point some distance away, without the use of a metal conductor. He, at one time, sent a spark across the Schuylkill by laying a wire down to the water's edge on one side of the river and receiving it on a wire suspended in the water at the other side of the stream.

Franklin in writing to Peter Collinson, in 1748, says: "Spirits at the same time are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor than water; an experiment which we some time since performed, to the amazement of many."

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It is not necessary to go back into the distant past to the days of Kelpius, the hermit, or "Mom" Rinker, on her rock, to find the Wissahickon as a paradise for lovers of sylvan solitude.

People began to find out the charm of the place years ago. In 1840, a log hut was erected on the eastern bank of the creek, just above Ridge avenue, as an emblem in the "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too" campaign of General William Henry Harrison, for President.

Thomas Llewellyn secured possession of this log cabin and stocked it with beasts and birds—owls, hawks, eagles, coons, possums, foxes and squirrels. This was the forerunner of our present zoo. Llewellyn was not content, and buying one of the old horse-drawn passenger cars of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, set it up on the opposite side of the road and installed in it two large black bears.

On November 4, 1869, a tremendous freshet roared down the "valley green," carrying shrubbery and small game before it and even ripping sturdy trees into kindling.

The old railroad car, with the bears inside, loudly voicing their complaint, was carried down stream, like a Mississippi houseboat. The bears, it is pleasant to record, snapped their chains and swam ashore.

The next day one of the bears—which had been given up as lost—showed up under ludicrous circumstances.

George Lieb Harrison, on School lane, employed a man with a vivid imagination, who was a little inclined to see things. A policeman, Thomas Short, of the Manayunk Station House, spied Pat running down the lane as if all the banshees in Ireland were after him.

Pat, emulating Paul Revere, shouted warnings as he ran and yelled to the cop with the scant breath that was in him. "Get away from here! Shure it's the divil himself is comin' over the field wid a upon his back!"

The bear, in search of friends and food, had wandered into a cornfield. There he butted into a shock of corn, and one of the sheaves became entangled in a piece of the chain which still hung to his neck. The corn stood up and waved like a plume, and hence the stampede of the superstitious son of Erin.

Schopenhauer—a sour genius, but a genius—speaks contemptously of people herded into small rooms, unable to get "enough of one another's company."

If you enter a village or small town and want to find the man or youth of ability, do you look for him leaning over the village pool table, sitting at the drug store fountain or lounging around a corner with other vacant minds? Certainly not. You find him at work, and you usually find him alone.

Think how public institutions dwarf the brains and souls of unhappy children condemned to live in them. No chance there for individual, separate development. Millions of children have grown up in such places, millions of sad nonentities.

You wonder why so much ability comes from up the country—why a Lincoln comes from the backwoods, while you, flourishing in a great city, can barely keep your place as a stenographer.

The countryman has got to be by himself, much of the time, whether he wishes to be or not. If he has anything in him, it comes out.

Astronomy, man's grandest study, grew up among the shepherds. You of the cities never even see the stars, much less study them.

Don't be a sheep or a deer. Don't devote your hours to the company and conversation of those who know as little as you do. Don't think hard only when you are trying to remember a popular song or to decide on the color of your winter overcoat or necktie.

Remember you are an individual, not a grain of dust or a blade of grass. Don't be a sheep—be a man. It has taken Nature and a kind

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Providence a hundred million years to produce you. Don't make them sorry that they took the time.

Get out in the park and walk and think. Get up in your bedroom, read, study, write what you think. Talk more to yourself and less to others.

The first known school in the Falls was in a building long occupied by John H. Green as a residence, on Queen lane. After that came the school in Smith's octagonal-shaped building in which Professor Nicholas H. Maguire taught young men.

The old Academy, on Queen lane, erected in 1819, was opened as a school in 1821. In that building the Forest School was started, with Robert Fraley as teacher. In 1851 it was removed to the new building, on the Carson property, where Mr. Fraley was succeeded by the Rev. Robert Mackie.

Andrew

In 1848 a school was opened on Laboratory Hill and continued until the close of 1853.

The latest school in the Falls is the parochial school of St. Bridget's Catholic Church. SCCAFF

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A good many people are under the impression that the City avenue bridge, over the Schuylkill, is an inter-county structure, but this is not true.

When the bridge was constructed, in the nineties, by a syndicate, of which the late J. V. Merrick, of Roxborough, was a member, a three-cornered plot of ground was bought from the estate of George B. Roberts, just south of City avenue, on the west bank of the river. The highway was then straightened, which permitted the builders to erect the bridge so that both ends rested on property in the city of Philadelhphia.

The City Line originally curved a short distance north of the west end of the bridge. There was a railroad station, just around the curve of the hill as the old City Line road proceeded on its way to join the River road, which is now a thing of the ages, the ground being covered with a maze of railroad tracks in the yard of the American Bridge Company. The station was finally moved further north and is known, on the railroad maps, as Pencoyd.

There is an old tale to the effect that Robeson's knoll, where the eastern end of the bridge rests, was, during the War of Independence, the site of a grist mill operated by British sympathizers. The story goes on to say that in the mill, glass was ground into the flour which was to be sold to the Continental Army. Fortunately, the scheme was "nipped at the bud" and the plotters captured and punished accordingly.

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The old Twenty-first Ward covered a very large territory, including Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon, the Falls of Schuylkill and the country down to Montgomery avenue. Its eastern limit, at Nicetown lane, was Wissahickon avenue, and beyond this lane it extended to and included a part of Tioga, the southeast corner of the ward reaching almost to Sixth street. Since about 1865 it has been divided into the Twenty-first, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-eighth and Thirty-second Wards.

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Under a charter given by Charles II. King of England, in 1681, the region west of the Delaware was granted to William Penn, the Quaker, who colonized it and founded Philadelphia in 1682. This grant included the State of Delaware, and the whole territory was ruled under the same proprietary until 1689, when a separate legislature, although the same governor, was allowed that section of the province. This sytem of government was followed until 1776.

The Penn charter included ground covered by previous grants, which were vague, made to the New England colonies of Virginia and Maryland. All the boundary lines were easily settled except that separating Pennsylvania from Maryland, which was not defined until the end of the Mason and Dixon survey, in 1767.

The original Swedish settlers readily coalesced with the Quakers and the remarkable thrift of the people, combined with the humane treatment they accorded their Indian neighbors, soon made Pennsylvania a flourishing commonwealth.

The influx of large bodies of Scotch-Irish and German immigrants rapidly increased the population and wealth.

The government organized by William Penn continued until 1776, when with the other provinces it joined in the fight for independence.

In 1790 a new state constitution was formed. The capital of the state was moved from Philadelphia to Lancaster in 1799, and was there until 1812, when Harrisburg was selected as the seat of the state government.

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The tale of "Moore's Cottage," along the west bank of the river in Fairmount Park, received recognition through the well-known "Ballad Stanzas" which the poet, Tom Moore, composed while amid the enchantments of the Schuylkill.

"I knew, by the smoke that so
gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, 'If there's peace to be
found in the world
A heart that was humble, might
hope for it here!'

"It was noon, and on flowers that
languished around,
In silence reposed the voluptuous
bee,
Every leaf was at rest and I heard
not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the
hollow beech tree.

"And, 'here in this lone little wood,'
I exclaimed,
'With a maid who was lovely, to
soul and to eye,
Who could blush when I praised her
and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how
calm could I die!'

"By the shade of yon sumac, whose
red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how
sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips
Which had never been sighed on,
by any but mine!"

Away back in the dim past, the Falls was a favorite place for the wealthy citizens of Philadelphia to erect their country homes.

The Mifflin mansion was one of the most noted and was built before the Revolution by Governor Thomas Mifflin, who lived in it for years, entertaining many distinguished guests within its walls.

It was of typical colonial architecture, being two stories and a half high, and having in front the usual four massive pillars which supported a piazza, or balcony.

It was always a source of interest to the people of inquisitive minds. Curious stories were current about the mansion. Like other old houses, it was supposed to have been haunted, to have double doors and doors that would not stay closed. When the house was torn down, in 1893, a secret room was actually found between the first and second floors.

Mifflin, the soldier and statesman, was at one time the foe of Washington, but was always a staunch patriot.

He was the first governor of the State of Pennsylvania, under the constitution, and was continually in public life from the age of his majority until his death in 1800.

Franklin and Robert Morris were frequent visitors and Washington an occasional one. These famous men, it is said, often drove out from the city to the Mifflin home and took breakfast with the governor, and then made their way to Belmont, where Judge Peters was ever ready to extend his hospitality.

J. P. Brissot de Warville, in his "New Travels in the United States of America, in 1788," describes a visit to Governor Mifflin, at the Falls of Schylkill.

The mansion passed into the hands of Algernon Roberts, who called the place "Fountain Park," and during his possession it became famous for its beautiful fountains and deer park.

After Roberts died the estate had several owners, Bergdoll and Psotta, the brewers, owning it at one time and erecting a brewery on a part of the property. In 1852 it was bought by Samuel Winpenny for $3500. The brewery was later known as Stein's brewery.

The ground, which was at the foot of Stanton and Eveline streets, is now occupied by two- and three-storied dwellings and stores.

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Until recently there stood at School lane and Ridge avenue, a three-storied bulding in which Philip Gukas kept a tavern before and during the Centennial year.

In front of the place was a stone watering trough, and while many a steed quenched his thirst in aqua pura, outside, his master would find refreshments, inside, that would satisfy the higher order of animal, man.

Surrounding the place, from School lane along the west side of the railroad to the High Bridge, and on the east side of Ridge road, was a park which was an exceedingly popular place for picnics.

Gukas, the owner of the tavern and park, was a genial German, who lived farther up on School lane.

The property on which his home was built extended back almost to Midvale avenue, and Gukas erected a brewery on this rear portion of his land. Warden drive, as it takes its first bend beyond the Library, passes exactly over the spot on which this brewery stood. The structure was destroyed by fire some thirty-five years ago.

The tavern at Ridge avenue and School lane was afterward occupied by a man named Alexander Grimes. Later an Englishman, familiarly called "Tripe Bob," obtained possession of the place and served soup and tripe, which was sold in various forms, and other English delicacies, to the people of the neighborhood.

"Tripe Bob"—his proper name being impossible to obtain, on account of the popular use of his nickname—was a type of English sportsman, and was the owner of a large kennel of setters and pointers.

The tavern was used for many purposes, for a long time, until about a year ago, when it was burned to the ground and all that remains are the stone filled cellars, which are almost hidden by large billboard signs.

Dr. Joseph Carson, for many years professor of materia medica and pharmacy at the University of Pennsylvania, passed his boyhood in the Falls of Schuylkill. The Samuel Breck School is on the old Carson estate.

In a cholera epidemic, in 1832, Professor Carson, who had been absent, in India, returned and took an active part in alleviating the sufferings of the people, both in the Falls and farther up the Schuylkill.

In February, 1863, the Falls played a leading, but sorrowful, part in the history of the medical profession. The disease now known as cerebro-spinal-meningitis made its first appearance in this town. A number of people—apparently in the best physical condition—were suddenly stricken with an unknown malady and died within a few hours.

The physicians of the town, after consultations, worked together as a unit and were joined by Dr. Jewell, of the faculty of Jefferson Medical College, in their efforts to combat the disease. After a number of patients had expired the doctors concluded to call the epidemic "spotted fever," which name it was known by, until the scientific appellation was bestowed upon it.

Those interested in the welfare of laboring people may be interested in a little scrap of local history concerning early laws on the subject.

In the Washington Print Works, of Cooksockey—which was just across the river—William Simpson was the first employer to adopt the ten-hour-a-day labor law after its enactment in the State of Pennsylvania and was the only one to make fifty-eight hours a week's labor, and paid the workers for sixty hours.

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The chemical manufacturing company of Powers, Weightman & Rosengarten is 107 years old. The foundations of the firm were laid in 1818, when the United States was still in its infancy. As the young nation has grown, so has this concern and its history is closely linked with that of the growth of the American chemical industry.

The firm had its birth when Farr & Kunzi began the manufacture of chemicals in 1818, in a small plant near Twelfth and Arch streets. Abraham Kunzi, a native of Switzerland, retired from the business in 1838. In the interim, to be exact, in 1820, the firm had moved to a location on Eighteenth street, near Fairmount avenue. After a year at this place it again moved, this time to Fourth and Green streets. In 1822 another move was made and the concern settled at Ninth and Parrish streets.

At this time the neighborhood was practically open country with a few houses in the vicinity. These sparse settlers took objection to the manufacture of heavy chemicals, like sulphuric, muriatic and other acids, claiming that the fumes were objectionable. This led to the establishment of a branch laboratory at the Falls of Schuylkill and was the first branching out of the house.

In 1838, when Abraham Kunzi retired from the business, his partner, John Farr, an Englishman, associated with himself, two of his young clerks. These were Thomas H. Powers and William Weightman, and the head of the firm declared that he had merely taken a liking to them and made them partners, although Weightman was Farr's nephew. The concern then became known as John Farr & Company. This was later changed to Farr, Powers & Weightman and, on the death of Farr, in 1841, the firm name was again changed, this time to Powers & Weightman, by which designation it was known until 1905.

Antother branch of the company was started in 1822. At first it was known as Seitler & Zeitler. The first was Swiss, coming from one of the French cantons, while Zeitler was a German, from Wurzburg. They began to make chemicals on St. John street and were the first to manufacture the alkaloids of chincona and opium in this country; having begun to make sulphate of quinine in 1823, sulphate of morphine in 1831. Salts of quinine were also manufactured in 1825, by John Farr & Company.

At the time Seitler & Zeitler entered business in 1822, George D. Rosengarten was engaged in the wool business. He was a competent accountant and being versed in the French language, as well as in his own native German, was called in to audit the accounts of the chemists. The satisfactory manner in which he accomplished his work made, for him, friends of both members of the firm.

On December 1, 1823, Charles Seitler sold out to young Rosengarten, who thus became Carl Zeitler's partner. The receipt of that transfer is still in existence and guarded as a relic by the Rosengarten family. Seitler afterwards returned to work for the firm in which he had once held a half interest.

Zeitler also withdrew a short time later and George D. Rosengarten continued alone, but later took a partner named Dennis. Dennis withdrew about 1845 and, shortly after this, Mr. Rosengarten took in his sons, and the company became known as Rosengarten & Sons. This firm continued in that status until the amalgamation with Powers & Weightman, in 1905, and the united firm has since been called Powers, Weightman & Rosengarten.

The firm has three plants, two in New York and one in St. Louis. The history of this house from its very inception has been one of conservatism and reliability and it is probably the best known manufacturer of general and medicinal chemicals in the United States, if not anywhere.

While most of the streets are now

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lighted electrically, there are a few which still depend upon gas lamps. Years ago even these were considered wonderful, the Ridge then being lit, at night, with camphene lights.

The official who had charge of filling, cleaning, and lighting these lamps was Lewis Mettinger, a resident of the Falls, and the performance of these important duties was regulated by the rising and setting of the moon. If the moon rose early, no lamps were lit until it set; if it rose late, though the lamps were lit early, they were extinguished when it appeared—which was, no doubt, an economical procedure.

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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 Garrettson, 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 Garrettson the honors of being the original

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settlers.

In an old map showing the Falls of Schyulkill and its vicinity in 1750, ther are farms and plantations which are marked: Robeson, Morgan, Garrettson, Palmer, Shute, Bond, Francis, Hood, Mifflin, 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.

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When the prospectors of old, while seeking for the precious treasures of Mother Earth, continually on the alert with the hope of having their dreams realized, made a genuine "strike," even though it was the fulfillment of their expectations, they often experienced an unexpressable feeling of elation over their good fortune.

The writer quite recently was filled with a similar elation when, in search of material for this column, he was graciously handed a copy of the Parish Bulletin of St. Bridget's Church, by the rector, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor W. J. Walsh.

The interesting history of this Church which is contained in the Bulletin, no doubt, familiar to all of its communicants, is not generally known to all of the people of the Falls of Schuylkill.

It is with the intention of disclosing a few of the real "diamonds" of the history of the town that were found in the Parish Bulletin that this article is written.

The first person of the Catholic faith to dwell in the Falls was Thomas Hickey, who came to the town in 1825. He lived to be 80 years old and died December 30, 1865.

The first holy mass was celebrated in this community in 1834. Thomas Drennan resided in the place where mass was first held. Peter Nolan, who came later, drove the first pick into the ground for the foundations of the old St. Bridget's Church and for more than fifty years lived opposite the edifice, on Stanton street, which was then known as James street.

Thomas Hickey, Thomas Drennan and Peter Nolan left many descendants to aid in upbuilding the faith of which they were the pioneers in this community.

It is interesting to us of this generation to know that the early Catholics of the Falls were compelled travel to St. Augustine's, in order ear holy mass. We reverently at their devotion, for in rain and sunshine, despite the poor transportation facilities of their day, they regularly attended to their religious duties.

In an earlier "Observation" on the schools of the Falls of Schuylkill, it is now evident that the writer was not in possession of all of the facts concerning the town's educational institutions.

In 1834 what is now world renowned as Laurel Hill Cemetery, was a popular pleasure ground. It was there that space was secured for a boys' school, to relieve the crowding of the students in the small seminary conducted by Bishop Kenrick, at St. Mary's, on Fourth street, above Spruce street. Father Jeremiah Kiely taught the classes, and a part of the mansion on the newly acquired estate served both as a chapel for the school, and a place of worship. It was in this modest place that holy mass was first publicly celebrated in the Falls of Schuylkill. The property was eventually sold to the Laurel Hill Cemetery Company, and classes were resumed on Queen lane—on Plush Hill—in charge of Professor Maguire, who boarded at the Falls Hotel.

Monsignor Walsh also tells the writer of the recollections of the late Pierce Flynn, in which Mr. Flynn often spoke of a school which was conducted on Stanton street, just below the site of the present church property.

When an Augustinian priest celebrated the final mass in the chapel, at Laurel Hill, the Catholics of the vicinity looked about for another place of worship. A frame and stone building on Ferry road was procured, in which services were temporarily held. The history of the parish, in subsequent years, records the occupancy of the old academy, on Queen lane, and the residence of Richard Kelly, on the site of the offices of the Dobson Carpet Mills. Later the homes of Alexander McBride and Christopher Kelly, on James street, were selected for holding divine services. Father Hugh MeMahon attended the mission from Nicetown, being assisted by Father Domenec, who afterward

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became bishop of Pittsburgh, and Father Cullen.

A meeting for the purpose of organizing and procuring a site for establishing a local church was held in the home of Thomas Byrne, on James street; and in September, 1853, the cornerstone of the church was laid by venerable Bishop Neumann, assisted by Father McMahon, who was appointed the first resident pastor and lived opposite the old Mifflin mansion.

The Rev. James M. Cullen, of St. Michael's, succeeded Father McMahon, and pushed the work of building the church with great energy. In the year 1855, it was roofed and dedicated to St. Bridget, on which occasion mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. William O'Hara, who afterward was consecrated bishop of Scranton.

The first Fourth of July picnic had its inception at the time of the dedication of the church. There is still preserved a ticket, issued seven years after the dedication, which reads: "Seventh Grand Annual Picnic of St. Bridget's Sunday School, at Strawberry Mansion, 1862." To former residents, of the Falls, these picnics, which are still continued by every Sunday School in the town, give an opportunity for those who are compelled to seek a livelihood elsewhere to have a traditional family gathering on the Fourth, in which to revive recollections of "Home, Sweet, Home."

The Rev. Thomas Fox, of St. Patrick's, in Philadelphia, succeeded Father Cullen. He was an indefatigable worker and of an exceptionally amiable disposition. He was revered by all the people of the Falls, regardless of their faith. The day of his funeral was the occasion of a great outpouring of the people of the town. Business was suspended for the time. It was a wintry day, and the ice and sleet on the streets and sidewalks made travel almost impossible. So that the faithful might, with safety, attend the obsequies of the beloved pastor. William Simpson & Sons, Powers & Weightman, and John & James Dobson sent horses and men to haul ashes and spread them on the streets.

The Rev. Richard O'Connor, 1875, who had been pastor of St. Patrick's, in Pottsville, succeeded Father Fox. Upon the death of Father O'Connor, his successor was Father Martin, of St. Stephen's, but this good man served in the Falls only a little over a year before he died.

In 1884 the Rev. William Walsh, an assistant at St. Paul's, came to St. Bridget's. It was under this well loved priest's direction that the parish school was established. The cornerstone of the school was laid in 1887, and in September of the following year, it was opened with a class of children, under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The little band of eight nuns included Sister Laurentina, whose interest in everything pertaining to the parish is cherished by the present congregation. Under the direction of Mother Angela, Mother Pacifica, Mother Aurelia and Mother St. Francis, the school has extended its curriculum. The work of these devoted women is fondly spoken of by everyone who has attended the school.

After serving the parish for twenty-four years, Father William Walsh died and was succeeded by the Rev. Bernard F. Gallagher, and he, in turn, was followed, in December, 1918, by the present pastor, Monsignor Walsh.

Even with the length of this article, I have given but a bare outline of the history of St. Bridget's, and it is with deep regret that space compels me to omit many names of people who have faithfully served the church, in various capacities, since its establishment in the Falls.

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Away back in the early days of the Falls, there were many interesting people. In addition to the Smiths, Mifflins and Garretts, such names as Shronk, Sorber, Hagner, Krail, Johnson, Evans, Mower, Staace, and Jardine have been familiar in the affairs of the town.

The village of the Falls, actually only a few miles from the city, was countrified and has always had an individuality as noticeable as any town of inland Pennsylvania or New England. The majority of the people were engaged in local pursuits, being farmers, fishermen, blacksmiths, carpenters, mill owners and mill hands. These with the parson, doctor, teacher and innkeepers, made up the backbone of the population.

They were a fine lot of people, with interests then—as they should be today—in common, good citizens, good lovers and good haters, good friends, and good neighbors.

The Observer has often witnessed the mystified expression on the faces of strangers, at a gathering in the Falls, when some of the old local names have been mentioned in the course of the conversation.

Such places as Sugden's row, Pasteboard row, Dutch Hollow, Cock-roach row, Dobson's row, Castle Garden, Plush Hill, Byrne's row, are all familiar to our old residents, but to the stranger in our midst the locations of these places are undisclosed.

Sugden's row is a collection of dwellings which are near the Port Richmond Railroad crossing to the old mill, near Scott's lane.

Pasteboard row is along Ridge avenue, above School lane.

Dutch Hollow is the ground along Midvale avenue, between the railroad and Ridge avenue.

Cock-roach row has disappeared entirely, the ground now being the property of the city of Philadelphia, on which has been erected a public bath-house.

Dobson's row is the long row of stores along Ridge avenue, from Crawford street to about one square below Queen lane.

Castle Garden, still in existence, stands at Frederick and Stanton streets—the row being, at one time, a single building which was used as a place of worship by the Falls Methodist Church.

Plush Hill is the local name given to a row of houses on the old Smith estate, on Queen lane, about a square above Ridge avenue.

And, last but not least, is Byrne's row, at the top of Stanton street, just above St. Bridget's Parochial School. The row is now the property of St. Bridget's Church, which, it is believed, will at some future date, erect a high school on the ground.

James street—better known as Jimmy street—is now Stanton street. Elizabeth street we now call Cresswell. Brewery street has been named after a mayor and is called Arnold, as are a good many of the streets which were once numbered, such as Fox, Vaux and Stokley streets.

Years ago the country midway between Queen lane and School lane was beautifully wooded and several streams ran down to the Schuylkill River from the east. The woods extended to Wissahickon avenue, over the most of the distance, private properties along the lanes having been cleared and cultivated.

The youth of the Falls used to have delightful times tramping through this wooded ground. Shrubbery, underbrush and wild flowers were to be found in profusion. Rabbits and squirrel were plentiful and thousands of birds made the woods sound with their songs. Days spent in chestnutting were happily experienced in this old woodland. The chestnut tree blight of some fifteen or twenty years ago, destroyed all of this species of fine wood, and the houses which are being erected on the ground are rapidly making it necessary to remove the other va-

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rieties.

Midvale avenue now wends its way through what was the center of this woods. Through the district ran several creeks. One of these, the most northerly, ran into the Laboratory ravine. Another ran down Midvale avenue to the Reading Railroad, and, passing through a tunnel, emerged on the other side to run down to Ridge avenue, where it met another small stream from the southern side of the woods.

These creeks made their way around a hill that was known as Blackberry Hill. This was just to the west of where "East Falls" station, on the Reading, is situated.

The brooks, after they met, passed under an old bridge on Ridge avenue, near Midvale avenue, forming a fairly good-sized stream, and ran for a few hundred feet between willow trees to the Schuylkill.

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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. KNIGHT

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" Batler's farm. Butler

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 farther 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 Rochenbach.

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 Andrewses, 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 Bogan, 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.

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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 "Pemberton"—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 reg-

ular 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.

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"M. K. C.," in his "Schuylkill," writes as follows:

"Of Shronk, the doughty fisherman,
Famous with line, and net, and seine."

Godfrey Shronk was a noted fisherman who passed a long life at the Falls of Schuylkill. Many of his descendants are still residents of the town and the writer of "Schuylkill" goes on to say that "when a boy I have listened by their firesides, with interest and admiration, to their recitals of his wonderful piscatorial achievements."

Hagner, in his historical sketches of the Falls of Schuylkill, also speaks of Shronk, the fisherman.

When Dr. Smith—a celebrated Episcopal minister and the first provost of the University of Pennsylvania—lived on Queen lane, it is related he was renowned, among other things, for his liking of good dinners. He once undertook to reprimand Godfrey Shronk for fishing on Sunday, when Shronk replied: "Doctor, if your dinner was at the bottom of the Schuylkill, you, too, would be very apt to fish for it."

And between you and me, I believe he would have.

Some weeks ago the observer was fortunate enough to have the privilege of scanning some old files of The Forecast, that sterling little paper that was once distributed in the Falls, by the Carwardines. Of particular interest to the writer were the forms of amusement that were in vogue her in the Falls some twenty years ago.

We of today, when we seek entertainment, have only to put on our hats and coats and go to the nearest "movie." Twenty years ago this was impossible. The people of the Falls had to wait for one of the local organizations—the Montrose Boat Club, the Y. M. L. I., the Creston Stock Company or some of the various church societies—to stage an entertainment for the amusement of the community.

One of these organizations, the Creston Stock Company, composed of home talent, under the able direction of Bernard Dowdall, annually presented three or four plays. In The Forecast of March 20, 1902, is a review of one of these shows, "The Shamrock and the Rose," which had been staged upon the boards of old Odd Fellows Hall, on the preceeding St. Patrick's Day evening.

Old folks and middle-aged residents will recall old times by reading the following:

"Every seat, as well as every inch of the standing room in Odd Fellows Hall was crowded by a delighted audience to witness the production of that sterling romantic Irish comedy-drama, 'The Shamrock and the Rose,' by the Creston Stock Company, on St. Patrick's night.

"Notwithstanding the great crowd the best of order prevailed, and the only complaint was from those unable to secure a reserved seat. They were at a premium, and nearly all were sold before the doors opened.

"The production of the play, as given by the Creston Stock Company, has never been surpassed, the portrayal of the different characters as well as the staging being true to nature and called forth from those who witnessed it the most flattering expressions of delight and satisfaction.

"As 'John Desmond,' the Irish patriot and outlaw, Roland Sedgwick gave a powerful delineation of the gallant and noble-hearted young Irishman, while in the corresponding part of 'Miss Fitzgerald, the Rose of Wicklow,' Miss Renie Longbine at once captured her audience, the beauty and loving nature of the character being brought out with such sweetness as to be but brightened with the power and intensity of her hatred for the English captain.

"The character of 'Squire Fitzgerald,' the father of 'Rose,' was in the capable hands of William Robertshaw, who gave a portrayal which brought forth strongly the feeling of intolerance which animated the breast of the old squire over the suf-

ferings of his down-trodden country. His scene with and death at the hands of Captain Beck being executed with much cleverness.

"William S. Ehly handled in a most masterly manner the character of 'Lieutenant Douglas of the English yeomanry' and in love with Desmond's sister. The playing of this part by Mr. Ehly did full justice to a character full of noble impulses, and while faithful in his allegiance to his king, yet resents injustice, defies his superior officer and, at the risk of his life, frees the innocent Desmond.

"In the part of Nano," John Desmond's sister, was seen Miss Florence McGarrity, who with a sweetness and sympathy of expression clearly reflected all the beauty of a sister's love for her outlawed brother, while yet remaining true to one whom he regarded as an enemy.

"A clever piece of character work was seen in the rendition of 'Shaun Carey,' the spy, which was taken care of by Frank Sedgwick, his drunken scene, as well as his meeting with Beck, being particularly well received.

"As the arch villain and conspirator, 'Captain Beck,' Harry Hayes was all that could be desired, an ovation being tendered him by continued hissing. He was also the recipient of a handsome bouquet of roses.

"Miss Elizabeth Leewright made a winsome Ileen—she and her 'sprig of shamrock' Coll McGarrigle, as 'Barney O'Grady' fairly captured the audience, keeping them continually in roars, whenever they made their appearance.

"With Miss Leewright's ideal Ileen, the most praise that can be accorded Mr. McGarrigle, as 'Barney' is in saying that he fully equalled his brother, John McGarrigle, who as a comedian has no superior, his brogue and ready Irish wit being rich and pure. As 'Barney' McGarrigle sang several songs, and Miss Leewright 'The Harp that One Through Tara's Halls.' William Ransford, as 'Thornton,' also showed a full understanding of the parts assigned and played in a very acceptable manner."

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Through the courtesy of Ernest E. Carwardine, the Observer was given the privilege of reading through some old files of The Weekly Forecast, a weekly paper which was published in the Falls of Schuylkill by G. and E. Carwardine.

The particular volume which proved of interest was one dated from October, 1901, to April, 1902.

Looking back over a span of twenty years, there was found comedy, tragedy and life in all its phases. News items of people, some of whom have gone to their Creator, some who now, through their diligence and application have reached prominence, others who were children and have reached manhood and womanhood, are all significant of the progress of the community and impel the reader to pause, that he may consider the eternal cycle of things in the circle of existence.

The publishers of the Forecast were particularly interested at that time in efforts they were making to have a Business Men's Association founded in the Falls, and, after months of work, were successful in their endeavor.

The attitude of the elder Carwardine, as well as that of his son, towards improvements for the locality was exemplified in the editorials which appeared regularly in their paper.

In the winter of 1901-02 a smallpox epidemic was prevalent in the town and there appeared the names of various families in whose homes some of the members were afflicted.

The interest given by the publishers to a fund for a McKinley memorial also occupies a large space in the issues of that particular winter.

Some of the advertisements proved of unusual interest to the writer, and to give others some of the pleasure that was derived from reading them, some of the principal facts are passed along.

Jacob Stehle advertised the fact that he had in stock, at his place of business, at Bowman and Cresson streets, the best Schuylkill and Lehigh coal. Handsome lamps and fancy articles suitable for weddings were to be had from Mrs. Jardine, at 4170 Ridge avenue. Men's furnishings of the latest styles were sold by Adam Mettinger, of Odd Fellows' Hall. H. W. Sherlock told of the groceries that he carried in his store, at Ridge and Midvale avenues. The Falls only moving man, Amos Dyson, had paid space in the paper. And Sowden's meat market had ads in the paper of that day, from the same location that it now occupies.

The prices of the goods advertised, too, show the trend of events since 1901. Sowden's advertised sirloin steak at 16 cents a pound, legs of mutton at 10 cents a pound, and butter—the best—at 28 cents. Ogden Peel, who kept a grocery store next door, sold sugar at 5½ cents a pound. The Midvale Tea Company—Broughton's—had potatoes for 75 cents a bushel. The Standard Bargain Store, Max Weiss, proprietor, at 4225 Ridge avenue, told the world that it sold men's pants for 75 cents, boys' overcoats for 98 cents and corsets for 39 cents.

The tale of Lydia Darragh, a heroine of the Revolution, well known to all lovers of history, has had at times the cloud of doubt thrown over it.

It has been related that Mrs. Darragh, at whose house an officer of Howe's army was quartered during the British occupancy of Philadelphia, overheard a plan made by the British generals, in which Washington's army, at Whitemarsh, was to be captured. She made an excuse that it was necessary for her to go to Frankford for flour, and, after leaving the house, got in communication, through some patriotic person, who notified Washington of the plan, thereby frustrating the British.

Robert R. Shronk, of the old Falls family of Shronks, one time put forth another version of this story concerning the saving of the American army. It is of interest in its relationship to one of the oldest families in the town.

When the British in Philadelphia planned to capture General Washington, the daughter of a Hessian surgeon, Charlotte Est, who had come over the ocean to this country with

her father, overheard the plot, and having a tender feeling in her heart for the great American general, determined to save him. Early in the morning she saddled a horse and, with a meal-sack started out, apparently to go to Frankford for flour. When away from prying eyes, she rode to Washington's camp and personally told the general of the plan to capture him. After having been thanked by Washington and cautioned not to let anyone know of her visit to him, Miss Est left the camp, rode to Frankford and obtained her flour and returned home.

"Bob" Shronk—as he was familiarly called—married a great-granddaughter of Charlotte Est.

Anthony Wenzell, who lived in Frankford, told how when he was a boy his grandmother would tell him of her early love of Washington and of the ride that she once took to save him.

Charlotte Est afterward married a George Wenzell. A son of this couple, Nicholas, was the father of Anthony Wenzell and Mrs. Mary A. Wenzell Shoemaker. This Mrs. Shoemaker was the mother of Mrs. Robert Shronk.

And so it proves that the Lydia Darragh story did have its basis on facts.

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"Three-quarters of a century ago, the village of the Falls of Schuylkill presented a different appearance from the present, and the cemeteries that now cover the hills between it and the city were in their infancy. The Ridge road had long been a main avenue of travel, but many of the tracts that are now built up in rows of houses were then woodland, or were occupied by country places of considerable size. Here and there along the Ridge may still be seen a few of the dwellings of an humbler sort that antedate that time."

The foregoing paragraph is the opening one in "A Brief History of the Church of St. James the Less" which was compiled by Samuel Tobias Wagner, in continuation and elaboration of an article published in the Church Standard of October 7, 1899, prepared by the Rev. Elliston J. Perot.

The "History" says that one of the country places of that day was Mount Peace, which stood on the site of the present cemetery of that name. It was the home of Robert Ralston, the leading spirit in the founding of the Church of St. James the Less. Mr. Ralston at that time was a member of St. James Church, in Philadelphia, of which the late Rev. Dr. Henry J. Morton was then the rector.

In the minutes of the vestry of April 30, 1846, it is written that a meeting of gentlemen was called, at Mount Peace, upon Mr. Ralston's invitation, for the purpose of considering the expediency of establishing a parish church in the neighborhood. The meeting, it appears, was quite an efficient one for transacting business. It resolved to organize the proposed congregation, to choose twelve vestrymen and to consider and adopt a form of incorporation, which it proceeded to do, in all details.

The vestrymen chosen were Robert Ralston, George Blight, Cornelius S. Smith, Tobias Wagner, Dr. Charles Treichel, Philip M. Hagner, John R. Wilmer, William F. Griffits, Joseph S. Burnett, George Helmuth, Osman Reed and James C. Kempton.

Robert Ralston and George Blight were elected wardens, and the Rev. Henry J. Morton temporary rector of the new church.

Messrs. Ralston, Blight and Wilmer were appointed the site and plans committee for the church, and Mr. Ralston, with Cornelius Smith and William Griffits, formed the committee on by-laws.

The church, it is said, received its name from its close association with St. James Church downtown, the new parish being dedicated to the other James the Apostle, known as James the son of Alphaeus, or "James the Less" in old English, contrasted with "James the More." The Latin distinguished these men as Major and Minor.

The site of the Church of St. James the Less was chosen in the Falls village, first for its proximity to the village and of the settlement across the river—Cooksockey, and its vicinity, no doubt—second, its central position in the triangle formed by St. Luke's, in Germantown, St. Matthew's, in Francisville, and St. David's, in Manayunk; third, its sufficient distance from railroads and noisy or dusty roads; fourth, its proximity to the Ridge road as a means of access, and fifth, the commanding eminence of the location.

The property formerly belonged to the Laurel Hill Cemetery Company and was acquired by the church on July 27, 1846. The original lot was about an acre, being 350 feet on Lamb Tavern road—now Clearfield street—400 feet on Nicetown lane—now Hunting Park avenue—and about 250 feet at the base of the triangle which it formed.

The plans of the church were furnished by the honorary secretary of the English Ecclesiological Society—formerly the Cambridge Camden Society—who was frequently consulted during the progress of the work of erection. The church was designed very closely to the plans of St. Michael's, Long Staunton, Cambridgeshire. The contractor was John E. Carver.

In December, 1914, the vestry made overtures to the estate of the late John Dobson, who had long been a member and vestryman of the church, for the purchase of the grounds on

the north side of Clearfield street, between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, to prevent the erection of buildings which might be objectionable to the church. Through the generosity of Mrs. Samuel D. Riddle and Miss Sarah W. Fiske, now Mrs. Walter M. Jeffords, this lot was donated to St. James the Less.

A parish house and a residence, now used as a rectory, have been completed and dedicated on the ground on the north side of Clearfield street.

The "History" is replete with interesting facts concerning the architecture of the buildings, the famous people who are buried in the adjoining graveyard and explanations of the various beautiful gifts to the church. The booklet is also profusely illustrated with pictures, from that of the original building in which are shown people who are old-fashionedly attired up to the photographs of the present-day edifice and parish buildings.

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"Rox News"
1-5-27

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It often occurs that in the annals of a community, such as East Falls, some outstanding character is recalled, who, through his undefatigable efforts and love of his neighborhood, in a literary sense, if not actually, "raised by his own boot-straps" to a place of prominence.

The name of Hamilton W. Sherlock is not strange to our local residents. He was born December 29, 1857, in the locality of Twenty-first and Lombard streets. He attended the public schools until he was 9 years of age, when he started out to earn his own living by becoming a newsboy, selling the old Evening Telegraph.

He was afterward found, as a barefooted lad, tending pieces in Dobson's old mill, on Scott's lane. It was at this menial labor, at slight recompense, that his first introduction to the people of the Falls was made.

Later, he secured a position in the Brussels carpet department of the same firm, and from creel boy to weaver, and finally manager of the department, he earned promotion with no assistance other than his own diligence and indomitable energy. He entered the "Brussels shed" in 1877, where he remained until about 1888. During his management of that department, its capacity was doubled, and the work developing upon him began to tell upon his health.

Upon the advice of physicians, he resigned his position with the Dobsons and started in business for himself, opening a grocery store at what was then known as "the lucky corner," Ridge avenue and Calumet street, which is now occupied by the Sunday School of Grace Reformed Episcopal Church.

He proved exceptionally successful in the grocery business, building up such a large trade that he was forced finally to seek more commodious quarters, which he found at Ridge and Midvale avenues, where he continued to do a highly successful and remunerative business.

His political life dated back from the casting of his first vote. He was always an active worker for his party, his first recognition being an election to the sectional School Board, on which he served for several terms. He was honored with the secretaryship, as well as chairmanship, filling the latter position until he was elected to represent the Thirty-eighth Ward in Select Council.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Mr. Sherlock was honored with the highest gifts that were within the power of the voters of this vicinity to bestow, and his later selection as assistant commissioner of highways was not only a recognition of his work for his party, but also reflected additional honor on the Falls of Schuylkill, in the appointment of one of her citizens to such a high and responsible office.

In addition to other honors, Mr. Sherlock was the representative, for several terms, of the Thirty-eighth Ward to the Republican City Committee, and was so until his death.

Never of robust health, Mr. Sherlock advanced through his own energy and ambition. He always made a point to make himself familiar with all the details and workings of any organization or undertaking with which he became connected. This characteristic of his life, even as a boy, whether it was in a baseball club or social organization, often forced him to fill official position. His record is the same in any fraternal or other lodge or organization to which he belonged; he was called upon to fill all the chairs.

Hamilton Sherlock went to his reward more than twenty years ago, but the memory of this upstanding citizen, a friend to everyone, will live through the lasting effects of his activities for many years to come.

Of all the historians of the Falls of Schuylkill, probably the best known is Dr. Charles K. Mills, who has recorded many interesting happenings of our locality.

His "Military History of the Falls of Schuylkill," published in a series

of articles in the Weekly Forecast, in 1913, while principally military in character, also tells many other interesting events concerning the town and its inhabitants.

"The Schuylkill," published in 1876, by Dr. Mills, under the anagramistic nom de plume of "M. K. C.," is a poetical story of the Schuylkill River and its vicinity.

He also was the writer of many short articles published in the daily papers of the city.

Charles H. Hagner published a small volume of Falls of Schuylkill history, in 1869.

Bernard Dowdall, in a series of articles printed in the Forecast, about 1905, also contributed a vast store of "then and now" stories of the town.

Dr. William S. Baker, who was noted for Washingtonia, contributed a paper on the Camp by the Schuylkill Falls, which was presented before the historical Society of Pennsylvania, in 1892.

Robert Roberts Shronk, too, has added numerous short historical sketches of the locality and its people.

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To prove that journalistic efforts, in the Falls of Schuylkill, have not altogether been confined to the present century, the Observer noted in a 1902 copy of the Forecast a reprint of an article that had been published in the Falls Star of May 10, 1884, entitled "Recollections of Michael Arnold." This man was, afterward, one of Philadelphia's court judges. He wrote as follows:

"My residence at the Falls commenced in 1853, although I was familiar with the place during five or six years before that. The houses were built of stone, wood, or brick, roughcast. I think the first pressed brick home was that occupied by Louis Naher, on Ridge road, above the road leading to the Reading Railroad bridge.

"Spencer street—now Calumet—and all the streets on the hill, near the Norristown Railroad, were not yet laid out. James street—now known as Stanton—was built up slowly, as improvements did not come fast during the time prior to 1860. Ridge road was a turnpike.

"There was no street railway, brick pavements or boardwalks, consequently muddy walking was quite frequent.

"The mode of travel to the city was by stage, and in the summer by steamboats on the river; even the daily papers were brought out by steamer. The daily mail was about a dozen letters.

"Dobson's Mill used to be called Shaw's Mill, and consisted of the old square building on Scott's lane. I have seen it burned out two or three times.

"Fire companies came out from the city and made their visit a duty and a pleasure trip also. Water was pumped into the engines, as there were no fire plugs, and in a short time the pumps got choked up with gravel stones.

"There was an old mill and dye house on the Ridge road, near the entrance to the public school house, which was called Nugent's Mill. It was burned out several times.

"That part of Laurel Hill, above Clearfield street, was called Kelly's Hill. There was a tavern on it, which was a great resort on Fourth of July.

"There were no houses on that side of Ridge road—below the old tavern—near the road leading to the Reading Railroad bridge. At the upper corner of that road—its junction with the Ridge—was an old stone wall and a blacksmith shop. The corner was called "hard corner," on account of the bad walking in wet weather and the fact that the wall was generally occupied by men whose feet protuding made the narrow sidewalk more difficult of getting over.

"The Baptist Church had been built; so had several small houses between it and the Ridge; but there were none above the church. In fact, all that ground now skirted by the houses of Queen lane was wild grown, blackberry bushes and chestnut trees flourished and possessed great attractions for the birds. Rabbits and squirrels came from that far down, and I have been told that woodcock also ventured there.

"The old school house was sometimes used for school on weekdays and for church on Sundays. It was dedicated by William Moore Smith to Robert Watkins, Godfrey Shronk, William Deal, Robert Ralston, and Charles Hagner in the year 1816, in trust as a church and school for all denominations. Public exhibitions, concerts, etc., were also given there; Indians—mock and real—came there. Now you go to the circus to see them.

"Samuel Garrett lived farther up in the woods. The country around him was wild indeed. It has been said that his house was occupied by Count Donop, the commander of the Hessian contingent to the British Army during their occupancy of Philadelphia, prior to the battle of Germantown.

"Down in the valley below his house, the ground was in hollows, round, like old cellars, and it was said that his troops dug it out that way for their winter quarters.

"Mr. Garrett was an agreeable old gentleman, who liked to have people call and talk with him. On a Sunday morning his house was a fa-

vorite resort for his acquaintances. It was built of logs, had one big room and a fireplace large enough for people to sit in. He wore large baggy trousers and a long loose vest, while his broad shirt collar stood up on a line with his ears.

"The land that he occupied had been in the Garrett family since the time of Penn, and had passed by descendants down to him. It is said that some of his ancestors were murdered there by robbers.

"The old residents of the Falls whom I recollect were Richard Penn Smith, Emanuel Krail, William H. Sorber, Samuel Winpenny and Elizabeth Morrison, all of whom are now dead. They were agreeable and intelligent talkers, with whom I frequently conversed and learned many of the traditions of the place —that do not get into books, but are carried down in memory from one generation to another."

The writer, last fall, attended a football game at Cahill Field, which is the athletic ground of the Catholic High School, at Twenty-ninth and Clearfield streets. On this site was the old Bond-Wharton mansion, which figured largely in the early history of the Falls and its vicinity.

Just previous to its demolition, some sixteen years ago, it was known as the Harris farm. An old map of the estate shows that the property was of irregular shape running from the present Twenty-fourth street to almost Thirty-first street, and from north of Lehigh avenue to Clearfield street, which was then known under the name of Lamb's Tavern road.

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March 18-1926

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OBSERVATIONS

The building on Ridge avenue, at the Falls bridge entrance to Fairmount Park, now occupied by a part of Grace Reformed Episcopal Sunday School was, at one time, known as Shantz's Hall.

On September 5, 1862, citizens of the locality met on the second floor of the building, over the store on the ground level which was, at that time, conducted by a man named Doyle. The meeting was called for the purpose of forming a company of soldiers, in accordance with Governor Curtin's proclamation of the day previous, which called upon the citizens of Pennsylvania to form themselves into companies on the basis of the military laws of 1858. The law was enacted to repel, if necessary, any threatened invasion of the state.

Joseph Shantz was chairman of the assemblage, and George P. Eldridge, secretary.

Meetings were held on three successive nights, after which the upper portion of William Sorber's wagon works—an old building which still stands on Ridge avenue, below Queen lane—was procured as a drill-hall, where drills were held for several evenings under the temporary command of Mr. Eldridge.

At 8 A. M., September 12, 1862, John Dobson closed his mill and, with about forty of his men employes, went to the drill-room and enrolled with the company.

John Dobson was almost immediately chosen captain, Eldridge was named first lieutenant and S. Sutcliffe, second lieutenant. The company numbered eighty-two men by noon of the 12th.

This beginning of Company I of the Blue Reserves, therefore, had its conception in the structure at Calumet street and Ridge avenue.

A jollification dinner was held there in November, 1864, in honor of the re-election of Abraham Lincoln.

At that time the Falls of Schuylkill formed the Second Division of the Twenty-first Ward. The hall was the headquarters of the Lincoln and Johnson Club, of which Jacob Diedrich was president and Joseph B. Walker, secretary.

One night, just after the election, the Rev. John Enoch Chesshire, of the Falls Baptist Church, was called upon to preside at a meeting. One-half of those present wanted to parade, while the remainder were in favor of holding a mass meeting. Mr. Chesshire held the deciding vote and suggested a supper, as a compromise, and so the feast was agreed upon as a way to show their jubilation for the return of Lincoln.

More than 200 partook of the "eats," and the affair was declared a success. Great quantities of food were left over, and these were distributed to the families of which the father was in the army.

Hamilton Sherlock, who afterward achieved phenomenal success in political circles, once was proprietor of a grocery store in this old building. It has always been a quaint looking place, being almost surrounded, at one time, by a porch. This shed-like affair was torn down several years ago to comply with a building ordinance, and the place assumed a dejected appearance until the Church obtained possession and improved the property.

The Observer has often heard the older men of the town relating tales of the good times they had, as boys, swimming in the Schuylkill, from the Laboratory wharf.

One summer day, in 1859, a number of the boys were bathing at this point on the river, when several of them essayed to swim across the stream. One of the boys, a lad about 15 years old, became separated from the rest. It is probable that he intended to swim back to the pier, but became entangled in the thick grass which grew under the surface of the water, and came within an ace of being drowned.

A fisherman, named Shronk, who was passing in a boat, rowed to where the boy was sinking for the last time, and lifting his body into the boat, hastily rowed to the shore. After several anxious minutes of energetic work, Shronk succeeded in reviving the lad.

What would the world have lost, if that boy had drowned? He later studied medicine and, as Dr. Charles K. Mills, has made for himself a

world-wide reputation as a neurologist and historian.

An immortal Centennial poem, "The Schuylkill, was written by Dr. Mills, while still a youth, and was signed with the anagramistic anonymity of "M. K. C."

It tells of his early veneration for the Schuylkill and the beauties of the Wissahickon, a mountain gorge in the heart of a great city.

It is indicative of the love that Dr. Mills has for the manifest charm of the locality, which has many times been the subject of writers of romantic adventure, but Mills who as a boy tramped almost every foot of the region, in person, and is still familiar with all of its historical facts and legends, in the humble belief of the writer, has in "The Schuylkill" written a tale, that excels them all.

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March 25th 1926

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OBSERVATIONS

Man Who Started Parcel Delivery Before Civil War Recalls Early Experiences

TAVERNS ON THE PIKE

When the Falls of Schuylkill housewife takes down the telephone receiver and calls up a department store to order something which was advertised in the papers, the good lady, more than likely, does not stop to consider the advantage she has, in so doing, over her mother or grandmother. The present day shopkeepers, too, are in the habit of phoning an order to a wholesale house and having the goods delivered the same day.

Steam and electric railways, the telegraph, telephones and automobiles have annihilated both time and distance since the days of the Falls' first freight transportation service.

Just previous to the Civil War two Falls of Schuylkill men, then young in years, were employed as teamsters by William Simpson, at his calico manufacturing plant, in Cooksockey. John R. Scott, who still lives on Ridge avenue, and James McCarty, who has long since gone to his Creator, were the two youths who decided to start in a new business of their own.

McCarty thereupon left Simpson's Mill, and with a single horse and wagon, started making trips from the Falls to the city, taking orders from the various stores, taverns and individuals in the then country village, and going into Philadelphia, making his customer's purchases, or picking up goods which had been previously ordered by mail and hauling the articles out to the Falls on the same day.

The business was a success from the start, and the following week Mr. Scott joined McCarty and formed a partnership which lasted over a period of fifteen years.

In his reminiscences of this early express business, Mr. Scott disclosed some facts of real interest to those who take pleasure in tracing the development of the old Falls village.

The local office of the partners was in Adam Mettinger's store, in Odd Fellows' Hall. They traveled daily, regardless of the weather, to their Philadelphia office, at Third and Market streets. In those days Ridge road was a turnpike and was paved with large round pebbles, called cobbles.

The only means of passenger transportation was a stage coach line which ran from Barren Hill to Ninth and Vine streets. This was long years ago before the enactment of the full-crew law in Pennsylvania, for the driver also acted as conductor, the bus-like coach being equipped with a small window at the front, through which the passenger, after mounting the steps in the rear, would pass his fare and receive his change. The coach started at 9 A. M. from Barren Hill and made but one trip to Philadelphia and return each day.

When McCarty and Scott's express business was at its height, there were forty-three taverns and hotels, in the Falls. Think of it! Among those that Mr. Scott was able to recall were Tom Byrne's Hotel, near St. Bridget's Church, on Jimmy street—now known as Stanton street—Byrne's, on Ridge road, a few feet northwest of the present Stanton street, and Fred Stehle's saloon and bake-shop. This bake-shop is now used as the polling place of the Tenth Division of the Thirty-eighth Ward.

A large hotel stood on Ridge road at the foot of Stanton street, and with the Falls' Hotel, also on the Ridge, just below Queen lane, satisfied the liquid wants of man.

Jacob Stehle kept a tavern, farther down on Ridge road, in a place that was afterward used as a post office. This building can still be identified by the iron bars on its windows which were placed there at the time it was occupied by the postal authorities. It is just above the Y. W. C. A., on the west side of Ridge avenue.

Paddy Hughes served drinks from his place on the Ridge opposite Ferry street, while across the highway,

Louis Naher was his competitor.

Mrs. John May, quenched many thirsts from a location opposite the present Dobson plant, while Catherine Dollard kept a hotel and grocery store at Scott's lane and Ride road.

The old Dove and Swan was in all of its glory, down near Nicetown lane.

There were other taverns scattered around up on the hill and in other sections of the town, but their former owners' names have been forgotten in the lapse of time.

The expressmen were often called to act as messengers by the people of the community, there being times when they purchased shoes, drygoods, barrels of sugar and other of life's necessities. Sometimes, when the innkeepers were particularly busy, Scott or McCarty would take their money and pay the liquor license fee, at the old City Hall, at Fifth and Chestnut streets.

Hauling for the people of the Falls was no easy task in those days, the expressmen's hours being from 5 A. M. to 8 and 9 P. M. regularly and often to midnight, during the holiday rushes.

The horses used by the local teamsters were stabled at Mr. Scott's barn, on Ridge road. When it was necessary for the horses to be shod, they were taken to James Mill's blacksmith shop, below Crawford street, on the Ridge, where the smithy was known as an expert in the craft. Mills, by the way, was the only man, with adequate equipment and sufficient courage to place a new set of shoes on a pair of mules which Mr. Scott once owned.

James McCarty subsequently sold out his interest in the firm to John Scott and moved to New York. Fortune failed to smile on the genial Ihishman in his new location and he returned to the field of his early endeavors and resumed his former occupation, in partnership with Hugh Scott—a son of his former associate. Later McCarty conducted an express business of his own.

In more recent years the delivery of packages in the Falls was taken care of by William Smith and his brother "Toss," who were succeeded by Delaney Wynne. James Clough, who had served the Falls of Schuylkill as its representative in the Councils of Philadelphia later bought the business from Wynne.

Today, the direct descendant of the old firm of McCarty and Scott will be found delivering parcels, in the more modern method of the motortruck, under the direction of Francis J. Roney, who served with particular merit, as a lieutenant, in the recent fracas with Germany.

SCCAFF

NORRISTOWN TIMES HERALD, TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1926.

TOWN TALK

Every little while thoughts are drawn to some person, who, doing his work steadily and quietly, without any fuming or fussing, is daily displaying qualities which people pay good money to see displayed upon the screen or acted upon the stage.

One such is William S. Green, who for 40 years has been the station agent at the Reading Railroad's East Falls station.

This smiling man arrived in 1886 to take charge of Falls station, as it was then known. People, in those days, found the station at the foot of Bowman street. It was a little house, which sat on the west side of the tracks, and had a long wooden platform which extended from Queen lane to a point about 100 yards away.

Part of the station was fitted up as a dwelling, and it was here that Mr. Green first made his home in the Falls. Later, the station agent moved to a residence on Midvale avenue. Since 1920 Mr. Green has made his home at 714 Haws avenue, Norristown, commuting daily.

The East Falls stationmaster has seen many changes in his long years of service, the principal one being the recent accelerated growth of the Queen Lane Manor section, which he remembers as open fields and woods.

Mr. Green says, despite all the increase in population, the train service, in its relation to the number of trains run, is still about the same as it was when he first went to East Falls, and in explanation of this says that, in 1885, the railroad's only competitor was a horse-car line on Ridge road. Today the locality is served by three competing street car lines—those of Ridge, Allegheny and Midvale avenues. In the old days a special train was run on Saturday afternoons, from Manayunk, to accomodate citizens who went to town to shop or to the theatres. The terminus of the line then was at Ninth and Green streets.

While stationmaster of the old Falls station, Mr. Green served as telegrapher, ticket-clerk, baggagemaster, freight agent and was, in fact the general factotum, working from 6 A.M. to 12 midnight.

Since the erection of the present station, at Midvale avenue, Mr. Green has three assistants, who work eight hours a day each, and a porter who takes care of a vast amount of work.

Since the war the express service has been discontinued, it being cared for by the American Railway Express Company, from North Philadelphia.

The old station, at which the station agent served for 27 years, was the scene of many accidents, few safety devices then being in evidence. There is now a dividing fence between the tracks, which extends from Queen lane almost to Calumet street. Only one fatal accident has occurred near the new station since it was erected.

The mail, which was formerly received by a messenger, sent by Postmaster Michael Murphy, when the postal authorities had their local headquarters on Ridge avenue, is now under the care of the station agent, since the new station is within the requisite distance of the present post office, on Midvale avenue.

The station agent says the designation of the station, East Falls, came about through the confusion which arose whenever anyone addressed trunks and other parcels to Falls of Schuylkill, when no such name appeared upon the tariff schedules of either the railroad or express companies. As there were two other towns in Pennsylvania called Falls, the goods shipped to this point often travelled around to all three towns before reaching the proper destination. To obviate this the railroad company decided to call the station East Falls, to differentiate from a station on the west side of the river which was called West Falls.

The recent miner's strike, says Mr. Green, was the first time in his memory that a condition arose which compelled them to use soft coal to heat the station.

Roxborough "News"
3-10-26

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A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY

The following is from Sccaff's "Observations" in the East Falls Herald.

The tale of Lydia Darragh, a heroine of the Revolution, well known to all lovers of history, has had at times the cloud of doubt thrown over it.

It has been related that Mrs. Darragh, at whose house an officer of Howe's army was quartered during the British occupancy of Philadelphia, overheard a plan made by the British generals, in which Washington's army, at Whitemarsh, was to be captured. She made an excuse that it was necessary for her to go to Frankford for flour, and, after leaving the house, got in communication, through some patriotic person, who notified Washington of the plan, thereby frustrating the British.

Robert R. Shronk, of the old Falls family of Shronks, one time put forth another version of this story concerning the saving of the American army. It is of interest in its relationship to one of the oldest families in the town.

When the British in Philadelphia planned to capture General Washington, the daughter of a Hessian surgeon, Charlot' Est, who had come over the ocean to this country with her father, overheard the plot, and having a tender feeling in her heart for the great American general, determined to save him. Early in the morning she saddled a horse and, with a meal-sack started out, apparently to go t Frankford for flour. When away from prying eyes, she rode to Washington's camp and personally told the general of the plan to capture him. After having been thanked by Washington and cautioned not to let anyone know of her visit to him, Miss Est left the camp, rode to Frankford and obtained her flour and returned home.

"Bob" Shronk—as he was familiarly called—married a great-granddaughter of Charlotte Est.

Anthony Wenzell, who lived in Frankford, told how when he was a boy his grandmother would tell him of her early love of Washington and of the ride that she once took to save him.

Charlotte Est afterward married a George Wenzell. A son of this couple, Nicholas, was the father of Anthony Wenzell and Mrs. Mary A. Wenzell Shoemaker. This Mrs. Shoemaker was the mother of Mrs. Robert Shronk.

And so it proves that the Lydia Darragh story did have its basis on facts.