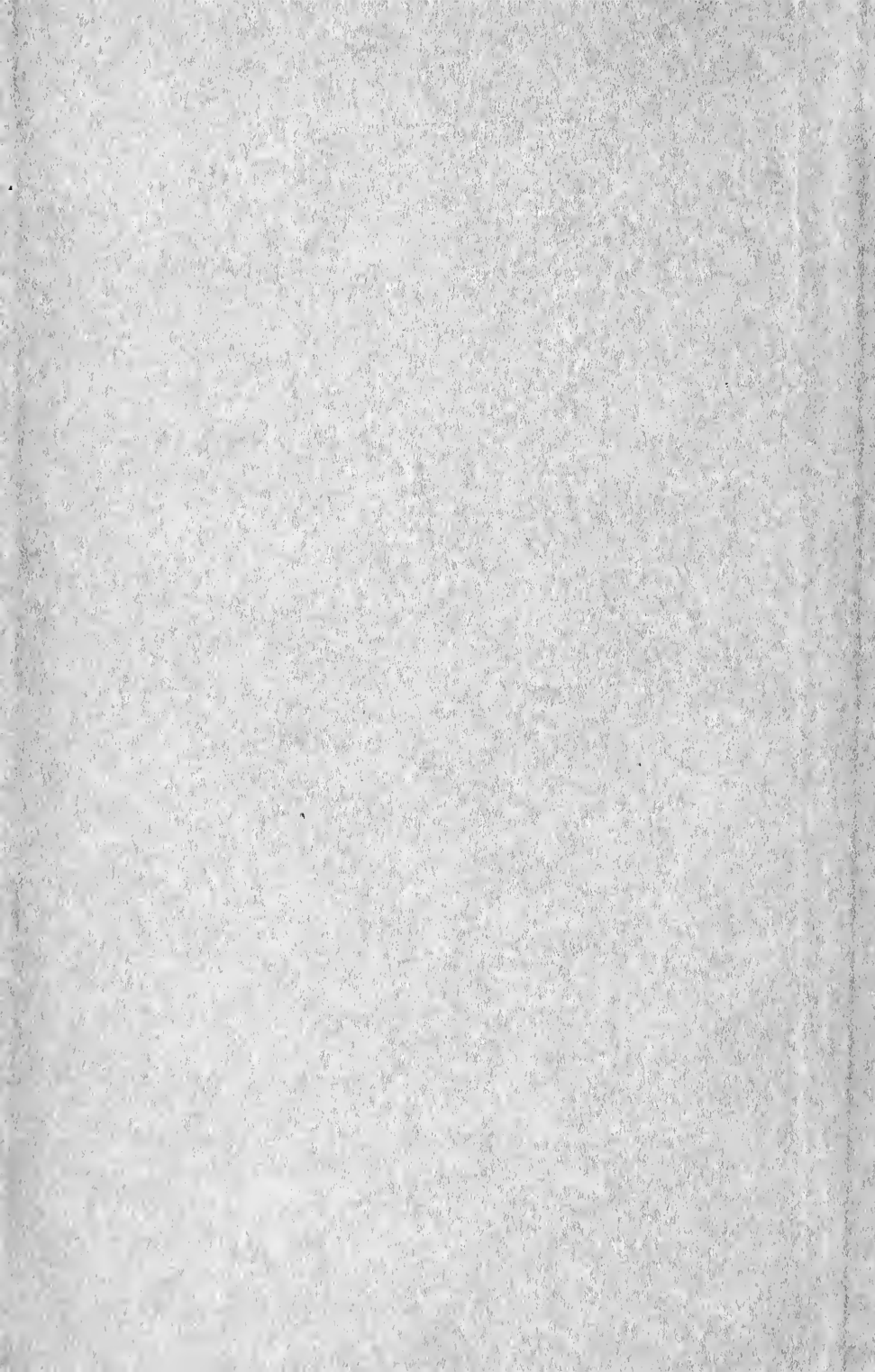


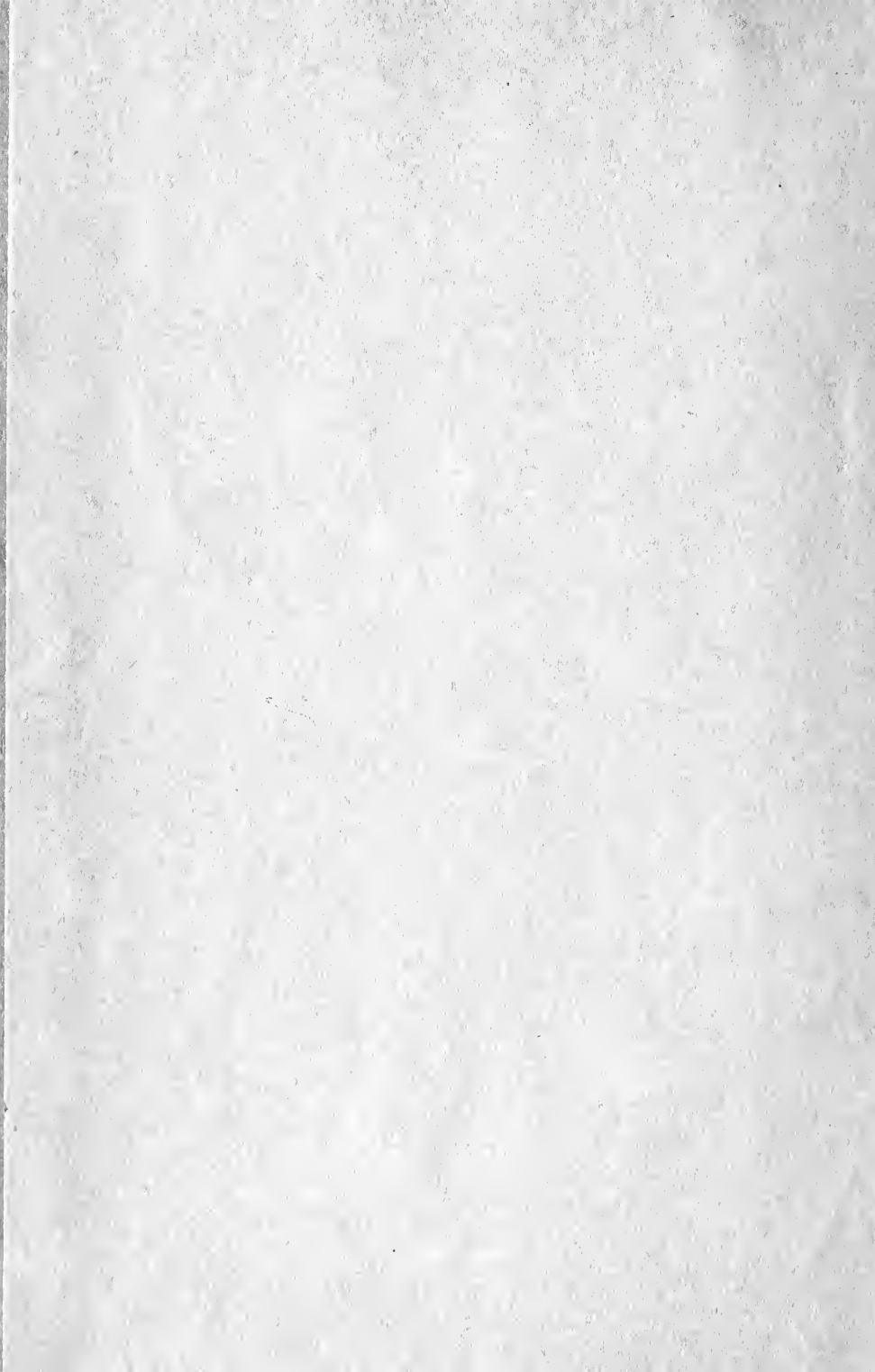
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A. G. BURGOYNE.

ALL SORTS

OF,

PITTSBURGERS.

SKETCHED IN PROSE AND VERSE,

BY

ARTHUR G. BURGOYNE.

PITTSBURG, PA.:
THE LEADER ALL SORTS CO.

1892.

F. C. M.

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→⌘ APOLOGY. ⌘←

THE interest manifested by the public in the character sketches ground out daily for more than a year by the "poetical machine" of the Pittsburg LEADER, and the consequent demand for the publication of the best among them in book form, constitute the author's apology for the appearance of this volume.

Changes have necessarily been made in many of the rhymed sketches, owing to the fact that under the conditions, political and otherwise, existing when they were written, a coloring was imparted the force of which would now be lost, and the retention of which might perhaps have a prejudicial influence.

From some of the more aggressive political lyrics it is impossible to eliminate the tinge of strong feeling growing out of the policy of "partisan independence," which marks the course of the Pittsburg LEADER in all its departments. The professional politician is, however, a fair target, and the writer has, therefore, no regrets to express for having occasionally hit the bull's eye with an arrow of extra keenness in criticising the public record of gentlemen whose private life may be of an admirable character.

At the same time, if, in seizing upon the grotesque side of human nature as a subject of illustration, the semblance of unkindness is anywhere presented, the reader should be prepared to make allowance for exaggeration due to a literary prerogative of which writers on rhetoric somehow omit to make mention, to wit: poetic "licentiousness."

No special consideration is claimed for the verses in this volume, because of the rapidity with which they were produced. Newspaper poetry and newspaper prose ought to be on the same plane, in the estimation of

THE AUTHOR.

PITTSBURG, Pa., *June*, 1892.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Bow down, ye folks whose worldly store
 Is miserably slim ;
 In abject reverence before
 This dignitary grim ;
 That plenipotential beard of his,
 And stony British stare,
 Betoken clearly that he is
 A multi-millionaire.

From Scotland's heather-covered braes,
 In babyhood he came,
 And early fixed his childish gaze,
 On lucre and on fame ;
 As a messenger boy he went so slow,
 That none with him could vie,
 And so he got an extra show
 A lofty kite to fly.

So skillfully he flew his kite,
 That wondrous was his luck ;
 He reached for all the cash in sight,
 And rich investments struck ;
 At railroads, likewise coke and coal,
 He took full many a fling,
 And was cast at length for the glorious role
 Of steel and iron king.

His boodle grew at a rapid rate,
 But bitter was his cup,
 So fast did the wealth accumulate,
 He couldn't count it up ;
 Of grief he might have died, they say,
 If he hadn't struck the plan
 Of giving a few odd millions away,
 Which made him a happy man.

On public libraries he spent
 Of shekels not a few ;
 A goodly slice to Pittsburg went,
 And to Allegheny, too ;
 But still the loss he doesn't feel,
 It cannot hurt his health,
 For his mills keep on with endless zeal
 A-piling up the wealth.

Since he became a prince sublime,
 This burg for him's too small ;
 New York upon his royal time
 And interest has the call ;
 His courtiers puff him to his face,
 As the starry-spangled Scot,
 But he can't go back on this good old place,
 Which gave him all he's got.



Sometimes this personage in dreams
A future bright beholds ;
Around his form a toga seems
To cast its lordly folds.
Big flights of eloquence he tries
In Senatorial tone,
And knows that myriads of eyes
Are turned on him alone.

What puts his fancy on this lay?
Why should his dreams come true?
Is it because he's carved his way
To fame and fortune, too?
Is it because he's been o'erpowered
With flattering words of praise?
Or else because his grip he's held
Through troublous, stormy days?

Is it because his eloquence
Is in the House admired?
Is it because of his defense
Of Reiter, who was fired?
Is it because he helped to pass
McKinley's tariff dodge?
Or tried to keep from going to grass
The Force bill, framed by Lodge?

Is it because he's spick and span,
Well-dressed and neat-mustached—
A social, genial little man,
Not easily abashed?
No, no ; these things don't fit the case,
The reason's plain to see—
He knows that Quay will lose his place,
And he'll be legatee.

JOHN DALZELL.

HON. JOHN DALZELL, the distinguished member of the House of Representatives from the Twenty-Second District, was born April 19, 1845, in New York City, and was brought to Pittsburg by his parents in 1847. He received his education at the common schools, at the Western University, and at Yale College, graduating from the latter institution in the class of 1865.

Mr. Dalzell studied law with the late John H. Hampton. He was admitted to the bar in February, 1867, and practiced in partnership with his preceptor as attorney for the Pennsylvania Railroad and its connections, and also in a wide range of civil cases. In 1887, Mr. Dalzell was elected to Congress, and has since served continuously in that body, making a national record for himself as the most brilliant representative from Pennsylvania. His speeches on the tariff, the Federal elections bill, and other measures of superior importance, have challenged widespread attention and inspired a strong sentiment in favor of sending him to the United States Senate.

In 1891, Mr. Dalzell was a candidate for the presidency of the State League of Republican Clubs, but was defeated by Hon. John B. Robinson, in whose favor Senator Quay, jealous of Mr. Dalzell's prominence, set the Republican machine in motion. Immediately after this rebuff, Mr. Dalzell, instead of resenting the treatment accorded him, took the stump for the Republican State ticket, and earned new laurels by a series of magnificent speeches.

There is no readier speaker in the State than he, and none who is capable of competing with him in point of statesmanlike qualifications.



HON. J. H. COLLIER.

The law—dry, musty, crabbed trade,
Which seems specifically made
To set men by the ears,
Although its slaves their hands must soil
With many a soul-destroying broil,
There's one of them it could not spoil ;
His portrait here appears.

Of course you know him—who does not?
Few others like him have we got,
Whose virtue naught can quench,
In whom, through all the court-room grind,
True grace of manner and of mind
Survive—that's why we're glad to find
Him seated on the bench.

Few could against him keep the floor
In thoroughness of legal lore,
On this the world's agreed ;
And he who haply would rely
On ready wit or dodges sly,
To close his Honor's eagle eye,
To hump himself would need.

The judge is getting old and gray,
But in his youthful prime, they say,
He was a lively lad ;

Excitement had for him its charms—
When war broke out he shouldered arms,
Braving the battlefield's alarms
And red-hot times he had.

He cares not of his feats to boast,
But sticks to his Grand Army Post
Where cherished comrades are ;
And always on Memorial Days
The soldier spirit he displays,
And loves in trumpet tones to praise
The heroes of the war.

His tastes are simple ; naught he cares
For sporting fashionable airs
And being in the swim ;
When work is over he unbends,
Pores over books and gently tends
His flowers—pretty, faithful friends—
They're good enough for him.

He lives in Sharpsburg, but his face
Is known and welcomed every place,
Nor does he e'er begrudge
A word or handshake, for he treats
With friendship half the folks he meets,
And so our Muse his Honor greets—
Here's looking at you, Judge.



REV. DAVID McALLISTER, D. D.

Here's a type of the real ascetic,
A Calvinist straight-laced and prim,
In clerical work energetic
And blest with a countenance grim.
Deep scholarship lurks in the wrinkles
On his forehead, productive of awe,
His eye controversially twinkles,
And there's force in his ponderous jaw.

When he gets in the pulpit he raises
Particular Cain with the stage ;
The drama, in some of its phases,
Excites him to absolute rage.
The ballet girl dancing so sweetly
In tights, he'd consign to the shelf,
And he rips up "Thou Shalt Not" completely
As written by Satan himself.

He's a stickler for Scottish tradition
And orders his flock not to vote,
For he says that the way to perdition
The laws of this country denote.

Dire evils the Union must menace,
He vows, and quite plainly he sees
That the name of this nation is Dennis
If it don't come and join the R. P.'s.

Just now he is fighting like thunder
And up to his eyes in debate,
And really it isn't a wonder
That he rants at a terrible rate—
For a group of young preachers (just
seven)
Demanded permission to vote
And he wants them all barred out of heaven
And stripped of the clerical coat.

Alas ! for the weakness of clerics,
Which serves zealous movements to
wreck !
In spite of his prayers and hysterics
He's getting it right in the neck.
The synod by methods decisive
Rebukes him, and therefore, thinks he,
Since the rest all are growing divisive,
He's the only surviving R. P.



In elegance of dressing
And appearance prepossessing,
Who on earth could help confessing
That the chap above's a paragon?
He's learned the winning art of
Playing modestly the part of
Bluff King Hal, who broke the heart of
Pretty Katharine of Aragon.

But bless you! he's not taking
Any interest in breaking
Maidens' hearts, though they be aching—
No; there aren't any fears of him.
He has but one ambition,
Which is as a politician
To compel his recognition
By the nation—when it hears of him.

When the civil war was raging
None could keep him from engaging
In the awfullest rampaging
Where the fray was waged most heatedly.
He slashed the rebs like pullets,
Cutting gashes in their gullets,
While the records say that bullets
Pierced him through and through repeat-
edly.

When the war was over, then he
Rambled back to Allegheny,
And he scored successes many
In his office-getting scrimmages.
No opposition stayed him,
County treasurer they made him,
With a lot of clerks to aid him
Handling Miss Columbia's images.

Tom Bayne once knocked him silly
(Twasn't with a handy-Billy)
When he wanted, will he, nill he,
To be presidential delegate.
But yet, despite that licking,
To the same old claim he's sticking,
And twill take some pow'rful kicking
To the rear his boom to relegate.

His talents now embellish
A hotel that's very swellish,
And he views with keenest relish
Sundry "bood" that keeps a-bowling in.
In fact, he's such a clever
Sort of Boniface as never
Heretofore or wheresoever
Made the shekels come a-rolling in.

WILLIAM WITHEROW.

BIG, cheery, good-natured William Witherow, mine host of the Hotel Duquesne,—who does not know him, and who that knows him does not admire his sunny disposition and the many other good qualities that go to make him the *beau ideal* of an American gentleman? Mr. Witherow has been for years a figure of prominence in Allegheny County. He was born on November 7, 1843, and received his education in the Allegheny public schools. Just as he attained manhood the Civil War broke out. In 1862 he enlisted in Company E., 123d Pennsylvania Volunteers. He took part with his regiment in many severe engagements, among them the second battle of Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and both fights at Chancellorsville. When his time expired he was honorably discharged, but re-enlisted later on in the heavy artillery. He was sent to Fort Delaware, and detailed there as postmaster until the close of the war. In 1865 he was discharged by a general order, thus being distinguished with two honorable discharges.

For a man with so fine a war record nothing was too good in Allegheny County, and accordingly Mr. Witherow easily drifted into the field of public life and political activity. He became a book-keeper in the U. S. Depository under Collector Thomas Steele, and served as a clerk in the Clerk of Courts' office under W. H. McCleary, and as Chief Clerk under Sheriff William Hunter. In 1881 he was elected County Treasurer. In 1887 he took charge of the Hotel Duquesne, and by his rare tact and administrative ability made that establishment one of the most admirable of its kind west of the Allegheny mountains. Mr. Witherow's cares as a host have not caused him to forsake politics absolutely. In '88 he made a fight for Republican National Delegate against a powerful combination, and was beaten by only two votes. Few men are happier than he in the formation of strong and permanent friendships, and few are more generally respected and esteemed.



You have heard about Paul the apostle, of course,
 Who was famed for his graceful and fluent discourse,
 In a period long passed away ;
 Now the subject we sing of, though he, too,
 is Paul,
 To his prototype bears no resemblance at all.
 And for work apostolic decidedly small
 Inclination is known to display.

Verona, not Tarsus, is where he hangs out,
 There at turning out tools with attention devout
 He keeps on, and the profits are high ;
 Not political tools, it is proper to state,
 Notwithstanding his having political weight,
 But the species that workmen with elegance great
 Employ in the trades that they ply.

Apropos of his being in politics strong,
 We may mention the fact that he's proud
 to belong
 To the famous Americus club.

He was president once of the same, and he's yet
 'Way up in the stalwart Republican set,
 And to work for the party he doesn't forget
 When he's needed the hostiles to drub.

He's down upon Quay—there's no doubt about that—
 And he's trying his utmost to paralyze Matt
 And to strengthen the cause of Dalzell ;
 For he thinks that the man who's a senator should
 Have the brains and the will for his state
 to do good,
 Instead of being merely a figure of wood,
 Such as honest contempt must compel.

To say that he's handsome is needless, for lo !
 Our portrait the fact should sufficiently show
 Though it cuts down his noble physique ;
 But he is not a target for matchmaking dames,
 For he's married, and done with premarital games,
 And the satisfied cut of his visage proclaims
 That the joy of his home is unique.

HARRY S. PAUL.

THE handsome face and athletic figure of Harry Paul, the dashing young Republican leader, are familiar to every man about town in the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny. Mr. Paul shines as a society man, as a successful man of business, and as a duly commissioned officer in the brigade of stalwart Republicans.

He was born on Ross street, Pittsburg, February 13, 1856, and was educated at the Birmingham public school. In 1863 his parents moved across the river. Young Paul left school at about the age of 14, to learn the printing trade. After spending eighteen months at that occupation, he secured a position at the Crescent Steel Works, and remained there for a period of eighteen months, after which he removed with his family to Verona.

In 1873 the Verona Tool Works were established, and Mr. Paul was engaged as shipping clerk. Two years later he took charge of the factory, and coming to Pittsburg assumed the management of the city office. In 1881 he became one of the firm. The Tool Works proved a profitable concern, and built up for the Paul family the large fortune which they have for years enjoyed.

In 1886 Mr. Paul was elected president of the Americus Club, succeeding Captain John A. Reed. He served in that capacity until January, 1891, winning golden opinions by his success in maintaining and elevating the prestige of the Club, and its potency as a political force of the best type.

Mr. Paul resides in Oakmont borough, and takes a prominent part in the management of the borough's affairs. He served eight years as councilman and four years as school director.



Here's a Congressman new-made
Who's a barrister by trade ;
On the North Side he is Tommy Bayne's
successor.
Though not long ago he came
From Tioga, yet of fame
And of influence immense he's the pos-
sessor.

From Tioga county here
He transferred his worldly gear,
Occupying at the time but little compass.
Little thought our people then
That this quietest of men
Would in politics some day stir up a
rumpus.

As a lawyer he pitched in
Notoriety to win,
And thereto, he found, quite easy was the
journey ;
For when once he'd made a hit
He was honored with a "sit"
Acting locally as Uncle Sam's attorney.

Then did Tommy Bayne step down,
And his legislative crown
He consigned at a convention to our hero ;
Which exploit so strange and bold
Made the people's blood run cold
Till the temperature thereof went down
to zero.

How the party hacks did swear
The "Old Lady" tore her hair ;
All agreed, Bayne's legatee would be de-
feated :
But he proved that he was game,
And succeeded just the same,
So that finally in Congress he was seated.

Though his record's still to make
Yet he seems so wide-awake
And intent upon his duty squarely doing,
That with justice we may say
Allegheny folk to-day
Needn't fear that yet their choice they
will be ruing.

WILLIAM A. STONE.

HON. WILLIAM A. STONE, who represents the twenty-third district (Allegheny City) in the lower house of Congress, was born in Delmar township, Tioga county, Pa., in April, 1846, and received a common school education. When the war broke out, he enlisted as a private in Company A., 187th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was subsequently promoted to a lieutenantcy. On his return from the army he resumed his studies, and in 1868 graduated from a state normal school. He then studied law with Stephen S. Wilson and J. B. Niles, in Tioga county. In September, 1870, he was admitted to the bar and entered upon a profitable practice in the civil courts.

Colonel Stone has been District Attorney of Tioga county, and served as U. S. District Attorney for Western Pennsylvania under the Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland administrations.

In 1890, when Congressman Bayne was nominated for re-election to Congress, he requested the Convention to transfer the nomination to Colonel Stone, and the recommendation was adopted. As considerable adverse criticism was aroused by this proceeding, Colonel Stone announced himself as a candidate on his own merits. New primaries were called and a new convention held, and the result was that Colonel Stone carried off the palm of victory, in the face of spirited opposition from the friends of George Shiras III.

It is too early as yet to estimate Colonel Stone's powers as a statesman, but it may be truthfully said that he gives evidence, at the outset of his Congressional career, of a determination to serve his constituency with sedulous fidelity.



EUSTACE S. MORROW.

Here's the counterfeit presentment of a
functionary bland,
Who directs financial matters with a quiet,
steady hand ;
He's the watch-dog of the treasury, a solid
touch-me-not,
Just show him a marauder, and he'll nail
him on the spot.

Though mild of disposition, and gentle in
his ways,
Try to work him with "infloence," and
you'll see his optics blaze ;
For where many men are crooked he can
hold his head on high,
And honestly and squarely look the public
in the eye.

He's a good deal of a moralist, and often
gives advice
To wicked young reporters, who of life
enjoy the spice ;
And he goes to church on Sunday in a
solemn broadcloth coat,
Just like the Village Blacksmith in whose
praise the poet wrote.

He is not a politician in the ordinary
sense,
Though he holds a paying office, and his
grip on it's immense ;
For the people are his backers, and deny
it if you can,
He don't need to seek the office, for the
office seeks the man.



E. M. BIGELOW.

"I am monarch of all I survey ;
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the Hollow de Panther to points
 far away,
 I'm lord of the fowl and the brute.

"An army of vassals I own ;
 I've a cinch on their bodies and souls.
 Oh, doesn't it make the Democracy
 groan
 To see 'em march up to the polls?

"At a dollar and upwards a day
 My henchmen their leisure consume ;
 As long as the city comes down with the
 pay,
 The labor may go up the flume.

"Like the rulers of Rome and of Greece,
 I have wild beasts in stock by the score,

And if taxpayers choose to intrude on
 my peace,
 Why, the beastlets will bathe in their
 gore.

"I'm a dandy on getting up schemes,
 Which Councils are bound to support ;
 With plans to spend money my intellect
 teems,
 And ordinance making's my forte.

"Do the people dislike me? Come off ;
 I'm a monarch that can't be flim-
 flammed ;
 Let the taxpayers kick and the news-
 papers scoff—
 All I say is, the public be—Vander-
 bilted !"



When a man gets in hoc for a deed homicidal
 And thinks that the jury will likely convict,
 Nine times out of ten, with a hope that's not idle,
 He sends for the gent whom above we depict.
 For he knows that, though caught *in flagrante*
delicto,

His chances are good if he trusts to his nobs,
 Who vows he can clear him, and well knows the
 trick to
 Bamboozle a jury with fireworks and sobs.

At the trial he proves that he hasn't been boast-
 ing,

He poses exactly as shown in the cut,
 The district attorney he treats to a roasting
 And sets half the witnesses clean off their nut.
 In a speech he winds up that makes every one
 quiver.

A martyr he makes of the murderer pale,
 Who, instead of being hanged, is sent over the
 river,
 Or straight-out acquittal with triumph can hail.

'Tis a trait of our hero that ducats won't tempt him
 The commonwealth's side with his talents to aid;
 To help prosecutions no pow'r can pre-empt him,
 Such service, he thinks, would his honor de-
 grade.

But that doesn't keep him from scooping in
 lucre,

No slouch of an income he's able to earn,
 And, if only he's certain the hangman to euchre,
 The box receipts don't give him any concern.

In the past as a statesman he made a beginning;
 He helped the Republican party to found,
 But base politicians in time had their inning
 And ran their shenanagin into the ground.

In rage and disgust to the Mugwumps he bolted
 And ran independent for Congress—but oh!
 There wasn't enough of the party revolted,
 To save him from eating a diet of crow.

For the bench his admirers at intervals name
 him,

But he sticks to the bar, where his prestige was
 gained,
 Where as "Glorious" the multitude first did pro-
 claim him,—

No wonder to leave it he's always disdained.
 So onward he potters, a noteworthy figure;
 Though years may have bowed him and silvered
 his locks,

They haven't diminished the shrewdness and
 vigor

Whereby his competitors silly he knock.

THOMAS M. MARSHALL.

THOMAS MERCER MARSHALL, the Father of the Allegheny County Bar, as by virtue of years and status he may well be styled, was born in the county of Londonderry, Ireland, November 20, 1819. The family emigrated to the United States in 1822, his father purchasing a tract of land in Middlesex Township, Butler County. In November, 1826, Thomas M. Marshall came to Pittsburg to reside with his brother, James Marshall, the founder of the Farmers' Deposit National Bank. In 1839 he became a partner with his brother James in the wholesale grocery business. Wearying of commercial pursuits he entered, in 1843, the law office of Hon. Charles Shaler, then Judge of the District Court. Here the great fire of April 10, 1845, found Mr. Marshall a student.

In 1846 he was admitted to the bar and entered upon general practice in partnership with Stephen H. Geyer, a life-long friend. His next partner was Major A. M. Brown, and his present partnership comprises his son, Thomas M. Marshall, Jr., and A. M. Imbrie, under the firm name of Marshalls & Imbrie.

Mr. Marshall's services have been enlisted in almost every great criminal trial that has taken place in Western Pennsylvania for the past thirty years; and, while he is opposed to capital punishment and has never accepted a retainer where there was a prospect that human life might be sacrificed, he has tried more homicide cases than any other lawyer in Pennsylvania. His civil practice has been almost equally extensive.

Mr. Marshall has never sought political preferment, although for forty years he was constantly before the people as a political speaker, first as an anti-slavery Whig and afterwards as an aggressive Republican. He was a member of Pittsburg Councils from 1851 to 1856, and was president of Common Council during all that period. The Republican nomination for Congress from the Twenty-second district was tendered him in 1858, but he declined the honor. In May, 1882, he went as a delegate to the State Convention to urge the nomination of his nephew, Major A. M. Brown, for Judge of the Supreme Court. Despite his protest, the convention, amid great enthusiasm, nominated him for Congressman-at-large. On his return home, regardless of the importunities of his friends, he declined the nomination, as no honor could induce him to leave his home and children.



Our artist portrays in the picture above
A political sharp of the genus kid-glove,
Who for common ward hustlers don't harbor
much love,

Though such feelings he's bound to conceal.

Preferment he's gained, and the cause of
the boon

Is because he's a solid commercial Mul-
doon,

And, in this case, the wire-pullers altered
their tune

In order to do the genteel.

Though thusly a lucrative "sit" he has
found,

Well he knows that the job don't in pleas-
ure abound ;

For the "boys" rub it in on him all the
year round

And work him for places and cash.

Hence, although he's a man of a well-
balanced mind,

So tough the perpetual drain does he find
That, in desperate moments, he's often
inclined

To rush out and achieve something
rash.

In spite of these minor annoying details,
This casting of anchors and trimming of
sails,

Which a good man in office once placed
never fails

To view with alarm and disgust,
This mild-mannered gent never gets on
his ear,

But a plain middle course he is able to
steer

And still keep his conscience untroubled
and clear,

For he does the square thing by his
trust.

JAMES S. MCKEAN.

JAMES STITT MCKEAN, Pittsburg's model postmaster, was born in New Abbey, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, January 28, 1850. The same year his parents emigrated to the United States and took up their residence at Newburg, N. Y. In the following year they removed to Allegheny, and shortly afterwards went to Chartiers Creek. Here they resided until the close of the war, the coming Postmaster attending the district school and the Mansfield Academy. In 1866 the family removed to Washington County, settling at the place now known as Charleroi, where Mr. McKean worked on his father's farm. In 1876 he came to Pittsburg, and with Mr. W. G. Duff established the agricultural implement firm of Duff & McKean. The firm prospered, and Mr. McKean by his geniality of disposition and other admirable qualities attached to himself many valuable friends, so that, when the time came for the appointment of a postmaster by President Harrison, his claims to the position were urged by the best people of the two cities, and the President readily decided in his favor.

Mr. McKean was commissioned Postmaster December 20, 1889, and took charge of the office February 1, 1890. His predecessor had left affairs in excellent shape, but to the business-like mind of Mr. McKean there was room for doing still better, and he set out to make his office equal, if not superior, to any other in the country in every detail of management. That he has been successful in this undertaking is attested by the splendid service furnished and the acknowledgments of Mr. McKean's efficiency publicly volunteered by his superiors.



Here's the very *beau ideal* of a theologic editor,
Whose weekly lucubrations to humanity a credit
are;

United Presbyterian
He is, and from Cimmerian
Obscurity poor sinners would redeem;
All the universe is shaken when he thunders con-
troversially,
And well he knows his thunder is of value great
commercially;

In proportion to his vigor
His subscription list grows bigger,
And with wealth his Calvinistic coffers teem.

'Tis superfluous to say that he's Scotch-Irish by
nativity;

That's proven by his militant sectarian proclivity;
He was quite a nimble-handed
'Prentice typo when he landed

In the States and for a footing cast around;
With a Philadelphia printer his probation he com-
pleted,

Then he hankered for a pulpit, and with aspira-
tions heated,

Buckled down to studies drastic
In a school ecclesiastic,
Where a steady grist of pulpiteers is ground.

It dawned on him at length that his intention was
chimerical,

Dame Nature hadn't built him with a turn for
functions clerical;

And the certainty came o'er him
That a triumph lay before him
If the journalistic quill he chose to wield.

Into journalism, therefore, in the Buckeye State
he drifted,

And his Presbyterian voice in such stentorian
tones uplifted,

That the world soon learned to prize him,
And with wonder recognize him
As an editorial Richmond in the field.

All the small fry publications of the Calvinist
complexion

Were absorbed in course of time beneath this
editor's direction;

Here in Pittsburg he combined them,
And their patrons came behind them,
Laying patronage enormous at his feet.

In his printing house, besides, he runs off journals
out of number

For his neighbors, most of which are sure provo-
catives of slumber;

Books and pamphlets, too, he sets up—
And artistic matters gets up—

His equipment is undoubtedly complete.

With the preachers he's a favorite; in assemblies
he is prominent,

And rarely fails in argument to make himself pre-
dominant.

He's as jovial as they make 'em,
And you'll very much mistake him

If you think that he's a zealot harsh and cold.
Ask the people in Sewickley, where for years he's
been a resident,

And none of them you'll find with inclination to
be hesitant

In voting him a sample
Of good fellowship as ample

As was ever in newspaperdom enrolled.

HUGH J. MURDOCH.

H. J. MURDOCH, one of the proprietors and business manager of the *United Presbyterian*, is a native of Belfast, Ireland. Before leaving his native land he acquired a limited knowledge of the printing business. His apprenticeship was completed in the establishment of W. S. Young, in Philadelphia, where he had for his fellow-workers such distinguished journalists and printers as John Russell Young, of the New York *Herald*, John Caison, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, John Blakely, of the Philadelphia *Evening Star*, and James M. and George S. Ferguson, now prominent printers and publishers.

Mr. Murdoch was subsequently induced to go to Westminster College, New Washington, Pa., with the intention of studying for the ministry; but he was so infatuated with journalism that he soon abandoned his original purpose and became connected with the Westminster *Herald* as its publisher. Under his able management this paper was very successful. At a later period it was consolidated with the *United Presbyterian*, and the *Presbyterian Witness*, of Cincinnati, was also absorbed, thus giving Mr. Murdoch control of one of the best and most widely read religious journals in the country. At the present time, in fact, the *United Presbyterian* has a larger circulation than any other paper of its class outside of New York City.

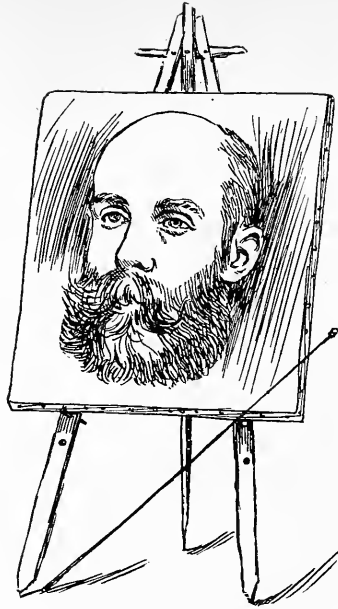
The printing of the paper is done by Murdoch, Kerr & Co., book and job printers, who also print the *Christian Advocate*, *Methodist Recorder*, *Evangelical Repository*, *American Manufacturer*, *Workman*, *Labor Tribune*, *American*, *East End Bulletin*, and all publications of the United Presbyterian Board, besides carrying on an extensive job business.

Mr. Murdoch was also at one time associated with the electrotyping and printing establishment of Ferguson Bros. in Philadelphia.

Hugh J. Murdoch is still in the prime of life, and his proverbial capacity for hard work remains undiminished. He is active in the Employing Printers' Association, and in 1886, when the LEADER Publishing Company had trouble with its employees, Mr. Murdoch left his own large business to set type for his embarrassed neighbor.

He is highly esteemed in the United Presbyterian Church, of which he has been a consistent member since the union in 1858. In Sewickley, where he has resided for a quarter of a century, he is known as a man of undeviating probity and sterling qualities. In business matters he is shrewd, prompt and decided, and socially he is noted for agreeable manners and the knack of making and retaining staunch friends.

Mr. Murdoch is a valued member of the Pittsburg Press Club, and stands in the highest esteem among the newspaper fraternity.



Above we show a classic face
Upon an easel mounted,
Which, in its tawny-bearded grace,
Is not to be discounted.
The straight-out look that's in those eyes
Will tell you in a minute
That on his Nobs there are no flies,
And that he's strictly in it.

The railroad business is his trade,
And like a book he knows it ;
He's learned the ropes in ev'ry grade,
And in his work he shows it.
For twice ten years he's skirmished round,
For passengers a-gunning,
And such success his toil has crowned
That all admit his cunning.

A thriving road he represents ;
Both east and west it branches ;
The river front it ornaments
And wants another franchise.

But that of his is no affair—
Such matters don't concern him ;
From city jobs he's free as air
And simply says, "Gol dern 'em."

All sorts of catching tricks he tries ;
His bosom friend's the printer ;
His hobby is to advertise
Excursions in midwinter.
Trainloads to Washington he hauls
Through ice and snowdrifts frightful,
And swears, no matter what befalls,
That ev'ry trip's delightful.

He revels in domestic bliss,
And, when each day is ended,
He wouldn't for a fortune miss
The joys at home extended.
The youngsters climb upon his knee
And vow that, will he, nill he,
They, too, boss railroad sharps will be,
And knock their father silly.

ED. D. SMITH.

ED. D. SMITH, the genial and wide-awake division passenger agent of the B. & O. railroad, was born on Third Avenue, Pittsburg, April 11, 1852. He received his education at the public schools. At the age of 18 he went to work for the Pittsburg & Connellsville railroad as clerk in the ticket department, and continued in that capacity until 1872, when the P. & C. railroad was taken by the B. & O., the latter having completed its line from Connellsville to Cumberland.

After the absorption of the P. & C. road, the chief ticket office was moved to Baltimore. Mr. Smith then went on the civil engineer corps, performing in that service the only work ever done by him outside of the passenger business.

In 1875 he was appointed city ticket agent of the B. & O. road, and was afterwards transferred to the depot. Four years later he was appointed division passenger agent of the B. & O., in charge of the Pittsburg division and its branches.

Mr. Smith inaugurated the running of cheap popular excursions from this city, on a basis of 1 cent per mile, and has kept up the practice ever since. He also, in 1873, inaugurated the custom of annually taking out the newspaper men on an excursion, which has since been kept up by all the railroads. Another idea originated by Mr. Smith is that of midwinter excursions to Washington and Baltimore.

During Mr. Smith's management the B. & O. has handled more special traveling parties than any two roads in the city. He has a particularly happy knack of catching theatrical traffic.

Mr. Smith labors early and late to make his department of the B. & O. road a success, and leaves nothing undone to promote the interests and revenues of the company. He is a prime favorite with the writers of the city press, and has a host of warm friends in all trades and professions.

He was the first associate member of the Pittsburg Press club.



In Ireland the Shannon of rivers is king,
 And poets its praises melodiously sing,
 Recording in verse that this picturesque
 stream
 Is the Father of Waters in glory supreme.

From the region of fact no departure we
 make,
 When this river below'd of the Irish we take
 As the prototype fitting in name and re-
 nown
 Of an oil-king in Pittsburg whose wealth
 is his crown.

With thoroughbred Yankees our subject
 is classed ;
 In the county of Clarion his boyhood he
 passed,
 Till, when yet but a youth of sixteen, he
 took flight
 From collegiate shades for the Union to
 fight.

'Twas at Parker, one day, so the records
 recite,
 When the oil craze was just about reach-
 ing its height,
 That the thought came upon him in wells
 to invest,
 And accumulate millions forthwith, like
 the rest.

He did it, and lo ! like enchantment it
 seemed,
 Riches came to him faster than ever he
 dreamed,
 And the more he produced and developed
 and leased,
 The more his monarchical greatness in-
 creased.

While he lived in the oil country, strong
 was his hand
 In politics of the Republican brand ;
 He was burgess of Millerstown ; later the
 mayor
 Of Bradford, and served with ability rare.
 For Assembly and Congress as well he was
 named,
 But business was stern and his energies
 claimed,
 And rejecting the honors they laid at his feet
 He migrated to Pittsburg, new rivals to
 meet.

What more does he need to round out his
 success ?
 Not a thing on this earth that we know of,
 unless
 Shannon's stream he may covet, as part of
 his kin,
 But it's not in the market, and can't be
 bought in.

P. M. SHANNON.

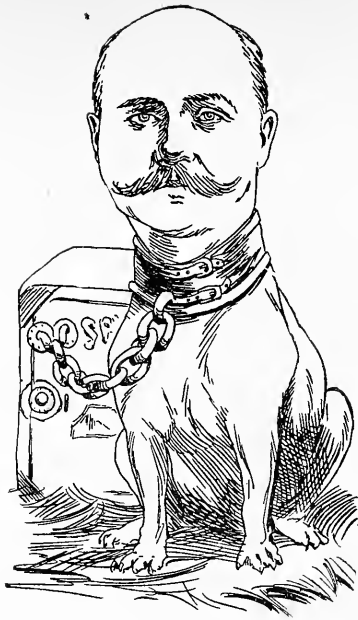
PHILIP MARTIN SHANNON, distinguished as a leading spirit among the independent oil producers of Pennsylvania, was born at Shannondale, Clarion County, Pa., September 2, 1846. He was reared in his native town, and had just entered upon his college course when, inspired by President Lincoln's call for troops to put down the Rebellion, he enlisted, deceiving the enrolling officer as to his age, and was assigned to Company C., 62d Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, under Colonel Samuel W. Black, of Pittsburg. He served in the Army of the Potomac until the battle of Gaines' Mills, when, being disabled by a wound in the right foot, he was honorably discharged and returned home. On his recovery, he went to Pittsburg and secured employment as a traveling salesman.

In 1870, Mr. Shannon went into the oil business at Parker. He was one of the pioneers at Millerstown, Butler County, operating largely in that field until the spring of 1879, when he went to Bradford and there became associated with the largest operators. The firm of Melvin, Walker, Shannon & Co., alone controlled 10,000 acres of territory.

In 1890, Mr. Shannon moved to Pittsburg, and was one of the pioneers of the Shannopin oil field. He owns extensive and valuable property there, and has realized largely upon the investment. He is also engaged in oil production in Wyoming, and is interested in the development of 150,000 acres of territory in that State. In Forest County his holdings aggregate 12,000 acres, and he has other leases scattered throughout the country. He is prominently connected with the independent producers' movement, and acts as one of its managers.

Mr. Shannon was for many years active in Republican politics. In 1874 he was elected burgess of Millerstown and filled the office acceptably. In 1876 he was a candidate for the Legislature, but the Butler County ring threw the vote of the oil section out of the Convention, thus defeating him. In 1885 he was elected Mayor of Bradford. Shortly before his removal to Pittsburg he was urged to run for Congress, but declined, and has since remained out of politics.

Mr. Shannon was married on June 18, 1881, to Miss Hattie M. McIntosh, of Bradford. He stands high in the Masonic order, having reached the 32d degree in that fraternity, and is a past eminent commander of Trinity Commandery No. 58, K. T. He is a man of admirable social qualities, and has a host of friends in all parts of the State.



Rotund and fair
 With scanty hair
 And eyes that gleam expressively ;
 In manner blunt
 For 'tis his wont
 When bluffed, to act aggressively.
 Precise, exact,
 And full of tact,
 He's just the business sharp he looks ;
 The man we mean,
 It's easy seen,
 Is he who keeps the county's books.

From youth he's been
 Through thick and thin
 In business plunged untiringly,
 Upon his ways
 The public gaze
 Has long been fixed admiringly.
 In Semple's store
 And Horne's he bore
 The name of one who never brooks
 A crooked deal ;
 He's true as steel,
 This man who keeps the county's books.

When hand in hand
 The pow'rful band
 Of county servants made a break
 For pay immense,
 On no pretense
 Would he be classed as on the make.
 The job he fought ;
 Officials ought,
 He held, unlike viscounts and dukes,
 To peg away
 On modest pay
 Like him who keeps the county's books.

Perchance 'twill be
 The case that he
 Will meet with base ingratitude.
 That thus, in fact,
 Republics act
 In somewhat of a platitude.
 But this we know
 Will be a go,
 If e'er reform gets in its hooks,
 That, first of all,
 Reward will fall
 On him who keeps the county's books.

JAMES. A. GRIER.

JAMES A. GRIER, the efficient Controller of Allegheny county, was born in the Fourth ward, Allegheny, February 16, 1849. He received his education at the public schools, which he attended for eight years. In 1863, at the age of 14, he entered William Semple's store in Allegheny as errand boy, and in the following year he went to C. Yeager's establishment as a salesman. After an experience of four years in that capacity, he went to Joseph Horne & Co.'s wholesale house as salesman, and remained there during the years 1868-9. In 1870 he began business for himself in the retail furnishing line on Penn Avenue, and he was thus occupied for 10 years.

In 1882, after a brief venture in the coal business, Mr. Grier became assistant chief clerk in the County Controller's office. In the fall of 1890 he was elected to the Controllorship, and on assuming office speedily signalized himself by undertaking to give the people a clean, economical, business-like administration. With this end in view he repeatedly went into court for authority to dispense with superfluous employees and sources of expenditure, and his opposition to the county salary grab is still fresh in the public memory.

Controller Grier's reform methods have lost him the favor of professional politicians, but he has gained the good-will and cordial endorsement of the people, and his blameless official career is a sure passport to popular favor in the event of his again seeking recognition at the polls.



Sing hey, sing ho
 For the days of long ago,
 When a plentitude of blood was on the
 moon,
 And the boys that wore the blue
 Went and whipped the rebel crew
 For the sake of giving freedom to the coon.
 Then the chap above exhibited—a printer
 he by trade—
 Laid his typographic implements away,
 And the call for Union fighters with alac-
 rity obeyed,
 And went marching off in regimentals
 gay.

Through thick and through thin
 He bravely waded in
 And rebel blood in cataracts he shed ;
 So ferocious was his wrath
 That he cut an awful swath
 And sent hundreds to a sanguinary bed.
 Then home he came exultant and was
 clapped upon the back
 For the way that he the enemy had slain.
 And once more he settled down upon the
 old familiar tack,
 Setting type in that discarded "stick"
 again.

Each "take" that he took
 From off the copy hook
 He mangled, just to keep himself in trim,
 And when'er his blood got warm
 He'd go off and "pi a form,"
 Fighting tactics were a habit still with him.
 Later on he tackled politics and struck a
 paying "sit"
 In the treasury, and froze to it, you bet ;
 For he wouldn't have been ousted and he
 never would have quit
 If he hadn't got a snap that's softer yet.

As it was, the G. A. R.
 Helped along his lucky star,
 He got in among the presidential pets
 And a whopping prize he drew—
 Not a blessed thing to do
 But to pay their monthly stipend to the
 vets.
 He won't wear a bogus title like some
 other men of rank ;
 He is courteous and makes every man
 his friend.
 And for commonplace vicissitudes he
 doesn't care a blank,
 For his comrades will stick by him to
 the end.

H. H. BENGOUGH.

HERBERT H., better known as "Harry," Bengough, was born in Pittsburgh June 15, 1845, of English parentage. He was left an orphan at the age of four years, and was adopted by Captain William Burns, of Mt. Oliver, Lower St. Clair Township. He attended the common school at Mt. Oliver, and for one season was a pupil of the late Prof. Andrew Burt, who, as the warm personal friend of the youth's parents, assumed the responsibility of acting as his guardian. To Prof. Burt's interest in his welfare Mr. Bengough attributes much of his success in life.

In the fall of 1858, Mr. Bengough entered the office of the *Pittsburg Gazette*, and he was a printer on that paper when the Civil War began.

On September 11, 1861, before reaching the age of 17, he enlisted as a private in Co. K, 78th P. V., and went with his regiment to the front in General James S. Negley's division. This command was ordered south *via* Louisville, and from the day of its advance towards Nashville until the fall of Atlanta, was engaged in all the brilliant achievements of the Fourteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Thomas. The three years' term of Mr. Bengough's regiment expired at the time of the capture of Atlanta, and his regiment was mustered out at Kittanning on October 12, 1864. During the entire three years Mr. Bengough was never once absent from active service, and, considering the dangers which his regiment went through, he was fortunate in escaping with two slight flesh-wounds.

Returning home, he regarded his soldiering as ended, and entered upon a course at the Iron City College. But excitement was at its height in the spring of 1865, and he could not resist the temptation to re-enlist along with some of his old comrades. He helped to organize Co. K, 104th P. V., and became its orderly sergeant. The company reported at Norfolk, Va., but was mustered out soon afterwards, as the war was brought to a close.

Mr. Bengough looked after the interests of his foster-father until 1869, when he returned to the printer's case. In 1874, at the request of his old commander, General Negley, he accepted a clerical position in Washington, but found it uncongenial, and returned to Pittsburgh in the following year.

In 1882 he became a clerk under R. D. Layton, then General Secretary of the K. of L., and in the following year he entered City Treasurer Denniston's office, and was by him appointed vehicle officer. During his service in the treasury he handled millions of dollars, absolute faith being reposed in his integrity.

On November 17, 1890, Mr. Bengough was appointed U. S. Pension Agent by President Harrison, over the heads of many influential contestants. The unanimous support of his comrades in Western Pennsylvania contributed chiefly to this result. Since his appointment the business of the pension office has greatly expanded, but Mr. Bengough has proved equal to all demands upon him, and his administration has been in line with the record of prudence, honesty and strict regard for duty which has marked his whole lifetime.



What should a doctor foster?
 Should he pose as an exhauster
 Of the deepest learned lore?
 Should he potter through the mazes
 Of queer eccentric phrases
 And o'er heavy volumes pore?
 Work in pathologic highways
 And in anatomic byways,
 Tackle hygiene and such?
 No, not much, much, much, much, much,
 much, much,
 Should a doctor thus employ himself? Not
 much.

Of the tribe we show a sample
 Fully qualified to trample
 On ideas long played out.
 Though professionally prudent
 And a very zealous student
 In his college days, no doubt,
 Yet no midnight oil he uses,
 Nor his leisure moments loses,
 Over works that are abstruse.
 What's the use, use, use, use, use, use?
 Of researches scientific what's the use?

When prescriptions he's not writing,
 Or the formulas reciting
 Which physicians all get off,
 He enjoys emancipation
 And the signs of his vocation
 He is mighty glad to doff.

Then he joins the hustlers gallant,
 Who by dint of special talent
 On the reins of statesmanship
 Have a grip, grip, grip, grip, grip, grip,
 grip;
 Yes, he, too, would like to have a solid grip.

'Twould be difficult to mention
 A Republican convention
 In the county that he fails
 To attend; because he labors
 Out at Crafton 'mid his neighbors
 And in politics prevails.
 Some for Congressman suggest him,
 And 'tis doubtful who could best him
 If he'd only make the race;
 That's the case, case, case, case, case, case,
 case;
 Yes, in district Twenty-four it is the case.

From these data 'tis apparent
 That those medicos who daren't
 Make in politics a fuss,
 Lest their dignity might suffer,
 Hover near the genus duffer,
 That's the way it looks to us;
 For if trade must always claim 'em
 How can anybody name 'em
 For a legislative job?
 There's the rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub,
 Yes, ye stiff and starchy doctors, there's the
 rub.

D. G. FOSTER, M. D.

DAVID GILMORE FOSTER was born at Rossview, Scott township, in 1849. He received his early education in the common schools, and at the age of 18 went to Wooster College, Ohio, where he graduated three years later. In 1869 he went to Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and from that institution he graduated on completion of the usual course. Returning to his home near Crafton, he began the practice of medicine, which he has since carried on steadily and successfully in that locality.

Dr. Foster takes a keen interest in politics on the Republican side, and regularly attends County Conventions as a delegate. When President Harrison was nominated, he was an alternate to the National Convention. He is Major in the Fourteenth Regiment, and attends every encampment. His name has been mentioned for Congress in the Twenty-fourth district, and in view of his great personal popularity and the services which he has rendered the party, there is no doubt but that in the event of his nomination, he would be an easy winner.

He is a whole-souled, liberal-minded man, quick to sacrifice his own convenience for the benefit of others, whether in the practice of his profession or in the pursuit of politics. Hence there is none among the medical practitioners of Allegheny County who is more generally respected and admired.



This pretty fellow with features symmetrical,
Flies a high kite in the business theatrical ;

Bosses a play-house where every one goes
And rakes in the shekels, as every one knows.

Among royal fellows he's always the royalest,

Sticks to his friends in a manner the loyalest ;

In the reg'lar profession he hasn't a foe,
From the star at the top to the super below.

Rivals he has and don't care a cuss for 'em,

Says if they kick, it's only the worse for 'em.

Business may lag, but he'll never lay down,

Whoops 'er up lively and catches the town.

Handsome he is—he's what you might call a man,

Dresses in costlier raiment than Solomon.
With his Prince-of-Wales beard and his

Frenchy mustache,

How can he help it, if hearts he must smash ?

Maidens, beware, for he is not available,

Seeking his smile is the next thing to jailable ;

But if it's to relish good acting you seek,
He'll welcome you all every day in the week.

R. M. GULICK.

R. M. GULICK, manager of the Bijou Theatre, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 15, 1854. His father is of Scotch and Irish extraction, and is now a retired tea merchant in New York City.

It was the desire of Mr. Gulick's parents that he should follow in his father's footsteps, but his tastes led him into other fields. Having located in Pittsburg, he perceived, with sagacious foresight, an opening in the theatrical business for a man of energy, enterprise and executive ability. Accordingly, in 1886, he acquired an interest in the new and popular Bijou Theatre, which has since crowned his hopes with fulfillment by becoming one of the best paying houses in America. For a while it was a hard struggle, but perseverance and strict application on the part of Mr. Gulick led up to merited success. To-day, though a young man, Mr. Gulick is recognized as among the most conspicuous factors in the nurture of the drama in this country. The firm of R. M. Gulick & Co. has, in fact, established a perpetual claim on the gratitude of the people of Pittsburg by making this city a center of attraction to the best dramatic talent of the world. Among the stars and organizations brought here by them may be mentioned: the divine Patti; the great New York Casino success, "Erminie," with Francis Wilson; Pauline Hall; Marie Jansen; the noted English artists, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal; Francis Wilson in his charming comic opera, "The Merry Monarch;" De Wolf Hopper in "Castles in the Air" and "Wang;" the queenly Lillian Russell in the Garden Theatre success, "La Cigale," with its magnificent scenery and costumes and other elaborate features in original detail. This engagement was one of the crowning society events of the season of 1891.

The name of R. M. Gulick & Co. has become a synonym for honesty and integrity, the business transactions of the firm being conducted on the bed-rock basis of square dealing.

While there are, of course, fluctuations in the artistic worth of attractions produced at the Bijou, public opinion never changes in its appreciation of the pure and elevated tone of the entertainments seen at this prosperous temple of Thespis.

Personally "Dick" Gulick, as he is known to his friends, is one of the most popular men of his calling. He is tall and distinguished-looking; the pink of affability and refinement; in short, in all respects, a true type of the cultured American gentleman.



There is not, we should judge, an American resident

Here; but has heard of the man
Who declared he would rather be right
than be President ;

Such of his life was the plan.
Now without any bother
You'll find such another
Good soul, of unselfishness bright,
Who without entertaining
Ambition, or training
For office, is glad to be (W)right.

In the days antedating his manhood's
maturity

Lathing he learned as a trade,
But a lather, you see, is condemned to
obscurity,
Totally left in the shade.

So from Syracuse, where he
Was reared, to the prairie
He skipped by the moon's misty light ;
And he soon made his way in
And ran a café in
Chicago, wherein he was (W)right.

In '76, when the west he grew weary of,
Hitherward gaily he came,
And though lathing's a trade that before
he was leary of,

That's what he tried, just the same.
Not a jobber or master
Could lath any faster
Than he—'twas an elegant sight
When he worked ; yet he quit it
When once more admitted
To serve at the bar—was he (W)right?

That's a question, the answer to which is
affirmative

Since a success he has been ;
And it's lucky he has not himself made a
hermit of,

Seeing the cash that rolls in.
He's big, fat and healthy,
Enormously wealthy,
And 'twould be of folly the height
To assume the position
That William's condition

In life doesn't prove that he's (W)right.

WILLIAM J. WRIGHT.

IN his particular walk of life, William J. Wright is as well and as favorably known, perhaps, as any other citizen of Allegheny County. He was born at Syracuse, N. Y., in August, 1851, and attended the common and parochial schools until the age of 14. On leaving school, he learned the trade of lathing, but never followed it, other pursuits presenting a more congenial aspect. At the age of 19 he left Syracuse and went to Chicago, where he managed a café for three years. In 1876 he came to Pittsburg and went to work at his trade. He was considered the fastest lather that Pittsburg had seen up to that time.

Subsequently he re-entered the liquor business, opening up a handsomely appointed establishment at Nos. 2 and 4 McMaster's Way. He has remained in that location, and the house has become noted as headquarters for the best whisky in Pittsburg. Mr. Wright keeps his whisky till it attains a ripe old age before serving it to his patrons, and handles only superior brands.

He is Secretary and Treasurer of the Virginia & Pittsburg Coal and Coke Company, and has other valuable interests, making him independently wealthy. He lives in good style in the East End.



A federal officeholder this ;
 Not one of those who place obtain
 Through eagerness for sordid gain,
 And are in moral sense remiss,
 Like some that we might name.
 Not he ; for, blest with riches great,
 'Tis but for glory that he bears
 The burden of official cares,
 And honestly to serve the state
 Has always been his aim.

Like him we sang of yesterday,
 Financially a masterstroke
 He made by selling coal and coke,
 And fast to fortune pushed his way
 By dint of steady toil.
 Monongahela's valley holds
 His mines ; a townlet there he made,
 Which bears his name, by him is
 swayed,
 And mammoth interests enfolds
 For him who owns the soil.

An orator he is, and oft
 His gift of rhetoric applies
 To help the G. O. P. to rise
 From out the depths and soar aloft
 Defiant of the foe.

Paternity the party owes
 To him and other braves who met
 In our old hall—the Lafayette,
 And waked the country from a doze
 Nigh forty years ago.

A legislative seat he held
 In '88, and, sad to say,
 He nominated Matthew Quay
 For Senator, thereto impelled
 Erroneously, of course.
 Then, after Benny took his place
 As President, through Matt's support,
 Our man was chosen of this port
 Collector—so, you see, the case
 Was one of horse and horse.

To prohibition he inclines ;
 'Twas he that introduced the bill
 Forbidding men to make or swill
 Beer, whiskey, rum, or even wines—
 That notion's now non est.
 He lives at Beaver, and so well
 Do people know his upright ways
 And model life in every phase
 That of his virtues oft they tell
 With ardor unexpressed.

JOHN F. DRAVO.

HON. JOHN F. DRAVO, a prominent factor in the coal and coke interests of Pittsburg, was born at West Newton, Westmoreland County, October 29, 1819. He is the grandson of Anthony Dreveau, a florist, who came to this country as a follower of the Marquis De Lussiere in 1794, and became the pioneer horticulturist in Pittsburg. Michael Dravo, Anthony's eldest son, and the father of the subject of this sketch, is still living with his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Long, at Oakland.

John Fleming Dravo was brought up in Allegheny County. He received his early education at the public schools, and studied at Allegheny College for two years, when failing health compelled him to abandon the course. He was about 17 years old when he came to Pittsburg, and was just entering manhood when he moved to McKeesport to engage in the business of mining and shipping coal, in which he acquired prominence and fortune. He planned and founded the town of Dravosburg, on the Monongahela River.

In 1868 he disposed of his extensive coal interests and engaged in the manufacture of coke, establishing large plants at Connellsville, and organizing the Pittsburg Gas, Coal and Coke Company, of which he became General Manager and Treasurer, and afterwards executive head.

From 1860 till 1870 he was President of the Coal Exchange, and in 1884 he succeeded the late General J. K. Moorhead as President of the Chamber of Commerce. He has labored for years to secure the improvement of the Ohio and Monongahela Rivers.

Captain Dravo's early political efforts were made in the Abolitionist cause. He was one of the organizers of the first Republican Convention, which met at Lafayette Hall, Pittsburg, February 22, 1854, and when the party took the field in 1856 he became one of its leaders. He possesses splendid oratorical powers, and has delivered many notable speeches on finance and the tariff. Two addresses delivered by him on the death of Grant are among the classics of latter-day oratory.

In 1886 Captain Dravo was induced to go to the Legislature from Beaver County. It was he that introduced the famous prohibition amendment, and he also had the distinction of nominating M. S. Quay for the U. S. Senate.

President Garfield appointed Captain Dravo Collector of the Port in 1881, and he filled the position with fidelity until after Cleveland's election. President Harrison appointed him to the same office in deference to public opinion in western Pennsylvania.

Captain Dravo is a director and stockholder in many corporations of prominence. He is also a Trustee of Allegheny College, Meadville, and President of Beaver Female College.

He was married in 1842 to Eliza Jane Clark, and has completed, accordingly, a round half century of wedded life. Ten children were born to him, of whom five are living.



There's a ward that sits up on the top of
the hill,
And its boss in our picture we show,
He controls ward elections with singular
skill

On behalf of Magee, Flinn & Co.

For many a year
He's helped to steer

The doings of Councils—and isn't it
queer,

That, though privately straight,
He don't hesitate

To wink at such jobs as the ring may
dictate?

A mortgage is held on the gavel he wields
By Billy and Chris, it is said,
And he's bound to respond when these
two pull the strings,

Or else he'll be knocked on the head.

But he does so well
That Christopher L.

United to boost him with Johnny Dalzell:
For the post-office they

Made a desperate play

On our hero's behalf, but were wal-
loped by Quay.

Quite oddly the man who caught on to
the place

Is a Mason high up in degree,
While the other, who couldn't catch up in
the race.

Is as high up a Mason as he.

Their lodge is the same,
And both of them claim

That neither would fain put the other to
shame,

But there's many a slip
'Twixt the password and grip,

Which was proved by the fight for the
postmastership.

Now, though on this office our subject got
left,

He thinks there is hope for him yet,
For he firmly believes that a man of his heft
Some lofty preferment should get.

But he don't need to flop,
For Magee is on top

And on mail-handed Matthew has gotten
the drop;

So some day, per request,
He'll likely be blest

With a chance to officially feather his nest.

H. P. FORD.

HENRY P. FORD, who is best known to the Pittsburg public as the presiding officer of Select Councils, was born at Hudson, N. Y., October 15, 1837. He is an expert accountant, and in that capacity has been connected with many of the leading manufacturing concerns in Pittsburg. In 1853 he commenced his business career as assistant clerk at W. S. Harmer's. In the following year he became bookkeeper for the Associated Firemen's Insurance Company; and when that concern wound up, he took charge of the books of the Eureka Insurance Company, his connection with which continued until 1861. He was then engaged as bookkeeper by Singer, Nimick & Co., with whom he remained for ten years.

In 1871, Mr. Ford established the firm of Emerson, Ford & Co., saw manufacturers, at Beaver Falls, his interest in which continued until 1876. In February, 1878, he was employed as book-keeper for the Crescent Tube Company, Limited, and afterwards as Secretary and Treasurer for the same Company. In 1881 he went to the Pennsylvania Tube Company as book-keeper, but gave up his position in May, 1882, on account of typhoid pneumonia and death in his family. For three years, from May, 1882, until 1885, he was thrown into litigation with the firm of Ford & Lacy. He has not been in active business since.

In February, 1881, Mr. Ford became a member of Councils from the Eleventh Ward, and has since been regularly re-elected. On April 2, 1888, he succeeded Mayor Gourley as President of Select Council, and at once made his mark as a clear-headed presiding officer. He was President of the Young Men's Republican Tariff Club in 1891, and is now Vice-President of the Republican County Committee.



Who couldn't tell who this blooming old
stager is?
Easily known the phiz of the major is !
With his Frenchified beard and his digni-
fied look
On the North side the major is known
like a book.

Slick as you please, no crook could bam-
boozle him.
Hebrew? Why, cert ; though he's not
from Jerusalem.
Germany shoulders the blame of his birth,
Though he swears that this country's the
finest on earth.

In the Rebellion he battled courageously ;
Sabred the gray-coated rebels rampage-
ously ;
Rode with the troopers, and made such a
hit
That promotion he gained on the strength
of his grit.

After the war this renowned Alleghenian
Looked for a trade he might turn an odd
penny in.
Idleness gave him a fit of the blues,
So he gave up his time to the selling of
booze.

Business poured in till, with cruel asperity,
License dispensers attacked his prosperity,
Knocked out his license at retail to sell,
And threatened to stop his wholesaling as
well.

Still he survives and gets along swimming-
ly,
Fills up the bottles for customers brim-
mingly,
Fattens himself on his good lager beer,
And rides with the vets on parade once a
year.

MAX KLEIN.

MAJOR MAX KLEIN, the leading wholesale liquor dealer in Allegheny, and as estimable a man as ever tapped a barrel of Old Monongahela, was born in the southern part of Rhenish Bavaria, January 3, 1843, and was educated in the common schools of his native place. In 1859 he came to the United States, and proceeded from New York to Cincinnati, and thence, six months later, to Vicksburg, Miss., where he remained until the breaking out of the war. He came up the Mississippi on the steamer "Emma," which was the last vessel to pass the blockade. In 1861 he went to Keokuk, Ia., and in August of the same year enlisted as a private in Co. F, First Iowa Cavalry. He served until August, 1863, and re-enlisted in the field. He was honorably discharged at Austin, Texas, while serving under General Custer, having completed a total term of service amounting to five years all but five days.

After his discharge, Major Klein located at Keokuk, Ia., and remained there two years, during which time he was married. He then went to Cumberland, Md., where he spent a year, and in 1870 came to Pittsburg. Since that time he has resided permanently in this locality, and has built up a reputation second to none as an honorable and enterprising man of business.

Major Klein's establishment is located at No. 82 Federal street, Allegheny. He has a large permanent trade in the two cities, and ships extensively to the East, West and South.



Old King Coal
 Is a money-making soul,
 And a money making soul is he.
 His principal vicegerent
 And most notable adherent
 In the portraiture above you see.
 In immensity of riches,
 A consideration which is
 Enough to make him happy as a clam,
 Very few come near encroaching
 On his status or approaching
 The magnificence of Captain Sam.

Blooded steeds
 By the score he breeds,
 He's a race track patron famed ;
 Nor in history or fable
 Has the equal of his stable
 To the world been yet proclaimed.
 His heart it fills with rapture
 When he manages to capture
 Racing trophies ; and with truth he brags
 That there isn't in creation
 Such another aggregation
 As the Captain's peerless nags.

Of collieries three
 The proprietor to be
 Is a blessing that's enjoyed by few ;
 That's the captain's situation,
 And the same with admiration
 Poor humanity is wont to view.
 Coal from near the Youghiogheny
 Brings him in a pretty penny,
 And from coke he makes a large-sized
 stake ;
 So you'll notice in divulging
 That his money-bags are bulging
 Not the semblance of an error do we make.

A feature great
 Of the Cap's estate
 Is his recently acquired hotel.
 'Tis the oldest in the city
 And—this really was a pity—
 Into monetary straits it fell.
 But, though no one would have thought
 it,
 In the nick of time he bought it,
 And has placed it on the old-time plane ;
 Its revival thus from deadness
 Proves that cash and go-aheadness
 Never unify their pow'r in vain.

CAPTAIN S. S. BROWN.

CAPTAIN "SAM" BROWN, coal and coke operator, turf magnate, hotel proprietor, and "citizen of the world," as Goldsmith has it, is one of the financial pillars of Western Pennsylvania. He was born near Pittsburg in 1844, and received a thorough education at the common schools and at Washington and Jefferson College. His father, W. H. Brown, established in 1847 the vast coal and coke interests of which, at his death in 1875, S. S. and Harry Brown became proprietors under the firm name of W. H. Brown's Sons. The firm operates three extensive collieries in the Monongahela Valley, turning out annually 14,000,000 bushels of coal of superior quality, and also owns large coke interests at Dawson, Pa. Branch offices are located at Cincinnati, Memphis, Arkansas City, Terrene, Greenville, Natchez, St. Louis, and New Orleans.

Captain S. S. Brown is a famous patron of the turf, and owns a magnificent string of racers. He has extensive stables at Newport, Ky., and also owns the old Bascombe racing track at Mobile, which he uses as training quarters for his horses. Troubadour, which won the suburban handicap, was one of his stud. He is also the owner of a small railroad in the South. In 1890, when the Monongahela House fell into difficulties, Captain Brown bought in the establishment and infused new life into the management, with such excellent results as to make it now one of the best paying hotel properties in Pittsburg.

Captain Brown owns a delightful country seat in the mountains above Uniontown. He is a great traveler, spending the winter season usually in the Southern States or the West Indies; and his immense fortune enables him to take out of life all the tangible enjoyment there is in it.



This is a pleader—a limb of the law ;
In a spoilt reputation he'll heal any flaw,
Be you ever so wicked, just put up the
fees,
And he'll wrestle with justice as nice as
you please.

In his boyhood he valiantly shouldered a
gun,
And for three weary years helped to keep
on the run
The rebels—confound 'em—and great
was his glee,
On the day that brought round the sur-
render of Lee.

In pleading a case he'll try every resort,
He can crack a broad smile or shed tears
by the quart ;

He is funny, pathetic, or tragic at will,
And works on a jury with marvelous skill.

Cross-examining is a diversion for him,
He gets hold of a witness and makes his
head swim ;
Of the district attorney he's certain to
speak
As a bloodthirsty miscreant grinding the
weak.

But although he sticks up for the crooks
many a time,
He's a square man himself, with no liking
for crime,
And when death comes along he need feel
no alarm,
For he'll play on a harp with a wonderful
charm.

CHARLES F. McKENNA.

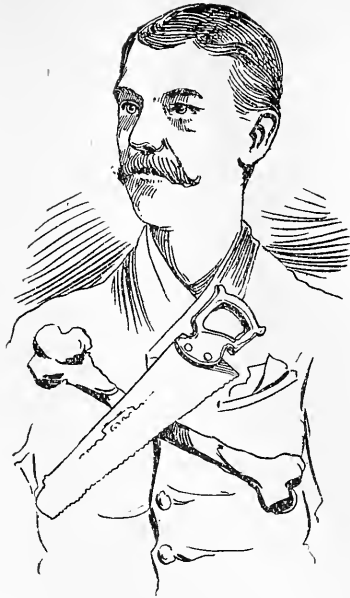
CHARLES F. McKENNA, Attorney-at-law, was born in the Fourth Ward, Pittsburg, in 1845, his parents being among the early settlers of the city. He received his education at the day and night schools of his native ward. At the age of 14 years, having developed a strong predilection for sketching and drawing, he was indentured as an apprentice to learn the art of lithographing with William Schuchman, in his day the pioneer in that business in Western Pennsylvania.

After a service of two years, Mr. McKenna exchanged the engraver's pencil for the soldier's musket, and in 1862 responded to the call of Abraham Lincoln for 300,000 more men to defend the Union. He enlisted as a private in the 155th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, then being recruited in Pittsburg by Colonel E. Jay Allen. In less than ten days from enlistment the young soldier, who had not yet completed his seventeenth year, stood reported to the Army of the Potomac under General McClellan, and participated with the newly recruited regiment in the forced marches of the Maryland campaign and the victory at Antietam. For three long weary years following, Mr. McKenna took part with his company and regiment in all the sanguinary campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, under Generals Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and Grant, until the final surrender of Lee at Appomattox, in April, 1865. Mr. McKenna has ever since been active in Grand Army and Veteran Legion work. In January, 1892, he was complimented by being chosen Colonel of the Union Veteran Legion, Encampment No. 1, of Pittsburg, an organization of three years' veterans, numbering about one thousand members.

After the war, Mr. McKenna studied law in Pittsburg, and was admitted to the bar in October, 1868. He has ever since applied himself closely to his profession, and has acquired a very large and lucrative practice. He is in the prime of life and energy, and notwithstanding the professional demands upon him, has found time for recreation in the shape of several trips to Europe, the benefit of which he shares with his old war comrades, by giving at the camp fires and posts stereopticon views and descriptive lectures.

Whilst not a politician in the sense of becoming a delegate or active in conventions, Mr. McKenna has always been a pronounced Democrat, and is relied upon in State and National campaigns to give his party the benefit of his ability as a stump orator.

Mr. McKenna was married in 1872 to Miss Virginia White, of Virginia, and for some years has resided at the Monongahela House.



We've seen many giants colossal,
Old Chang, who from China came o'er,
O'Brien, the museum fossil,

Cap. Bates and a good many more.
But the chap in the cut above knocks off
The spots from the other galoots ;
He's seven feet high with his socks off
And pretty near eight in his boots.

He's a medical sharp by profession,
And knows all the tricks of the trade,
The science that's in his possession
Casts Galen & Co. in the shade.
It makes people go into raptures,
Such sweet diagnoses he makes,
So that plenty of custom he captures
And rakes in some elegant stakes.

The political fever attacked him,
(This incident's sad to record,)
Magee and the rest of 'em backed him
In a South Side Republican ward.
The people of Birmingham sent him

To Councils to strengthen his grip,
But this didn't fully content him,
So he asked for a Senatorship.

"Not much," said Magee, "you are gun-
ning
For a place that you never will get ;
A relation of mine, who is running,
Will knock the persimmon, you bet."
Now the Doctor got riled at the snub-
bing
And flatly refused to withdraw,
But, alas ! he came in for a drubbing,
For Magee's simple dictum was law.

Of late he's been zealously fighting
The battles of Senator Quay ;
He thinks that thereby he is righting
The wrongs of an earlier day.
And his hopes are so very much greater
To-day, that he's ready to swear
Up and down that he'll occupy later
A State Senatorial chair.

DR. A. J. BARCHFELD.

THE towering form of Dr. A. J. Barchfeld, of the South Side, is as well known in Pittsburg as is that of the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" in the State of Indiana. But the parallel ends there. Dr. Barchfeld is just as uncompromising a Republican as Voorhees is an uncompromising Democrat. The Doctor is a Southsider "from the ground up." He was born in the Twenty-ninth Ward, then the borough of Birmingham, May 18, 1863. After passing through the common schools and the Central High School, he began the study of medicine in the office of Dr. E. A. Wood. In March, 1884, he graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and entered at once upon the practice of his profession. In 1886 he made his debut in politics by capturing a school directorship. In the following year he was elected to Councils, and was re-elected in 1888, but he declined to serve, having fixed his eye upon higher game in the shape of a seat in the State Senate. He made a sturdy fight against Steele, who had the Magee backing, but the odds were against him, and he was defeated. When the split occurred between Quay and Magee, Dr. Barchfeld declared for Quay, and he has since maintained his loyalty to the man from Beaver. In the Dalzell-Robinson fight for the presidency of the State League, he was active as a Robinson organizer. He is now out a second time for Senator Steele's place, and promises to give his opponent a hard battle.

Dr. Barchfeld possesses phenomenal energy and firmness of purpose. He is big, brained and whole-souled, and counts his friends and admirers by the thousand.



Behold a star
Of the county bar,
He shines with radiance luminous ;
He loves the look
Of a statute book,
And his whiskers are voluminous.
Nerve and vanity,
Christianity,
Bids for applause which savor of quackery.
These you will find
In his make-up combined
To suggest a creation of Dickens or
Thackeray.

He held the fort
In the license court,
The judges both gave ear to him.
That he was there
To run the affair
Appeared to be perfectly clear to him.
Like a Vandal,
Gossip and scandal,
Hearsay evidence, bluffing and blustering,
These did he use
To put on the screws,
The timorous applicants rattling and fluster-
tering.

O'er and oe'r
His rivals swore
At the court for not rebuking him ;
But all in vain,
He still raised Cain,
And there wasn't a chance for juking him.
Hard as iron,
Even a siren
Singing her magical song couldn't settle
him ;
Never a hair
For abuse did he care,
And the biggest of roastings was powerless
to nettle him.

In politics he
The G. O. P.
Supports, although a cold-waterite.
The wrongs that booze
Inflicts in slews
In '89 he sought to right.
Tricks surprising,
Advertising,
Manners dramatic and feats oratorical
Make of this sinner
A many-time winner,
And a prop of the law in a sense meta-
phorical.

B. C. CHRISTY, Esq.

HABITUES of the liquor license court have reason to be familiar with the heavily-bearded countenance of B. C. Christy, Esq., the war-horse of anti-license agitation. Mr. Christy has had a checkered history—the history of an individualism strong in native ability, courage and tenacity. He was born September 15, 1842, and received a good elementary and academic education. At the beginning of the Civil War, he was a student at Mount Union College, O., and in 1862 he left that institution to bear arms for his country, enlisting for nine months service in Company C, 123d Pennsylvania Volunteers. At the battle of Chancellorsville, on May 3, 1863, he was severely wounded in the left groin. On his return from the army he taught school in Forward township, and devoted his leisure hours to the study of law. In May, 1865, he was admitted to the bar. Mr. Christy rapidly rose into prominence, and in addition to acquiring a lucrative law practice became a figure of note in the field of politics. In 1873 he was elected to the Legislature, and he served in the sessions of '74, '75 and '76. He was acting Speaker during the famous all-night session of 1875, when the Herdic boom bill was the bone of contention. In recent years he has confined himself strictly to his legal practice, and he is to-day one of the most widely known and influential practitioners at the bar of Allegheny County.

Although representing the “no-license” element in the license court, Mr. Christy is not himself a crank on the subject of temperance. His connection with the W. C. T. U. and like organizations has been in a purely professional capacity. In private life he is a model of geniality and refined good-fellowship.



Whoever consorts
 With the folks in the courts
 Will identify promptly this victim,
 Whose voluminous chest
 And big biceps suggest
 That it's mighty few fellows have licked
 him.
 Athletics he loves,
 And is quick with the gloves,
 While he's fiery at times as a dragon.
 Thus, at least in the past,
 By his friends he was classed,
 And about it their tongues they're still
 waggin'.

Though a hefty physique
 Oft is known to bespeak
 Mental functions a trifle besotted,
 From dullness he's free,
 For he took his degree—
 'Twas at Notre Dame College he got it.
 For gymnastics his thirst
 Placed him easily first :
 Wasn't that a fair basis to brag on?
 Even now with delight
 His exploits he'll recite ;
 Yes, about them his tongue is still waggin'.

When he'd chosen a trade,
 All the States he surveyed
 From McKeesport around to Missouri.
 And on Pittsburg he lit
 As a place where he'd hit
 A soft snap with the average jury.
 "Out of lawsuits," thought he,
 "I'll pull many a fee ;
 All the better the longer they drag on."
 So it turned out, and hence
 He makes boodle immense
 By the way that his tongue is still waggin'.

He's a Democrat stout ;
 To find one more straight-out
 You'd have quite a large distance to jour-
 ney.
 Many think he'd have won
 If he only had run
 Against Burleigh for district attorney.
 His partisan soul
 Rejects ringsters' control—
 That's the staff that he runs up his flag on.
 None are harder than he
 On the chums of Magee,
 And about them his tongue is still waggin'.

WILLIAM C. STILLWAGON.

THE athletic proportions of W. C. Stillwagon, the attorney of Fourth Avenue, might seem better adapted to the gymnasium and gladiatorial arena than to the dry-as-dust business of law. Nevertheless, Mr. Stillwagon is not only loyal to his profession, but excels in it, and commands a large and valuable clientage. He is of Washington County stock, and was born at Claysville on July 12, 1852. After passing through the Claysville public schools, he went to the West Alexander Academy, and there prepared for college. An initial collegiate course at St. Francis' College, Loretto, Pa., paved the way for the completion of his studies at the College of Notre Dame, Ind., where he graduated in 1871. In October of the same year Mr. Stillwagon came to Pittsburg, and entered the law office of Hopkins & Lazear. In April, 1874, he was admitted to the bar, and has been practising steadily ever since.

Mr. Stillwagon is a Democrat of the true Jeffersonian stamp, and is a consistent advocate of a belligerent policy on the part of the Democratic minority in Allegheny County, as opposed to the doctrine of expediency enunciated by a time-serving element in the party. He has been talked of as a candidate for district attorney, but has as yet shown no signs of ambition to hold office.

Mr. Stillwagon lives in Knoxville borough, and is a leading spirit in the development of that thriving suburb.



A fig for the county court judges,
A fig for the judges supreme,
Of justice the scale never budges
For them without trouble extreme,
There is one who can totally shame 'em,
Offenders regard him with awe,
And the South Side is proud to proclaim
him
Its Lord High Dispenser of Law.

It was not through Blackstone and Purdon
Our subject shone forth as a star ;
He thought jurisprudence a burden
And never was called to the bar.
Instead of preparing for pleading,
He handled the plane and the saw
In his youth, and that's why he's succeeding
As Lord High Dispenser of Law.

Then again in achievements financial
He thought with the foremost he'd rank,
And secured a position substantial
As clerk in a popular bank.
But the bank, ere it long had enshrined him,
Dropped right into bankruptcy's maw ;
So instead of a banker we find him
A Lord High Dispenser of Law.

'Twas then that an opening he tried for
In politics upward to soar ;
A City Hall job he applied for
And got it from Sammy Kilgore.
And 'twas not very long till from Beaver
A squireship he managed to draw.
Which prepared him for working the lever
As Lord High Dispenser of Law.

His job is a safe one, and therefore,
He fears not the finger of fate ;
No iron-clad power need he care for
Nor any political slate.
Yet he's always "in line" at elections,
And labors with never a flaw ;
Giving out at the polls his directions
As Lord High Dispenser of Law.

The thoroughbred shiftless pretender
Judicially always he'll sock ;
But a good man who's been on a bender
He'll readily keep out of hoc.
So if ever you should be a goner,
Roped in on a South Side hurrah,
You will get a square deal from His Honor,
The Lord High Dispenser of Law.

CHARLES E. SUCCOP.

THE scales of justice on the South Side are nicely balanced in the hands of Magistrate Charles E. Succop, who holds the office of Police Judge for that district. Judge Succop was born in the Twenty-eighth Ward, Pittsburg, in December, 1855. He obtained his early education at the public schools, and also attended the New Castle Academy. When he was 13 years old his parents died. He was then apprenticed to the carpenter's trade, and later on secured a position as clerk in the grocery store of Daniel Brown on South Eighteenth Street. After spending about two years in this employment, he took a business course at the Iron City College, and, having graduated there, became messenger and afterwards teller of the Union Savings and Deposit Bank, of the South Side. This bank suspended during the panic of 1873. In 1874, Mr. Succop was employed as a clerk in City Treasurer Kilgore's office. He resigned this position to assume a clerkship in the employ of Cunningham & Co., the glass manufacturers. Subsequently he went into the plumbing and hardware business, and in 1885 he established himself in the real estate and insurance business, which he still conducts. On March 16, 1888, he was appointed Alderman by Governor Beaver, to succeed James Salisbury. His administration of the office received an emphatic endorsement from the people at the election in 1889, when he was returned for a term of five years without opposition. In 1890, Mayor Gourley singled him out from a host of applicants for the office of police magistrate, and his service in that capacity has been such as to justify fully the wisdom of the Mayor's choice.

Judge Succop is a steadfast Republican in politics, and commands a large following.



Travelers at the Union Station
Looking for a light collation
Or a solid meal,
Run against a figure stately,
Supervising things sedately,
Handsome and genteel.

Statesmen, actors, foreign tourists,
Poets, painters, soldiers, jurists,
Stars of public life,
Daily from the trains alighting
Seek his banquet hall inviting,
There to ply the knife.

Clara Morris, Blaine and Thurman,
Booth, Modjeska, Cleveland, Sherman,
Ben and Matthew Stan ;
Folks like these, no outlay sparing,
Trust him with the task of caring
For their inner man.

Steaks and cutlets, roasts delicious ;
O ye gods and little fishes,
What a glorious spread !
Oysters, pastry, prunes and catsup,
In such lavish style he sets up,
That they'd tempt the dead.

Of old Ireland he's a native,
But he's long been in a state of
Thorough Yankeehood.
In the civil war no braver
Soldier made the rebels waver ;
Fight? You bet he could.

As a fighter he persisted,
Being mustered out, enlisted
For a second bout ;
Proudly bore the Union pennant,
And he ranked as first lieutenant
When the war gave out.

Philadelphia's peaceful, quiet
Hostelries with Quaker diet
Next took up his time.
Later to Altoona going,
Travelers he took to showing
Catering sublime.

Here ten years ago he started,
Getting in his open-hearted
Enterprising licks ;
Never yet a failure was he,
And the reason is because he
To the railroad sticks.

JOHN LEE.

THERE is no better known railroad restaurateur on the American continent than John Lee, the proprietor of the Pittsburg Union Station Restaurant, and none who, in his day, has met and conversed with so many notable men and women of both hemispheres. Mr. Lee's experience as a caterer to the patrons of the Pennsylvania railroad covers a period of 24 years, fourteen at Altoona and ten at Pittsburg, and throughout that time his career has been one of unbroken success and prosperity, natural adaptability to the business, coupled with the address and geniality of a thorough man of the world, having contributed to bring about this result.

Mr. Lee is an Irishman, and was born at Limerick, January 6, 1844. His parents emigrated in 1846, and settled in New York State, where young Lee was educated and fitted for a business career. In 1861 he enlisted in the Ninth Independent Company, N. Y. State Sharpshooters, and continued in active service until August, 1863, when he was mustered out. In 1864 he re-enlisted in the 203d Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was immediately made color sergeant. Promotion to the rank of first sergeant soon followed, and in October, 1865, the young soldier, now a veteran in point of gallant service, was commissioned lieutenant, his regiment then being at Fort Fisher, N. C. On July 3, 1865, he was mustered out with his regiment.

Directly after the close of the war, Mr. Lee went to New York and engaged in the hotel business. In May, 1866, he left the metropolis to assume a position in a Philadelphia hotel, in which he remained for three years. At the expiration of that period he went to the Logan House, Altoona, where, it may be said, his high reputation as a restaurateur was primarily achieved. Leaving Altoona in 1882, he came to Pittsburg as Superintendent of the Union Depot restaurant, and in 1887 he became sole proprietor of that establishment.

Mr. Lee's excellent *menu* is too well known to the public to demand special commentary. It is sufficient to say that he has the reputation of standing a head and shoulders above all competitors doing business on the lines of railroad travel.



This chap may not be recognized by ordinary lubbers,
But he'll certainly be known at once by all Columbus clubbers.
At Columbianic seances his face is rarely missed.
And 'tis hinted that the club without him never could exist.

He's a Democrat consistent and—to speak without evasion—
An up-and-up adherent of the Catholic persuasion.
With the enemies of Rome he doesn't hesitate to cope,
And but very few can touch him in allegiance to the pope.

'Twas at Emmittsburg, in Maryland, he got his stock of learning;
By reverend enthusiasts his heart was set a-burning
With a love of things scholastic which he failed not to indulge
Till on every hated rival he completely had the bulge.

The day he graduated was the kind they call red-letter;
He spoke a piece so finely—'twould be hard to speak it better;

The fountain-head of eloquence successfully he tapped,
And with hefty polysyllables the climax fairly capped.

Though his brother is a bishop, yet he showed no disposition
For bishopizing likewise; 'twas his lot to court perdition
By abandoning himself and his acquirements to the maw
Of that soul-destroying business which we're wont to call the law.

He studied sheepskin volumes till his occiput was aching,
And wrestled with old Blackstone till he got his final raking
From the stony-faced examiners, who met him with a frown,
But he gave them all a non-suit and they failed to turn him down.

In catching on to practice he has proved himself a winner,
Though he claims to be a barrister who's not a hardened sinner;
And, phenomenal as this is, he has lots of friends who say
That his claim of being guileless is religiously O. K.

A. V. D. WATTERSON.

A. V. D. WATTERSON, one of the foremost Catholic lawyers in Western Pennsylvania, was born in Blairsville, Indiana County, Pa., October 4, 1855. His father was born in Carroll County, Md., in 1805, and came to Pittsburg in 1826. Here he taught school during the day and in the evening kept books until 1829, when he moved to Westmoreland County, and soon afterwards married Sarah McAfee. He then embarked in mercantile business in Blairsville, and continued that pursuit until his death in 1870.

The subject of this sketch, Alfred, the youngest of eleven children, was sent to Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., from which he graduated in 1875. He is now President of the Alumni of that institution. Soon after his graduation he began the study of law with Major A. M. Brown, and was admitted to practice in 1878. He has given his attention entirely to the civil branch of his profession, in which his ability and industry have made for him a high reputation. His clientage is large, and his services are enlisted in many of the most important cases that come before the civil courts of Allegheny County.

Mr. Watterson was one of the projectors of the Columbus Club of this city, and is at the present time its president.

He spent the entire summer of last year (1891) in European travel, and a series of entertaining letters written by him *en voyage* appeared in the Pittsburg LEADER.

He is a stalwart Democrat, and takes keen interest in the affairs of his party, although the extent of his practice prevents his responding favorably to the demands made on him to run for office.



“O grave, where is thy victory?”
A writer once inquired,
Some demon contradictory
The sentiment inspired.
For if from out the grave there were
No victory to come,
The giant in our picture ne'er
Could get a boost therefrom.

Let poets sing howe'er they please
In verses full of gloom ;
The price of many a life of ease
Is gathered from the tomb.
The trappings of consummate woe
The casket, hearse and all
Are things from which some blessings flow ;
So thinks our subject tall.

He wears a suit of solemn black,
A hat of hefty brim,
And has a most artistic knack
Of looking sad and grim.
And though a gloomy life he lives
His heart it always cheers
When somebody comes round and gives
An order for “two biers.”

Of numerous and varied sorts
His undertakings are,
Processions lengthy he escorts
Whereof he is the star.
And if some tongue that idly wags
His mission foully warps
And asks him for a ride, his jags
Will answer, “Yes, of corpse.”

When business hours are over and
The graveyards all shut down,
It does him good to take a hand
At buying up the town.
In B. and L. societies
His interests are steep,
And he hastens every chance to seize
To purchase buildings cheap.

Thus though his load of years is light
His store of wealth is great,
In business he is “out of sight”
And quite a heavy weight.
His name in truth's a synonym
For enterprise, and why,
Since death keeps up a man like him,
Should folks regret to die?

JOHN J. FLANNERY.

IT may seem odd to refer to an undertaker as "popular" in his profession, but setting the gloomy phase of his business aside, there can be no question as to the wide and genuine popularity of the ubiquitous Flannery. The term "ubiquitous" is used advisedly. Mr. Flannery always has his hands full, the bills of mortality in Pittsburg being usually extensive, and he is to be found everywhere in the two cities, relieving death of some of its terrors by the admirable character of his post-mortem ministrations.

Mr. Flannery was born in Holliday's Cove, W. Va., in 1854. In the following year his parents brought him to Pittsburg, and subsequently to New York, returning, however, from the latter city to reside here permanently. Young Flannery had the making of his own career, and he proved amply equal to the contract. After completing his studies at the parochial schools, he was apprenticed to a stair-builder, and later learned the undertaking business with John McKeon and W. H. Devore. In 1874 he started in business for himself on Grant Street, and has since prospered greatly, being to-day in command, probably, of larger patronage than any other undertaker in the country.

He is thrifty as well as enterprising, and has accumulated a comfortable fortune, much of which is invested in improved real estate.

In 1877 he was happily married to the daughter of Commodore Rodgers, and he and his estimable wife became prominent in a social circle which has no more valued members.

Mr. Flannery cares little for office, but when he chooses to become a candidate he is a veritable tower of strength. He was elected to Councils five times, and only retired after having satisfied the public that no man in his ward could defeat him.



You will find it in the guide-books that the Vatican at Rome

By the thousand counts its antiquated rooms,
And the foreigners will tell you that there isn't here at home

Any building that to rival it assumes.

Now we don't propose to squabble

With a pesky foreign rabble,

But we'll wager any day a heavy roll

That a hostelry far bigger

Here in Pittsburg cuts a figure

With a jolly Irish landlord in control.

As you'll notice from his features he's a sunny tempered boy,

Who of blarneying adroitly has the knack;

To America from Dublin he came out, like Pat Malloy

In the song, because his bank account was slack.

In the West, no duty shirking,

Long he toiled at railroad clerking,

And he helped to ladle out the weekly pay,

Never dreaming then that later

To the public he would cater

In the mansion that he occupies to-day.

In the old St. Clair hotel, the haunt of actors years ago,

The requirements of a Boniface he learned,

Whereupon an opposition house to hire him wasn't slow.

Recognizing that distinction he had earned,

To an honored post they called him
As chief manager installed him,
And his talents were so thoroughly admired
That in course of time promotion
Was the fruit of his devotion,
And a partnership he finally acquired.

Years rolled on, and the dimensions of his pile kept growing fast,

For the sun of fortune on him always shone,
Till his partner tired of business and withdrew from it at last,

Then the hostelry was his and his alone.

Now he's closed it, thus permitting

An elaborate refitting

And refurnishing, which promise by and by,

In their tastefulness and sweetness,

Free from European effeteness,

To knock the poor old Vatican sky-high.

Now our Boniface (we mention this in confidence) has just

One small weakness—none need view it with alarm;

As a military expert he'll be recognized or bust,
And a uniform his soul is sure to charm.

Many's the password and the grip,

Signs of mystic fellowship,

That he's mastered, and he loves such trifles well;

But affairs like this don't hamper

Him, or ever set a damper

On his mammoth, handsome Smithfield street hotel.

JOHN ROWAN.

HIGH on the list of first-class family hotels is the Central Hotel, on Smithfield street, extending from Second to Third Avenue, of which John Rowan is now the sole proprietor. Mr. Rowan was born in Dublin, Ireland, September 4, 1847, and came to America in 1864. He had an excellent education, and being of an active and enterprising temperament, experienced no difficulty in making his way in his adopted country. For five years he served as assistant paymaster of the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1869 he came to Pittsburg, and was employed as clerk in the old St. Clair hotel, where he remained until 1875, in which year he went to the Central hotel as head clerk. He secured an interest in the latter establishment, and became the active manager, the hotel being conducted under the firm name of Anderson & Rowan. On February 29, 1892, the firm dissolved partnership, Mr. Anderson retiring, and Mr. Rowan assumed sole charge. He at once proceeded to remodel and refurnish the establishment throughout, and at the time when these lines are written the work of renovation is still in progress. All that money can procure and art can accomplish is being drawn upon to place the hotel on a level with the finest in the land, and it is for that object that Mr. Rowan is laboring.

Mr. Rowan is a member of many secret and military organizations, and stands in high repute in all of them. He is a man of thoroughly genial disposition, even-tempered and courteous, and a master of the art of making friends and retaining them. Herein consists, to a great extent, the secret of his success in the hotel business.



There are occupations lucrative which many folks esteem,

In the horny-handed category classed,
Yielding up unto their votaries a never-ending stream

Of emolument and pleasure unsurpassed;

But of all the operatives

Who electrify the natives

By the ease wherewith Dame Fortune they beguile,

There is none who's such a ripper,

And of others an outstripper

As the plumber with his monumental pile.

In our photographic cut we show a sample of the tribe.

A Leo-nine and handsome-visaged chap,
Who lets nothing in creation his endeavors circumscribe

The climax of prosperity to cap;

In the Fourth ward, where McKenna

Plays in politics gehenna,

He was born, and there to-day he lives in style;

There he gets the homage due him,

For with awe his neighbors view him

As a plumber with a monumental pile.

His beginning was a modest one: at first he served a term

Keeping books where he is now-a-days a "prop;"
But it wasn't long until he was admitted to the firm,

And found himself financially on top;

Ever since, in wintry weather,

He is in the fullest feather,

Sending bills around that measure near a mile;

That's the operation which is

At the bottom of the riches

Of the plumber with his monumental pile.

Our subject is a Democrat—a loyal one at that,

And he often helps the enemy to drub,

Whenever over politics he cares to have a chat,

He frequents the County Democratic Club;

A Columbus club man noted

He is also, and devoted

To the club room, there the hours away to while;

And in each association

Members look with admiration

On the plumber with his monumental pile.

Now, to young men who are looking for a business that will pay,

And a model whom to copy would be well,

Without any hesitation we feel competent to say,

Be a plumber like this plutocratic swell;

'Tis a trade that's far outshining

Either gold or silver mining,

And to master it is really worth your while,

Since the world its worship tenders,

And its pocket-book surrenders,

To the plumber with his monumental pile.

J. LEO McSHANE.

J. LEO McSHANE, while he may not exemplify the accuracy of the proposition laid down in the comic journals, that every plumber is a plutocrat, is at all events a good exemplar of prosperity achieved in the plumbing business, the firm of which he is a member being squarely "on top of the heap." Mr. McShane is a Fourth warder born and bred, and still lives in Magistrate McKenna's bailiwick. The date of his nativity was November 1, 1856. Mr. McShane was educated at the parochial schools attached to St. Paul's Cathedral, and supplemented the curriculum pursued there with private study. In 1877 he became book-keeper for the plumbing firm of H. Houston & Co., and in 1884 he acquired a half interest in the business, the firm name being changed to Houston & McShane.

Mr. McShane was active in the formation of the Columbus Club, and is to-day one of its prominent members. He belongs to the County Democracy, and, although without visible ambition in the direction of office holding or honorary preferment within his party, takes a lively interest in politics, and is a well known figure in Democratic circles. He is financially interested in the *South Pittsburger*, the brightest and most popular journal ever conducted on the South Side.



Editor Albert! Why call him thus?
 Is he, strictly speaking, one of us?
 Does he wield a pen that is full of fire
 And work a private political wire?
 Does he diagnose society's fads
 And lay the ropes for lucrative ads?
 Does he scrap with printers, strikes defy,
 And hear complaints from "Vox Populi?"
 Does he make cheap demagogues shake in their
 boots
 And appear as defendant in libel suits?
 Not he; for Albert's a type that's rare—
 A journalistic restaurateur.

Of course you're acquainted with Albert's stand
 On Fifth avenue—Wood street's close at hand;
 One-half is used as a fine café
 Well stocked in the eating and drinking way
 While the other—pray mark what a curious
 schism—
 Is devoted solely to journalism.
 And here (this isn't an empty boast),
 Like the statue that straddled from coast to coast,
 Stands Albert, mounted with much address
 On the caterer's art and the power of the press,
 And hence he comes the title to bear
 Of journalistic restaurateur.

Sometimes his visitors may complain
 Of politics mingled with their champagne;
 Of a "city brief" or Fitzsimmons "scoop,"
 Inserting itself in their chicken soup;
 Of a blue law sermon, cold and drear,
 Acidulating their lager beer,

Or a hoary-headed Jim-Blaine fake
 Served up along with a sirloin steak;
 Or an appetite may be decreased in size
 When the man who wants a correction dies;
 But for such things little does Albert care,
 He's a journalistic restaurateur.

Of course there are times when things go wrong,
 And Albert is driven to language strong;
 His nerves receive an unpleasant jar,
 When manuscript's handed in at the bar;
 And it fills his soul with the deepest gloom
 When his meat frequents the composing room,
 Or those bothersome wholesale liquor men
 Send barrels of rye to the editor's den;
 While "Constant Reader," that meddling chap,
 Keeps mooseying round where the beer's on tap;
 All of which is enough to whiten the hair
 Of a journalistic restaurateur.

But Albert, being a Frenchman gay,
 From Paris, manfully works away
 With the same éclat and politeness true
 As he showed when he bossed the Duquesne's
 menu.

"Mon Dieu," he'll say, with a shrug unique,
 "Why ze populace should 'e come here and keek,
 Eef ze joys of ze table togezsaire unite
 Wiz ze literature?" and there he's right;
 For the bar and the table along with the press
 Can mingle in double blessedness,
 And great is the glory that falls to the share
 Of the journalistic restaurateur.

ALBERT MENJOU.

ALBERT MENJOU was born in Bordeaux, France, of French parents, in 1856. He was educated in his native city, and on completing his studies went to Paris, where he spent several years as an employé of the Bon Marché. Having saved some money, he came to New York in 1875, and entered the hotel business. During his stay in the metropolis, he was employed at different times at the Gilsey House, Delmonico's, and the Hoffman House. In 1880 he went to San Francisco, where he engaged in business with his brother, remaining on the Pacific Coast until 1887, in which year he came to Pittsburg and took charge of the Hotel Duquesne. In 1889, the hotel was sold, and Mr. Menjou resigned and went to Chicago, where he took charge of the Richelieu under the present management. Returning to Pittsburg, he again associated himself with the Hotel Duquesne, taking charge of the catering department, and remained there until 1891, when he opened up the Café Royal, a fashionable resort on Fifth Avenue. The success of the Café was instant and pronounced. Over 60 persons are employed in this establishment, serving daily from two to three hundred "business lunches," besides a large table d'hôte. Mr. Menjou was the first to introduce in Pittsburg the European style of dinner with a pint of claret. He is a typical Frenchman, polished, courteous, and refined, and makes it his business to enlist and retain the entire confidence of his patrons.



“Impudent Barney,
None of your blarney,”
So murmured the pretty
Young lass in the ditty
Which tells of the dashing,
Soft-spoken, heart-smashing
Young Irishman, Barney O’Hea.
Now the Barney we sing of,
While certainly king of
Palaverers, that trick
Owes not to St. Patrick.
The sweet land of Erin
His birth had no share in,
And yet he is *Erin’s* to-day.

He is not poetic,
Nor super-aesthetic ;
His ways are prosaic,
Distinctly Hebraic ;
The fugitive dollar
He struggles to collar,
And gets there with elegance great.
With dazzling devices
The world he entices
To open its coffers
And buy what he offers,
And odd are the capers
He cuts in the papers
With “ads” that excitement create.

He has rings hymeneal
Of gold that’s like real ;
Few people are slicker
In selling a ticker ;
Catch his eye for a second,
And lo ! ere you’ve reckoned
The cost, why, the purchase is made.
His diamonds in brightness,
And rare out-of-sightness,
Completely lay over
The starlets that hover
Above us, and hence his
Good fortune immense is
In getting a cinch on the trade.

A militiaman steady
He was—aye, and ready
If need be to rattle
A foeman in battle ;
In tactics he’s posted,
And never gets roasted
For making mistakes on review.
His acquaintances like him,
Financially strike him,
Rejoicing in knowing
How swiftly is growing
His wealth ; for the truth is,
This wideawake youth is
’Way up ’mid the prosperous few.

BERNARD E. ARONS.

THROUGH the columns of the Pittsburg press the name of "Barney" Arons, the jeweler, has become familiar as a household word. Mr. Arons was born in Boston May 8, 1852. He was the sixth of ten children, all of whom are living. His parents were of excellent social standing, his father having been a bosom friend of ex-President Cleveland and other notabilities. The elder Arons served through the war under Millard Fillmore in the Union Continental Regiment, which was composed of business and professional men of Buffalo, in which city he resided in the '60's.

Young Bernard was but 7 years old, and had not long commenced his studies in the Boston public schools when the family moved to Buffalo. There he finished his education at higher institutions, including the High School. In 1869 he struck out for himself, coming to Pittsburg to engage in business, and, having met with success here, in 1872 he brought his mother to Allegheny, where she still resides.

Mr. Arons has been in business on his own account since 1888, and has prospered remarkably, being gifted with a more than ordinary share of tact and perseverance. He is well known in Democratic circles, being a member of the Randall Club and the County Democracy, and few political fights occur in which he does not take an active hand.

He has been a member of the National Guard for the past 14 years. He rose from private to second lieutenant in Company A, Eighteenth Regiment, and in Company D, of the same regiment, he rose from private to captain. He has four commissions from as many Governors—Hartranft, Hoyt, Pattison, and Beaver.

Voltaic diamonds are Mr. Arons' hobby, and he has found them a gold mine.



Our town of wonders has its share,
A goodly share at that,
To make inquiring strangers stare,
And knock our rivals flat.
The list we won't enumerate,
But the king-pin of the lot
Is that character uniquely great—
The Pittsburg polyglot.

He thinks in English, writes in French,
And talks in purest Dutch,
Hungarian doesn't make him blench,
Nor Spanish phase him much.
On Tuscan and on Portuguese
A solid grip he's got ;
He handles all alike with ease,
This Pittsburg polyglot.

Where Austria's consul rules the roost
Our man headquarters makes ;
By giving steamship lines a boost
Big profits in he rakes.
Exchanges, too, he makes, and bills
For Europe can be bought
From the hustler who the role fulfils
Of Pittsburg polyglot.

To occupy his leisure hours
He runs a German sheet ;
It's anti-ring, and with the pow'rs
That be won't stoop to treat.
But Democratic Germans here
Know well enough what's what,
And toast in large-sized mugs of beer
The Pittsburg polyglot.

When shipping business dull doth wax
And journalism as well,
The social pleasures he attacks,
And plays the heavy swell.
Wagnerian concerts he attends,
And theatres could not
Survive, were not among their friends
The Pittsburg polyglot.

Now that we've fully diagnosed
His traits, we'd have you guess
From what far European coast
To come he must confess.
You give it up? It *does* demand
Acuteness great to spot
As a true-born son of Yankeeland
The Pittsburg polyglot.

ISAAC E. HIRSCH.

ISAAC E. HIRSCH, the present proprietor of the Steamship and Foreign Banking business carried on under the firm name of Max Schamberg & Co., was born in Carver County, Minn., of German parents, in 1859. On account of the Indian disturbances in the Northwest, the family came to Pittsburg in 1860, and in 1862 the father died, leaving a widow and two sons, the subject of this sketch and a younger brother, Louis Hirsch. In spite of adverse circumstances, and although yet quite a young woman, Mrs. Hirsch has remained a widow all these years, devoting herself with all a mother's love to the bringing up of her two fatherless boys. She lives here still, honored by all who know her and happy in the success of her two sons, and is the object of their fondest devotion.

"Ike," as he is familiarly known to his host of friends, attended the third ward public schools of this city, graduated from the commercial department of the Central High School, and was employed, while yet attending school, at the early age of 11 years, by Mr. Max Schamberg. Mr. Hirsch has been connected with the firm ever since, that is to say, for a period of over 22 years, gradually advancing from office boy to general manager, and finally becoming the owner of the business about five years ago, when Mr. Schamberg retired in order to devote himself solely to his duties as Austrian consul.

Mr. Hirsch has always been a hard worker and diligent student. He is proficient in German, French and Italian, and understands enough of many other languages for business purposes. Hence, during a trip to Europe some years ago, he found it a hard matter to convince his friends that he is really a native American.

The firm of Max Schamberg & Co. is the oldest in this section engaged in the Foreign Steamship and Banking business. It represents about a dozen of the most popular transatlantic steamship lines, and is in direct correspondence with prominent banks and bankers in all the large cities of Europe. Since its establishment in 1866 by Consul Max Schamberg, when the office force consisted of the founder, a book-keeper and an office boy, it has had continued prosperity, until to-day it gives employment in its various departments to about fifteen persons.

Mr. Hirsch is also the president of the Pittsburg Volksblatt Publishing Company, publishers of the daily, weekly and Sunday *Volksblatt*, of which his brother, Louis Hirsch, is the business manager. The *Volksblatt* was established in 1859 by C. F. Bauer. It is a bright, newsy, independent German-American journal, is the official paper both of Pittsburg and Allegheny, and is the most widely circulated German newspaper in Western Pennsylvania.



In Municipal Hall, very close to the roof,
And not very far from the skies,
From human society holding aloof,
And shunning inquisitive eyes,
Every day in the week, like a wizard or seer,
This little chap works with appliances queer.

There are jars upon jars, all piled up in rows,
Though family jars he eschews ;
And wires upon wires, though as every one knows,
To pull them he'll always refuse.
There are batteries, too, by the dozen displayed,
Though artillery practice is none of his trade.

Then, to crown the whole outfit, the City Hall clock
Is immediately over his head,
And strikes now and then with a quiver and shock
That should certainly waken the dead.

But he's used to the ticker—the shock he can bear,
And the racket he hears without turning a hair.

Jars, batteries, wires, and the clock in the tow'r,
Are the paraphernalia grim,
Which give this enchanter a magical pow'r,
That subjects the whole city to him.
Police and fire laddies, when called by him, come,
And the hurry-up wagons are under his thumb.

Why, then, should he not be respected and feared,
When a part so important he plays?
What wonder that timorous folk should be "skeered"

Lest, some one of these very fine days,
When luck goes against him and fate seems to frown,
He might just touch a button and wipe out the town?

MORRIS W. MEAD.

MMORRIS W. MEAD, Superintendent of the City Bureau of Electricity, was born at Underhill, Vermont, October 20, 1854, and came to Pittsburg with his parents in 1860. He was educated at the public schools, graduating from the Central High School in 1873. For two years he studied law with J. H. Baldwin, but the death of his father compelled him to abandon this pursuit in order to provide for his mother and sister. He became an employee of a grocery store, and then spent a year and a half in oil operations in Venango County. Returning to Pittsburg, he became head salesman in a florist's establishment, and in 1879 became an operator in the fire alarm office. Three years later he was made chief operator, and was afterwards made Superintendent of the Fire Alarm Telegraph system, combining with that function the duties of Secretary of the Fire Commission. He is the only man that ever held those positions jointly. The Bureau of Electricity was created under the new city charter, and in February, 1888, Mr. Mead was elected its Superintendent. In his office are 10,000 points of connection of wires, and 11,000 feet of wire used in connecting the respective key-boards and switch-boards.

Mr. Mead is admirably fitted for the position which he occupies. He is an indefatigable worker, a close student of electrical science, and a master of its practical application. As an illustration of his tenacity of purpose, it is interesting to note that he paid his way to the High School, furnishing himself with the books and other paraphernalia needed, by selling newspapers on a carrier's route.

On November 11, 1886, he was married to Miss Helen Morris, then a prominent teacher in the city schools.



No rubber baron, fierce and bold,
 With grave designs on gems and gold,
 Is he whose phiz you here behold,
 Though rubber he Reveres.
 His reputation is lum-tum,
 And extra heavy is his sum
 Of virtues ; and that's why, by gum—
 No criticism he fears.

Before his rubber era came,
 Life was for him a shifting game,
 Diversified and nowise tame,
 As circumstances prove.
 At 12 years old, with care and pains,
 He captured his initial gains
 As newsboy on the railroad trains,
 Which kept him on the move.

The oil excitement made him hump
 Himself to Parker, there to pump
 The wells, but cards were rarely trump
 For him, and so he quit.
 Soon after out to Iowa,
 He happened by good luck to stray,
 And there as a hotel clerk gay,
 Upon his feet he lit.

That job he afterwards resigned,
 To roving being still inclined ;
 In Armstrong county next we find
 Him clerking in a mill.
 Then once again his equipoise
 Gets shaken up when John Dubois,
 To open an hotel employs
 This man of varied skill.

As changing tastes still in him lurk,
 In Pittsburg next he goes to work
 As private corresponding clerk,
 And earns a stipend neat ;
 Then rubber chiefs came on the hunt
 For one to be their head and front
 And made a proposition blunt,
 Which he was glad to meet.

His roving now at last was done,
 His thread of travel had been spun,
 And so since eighteen eighty-one
 To rubber-y he clings ;
 Prosperity upon him waits,
 Because his vigor ne'er abates,
 And all around through many States,
 His reputation rings.

A. P. COCHRANE.

A. P. COCHRANE was born October 31, 1859, at Cochrane's Mills, Armstrong County, Pa., a place called after his father, Michael Cochrane, who was a judge on the Armstrong County bench. Mr. Cochrane received his early education at the rural public schools, and supplemented the training thus received with private study.

In 1871, he started out for himself as a newsboy on the P. R. R., and continued in that employment for sixteen months. He went to Parker during the oil excitement and was for nine months engaged in pumping oil wells. In 1875, he went to Davenport, Ia., and clerked for the Burtis House. Two years later he returned to Armstrong County, and obtained a position with the iron firm of Rogers & Burchfield, at Apollo. In the winter of 1878-9, he opened the Dubois House at Dubois, Pa., for John Dubois, the millionaire lumberman, since deceased.

On February 4, 1880, Mr. Cochrane came to Pittsburg as corresponding clerk for Bailey, Farrell & Co. He remained one year with that firm, and in 1881 went into the rubber business as manager of the Revere Rubber Co., the Pittsburg department of which is at Water and Wood Streets. That position he still retains, discharging the responsible duties attached to it with signal fidelity, energy, and business capacity. Few young business men in Pittsburg have a wider connection, or enjoy more fully the confidence of the business world.

The Revere Rubber Company has its headquarters in Boston, its factories in Chelsea, Mass., and stores in New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Pittsburg, and St. Louis. Mr. Cochrane manages the St. Louis as well as the Pittsburg department.



Here's a lawyer big and chunky,
 Who's professionally hunky,
 And is master of a heap of learned lore,
 lore, lore ;
 Civil cases are his hobby,
 Though in any sort of job he
 Don't object to putting in his little oar,
 oar, oar.

'Twas at Yale he got his knowledge,
 And electrified the college
 By the wonders he accomplished in the
 crew, crew, crew ;
 Poor old Blackstone went to bl—zes,
 While he hustled in the races,
 But in spite of his diversions he got
 through, through, through.

He is German by extraction,
 And he points with satisfaction
 To his race. Would he go back on it? Not
 much, much, much ;
 " Deutscher Advokat " is printed
 On his sign ; whereby it's hinted
 That he's anxious to be solid with the
 Dutch, Dutch, Dutch.

Thus by race as well as science
 He attracts a heap of clients,
 For the Teutons love to squabble over
 cash, cash, cash ;
 And though folks he won't entangle
 In a broken English wrangle,
 He gets lucre out of many an idle clash,
 clash, clash.

He's politically active,
 As you'll gather from the fact of
 His for office having formerly come out,
 out, out ;
 For a place he made a battle,
 Which is now the private chattel
 Of one Burleigh, who'll hold on to it, no
 doubt, doubt, doubt.

But although he's been snow'd under
 By Mageocratic thunder,
 Still he labors for the Democratic weal,
 weal, weal ;
 And in judges nominating,
 Or big guns for office slating,
 You will find that he comes in on many a
 deal, deal, deal.

HENRY MEYER, Esq.

EMINENT among the attorneys whose mastery of the German language gives them a large German, as well as English-speaking clientage, is Henry Meyer, Esq. Mr. Meyer was born in Pittsburg on November 26, 1848. He attended the common schools, and graduated successively at the Iron City College and the Western University. In 1869 he went to Yale College, and graduated there in 1873. While at Yale he distinguished himself as an athlete, and was one of the crack oarsmen in the college crew. Returning to Pittsburg, he studied law in the office of Miller & McBride. For the better completion of his studies he took a one year's course at Harvard Law School, at the termination of which he passed the examinations with credit. Mr. Meyer was now unusually well equipped for professional practice. He was admitted to the bar in October, 1875, entering then upon a career which has since been uniformly marked with success.

In politics Mr. Meyer is a staunch Democrat, and the soundness of his judgment, the solidity of his attainments, and his high standing in the community, give him merited prominence in the councils of his party. In 1883 he made a brilliant fight against W. D. Porter, now Judge of Common Pleas Court No. 3, for the District Attorneyship, and, despite the normally heavy Republican majority in Allegheny county, was defeated only by 1500 votes. Mr. Meyer helped to lead a forlorn hope as a candidate for Auditor-General in 1888, and again for the State Senate against Hon. John N. Neel in 1890. He has served as a member of Select Council from the Eleventh ward, and takes an active interest in securing a clean, well-ordered municipal government. He is now a resident of the Second ward, Allegheny, and is one of the representatives from that district in the Democratic County Committee.



As he stands behind the bar,
He's as stately as the Czar
Or the king of Zanzibar
 (Wherever that is).
If you've cash he'll sell you slews
Of the stuff that knocks the blues,
And it's many's the friendly booze
 He deals out gratis.

He has tanglefoot on hand
Of the Jack the Ripper brand,
To declare it wrecks the land
 Simply fudge is ;
That's the reason why, no doubt,
He but once went up the spout,
That was when he was knocked out
 By the judges.

In his ward—the Twenty-eighth—
Every man in him has faith ;
That's because the prophet saith
 Wine is hunky.
He has served in councils, where
Chris's badge the boys all wear,
Though of him, he says, they ne'er
 Made a monkey.

He's a Democat, and sticks
Up for Foley's schemes and tricks,
And gets in his little licks
 On O'Leary ;
But it happened once that Tim
Made short work of Pat and him
Through that slippery "d-v-l's limb,"
 Scott of Erie.

'Twas in Grover's last campaign
Here the Democrats went insane ;
They had delegates on the brain ;
 Foley got 'em.
The chap above credentials bore,
But O'Leary had the floor,
And at Harrisburg out the door
 Timotheus shot him.

But his heart it never sinks,
And he keeps on selling drinks,
While of vengeance still he thinks
 On the traitor ;
And though Tim with all his skill
Labors yet to cure the ill
That he wrought, the victim will
 See him later.

E. S. KENNEDY.

E. S. KENNEDY, the Democratic war-horse of the South Side, is of Irish parentage, and was born in this State in 1848. In 1849 his parents came to Pittsburg, and it was here that he received his education, acquired partly at the common school and partly through self-tuition. In 1859 he went to work in a glass-house, where he learned the trade of glass-blowing. When the chimney blowers' strike occurred in 1877, he embarked in business for himself, going into the wholesale and retail liquor trade on Carson Street. His success was rapid and complete. The urbanity of his disposition, coupled with excellent business qualifications, contributed to make his house one of the most popular on the South Side, and to place him high on the list of prosperous and widely-known business men.

Mr. Kennedy has long been an influential factor in Democratic politics in Allegheny County, and has been frequently honored by his party. He was elected to Common Council in 1879, and served until 1887, one term excepted. He then dropped out and declined to become a candidate again. He has been a delegate to every Democratic State Convention for five years past. His candidacy for State Delegate in 1888 was notable by reason of his carrying the South Side delegation to the local convention to a man. He is Vice-President of the County Democracy, and well-known as a Democratic organizer.

Mr. Kennedy is a man of ability above the average, and has broadened his views by study and travel. In 1889, he made a tour of Europe.



This is a type of the legal fraternity,
Posted on all things in time and eternity ;
Though but a positive youth he appears,
He's as ancient in knowledge as youthful
in years.

Somerset county's his place of nativity ;
There he developed his studious proclivity ;
Rose above others in talents so far
That his folks set him down as cut out for
the bar.

That's what he wished, and before he could
wish again
Off he was whirled to the College of Mich-
igan ;
Browsed upon Latin and pastured on
Greek,
And filled up on law every day in the week.

Soon he became for degrees a petitioner ;
Got them, and then was a full-fledged
practitioner ;
Hugged to his bosom the dignity sweet,
Wrote his name with an " Esquire," and
grew a few feet.

Then to the city of Pittsburg he hied him-
self ;
Down to additional law study tied himself ;
Kept up the grind at a terrible rate,
And was called to our bar in the year '88.

Little he cared for invidious buffeting,
Seeking alone for occasions of profiting ;
Clients came in on a regular string,
And a pæan of joy he was able to sing.

Closely to work as he's wont to apply him-
self,
Nevertheless he finds time to enjoy him-
self ;
Now to his favorite books he resorts,
And anon waxes happy o'er out-of-door
sports.

Summing him up—all the habits and ways
of him
Warrant conclusions embodying praise of
him ;
All who know Joseph must truly confess
That in ev'ry respect he's a Howl'ying
success.

JOSEPH HOWLEY.

JOSEPH HOWLEY, Esq., was born in Somerset County, Pa. He received his preliminary education at the common schools, and attended both the literary and law departments of the University of Michigan. In 1887 he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Michigan. Coming to Pittsburg, Mr. Howley continued the study of law with Pier & Blair, and in 1888 was admitted to practice at the bar of Allegheny County. His close application as a student and his assiduity in promoting the interests of his clients bore fruit in securing for him a large practice, and to-day his name is justly prominent on the list of the younger members of the legal profession.

Mr. Howley's personal characteristics include a pronounced literary bent and a fondness for athletic sports developed naturally during his university career. Few men of his years stand higher professionally and socially.



Ancestrally tied to the town of Jerusalem,
Is our friend in the picture—there's none
can bamboozle him,
Keen as a razor and quick as a flash
Is he in the science of piling up cash.

Moses and Aaron were failures financially,
Yet their descendant has prospered substantially.

Though by birth he's a German of genuine brand,
He came to the States as the true promised land.

On the North Side he settled and, since
folks were swilling it—
Whisky, we mean—he took to distilling it,
Joined with a firm that makes extra old rye,
And straightway proceeded to boom it
sky-high.

In Freeport the bank has made him its
president,
The works are up there, though here he's
resident.

He bosses the business with sound common sense,
And treats his employees with kindness
immense.

Allegheny's Third ward picks him out unremittingly
In Councils to serve, and he does it quite fittingly ;

Finance he watches with laudable care
And gives ring officials full many a scare.

In politics now quite strong his position is,
To make laws for the State his darling ambition is ;

And, since he's a hustler, 'tis fair to suppose
He may yet make the raffle in triumph—
who knows ?

As a club man he taxes his energies fearfully,

Camps with political fishermen cheerfully,
Smiles in a business-like way at the bait
Which Murph and the rest of 'em like,
when it's straight.

The Concordia, though, gets his principal preference ;

There he's a pusher whom all treat with deference.

In fact, in all quarters away up he ranks,
Except among crochety cold water cranks.

EMANUEL WERTHEIMER.

EMANUEL WERTHEIMER is the head and main-spring of the vast business interests of the firm of Guckenheimer & Bros., the distillers, and is one of the most substantial and generally respected Hebrew citizens in the State of Pennsylvania.

He was born in Wuerttemberg, Germany, October 16, 1834, and came to the United States in 1850. He settled in Pittsburg at once, and has been established here ever since. In 1857 he became connected with the Guckenheimer firm, in which he has since risen to the chief place. Under his judicious management, the Guckenheimer distillery at Freeport, Pa., has developed into the largest and finest on the American continent, and its product is famed the world over.

Mr. Wertheimer is a resident of the Third ward, Allegheny, and has represented that ward in Councils for thirteen years, serving in the Common branch from 1879 to 1889, and since then in the Select branch. He is chairman of the finance committee, and exercises a powerful influence for good in determining the economic policy of the city administration. His trained business faculty and clear insight into affairs of legislation make him an exceptionally valuable representative of the people.

In addition to supervising the city business of the Guckenheimer firm, Mr. Wertheimer manages the distillery at Freeport, and is president of the bank at that place.

He is a genial, courteous gentleman, liberal in his views and philanthropical of disposition. The Concordia Club in Allegheny owes much to his inspiration, and he is never behind-hand in contributing to deserving charities and seconding public enterprises.



When Blackstone finished up the grind
 Upon his legal tome,
 It never dawned upon his mind
 That yet a day would come
 When one small, unpretentious head
 Would hold it all, but lo !
 There's one who's got old Blackstone dead,
 His phiz above we show.

His features strength of mind express
 And latent power to fight ;
 'Tis easy from their cast to guess
 That he's an Israelite.
 That nasal curve you'd vainly seek
 In non-Semitic folks ;
 The Galway that adorns his cheek
 High compliments evokes.

He's very largely in demand,
 And earns tremendous fees ;
 The Hebrews flock from ev'ry hand
 With ev'ry kind of pleas.
 But Hebrews don't monopolize
 His time and brains—oh, no,
 All sects his office patronize,
 And get a *quid pro quo*.

A glorious thing it is to see
 Him plead a knotty case ;
 He drives a witness up a tree,
 And knocks him off his base.
 The judge with arguments he hits,
 The jury with display,
 And when a rival downs him it's
 A very frigid day.

In politics he takes a hand,
 And shows he's not a chump ;
 He's been a county chairman, and
 He's lightning on the stump.
 A stalwart he, from A to Z ;
 No matter who's on top,
 He's faithful to the G. O. P.,
 And ne'er was known to flop.

Alas, that Moses can't get here,
 To witness for a spell,
 How in this lawyer reappear
 The hopes of Israel.
 Among the great men of the day,
 He proudly takes his stand,
 And hence of him it's safe to say,
 He's reached the promised land.

JOSIAH COHEN.

JOSIAH COHEN, ESQ., the leading Hebrew lawyer of the State of Pennsylvania, was born at London, England, November 29, 1841. He studied law with Kirkpatrick & Mellon, was admitted to the bar in January, 1866, and has since conducted a successful civil practice. Mr. Cohen stands very high in his profession, and has a large clientage. He is an orator of unusual power, and ranks among the most efficient platform exponents of Republican doctrine. His service on the stump covers a period of over twenty years. He is an active member of the Republican county committee, and has served as chairman of that body and of some important conventions, and in 1884 was a Blaine elector.

Mr. Cohen was the first of the Hebrew race admitted to the Allegheny County bar, and although many of his brethren have since entered the profession here, he still remains the most distinguished type of the intellectual power and other admirable faculties of the descendants of the "chosen people." He is closely identified with the leading Jewish organizations throughout the United States, and is Vice-President of the great order of B'nai Brith (Sons of the Covenant), an order, the membership of which extends through all parts of the country. He is also Vice-President of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, which organized the Hebrew Union College, of Cincinnati, as well as being a member of the Executive Committee of the American Jewish Publication Society.



Go search the world over and pass in re-
view
The hostelries famous the universe through,
And the upshot we rightly foretell,
When we say that you'll nowhere a Boni-
face meet
Ahead of this gent, who on Liberty street,
Conducts a palatial hotel.

In Paris and London, Berlin and New
York,
Hotelmen get in with adroitness their
work,
And some of them really excel,
But, bless you! the best of 'em isn't a patch
On their rival in Pittsburg, for how could
they match
The Pittsburger's corking hotel.

For lo! since he came in the year '88,
Singled out, as it were, by the finger of fate
Applause as a host to compel,
He has lifted the house to a plane of suc-
cess
That inspires the beholder with awe to con-
fess
That the world couldn't spare this
hotel.

His waiters, the pink of perfection they are,
And the artist in drinks who presides at
the bar
Is the howlingest kind of a swell,
While the clerks—here we pause—words
are pow'rless to praise
Those beings majestic, with diamonds that
blaze,
Shedding radiance throughout the
hotel.

Our Boniface comes of that go-ahead race,
The Scotch-Irish, who when they give
fortune a chase
Show a vigor that nothing can quell,
And though he is calm, and no ardor re-
veals,
He's with business imbued from his head
to his heels,
And it shows in his stunning hotel.

He lives where he labors, in elegant style,
And steadily watches the growth of his pile
As if by a magical spell.
To the poor and the needy he gives from
his store,
And hence evil fortune ne'er passes the door
Of this favorite Pittsburg hotel.

B. C. WILLSON.

“MINE HOST” WILLSON, of the Seventh Avenue Hotel, is of Scotch-Irish extraction, and inherits the best traits of his ancestry—thrift, industry, and shrewdness in business affairs. He was born in Washington County, Ohio, and came to Pittsburg in 1868, when he became connected with the Leechburg Iron Works and the Chartiers Iron and Steel Company. In 1888 he severed his connection with those concerns and became proprietor of the hotel, his management of which has since proved conspicuously successful.

The Seventh Avenue Hotel is the largest in Pittsburg, having accommodations for entertaining 350 guests without in the least overtaxing its resources. It is located at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Liberty street, and is two squares from the Union Station, and closely contiguous to all the theatres and other places of public resort. The hotel has two passenger elevators and a large and well-fitted dining-room, and the entire building has been equipped with all modern conveniences, electric lights, etc. The apartments are provided with bath-rooms, natural gas, and incandescent lights, and are supplied throughout with the finest furniture, made from special designs for the hotel.

Everything in the equipment of the establishment is of the very best, from the table and sleeping arrangements to the minutiae of the house, and this is so well known throughout the country that the Seventh Avenue Hotel is the headquarters for commercial men staying in Pittsburg. The reputation of the house and the popularity of the proprietor have achieved this gratifying result.



WILLIAM WEIHE AND JOSEPH EVANS.

The industrial question's a hard one to solve,
 And points that are puzzling it's known to involve ;
 So, to clear the thing up, we have placed upon view
 In our picture the long and the short of it, too.

On the one hand, six feet and a half of sound sense,
 A brawny colossus quite free from pretense.
 With capital's cohorts he copes without fear,
 And they say, in his way, he is really sincere.

On the other, five feet of importance and nerve,
 Always ready the cause with his jaw to subserve.
 In debate or in action he's rampant alike,
 And is never so glad as when bossing a strike.

Each one of these chaps is officially bound
 To keep things a-moving the whole season round ;
 So, when one fuss is over, and peace is begot,
 They stir up another to keep the mill hot.

In easy chairs lolling Havanas they puff,
 And deplore that the lot of a toiler's so rough,
 While reports they grind out in the sweat of their brow,
 Giving capital fits, as full well they know how.

Each hopes yet to shine as a statesman of note
 By the help of the mighty industrial vote ;
 So, with all of the hard-handed class they stand in,
 And expect later on a bonanza to win.



JOHN R. MURPHY.

If you live on the North Side, you'll drop
right away
To the cut of this gentleman's jib,
And confess that correctly his character
gay
Is described in this lyrical squib.

From boyhood a ward politician he's been,
Hanging on to a boss's coat-tail,
Though of late a high prize he has man-
aged to win,
Which has raised him a peg in the scale.

He was once a detective and—this is the
truth—
He displayed such phenomenal skill,
And enacted so ably the role of Old Sleuth
That folks smile at the thought of it
still.

The crooks and the public alike, it is said,
Were so pleased with his qualities rare,
That, as soon as the coppers were minus
a head,
He was given the job by the mayor.

Ah, those were the halcyon days for this
chap,
He remembers them now with a sigh.
What a pleasure it was to catch on to a
snap
By letting folks close up his eye.

There was fun in those times, for the gam-
blers were flush,
And the mansions of shady repute
Stood in, as did also the sellers of lush,
And they voted our hero a "beaut."

Things have changed in the meantime ;
the city is drest
In a new suit of second-class clothes,
And, in line of promotion, his Nobs with
the rest
To a still higher dignity rose.

When we witness what power and what
honors are his,
Acknowledge the moral we must,
That the man who would prosper should
stick to his biz,
And be slick in discharging his trust.



There is much to admire in
The things that environ
This worthy, like samples of choice bric-a-brac.
In a manner the smartest
Our ax-swinging artist
At the grocery trade takes a desperate whack.
While, above it all looming,
The grocer assuming
An air of commercial importance is seen.
With what cares he is weighted
His brow corrugated
Attests, for o'erloaded with business he's been.

What with tea and with coffee,
With loaves big and puffy,
And sugar that's guiltless of sand intermixed;
What with flour and potatoes,
Canned goods and tomatoes,
And window exhibits with prices affixed;
What with hams and with salad,
And butter that's pallid,
And people that never will square up their books,
It's really a wonder
He doesn't go under:
That he can't stand the racket you'd judge from
his looks.

Yet although he's thus saddled,
And mentally addled
With buying and selling and similar cares,
He still finds a measure
Of casual leisure
To help in the running of public affairs.
The people elect him
From fraud to protect 'em
In Councils, where schemers and plotters abound;
The ringsters detest him,
So sorely he's pressed 'em,
And wish he was planted in six feet of ground.

But he's bold as a lion
And keeps a close eye on
The dodges of Chris and the capers of Doc.
He's down upon shamming
And William Flinn flammimg,
And poor farm sculduggery he labors to knock.
He's so square and undaunted,
For Mayor he's been wanted,
And it will not be strange if he's talked of again;
For there isn't a warmer,
More earnest reformer,
In a town which can boast of but few honest
men.

J. C. O'DONNELL.

THIS notable exponent of reform in municipal government hails from the neighborhood of Millerstown, in Butler County, where he was born in 1835. About nine years later he moved with his parents to Brady's Bend. He was educated in the common schools of Armstrong County, and subsequently, in the same county, he worked at glass furnaces and in a rolling mill.

In 1854 he came to Pittsburg and secured employment as a roller in Zug, Lindsay & Co.'s mill. He worked afterwards as a puddler in the mills of Shoenberger & Co. and of Graff & Woods.

In 1866 he went into the grocery business opposite to the location where he is now established (No. 3340 Penn Ave.), and built up a lucrative trade.

Mr. O'Donnell's political history is a record of consistent, strenuous opposition to misgovernment in all its phases. He is a Democrat in principle, and in practice a strictly honorable representative of the people at large. For seven years prior to 1882 he represented the Fifteenth ward in Councils. His removal to the Sixteenth ward lost him his seat in that body, and eight years elapsed before he was again elected. Since his return to Common Council in 1890 he has been especially prominent as the champion of retrenchment and reform, and his voice is always uplifted and his vote cast against "jobs," wastefulness, and the fostering of monopolies at the people's expense.

Hence at the February elections of this year (1892) the powers that control the municipal government strained every nerve to defeat him, and the Sixteenth ward became the scene of one of the hardest fought battles that ever occurred in Pittsburg. The result was a splendid victory for the defender of the people's rights.

Mr. O'Donnell has been frequently mentioned for Mayor, and was once a candidate for the nomination. Of late, however, he refuses to let his name be used in connection with that or any other public position of emolument.



Of gentlemen who nourish
 Hopes in public life to flourish
 There are more around our city than
 you'd ever shake a stick at,
 But of all the aggregation,
 Few have reason for elation
 Like the candidate who's running on the
 Straight-out county ticket.

He's a hustler from away back,
 Never, never would he stay back
 From a legal undertaking, but, as active as
 a cricket,

He'd jump in wherever wanted
 And present a front undaunted,
 As he's doing just at present on the
 Straight-out county ticket.

Horny-handed chaps admire him
 And professionally hire him
 When capital sees fit the sons of toil to
 take a lick at ;

Then, great Scott ! you ought to hear him,
 His opponents can't come near him
 Any more than they can swipec him on the
 Straight-out county ticket.

His opponent, Cl——ry B——h,
 Must get up exceeding early
 If he hopes to make the raffle with his
 candidacy wicked ;
 Which, backed by Tim O'Leary,
 Makes Republicans quite weary
 And has forced the nomination of the
 Straight-out county ticket.

Where our man's a residenter—
 Down at Emsworth, it's a center
 Of enthusiasm marvelous ; 'tis wonderful
 how quick it
 Spread from there till all the quarters
 Of the compass yield supporters
 Who will certainly elect him on the
 Straight-out county ticket.

L. K. PORTER.

LOUIS KOSSUTH PORTER is a resident of Emsworth, where his family has long stood in high repute. He is a son of David Porter, Esq., and was born at Bellevue, May 15, 1856. He laid the ground-work of his education in the public schools, and completed his studies at Mt. Union College, O., where he graduated with honor at the age of 22. In December, 1880, he was admitted to the bar, and shortly afterwards formed a partnership with W. L. Bird, Esq., which was maintained until 1887. Since that time Mr. Porter has practiced independently, and he has built up a reputation second to none among the younger members of the bar. His fearlessness in the pursuit of duty, his conspicuous ability and his earnest attention to detail, have suggested him naturally as a fit subject for advancement. Hence, on more than one occasion when the Republican party was in danger of nominating undesirable candidates, he has been solicited by some of the ablest and most conservative members of the bar to run independently, but this consistent partisanship prohibited his doing.

In the summer of 1891, however, when the celebrated fusion ticket for the judiciary and the district attorneyship was put up, Mr. Porter came forward as the "Straight-out" Republican candidate for district attorney, and received flattering support, his vote falling little short of 20,000.

Mr. Porter has practiced in all the courts, but particularly in the criminal and license courts. He is frequently called upon to represent the labor interest in cases of importance, and has a host of strong friends among that element.



Adonis, they say, was surprisingly handsome,
But above is a youth who is handsomer still;
His raven mustaches are worth a king's ransom,
And the smile that he cracks—well, it's just fit
to kill.

He's a lawyer by trade and no slouch of a
pleader,

His jaw he can wag and his arms he can
wave,

Which, as every one knows, are the signs of a
leader

Who to honors forensic the high road would
pave.

The political sharpers in old Allegheny

Were tickled so much by his personal grace

That they bid him step in where the chances were
many,

And bag a soft snap on the strength of his
face.

The Councils he struck, and they made him ad-
viser-

In-chief to the town with a neat little sal,

Which made him feel big as a king or a kaiser,

And suited the ringsters who wanted a pal.

When the North Side a second-class ticket was
claiming,

His Nobs was the center of clamor profuse;
Such a queer lot of acts he succeeded in framing,
That Old Nicholas himself was in Councils let
loose.

But he knew he was solid and couldn't be hum-
bled,

And acts upon acts he drew up by the score,
Till he'd drafted so many he got them all jumbled,
Then he hired other lawyers, who drafted some
more.

The second-class ticket was finally granted,

And he failed not the whole of the credit to
claim;

And that's why to-day he is solidly planted

On the uppermost rung of the ladder of fame.

If thus he keeps on, who knows where he'll be
stopping?

For his nerve is so great that he never will
blench,

There is even a chance that some day he'll be
dropping

His work at the bar to climb up on the bench.

GEORGE ELPHINSTONE.

GEORGE ELPHINSTONE was born in Baltimore, Md., February 5, 1852, and came to Allegheny City in 1860. He was educated at Washington and Jefferson College, leaving that institution in the senior year. He studied law under John Emery, was admitted to the bar in October, 1877, and has been practising ever since. On April 1, 1888, he was elected City Attorney of Allegheny, and he has achieved considerable distinction by his able discharge of the duties of that office.

During the first ten years of his professional career, Mr. Elphinstone was employed in a large number of homicide cases, notable among these being the "Bloody" Abernethy case in 1878 and the case of Mrs. Bunnell in 1887. Mrs. Bunnell was charged with poisoning her nephew, Eddie Thaw, a relative of the late William Thaw, and the prominence of the parties concerned gave the trial an exceptionally sensational character. Mr. Elphinstone appeared in this case for the prosecution.

In the Abernethy case he appeared for the defense. Abernethy was tried for the murder of "Curley" Leslie. He was convicted, the jury bringing in a first-degree verdict. Mr. Elphinstone took the case to the Supreme Court, and made an argument lasting two hours, which led to the settlement of several important points of law relating to criminal evidence. The verdict was reduced to second degree, and Justice Sharswood sent for Mr. Elphinstone and publicly complimented him.

Mr. Elphinstone was also engaged in the prosecution of the boodling Allegheny officials, Market Clerk Hastings and Mayor Wyman, both of whom were convicted and sent to jail.

Although yet a young man, his record compares favorably with that of the oldest and most famous practitioners at the Allegheny County bar.



In the ranks of the men who stand highest
 In jurisprudential pursuits,
 The brainiest, shrewdest and slyest
 In managing legal disputes,
 There is one whom but few can compare
 with,
 His notion of law's no burlesque,
 For in pleading, the blows he gets there
 with
 Are thoroughly Sullivanesque.

'Twas in Butler, that region romantic,
 Where mines saponaceous exist,
 That he mastered with efforts gigantic,
 The law's every turning and twist.
 He strove for a lofty ideal,
 And—this he need never regret—
 Through the medium of bonds hymeneal,
 Caught on with the Pittsburg *Gazette*.

Six years in our courts he's been pounding
 Away, with the best of returns ;
 As a worker his grit is astounding
 And petty retainers he spurns.
 In the federal courts and the civil
 Alike you will find him on hand,
 Knocking out cheap practitioners' drivell
 With the genuine law of the land.

For office he has no ambition
 Though sure to get there, if he chose ;
 He holds that a pure politician
 His chances of fortune foregoes.
 Yet in '80, when Garfield was running,
 He sent our man out on the stump,
 And he showed such rhetorical cunning,
 That the Buckeyes proclaimed him a
 trump.

Though pre-occupied with his profession
 And buried in documents dull,
 Yet to pleasure he makes a concession
 Which cannot his business annul.
 Sweet music enlists his artistic
 Emotions and sets them aglow,
 While his better half's gems pianistic
 He seconds with fiddle and bow.

Now here is a moral veracious :
 If in law you would fain make a hit,
 Study up near the mines saponaceous,
 And emigrate after a bit.
 Make speeches where Buckeyes are
 plenty,
 Stand in with the ancient *Gazette*,
 And we'll bet you a hundred to twenty,
 You'll be the boss barrister yet.

CHARLES A. SULLIVAN.

CHARLES A. SULLIVAN, Esq., was born at Butler, Pa., November 26, 1846. His father, Charles C. Sullivan, was a lawyer of national reputation and practiced in the principal courts of Pennsylvania for about 35 years. He was an Abolitionist and a fearless Whig. He died in 1860. Mr. Sullivan's mother, *nee* Susan Catharine Seltzer, was of German extraction and a native of Lebanon County, Pa. Patrick O'Sullivan, the paternal great-grandfather of the present representative of the race, came from the north of Ireland, and landed in Virginia early in the 17th century.

Charles A. Sullivan was educated at Nazareth Hall, the Moravian school at Nazareth, Northampton County, Pa., from 1860 to 1863, and was a pupil at the Military School at West Chester, Chester County, from 1863 to 1867. In 1868 he read law at Butler with Judge James Bredin, and in 1870 he was admitted to the bar. In the same year he was married to the youngest daughter of General George W. Reed, of Butler, sister of Nelson P., George W., and Joseph P. Reed, formerly of the *Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette*.

In 1886 Mr. Sullivan came to Pittsburg, and soon became known here as an "all-round" lawyer, engaged in active practice in all the courts.

The late President Garfield was an intimate friend of Mr. Sullivan's, and during the campaign of 1880 sent him on the stump into Ohio and Indiana. The young lawyer's wit, originality and fund of anecdote, often couched in genuine Irish brogue, won for him the title of "The Young Irish Patrick Henry of Pittsburg." Despite his power of dramatic oratory, Mr. Sullivan prefers to stick to the law rather than chase the will-o'-the-wisp of political advancement.

During his academic days, Mr. Sullivan was noted as a classical scholar and a lover of history. Euclid was also a hobby of his, and he added to the sum of his accomplishments the mastery of the German language and of the violin. His wife being a fine pianist, they spend many happy musical moments together.

While at the Chester Military School, Mr. Sullivan was captain of a military company and an adept in all athletic exercises. He has maintained the physique thus built up, and is to-day as straight as a rush. Eagle eyes and a Roman nose make his face one that would attract attention among a thousand.

Since he came to the Allegheny County bar, in April, 1886, Mr. Sullivan has been engaged in the trial of many important cases—civil, criminal and equity. He is an indefatigable worker, guided by an indomitable will, and will fight every inch of ground for a meritorious client.



CAPT. CHAS. W. BATCHELOR.

AMONG the pillars of the river industry in Western Pennsylvania, Captain Charles W. Batchelor stands *facile princeps*. Captain Batchelor comes of sturdy American stock. He was born in Steubenville, O., in 1823, and received his early education at private schools in his native town. In 1841 he apprenticed himself on a Wheeling steamboat to learn to be a pilot. In 1845 he became a full pilot, and in 1849 he bought the interest of Captain John Klinefelter in the steamer *Hibernia No. 2*, of the Pittsburg and Cincinnati Packet line, and assumed command. In 1853, he took command of the famous *Allegheny* in the same line, and in 1854, he built the *Americus* for the Pittsburg and Nashville trade. In 1855, the *Americus* burned, and he left the river to become the active Vice-President of the Eureka Insurance Company of Pittsburg, and acted as the general agent in setting marine losses. In 1861, he was appointed by President Lincoln as Surveyor of the Port and United States Depository at Pittsburg, in which dual capacity he continued until September, 1866, when he was removed by President Johnson on account of his political opinions; Captain Batchelor being an uncompromising Republican—in fact, one of the founders of the Republican

party. During his official career he disbursed over one hundred million dollars, and wound up with the Government in his debt. It was during this period that his ability as an organizer of public enterprises was first manifested. In 1864, mainly through his instrumentality, the Pittsburg Sanitary Fair for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers was organized and carried out with magnificent success. He was a personal friend of President Lincoln; was a delegate to the convention which nominated Lincoln, and when the President passed through Pittsburg on the way to be inaugurated, Captain Batchelor escorted him in company with Mrs. Lincoln to the train. The President had been threatened with assassination, and was going by an unusual route to avoid danger. "When I got him and his party in the car," writes Captain Batchelor, "I said, 'Good-bye, Mr. President; may the Lord love you as the people do.' He held my hand for a minute, and said, 'What is that? Say that again?' I repeated it, and then bid them all good-bye." The President's coolness in the hour of danger, and his faculty of interesting himself in passing manifestations of popular sentiment made a profound impression on the mind of the loyal Pittsburger.

In 1867, Captain Batchelor became President of the Eagle Cotton Mills Company, and continued in that position until 1873. He was President of the Masonic Bank from 1868 until 1884, when he resigned to become acting Vice-President of the Keystone Bank and President of the Pittsburgh Petroleum Exchange. He is now President of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Insurance Company, and also of the Natural Gas Company of West Virginia, and Secretary and Treasurer of the Natural Gas Company, Limited, of Pittsburg, which inaugurated the use of gas for manufacturing purposes in 1875.

In 1885, he was made Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements and Commodore of the Fleet, for the celebration of the opening of Davis Island Dam.

Captain Batchelor is one of the most prominent Masons in the United States, having received the highest degree that can be conferred. He was Right Eminent Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Pennsylvania in 1883-4.

His has been a life of rectitude and usefulness to his fellow men, and it has been deservedly crowned with prosperity and with the world's approbation.



South Siders say,
 Don't you know this gay
 And popular physician?
 In ward Twenty-six
 He gets in his licks,
 And is very much in requisition.
 He combines good humor with the best of skill.
 Cracks merry, merry jests when he compounds a
 pill,
 And is merriest of all when he presents his bill,
 Which he does with great precision.

He bears the brand
 Of a foreign land;
 He's a real Franco-Dutch Alsatian;
 But his prejudices blind
 He wisely left behind
 When he came to join the Yankee nation.
 He studied for a doctor till he'd learned enough
 In a Cincinnati college, where they cram and stuff;
 Then he went across to Strasburg, where they
 polished him off
 In shape to make a reputation.

The Birminghamites
 He got dead to rights
 Till his headpiece was expanded;
 Whereupon he made a break
 For an office-holding stake,
 And the prize adroitly landed.
 In the School Board, Councils, and the Senate of
 the State,

And the old Board of Health, he served with ele-
 gance so great
 That he wanted to be may'r, but there the hand
 of fate
 Interfered, and he thus was stranded.

Twice o'er the ring
 Refused to swing
 The delegates that he needed:
 "If I can't be may'r," he said,
 "By the nose I won't be led,"
 So from politics he then receded.
 Unlike Doc Barchfeld, who went over to Quay,
 When the gang wouldn't let him always have his
 own way,
 Our man dropped out and stuck to practicing for
 pay,
 Wherein he has extensively succeeded.

Eight years have passed
 Since aside he cast
 His political pretensions,
 And his freedom now from care
 He's accustomed to declare
 Brings him happiness of large dimensions.
 He keeps fast horses—they're a hobby that he's
 got,
 When Magee gives orders, to the front he needn't
 trot,
 And it's safe to say he wouldn't now exchange
 his lot
 For a cinch upon a dozen of conventions.

DR. M. A. ARNHOLT.

UNTIL within a few years past, one of the most familiar faces in the Pittsburgh Council chambers and in the Legislative halls at Harrisburg was that of Dr. M. A. Arnholt, of the South Side. It was long a source of pride to Dr. Arnholt that he was able to achieve success politically and professionally at the same time, a dual exploit which is rarely accomplished outside the ranks of the legal profession. Of late, however, he has held aloof from politics, and devoted his attention exclusively to his practice as a physician.

Dr. Arnholt was born in Alsace, then a French province, on December 25, 1836, and came to the United States in 1849. He attended the public schools and the academy at Joliet, Ill., and graduated in 1857 from the Ohio Medical College. In the fall of 1858 he went to Europe, and became a student at the Strasburg School of Medicine, from which institution he graduated in 1861. In 1862 he returned to his adopted country and located on the South Side, where he has ever since enjoyed a career of unbroken popularity and success.

Dr. Arnholt was repeatedly elected by the people of his district to represent them as School Director, Councilman, and State Senator. At one time he was urged to become a candidate for Mayor, and would undoubtedly have made a strong run had he succeeded in capturing the nomination over the head of the slated Republican nominee. He is independently wealthy, indulges a taste for fast horses, and without subscribing to the Epicurean doctrine, manages to get the maximum of enjoyment out of life.



Who does not know this face aglow
With manly zeal and pride?
The owner he is six foot three
In height, and more beside.
His grandsire's name is George ; the same
Was on his sire conferred ;
On him as well the heirloom fell,
And hence he's George the Third.

At college trained he was, and gained
Thereat an honored name :
Cornell at first assuaged his thirst
For literary fame,
And then at Yale such heights to scale
His spirit high was spurred,
That L.L.D.'s fell on their knees,
And worshipped George the Third.

'Mid lawyer men he mingled then,
And hung his shingle out,
Prepared to make the judges quake
In many a telling bout.
The hope to seize enormous fees
But little was deferred,
For clients rushed and squeezed and
crushed,
To get at George the Third.

Ambition yet his soul beset,
And so he buckled down
To learn the tricks of politics
In Allegheny town.
By methods neat he won a seat
At Harrisburg, and stirred
Up many a fuss ; industrious,
Indeed, was George the Third.

This epoch past, his eye he cast
On Congress—there he thought
High eminence and fame immense
To gain he surely ought,
With Bayne and Stone he held his own
Till finally occurred
The crack of doom, which smashed the
boom
Worked up by George the Third.

Now on his oars he rests, and pores
O'er projects of reform ;
For Murph and Wyme 'most all the time
He helps to make it warm.
Don't think he's quite dropped out of sight,
The thought would be absurd ;
For the time's at hand when none can stand
In front of George the Third.

GEORGE SHIRAS III.

“GEORGE SHIRAS, Esq., was born in the city of Allegheny, January 1, 1859. Graduated at Cornell University and Yale Law School. For eight years he has been associated with his father, Geo. Shiras, Jr., in the practice of law.”—*Smull's Legislative Hand-Book* (1889).

Mr. Shiras has had a brilliant career. As a scholar, he achieved marked distinction at Cornell University, graduating in the course of History and Political Science. Later, at the Yale Law School, his positive views on the benefits of the Protective Tariff led to a series of public debates, and his success in combating the free trade theories inculcated at Yale by Prof. Sumner was such that, in his senior year, the presidency of the Yale Kent Club, the great debating society of the University, was unanimously tendered him.

Mr. Shiras' career at the Pittsburg bar has been conspicuously successful. The court records indicate the importance of his causes and the character of his clientage.

In politics he is an earnest Republican, keenly alive to the conservation of his party's best interests. While a pronounced partisan in national politics, he is an earnest advocate of independence in the administration of local government. In 1888, Mr. Shiras was elected to the State Assembly by 1700 majority from a district Democratic in the preceding election, and he repaid the compliment by a devotion to duty such as is rarely manifested in modern politics. In the session of '89 he was one of the most valuable members of the Judiciary General and other important committees, and through his industry and ability in debate secured the passage of a number of useful enactments.

In 1890, he became a candidate for Congress against Colonel Bayne in the Twenty-third district, and made a splendid fight against Colonel Stone, who, after the nomination had been improperly transferred to him by Colonel Bayne, went into new primaries and with difficulty wrested victory from the hands of his courageous young opponent.

Mr. Shiras has taken profound interest in the reform movement in Allegheny City, and to him the people of that municipality are mainly indebted for the strides made in the direction of honest government.

Few men in public life enjoy, in the same measure as this energetic young lawyer-politician, the respect and confidence of the community.



The lawyer-politician is a type we're all acquainted with,
 The combination's one that isn't rare ;
 False modesty is something he's not usually tainted with,
 And at obstacles he's not the chap to scare.

An undercrust of brilliancy, an upper crust of jollity,
 With legal learning sandwiched in between,
 Are the attributes which, varying in quantity and quality,
 In samples of the genus may be seen.

Such a gentleman above you see in all of his sublimity ;
 Since publicly to hustle he began,
 He's been looked on by the public with decided unanimity

As being what is called a "coming man."
 'Twixt politics and legal work his time's split up exclusively ;
 Anon he's making speeches on the stump ;
 Then again you'll find him plastering a jury up delusively,
 Or making opposition counsel jump.

In Homestead he resides, which with the South Side wards united is
 As legislative district Number Six ;
 There the populace admires him, and excessively delighted is
 When politics with law he'll intermix.
 Assemblyman they've made him, and he's always been on deck in time,
 Where other legislators were remiss ;
 And they'd send him back to Harrisburg right willingly a second time—
 But, no ; he's after higher game than this.

He would like to go to Congress, there to make a record national,
 And serve the State with honor, like Dalzell,
 To make speeches full of fire, exploding theories irrational,
 And otherwise in statesmanship excel.
 In the meantime, while his bonnet harbors yet the bee Congressional,
 And prospects rosy-hued he entertains,
 He industriously labors in his character professional,
 And mountainously heaped up are his gains.

JOHN F. COX.

THE cause of labor has had few more earnest and skilful champions than Hon. John F. Cox, the well-known attorney-at-law, of 403 Grant street. Mr. Cox was born in Mifflin township, October 6, 1852. He was reared on a farm, and obtained his early education in country schools. The higher branches he acquired at Westminster College, and later at Mt. Union, graduating from the latter in the class of 1875. For four years he taught school in the Monongahela Valley, and then forsook the ferule to study law in the office of Moreland & Kerr. He was admitted to the bar in 1880, and has been an active practitioner ever since.

Politics had a special fascination for Mr. Cox, and his mental gifts and admirable social qualities rapidly brought him to the front in the political world. He was elected to the Legislature in 1884, and again in 1887, from the Sixth legislative district. In 1889 he sought the Republican nomination for District Attorney, but withdrew before the convention was held. He was also a candidate against J. W. Ray for the Congressional nomination, and his defeat was only secured by a process of political barter.

Mr. Cox is recognized as a staunch friend of labor, and has always been identified with court cases involving the rights of labor organizations. During the famous strike at Duquesne, he was attorney for the mill men, and made a masterly defense of their interests. He was the originator of the anti-conspiracy law which was passed unanimously in the lower branch of the Legislature, but was defeated in the Senate by one vote. The same measure was revived and passed in the session of 1891.

Civil and criminal law receive a like share of Mr. Cox's attention. In the Fitzsimmons-Clark murder trial—a recent *cause celebre*—he appeared as counsel for the defense.

He resides in Homestead, and is, perhaps, the most popular citizen of that borough. His frankness, generosity and kindliness of heart have made John F. Cox one of the most generally esteemed men, in or out of the legal profession, in Allegheny County.



Sure the green flag of Ireland must flutter with pride
 When the name of this noted Hibernian we
 utter,
 So we'll just lay his famous cognomen aside
 And not give the green emblem the trouble to
 flutter.

In boyhood to keep him
 John Bull (devil sweep him)
 Refused, so he started
 From home, heavy-hearted,
 And sailed from old Ireland on board of a spanker,
 Just like that young mariner, Casey-bianca.

Though beautiful Cork he had left far behind,
 Yet he knew that abroad there was prospect of
 boodle;
 Inspired by this feeling, he soon grew resigned
 And to keep up his spirits struck up "Yankee
 Doodle."

In Pittsburg arriving,
 He set about striving,
 With judgment discerning
 To brush up his learning
 And soon there was not in this Land of the Free
 A more wide-awake business-like Yankee than he.

When manhood he reached to Venango he went,
 In the hope that a fortune in oil he'd be striking.
 But a year found him back again, solely intent
 On the grocery trade, which was more to his
 liking.

From sugar and coffee
 And similar stuff, he
 Raked profit extensive
 And sought for a chance of
 Investing the same where he could, if he chose,
 Later on have a million or two in his clothes.

"Eureka," he cried, when he'd hit on a scheme,
 "Rye whisky's the thing that'll make me a
 Croesus;"

Forthwith of Old Red-eye he buys up the cream
 And a lucrative trade on the instant he seizes.
 The whiskey consumers,
 Attracted by rumors
 Of liquor seraphic,
 Expanded his traffic,
 And that's why to-day it's in order to greet
 Him as principal Croesus of Liberty street.

His house is the oldest in town, he declares,
 And so is his liquor—at least, so he claims;
 And the look of profound satisfaction he wears
 Shows how little he cares for Prohibitive
 games.

Four youths and four maidens
 Decorous and staid 'uns,
 His home help to brighten
 And life, too, to lighten.
 The Temperance folk up the creek wouldn't fly
 Were they half as well fixed as this dealer in
 rye.

T. D. CASEY.

THE name of T. D. Casey is a "household word" in the wholesale liquor trade of the United States. Mr. Casey is a native of Ireland, having come into the world at Charleville, County Cork, in 1840. At the age of 10 years he came to this country and settled in Westmoreland county. In 1865, he removed to Pittsburg and took a course of study at the Iron City College, where he subsequently graduated. In 1866 he went to the Venango oil field, but returned the following year to Pittsburg, and started in the grocery trade in Allegheny City. In 1868, he moved to Pennsylvania Avenue, continuing in the same line of business. The turning point of his fortunes was reached in 1869, when he formed a copartnership with Robert Woods in the liquor business, and laid the foundation of the lucrative trade which he now controls. Mr. Woods retired from the connection in 1870, and James and T. D. Casey continued the business under the firm name of Robert Woods & Co. In 1872, Thomas C. Fogarty joined the concern and the firm name was changed to Casey & Fogarty. It continued in this form until 1881, when Mr. Fogarty retired. Since then the firm has been known as T. D. Casey & Co.

The house is the oldest in the liquor trade in this city, having been founded originally by Robert Moore in 1837. It is justly famed for the excellence of the varied brands of liquor which it controls, some of which are reputed to be without a rival in the American market.

Mr. Casey is a man of agreeable social qualities, and while thoroughly domestic in his habits, is loyal to his Club (the Columbus), and frequently takes a hand in politics on the Democratic side. He is the father of a happy family; resides in a handsome mansion in Allegheny, and stands high among the "solid men" of that city.



A star of Westmoreland we've pictured
before,

'Tis his brother that's done up to-day.
And the one, like the other, a plethoric
store

Of shekels has garnered away.
He was poor in his youth, but he isn't so
now,

No reverse his prosperity mars,
And the reason he prospered, he's wont
to avow,

Is because he "don't scare at the
cars."

At Pithole, way back in the year '64,

He made his first lucrative hit ;
The town went to smash, and unlucky ones
swore,

But he didn't worry a bit.
For he'd raked in a pile and had lots in
the bank,

While few others escaped without scars ;
And for this, he declares, he's just one
thing to thank,

'Tis because he "don't scare at the
cars."

At Grapeville his brother and he struck it
rich,

They both made the raffle in gas,
And it's really a puzzle to calculate which
In luck may be said to surpass.

They're Democrats both, and the one we
describe

Is one of Democracy's stars,
And swears that the reason he's high in
the tribe

Is because he "don't scare at the cars."

He hustled for Wallace, but took off his
coat

For Pattison, scorning to flop.
When a friend sent to ask how he'd bet on
the vote,

Not a moment to think did he stop.
"Micks, Mugwumps, and Methodists"—
that's what he said—

"Have the call, and we'll bet the
cigars."

There are few who could thus show as
level a head

As the man who "don't scare at the
cars."

W. S. GUFFEY. ·

W S. GUFFEY, the well known oil and gas operator, was born in Mud-dison, Westmoreland County, Pa., in 1842. He was educated at the Sulphur Spring school house, and the curriculum of that rural establishment constituted the beginning and the end of his academic training. In education, as well as business, he is a self-made man, and yet to-day he has a conversational polish and general fund of information sufficient to put college graduates to the blush.

The tidal wave of the oil excitement carried Mr. Guffey to Pithole in January, 1865, the first well having been struck there in the preceding November. The phenomenal history of Pithole is known to everybody. At one time it had a larger post-office than Pittsburg. Now the last trace of its existence has vanished. Mr. Guffey stayed in the town until \$30,000 houses were selling at \$1,000 apiece, and left shortly before the final crash came, which left Pithole only a name. He is one of the oldest members of the Pithole Pioneers' Association, of which about 60 survivors remain, and he still attends the association's annual banquets.

It was in 1866 that Mr. Guffey left Pithole. From that time until his coming to Pittsburg, in 1881, he turned his hand to a great variety of enterprises, with more or less success. Since his establishment in this city he has been chiefly engaged in the oil business, and although he never joined hands with the Standard monopoly, he has become a very wealthy man.

He is one of the most ardent Democrats that ever swore by Jefferson and Jackson, and contributes largely to Democratic campaign funds. During Gov. Campbell's campaign for re-election in Ohio, Mr. Guffey rendered him valuable service. In fact, there is no reasonable call made upon him by his party to which he does not cheerfully respond.



In the year '49
From Ireland came over
A frisky young rover
In hopes to discover
Of riches a mine,
And his fancies were lurid,
Because he felt sure he'd
Achieve his design.

"Now, courage," said he,
"There's good luck in the distance."
And so with persistence
He fought for existence.
Betwixt you and me
His first wage of a dollar
A week was much smaller
Than these days we see.

His progress was slow
But with heart never quailing
He thought not of failing
And took to retailing
Tobacco, and so
Success came to crown him,
And no one could down him
Nor yet lay him low.

'Twas thus it befell
That with pride unaffected
And zeal well directed
In time he erected
His Fifth Ward hotel
In a goodly location
Which high admiration
Is bound to compel.

In public affairs
He's been active—who wouldn't
Thereof be a student?
A school boarder prudent
He's been, and the cares
Of Councils he's tackled
And the name of unshackled
Assemblyman bears.

What more does he seek?
Why nothing; his measure
Of hard-gotten treasure
And fairly won pleasure
Is full, and his cheek
Still glows when recalling
That vision appalling—
A dollar a week.

JOHN O'NEILL.

OF the "solid" citizens of the Fifth Ward, none occupies a higher place in the estimation of the residents of that district than Hon. John O'Neill, proprietor of the Sixth Avenue Hotel, at the corner of Grant Street and Sixth Avenue.

Mr. O'Neill is a thoroughbred Irishman of the best type. He was born in the County Cork in 1839, and emigrated to the United States when he was ten years old, coming almost immediately to Pittsburg. Here he was educated and made his start in life. Fortune was not prodigal of her favors to him at the outset, and he often recalls his youthful experience when his labor was rewarded with the meagre stipend of \$1.00 a week. By dint of patience and thrifty habits, however, he pushed his way forward and laid the foundations of a comfortable fortune. In August, 1863, he went into business as a tobacconist, and later established himself in a profitable liquor trade. The Sixth Avenue Hotel, of which he is sole owner and proprietor, was completed in August, 1891. It is a handsome brick edifice containing 75 rooms, is equipped with all modern conveniences, and furnished throughout in the latest style, and in its management and all its appointments is second to no other establishment of the kind in Pittsburg. Hence the popularity and liberal patronage earned by this hotel within a very short time.

Mr. O'Neill has always been a conspicuous figure in local politics. He has been a member of the Hancock School Board, and served six years in Select Councils and two terms in the State Legislature. He is a Democrat and a member of the Randall Club.



While this personage we do up,
 Who in Pennsylvania grew up,
 And is native-born, for he himself has said
 it :

There's a Pinafore quotation
 That just fits the situation,
 "He's an *Englishman*," and that is to his
 credit.

Shakespeare author of the claim is
 That there nothing in a name is
 But the present case leads not to that con-
 clusion,

For á cursory inspection
 Carried on in this connection
 Shows that Shake was simply spreading a
 delusion.

Down from Blair—a melancholic
 Little county and bucolic—
 Came our subject to this town to find his
 level,
 And secured a situation
 With a South Side publication
 In the literary role of printer's devil.

Being capable and ready,
 Soon he got employment steady

Setting type for living wages on a daily ;
 While his brothers found enjoyment
 In the very same employment
 Mangling "copy" expeditiously and gaily.

But in typographic durance
 Long he stayed not ; for insurance
 Was for him a fascination and a hobby ;
 And no sooner did he try it
 Than he filled his pockets by it
 And began to cut a figure ultra nobby.

People quickly came to relish
 His display of habits swellish
 And the politicians couldn't overlook him ;
 Club men specially extolled him,
 The Americus enrolled him
 And was tickled in its membership to book
 him.

John Dalzell to-day he's backing,
 And Boss Quay with vim attacking,
 Stirring up on ev'ry hand delight and won-
 der ;
 All the world must fain admit it,
 Keen he is and ready-witted,
 And knows how to put the English on like
 thunder.

H. D. W. ENGLISH.

IN business, in society, and in politics, "Harry" English, insurance man, club luminary, and political captain, is alike widely and favorably known.

He was born at Sabbath Rest, Blair County, December 22, 1855. His father, Rev. G. W. English, a Baptist minister, was his first preceptor, giving him a sound and wholesome training. The remainder of his education was received at Milroy Academy, where he spent four years. In 1871 he came to Pittsburg, secured a position as office-boy for the South Side *Courier*, and eventually learned the printing trade. It is a curious coincidence that Mr. English and his brothers, G. W. and Dr. W. T. English, were all printers at one time, and had the reputation of outrivalling all competitors in rapid type-setting.

After serving three years as a compositor on the *Chronicle-Telegraph*, Mr. English became associated with his brother G. W. in the insurance business. In 1881 the latter went to New York to take charge of the Berkshire Life Insurance office as Manager for the City and State. H. D. W. English bought out his brother's interest and assumed charge himself. His record as an insurance man has been uniformly above par. He is energetic and pushing to an unusual degree, and is in all respects signally adapted to the business to which he has devoted himself.

Mr. English is an ardent Republican, and a leading member of the Americus Club. He was chairman of the Executive Committee of that organization from 1884 to 1890, and has been chairman of the Committee of Arrangements at almost all the banquets given by the Club in this city.



Behold on his steed
 Of mysterious breed
 A rider of grim-looking mug ;
 Like a dime-novel hero
 He wears a sombrero,
 And Isaac's the name of his plug.
 His mustache, big and red,
 And his greatness of head,
 Should indicate plainly to you
 That Isaac's possessor
 Is nobody lesser
 Than the high muck-a-muck of the Zoo.

O'er his novel domain
 Supreme is his reign ;
 He has vassals all dressed up in gray,
 Who devote themselves mainly
 To prancing inanely
 Around, and to drawing their pay.
 The power he divides,
 So that Hokey presides,
 With the aid of a nondescript crew,
 Over what little work is
 Achieved in the circus
 Of the high muck-a-muck of the Zoo.

There's a grave-looking owl
 That sits, cheek by jowl,
 With an eagle that's tired of his bunk ;
 There's an elephant youthful,
 Who (let us be truthful !)
 Don't carry his clothes in his trunk.
 There are guinea-pigs cute,
 And a queer looking brute
 From Chili, or maybe Peru ;
 And they all howl like blazes
 When singing the praises
 Of the high muck-a-muck of the Zoo.

There are also the coons,
 And the frisky baboons,
 And the monkeys just bubbling with glee.
 Small wonder, now is it,
 That thousands should visit
 The place where these wonders they see ?
 With pleasure untold
 The young and the old
 On Sunday go out in a slew,
 And you'll find all competing
 To tender a greeting
 To the high muck-a-muck of the Zoo.

JAMES McKNIGHT.

EVERY man, woman and child who has been to visit Schenley Park ought to be familiar with the cheery face and trim figure of "Jim" McKnight, the big-hearted and easy-going, but in all respects thoroughly efficient, Superintendent of the people's pleasure ground.

James McKnight was born in County Down, Ireland, November 11, 1854, and was brought to this country by his parents in 1859, coming direct to Pittsburg. The family settled in Pitt township, now the Fourteenth ward, and has lived there ever since.

Mr. McKnight was educated at the public schools, and devoted himself principally to clerical pursuits until 1884, when he became a contractor, in which capacity he still carries on business. In 1890 he was appointed Superintendent of Schenley Park, and all improvements made there have been executed under his personal supervision.

He was one of the first to take men and money to the relief of the panic-stricken people of Johnstown on the occasion of the disastrous flood of 1889. It was under his supervision that the famous dam at the stone bridge was opened, out of which a great number of bodies were taken. After three other contractors had failed to clear the water-course, Mr. McKnight undertook the work on Wednesday, and had it completed at 3 p. m. on the following Saturday. For this admirable service he was congratulated by Governor Beaver and General Hastings, who pronounced it the most effective piece of work done since the occurrence of the flood. While at Johnstown, Mr. McKnight employed as many as 2,200 men and 600 teams at one time.

He is a Republican in politics, and one of the best known men in Allegheny county.



With green flags proudly flying
And regimentals gay,
Hibernians come
To the beat of the drum
To celebrate the day.
St. Patrick's feeling happy
To know it's all for him :
And the saint's chief aid
In the big parade
Is gallant Captain Jim.

The Galway men look hearty,
The Dublin men look spry ;
The lads from Clare
Look devil-may-care
As their serried ranks go by ;
And the boys from Tipperary
Are stout and clean of limb,
But none of them are
Upon a par
With gallant Captain Jim.

The Captain earned his title
At home in the N. G. P.
If war was in sight
He'd have hustled out to fight,
But he didn't get the chance, not he.

So in days of peace he labored
A company to get in trim,
And the boys got their fill
Of expert drill
From gallant Captain Jim.

From the P. R. R. he parted
Not many years ago ;
In the Company's pay
For many a day
He'd been, but found it slow.
A restaurant palatial
He thought would suit his whim ;
And on Liberty street
None now compete
With gallant Captain Jim.

He sits in Common Council
And helps to legislate,
In ward No. Nine
He's right in line
And heads the reg'lar slate ;
And whenever there are elections
You'll find him in the swim,
For the powers that be
A helpmate see
In gallant Captain Jim.

J. J. McGUIRE.

CAPTAIN J. J. McGuire, proprietor of the well known café on Liberty street, opposite the Union Depot, formerly Deshon's, has long been a leading spirit among the Irish Catholics of Western Pennsylvania. Oddly enough, Captain McGuire is not a native Irishman. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, March 11, 1850, of Irish parents. The family emigrated to America in 1852, and settled in Danville, Montour county, Pa. In 1864, young McGuire with several companions went to Philadelphia and surreptitiously enlisted in the navy. His father took him out and sent him to the College of St. Charles Borromeo, in Philadelphia, where he spent two years studying for the priesthood. In 1867, he removed with his parents to Pittsburg, where the family remained for one year, during which time he graduated from the Iron City College. The family returned to Danville in 1868. On May 25th of that year, Captain McGuire was married to his present wife, and took her and his parents to Pittsburg. He worked at Shoenberger's blast furnaces for three years, and was in business on Penn avenue for nearly four years, after which he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and served as assistant depot-master and later as conductor. Retiring finally from the railroad business, he invested his savings in a hotel and restaurant on Penn avenue, and subsequently sold out and moved to his present location.

Captain McGuire has been a Hibernian since he was 18 years old. He had charge of a Division for four years, and was State Secretary for two years. He was for nine years a member of the Ralston School Board, and is at present the representative of the Ninth ward in Common Council. He has also served in the National Guard, and was for two years Captain of Company B, Eighteenth Regiment.



Perchance our readers, gazing on this gent's familiar face,
 May consider him as being just a trifle out of place.
 For instead of being around the ticket office—
 bless his heart!—
 To-day he's in the gallery—a gallery of art.

In his academic temple he exhibits to the view
 Every week a set of object lessons picturesque
 and new,
 On the salutary influence of which himself he
 prides
 Very justly, since the lookers-on can't help but
 split their sides.

There is natty Tony Pastor, who is vocally a
 power,
 And warbles funny things about the topics of the
 hour,
 And little Bobby Manchester, whose grimaces and
 chaff
 Would make a graven image waken up to take a
 laugh.

There's Kernell, the lanky Irishman, who never
 fails (the rogue!)
 To paralyze the audience with his Connemara
 brogue,
 And who gives the foreign lingoers many a capti-
 vating touch—
 He can diagnose the Dagoes and can paraphrase
 the Dutch.

There's the famous aggregation that is known as
 Lily Clay's,
 Which semi-operatic incongruities essays;
 The lady with the skipping-rope, the walker on
 the wire,
 The Hercules who swings the clubs and never
 seems to tire.

There's the juggler with his sleight of hand as old
 as Adam's fall,
 The gymnast whose trapeze exploits faint-hearted
 folks appal,
 The girl who warbles ditties that would touch a
 heart of stone,
 And the chap who plays on every blessed instru-
 ment that's known.

All of these our hero shows us, and he makes the
 business pay,
 For he always can distinguish 'twixt an actor and
 a jay;
 He himself once wore the buskin, and was picked
 out to support
 Stars like Forrest, Adams, Cushman— heavy
 drama was his forte.

From the time when as the manager of Trimble's
 house he shone
 To the present, when he's opening the 'steenth
 season of his own,
 He has always been considered, with respect that
 ne'er abates,
 The squarest little manager in these United States.

H. W. WILLIAMS.

H. W. ("HARRY") WILLIAMS, the estimable proprietor and manager of the Academy of Music, was born at Baltimore, Md., December 5, 1841, and there attended school, graduating from the Baltimore High School in 1856. His first business venture was in the fish and produce trade, with his mother, and he spent three years as a tinner's apprentice.

A natural fondness for the drama asserted itself, however, and he became second low comedian in the stock company of the opera house at Norfolk, Va. He played variously at Washington and Baltimore theatres for several years, and during an engagement in the latter city, on September 1, 1861, was married to Miss Lucy Clifton. His greatest success behind the footlights was made at Canterbury Music Hall, Washington, in May, 1862, when he appeared as "Beau" Hickman in a local drama. In September, 1864, he went to the National Theatre, and remained there eight months, returning then to Baltimore, where he continued as stage manager and business manager of a music hall until 1866.

On August 9, 1866, Mr. Williams came to Pittsburg, where he has remained ever since, excepting during two brief periods, which were spent in Buffalo and Philadelphia respectively. From November 24, 1868, until January, 1870, he was manager of the "Old Drury," which place he left because the roof was in bad condition and the lessor refused to repair it. Shortly after he left, it was torn down.

On November 10, 1877, Harry Williams's Academy was opened to the public. The house had previously been in bad hands, and it required herculean efforts on the part of Mr. Williams to change its unsavory reputation and make it a source of profitable enterprise. In this task he has achieved superlative success. His name has become a guarantee of fair dealing, and the fact that he makes it a rule to engage none but attractions of the highest order of merit in the vaudeville line has won him the entire confidence of the public. It matters nothing how business may be at the other houses, Harry Williams's is crowded every night with an enthusiastic audience. No theatrical manager in America stands higher than Mr. Williams in the good graces of the profession, as well as of the general public.



There was one Mr. Riley who kept a hotel
 And whom history speaks of as doing quite
 well ;

He was quite a high-flyer,
 But never soared higher

Than he whom we sing of to-day.

For with all Mr. Riley's smart Gothamite
 tricks—

And 'tis said he got in some phenome-
 nal licks—

'Twould open his eyes up

If only he'd size up

Our man and his North Side café.

As you see by his likeness the North Sider
 sports

A nobby appearance, that fitly assort

With the glittering, glancing,

Imposing, entrancing

Effect of his hostelry gay ;

The diamond he wears is as big and as
 bright

As the headlights the traction cars hang
 out at night,

No raiment in beauty

Lays over the suit he

Puts on in his North Side café.

Though the South Side he owns as his
 birthplace, his name

Is Dutch, and to German descent he lays
 claim,

And hence he's resorted

To beer that's imported,

For Deutschland his love to display ;

And draws from the cask in a fashion Teu-
 tonic

The lager that ripples like music harmonic
 Till Johann and Ernest

Are tempted the derndest

To enter that North Side café.

He goes off to New York every once in a
 while

New ideas to get and keep up with the style ;

The license court knows him

As solid, and shows him

No reason on earth for dismay.

He's single as yet, though he's slated to
 marry,

So, girls, round the depot you don't need
 to tarry ;

Henceforth he'll be sou(e)r

On charmers who shower

Their smiles on the North Side café.

JOHN SAUER.

IF history is not a deceiver, the art of being a good inn-keeper is often hereditary, and the care of a first-class hostelry passes from generation to generation without abatement of its popularity. Thus we find John Sauer, the proprietor of the leading café in Allegheny City, at Federal Street, perpetuating the business left to him by his father, and keeping the reputation of the house up to the standard of its palmiest days in the past generation.

Mr. Sauer was born in Pittsburg, May 20, 1866. He attended the common schools, and at the age of 18 entered Duff's College, where, after a year's study in the business course, he graduated with honor. He then entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Company as mileage clerk in the C. & P. office and remained there three years, when the death of his father necessitated his taking charge of the café on Federal Street. His management of that establishment has been such as to give it a status far above that of any other resort on the North Side.

Mr. Sauer, while debarred by his business interests from indulging political aspirations on his own account, takes a lively interest in local politics, and is recognized as an influential worker in his district. He is a frank, affable gentleman, and has the respect and confidence of the business community.



Here's a seignior as potent and grave as you'd find

If you'd travel around for a year,
A man of a thoroughly well-balanced mind
Whom no one can shove to the rear;
As you see by the cut, he's a fine-looking gent,
With a neat pair of whiskers by Providence sent
As a trademark distinctive, with special intent
To make his identity clear.

From the county of Butler, that wildest of haunts,
Of nature primeval, he hails;
Thence, deserting his "sisters and cousins and aunts,"

He came here to spread out his sails.
This he did like a thoroughly zealous Jack Tar,
Using every available spanker and spar,
Till to port in a prominent place at the bar
He was wafted by favoring gales.

You have heard of his uncle—a glorious soul—
Well, the "unc." gave him many a boost;
In fact, through the latter, his reaching the goal

Extra quickly was superinduced.
Together they practiced for many a day
Alike on the civil and criminal lay,
Till their business piled up in so crushing a way
That the bond which had held them was loosed.

Our hero went off by himself, and he hit
A magnificent trade right away;
When a newspaper into a libel suit lit,
He was hired as a prop and a stay.
Ev'ry time that an editor got in a mess,
He was helped out again with such signal success
That our man got a regular cinch on the press,
And no one his pow'r could gainsay.

The "unc." seeing this, took him up on the Mount
And showed him temptations below;
"Come out independent," he said, "and the fount

Of preferment will certainly flow.
If you like, from your office you don't need to budge,
The respectable voters will make you a judge
Of the highest degree;" but the nephew said
"Fudge;

A promise like that doesn't go."

For other positions he's often been named,
Such as judge of the county and may'r;
But ambition for small things he's always disclaimed,

He'll have naught but what's gilt-edged and rare.

In the absence of which, from political breaks
He refrains, though Republican speeches he makes,
And the joy that in popular taffy he takes
Counteracts disappointment and care.

A. M. BROWN.

MAJOR A. M. BROWN, one of the pillars of the bar of Allegheny county, was born at Brownsdale, Butler County, Pa. He studied law with his uncle, Hon. Thomas M. Marshall, was admitted to the bar in 1853, and remained in partnership with Mr. Marshall from that time until 1865. The law firm of Marshall & Brown attained high rank in the profession, and on its dissolution, Messrs. Marshall and Brown struck out upon separate paths, leading in parallel lines to the goal of successful ambition.

Major Brown practices in all the courts, and is equally at home in civil and criminal cases. His versatility and sound judgment caused him to be chosen as attorney for several of the leading newspapers of the city, and for many years he has been associated with almost every newspaper trial of importance. He has also been concerned in a great variety of "causes celebres," involving the exhibition of a thorough knowledge of jurisprudence in all its departments, together with exceptional power as a pleader. In point of forensic ability, quickness of perception, readiness in argument, skill in influencing a jury, and logical dexterity in the construction and elaboration of his cases, Major Brown is without a superior in his profession in Western Pennsylvania. He has been frequently mentioned for the State Supreme Bench, but prefers to retain his immensely lucrative practice.

Major Brown is an ardent Republican, and in State and National campaigns freely places his eloquence at the disposal of his party. He has the reputation of being one of the most brilliant and effective platform speakers in the State.



ANTHONY F. KEATING.

Thoughtful looking and austere
 Is the city financier,
 With his iron jaw and forehead full of wrinkles;
 Of diplomacy his nose
 All the evidences shows,
 And his eye with Machiavellian 'cuteness twinkles.
 In the outline of his lip
 Lurk the signs of statesmanship,
 In his chin there is determination stony,
 And it cannot be denied,
 When we view his social side,
 That there isn't the smallest doubt but that he's
 Tony.

In Councils he's a staunch
 Member of the upper branch;
 The philosophy of business there he teaches,
 For whenever there's a deal
 Which the boys would fain conceal,
 "Cover it up," he always says, "with windy
 speeches."
 On this plan he takes the floor,
 Opposition to deplore,
 And the kickers to rebuke with acrimony,
 All of which the daily press
 Notes, while people must confess
 That there isn't the smallest doubt but that he's
 Tony.

He's not easy to abash
 As regards the public cash
 In the annually fixed appropriations,
 And although enough be spent
 To run up taxes 'steen per cent.,
 The outrage he will bear with Christian patience.
 And on this account, you see,
 He's beloved by Chris Magee—
 They're as thick as Joe and little Annie Rooney,
 And the game between the two
 Is tickle me and tickle you,
 Oh, there's not the smallest doubt but that he's
 Tony.

Though he's firmly tied to Chris,
 Yet he claims, in spite of this,
 That his principles are strictly Democratic,
 Which is odd, so much they smack
 Of being off the stalwart track,
 Or at least of being a little bit erratic.
 Thus he hustles right along
 City diplomats among,
 And of every staunch Mageeite he's the crony;
 So that all the local gang
 May remark without a pang.
 That there isn't the smallest doubt but that he's
 Tony.



JOSEPH O. BROWN.

“When I started in first, I made my
mark
In the humble post of prothonotary’s
clerk ;
I grubbed along with accounts complex,
And with documents I wrestled that a
saint would vex.
Of documents and sich, I made such a
mess
That now I am the ruler of the D. P. S.

“At last my boss was laid upon the
shelf,
And I turned in and tackled the pro-
thonoting myself.
I prothonoted at intervals quite at my ease
And assumed an air of business whue I
gathered in the fees.
I gathered in the fees with such great
success
That now I am the ruler of the D. P. S.

“When I quit prothonoting, I soon did see
That the bar stood in need of such a man
as me.
I read old Blackstone without learning
much law
And then hung out my shingle with im-
mense *éclat* ;
And this shingle was so elegant, I must
confess,
That now I am the ruler of the D. P. S.

“As I hadn’t any clients, I had time to
spare
To lay the ropes for getting of the spoils
my share ;
I cultivated heelers and stood in with Magee
Till they passed the city charter and took
care of me.
And I worked my little boomlet with so
much address
That now I am the ruler of the D. P. S.”



ROBERT C. ELLIOTT.

Get on to the farmer ; he's tilling the soil
In the most approved manner, according
to Hoyle.

His number twelve boots and his hat
steeple-crowned
Proclaim him a ruralist down to the ground.

Time was when this chap led a noisier life,
In the midst of the city's wild racket and
strife.

In the First ward he labored with elegance
great
At political jobbing—votes found while
you wait.

As a volunteer fireman he had not a peer,
He belonged to the "Vigies," then famed
far and near.

In the small hours of morning full oft was
he seen,
As he raced like the dickens behind a
machine.

When the ring came along to wield abso-
lute sway,
With his ward at his back, he stood in
right away ;

And when schemes by the gang were
cooked up, you can bet,
To make room for the farmer they didn't
forget.

As far back as man's recollection can run,
He's managed the paupers and had lots of
fun,
Giving people a game on the gardening
craze,
Though his crops cost their weight in hard
money to raise.

He pointed with pride to beets living and
dead,

To cabbages costing eight dollars a head,
To potatoes and onions at prices as steep,
And to heifers and colts costing thousands
for keep.

So pleased with his farming the public be-
came

That they begged him forever to stick to
the same,

And that's why our picture the gentleman
shows

With his rake and correct agricultural
clothes.



THOMAS P. DRUITT.

Say, newsies, here's a chap you know,
 Full many a time he's staked you ;
 Likewise when off the track you'd go,
 Full many a time he's raked you.
 He's stuck to you, whom fortune shuns,
 And ne'er was known to rue it,
 With charity an account he runs,
 And never *overdrew it*.

In earlier times he held a case,
 That is, he worked at printing,
 Though friendship for the human race
 At other work was hinting.

A vision in the air he saw,
 Which bade him go and do it,
 Like pictures that the artists draw—
 'Twas Providence that *drew it*.

He first joined "Murph" and shook the cup
 Which holds seductive liquor,
 And when the old thirst flickered up,
 He just said "Let 'er flicker."

Street Arabs then he sought to win,
 He liked them, and they knew it ;
 And once he got his hand well in,
 He never once *withdrew it*.

He loaned them nickels, found them beds
 And grub times out of number,
 And got a home where weary heads
 Could find relief in slumber.
 Cold cash it took this noble plan
 To start and to get through it ;
 But, by his zeal and pluck, our man
 From wealthy pockets *drew it*.

Now all is lovely where his crowd
 Of Arabs are located ;
 Their princely mansion makes them proud
 And largely elevated.

Their lives are lightened with the dawn
 Of pleasure, as they view it ;
 From poverty the sting is drawn,
 And he's the man that *drew it*.



HON. THOMAS M. BAYNE.

Here is a genius who's known quite extensively,
Cuts a wide swath, and does it expensively ;
Mental pre-eminence don't interfere
With his methods of making a splurge in
his sphere.

Boodle he's got, and he's made royal use
of it,
Barrels he's tapped when he'd get an excuse
for it ;
Grateful constituents voted him square,
And sent him to Congress with ballots to
spare.

Once he got there, he didn't begin to rest,
Worked in the big manufacturers' interest ;
"Who wants high tariff?" he'd yell, "I'm
the man
That'll pile up the d—d thing as high as
I can."

That's what he did at the first opportunity,
Helped Bill McKinley along with impunity,

Harped on the bogus free trade bugaboo,
Wanted the earth, and got half of it, too.

So things went on, till 'twas time for retiring
him,
Then he found out folks were talking of
firing him ;
Out came the barrel, and just as before
The North Side Republicans chose him
once more.

Strange to relate, when he'd got things all
fixed again,
What does he do but make them get
mixed again ;
Offered the people a man of his own ;
They didn't want bread, yet he gave them
a stone.

Oh, how the hardshell Republicans jumped
on him !
All sorts of evil predictions were dumped
on him.
"Bye-bye," he said, "your confounded
alarms
Can't keep me, at least, from obscurity's
arms."



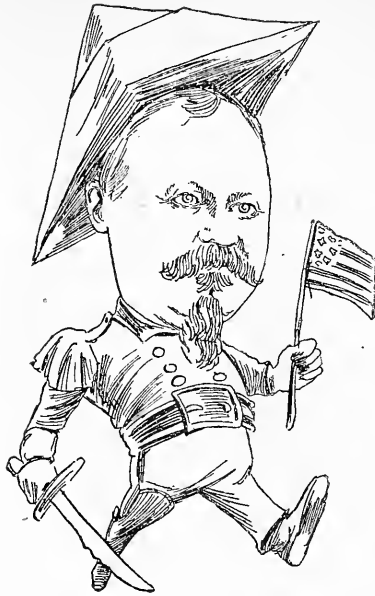
WM. FLINN.

When Pittsburg's Tycoon, in the height of
 his power
 Had the ground knocked from under
 his feet,
 He was stung to the quick as his former
 rival
 Supplanted the boss in his seat.
 But the crestfallen ruler was too keen a
 blade
 His hatred and rage to betray,
 So he just cracked a smile while the other
 essayed
 The role of Mikado to play.

His Mikadoship royally carried his crown,
 And royally carries it yet ;
 He quickly established his grip on the
 town
 And made slaves of the City Hall set.
 He ran the elections in elegant style,
 Both branches of Councils controlled ;
 From municipal contracts he raked in a
 pile,
 Till the courts left him out in the cold.

Pooh-Bahs he created whenever he chose ;
 City purchases suited him well,
 Till the Glew farm affair like a spectre
 arose
 And the press on his Jags rang the bell.
 As a maker of statutes the record he broke,
 He introduced bills by the score,
 Till the Harrisburg Solons were ready to
 croak
 And voted his " flyers " a bore.

He's been raked by the press of this town
 fore and aft
 As the rockiest prince in the land,
 But his hide is too thick to be pierced by
 a shaft
 That is thrown by an editor's hand.
 So we still must endure his Mikadoish
 games,
 Which keep honest folks on the rack,
 While a burning desire many bosoms in-
 flames
 That the poor old Tycoon may come
 back.



JOHN J. DAVIS.

Though a soldier-like aspect he sports
And wears a big badge on his breast,
This little man never consorts
With the warriors like whom he is drest.
About striving for glory
As long as it's gory
He don't give a blankety blank.
Milder methods he's followed
To make himself solid,
He's a secret society crank.

He belongs to the X. Y. of Z. ;
He's the boss of the P. D. of Q. ;
He established the C. O. of D.,
And the Mystical Howdah Yah Doo.
Round his numerous lodges
He steadily dodges,
The cash for his dues down to plank ;
And those dealings extensive
Are found quite expensive
By the secret society crank.

On occasions of state you should see
The dignified air he assumes.
He's a corker, all judges agree,
In his elegant gold lace and plumes.
When he goes to conventions,
Upon his pretensions,
It's always a safe thing to bank,
For, though others may hustle,
He'll win in the tussle,
This secret society crank.

At a desk in Municipal Hall,
In the daytime he scribbles away,
With a smile and a jokelet for all,
Perennially happy and gay.
When festive reporters
Drop into his quarters,
He greets them with courtesy frank ;
And it makes the boys glad to
Donate a free "ad." to
The secret society crank.



JAMES HUNTER.

The Sultan of Turkey's a despot notorious,
 So is his Highness, the worshipful Czar ;
 But to hunt up an autocrat tenfold as
 glorious,
 Oddly enough, you don't have to go far.
 Pittsburg must bow to
 A chap that knows how to
 Give pointers to tyrants 'way over the sea ;
 While over the river
 The populace shiver
 At the frown of the boss—Allegheny's
 Magee.

Above is the latter's presentment pictorial ;
 Bearing his model's phizog. on his shield.
 He, like the other, asserts a seignorial
 Right to control the political field.
 In affairs councilmanic
 It's simply satanic
 The way that he works things, and, 'twixt
 you and me,
 There's many an ally
 Of old Pleasant Valley
 Who's mortgaged his soul to the Northside
 Magee.

Few can come near him in squeezing out
 franchises :

Only the Manchester stands in his way,
 And in Councils the size of his pull in both
 branches is
 Tantamount fairly to absolute sway.
 Wyman he backs up,
 And Murphy he cracks up,
 The heads of departments in Queer street
 would be
 If they didn't adore him—
 This high cockalorum,
 Common Council's last chairman—the
 Northside Magee.

With the boodle he's made now his state is
 imperial ;
 Royalty hasn't a costlier home ;
 Splendor surrounds him, and vassals se-
 verial
 Treat him like Cæsar Augustus of Rome.
 Europe's not in it ;
 One can't help but grin at
 Crowned chumps who suppose they're on
 top of the tree ;
 For whoe'er would set eyes on
 A boss with no flies on,
 Needn't hunterround far from the North-
 side Magee.



HERMAN HANDEL.

Dot's der picture von mein back—

Ach, es ist so schoen !

Dot von beauty I've no lack

Kannst du sicher seh'n.

Efery one mein veatures knows—

Freunde hab' ich viel.

I trinks mein peer und vears mein glothes

Im echten deutschen Styl.

Shtill to mein barty do I shtick,

Stets treu und kreuzfidel ;

So long als I gan durn a drick

Da steh' ich zu Befehl.

A vollower von Yackson I ;

Bin an der rechten Seit',

A Temogratt I'll lif und die

Auf alle Ewigkeit.

In bolitics I'm bretty shmart—

Das ist ja wohlbekannt.

You'll find in der Gampaigner's art

Ich bin kein Dilettant.

Vonce for Regorder I game out—

Ach, Gott ! das war ein' Schlacht,

Mein vriends—boor souls ! vos put to rout

Wie Niemand je gedacht.

Alldough I'm in der hayseed line

Und Land und Vieh besitz'

Dere's no Alliance fake in mein—

Das ist ja blos ein Witz.

So if folks tell you I'm a chay,

Dran glauben sollst du nit—

But gome und zee me any day

Und trink' ein Glaeschen mit.



PROF. B. WEIS.

Who doesn't know this German face
And whiskers mutton-choppish,
Attractive, but without a trace
Of affectation foppish?
Their owner in this town maintains
A prominent position;
The ear he charms with beauteous strains,
For he's the boss musician.

He leads a military band,
A famous aggregation,
Whose music meets on every hand
With glowing approbation.
Cornets and altos, big trombones,
Bass horns and drums that clatter,
Unite in deftly blended tones
Sweet harmonies to scatter.

In street parades they proudly march,
Dressed up in outfits splendid,
And at their head, as stiff as starch,
His Jags, with cheeks distended,
A B cornet like sixty blows;
High sentiments inspire him;
All eyes are fixed on him, he knows,
And all who see, admire him.

Sometimes the band shifts off to strings,
Orchestrally combining,
Our hero then the baton slings
And shows his talents shining.
Applause on every side rings out,
And great is his elation,
For, 'tis agreed, without a doubt,
He knocks out all creation.



Loyal, staunch and true as steel(e)
 Is this party prepossessing,
 In his countenance expressing
 That he owns a conscience clear.
 Who he is we won't reveal,
 Though his likeness goes a great way
 To identify him straightway
 As a city bank cashier.

From the bottom to the top
 He has made his way in banking,
 His associates out-ranking
 In position year by year,
 And his progress naught could stop,
 For it pleased him well to shoulder
 All the cares of a *freeholder*
 And a city bank cashier.

Folks with promissory notes
 Come, attracted like the needle
 To the pole, our man to wheedle
 And to whisper in his ear.
 Frisky chaps that sow wild oats,
 And run short of ready lucre,
 Seek to play financial euchre
 With the city bank cashier.

With suavity immense
 He receives 'em. It's amusing
 How, consenting or refusing,
 Still he makes himself appear
 To derive delight intense
 From the regular persistence
 Of the chaps who want assistance
 From the city bank cashier.

He's a bachelor as yet
 And with triple-plated anguish
 Maidens numerously languish
 Who his home would like to cheer.
 But while thus he is beset,
 For his beauty and his siller
 Nothing of a lady-killer
 Is the city bank cashier.

Out of politics he stays,
 Though he's one of Chris's cousins,
 And inducements has by dozens
 Crafts political to steer.
 So you see the part he plays
 Shows discretion unremitting,
 And a rule of life befitting
 Any city bank cashier.

JOHN F. STEELE.

A PROMINENT figure among Pittsburg financiers is John F. Steele, cashier of the Freehold Bank on Fourth avenue. Mr. Steele was born and reared at Brady's Bend, Pa. When he was yet a lad, his family removed to the Fourteenth ward, Pittsburg, and there he attended the public schools until he reached the age of fifteen. He has been about fifteen years with the Freehold Bank, working his way up from the foot of the ladder to the position of cashier, which he assumed in 1884.

Mr. Steele is a bachelor, handsome and much sought after by the ladies; but so far has been proof against temptation. He is wealthy, having accumulated a handsome fortune through judicious investments. He is of a courteous and obliging disposition, and his personal popularity has contributed more largely to the prosperity of the Freehold Bank than almost any other influence. He likes a good horse, and is often seen driving a fast team on Forbes street. He is a cousin of C. L. Magee, but the relationship does not inspire him with political ambition, conservative application to business being an iron-clad rule with him, aside from such demands as society makes upon his time. As regards tact, foresight and correct judgment in financial undertakings, Mr. Steele is justly regarded as having few superiors in local business circles.



Have you ever thought, dear reader,
When perchance an eye you cast
On the pages of the *Leader*,
With appreciation vast,
What a quantity prodigious
Of white paper we must use,
As each day with zeal religious
We keep grinding out the news?

By the mile it keeps a-running
Through machinery immense,
Which of scientific cunning
Is a wondrous evidence.
And the man who keeps supplying
It as fast as we can print,
May be mentioned, without lying,
As the owner of a mint.

His pictorial presentment
Here we offer, and you'll trace
An expression of contentment
On his classic-looking face.
His mustache is independent,
Self-reliant is his nose,
While integrity resplendent
In his every feature glows.

From the time of his beginning
Right along his trade increased,
And success he's had in winning
Reputation in the east.
And from towns on the Atlantic
Big supplies he gets by freight,
Which he sells in lots gigantic,
Realizing profits great.

At a national bank—the Second—
His headquarters may be seen ;
There by methods shrewdly reckoned
He conducts his trade machine.
And since coming here from Beaver—
That's where first he saw the light—
Enterprise has been the lever
That has raised him “out of sight.”

So hereafter, when perusing
What the *Leader* has to say,
The remembrance don't be losing
Of what's told to you to-day.
Recollect, the “little joker”
Of this journal, we confess,
Is the jolly paper-broker
Who supplies our printing press.

J. F. McCAUGHTRY.

J. F. McCAUGHTRY, although his establishment in business dates only from 1884, is to-day the most extensive dealer in paper in the city of Pittsburg, and the only broker selling paper by the car load. Mr. McCaughtry was born in Beaver County 38 years ago, and early developed the keen commercial instinct which has since marked his undertakings. Since he came to Pittsburg his progress has been exceptionally rapid, the trade which he has built up being alike extensive and remunerative. He occupies a commodious office in the Second National Bank building, at the corner of Ninth and Liberty streets, where he carries on transactions in book and newspaper stock with New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, besides commanding a large local trade. He represents the two largest western manufacturers of straw boards, friction and binder's board, and in print, book and manilla papers he represents the largest eastern manufacturers. Glass manufacturers' wrapping paper is one of his specialties.

Mr. McCaughtry is endowed with all the characteristics that go to make a successful business man. He is far-seeing, energetic and industrious, and the embodiment of integrity in all his dealings.



When the judges in the license court with dignity
decide
As to who shall be the chosen ones and who shall
be denied,
Never a moment do they hesitate to grant the
license boon
To the bluff Fifth avenue Irishman that runs the
boss saloon.

He's a County Galway thoroughbred—a Celt
from tip to toe;
Connemara's stamped upon him, though he left
it years ago;
A visage beaming brightly as the sun that shines
at noon
Marks the bluff Fifth avenue Irishman that runs
the boss saloon.

Thirty years ago petroleum producing was his trade;
He kept dodging round the oil wells, and full
many a spec he made;
Cash returns were quick and hefty, but were used
up mighty soon
By the bluff Fifth avenue Irishman that runs the
boss saloon.

'Twas when Bradford was the centre of his oper-
ations vast
That in Pittsburg he appeared and with high-
rolling folks was classed;
Into favor here instanter, like a dashing big dragoon,
Charged the bluff Fifth avenue Irishman that runs
the boss saloon.

He was cheek by jowl with Dan O'Day and other
chaps like that;
His heart was always open and his wallet always fat;

So his Pittsburg friends enticed him here—they
sang a siren's tune
To the bluff Fifth avenue Irishman that runs the
boss saloon.

Here he came, in fine, and settled down, invest-
ing wealth profuse
In a hostelry the like of which the town could
not produce.

"It's finer than the red, red rose that's newly
sprung in June,"
Said the bluff Fifth avenue Irishman that runs
the boss saloon.

But with this he wasn't satisfied, although pre-
eminent,
Three hundred thousand dollars in a new lay-out
he spent,
And his patrons were invited at the opening to reunite
By the bluff Fifth avenue Irishman that runs the
boss saloon.

To the new Aladdin's palace full of wonderment
they came,
Statesmen, business men and editors, and others
known to fame;
They ate and drank and speechified till fain with
pride to swoon
Was the bluff Fifth avenue Irishman that runs
the boss saloon.

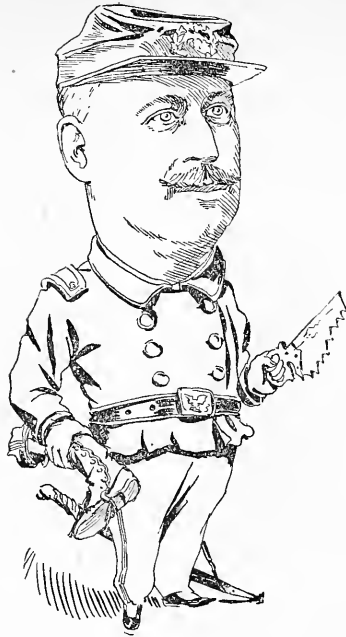
When historians in time to come record the marvels
great
That have been elaborated in this section of the State,
First of all they'll put the monument artistically hewn
By the bluff Fifth avenue Irishman that runs the
boss saloon.

JOHN NEWELL.

“FACILE PRINCEPS” in the café and restaurant business in the western part of Pennsylvania is John Newell, owner and proprietor of the magnificent establishment on Fifth Avenue below Smithfield Street. Mr. Newell is a native of County Galway, Ireland, and came to this country when he was eight years old. His family settled in Boston, and remained there until 1861, when his father, Anthony Newell, moved to Titusville. There John Newell entered the oil trade, and he has dealt in oil almost continuously ever since. He was located for many years in the Bradford territory, and during his operations in that section spent most of his time in Pittsburg.

In 1891, Mr. Newell bought the property at No. 99 Fifth Avenue, and in March of the present year (1892) opened up a café which good authorities pronounce the finest in the world. It seats 400 people, and more than one thousand meals are served daily. The building and furnishment cost \$300,000.

John Newell has always been accustomed to invest on a large scale. When he obtained his first start in the oil business he made money rapidly. The loss of \$40,000 in a single day knocked the ground from under his feet, but he recovered himself, and since that time has prospered steadily. His friends and acquaintances are numbered by tens of thousands, and among them are the most substantial people of Allegheny County.



What personage pre-eminent,
In whom both pomp and power are blent,
Does this engraving represent?—

Some folks may want to know.
An emperor, maybe, or a king,
With countless minions on a string?
Oh, no ; his Jags is no such thing,
Though looking largely so.

A plainer sphere in life he fills,
Relieving common people's ills
With nauseous draughts and odious pills,
As laid down in the books.

Yet, though this plain " profesh " he plies,
His aspirations reach the skies,
And in his planning he's as wise
And wily as he looks.

Time was, when in a minor " sit,"
The radiance of his genius lit
The workings of a madhouse, fit
To make the angels weep.

Some day he'd surely fill, he thought,
The boss's shoes, but all for naught ;
The job a hated rival caught,
Whereat his wrath was deep.

His failure in this little deal
Induced him next to make appeal
To have the paupers imbecile
In quarters new installed.
Assemblymen vouchsafed the boon ;
The Governor will confirm it soon,
And changed will be our hero's tune—
To boss it he'll be called.

He is a Democrat, you see,
And surgeon to the N. G. P. ;
Thereon he rests his present plea—
What more could people ask ?
Besides, for Mayor the dark horse plan
He's often tried, and so our man
May cheerfully the future scan—
In fortune's smile he'll bask.

C. CHASE WILEY, M. D.

A PLACE of honor on the roll of medical practitioners in Allegheny County is occupied by the name of Dr. C. C. Wiley, who is also prominent in military and political circles. Dr. Wiley was born at Peach Bottom, York County, Pa., March 22, 1853, of distinguished ancestry. His grandfather, J. D. Wiley, was an officer in the war of 1812, and received the award of a land warrant for meritorious services. Dr. Wiley was reared and worked on a farm. He carried mail and drove a stage between York and Peach Bottom, and afterwards clerked in a country store. He was educated in the common schools and in a select school at Bangor, Pa., and also attended the York High School and York County Academy, after his father, having been elected sheriff of York County, moved to the county seat.

Dr. Wiley read medicine with his uncle, Dr. N. B. Bryans, and Dr. McKennon, physician in charge of York City Hospital, where he studied nervous diseases and insanity. He also attended the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, Md., where he took the degree of M. D. in 1875. During his studies he was connected with the College of Maternity hospitals. In July, 1877, he was appointed assistant superintendent of Dixmont Hospital for the insane. In 1883 he resigned to engage in general practice, and in the same year married Miss Kate McDonald, daughter of Captain J. V. McDonald, of Beaver, Pa., and located at Hazlewood. He was then appointed surgeon to the B. & O. Railroad Association and to the Elba Iron Works.

In July, 1877, Dr. Wiley was commissioned by the Governor as assistant surgeon of the Eighteenth regiment, N. G. P., with the rank of first lieutenant. In August, 1888, after passing the board of examiners, he was promoted and commissioned surgeon of the regiment, with the rank of major.

Dr. Wiley is a member of the Allegheny County Medical Association, of the Pittsburg Gynecological Society, of the National Association for the Prevention of Insanity and the Protection of the Insane, and of the Medico-Legal Association of New York. He is an ardent Democrat, and takes keen interest in the movements of his party.



O Germany, why did you ever let slip
 This gentleman flip
 On an out-going ship?
 You'd have done so much better his wing-
 lets to clip
 And keep him the Kaiser to serve ;
 For 'tis plain from his phiz that his intel-
 lect's vast,
 Striking people aghast
 With the science amassed
 In the days when his rivals at school he
 outclassed
 In industry, quickness and nerve.

'Tis a fact worth recording that when he
 came here
 From the country of beer
 And of dialects queer
 He was blest with such wonderful quick-
 ness of ear
 That he learnt our tongue in a trice ;
 And having performed this remarkable feat,
 A would-be complete
 Metropolitan sheet
 Took him on as reporter, and paid him a
 neat
 Little sal, and he proved worth the
 price.

He turned into English the stories of
 Grimm,
 And articles trim
 With exceptional vim,
 And in excellent language, were ground
 out by him
 Who in Dutch was accustomed to think ;
 And by all those who knew of his work
 'twas agreed
 To be curious indeed
 That he'd ever succeed
 In producing aught else but what surely
 must lead
 To driving the public to drink.

An electric high roller observing his skill
 Employed him to fill
 A job where the quill
 Comes in mighty handy—he's holding it
 still—
 'Tis to get up remarks for the press ;
 His salary's large, and he's prospering so
 That he's taken in tow
 For weal or for woe
 A helpmate from England, and thus does
 he show
 That there's nothing succeeds like suc-
 cess.

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS, the trained journalist who acts as advertising agent for the Westinghouse concerns, was born in Germany, April 3, 1862. He studied at the public schools, the Real Schule, and the college at Wesel, and learned English at Reading, in Berkshire, England, where he served for a time as a tutor. He came to the United States in 1885, worked on the *English-American* in New York, and in 1886 came to Pittsburg and became a reporter on the daily papers, holding at different times positions on the *Commercial-Gazette* and the *Dispatch*. His original stories and translations from the German in the columns of the latter journal gave him a wide reputation. At present he devotes his entire attention to the service of the Westinghouse concerns, and principally of the Westinghouse Electric Company.

The Westinghouse Company, although little more than five years in existence, leads the world to-day in the manufacture of electrical machinery and apparatus, every variety of which is turned out at the company's workshops. Over one thousand patents, covering the most valuable ideas in the electric art, are controlled by this concern. The Westinghouse Company inaugurated the system of incandescent lighting known as the Westinghouse Alternating Current system, which is conceded to solve the problem of cheap and convenient illumination, and rises permanently superior to competition.

The success of the Westinghouse Company in other departments of the electrical industry is similarly remarkable. Notable instances are furnished in the manufacture of apparatus for arc lighting, for the long distance transmission of power, for stationary power plants, and for the electrical operation of railways.

The apparatus for the long distance transmission of power is a great boon to mines, mills, and manufacturing plants, especially where fuel is scarce.

The Westinghouse Company also provides the ideal system of electric rapid transit, represented by their generators and railway motors. The gearless motor, introduced by this company, is a triumph of mechanical science in point of combined simplicity and utility. Hundreds of rapid transit lines throughout the country use these appliances.

The Company has three large factories located in Pittsburg, Newark, N. J., and New York City.



If music has charms savage breasts to appease
Then behold a philanthropist true,
Who never omits the occasion to seize
To give music, sweet music, its due.

With countenance glowing
And eloquence flowing,
He'll prove in a logical way
That the outlook most dire is
Unless your desire is
To buy a pianofortay.

His first love was the law, and he studied awhile
With no shortage of vigor and vim,
But Blackstone he found was a rusty old file,
And a vast deal too crooked for him.

So from law-books he parted,
And down-town he started
As a dealer in instruments gay.
'Mid his friends in he waded
And many persuaded
To buy a pianofortay.

Having proved his ability, promptly he shook
The partnership then by him held,
And set up an establishment on his own hook
Where his profits quite rapidly swelled.
'Mid uprights and grands he
Indulges his fancy,

Pure musical taste to display;
And with all sorts of graces,
The people he braces
To buy a pianofortay.

Though his store is in Pittsburg, his home is
abroad,
In the neighboring burg he resides,
There he sits in the Councils and looks to the
rod

That in pickle for ringsters abides.
Into boodlers degraded
He fearlessly waded
And made them the penalty pay
For their crimes; so they fear him
And ne'er will come near him
To buy a pianofortay."

He was marshal-in-chief of the cause of reform
In May'r Kennedy's recent campaign,
And 'tis whispered around that his loyalty warm
To pure government is not in vain.

Political boomers
Are sending out rumors
That as May'r he'll be chosen some day;
Yet, however he's splurging,
Folks still he'll be urging
To buy a pianofortay.

JOHN R. HENRICKS.

THE Henricks Music Co. Ltd. is chartered under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, and is composed of John R. Henricks, W. P. Hanna, Wm. E. Wheelock, Chas. B. Lawson, and Mark Porritt.

This company is the largest music concern in Pennsylvania, and occupies the large store rooms and basement running from Fifth avenue to Virgin alley, covering 14,400 square feet.

Mr. John R. Henricks, Chairman of the Company, was born in Allegheny City in 1853, and has resided there ever since, and has been in later years prominently identified in public affairs of the city. Mr. Henricks has been in the music business over twenty years, and has a thorough knowledge of its different branches.

Mr. W. P. Hanna, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Company was born in New Castle, Pa., and after studying music some years, completed his studies at the Boston Conservatory of Music, and afterwards conducted a music store in Sharon, Pa.

Messrs. William. E. Wheelock and Charles B. Lawson, Vice-Chairman and Manager, respectively, of the Henricks Music Co. Ltd., reside in New York, and are members of the Wheelock & Co., Lindeman & Sons, and Stuyvesant Piano Companies, which are ranked among the leading piano factories of the country.

Mr. Mark Porritt, one of the Managers of the Company, is a native of England, and after studying music there, and under Monsieur Courras at the Paris Conservatory of Music, left the old for the new world, and established himself in Pittsburg about seven years ago.

The leading makes of pianos and organs are handled by the Henricks Music Co. Ltd., including the celebrated Weber, Lindeman & Sons, Wheelock & Co., and Stuyvesant pianos, and the renowned Farrand & Votey, Palace and Kimball organs.

The business done covers the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, and embraces the custom and endorsement of the best musicians and families in the different sections.

A visit to the Henricks Music Co. Ltd. will be both instructive and enjoyable, as the utmost courtesy is extended to visitors as well as to customers.



There is kindness effulgent,
Generosity indulgent,
And good nature in the visage that depicted here
you see,
Which is why you'll scarce believe it,
Or be able to conceive it,
That a regulation undiluted *highwayman* is he.

Now, perchance this observation
May lose force on explanation,
Since he isn't a Dick Turpin robbing people on a
hoss;
For instead of robbing stages
And engaging in rampages,
Of the highways and the sewers in the East End
he's the boss,

In the period exciting
When the North and South were fighting,
With enthusiasm boyish, on the telegraphic key
For the North he operated,
And his service culminated
When he went with Old Tecumseh from At-
lanta to the sea.

Days of peace came on, and found him
With a million wires around him,
Supervising for the P. R. R. its lines of tele-
graph;

Then the city fathers hired him
As an expert, and required him
To control the fire alarm and boss the operative
staff.

He put in the Gamewell system;
Little wonder that they missed him
When he wandered to the eastward, filled with
restlessness of soul;
And that when at length returning
To the friends that had been mourning,
He got back his old position and his dear police
patrol.

Later on, by law exalted,
Into pow'r and prestige vaulted
Eddie Bigelow, and took our subject bodily along,
Saying, "I'm the boss now, Sammy,
And in consequence, why damme,
You will be the East End highwayman, a theme
for tale and song."

Sammy took the place thus tendered,
And has yeoman service rendered,
Booming Highland Park and supervising labor
on the street;
Hence the natural confession
That his choice of a profession
As a highwayman eventuates in victory complete.

SAMUEL T. PAISLEY.

SAMUEL T. PAISLEY, Superintendent of the East End Department of Highways and Sewers, was born in the Fifteenth ward, Pittsburg, in May, 1846, and has been a resident of Pittsburg all his life, excepting a period of about three years. He graduated from the public schools and Central High School, and also attended Harvard University. On leaving Harvard in 1863, at the age of seventeen, he entered the service of the War Department as chief telegraph operator, in which capacity he continued for two years under Sherman, Burnside and Rosecrans. He was with Sherman in the famous march to the sea.

Returning home in May, 1865, Mr. Paisley came through Washington with Sherman's "bummers," as they were called. On arriving in Pittsburg he became chief operator for the P. R. R., and had control of all the lines and operators between Pittsburg and Altoona. He left the employ of the Railroad Company to engage in the service of the City as Superintendent of the fire alarm and police telegraph. It was under his supervision that the Gamewell system was introduced, and his management of the work of construction elicited the highest commendations. After seven years' service in this position, Mr. Paisley went east to fill a position of similar character. On his return to Pittsburg three years later, he was reappointed Superintendent of the fire alarm, and held the place for a further term of three years, when he resigned to become Superintendent of the East End Highways Department, which place he now holds.

Mr. Paisley also has the entire supervision of Highland Park, the enlargement and improvement of which are largely due to his untiring efforts. He has held unopposed the office of School Director in the Twentieth ward for six years. On the death of his mother eight years ago, he inherited about \$75,000, and he is to-day one of the largest property owners in the East End.

Mr. Paisley is a widower, and again in the market. He says there is one period in his life which he would like to live over again—a period in which the helpful influence of his life-long friend, "Ed." Bigelow, and of Chris Magee, both of whom stuck to him through thick and thin, stood him in good stead.

Mr. Paisley is an excellent official, whose value to the city commands constant recognition. He is firm in the enforcement of city ordinances, and enthusiastic in the work of street improvement. To his subordinates and the citizens who come in contact with him he is all kindness and consideration. He is a power in politics, a high-degree Mason, and while he does not profess to be a society man, enjoys the regard of an immense circle of friends. Modest, unassuming, and the soul of generosity, "Sam" Paisley thoroughly merits the place which he has won in public esteem.



“Arrah musha, bedad, sure to know me is
aisy,
Just look at me phiz an’ you’re sure to
catch on ;
I’m a bould Irish boy, an’, you bet, I’m a
daisy
Of min of me class there is only the
wan.

“ I left the ould dart to get shut of the
Saxon,
An’ now I have wealth, an’ infloence,
begob ;
I’m a Dimmycrat throe—a disciple of
Jackson,
An’ carry the vote of the ward in me
fob.

“At the primaries—Och ! sure it’s there
I’m a la-la ;
I know all the ropes, an’ I work things
to suit ;
Whin I set up the pins, then I’d shtake
me last dollar,
They can’t be pulled down by no kickin’
galoot.

“ Whin we hould our convintions, there’s
always big shindies,
But meself is the lad that knows how to
preside ;
I holler out, ‘Boys, kindly rise up the
windeys
An’ throw out the fellers that ain’t on
our side.’

“ Do I bolt? Why, of course, whin I find
I ain’t in it,
I take a revenge that is betther than
talk ;
Whitiver the party attimpts I’m agin it,
An’ soon they find out who’s the cock
o’ the walk.

“ So in politics here I’m respected an’
dhreaded ;
I’m a bad man from Badville, me rivals
declare ;
An’ I’m glad that they say so—it keeps
up me credit
As a statesman with whom there ain’t
none to compare.”

PATRICK FOLEY.

THERE are few Democrats in Pennsylvania as well known and none known better than Patrick Foley, the war horse of the Allegheny County Democracy. Mr. Foley was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, January 6, 1840, and emigrated in September, 1849, settling at Washington, Pa. He went to school until he was thirteen years old, when he commenced driving carts on the Hempfield Railroad. Later on he tried farming and brickmaking. In 1861 he married, and in 1863 came to West Pittsburg, now the Thirty-fourth ward, and worked as a blacksmith's helper. Afterwards he worked as a puddler's helper in Singer, Nimick & Company's mill. At the end of 18 months a furnace was given him in Painter & Sons' mill, where he worked for many years. He became an active member of the United Sons of Vulcan, and attended three national conventions of the order.

In 1870, Mr. Foley was made Superintendent of the puddling department of Painter's mill. He held this position until 1880, when he resigned to take charge of his large livery stable in the Thirty-sixth ward, and to engage in railroad contracting.

Mr. Foley is a life-long Democrat, has been Chairman of the City Committee for many years, and is never missing from the County and State conventions of his party. He is an admirable presiding officer, and no man knows better how to bring order out of chaos when warring factions come together in the convention hall.

For five years he was a member of the West Pittsburg Council, and in 1872, after consolidation, was elected to Pittsburg Common Council from the Thirty-fourth ward, serving nine years in that branch. He also served in Select Council, being elected from the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth wards respectively. He was a member of the Riverside School Board for twelve years, during ten of which he acted as President of that body, and it was largely through his efforts that the fine school-house in the Riverside district was secured.

Mr. Foley is now a member of the World's Fair Commission from Pennsylvania, and stands in high repute with the Pattison administration.

His history exemplifies throughout the triumph of natural intelligence, fixity of purpose, patient industry, and an instinctive capacity for perceiving and seizing opportunities of self-advancement, over the disadvantages which beset a man whose start in the world is made at the foot of the ladder.



In the classic shades of Bloomfield, nigh to Justice Leslie's ward,
 There lives a fighting Democrat, who's held in high regard;
 Our artist here has done him up with intent to reveal,
 In black and white, the man who used to boss the jury wheel.

His experience in politics isn't lengthy, but, oh my!
 Something's always sure to drop whene'er you hear his battle cry;
 Other workers may be elegant in a dicker or a deal,
 But there's none of 'em downs the man that used to boss the jury wheel.

'Twas in '89, or thereabouts, he made his maiden fight,
 To secure the jury commissioner'ship and reach a lofty height,
 And the blood of the chaps who tackled him then must even now congeal,
 When they think about the man who used to boss the jury wheel.

He was first to start the local boom for Pattison's second term,
 And it filled his heart with joy to make the Wallace boomers squirm;
 The Governor, when elected, thanked him kindly for his zeal,
 Quite delighted with the man who used to boss the jury wheel.

Next came Secretary Harrity, with places to allot,
 And offered our man a clerkship, which he gobbled on the spot.
 Thus a double set of jobs he held, but still was proud to feel
 That none could swipe the man who used to boss the jury wheel.

When for State Convention Delegate he ran, not long ago,
 The Brennen crowd opposed him, and they thought he had no show;
 But, bless your heart! 'Twas ludicrous to hear the ringsters squeal
 When lambasted by the man who used to boss the jury wheel.

In selecting decent jurors, he was never known to fail,
 Though the old "Com. Gaz." and Larkin cooked up quite another tale;
 Whereon of condemnation stern Judge Ewing set the seal,
 While he eulogized the man who used to boss the jury wheel.

Just one weakness has our hero, which is really mighty odd,
 He looks up to Mr. Harrity as a sort of demi-god,
 But the populace makes light of that, and seeks not to conceal
 Its affection for the man who used to boss the jury wheel.

JOHN W. JILES.

COINCIDENT with the accession of Hon. William F. Harrity to the leadership of the Pennsylvania Democracy has been the rise of John W. Jiles from the status of a local politician of moderate prominence to that of a recognized representative of Allegheny County in State politics. Mr. Jiles was born in what is now the Sixteenth ward, Pittsburg, in 1863. After completing a common school education, he engaged with his father in the sand business, and continued at that occupation for several years. In 1887 Mr. Jiles entered politics, taking an active part in the mayoralty fight. He was elected a State Delegate in 1888, and carried the Lawrenceville wards almost unanimously. In the same year he was elected to the State Committee, and also to the office of Jury Commissioner. He still retains his membership as a State Committeeman. In 1890 Mr. Jiles signalized himself as a Pattison enthusiast, and took to Scranton 15 delegates in the interest of our present Governor. On the installation of the Democratic administration, in 1891, he was appointed Assistant Corporation Clerk under Secretary Harrity, which position he now occupies.

In January, 1892, Mr. Jiles was a candidate for re-election to the State Committee. All the local leaders, with the exception of Pat Foley, antagonized him, and his opponents even went the length of endeavoring to damage his official reputation. In the face of these discouraging circumstances, Mr. Harrity's lieutenant won a splendid victory. To no other Democrat in the county have honorable triumphs come as easily as to John W. Jiles.



If of high official dignity the acme you would see,

Here's its counterfeit presentment just as like as like can be,

With his chest so wide expanding
And his optic so commanding,
Never had a king or kaiser such a royal look as he.

He's a thorough Anglo-Saxon,
Who will freely use the ax on
Shallow chumps who give him trouble with their
kicking and their tiffs;

But, you'll find, for no amount he
Would go back upon the county
Which employs him to hold sessions over acci-
dental stiff's.

He's a native-born Fourth warder, and is always
done up brown
By the boys who run elections in that section of
the town.

"Arrah now," they'll say, "just tell us
What you're wantin' from us fellers,
And we'll sec to it that no one is allowed to turn
you down."

With these forces to support him,
City bosses have to court him,
And to let him in the running of things local
have a part,

Great has been his luck in winning
Such a pull, for his beginning
Wasn't much—as "Barney's" constable in life he
got a start.

When the art of nabbing criminals he thought
he had acquired

With ambition to excel as a fly copper he was
fired;

Then an agency he got up,
Which in rapid order shot up
To the pinnacle of fame, and still is everywhere
admired.

But this feat did not content him,
He was after more per centum
On the value of his influence, and hence he made
the run

On the legislative ticket,
But the opposition wicked
Knocked him out of the "posish" by a majority
of one.

Bitter, bitter were the tears he shed, and then he
went to Chris,

Who said to him "Cheer up, dear heart, and I'll
attend to this;

If there's nothing else, why, damme,
You can size up bodics clammy,
And the sal's enough to raise you to the seventh
heaven of bliss."

All was settled in a minute
And our subject was right in it,
With his deputies the county he has numerously
socked,

And, although a pompous noodle
Has cut short the flow of boodle,
Yet we honestly can say that the persimmon he
has knocked.

HEBER McDOWELL.

HEBER McDOWELL, the popular and efficient Coroner of Allegheny County, was born in the First Ward, Allegheny, October 29, 1854, and is a son of William and Margaret McDowell. He was educated at the First ward public schools of Allegheny, and at the Iron City College. His first entry into business life was as a messenger boy in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and he afterwards occupied a similar position in the freight department of the C. & P. R. R. Later on he went into the express business with the Merchants' Express Company. Having considerable political strength in the Fourth ward, he became a candidate for Constable and was elected easily. His association with Magistrate McKenna increased his influence, and helped to place him fairly in line for the preferment which afterwards came to him.

For some time Mr. McDowell conducted a detective agency with considerable success. On January 7, 1887, he was elected Coroner, and has occupied that position ever since. He has been a model official, and the Coroner's office under his management has become a very different institution from what it was under the old lax order of things. A complete system of records and provision for identification has been established, and the Coroner has been making strenuous efforts to secure legislation enabling the establishment of a public morgue.



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER WISHART.

Now Pittsburg opens wide her gates,
For lo, the red-nosed delegates
Are flocking in from all the States ;

They make a solemn show.

A godly and a zealous throng
Of folks who never can go wrong,
Because, you see, they all belong

Unto the L. & O.

Behold the saintly Pittsburg clan,
With Blowhard Wishart in the van,
A lantern-visaged, four-eyed man—

Above you see his phiz.

Arrived in the convention hall,
Wishart will open up the ball,
And tell, with his accustomed gall,

How great a chap he is.

Each crank in turn will work his jaws,
And win unlimited applause,
By cracking up the old blue laws

With sanguinary zest.

Soda, cigars, and milk-shakes, too,
They'll pledge themselves to fight anew,
While street cars must be lost to view

Upon the day of rest.

No wonder that these fellows boast,
For far and near they rule the roost ;
Of stupid laws they make the most

With arrogant pretense.

Take courage, though, for there's no doubt
The blue laws yet will peter out,
And crankdom will be put to rout

By solid common sense.



JOS. GITTINGS.

Here's a dumpy little chappie
 With a countenance quite happy,
 On his merry face you'd never see a
 frown,
 And his brains, it may be stated,
 In his fingers are located—
 He's the boss piano-player of the town.

In the small hours of the morning,
 The seductive pillow scoring,
 Up he jumps and grinds out classics by
 the yard.
 When the midnight hour is sounding
 Still the ivories he's pounding
 Till the neighbors wish he'd go gehenna-
 ward.

In a concert or recital
 He can clearly prove his title
 To a place among the elect in his line.
 With his spike-tail coat and glove-
 lets,
 Snowy white as wings of dovelets,
 The appearance he presents is superfine.

Thus by pounding unabated
 He has wealth accumulated,
 And his name and fame have traveled far
 and near.
 If you're any sort of guesser
 You'll catch on to the professor
 For we've tried to give you just the proper
 steer.



The solemn look engraven
 On this visage cleanly shaven
 Is suggestive of a preacher with the virtues of a saint ;
 But we tell you, in all candor,
 Off the track you will meander
 If you take him for a clergyman. Oh, no !
 not much he ain't.

In his youth he was the greenest
 Kind of modest young machinist,
 Though he'd lots of grit and muscle, and
 could always push his way.
 And though all with him was hunky,
 While with tools he had to monkey,
 He was shrewd enough for higher things
 his little plans to lay.

Very simple is the story
 Of his rise to wealth and glory ;
 'Twas at supervising horse-cars that his
 first success he made.
 But the hybrid kind of stock he
 Had on hand turned out so rocky'
 That he looked around for something to
 cast horse-cars in the shade.

In this mood he cleared his stable,
 Introduced the grip and cable,
 Which made luxury of travel, and soon
 caught the public taste.
 Rivals didn't dare to scoff at
 The idea, but to profit
 By so useful an example ev'ry one of
 them made haste.

Nowadays this lallycooler
 Is the rich and potent ruler
 Of a score or more of railroads by a syndicate controlled.
 Out in Lawrenceville he's solid,
 By the voters he is followed,
 And in Lawrencevillian politics can knock
 the ringsters cold.

Is there any one can blame him,
 If for May'r he lets 'em name him?
 He's a joker from away back, and he
 loves to start a row.
 Yet, they say, despite his funning,
 That some day he will be gunning
 For the mastery at City Hall, and to get
 there he knows how.

MURRAY VERNER.

QUITE a large niche in that part of the temple of fame which belongs to the city of Pittsburg is filled by the stalwart figure of Murray Verner, street railway magnate and all-round capitalist. Mr. Verner is an athlete, and comes of athletic stock, and to that circumstance, perhaps, is attributable the straight-out-from-the-shoulder fashion in which he has worked his way along the road to fortune, until now, at the age of 38 years, he finds himself at the goal. He was born and reared in Pittsburg, and made his start in the world in this city. In 1874 he was appointed clerk in the receiver's office of the Citizens' Passenger Railway. In 1876 he became Superintendent of the line, and remained in that position until 1890, when he resigned, to accept the position of General Manager for the Pittsburg and Birmingham Traction Company. While the Birmingham line was being altered to a traction road, Mr. Verner served as General Manager for the Rochester, N. Y., street railway syndicate, and also as Manager and Vice-President of the Buffalo, N. Y., street railway system. On the completion of the Birmingham Traction Road he was made its President.

Murray Verner possesses great strength in city politics, although he seldom chooses to exercise it. He has been frequently mentioned for Mayor on the Republican ticket, and would have little difficulty in being elected if he consented to become a candidate. He is married, and is the father of a family of the brightest children in Allegheny County. Mr. Verner resides on Penn Avenue, East End, and is the owner of an entire residence block in that section.



The managing editor—yes, this is he,
 A wiry and brisk-looking chap,
 Who resembles Doc. Watts's exemplary
 bee,
 Which forever had business on tap.
 Day and night he keeps striving,
 Inventing, contriving,
 Slick schemes other journals to beat,
 For his paper discloses
 A mania to pose as
 A "great metropolitan sheet."

He's a Celt by descent and by birth a
 Kanuck,
 So has earmarks of both hemispheres ;
 From home he was driven, blaspheming
 his luck,
 By the influx of Yankee cashiers.
 'Twas really alarming
 How bankers kept swarming
 Across when they'd been indiscreet.
 So he came here a-chasin',
 And worked at a case on
 The "great metropolitan sheet."

He went on sticking type till he finally
 caught
 The boss editorial eye,
 And was given a tip that in future he ought
 His hand at reporting to try.
 This he did with such glory
 'Twas not long before he
 Slid into the city "ed's" seat,
 And with vigor uncommon
 Made things fairly hum on
 The "great metropolitan sheet."

One day quoth the Chief, "Now confound
 the expense,
 You shall be our right bower from date,
 Though in moulding opinion we sit on the
 fence,
 We want to be otherwise straight."
 His heart this did gladden,
 Though 'twould, by George, madden
 An average hustler to meet
 All the trials of temper
 And deadweights that hamper
 The "great metropolitan sheet."

GEORGE A. MADDEN.

MUCH of the credit for the elevation of the *Pittsburg Dispatch* to its present place in the front rank of American journalism belongs to the managing editor, George Albert Madden, who, as an all-round newspaper man, familiar with the details of his profession from Alpha to Omega, has not a superior in the state.

Mr. Madden was born December 13, 1850, at Newburg, Ont., Canada. His father was a Canadian and his mother a Frenchwoman, of the Thibeau-deau family, one of the oldest in Lower Canada. While attending school he surreptitiously spent most of his time in a printing office. His penchant for the business finally led to his securing parental consent to his learning it. At the early age of sixteen he had mastered the art preservative. After graduating as a "jour," he worked at cases in Toronto. Then he crossed the line to Buffalo, and in the winter of 1870, he came to Pittsburg and secured cases on *The Paper*. When this journal died of inanition, Mr. Madden went to the *Dispatch* composing room. He held "ad" cases there for a couple of years, and also served as assistant foreman. From the composing room he was called down to edit telegraph and do local. Finally he accepted a position on the local staff under the late Neil Shaw. After a year under Mr. Shaw, he went to the *Commercial Gazette* and worked a year on the local staff of that paper under "Judge" Ramsay. He then returned to the *Dispatch* and took charge of the telegraph desk. When the *Times* changed hands he was associated with Messrs. Welshons and Seif in its reorganization. After a few months with the *Times*, he again returned to the *Dispatch* and succeeded Mr. Shaw as managing editor. It was in 1885 that Mr. Madden assumed this responsible position, and from that time up to the present he has never relaxed his energies in the endeavor to keep the *Dispatch* in the van of the newspaper procession. To the versatility of talent essential in his position he adds a capacity for genuine hard work that is simply amazing. Friends have held up a warning finger, and George Madden's break-down has been ominously predicted a hundred times over; but still the busy editor keeps up his daily sacrifice on the altar of progress without the slightest depreciation of results.

Mr. Madden's tastes, out of business hours, are domestic. He is married and the head of an interesting household.



You may talk about your jurists intellectually
 hunky,
 Whose solemnity and dignity the county bench
 invest
 With a character of sanctity wherewith none
 dares to monkey,
 And which seems to come expressly from the
 regions of the blest.
 You may talk of saintly Porter, with his Tim
 O'Leary label,
 And of Saints McClung and Kennedy, whom
 Chris put on the slate,
 But you won't convince the people that these
 paragons are able
 To lay over him that's shown above—the
 Straight-out candidate.

Far and wide throughout the county people know
 his visage smiling;
 No pretense he makes of being too exalted to
 submit
 To the judgment of the voters, which, as being
 too defiling,
 To be exercised on Chris's men the gang would
 not permit.
 No; our man is not afraid to face the dictum of
 his party,
 And to scout the claims of Chris and Flinn the
 bench to dominate;
 And the citizens, because of this, extend a greet-
 ing hearty
 To that royal, staunch Republican—the Straight-
 out candidate.

On his genial personality no need there is of
 dwelling;
 Who that ever ran across him don't appreciate
 his worth?
 Though he's dignified, there's nothing that is
 freezing or repelling
 In the way in which his right to be respected
 is set forth.
 But he sticks to it that self-respect in men who
 would be judges
 Don't require that they should strut around in
 arbitrary state,
 And be placed in nomination by the very worst
 of dodges—
 No such monkey work is needed by the Straight-
 out candidate.

Is he qualified? None better; he's been through
 the mill already;
 When Judge Sterrett was promoted, then "Old
 Straight-out" took his place,
 And with judgment always cautious and a solid
 nerve and steady,
 He showed that he could wrestle with the very
 toughest case.
 But the ring was not in love with him, nor liked
 his way of ruling,
 And that's the reason why they took to knifing
 him of late;
 But they're finding out at present that the voters
 aren't fooling,
 And that victory is certain for the Straight-out
 candidate.

CHARLES S. FETTERMAN.

EX-JUDGE FETTERMAN is famous in the dual capacity of a skilled jurist and an apostle of stalwart Republican doctrine. He was born in Beaver County in 1841, and moved to Allegheny County with his parents when he was eight years old. He was educated in the common schools on the South Side, and later took an academical course. In 1864 he was admitted to the bar, and a year later commenced the practice of law. His success was immediate, and the rapidity of his professional advancement is often cited as an instance of what intellectual force seconded with indomitable industry and enterprise can accomplish.

On the occasion of Judge Sterrett's appointment by Governor Hart-
ranft to succeed Judge Williams on the Supreme Bench, Mr. Fetterman was appointed to fill the vacancy. His record on the bench was unexceptionable. He was notably impartial; his rulings were models of clearness and accuracy, and the Supreme Court never found it needful to reverse his decisions.

In June, 1891, when the Republican County Committee assumed, contrary to party rule, the responsibility of accepting the Governor's appointees to the bench of the new Court of Common Pleas No. 3, as Republican nominees, and thus undertook to pool issues with the Democrats, Judge Fetterman became a "Straight-out" Republican candidate for the bench, and, in spite of the opposition of both party machines, polled over 20,000 votes.

The family of Judge Fetterman has been known in Allegheny County for three-quarters of a century, and is among the oldest in the State, dating back to 1750. His uncle, W. W. Fetterman, was admitted to the bar in 1822. His father was admitted in 1825, and afterwards went to Bedford County, whence he was sent to the Legislature in 1827 and 1828. During that time he introduced the first common school law in Pennsylvania. Jonathan Plummer, the great-grandfather of Judge Fetterman, came to America in 1750. He was Commissary to General Braddock in 1755, accompanied General Forbes when he took possession of Fort Duquesne in 1758, and remained in Fort Pitt under Colonel Bouquet until 1761. He then retired to private life.

Judge Fetterman's first vote was cast for Abraham Lincoln, and he has ever since been an unswerving Republican.



ANDREW MORROW.

Talk of thoroughbred conductors—why, we'd like
to bet a V,
That there's not another living like the one that
here you see;
Who he is, it's very easy from the cut of him to
guess,
'Tis the well-beloved "Andy," of the Beaver Falls
express.

Ever since the line was started—forty years ago
or more—
In the role of ticket-taker he's been always to the
fore,
But his being antiquated doesn't lessen his suc-
cess
As the plenipotential ruler of the Beaver Falls
express.

That's the train they call the "gilt-edged," since
it's patronized by swells;
In its complement of wealthy folks it certainly
excels.
Morn and evening the observer the conviction
can't suppress
That aristocrats are plenty on the Beaver Falls
express.

The banker and the broker, whose finances are
immense,
The merchant who in dollars and cents has
reached pre-eminence,

All think the world of Andy, and the happy mo-
ment bless
When he took the supervision of the Beaver
Falls express.

In the evening, just at 5 o'clock, from town he
starts away,
And 'tis then the ladies—bless their hearts—at-
tired in garments gay,
Come thronging into Andy's train, and force him to
confess
That heaven is not a marker to the Beaver Falls
express.

Now since Andy's such a worthy lad, his bosses
often thought,
That to take a through express and bigger salary
he ought;
But at Beaver Falls he's got a wife and children,
whose distress
Would be keen if he played traitor to the Beaver
Falls express.

So here's looking at you, Andy, here's your health
in ticket punch,
You're worth as much as any six conductors in a
bunch;
And hence, we say, a man will miss one-half his
life, unless
He goes in for daily travel on the Beaver Falls
express.



WILLIAM J. BRENNEN.

Here's a bluff Irishman, fond of publicity ;
Thirsting for fame is his great eccentricity.
'Mid Democrats here he's an eminent
man
And he runs for an office whenever he
can.

One time he worked in a mill horny-
handedly,
But, as he said to his friends very candidly,
Nature had blessed him with quickness of
jaw,
So he gave up perspiring and took to the
law.

Great was the hit he made as a barrister,
Justice shed tears for the way that he
harassed her,
Clients poured in on him ; shekels the
same,
And the country-side speedily rang with
his name.

Statesmanship now took his time up ex-
clusively,
Phantoms he chased, which dodged him
elusively,

For Auditor General next he came out,
But the measly Republicans put him to rout.

After the State had thus rudely rejected
him,
Democrats here as their chairman elected
him.

Once more ambition his heart did consume,
And he started a lively Congressional boom.

Speeches he ground out which made the
boys rally up,
Hired a brass band which played like a
calliope ;
Went through the town with his musical
mokes,
Who furnished rich matter for newspaper
jokes.

Sad was his fate, though the Democrats
stuck to him,
Musical mokes had brought little luck to
him.

Knocked out he was ; but he said, "Though
I'm beat,
The next time I run I'll get there with both
feet."



Take off your hats,
 Ye Democrats,
 And make your bow respectfully
 To your local head,
 Who can't be said
 To discharge his trust neglectfully.
 His royal figure above is shown,
 There isn't much fat, but lots of bone ;
 He rules with hand
 Of iron, and
 He's proud to be on a Jacksonian throne.

Not very far
 From Dwyer's bar
 In the Eighteenth ward he flourishes.
 In Hatfield's groves
 He sometimes roves,
 And dreams ambitious nourishes.
 He was called to the bar—not Dwyer's,
 you know,
 But another one just as full of woe,
 And so did shine
 In the legal line,
 That to Councils atlast he was chosen to go.

In Councils he
 Opposed Magee
 And ring exploits antagonized ;
 By boss control
 His heart and soul
 Full many a time were agonized.
 When votes around him went for sale,
 To score the ring he never would fail,
 And, spite of jeers,
 Rebuffs and sneers,
 From many a job he rent the veil.

'Twas very plain
 In the last campaign
 That he'd mastered the wild, unholy
 gang,
 Who won't unite,
 But always fight—
 The O'Learyites and the Foley gang.
 For Pattison every mother's son
 Turned in, and thus was victory won,
 And so with pride
 He's glorified
 As a worker that yanks the political bun.

HENRY T. WATSON.

AS a representative of the best type of Democracy, as well as a successful attorney, H. T. Watson enjoys a wide reputation. He was born in Armstrong County in 1850, of an old and well-known family. His great-grandfather was one of the three people who first settled in Apollo, and his uncle was Sheriff of the county. At the age of sixteen he moved to Westmoreland County, where he worked on a farm. After he had taken a thorough course at Mt. Union College, he went to the oil country near St. Petersburg, and remained there three years, during which period he earned the money which supported him while preparing for the legal profession. Mr. Watson then came to Pittsburg and read law with John F. Edmundson. He was admitted to the bar in 1881, and engaged at once in active practice. At the same time he rose into prominence in Democratic politics. He served eight years as Select Councilman from the Eighteenth ward, retiring at the end of that time of his own volition. For two years he was Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, and acquitted himself ably in that position. He is now out of politics, and devotes himself entirely to his law practice, which is extensive and yields him a handsome income.



In this youth, so gay and dashing,
With an eye like sunlight flashing,
And the air of
One whose share of
Worldly goods is nowise slight,
You perceive the highest order
Of refined Eleventh warder.
Quick and ready,
Slick and steady,
And distinctly "out of sight."

His patronymic is euphonic,
For his parents are Teutonic.
Round they shifted,
Here they drifted,
Long before this chap was born.
Wealth they were not slow in gaining,
And they gave the youth a training
Literary,
So that nary
One his gifts could treat with scorn.

When his college days were ended,
He secured an opening splendid
With his father,
Who would rather
That in bus'ness he should shine.

They with capital extensive,
And connection comprehensive,
In full feather
Worked together
In the wholesale liquor line.

Right away the junior partner
Found that trade was no disheart'ner.
Custom precious
In the meshes
Of his drag-net soon was won.
Ever since he's hit it neatly,
Downing rivalry completely,
Like historic
King-pin Warwick,
With the whiskey of Pike's Run.

Oft in politics he dabbles,
Though averse to petty squabbles,
And he'll labor
For a neighbor
Out of friendship day and night.
But preferment he'll not hear of,
And entanglements keeps clear of,
So that fairly
Judged and squarely,
He is strictly "out of sight."

FRED. MUGELE.

FRED. MUGELE was born in the First ward, Pittsburg, in September, 1859. His parents came from Germany in 1853, and have ever since been residents of Pittsburg. Fred. Mugele began his education in the First ward public schools, and finished in the Western University. In 1881 he started in the wholesale liquor business in the Eleventh ward, and in the same year formed a partnership with his father, which is still in existence. In 1888 the firm began buying Pike Run whiskey, and in one lot secured 500 barrels in bond, lying in Bremen, Germany. On this transaction the firm cleared several thousand dollars, and the reputation then acquired for their stock was practically the foundation of the present prosperity of the Messrs. Mugele. Fred. Mugele takes considerable interest in Eleventh ward politics on the Republican side. He is noted for rendering valuable assistance to such of his friends as entertain political aspirations, but he has never run for office himself.

The establishment of the Mugele firm is located at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Dinwiddie street.



Sturdy is the builder, aye, and staunch,
 Mighty staunch,
 With an iron cheek that's never known to blanch,
 Not a blanch,
 He can hustle, hustle, hustle,
 From the morning till the night,
 While his indurated muscle,
 Stands the constant strain and tussle,
 With such ease that he is quite
 Out of sight, sight, sight, sight, sight, sight,
 sight,
 As a hustler he is truly out of sight.

On the river first he started when a boy,
 Cabin boy,
 And he studied how to yell out, "Ship, ahoy!
 Heave ahoy!"
 Then went rising, rising, rising,
 Till a pilot he became,
 And a captain with surprising
 Ways and means for advertising
 As a naval sharp the fame
 Of his name, name, name, name, name, name,
 name,
 Yes, indeed, it was a celebrated name.

But his sailor garb he changed for other clothes:
 Soldier clothes,
 And went forth to play the deuce with wicked foes,
 Rebel foes,
 At a cannon, cannon, cannon
 In a battery he toiled,

And the spot he once began on
 He would never leave a man on
 Whose appearance wasn't spoiled,
 Thus were foiled, foiled, foiled, foiled, foiled, foiled,
 foiled,
 The Secessionists—Great Scott! but they were
 foiled.

When the war was done he struck another trade,
 Lumber trade,
 Down in West Virginia, nor was he afraid,
 Not afraid,
 Of the howling, howling, howling,
 Of the Hatfields and McCoys,
 But with both got cheek-by-jowling,
 Caring naught for wicked scowling,
 And he shared in all the joys
 Of the boys, boys, boys, boys, boys, boys, boys,
 Of the sanguinary West Virginia boys.

Nowadays he has a bus'ness of his own,
 All his own,
 As a builder, and by none is he outshone,
 Ne'er outshone;
 He's kept, going, going, going,
 Though non-union men he keeps,
 And a harvest overflowing,
 Periodically growing,
 In the Second ward he reaps,
 'Mid the weeps, weeps, weeps, weeps, weeps,
 weeps, weeps,
 Of the Unionists—their salt and bitter weeps.

LOUIS C. McCORMICK.

LOUIS C. McCORMICK, the well known builder and contractor, was born on the Steubenville Pike, Allegheny County, November 29, 1844. He was educated at the public schools, and afterwards took a business course at Duff's College, where he graduated in 1866. His studies were not completed, however, without a lengthy interruption. From the time when he was 10 years old until the war broke out he was a steamboat hand. When war was declared, young McCormick, then but 17 years of age, enlisted on the dispatch boat "Niagara," and served one year on the Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. After the battle of Pittsburg Landing, he took the typhoid fever and came home. No sooner had he recovered than he enlisted on August 11, 1862, for three years, in Captain J. J. Young's Independent battery, and served until the end of the war, being honorably discharged on June 22, 1865. He is now a prominent member of the Veteran Legion, and is able to point proudly to a record of loyalty and personal bravery second to none.

After his discharge from the army, Mr. McCormick returned to the river and continued steamboating as pilot and captain until 1873. He served for a time as deputy under Sheriff Fife, and later went to West Virginia, where for three years he was engaged in the lumber business in the wild region where the Hatfield and McCoy factions reigned supreme. In 1881 he was employed as foreman for the late J. T. Natcher, contractor and builder. When Mr. Natcher was shot and killed, Mr. McCormick succeeded him and has since been sole proprietor of the business, his office being at No. 117 Second avenue. Mr. McCormick is an example of a thoroughly successful self-made man. Though still comparatively young, he has amassed a comfortable fortune, and is constantly extending his business.



Day in, day out, the license mill
Keeps up its steady grind ;
For some there waits a bitter pill,
For some the other kind.
The wholesale beer men soon must toe
The mark, expecting fits ;
But there's one whose cake will not be
dough,
And that is German Fritz.

At Try street is the fountain-head
Of Fritz's foamy stock ;
His reg'lar brand's immense, 'tis said,
And stunning is his bock.
Milwaukee, Cleveland, Pittsburg, too.
Not one among them hits
It like the Cincinnati brew
Dealt out by German Fritz.

Fritz is not solus, for his dad
The business helps to run,
And aids the enterprising lad
In all the work that's done.
Between them opposition firms
Are made to lose their wits,
And many a helpless agent squirms,
Knocked out by German Fritz.

When Fritz from Deutschland sailed
away
He was a baby yet,
And hence he at the present day
His birthplace must forget.
But German ways and German speech
To use he never quits,
And none in Dutch can overreach
Or do up German Fritz.

In scholarship he's in the swim ;
A college man is he,
And so is in the proper trim
A shining light to be.
And that a shining light he is
'Most every one admits ;
The signs thereof are in the phiz
We show of German Fritz.

He's married, and domestic taste
Exhibits, as he ought ;
The East End with his home is graced,
And there by friends he's sought.
But the greatest joy that he discerns,
When down to think he sits,
Is the king of foreign beer concerns
Controlled by German Fritz.

F. H. BRUENING.

F^RITZ H. BRUENING, one of the most active and intelligent young business men in Pittsburg, was born in Prussia, in 1866, and came to this country when he was three years old. He was educated at the common schools, the Western University and the Iron City College, graduating from the latter institution.

Immediately upon the completion of his educational training, Mr. Bruening went into business with his father, Joseph Bruening, whose name stands high in the local world of commerce. At first their establishment was located at Eleventh street and Penn Avenue, where they remained three years. The business was then transferred to Second Avenue and Try street, and is still carried on at that place.

The Messrs. Bruening are sole agents for Moerlein's Cincinnati beer, an ambrosial beverage, of the merits of which it is unnecessary to inform a discriminating public. The agency is the largest in Allegheny county handling foreign beer, and its trade far exceeds that of most of the home brewers.

Fritz H. Bruening enjoys an extensive acquaintance, and is popular with all classes. He is married to Emma, daughter of John Herman, and is the father of two children. He resides in the East End.



Permit us here to introduce
 His nibs, the ex-recorder,
 A dapper-looking chap and spruce
 Of no inferior order.
 Observe the quickness of his eye
 Than lightning flashes brisker,
 Likewise the air of do-or-die
 That lingers round his whisker.

The ex-recorder went to fight
 When he was young and active,
 War struck him as a vision bright
 And deucedly attractive.
 A West Virginia regiment
 He joined; the noblest Roman
 Of all he was, and boldly spent
 His wrath upon the foeman.

Friends gathered round him later and
 Inflated his ambition;
 They vowed that he possessed the sand
 To make a politician;
 Recorder, then, he vowed to be,
 And, therefore, resurrected
 His army record, and Magee
 Forthwith had him elected.

Nine years he held that office fat,
 And from it would not sever
 Had people not informed him that
 He couldn't stick forever.
 So out he went, and casting round
 For means his grief to cure up,
 A solace for the same he found
 In making trips to Europe.

He's in the Pleasant Valley clique
 With Stone, who's Bayne's successor;
 'Twas he make Shiras take a sneak
 When Stone became possessor
 Of Colonel Tummy's laurel crown
 Removed by abdication,
 Which caused a tempest in the town
 And red-hot indignation.

Now in the Secretary's chair
 The road's affairs he handles,
 Pets Councilmen, and seeks to scare
 Slick journalists—the vandals!—
 To church he goes whene'er he can
 And looks so meek and pretty,
 That he passes for the nicest man
 In Allegheny City.

WILLIAM H. GRAHAM.

WILLIAM H. GRAHAM, soldier, politician and business man, is a typical example of Yankee versatility. He was born in Allegheny City, August 3, 1844. He attended the public schools, but left school at the age of twelve years and carried newspapers for J. J. East, his earnings going to support his widowed mother. For a time he was employed by Maffat & Old, brass manufacturers, his situation with whom he gave up, however, to respond to the call for volunteers to put down the rebellion. Pennsylvania's quota being filled, he went to West Virginia with the Washington Rifle Guards, which became Company A of the Second West Virginia Infantry. The regiment left Wheeling under Colonel Kelly in the famous West Virginia campaign under McClellan, and Mr. Graham's company had the honor of bringing down the first rebel killed in the war. In 1863 the regiment was mounted and enrolled among the cavalry. Mr. Graham was engaged in the battles of Rich Mountain, Allegheny Mountain, Cross Keys, White Sulphur Springs, Kelly's Ford, Bull Run (second), Beverly, Rocky Gap, Droop Mountain, and Cloyd Mountain. He was wounded in the battle of White Sulphur Springs, and brought home to the West Penn Hospital.

He also took part with Sheridan in the famous Valley campaign, was in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Waynesboro, Petersburg, Dinwiddie Court House, Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, and Appomattox, and was a spectator of the surrender of Lee. Being sent with a message to Sheridan, he found him at the historic residence of Major McLean at Appomattox Court House, witnessing the arrival of Lee and Colonel Marshall, of the Confederates, and Generals Grant, Ord, Custer, and a number of others on the Union side.

After the grand review at Washington, Mr. Graham returned to civil life, entering the leather business in Allegheny. He has since taken an active part in Republican politics. He served in both branches of Allegheny Councils, two terms in the Legislature, and three as Recorder of the county.



Permit us now to introduce
 The dext'rous electrician,
 With subtle fluids fast and loose
 He plays like a magician.
 Slim, spectacled, and keen of glance,
 And full of facts specific,
 His thoughts don't dally with romance—
 He's strictly scientific.

No need has he abroad to roam,
 Nor ever think of bolting ;
 He keeps his batteries at Ohm,
 And there he does his volting.
 Whoever would with tricks allure,
 Or catch him in a drag-net ;
 He'll bang him with an armature
 Or floor him with a magnet.

What wizard ever called him forth ?
 We hasten with an answer ;
 The famous Wizard of the North,
 Tom Edison's the man, sir.
 From Menlo Park the edict ran
 To Pittsburg, where it met him,
 "We're looking for a Silverman,
 And by the pow'rs we'll get him."

Although his partner then was Stern,
 And might have been unyielding,
 The chance was open wealth to earn
 And prestige to be wielding ;
 And so the twain wired back "T. E.,
 Your agents we will be, sir,
 And represent you to a T
 And likewise to an E, sir."

Thus do we find our man installed
 In quarters that are kingly ;
 His partner elsewhere has been called,
 And now he goes it singly.
 Folks anxious to turn on the light
 Come daily round him flocking,
 And purchase queer machines, that might
 Be frowned upon as shocking.

As he's a scientific swell,
 And glory now enfolds him,
 There's many a fair electric belle
 That longingly beholds him.
 But maidens' charms he won't devour,
 Nor even slightly glance at ;
 Ambition is the only pow'r
 That gives him rapid transit.

J. H. SILVERMAN.

THE electrical appliances patented by Thomas Edison, the king of modern inventors, constitute a landmark in nineteenth century progress, and nowhere is their value more significantly emphasized than in Pittsburg, where they are brought into direct rivalry with the triumphs of Mr. Edison's arch-competitor in the field of electrical industry. The local agency for the Edison Company is in the hands of J. H. Silverman, a wide-awake young business man, whose management bears the marks of exceptional sagacity, tact and enterprise. Mr. Silverman was born in Pittsburg, April 13, 1862. He attended the common schools, and at the age of 17 graduated from the commercial department of the Central High School. For a period of six years he was employed as a bookkeeper. He then formed a partnership with Mr. Stern in the electrical supply business, the firm name being "Stern & Silverman." After one year's prosperous existence, the firm secured the general agency for the Edison Company, which they conducted for two years with conspicuous success. At the end of that time the Edison Company bought out the concern, placed Mr. Stern in control of the Philadelphia agency, and installed Mr. Silverman as manager here. Since then Mr. Silverman has had absolute control of the company's business in Pittsburg, including the electric railway supply department, as well as that of lighting apparatus. He is still a bachelor, and is an undeniably eligible gentleman from a matrimonial point of view. The demands of business do not prevent Mr. Silverman from taking a lively interest in the great public questions of the day, and considering the nature of the industry in which he is engaged, it goes without saying that he is a straight Republican in politics.



Up from the depot that's called Duquesne,
Day in, day out, in shine or rain,
Like cars triumphal, rumbling past
Come wagons, ponderous and vast,
Groaning beneath the heavy weight
Of Pennsylvania railroad freight.
Sixteen of 'em there are in all
That from the Point those burdens haul ;
Their owner is a man of mark,
Of teamsters he's the patriarch.

Look at his picture—you'll catch on,
Of course, and say it's Captain John.
His flowing beard, as white as snow,
Through which irreverent breezes blow ;
His brow—a lofty dome of thought ;
His glance, with youthful fire still fraught ;
His whole get-up, which seems to say
"I'm good for many another day"—
All show that chipper as a lark
Is still the teamsters' patriarch.

On Scotland's heather-covered braes
The Captain spent his infant days ;
No later influence could spoil
The love he bore his native soil.
But native soil, his parents found,
Was highly unproductive ground ;

Hence, since in Scotland things looked
glum,
To Yankeeland they chose to come,
And lucky was the bounding bark
That bore the teamsters' patriarch.

For two-and-forty solid years
The Captain's steered, as still he steers,
Those blessed wagons which one meets
Where'er one goes on Pittsburg streets,
Wearing away, through thick and thin,
The handiwork of Booth & Flinn,
And once a year—on New Year's day
To dinner hauled the newsies gay,
Making the little chaps remark
"Long live the teamsters' patriarch."

But though he's reached a ripe old age—
Three-score-and-ten—he throws the gage
Of bold defiance at the feet
Of Father Time, who can't deplete
His wealth of energy and grit,
Nor him for active life unfit.
So still, like distant thunder peals,
We hear his hefty chariot wheels,
And people smile and murmur "Hark ;
There goes the teamsters' patriarch."

JOHN W. HANEY.

THE entire hauling of freight from the Duquesne depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad is in the hands of the veteran teamster, John W. Haney, one of Pittsburg's oldest and best known residents. "Captain" Haney, as he is generally called, was born in Gallowayshire, Scotland, in 1823. He had one year's schooling in the land of Bobby Burns, and then at the age of six years came with his parents to the United States. The family settled in Philadelphia, from which place, in 1832, Captain Haney came to Pittsburg. He has resided in this city ever since. He began the draying business in 1850, and in 1861 he took charge of the hauling at the Duquesne depot. His business increased largely, until at present he and his partner, Edward Pearson, have sixteen teams continually at work.

Captain Haney's bluff, cheery, independent ways and his sterling rectitude of character have earned for him the esteem of all with whom he is brought into connection either in business or socially. He is a staunch friend of the newsboys, and for twenty-one years gave the little fellows a ride annually to the Pittsburg LEADER'S New Year's dinner.

He has never been a politician, finding an ample field for his energies in the business which for nearly half a century he has prosperously carried on. Despite the fact that he has reached the Scriptural limit of three-score and ten, he is still as sturdy and active as he was twenty years ago.



“Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled”—
 That’s what Burns, the poet, said,
 Thus prophetic light he shed
 Upon a future hero ;
 But this hero hates to breed
 Strife, or warring Scots to lead,
 And the chances that he’ll bleed
 Are gone down to zero.

All the scraps wherein he takes
 Active part, or holds the stakes,
 Are but Democratic fakes—
 Politics begets them ;
 For he cuts a figure gay
 On the Jeffersonian lay ;
 With the Dems he’ll always stay,
 No matter what besets them.

In the Randall Club he stands
 High in rank, and so commands
 Great esteem, and often lands
 In local fights a winner ;
 Thus, when Cleveland set the pace,
 In a nice post-office place
 He held the fort with ease and grace,
 Although a mere beginner.

Out he went when Grove was downed,
 Sought another stamping-ground,
 Opportunities he found—
 Better ones than ever ;
 Blew in all his ready cash
 In a reservoir of hash,
 Doughnuts, coffee, succotash,
 And pies of make-up clever.

Folks must have their grub or die ;
 So it came that by and by
 People got to like his pie,
 If once the same they tested.
 When of wealth a large extent
 Filled his safe, to court he went,
 Got the judges to consent
 When license he requested.

Fortunate he is, methinks,
 Liquids now with solids links,
 Serves out Democratic drinks
 With a lordly bearing.
 Petty public place he spurns,
 And to warfare never turns ;
 For his namesake, sung by Burns,
 Not a rap he’s caring.

THOMAS J. WALLACE.

THE Fifth ward, Pittsburg, is famed as a nursery of Democratic spirits, and not the least notable among those who were reared in that district is "Tom" Wallace, the café proprietor of Fifth Avenue, below Wood street. Mr. Wallace was born in 1861, and has been a life-long resident of Pittsburg. He received his education at the public and parochial schools. In 1879 he began an apprenticeship at the trade of moulder in the Atlas foundry. This he abandoned about a year after he had learnt the trade, and in 1883 he entered the livery business.

When Grover Cleveland was elected President, Mr. Wallace was appointed stamp clerk in the Pittsburg post-office. After serving the Government for eighteen months he resigned, and opened a restaurant on Fifth Avenue. This undertaking prospered, and its success was still further enhanced when Mr. Wallace secured a license, and combined a handsomely appointed café with his restaurant.

Mr. Wallace is an influential member of the Randall Club, and an enthusiastic Democratic partisan. He has been urged to run for office, but wisely refrains, owing to the demands of business upon his time and attention. He is a thoroughly honorable, straightforward gentleman, and has a host of friends throughout the county.



“God save the Queen,” the British sing
With loyalty uproarious.
Beneath a royal lady’s wing
They think that life is glorious.

And so they guy
Us Yanks, and cry

“Come on and take a view of her.”
That’s what we call
Confounded gall,
For we’ve a Queen worth two of her.

This Queen of ours—the truth to state—
Can’t boast of femininity,
But that’s a thing that can’t abate
His sovereign-like divinity.
Should curious folk
Sharp questions poke
And make him for his rank account ;
To them at once
He’ll make response
By pointing to his bank account.

His throne is of another class
From Vic’s historic chair of state,
’Tis made of wells of oil and gas,
And is not an affair of state.

The crown he wears
Is made of shares
Of stock and prime securities ;
His scepter gleams
With gilt-edged schemes,
A costly thing for sure it is.

In rulership he’s not alone—
King Wesley’s his associate—
Together on a common throne
They dicker and negotiate ;
Together reap
The profit steep
That regularly emanates
From wells immense,
And people hence
Of both the fame disseminate.

EMMET QUEEN.

FOR ten years past, Emmet Queen has occupied a conspicuous place among the active, brainy men of business to whom Western Pennsylvania owes the development of its oil and gas industry. Mr. Queen was born in Armstrong county in 1855. His father, John Queen, was a substantial citizen engaged at different times in mercantile pursuits and in the milling business. Educational facilities were limited where the family resided, and aside from the somewhat meagre course of study in the rural common schools, Emmet Queen had no literary opportunities, and may be described accordingly as a self-educated as well as self-made man.

In 1874 he commenced in the oil business, and for several years afterwards operated successfully in Armstrong and Butler counties. He came to Pittsburg in 1882, and for two years operated independently, with this city as his headquarters. In 1884, he formed a partnership with W. S. Guffey, under the firm name of Guffey & Queen, and the partnership has been maintained ever since under circumstances of gratifying prosperity.

The Governor Pattison well in the Wildwood field—the largest ever struck there—was bought in by the firm on the day of Governor Pattison's great victory over Delamater in November, 1890. It has a capacity of 25,000 barrels a day.

Mr. Queen married Miss Susan Borley, of Johnstown, and is the father of one child—a boy. He resides in a stylish mansion in the East End.



There's a German high-flyer of local repute
 Whose picture above you'll remark:
 His commercial solidity none can dispute,
 And he's chipper and gay as a lark.
 The path of fair dealing he never forsakes,
 And he needs not a magical wand
 To establish the truth of the statement
 he makes
 That his word is as good as his bond.

He comes from the kingdom of Wurtemberg, where
 There is plenty of music and beer ;
 The prospect of wealth led him here to
 repair,
 In the hope that he'd broaden his sphere.
 For a time he kept books, but a clerical
 "sit"
 To his views didn't seem to respond ;
 Something better than that he felt certain
 he'd hit
 Since his word is as good as his bond.

When they asked him to stay, he exclaimed
 on the spot
 "No, it's all *ober-now-or* I would :"
 Then he left his employers and speedily got
 A dead cinch upon something as good.

In the Sixth ward he opened a warehouse,
 and vowed
 That confounded he'd be and dog-goned
 If the ward of his business soon wouldn't
 be proud,
 Since his word was as good as his bond.

Of liquors ambrosial he laid in a stock,
 And of wines an enormous supply ;
 There was claret, port, sherry, Mumm's
 extra and hock,
 And the finest of mellow old rye.
 Quoth he : "If there's any snide dealer
 around,
 Right away he had better abscond,
 For the man who sells liquor to prove
 should be bound
 That his word is as good as his bond.

Need we say that he prospered?—He did
 so, of course,
 And he's made a whole army of friends ;
 In politics, too, he's a positive force,
 And Democracy's honor defends.
 He belongs to the Randall Club, honored
 therein,
 And since ever the status he donned
 Of a citizen, praises he's managed to win,
 For his word is as good as his bond.

HERMAN OBERNAUER.

HERMAN OBERNAUER was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1856. He attended the public schools at his native place, and graduated from the High School. In 1880 he came to the United States, and located shortly afterwards in Pittsburg. For a few months he was employed as a bookkeeper, and then he engaged independently in the wholesale liquor trade, opening up a large establishment at the corner of Fifth avenue and Stevenson street. Through hard work and intelligent management, Mr. Obernauer succeeded in building up an extensive and profitable trade, and his strict business principles and absolute integrity have earned him a reputation which is the envy of his competitors. His motto is, "My word is as good as my bond," and he lives up to the letter of it.

Mr. Obernauer is a Democrat, and belongs to the Randall Club and other Democratic societies. He is an enthusiast in politics, and works zealously for the success of his party, attending all the conventions, and consistently using his voice and influence in support of Democratic candidates and principles. He is married, is the father of three children, and resides in a comfortable home on Centre avenue.

Mr. Obernauer is abstemious in his tastes, and, while possessing more than the average share of the world's goods, is free from ostentation. In all his characteristics he represents the best type of the Americanized German.



Maxwelton's braes are bonny,
And this is Bonny, too.

In politics

To Chris he sticks,

And that's what sees him through.

And that's what sees him through,

And that's what sees him through,

In politics

To Chris he sticks,

And that's what sees him through.

He's of ancestry distinguished,

His blood is azure blue.

Blue-bloodedness

Helps more or less

Likewise to see him through,

Likewise, etc.

In a postal job, long years since,

He rendered service true,

And his record there,

He's wont to swear,

Has helped to see him through,
Has helped, etc.

He's tried his hand at banking,

For well, indeed, he knew

That to rise in rank

In a solvent bank

Would surely see him through,

Would surely, etc.

As a statesman next in public

He made a slick debut,

And stayed on deck

As private "sec"

To Chris, who saw him through,

'Twas Chris who, etc.

Of the county he's Recorder

Just now, and holds the view

That with friendship firm

For another term

The boys will see him through,

The boys, etc.

GEORGE M. VON BONNHORST.

GEORGE M. VON BONNHORST, Recorder of Allegheny County, was born in the First ward, Pittsburg, October 26, 1847. He comes of one of the oldest and best families in the State. His father, Sidney F. Von Bonnhorst, was Postmaster under Lincoln. His mother, *nec* Mary Murphy, was a native of Humesville, Bucks County, Pa. George Von Bonnhorst was educated at the Second ward public schools and the Western University. In 1865 he became a clerk in the Pittsburg postoffice under his father, who was then serving his second term. He left the postoffice in 1866, to assume a clerkship in the People's Savings Bank, where he remained for eight years. About five years after his connection with the bank had ceased, he entered the City Assessor's office in a clerical capacity, and remained there two years. He was then, and is yet, private secretary to C. L. Magee, and at various intervals acted as Chairman and Secretary of the Republican County Committee. The Chairmanship was in his hands at the time of President Harrison's election, in 1888, when Allegheny County rolled up a larger Republican majority than it or any other county in the United States ever gave before. Mr. Von Bonnhorst's activity in that campaign won him golden opinions, and paved the way for his election as County Recorder in 1890, to which office he was chosen without opposition. Mr. Von Bonnhorst has labored sedulously to outdo his predecessors in efficiency, and he is able to boast that under his administration, for the first time, there are practically no arrears in the work of recording deeds.

He resides now on the farm in Chartiers township where his mother was married, and where she is still living, happy in her son's prominence and prosperity.

Mr. Von Bonnhorst is man of estimable disposition, the soul of generosity, and noted for the tenacity with which he sticks to his friends, both in politics and in private life.



Not far from the court house, that temple
of awe,
Which harbors an army of limbs of the law,
There's a snug little tavern, cozy and neat,
At a corner where strings of law-offices
meet.

It used to be run in a commonplace style,
With little the lawyer-like soul to beguile ;
No odor Blackstonian around was diffused,
Inspiring attorneys who quietly boozed ;
In fact the concern from perfection was far,
Till Ed was triumphantly called to the bar.

It was not in volumes with covers of calf
Or of sheepskin that Ed was enabled to
quaff
The learning that solidly stands him in
stead

As professional aid to his forging ahead ;
Philadelphia first was the scene of his tasks,
There he studied the logic of flagons and
casks,

The cocktail seductive, the julep divine,
The blandishments subtle of roseate wine ;
And the firmament truly was minus a star
Till Ed was triumphantly called to the bar.

Five years have gone by since to Pittsburg
he came,

A practitioner bright with ambition aflame.
The Hotel Albemarle was his earliest stand,
And he managed things there with a dex-
terous hand ;

In the Hamilton next until '90 he staid,
A record creating that never could fade ;
The guests of the hostelry always agreed
That his destiny marked him for taking
the lead,

And fame had to leave the door standing ajar
Until Ed was triumphantly called to the bar.

Dependence forever he recently shook,
And set out as a barrister on his own hook.
Located quite handy to justice's home
With a stock-in-trade made up of spirits
and foam,

And although on the bench Eddie never
has sat,

Yet he'll issue to toppers a straight "caveat"
Or a "fiery faces," intended to show
That habituals elsewhere for toddy must go.
And away in the rear other hostelries are
Since Ed was triumphantly called to the bar.

E. J. McLAUGHLIN.

THE "Court of Common Pleas No. 4" would be an appropriate title for the establishment conducted by Ed. J. McLaughlin at the corner of Grant and Diamond streets, directly opposite the court house; inasmuch as there are frequently more ornaments of the legal profession to be found discussing the bill of fare at McLaughlin's than could be counted at one time in any of the regularly constituted courts of justice. Proprietor McLaughlin was born in Philadelphia, October 7, 1860, and received a good common school education in that city. In 1876 he entered the hotel business, and served as room clerk at various times in the Merchants', Washington, American and St. George hotels. Coming to Pittsburg in 1887, he assumed charge of the Hotel Hamilton on Penn avenue. In 1891 he opened up his present establishment, and equipped his café and bar in superior style, laying the foundations of a business which is now both select and profitable. Mr. McLaughlin prides himself on the fact that the appointments of his establishment, the cuisine, and the wines and liquors, are on an equal plane of excellence. His connection extends to Philadelphia, Atlantic City and other eastern points, where he is well and favorably known. He is married, and resides on Dinwiddie street. Proximity to the court house, with its dry-as-dust associations, lessens neither the urbanity of Mr. McLaughlin's disposition nor the mellowness of his Old Monongahela.



His folks in Ireland wept and wailed
 When o'er the broad Atlantic sailed
 A youth who ne'er to murmur failed,
 Excelsior.

Arriving in this friendly land,
 To honest toil he turned his hand,
 And all his doings bore the brand,
 Excelsior.

In Allegheny work he found;
 He drove a cracker-wagon round,
 Obedient to that axiom sound,
 Excelsior.

"Crackers to-day?" he'd ask, and smile;
 "We serve 'em up in ev'ry style,"
 Yet inwardly he sighed the while,
 Excelsior.

And when folks said his wares were snide,
 And hurtful to a man's inside,
 In piteous tones his Jags replied,
 Excelsior.

At selling goods he persevered,
 And quite a handsome profit cleared
 Through sticking to the motto weird,
 Excelsior.

And when enough he'd laid apart,
 He made an independent start,
 The word being graven on his heart,
 Excelsior.

The West Penn depot's near at hand
 To where his factory took its stand

To furnish crackers of the brand,
 Excelsior.

There, lo these many years! with zeal
 He's labored; making people feel
 The force of that profound appeal,
 Excelsior.

On all sides now the legend's heard,
 His wagons bear the magic word,
 And by it many a heart is stirred,
 Excelsior.

No avalanche has he to dread,
 No snow and ice 'way overhead,
 Like that poetic chap who said
 Excelsior.

Not much; with wealth his coffers teem,
 Respect is his, likewise esteem,
 And everything bears out his dream,
 Excelsior.

Above our artist neatly shows
 How he to church on Sunday goes,
 While all exclaim who note the clothes,
 Excelsior.

Those pants of acreage untold,
 That stovepipe hat of vintage old,
 That poodle—all the tale unfold;
 Excelsior.

Thus on his old familiar plan,
 Not caring "shucks" for any man,
 He plods along as he began—
 Excelsior.

E. MAGINN.

THERE are Napoleons of finance, Napoleons of tariff legislation, and other Napoleons more or less brilliant and distinguished; but none of them is a whit more Napoleonic in his sphere than is the Napoleon of the cracker trade, Mr. E. Maginn, whose Excelsior brand of crackers may be said, without trenching too far on the domain of the advertising agent, to be a staple article of diet in every quarter of the globe, "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." Mr. Maginn is an Irishman, born and bred, and is about 60 years of age. He emigrated to the United States in 1857, and settled in Allegheny City, establishing there on a very modest scale the foundations of his present large business. The partnership concern then started, under the name of E. & C. Maginn, achieved rapid success, and controlled a constantly growing trade until 1876, when the firm dissolved, and Mr. E. Maginn assumed the sole management. Under his guidance the business developed to mammoth proportions, and he is to-day the proprietor of establishments in Pittsburg and Allegheny which are among the most extensive of their kind in the country.

Mr. Maginn is married, and lives in Allegheny. He has a large circle of friends, and is very popular.



Who's this, with a phiz so determined and stern

That it frightens transgressors away?
Does he boss a tremendous judicial concern

And the role of an arbiter play?

Does he serve as a preacher
Or public school teacher

Whose methods are deucedly grim?

No, indeed; 'twould surprise him,

If up you would size him,

As other than Councilman Jim.

He's a Buckeye by birth and a sharp 'un
at that,

As Ohio men frequently are,
But to Pittsburg he ties since 'tis here he
stands pat

In the business of keeping a bar.

When the license court's sitting,
With dignity fitting

And many folks' chances are slim;

Then the judges demurely

Say "License? Why surely;

Just give it to Councilman Jim."

There's a restaurant, too, at the famous re-
sort

Which at Diamond and Smithfield he
keeps;

His cooks straight from Paris he's said to
import

And the premium for lunches he sweeps.
The popular fiat

Proclaims that the Pi-att

His place puts him right in the swim;

And it's useless competing,

They say, with the eating

That's set up by Councilman Jim.

What wonder, in view of this public ap-
plause,

That the voters who live in his ward
Elect him with pow'r for the town to make
laws,

And support him with common accord?

And so 'mid those fakirs,

The local law-makers,

He sits, filled right up to the brim

With importance and vigor,

And none of 'em's bigger.

In brain power than Councilman Jim.

JAMES W. PIATT.

JAMES W. PIATT was born in Belmont county, Ohio, in 1854, and was educated at the public schools of his native county. He came to Pittsburg in early manhood, and in 1879, started in business for himself in the famous old "Tammany Hall" on Third avenue. In 1887, he removed to his present location at the corner of Smithfield and Diamond streets, where he conducts a café and restaurant of high repute as a resort for professional and business men.

Mr. Piatt is a Republican in politics, and is always found in line for the "grand old party." He is a regular attendant at County and State Conventions, and a prominent member of the Young Men's Republican Tariff Club and other political organizations. He organized the first Beaver Club that was made up in the State.

He was elected to Select Council from the Second ward in 1886, and is now a member of Common Council from the Third ward.

Mr. Piatt is very popular, and has a large personal following, which proves valuable in close political contests. He is liberal, outspoken, and proverbially faithful to his friends.



Were you ever indicted? If so, you'll be glad
 To examine the phiz of this fine-looking lad,
 By whose hand with dexterity,
 Grace and celerity,
 All the indictments are writ ;
 Of the courts he's a pillar ; they couldn't
 dispense
 With his services—no, not on any pre-
 tense ;
 For justice would tumble,
 And equity crumble
 To bits, if he gave up his sit.

He's a Lawrenceville boy through and
 through, and was born
 In the Seventeenth ward—to deny it he'd
 scorn ;
 For a true Lawrencevillian,
 Would not for a million,
 Go back on that district renowned ;
 'Twas there he imbibed for the classics a
 taste,
 And resolved, lest his intellect might go to
 waste,
 On the law's hocus-pocus
 His talents to focus,
 And never therein to be downed.

'Twasn't long till he thus rose away above
 par
 And with honor was finally called to the bar,
 Where, when ne'er an indictment
 Employs him, excitement
 He stirs up, as well he knows how ;
 And when Johnston—poor Dick!—was in
 office, he'd say,
 "Take my place, will you, Charley, old
 man, for to-day?"
 Then Charley would go for
 Each criminal loafer,
 And kick up a deuce of a row.

Where next will he land? That is further
 along,
 There's no reason, indeed, why a Demo-
 crat strong,
 Both brainy and active,
 With person attractive,
 Should not to pre-eminence climb ;
 But he's youthful as yet, and the young
 folks must wait
 Till their elders themselves with publicity
 sate,
 Though he's got a fair whack at
 The statesmanship racket
 And soon to the summit may climb.

CHARLES A. FAGAN.

CHARLES A. FAGAN, the expert indictment clerk of Allegheny County, was born in the borough of Lawrenceville, now the Seventeenth ward, Pittsburg, July 1, 1859. He attended St. Mary's schools and Ewalt Academy in Lawrenceville, and completed his studies at the Pittsburg Catholic College.

In 1877 Mr. Fagan was appointed to his present position, and his complete mastery of its duties has gained him the reputation of being the best authority on indictment pleadings in Western Pennsylvania.

Incidentally Mr. Fagan took up the study of law, for which his professional associations gave him a natural taste, and on December 31, 1886, he was admitted to the Allegheny County bar. He acquired immediate recognition as a leading light among the younger practitioners, distinguishing himself especially as a jury lawyer. Frequently Mr. Fagan is called upon to act as District Attorney, and in such emergencies acquits himself with conspicuous credit.

He is a pronounced Democrat, pinning his faith to a militant party policy, as opposed to a policy which invites combinations with the opposition and jeopardizes party stability. He was a delegate to the Convention at Scranton which nominated Governor Pattison, and took the stump for the Democratic ticket in the ensuing campaign. This year (1892) Mr. Fagan has been chosen presidential elector from the Twenty-second Congressional district. He is a member of the Democratic County Committee, and belongs to the Columbus club, the Randall club, the Grover Cleveland club, and the McClellan club.

Mr. Fagan was married in 1887, and is the father of three children.



First warders, 'tis Georgie himself that
 you see,
 A gentleman he
 Who's considered to be
 In your neighborhood up at the top of the
 tree,
 Inasmuch as he's pretty well fixed.
 A drug-store he keeps, and don't need to
 lament,
 Since a thousand per cent.
 Is about the extent
 Of his profits, and multitudes daily frequent
 His place, to get medicines mixed.

On George's "phizog" there's a good-
 humored glow—
 He's a joker, you know,
 And will never let go
 A chance to make merry with friend or
 with foe
 And to try the keen edge of his wit.
 For although he's a druggist his earnings
 are high
 From selling old rye,
 Which dull care doth defy,
 And perhaps that's the reason he likes to
 let fly
 Funny cracks, making many a hit.

He's the beau of the Diamond—a Brum-
 mel in fact,
 With abundance of tact
 In the delicate act
 Of dressing with spruceness and neatness
 exact,
 Oh yes, he is quite lah-de-dah.
 And he's good-looking, too; aye, indeed,
 he's a catch,
 An elegant match
 If he'd come to the scratch,
 Instead of remaining a steady old "bach"
 Whom the girls to the altar can't draw.

He's a Democrat, strong in his ward, and
 has been
 To Councils sent in
 Without caring a pin
 For Emperor Chris or King William Flam
 Flinn;
 More pow'r to you, Georgie, for that.
 And in view of his clever and good-
 natured ways,
 It would not amaze
 Us if one of these days
 He should mount higher yet; and the
 card that he plays
 Will be trump, we will bet a new hat.

GEORGE S. FLEMING.

UNDOUBTEDLY the best known druggist west of the Allegheny mountains is George S. Fleming, of Market street, and corner of the Diamond. Mr. Fleming was born in Allegheny City, in 1861. His father was Joseph Fleming, also widely known in the drug business. His mother was Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Albert Smith, a prominent brewer. George Fleming was educated at the public schools of Sewickley borough. He started in 1874 as errand boy in his father's store, and worked his way up to the position of clerk, then to that of manager, and was finally, in 1888, admitted by his father as a partner. Two years later Joseph Fleming died, and his son succeeded to the proprietorship of the business, which he continues to conduct with signal success.

The history of Mr. Fleming's establishment occupies an important place in the commercial annals of Pittsburg. It was founded in 1840, by Coughran & Miller. Joseph Fleming was their clerk, and after fifteen years' service, succeeded to the business in 1855. For years the house has been famous not only for its reliability in the compounding of prescriptions and the handling of absolutely pure drugs, but also as a headquarters for the finest brands of foreign and domestic wines and liquors. Judicious advertising has done much to extend its reputation in these lines, and to-day the volume of business transacted is enormous, and extends through many states.

George S. Fleming is still a bachelor, and it goes without saying that he is considered a highly eligible "parti," as the French put it. He takes an interest in politics on the Democratic side, and is recognized by Governor Pattison's administration as one of its most valuable supporters.



"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

It is the King of orators that speaks,
With genius mantling on his royal cheeks
And passion ringing in his accents stormy—
An out and out Macbeth.

He does but act, yet inwardly he's certain
That he's Macbeth himself—he *feels* the part,
Sees spectral things, does murder in his heart;
Aye, and before the falling of the curtain
He'll die a real death.

Anon his cheek's aflame, anon it whitens;
Rage, hope, fear, gladness, in succession trace
Themselves upon his ever-changing face,
Which thus the marvelous illusion heightens,
Like some enchanter's spell.
No sawing of the air, no rant bombastic,
Such as your ham-fat Thespian loves to use,
Painting a character in garish hues,
Find place in his delineation plastic—
His art's concealed too well.

The stage to him is merely a diversion,
In pedagogic haunts his lines are cast,
And there, like a refined iconoclast,
He breaks youth's idols—truth's gilt-edged per-
version—
And sets up standards just;

Teaches the young idea how to revel
In outbursts oratorical, with voices
So trained that he who hears performe rejoices,
And views as machinations of the d—l
What other trainers do.

Profound his learning—many chairs he's sat in,
In colleges and schools. The higher flights
Of mathematics he has dead to rights;
Discourses fluently in Greek and Latin
And other tongues abstruse.
A poet, too, he is—his dainty verses
Make him—this King upon the stage—
A Byron when, his longings to assuage,
His soul in rhythm melodic he immerses,
And turns out gems profuse.

We might go on ad libitum recounting
This many-sided artist's traits unique,
Did we not fear that some designing sneak,
Respect for our Macbethian friend surmounting,
Might cry out, "Hold; enough."
Therefore a truce to further summarizing
Of faculties whereof we're proud to sing,
Giving to us a Byron and a King,
One who—a fact that's proof against disguising—
Is made of classic stuff.

BYRON W. KING.

PROF. BYRON W. KING, actor, teacher of elocution, interpreter of the Latin and Greek classics, lecturer, ventriloquist, and author, is perhaps the most versatile genius that claims the attention and applause of the Pittsburg public. He was born at Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland County, June 10, 1859, and received a liberal education, the drift of his studies tending naturally in the direction of the refined literary pursuits which have of late years engrossed his attention. When the King School of Oratory was established, its founder was comparatively unknown in Pittsburg; but his talents, exhibited in a rapidly widening sphere, soon made him a public favorite, and his services on the platform, on the stage, and in the capacity of instructor, have since been in constant demand. He excels in the cultivation of dramatic powers, voice, gesture, pose, facial expression, and the faculty of intelligent interpretation being developed with equal facility under his direction. As an actor, Prof. King is equally at home in tragic and comic roles; as a lecturer he passes from grave to gay, from the depths of pathos to the height of grotesqueness, with the comprehensive skill of a master; as an elocutionist he runs the whole gamut of human emotions, and never fails to strike the chord he aims at so as to evoke a sympathetic response.

Prof. King is a poet of no mean order, and he is also the author of a work on "Practice of Speech," which has become a standard elocutionary text-book.



Jacob's ladder of light is deserving of
note,

For its like we can't nowadays claim,
But some Jacobs there are who attention
devote

To ascending the ladder of fame.
Of the species to-day we a type represent ;
In appearance he's clever and keen ;
He's right bow'r to the man who was
moved to invent

The first money-recording machine.

With magnificent frenzy his optics will
flash,

When upon his machine he dilates,
Explaining how nicely it counts up the
cash

For the youth who on customers waits.
Down goes sale number one ; up comes
sale number two,

Marked in figures quite plain to be seen,
So that truly profound admiration is due
To the money-recording machine.

Click ! click ! 'tis the money draw'r now
that unlocks ;

Now it's open, and quickly within
A miraculous agency legibly chalks
What the cost of a purchase has been.
Now the whole's added up, and to show
that it's done

There's a bell that intrudes on the scene,
With a cute ting-a-ling—was there ever
such fun

As the money-recording machine?

An Ohioan born is the man who controls
This mechanical auditing scheme ;

Not long he's been here, yet in lucre he
rolls ;

His bonanza's a popular theme.
And whene'er he's defunct, and consigned
to the tomb,

Folks will still keep his memory green
As the man who stirred up a remarkable
boom

With his money-recording machine.

M. N. JACOBS.

M. N. JACOBS, the energetic manager of the National Cash Register Company, is a native of Marietta, O., and was born August 17, 1859. His educational training covered a period of seven years, spent at the common schools and High School of his native place. He entered commercial life as a bookkeeper, and continued in that position for two years. In 1888 he came to Pittsburg to assume the management of the National Cash Register Company. The office of the company was then located in the Eisner building, but has since been changed to the north-eastern corner of Fifth Avenue and Wood Street. Under the intelligent administration of Mr. Jacobs the business has been very successful, and the cash register is now a standing institution in local restaurants, cafés, and other places where a special check needs to be placed on the employees. The register performs seven different functions. It shows to a customer the amount of his purchase, drops the record of the previous sale, unlocks the money drawer, throws the drawer open, registers on the inside, adds up, and rings a bell. A more useful and ingenious contrivance of its kind cannot easily be conceived.

Mr. Jacobs is married, and lives at the Monongahela House.



“Are the Straight-outs still surviving?” is a question that you'll hear

Asked by many since the ringsters won the day.
Yes, you bet they are, with 20,000 votes their hearts to cheer,

And they're arming for another fiery fray.
Here is one of them—a leader who was never known to quail;

At the threats of Chris's plugs he doesn't scare;
With the South Side at his back, he is determined to prevail

As an anti-boodle candidate for May'r.

If there's gloom upon his visage, don't take any stock in that,

'Tis professional, and speaks not from the heart;

He's been raised to undertaking, and had early to get at

And of simulating grief acquire the art.

But at bottom he's a jovial soul—a German through and through,

Who of social celebration likes his share,

And the children of the Fatherland have vowed that they'll be true

To the anti-boodle candidate for May'r.

All his life he's been an enemy of ringsters and their tricks,

And the livery of Magee he never wore;

He has held a seat in Councils, and full oft got in his licks

When against Mageeite deals he took the floor.

Few, alas! were the reformers who along with him would vote;

To run counter to the gang they didn't dare;
But he's made his record anyhow, and hence has off his coat

As an anti-boodle candidate for May'r.

He does business in the ward where Shafer used to be the squire,

And when “Shate” last for election took the field
With the city ring behind him, then our hero opened fire,

And it proved that he tremendous pow'r could wield.

When they counted the returns it was the people's turn to whoop;

Where was Shafer? Echo sadly answers, “Where?”

He was beaten two to one, and knocked completely in the soup

By the anti-boodle candidate for May'r.

In the Straight-out fight again he showed his mettle like a man;

Took the stump and had his workers at the polls;
And whoever takes the trouble of his ward the vote to scan

Will perceive the big contingent he controls.

So with all this in his favor, why on earth should he retreat,

Or the standard of reform omit to bear,

Since he thinks that his opponents will be puzzled to defeat

Him as anti-boodle candidate for May'r?

F. C. BEINHAUER.

“YOU will remember the rough and ready Beinhauer, the implacable foe of jobs, hurling defiance at the ring.” So spoke John S. Lambie on the floor of Councils, and in this brief characterization is summarized faithfully the whole of Mr. Beinhauer's public career. He is a man of the people, devoted to the principles of pure popular government, and an enthusiast in his antagonism to all phases of misrule and corruption in politics.

F. C. Beinhauer was born February 22, 1858, at Saxonburg, Butler County, Pa. His family moved to Pittsburg when he was three months old, and located in what is now the Fifth ward. The future reform leader attended the Grant and Hancock schools at various times until he reached the age of fifteen, when he was obliged to suspend his studies on account of ill-health.

In 1876 Mr. Beinhauer became his father's partner in the livery and undertaking business on Third avenue. Three years later the family moved to the South Side, and the stable was also transferred to that district. In 1882 Mr. Beinhauer was elected to Select Council on the Republican ticket from the Twenty-sixth ward. He served six years, and was finally “legislated out” by the new charter. The people of his district in 1890 elected him alderman for a term of five years.

Throughout his career in Councils, as well as in politics generally, Mr. Beinhauer was noted as a reformer. He fought the proposed Lidlie street improvement at the head of the Penn incline, and brought about the somewhat anomalous result of a victory for a minority over a majority, thus saving \$100,000 to the taxpayers. He was chairman of the committee on the investigation of Monongahela water; labored to secure the establishment of the office of sealer of weights and measures, and introduced a variety of other useful ordinances, his advocacy of which, however, was nullified by the power of the city ring.

In the famous county campaign of November, 1891, Mr. Beinhauer led the Straight-out Republican forces on the South Side, and contributed largely to the strength of the popular movement. His staunch independent Republicanism has become an article of faith with the Republican majority in his ward, and it is on this basis, with clean government as the chief issue, that he founds his present candidacy for Mayor.

Mr. Beinhauer is married, and is the father of five children.



In the wilds of old Westmoreland many years ago
a youth there was,

Humble was his station and his aspirations
slim.

He had little hopes of winning fame and fortune,
yet in truth there was

A rosy-tinted future looming up ahead of
him.

Golden were the days when with precocious independence he

Dodged the country school-house and went
fishing with the gang.

And this sturdy spirit later was the cause of his
ascendency,

Which grew until the country with his reputation rang.

When he reached the years of manhood through
the oil fields he would skip away,

Buying leases cheap and selling out at prices
high.

It was rough upon the sellers when they saw what
they'd let slip away,

But this hustler banked the profits while he
winked the other eye.

Finally he quit the trade of leases speculating
in,

And struck another royal plan a fortune to
amass;

Examples had been set him which he thought
worth emulating in

The line of getting wealthy through a lucky
find of gas.

Was it divination or his lucky star that aided
him?

Little matters that, for anyhow he made the
break,

And whatever was the happy inspiration that
persuaded him,

He bored for gas at Grapeville, and got there
and no mistake.

Straightway after that our hero upwards like a
rocket went,

Never had been struck an opportunity so
rare;

Day by day the cash in mighty heaps into his
pocket went,

Until he reached the status of a semi-millionaire.

He dabbles some in politics, and sticks to the
Democracy,

Getting in his licks for Willie Wallace when
he can;

Bitter is his hatred of Republican autocracy,

And he thinks if Satan walks the earth, that
Matthew Quay's the man.

Friendliness and frankness, open-hearted geniality

Count among the cards he plays, conformably
to Hoyle,

And it's everywhere agreed that such a goodly
personality

Merits the financial boost it gets from gas and
oil.

JAMES M. GUFFEY.

JAMES M. GUFFEY, the Pittsburg oil and gas king, was born in Westmoreland County in 1840. He received his elementary education at the common schools, and finished his studies at the Iron City College, of which he is a graduate.

Mr. Guffey went to Pithole at the opening of the oil excitement, and acquired about the same time large interests at St. Petersburg, in Clarion County. Subsequently he selected Bradford as a base of operations, and about ten years ago he came to Pittsburg, where he has since been permanently established.

Mr. Guffey opened up and controlled the Grapeville gas field until it was taken by a corporation. This was the greatest of all the gas fields, and brought great wealth to the enterprising operator. He also acquired large interests in the Murrysville field. As a result of the development of the natural resources of those districts, several new towns sprang up and thousands of people were directly benefited, thanks to the intelligence and energy of one man.

The qualities which have caused Mr. Guffey to achieve phenomenal prosperity in business have also contributed to make him a power in politics. He is a Democrat of the old school, firm as adamant in his loyalty to the principles of his party and always ready to make personal sacrifices for the party's benefit. At the last Democratic Convention (April 13, 1892), he made a magnificent fight against Secretary of the Commonwealth Harity for the succession to the late W. L. Scott as National Committeeman, but was defeated through the resources of the State administration. He was elected National Delegate, however, and laid the foundation of better things to come in future State contests.

Mr. Guffey is married, and lives in the East End.



In him above, whose mien august
 Attests his high degree,
 Of politics the upper crust
 Exemplified you see.
 State robes to wear
 He does not care,
 Nor yet a golden crown,
 Although his fling
 He has as king
 Of Allegheny town.

How did he ever rise to fill
 That place which men revere?
 Explain the circumstance we will,
 If kindly you give ear.
 By making flour
 That's known to tow'r
 'Way upwards in renown,
 He cast a spell
 On folks that dwell
 In Allegheny town.

The Fourth ward is his dwelling-place ;
 To Councils thence he went,
 And sought to knock out dodges base,
 Felonious in intent.

When, hand in hand,
 A noble band
 Of workers joined to down
 The ring machine,
 He helped to clean
 Out Allegheny town.

J. Wyman being placed in hoc,
 A may'r the people sought,
 Trustworthy, solid as a rock
 And never to be bought ;
 A man who'd try
 To keep an eye
 On folks like Murph and Brown ;
 The miller thus
 Became the boss
 Of Allegheny town.

No more for fishing and the chase
 Or oarsmanship he cares :
 His feats henceforth alone embrace
 Municipal affairs.
 Whoever dreams
 Of shady schemes,
 Himself as well might drown,
 For firm and square
 Is now the may'r
 Of Allegheny town.

WILLIAM M. KENNEDY.

WILLIAM M. KENNEDY, the reform Mayor of Allegheny City, is a figure of peculiar interest in local politics, representing, as he does, principles that are rarely triumphant under the prevailing political conditions.

Mayor Kennedy is a son of R. T. Kennedy, and was born in 1844, on Western avenue, Allegheny, in the house now occupied by the McKnight family. He was educated at the Western University and Russell's Military school at New Haven, Conn. In 1875, he was united in marriage to Miss Eliza McClintock, daughter of Washington McClintock, an old Pittsburg carpet merchant. He entered the Pearl Milling Company (R. T. Kennedy & Bro.) about 1868, and in a short time acquired a thorough practical knowledge of the milling business. In 1870, he became a member of the firm of Marshall, Kennedy & Co., which succeeded the Pearl Milling Co., after the latter's plant had been destroyed by fire. His partnership in that concern still continues, and has been the means of placing Mr. Kennedy among the wealthiest of Allegheny's citizens.

Mr. Kennedy entered politics three years ago, becoming a member of Select Council from the Fourth ward. He sided with the reform element from the first, and when the Allegheny Reform Association was organized, became one of its most valuable members. After Mayor Wyman's seat had been declared vacant and a successor was sought, William M. Kennedy won the Republican nomination easily, and was elected without opposition to the executive chair which Mayor Voegtly had occupied temporarily before him. He was inaugurated on May 2, 1892.

Mayor Kennedy is an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, and is President of the Cheat Mountain Hunting Association, a member of the Western Pennsylvania Sportsmen's Association, and one of the founders of both organizations. He has also taken a keen interest in the promotion of oarsmanship, and was a leading supporter of the old Columbia Boat Club.

His residence is at 21 Cedar avenue, Fourth ward, Allegheny.



“Oh, the spring, the beautiful spring,”
Is a song that this chappie might suitably
sing.

Not the season that comes when the win-
ter is gone,
But the kind of a spring that we slumber
upon.

He’s a hustler in business, and makes lots
of cash ;

’Mid Republican clubmen he cuts quite a
dash ;

The Americus marchers he’s drilled by the
card,

And commissions he’s held in the Na-
tional Guard.

At the home of the newsboys a big man is
he,

Drillmaster he’s been, and he’s still a
trustee ;

And the newsies his coming hilariously
greet

When they see him parade with his club
on the street.

He cares not a rap for political jobs,
And the chaps in the league of Republi-
can clubs

Will tell you he harps on this singular
tune

Since the one time he ran he was floored
by a coon.

Perhaps it’s as well that he’s out of the
race

For empty preferment and boss-ridden
place ;

For in business, they say, he don’t meet
with a hitch,

And is happy, contented, and bound to
get rich.

A. J. LOGAN.

MAJOR A. J. LOGAN was born in the East End, Pittsburg, in July, 1857. He received a liberal education, going through the public schools, and subsequently attending the Pennsylvania Military Academy at Chester, where he studied for two years.

In 1876, Mr. Logan engaged in the upholstering business—his present occupation—in this city. Six years later he bought out Roenigk, Gill & Co., in which firm he was a partner, and in 1888 he built his present mammoth establishment on Third avenue near Market street. This building measures 60x85 feet, and is seven stories high. It is the largest of its kind in the State.

Mr. Logan is Quartermaster, with the rank of Major, in the National Guard, and is one of the most ardent military enthusiasts in Western Pennsylvania. He is also a director in the Chamber of Commerce. He is a Republican in politics, and takes just pride in having been one of the founders of the Americus Club, in which society he has held the offices of trustee, treasurer, and captain of the marching organization.

In all the relations of life Mr. Logan exhibits a uniformly estimable character. He is one of those happily-endowed individuals who make friends easily, and rarely lose them. He is married, and resides in East Liberty.



The "Doc?"—Aye, indeed, that's himself, you
 can bet,
 A hail fellow, well met,
 With no cause to regret
 That he's not an M. D., but is known as a
 "Vet,"
 And of horses the maladies heals.
 It rejoices him vastly to think he eludes
 The fancies and moods
 Of invalid dudes,
 Which a four-footed sufferer never obtrudes,
 Though ever so badly he feels.

The "Doc" is a born Philadelphia lad,
 And before him his dad
 Wide celebrity had,
 And has it as yet, with the consciousness glad
 That in years he still leads the "profesh."
 So by force of example and precept it came
 That the son proved his claim
 To inherit the fame
 Of his parent, and honors the family name
 By keeping the pride of it fresh.

Gilt-edged is his trade, and his talents entice
 Folks to take his advice,
 And to put up the price,
 Which is fixed at a figure decidedly nice—
 No M. D. could do better than that.

He's a State veterinarian, and justly he brags
 That for fire laddies' nags
 Striking physical snags
 He was first to prescribe, and at present he
 bags
 A moderate stipend thereat.

For superior horse flesh, the "Doc" has an eye,
 And keeps a supply
 Of animals spry,
 Wherewith on occasion he makes the dust fly,
 And wears the Forbes street hacks.
 In society likewise he holds up his end,
 And has many a friend
 Unto whom he'll extend
 A welcome, whereon it is safe to depend
 That it ne'er in sincerity lacks.

He's a stalwart Republican clubman, whose grip
 On his citizenship,
 We'll give you a tip,
 Is as firm as a rock, and he's managed to slip
 'Way up as a Mason besides.
 He's married, and counts as a family man
 Who goes on the plan
 That in life's little span
 He should have as much comfort as ever he
 can,
 And be happy, whatever betides.

DR. R. JENNINGS, JR.

DR. R. JENNINGS, JR., the eminent veterinary surgeon, may be said to have acquired his professional talent by inheritance. His father, R. Jennings, Sr., is the oldest veterinarian in the State. The elder Dr. Jennings organized the first veterinary college in America, which was chartered in Philadelphia in 1852, and served as its President. He is also the author of numerous standard treatises, among them "The Horse and His Diseases," "Cattle and Their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine, and Poultry," and "Horse Training Made Easy."

Dr. Jennings, the younger, was born in Philadelphia in 1851, and was educated at the public schools of that city. After four years' service in the wholesale and retail drug business, he entered the Philadelphia Veterinary College, where he graduated in 1871.

Pittsburg offered a promising field, and here the young practitioner settled down, and opened up an establishment. His efficiency early placed him upon a prosperous footing, and he has since been regarded as occupying the first place in his profession in this part of the State. For nineteen years he has had charge of the horses of the Pittsburg Fire Department, and his services to the municipality are highly esteemed.

Dr. Jennings has been a member of Select Council from the Second ward for several years. He was Chairman of the City Property Committee from 1886 to 1888, being the only Second ward Councilman who ever held that position. He is a Republican, and always a sincere and zealous partisan.

Socially Dr. Jennings is held in high regard. He is the soul of hospitality, entertains liberally, and the number of his friends is legion.



Though he's shaved off his beard, which
the artist has shown,
The face of this chap should be easily
known ;
Like a monarch in Councils he sits on his
throne

And the gavel right royally swings.
He's a "popular" ruler, because he takes
care
In making decisions to act on the square
By the boys from whose backing the
principal share
Of his pull with the Councilmen
springs.

Like another official who's in the top
grade,
As an agent for school-books some boodle
he made
And political cards so ingeniously played
That bonanzas he managed to strike.

He got into the School Board and did
quite a neat
Stroke of work with his booklets, and
after this feat
In Councils he readily captured a seat,
For with folks in his ward he is "Mike."

Now he thinks since that other official of
note
As book agent and sich was in just the
same boat
As himself, he's entitled to take off his
coat
And run for the other chap's place.
But these seemingly parallel cases don't
gee,
For the other's reformed, and our hero,
you see,
Doesn't shout for reform. If he does, he
will be
Ignominiously barred from the race.

GEORGE L. HOLLIDAY.

GEORGE L. HOLLIDAY was born at Perth, Canada, May 19, 1845, and came to Ohio with his father when he was twelve years old. He attended an academy at Northwood, O., until he reached the age of eighteen, and then attended the Normal School at Lebanon, from which he graduated in the classical course in 1866.

Shortly afterwards he came to Pittsburg, and from 1869 until 1881 was the local representative of Harper Bros.' Publishing House. He then became the representative of Ivison, Blakeman & Co., of Chicago, handling school-books only.

A year after the consolidation of the South Side with the city, Mr. Holliday became a member of Councils from the 35th ward, and has since served uninterruptedly, part of the time in the Select branch, but for several years past as president of the Common branch.

Mr. Holliday has been frequently mentioned for the Mayoralty, although he has as yet declined to seek the office.

In his business affairs he has been very successful. He is president of the Duquesne Inclined Plane Railroad, of which he was one of the original projectors and is one of the heaviest stockholders.

He was married in 1870 to Miss Mary T. Pringle, of New Concord, O.



This chap with the big mustache
And the keen and piercing eye
Is a merchant who locally cuts a dash,
And we'll tell you the reason why :
Shrewdness and grit,
Quickness of wit,
Industry, vigor and vim ;
Hand-to-hand tussling,
And toiling and hustling
Have made a high roller of him.

Low down he made a start,
To his name he hadn't a cent,
But he never was known to be faint of
heart,
And his hopes were of large extent.
For many a day
He plodded away
As a blacksmith, with hammer in hand ;
But 'twas easy to see
That some day he would be
A high muck-a-muck in the land.

Of hammering metal he tired ;
'Twas a job that lacked in "tone ;"
So his tools in a sewer he fired,
And set up in a "biz" of his own.
A mine of luck
He speedily struck
With the novel instalment plan ;
'Twas no mistake
To make the break,
For it made him a wealthy man.

His political faith is plain ;
He belongs to the G. O. P.
Of Matthew and Benny and old Jimmy
Blaine
Devotedly fond is he.
By his club he swears,
And oft declares
The Americus cannot be downed ;
And in every way
His career, they say,
Has been with prosperity crowned.

WILLIAM H. KEECH.

THE pioneer and most successful operator in the installment furniture business in Pittsburg, is W. H. Keech, whose advertisements have made his name familiar to every man, woman and child in Western Pennsylvania. Mr. Keech was born in Washington County, July 17, 1854, and was educated for three winters at the public schools in his native place. On leaving school he went to work for his living, and at the same time applied his savings to securing private instruction after each day's work was done. In 1869, he came to Pittsburg, and after spending three years in various occupations, entered a furniture house as collector. In 1879, he started independently as a furniture dealer, and prospered from the outset. He began in a modest establishment on Wood street, and as through honorable dealing and judicious advertising, his business kept on increasing, he moved to more commodious quarters on Wood street, and finally to the palatial building on Penn avenue, which he now occupies.

Mr. Keech is married and is the father of three children—two boys and a girl. He is an ardent Republican, and has been for seven years one of the leading spirits of the Americus Club, holding successively all the offices in the Club except that of President. The latter dignity was repeatedly offered to him, but he refused to take it on account of the demands of business. Mr. Keech has never been an aspirant for public office, but is a vigorous worker within the party lines. He is a bright, wide-awake, enterprising citizen, and American to the core.



This shrewd-looking gent with the shortage of hair

And the surplus of fiery-hued beard,
In politics hustles with cleverness rare,
And is widely respected and feared.
They call him a hayseed because he resides

In a township 'mid rustic galoots,
Though it's little hayseediness ever abides
In this slick individual's boots.

In his youth from the "Black North" of Ireland he came,

And he sticks to his Scotch-Irish tricks;
He holds fast to King William, and thinks it a shame

That the world should be bothered with Micks.

But for very good reasons he don't give away

His anti-papistical views,
For in working the voters it never would pay

This racket in public to use.

As the boss of his township he's everywhere known,

But he isn't contented with that;
In county conventions his talent is shown
For knocking his enemies flat.
If he once forms a grudge, he holds on like a leech,

As tenacious as any bull-pup,
And the victim can't hope to get out of his reach,

For on scrapping he'll never let up.

He's a Quay man at heart, not afraid of Magee,

And no heeler to backcap him dares—
Thus it comes that his Nobs was elected to be

A director of county affairs.
From this height he looks back on the boodle he's made

Building wagons, and joyful he feels
When he thinks what a cinch he has now on the trade

Of "spoking" political wheels.

JAMES G. WEIR.

JAMES G. WEIR, the leading wagon-builder in Western Pennsylvania, was born in County Derry, Ireland, in 1835, and was educated in the common schools of his native country. From 1852 to 1857 he lived in Lanarkshire, Scotland, and emigrated thence to the United States, coming direct to Pittsburg. He learned the trade of wagon and carriage maker on Seventh avenue, and in 1860 started in business for himself on the same street, opposite the old Neptune Engine House. In 1861 he removed to where the Union Station now stands, and in 1863 made another transfer, locating on Washington street, where he remained until he was burned out in the riots of 1877. He then established his factory on Liberty avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, and continues to carry on there an extensive and lucrative trade. Mr. Weir received the only medals and diplomas awarded by the Pennsylvania State Fair during the years 1881, 1882, and 1883.

In 1887 he entered politics as a candidate for County Commissioner, and was defeated in the convention by only one vote. Three years later he ran for the same office, and was easily nominated and elected.

Mr. Weir is one of the most valuable men that have ever served as Commissioner. His business habits and traditional Scotch-Irish prudence and far-sightedness, coupled with rigid honesty, render him an efficient guardian of the people's interests. He lives in O'Hara township, near Sharpsburg, and enjoys a wider range of acquaintance throughout the county than falls to the lot of more than one man out of a thousand.



Let not this gent's engaging air,
And smile so innocent,
Persuade you that he doesn't bear
A power of large extent.
For though he sports civilian dress
And unofficial looks,
That he's a corker all confess,
When he gets in his hooks.

A great philanthropist is he,
And souls he seeks to win ;
For, if his men poor sinners see,
They always scoop them in,
And then this chap his tender care
Upon the waifs bestows,
And lets them have a change of air,
Likewise a change of clothes.

Unto the fallen he's a friend,
Full often we've heard tell
How rounders he would recommend
To Warner's big hotel.
Thieves, bullies, murderers and thugs
Alike his friendship know ;
He fills his album with their mugs
And takes them all in tow.

Speak-easies tremble at his name,
Card-sharpers shirk his eye ;
High rollers dodgé him just the same
As do the smaller fry.
And so this all-potential sharp
Will plod on, till allowed
To play forever on a harp
And loaf upon a cloud.

JOHN McALEESE.

AMONG the host of officials employed in Allegheny County there is none who enjoys a greater measure of public confidence, and enjoys it more deservedly, than John McAleese, the Warden of the county jail. Twenty years of service rendered the public in various capacities, without a blemish in his record, is the platform on which Mr. McAleese contested for and won the wardenship, at a time when the public demanded with one voice that only an absolutely trustworthy and competent man should receive the office.

Mr. McAleese was born on March 10, 1851, in the Thirteenth ward, then known as Pitt Township. His family is one of the oldest in the township, his father having resided there for 60 years. The future Warden received his education in the public schools, and at the age of 17 learned the carpenter's trade. In 1872 he joined No. 5 Engine Company, and he was the foreman of that company for ten years. In 1888, Chief J. O. Brown appointed him Inspector of the First police district. The responsibility attached to this position was great, and involved extraordinary labor and vigilance. Mr. McAleese, however, acquitted himself with conspicuous ability, purged the down-town portion of the city of the thugs and loafers with which it was infested, and kept the political interlopers at bay, so that on his retirement after four years' service the press of the city was unanimous in commending his work and congratulating the prison board on his appointment to take charge of the jail. This event occurred on October 13, 1891, shortly after the escape of the notorious outlaw, Fred. C. Fitzsimmons, which led to the withdrawal of Warden John Berlin.

Warden McAleese owes his success to his strict and inviolable fidelity to duty, coupled with a full consciousness of his obligations to the public. His life is regulated by military rule, and it may be said of him, as of few others holding public place, that he is an official "without fear and without reproach."



Hamlet, getting off the handle,
 Owing to domestic scandal,
 Struggled hard to find the key
 To the question, quite perplexing,
 Whether 'tis, midst troubles vexing,
 Best "to be or not to be."

Hamlet's views, of course, don't matter ;
 He, poor fellow ! at his latter
 End was rather prone to scoff ;
 'Tis enough to be aware of
 This, that when we've had our share of
 Fun we all must shuffle off.

Man, proud man, since this the case is,
 Since against collapse our race is
 Absolutely unsecured ;
 Don't, like Hamlet, take to idle
 Thoughts and musing suicidal ;
 Go and get your life insured.

One herewith we're introducing,
 Who in policies producing
 Shows adroitness unsurpassed ;
 Youngest he of managerial
 Experts, yet to him imperial
 Conquests keep a-coming fast.

Down on Wood street, near the bankers
 And the brokers—there he anchors
 Solidly his spanking craft ;
 "Home, Sweet Home," approximately
 Is its title ; thither lately
 Lots of trade the breezes waft.

Perseverance and endurance
 In the line of life insurance,
 Just as elsewhere, must succeed ;
 Hence, this young man enterprising,
 With facility surprising,
 Moves ahead and takes the lead.

H. B. MOESER.

THE distinction of being the youngest insurance manager in Pennsylvania, and a highly successful manager to boot, belongs to H. B. Moeser, who has charge of the affairs of the Home Life Insurance Company in the western district of Pennsylvania. Mr. Moeser is the son of Louis Moeser, the German consul in Pittsburg, who has resided here since 1842. The young man is a native of this city, and was educated in Allegheny. For three years he was associated with his father in the management of a large shipping agency, and also in the pursuit of architecture. Eleven years ago he entered the insurance business, his natural adaptability to which gave him a quick mastery of its details. After spending a considerable period in the employ of another company, he accepted the position of manager for the company which he now serves. His efficiency is, perhaps, best attested by the fact that in four months, dating from the time of his appointment, three times as much business was done under his control as had been done in an entire year previously.

Mr. Moeser claims for his company that it is the best of its kind in the country. The local office at 533 Wood street is one of the most commodious and handsomely-appointed in Pittsburg, reflecting in its equipment the prosperous condition of the company's business under the competent guidance of the young manager.



In this age of invention,
When all is contention
To see who in brains is supreme,
The railroad contractor
Stands high as a factor
In helping the workings of steam.
Though of patents he's heedless
And finds that it's needless
Original schemes to concoct,
Yet the railroads require him
And know when they hire him
They're bound to be heavily socked.

The one that we sing of
Makes quite a good thing of
The contracts that drop in his lap,
And—most comforting this is—
It's rarely he misses
His profits, or meets a mishap.
Democracy's banner
He hoists in a manner
That shows he is ready to slap
Any Quay-ridden sinner,
And so he's been winner
In many a desperate scrap.

For Wallace he struggled
And fain would have juggled
With Pattison's iron-clad grip ;
And now like a lion
He's loose with his eye on
A national delegateship.
In looks he's a daisy
And sets the girls crazy ;
He's single, and, therefore, you know,
For his beauty and riches
The cute little witches
Would cheerfully take him in tow.

Though of jobs no supporter,
He lives in the quarter
Where Chris is the monarch of all.
With the gang cheek by jowl he
Stays, wondering *how'll he*
In politics e'er make a haul.
But with visage that's cheery,
He faces O'Leary
And others that train with the ring,
For however they view him
They cannot hoodoo him
Nor keep him from having his fling.

WILLIAM E. HOWLEY.

THE railroad contracting business furnishes a field for some of the most progressive and brainy of our citizens, and in this category William E. Howley may fitly be classed. Mr. Howley was born in old Pitt township, now the Fourteenth ward, Pittsburg, in 1861. He was educated at the ward schools and the High School, and is also a graduate of Duff's College. From 1875 to 1880, he was employed as a clerk in the Crescent Tube Works. He then assumed a clerkship in the City Assessor's office, and retained that position until 1882. From 1882 to 1887, he was in the service of the Pennsylvania Company. He then entered the railroad contracting business, his aptitude for which was such as to place him almost immediately on the high-road to prosperity. Large and remunerative contracts were entrusted to him from the first, and his profits nowadays entitle him to rank among our most prosperous citizens.

Mr. Howley is a Democrat on principle, and labors to emphasize his political principles by rendering material assistance to his party. He attends the party conventions and uses his best efforts to procure the strengthening of the Democratic county organization, and rescue it from the influence of the local Republican ring. He is one of the pillars of the Columbus Club.



He that's endowed with these features
 symmetrical,
 Odd though it seems, is an expert elec-
 trical.
 Curious secrets of science he knows,
 Yet thereof not a trace in his visage he
 shows.

Wires he supplies that play havoc with
 gloominess,
 Bearing a fluid of radiance luminous,
 Currents establishes, sure to surpass
 In effect the enfeebled achievements of
 gas.

Searching his record for facts biographical,
 Early we find him at work typographical,
 Struggling in Beaver, and hard was his
 case,
 For he slaved at the "galleys," and "pi"
 had to chase.

Next he went out to a land territorial,
 Opened up there the first manor seigniorial.
 Stayed in Dakota for many a year,
 And in farming was reckoned a bold
 pioneer.

Home he returned with the triumph he
 merited,
 Tackled thereafter a business inherited,
 Handed right down from the sire of his sire,
 Insurance it was against losses by fire.

Soon came the day when that project
 idealized,
 Lighting by wire, was substantially realized.
 Into the field with his partner he went,
 And he never had cause of the act to re-
 pent.

Now we may say without verging on flat-
 tery,
 No one knows better the use of a battery ;
 The flashes from lightning, from thunder
 the bolts,
 He extracts for his ohms and revamps for
 his volts.

Young though he be—still from forty re-
 mote he is ;
 Fairly on prosperous waters afloat he is,
 Murkiness never encounters his gaze,
 But his atmosphere's filled with a lucra-
 tive haze.

GILBERT A. HAYS.

WHEN the electrical industry began to receive active development, Gilbert A. Hays was one of the first Pittsburgers to perceive and take advantage of its possibilities. Mr. Hays is practically a native of this city, having been born just outside the municipal limits. He is now 37 years of age, and has spent most of his life in Pittsburg.

Thrown on his own resources at an early age, he was compelled to leave school sooner than most boys, to earn his bread and butter. He learned the printing business at Beaver Falls, and was a compositor there for ten years. He then went West in the interest of Clark & Thaw, and opened for that firm the first farm in Dakota Territory, thus earning the title of the pioneer farmer of Dakota.

On the death of his grandfather, Mr. Hays returned to Pittsburg and assumed charge of the fire insurance business established by his relatives. His grandfather had been proprietor of a prosperous agency for thirty years, and Mr. Hays has continued the business for thirteen years, in connection with a partner, under the firm name of Hays & Lowry, at No. 59 Fourth Avenue.

Three years ago, Mr. Hays organized the Iron City Electric Company at No. 110 Wood street, and he is now president of that concern, with Horace F. Lowry as secretary and treasurer. Mr. Lowry is well known as the founder of the *Telegraph*, now merged into the *Chronicle-Telegraph*. The original capital of the electric company was only a few hundred dollars, but it now does a business of \$60,000 per annum, and is patronized by the best firms in the city.

Mr. Hays married Miss Fleming, daughter and heiress of Joseph Fleming, the druggist and wine merchant, and has five children.



“*Marron glace*,” the Frenchmen say—

It means a frozen chestnut.

But thus to twit and basely hit

The man above you'd best not.

With all his faults, 'gainst such assaults

He's proof, and in his chosen

Pursuits is free from ways that be

Chestnutical or frozen.

Observe him well—his looks should tell

At once that he's a lawyer,

In books immersed and deeply versed

In Terminer and Oyer.

His eye is fierce as though 'twould pierce

An enemy with fury ;

By all accounts he thus surmounts

The views of judge and jury.

In rhetoric he's deuced quick,

And never gets bombastic ;

But, when he likes, right home he strikes

With language that's sarcastic.

At crucial times his tongue he primes

With language vitriolic ;

And so to make opponents quake

Appears to him a frolic.

Like Cicero he lets 'er go

When he defends a felon ;

His fluent tongue and strength of lung

The court-room cast a spell on.

The witness that might knock him flat

He hastens to belittle ;

And when he's through, what can they do

But grant him an acquittal?

So too he floors forensic bores

In litigation civil ;

And drives the spear of logic clear

Through prosiness and drivel.

That's why he stands a head and hands

Above those chaps who star on

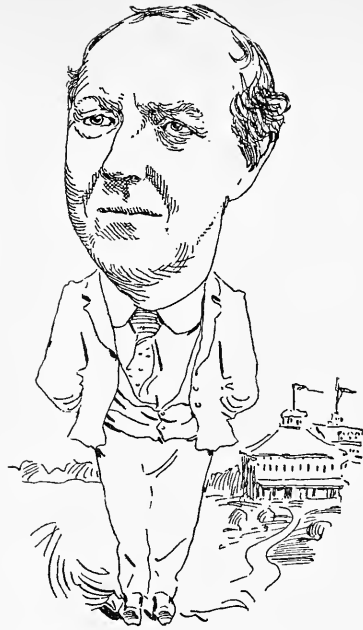
Pure nerve and brass, the only class

Described in French as “*marron*.”

JOHN MARRON.

IN point of ability as a criminal lawyer, and especially as a cross-examiner, John Marron, Esq., is inferior to none and excelled by few of his brother professionals in the State. His tact, keenness and faculty of ready retort have made him feared as well as respected, and the possession of these qualities renders him a veritable tower of strength in pleading criminal cases. Mr. Marron was born in the Eighth ward, Pittsburg, in 1856. He attended the public schools, and finished his studies under the direction of private tutors. His bent was naturally towards the law, for which pursuit he prepared himself in the office of the late Marshall Schwartzwelder, a memorable figure in his day. Mr. Marron was called to the bar about 15 years ago. His brilliant talents placed him at once upon a prosperous footing, and he has been conspicuously before the public ever since. He is an indefatigable worker, tenacious, irrepressible, never yielding an inch of ground to an adversary without a hard struggle.

Mr. Marron takes an interest in politics without developing into a politician, and leans to the Democratic side. He is unmarried, and lives with his mother in Allegheny City.



From the handsome hotel where this gentleman sits
 In the pride of proprietorship,
 He looks back to the days when he used
 to give fits
 To the people who came
 His attention to claim
 And with foot-gear themselves to equip.

World-famed were the pedal adornments
 he sold,
 And with him it was bootless to vie ;
 Though of slipper-y customers oft he got
 hold
 Who'd dishonor a bill,
 Yet no whiteness of Gill
 Or confusion in him you'd descry.

A magnificent fortune of course he amassed,
 And from mercantile channels retired ;
 Then his eye on a gilt-edged investment
 he cast ;
 'Twas a Wood street hotel
 With a patronage swell—
 And the same he directly acquired.

The previous owners from ages remote
 Had been Democrats straight through
 and through,

But the newcomer gloried in casting his vote
 And in doing his best
 With unusual zest
 Right along for Republicans true.

Still political feeling can never affect
 His engaging and pleasant address,
 The courtesy polished that travelers expect
 He exhibits in ways
 That win nothing but praise ;
 As a host he's a real success.

"All the comforts of home," he will tell
 you, are found
 In his house, and its glories to paint
 He is able in periods flowing and round,
 Which we needn't recite,
 Though record it we might
 That the hostelry's named for a saint.

Do you marvel that when he goes over
 his rooms
 (They're a hundred in number, 'tis
 said,)

That an aspect of pleasure supreme he
 assumes,
 And stoutly contends
 That his mansion transcends
 Ev'ry rival and stands at the head?

CHARLES S. GILL.

TO the traveling public the name of Charles S. Gill is suggestive of that combination of hospitality and tact which is essential in the ideal landlord of an ideal modern hotel. To a very large circle of Pittsburgers it suggests a personality long and favorably associated with local progress and naturally an object of esteem. Mr. Gill is the proprietor of the St. Charles Hotel, at Third avenue and Wood street. He was born in Allegheny City, of Scotch parents, in 1838. His mother is still living, having attained the ripe age of 87 years. She is a pleasant, lovable lady, well versed in Burns and other poets.

Mr. Gill was educated in the public schools. At the age of 14, he engaged in mercantile pursuits with his father on Wood street. In 1872, their place of business was removed to Liberty street, but they returned to Wood street later on.

In 1888, Mr. Gill became proprietor of the St. Charles Hotel, an establishment of high reputation. The house contains over 100 rooms, is conducted on the American plan, and contains all modern conveniences, including natural gas and incandescent lights throughout. Mr. Gill believes in the efficacy of home comforts as distinguished from the bare and inhospitable accommodations which foreign visitors are wont to describe as the curse of hotels in the United States. He aims at making his patrons enjoy their visits, and the fact that his establishment is always full is the best possible demonstration that his policy is the right one.

Mr. Gill was married in 1868. In politics he is a consistent adherent of the Republican party, and he is the first of that political creed that has ever controlled the St. Charles.



From the features of this person you will
readily observe

That he's blest with lots of shrewdness and
a large amount of nerve.

You might think him a detective, or a
lightning auctioneer,

But he does a quiet business as a finan-
cier.

There's a ticker in his office which won't
tell you what's o'clock,

For it's not the kind of ticker that a fellow
puts in hoc.

It keeps grinding out the figures which
are needed to make clear

The proper lay to work on as a financier.

When he's sized the figures up, our hero
gaily sallies forth,

And proceeds to shake the market up for
all that he is worth ;

'Mid the bulls and bears he operates, and
helps the lambs to shear,

For shearing is the business of a financier.

If you want to buy on margins, he is sure
to treat you right ;

As long as you've the cash, he'll buy you
everything in sight.

And when your pile's exhausted, he will
drop a briny tear,

And remark that you're not built to be a
financier.

By dint of operating thus, his bank ac-
count he's swelled ;

His bulling and his bearing never yet have
been excelled ;

And so the little fish on 'Change this lucky
chap revere,

For they know he's made the raffle as a
financier.

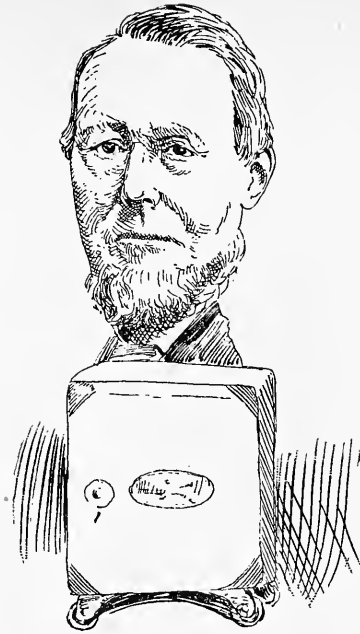
GEORGE B. HILL

TWENTY-FIVE years of tireless industry, together with a remarkable genius for financiering, have placed George B. Hill at the head of the fraternity of stock brokers in Pittsburg. Mr. Hill's history is that of a self-made man, who sought and found his own opportunities, and is able now, at the summit of his prosperity, to make the pardonable boast that he has to "thank no man for a dollar." Mr. Hill's first business venture is a significant index to the whole character of the man. When a mere boy he took advantage of a school vacation to open a store, in partnership with a young companion. The assets did not exceed \$100, and for their capital the boys were indebted to a good-natured merchant. The partner managed the store, while George went abroad and drummed up business. On the third day the partner decamped with the assets. George reported the calamity to the merchant, and undertook to devise means of paying off the indebtedness. The merchant owned some property which had long been unmarketable. Young Hill went among the capitalists, found a purchaser, and his commission on the deal more than paid the indebtedness of the defunct firm.

In 1865 Mr. Hill came to Pittsburg, and in 1867 commenced business as a broker and dealer in stocks. Since then he has figured in some of the greatest stock deals on record in the State. Perhaps the most extensive of these was the famous gas stock deal, out of which grew the Philadelphia Gas Company.

In July, 1881, Mr. W. I. Mustin was admitted to partnership, and three years later Mr. John D. Nicholson was also taken into the firm, which has since been known under the title of George B. Hill & Co.

Mr. Hill's individual interests are large and varied. He is a director of all these companies: The Pittsburg, Allegheny & Manchester R. R. Co., the Pittsburg & Manchester Traction Co., the Second National Bank of Allegheny, and the Standard Underground Cable Co., and he is President of the Allegheny Traction Co. The offices of his firm are at No. 111 Fourth Avenue.



Is he French? Is he Dutch? Is he a Russian or a Swede?
 Is he Spanish, Swiss or Polish, or of Anglo-Saxon breed?
 Not a bit; just see his face,
 And you'll quickly tell his race;
 To find out that he's an Irishman a glance
 is all you need.

There's pugnacity and jollity, good-heartedness and grit,
 All together in his features by the hand of nature writ,
 It would take a stupid crank
 To mistake him for a Yank,
 For a brogue that's rich and mellow-toned
 sets off his Irish wit.

There was little to be gotten in the verdant land of Pat,
 So he traveled to the land where all are rich and sleek and fat.
 When he bid his friends good-bye,
 "Don't forget," he said, "that I
 Will come back when I'm a millionaire"
 (the Irish all say that).

Many a year he worked in Pittsburg making safes and bolts and locks,
 Which would stand the heat of Hades and the worst of earthly shocks;
 And such headway has he made
 That he now controls the trade,
 And whoever would compete with him to smithereens he knocks.

You can see his products picturesque in offices and stores,
 Or sized up by the populace as they're hauled to upper floors.
 Far and near they're in request,
 North and south and east and west,
 And they carry the maker's name in great big letters on the doors.

Will he e'er go back to Ireland to remain and spend his pile?
 Only ask him till you see him crack a monumental smile.
 He'll admit that it would be a
 Most nonsensical idea
 To return and live his life out in that one-horse little isle.

THOMAS BARNES.

WHEREVER the famous Barnes Safe is used—and that means everywhere throughout the United States and in many foreign countries—the name of Thomas Barnes is known and respected. Mr. Barnes was born at Dublin, Ireland, in December, 1817, and was educated in his native city. He emigrated to the United States in June, 1836, and in the same year settled in Pittsburg, securing employment in the first safe shop established here.

There he learned the rudiments of safe-making and laid the foundations of the prosperity which came to him in later years. The young Irishman was too enterprising to be kept long in the capacity of a subordinate. Seeing a field of wider scope before him, he entered the safe business on his own account as a member of the firm of Burke & Barnes. This concern was a success from the start.

In 1872, Mr. Burke withdrew from the firm, and Mr. Barnes assumed sole control. He at once began the enlargement of the works, and by judicious management the business was extended to mammoth proportions, until now it is the largest of its kind in the State.

Mr. Barnes has been a lifelong Democrat. He served three years in Common Council from the Third ward, but, aside from that experience, he has never surrendered much of his time to the pursuit of politics and its rewards. He is a plain, unassuming gentleman, noted for the integrity of his character and his insistence upon strict business principles.



Base amateur, scoot, with your measly kodak
At the art photographic don't dare take a
whack

While the chap in the picture's around;
For 'tis he has the knack, there is nary a
doubt,
On demand ev'ry kind of good looks to grind
out;

There is no room for tyros when he is about—
Their efforts he's sure to confound.

Size him up as he stands with Delsartean grace,
A majestic expression appears on his face,
Which seems very plainly to say:
"I'm boss of my trade and my rivals defy;
Your tin-types and such like are all in my eye;
I alone can take hold of a regular guy
And make him look fairer than day."

With an eye for effect that is cunning and keen,
His victim he plants at a posing machine,
With a landscape built round him to suit.
"Now, steady," he says, "crack a heavenly
smile;
Don't stir for your life, or the plate you will
spoil,"
Then he slings round a little brass cap for awhile
And, eureka!—the picture's a "beaut."

When he touches 'er up, then the fine work comes
in;

The long and the short folks, the fat and the thin,
The pug-nosed, and people who squint,
Must be done up in style with a delicate brush,
Till Adonis and Venus are put to the blush
And the subjects are sure o'er the likeness to gush
And pay for the same without stint.

His devotion to art has repaid itself well,
So that now he is socially known as a swell,
A high-flyer at fashion, in fact.
And they say that his profits in oil have been
steep,
Which enables him thoroughbred horses to keep,
And go fishing for tarpon in Gulf waters deep,
Where Quay does the fisherman act.

There are others who try to keep level with him,
But they never can make it—they're not in the
swim,

The cream of the business he nabs;
And though envious tongues at his handiwork
strike,
He lets them abuse him as much as they like,
For he's top o' the heap, and he feels that he's
Mike,
And despises their mean little dabs.

B. L. H. DABBS.

B. L. H. DABBS, the leading photographer in Pennsylvania, was born in London in 1839. While he was still a child, his parents came to this country. His father, George Dabbs, was one of the pioneers of the photographic supply trade in America, being first a member of the firm of L. Chapman & Co., of New York, and, subsequent to 1856, senior partner in the firm of George Dabbs & Co., of Philadelphia. Thus the young B. L. H. Dabbs early became conversant with the details of the business in which he has since taken such a high place.

Mr. Dabbs came to Pittsburg in 1861, and opened a store for the sale of ambrotype and photographic supplies. In the same year he purchased the gallery of a Mr. Rorah, Nos. 90 and 92 Federal street, Allegheny, and entered the field of artistic photography. His work was a revelation to the people of Pittsburg and vicinity, and commanded prompt appreciation.

In 1864, Mr. Dabbs removed to Pittsburg, and established the largest photograph gallery in the State at 46 and 48 Sixth street. So rapidly did the demand for his photographs increase that, in 1869, he sold out his business as a dealer in photographic materials. Since then he has devoted all his time and talents to the taking of portraits and the development of the photographic art.

In 1876, he removed to his present quarters at 602 Liberty street. There he has gathered around him a corps of operators and auxiliary artists not excelled in the country. Mr. Dabbs is thus enabled to turn out pictures unrivalled in the two cities for their striking, truthful and singularly artistic character. He has the rare gift of discerning the most natural expression of his subjects, and his manner inspires confidence.

Mr. Dabbs is quick to adopt the latest inventions, and experimental study has always had his closest attention. He stands among photographers, as with the public, in excellent repute; his energy is unabating, and clientage is his constantly increasing.

He resides with his family in a handsome mansion on Hiland avenue, East End, where he has one of the finest art libraries in the city.



W. C. CONNELLY.

See the Colonel on his charger, just a
thirsting for the fray,
You can tell from his habiliments that
fighting is his lay,
With his flashing sword and buttons bright,
deny it if you can,
If ever there was a soldier slick, the Colonel
is the man.

Determination lurks in those mustaches
fiercely curled ;
The cut of his beard and whiskers bids
defiance to the world.
When Providence of humanity blocked
out the final plan
She topped off with a soldier, and the
Colonel is the man.

The Colonel's on the Governor's staff, and
that's the reason why
He never has had a chance to fight, though
blood is in his eye.
But if the God of battles e'er the uni-
verse should scan
For a chap to take Napoleon's place, the
Colonel is the man.

In private life the Colonel drives a jour-
nalistic quill ;
He's worked the racket for many a year
and means to work it still.
He sends the news all over the globe from
Oshkosh to Japan,
And if ever a scribbler struck it rich, the
Colonel is the man.

If the Colonel's asked the question, can
he decently afford
To recognize the graphic pen as mightier
than the sword ?
He answers, "Both are weapons that place
a hero in the van."
And of course, if ever a hero lived, the
Colonel is the man.

When Pattison's term runs out, alas ! the
Colonel will collapse,
With other eminent Democrats, that hold
official snaps ;
But if ever a Democrat proved his claim,
since history began,
To posterity's kind remembrance, then
the Colonel is the man.



CONTROLLER JAMES BROWN.

Perhaps you'll think this chap's a jay
 Because his attire is "neglige ;"
 If so, and you feel inclined to scoff,
 From the truth you'll be a long way off ;
 For, though he don't hustle or raise much
 fuss,

He can turn a trick with the best of us,
 And he's studied the art from baby-
 hood
 Of saying little and sawing wood.

The groundwork in this line he laid
 In early life at the carpenter trade ;
 "A higher plane I'll seek," thought he ;
 "But filed away I'll never be."

Vice charmed him not the smallest bit,
 And his chiseled face was always lit
 With a smile, for he augured nothing but
 good
 From saying little and sawing wood.

In Allegheny, his dwelling-place,
 His circle of friends increased apace,
 And, urged by them, he set his cap
 For a modest little political snap—

Assessor's clerk was about his size
 As a starting-point from which to rise,
 And he got there because of the likelihood
 Of his saying little and sawing wood.

As a politician he forged ahead
 "Try for Controller," some one said.
 Out he came as a candidate,
 And captured a place on the winning slate.
 Though twenty years since then have
 passed,
 To the self-same job he still sticks fast,
 And he holds his own, as few people could,
 By saying little and sawing wood.

Morals in verse don't amount to much,
 But we'll sling one in for a finishing touch :
 The man who raises the biggest hurrah
 Is only too often a man of straw ;
 While quiet ducks, like our North Side
 friend,
 Are apt to come out on top in the end ;
 For there's nothing that wins fame, friends
 and "bood"
 Like saying little and sawing wood.



Here's a canny son of Scotland, who for-
sook the Land o' Cakes,
And came hither with an empty purse to
play for heavy stakes ;
A fortune he could shovel up, by some one
he was told,
Since the streets were strewn with jewels
and the sidewalks heaped with gold.

Now this fortune-making process some-
how didn't come to pass,
So our hero came to Pittsburg, where he
worked at blowing glass ;
And he blew with such dexterity that
'twasn't very long
Till he found himself distinguished and
politically strong.

When the horny-handed sons of toil per-
ceived his happy knack
Of speechifying publicly they clapped him
on the back,
Saying, "Andy, boy, you're just the lad to
plead the workers' cause ;"
Then they sent him down to Harrisburg
to work at making laws.

Later on he went to Councils, and ar-
ranged with Chris Magee
In twenty thousand years or so to make
the bridges free ;
Says Chris : " Old man, you're welcome
bridge arrangements to control ;"
Whereupon he winked at Andy—aye, and,
Andy smiled a smole.

Now the South Side bridges are not free,
but Andy's quick to claim
That the cash to free them vanishes, and
that he is not to blame ;
And you'll notice that in stating thus the
merits of the case
An entrancing look of innocence illumi-
nates his face.

Andy's now a full-fledged barrister—un-
usually flip ;
He would dearly love to get the county
prosecutorship ;
But if he's going to manage it we really
can't see how,
Though both Chris and William seem to
think he's strictly in it now.

A. C. ROBERTSON.

THE "canny Scot," who combines shrewd caution with close-fistedness, is not exactly typified in "Andy" Robertson, who, though a Scotchman born, has all the free-handed, easy-going tendencies of Cousin Pat, of the Emerald Isle.

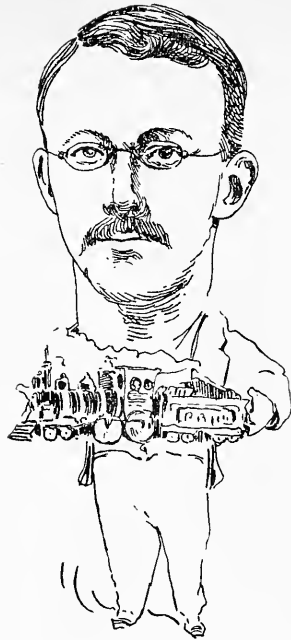
Mr. Robertson was born in the city of Glasgow, May 4, 1850. He was left an orphan at the age of seven years, and spent one year in an orphan asylum. Young "Andy's" independence was not to be cramped, however, and he took French leave of the asylum, returning to the friends among whom he had spent his infancy. He secured employment as water boy in a glass house, and thus, at eight years of age, earned his own living.

The youth's educational advantages were small, his only schooling being what he had obtained in the orphanage. In 1863 he was bound as an apprentice to learn the glass trade. Two years later he deserted his employers and came to the United States. When he landed in New York he had just ten cents in his pocket. A friend took him to Philadelphia, and he worked at the glass trade in that city and also in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. After one year's sojourn in this country, he returned to Scotland on a visit, and remained there five months.

In 1867 Mr. Robertson came to Pittsburg and secured work here at his trade as a bottle-blower. This calling he pursued for sixteen years, working at it in almost every State where glass-houses are located.

Meanwhile he managed to educate himself, and his gift of oratory, coupled with other talents, made him prominent among the labor element, and finally brought him to the front as a politician on the Republican side. In 1882 he was elected to the Legislature, in which body he served continuously until 1888. In that year he resigned, to run for the unexpired term of the Select Councilman from the Thirty-fifth ward. He was re-elected twice afterwards, and is now serving his third term. He has been a delegate to all the Republican State Conventions in the past five years, and in the convention of '92 he made the speech nominating the present State Treasurer.

Mr. Robertson commenced the study of law in 1887, and was admitted to the bar in June, 1890. He has a good practice, which keeps constantly growing, and he has been engaged in the trial of all kinds of cases, from murder down.



The General Agent to-day we describe
 And an excellent sample he is of the tribe
 Whom the railroads incessantly keep on
 the go
 To give business a boom and keep traffic
 in tow.

He is not an underling—that you may
 guess
 From the dignity great that his features
 express,
 But officially stands at the top of the tree
 And to multifold interests carries the key.

Complaints he considers and rates he ad-
 justs
 For firms, individuals, syndics and trusts ;
 Other agents he meets and profoundly
 pow-wows,
 It is thus they stave off periodical rows.

To Andrew Carnēgie he'll mention a price
 For shipping steel rails, or he'll tender
 advice
 To the humblest beginner who thinks he's
 oppressed

And deprived of some privilege granted
 the rest.

With so much to engross him, you'd think
 without doubt
 That his intellect early would have to
 play out,
 That the Erie and Western certainly must
 Fill his place pretty soon or be likely to
 "bust."

Now the fact of the matter is this : He's
 the kind
 Of a hustler that thrives on a terrible
 grind,
 And when work's mounting up in a des-
 perate way
 He just beams through his glasses and
 marks it O. K.

Withal he's a sociable, affable soul
 Who won't measure a man by the size of
 his roll ;
 And whatever of corporate sins we may say,
 Not a symptom of guilt does the Agent
 display.

SAMUEL P. WOODSIDE.

AN excellent specimen of the vigorous, pushing railroad man is S. P. Woodside, General Agent of the New York, Lake Erie & Western R. R. Mr. Woodside is the son of Hugh Woodside, of Allegheny, and was born and reared in that city. He attended the public schools and finished his education at Newell's Institute, Pittsburg. His start in life was obtained as a clerk with the Pennsylvania Company under C. L. Cole. In this employment he remained from 1877 to 1880, and then became a clerk with the New York, Lake Erie & Western Company, under Sam P. Shane, at that time General Agent for the Company.

In the early part of 1884, the Pittsburg & Western Railroad enlisted Mr. Woodside's services in a clerical capacity, and he did duty under F. A. Dean until June 1st of that year, when he was appointed agent for the Globe Fast Freight Line. That position he held until February, 1885. He then entered the Globe Line's general office at Buffalo, where he spent three months paving the way for fresh advancement.

From Buffalo, Mr. Woodside returned to Pittsburg, having been appointed contracting agent for the New York, Lake Erie & Western road under Mr. Shane. In 1886, he served the B. & O. Railroad in the same capacity under C. S. Wright, and continued with that road until the latter part of July, 1887, when he returned to the New York, Lake Erie & Western, this time as general agent, succeeding Mr. Shane, who had been appointed general freight agent for the same line. Mr. Woodside still holds this position, and discharges its responsibilities with capability above the average. Railroad men regard him as one of the brightest and most useful men in the business. His courteous and obliging disposition renders him a universal favorite, and visibly enhances his usefulness to the Company.



PROF. B. C. JILLSON.

See the dignified geologist, his hammer in his hand,
After stony curiosities he dodges through the land;
Real English are his whiskers, and the wind that whistles through
Their luxuriance extensive has as much as it can do.

You can guess it from his countenance that teaching is his trade,
He looks so dictatorial, methodical and staid;
In his eye there lurks the evidence of thoughtfulness profound,
And he loves the young idea with his learning to confound.

First he bangs them with the records of the metamorphic age,
When there weren't any animals upon this earthly stage,
Then he springs the early fossils, and goes on with purpose fell
Of the strata that come later fishy narratives to tell.

On the era carboniferous he dwells with ghoulish glee,
Making cracks about the woods that in this region used to be,

And expatiates on animals that elephants would dwarf,
Loafing down around the river bank and sleeping on the wharf.

Then he strikes the glacial period and reels off stories queer,
Of the neighborhood's being frozen through and through for many a year,
And if any one should doubt him, he demolishes them quite,
By producing labeled cobble-stones to prove that he is right.

Of our local people's college he was formerly the boss,
But he left to take the West by storm, and many mourned his loss;
Yet the West would not be stormed, and like the needle to the pole,
To the college he came back, though in a secondary role.

If you want to get a glimpse of him, meander up the hill,
On the top of which he labors useful knowledge to instill,
And amid the "A's" and "B's" and "C's" and "D's," as they are called,
You will find this festive scientist triumphantly installed.



PROF. J. P. MCCOLLUM.

Shade of Mozart, though it goes hard
 To recall you from the tomb,
 You may trust us, 'tis but justice
 Leads us thusly to presume.
 Since we sing of one who's king of
 Mozart clubmen, and whose track
 Nicely gees with and agrees with
 Yours—we mean Director Mac.

He is pensive, inoffensive,
 Massive-browed and dreamy-eyed.
 Moods harmonic are the chronic
 State in which his thoughts abide.
 Strains entrancing keep a-dancing
 Through his brain, nor does he lack
 Power to bring 'em forth and sing 'em ;
 Strong-lunged is Director Mac.

When before his eye the score is,
 And the baton in his hand ;
 Then he'll tower high in power,
 Greatest monarch in the land.
 Softly, loudly, gently, proudly,
 Drawing with artistic knack
 From the chorus chants sonorous,
 Glorious is Director Mac.

Periodic feats melodic
 In the elder City hall ;
 To the classes and the masses
 He supplies and suits 'em all.
 Mozart's measures, priceless treasures,
 Valiantly his aids attack.
 All are captured, quite enraptured,
 By this same Director Mac.

Mac no longer as in younger
 Days elusive wealth must chase.
 When perspiring, he was firing
 Type in at a printer's case.
 Nor when braving fate and craving
 Fame he struck another tack,
 With surprising vocalizing,
 Bent on being "Director" Mac.

Now he collars shining dollars
 With surpassing grace and ease ;
 Upper-tendom to commend him
 Hastens and planks down the fees.
 Singers pet him and beset him
 With demands their claims to back,
 Wholly blissful and successful
 Is this same Director Mac.



PROF. H. W. FISHER.

Tell us not of Pestalozzi,
Widely known to fame because he
Ran a school-room in a quasi
Philosophic way.
Give us, please, a rest on Froebel,
Lauded as the first man able
Kindergart'ning on a stable
Basis to essay.

These back numbers are exploded;
Why with them be overloaded
And well-nigh to madness goaded
By their tiresome names,
When the latter-day professor,
Though a luminary lesser,
Is of genius the possessor,
And distinction claims?

He of whom we show the features
Typifies our modern teachers,
None of your fandango-preachers,
Full of puff and blow;
But an earnest, zealous plodder,
Always hunting mental fodder,
No one in his line a broader
Intellect can show.

Openly our man confesses
That in Bedford's wild recesses
(Nature there full sway possesses)
Youthful days he spent;
There he was in the ascendant,
Served as county superintendent,
Carried off a name resplendent
When away he went.

Lawrenceville with unaffected
Joy received one so respected;
Principal he was elected
Of a thriving school;
Three schools now he has, and collars
Every year two thousand dollars,
Being over hosts of scholars
Authorized to rule.

Should his young dependents fidget,
He commands attention rigid
By a motion of his digit—
How is that for skill?
And he gets up High School classes,
Which in number none surpasses,
Brainy little lads and lasses
Learning with a will.

On the platform he delivers
Eloquence that flows in rivers,
Foolish arguments he shivers,
Knocks 'em all to smash;
Nor does he in manner tedious
Borrow from encyclopedias
Big words used by chumps egregious—
Psychologic trash.

Having thus with unrestricted
Ease and grace his points depicted,
Need we say why we've inflicted
Him upon your gaze?
'Tis because what's here recorded
Should with favor be rewarded,
Not because our man's a sordid
Fisher after praise.



HENRY PHIPPS, JR.

The bland-looking, prosperous, dignified
gent,
Whose visage and figure above we present,
Possesses the pow'r, like King Midas of
old,
Of turning whatever he touches to gold.

Since the star-spangled Scotchman his
banner unfurled
As the boss that controls the industrial
world,
Second fiddle to Andy our hero has
played,
And an elegant second he's known to
have made.

Like his leader, he's piled up more wealth
than enough,
Though, like Andy again, he's quite free
with his stuff,
And don't scruple to lavish on other folks'
wealth
The profits he grinds out of iron and
steel.

Thus he's put up a plant-house, which
cost like the deuce,
And gave it away for the popular use ;
And again on the people he got in his
books
By planking down boodle to keep them in
books.

He's deserving of warm resolutions of
thanks
For setting his foot down on humbugs
and cranks.
Recreation on Sunday he thinks is
O. K.,
And he won't be roped in on the Puritan
lay.

So you see, gentle reader, when all's said
and done,
He's a modern Midas in more ways than
one,
For, besides piling up precious metals at
will,
He wins golden opinions with magical
skill.



'Tis a bold Johnny Bull that this lyric is
writ on,

Who served in the Red-coats and fought
for Queen Vic,
But his pay it was small, so he skipped
from Great Britain

And came to the land where the shekels
are thick.

He was sanguine at first, but soon found
that the dollars

Don't come of themselves, but take
hustling to get ;

So he hastened to hang out political colors,
Which speedily got him in out of the wet.

In the Twelfth ward a pull he expertly
caught on to,

Unaided he split the school district in two.

"What matter," quoth he, "if the people
don't want to?

I'll start a new school house and show
them who's who."

He waded right in and directors selected,
The chaps he picked out coming right
at his call,

Then levied a tax and a building erected,
With himself as the principal—wasn't
that gall?

Later on he got hold of a better position
As the boss of a gilt-edged and popular
school,

But by this time he'd grown a confirmed
politician

And, gavel in hand, helped in Councils
to rule.

To-day after taxes unpaid he goes gun-
ning,

He captured the job by the grace of
the ring ;

But 'tis widely believed that, because of
his cunning,

He's still far away from the end of his
string.

PROF. W. R. FORD.

FOR nearly thirty years, Prof. William R. Ford has been before the Pittsburg public in various capacities, never unfavorably and often under conditions attesting in a signal manner his value as a servant of the people. Prof. Ford was born at Bath, England, January 5, 1832, and was educated at private schools in his native country. In 1856, he came to the United States, and engaged in the dry goods business in Cleveland. In the following year he came to Pittsburg, and after a brief sojourn here, went to the northern part of Indiana county, where he engaged in school teaching. He held the position of principal of the Blairsville public schools until 1864, when he returned to Pittsburg and entered the grocery business in the old Ninth ward.

In 1865, he was elected to Common Council, and he continued to represent the old Ninth ward in that body until 1867, in which year he was elected to the Legislature.

In 1869, he became Principal of the Twelfth ward (O'Hara) public schools. That position he held for three years. He served six years as Principal of the South school, Second ward, and specially distinguished himself there by carrying off the palm for the best trained High School classes.

Prof. Ford was again elected to Councils as a representative of the Fourteenth ward, serving one year in the Common branch, and he was President of that branch for six years.

He was elected Delinquent Tax Collector in 1887, and was re-elected this year (1892) for a second term of five years. His administration of his duties has been thoroughly business-like, and he has saved large sums to the city by recovering taxes which a less careful official would have been disposed to class as uncollectable.

Prof. Ford has been elected Grand Master Workman of the A. O. U. W. in Pennsylvania, and is one of the representatives in the Supreme Lodge of the State.

He is still a resident of the Fourteenth ward, and is a paterfamilias on a fairly large scale.



Here's a masculine charmer of beauty so
rare
That the girls the effect of it scarcely can
bear,
So they blush like a roselet and murmur
"Ah, there,"
When they see him go by on the street.
But he's single as yet, and not anxious to
wed,
For he's one of the boys, and don't mind,
it is said,
If he gives them a hand when they paint
the town red—
He's as gay a young blood as you'll
meet.

In the hot summer days he goes down to
the shore,
'Mid the folks at Atlantic he makes a fu-
ror,
For in every diversion he puts in his oar,
And in all the high jinks takes the lead.

The militia lads think him the finest of
men ;
He's worked 'em before and may work
'em again.
He does the square thing by his big bro-
ther when
In political scraps he succeeds.

He owns quite a business—a boomer, you
bet,
Another chap had it, and might have it
yet,
Had he just been on hand when the city
dads met,
And stood in with his nob's little
scheme.

So fortune our hero inclines to assist,
In his line he is ranked pretty high on the
list,
And he's piling the boodle up hand over
fist
By dishing out doughnuts and cream.

PHILIP S. FLINN.

STICKLERS for puritanism in politics might object to the political code exemplified by Philip Flinn, younger brother of Senator William Flinn; but Philip's *bonhomie*, good humor and free-handed liberality are such as to disarm the keenest of his critics and to insure him always a strong following.

Philip Flinn was born in the Sixth ward, Pittsburg, April 30, 1865, and was educated at the public schools. At the age of 15 he became foreman for the contracting firm of Booth & Flinn, and at 21 he was appointed assistant superintendent of highways. This position he filled until the occurrence of the Johnstown flood in 1889, when he became associated with James McKnight, the chief contractor for the removal of debris at the ruined city.

Mr. Flinn remained at Johnstown two months. On his return to Pittsburg he engaged in the restaurant business, conducting a profitable establishment in the Diamond market. He is now the senior member of the Flinn Stone Company, which owns and operates extensive quarries.

The Flinns are a family of Republicans, and Philip is no exception to the rule. He is a tower of strength in the Sixth ward; represents that district in Select Council, and never fails to make a creditable showing on election day.

Mr. Flinn is a strapping six-footer, good-looking, and a bachelor.



Our artist with his trusty knife,
Carved out this likeness true to life,
 (There are no flies on him) ;
The subject we need hardly name,
For seeing it, you will exclaim,
 “Why, that’s Contractor Tim !”

He comes from Ireland, and his face
Of Celtic humor bears the trace ;
 He’s strong and lithe of limb ;
His talk has a persuasive tone—
He must have kissed the Blarney stone,
 This same Contractor Tim.

The first of Yankee life he saw
Was out in distant Omaha.
 (’Twas then a townlet slim) ;
He worked on the Pacific road,
And fortune little care bestowed
 Upon Contractor Tim.

Next in Chicago settling down,
He bossed the sewers of the town,
 And kept them well in trim ;
Among the noted people there,
Not one in high and mighty air
 Surpassed Contractor Tim.

But, by ambition high inspired,
New worlds to conquer he desired—
 ’Twas not an idle whim,
For fresh renown he sought to win,
In Pittsburg—aye, and Booth and Flinn
 Employed Contractor Tim.

He’s wholly independent now,
And glory’s crown is on his brow ;
 Its lustre naught can dim.
The Randall Club he helps to run ;
Gets out of life both cash and fun ;
 Good boy, Contractor Tim.

T. M. SCANLON.

IRISH pluck, progressiveness and adaptability to circumstances find an excellent exemplification in the person of Timothy M. Scanlon, the well-known Pittsburg contractor. Mr. Scanlon is 41 years old, and was born and reared in County Kerry, Ireland. He attended the national schools until he reached the age of 14, when he emigrated to the United States.

Young Scanlon first settled at Omaha, Neb., and in 1872 was employed on the Pacific railroad. In 1874 he went to Chicago, and became foreman in charge of the construction of sewers in that city. In 1875 he came to Pittsburg, and secured the position of foreman for Peter O'Neil. He also served at different periods as foreman for Evan Jones and for Booth & Flinn.

After having accumulated a snug bank account, Mr. Scanlon embarked independently in the contracting business. He prospered, and is now one of the foremost contractors in the western part of the State.

Mr. Scanlon is a strait-laced Democrat, owns stock in the Randall Club, and stands in high repute with the members of that organization. He is a worthy man and a model citizen.



DAVID McCARGO.

Physiognomists need little thought to divine
 From the portraiture over this ditty,
 That the subject thereof is well fitted to shine
 'Mid the solid Muldoons of the city.
 Like a seaworthy vessel he travels along,
 Unencumbered by any embargo,
 And he keeps up the same old refrain to his song,
 "I'll always take care of my cargo."

Like a cockleshell frail, which a gust might de-
 stroy,

He started on life's stormy ocean;
 With Carnegie and Pitcairn—a messenger boy,
 Well posted in slow locomotion.
 But he breasted the waves without any mishap,
 (Who'd have thought that he'd ever so far go?)
 And kept right along the same motto on tap:
 "I'll always take care of my cargo."

In the telegraph service he spread out his sails,
 And scudded along like a clipper;
 No icebergs obstructive or bothersome whales
 Could hinder his progress so chipper.
 Duty's flag at the masthead was riveted fast,
 As in ships of the line that to war go;
 And he stuck to the same old refrain to the last,
 "I'll always take care of my cargo."

A railroad (the Valley) caught on to him next;
 He was now quite a heavy-weight schooner;
 By no sort of maritime hardships perplexed,
 Being ready to see them all sooner.
 And as Frenchmen derive inspiration from wine,
 Be it Clicquot or old Chateau Margaux,
 So his heart felt a thrill as he hung out the sign:
 "I'll always take care of my cargo."

To chief supervisor his rating was raised,
 Full-rigged he became, and was ready
 To show that his value was rightly appraised,
 And that none was more solid and steady.
 It wasn't his plan to be reckoned as slow,
 Or, as musical sharps put it, "largo."
 But to clap on all sail, while he sung out "Yeo
 ho!"
 "I'll always take care of my cargo."

He's now in his prime, and his doings attract
 A vast deal of popular notice;
 The public admits—and he's proud of the fact—
 That no worthier vessel afloat is.
 And so (please to pardon a metaphor mixed),
 Ever upwards he watches his star go,
 While the legend is still to his masthead affixed:
 "I'll always take care of my cargo."



CHARLES EHLERS.

Widely known in Allegheny is this comical
"phizog,"

There is Germanism stamped in ev'ry line,
While his nose is of the type that seems to mark
a jolly dog

With a penchant for "Gesang" and "Weib"
and "Wein."

Now he may not be so jolly as his bugle would
suggest

And his tastes may toward another quarter veer,
All the same a host of voters toes the mark at
the behest

Of his jags, the festive German engineer.

He's quite slick at plans and surveys and the rest
of the details

Which to civil engineering appertain,
But the Fatherland affords so little chance to men
of brains.

That he left and sailed across the raging main,
By the denizens of Dutchtown he was welcomed
like a king,

And they drank his health in whopping mugs
of beer

While Ohio street and East street made the wel-
kin fairly ring

With the praises of this German engineer.

In the art of being a statesman he got posted
right away

And for capturing an office laid the ropes,
So that when he'd got his papers out, there wasn't
much delay

Till the politicians satisfied his hopes.
Of the highways and the sewers he obtained the
full control,

For he vowed to give the "gang" the proper
steer;

When they asked if he'd stay with them, "Don-
nerwetter, poys; ja wohl,"

Was the answer of this German engineer.

He stuck nobly to his promise to the "gang's"
intense delight,

Such improvements Allegheny never saw
As in highwaying and sewerage he made by day
and night,

While the Dutch looked on with wonderment
and awe.

Thus it came, when to a higher plane the city
made its way,

He was elevated likewise in his sphere,
To be chief of a department with an increase in
his pay,

Which rejoiced the festive German engineer.

Since his recent elevation he feels wonderfully big,
Kaiser William isn't in it with him now;

To reporters he professes that he doesn't care a fig
For the press, to which most other men must
bow.

O, vanity of vanities! when thus you get a hold
On a dignity, very much we fear

That your paralyzing consequences yet will knock
him cold;

So look out, you festive German engineer!



To what land of nativity would you allot
This gent who seems born to command?
Is he Welshman or Irishman, John Bull or
Scot,
Or a son of the old Fatherland?
That he hails from some monarchy, plainly
you see,
And of pow'r he's had more than his
fill,
For he's been a dictator, and, 'twixt you
and me,
The marks of it stick to him still.
Whenever a popular movement's on tap
To achieve something big for the realm,
You'll find, as a matter of course, that
this chap
Is the first to lay hold of the helm.

Then he sits up in state and sends orders
around,
Which nobody dares to transgress.
While in every direction his praises re-
sound
And his glories are sung by the press.
He's chairman, director and high muck-a-
muck
Of sundry financial concerns ;
Philanthropists think that he brings them
good luck
And society after him yearns.
He's commercially solid, ranks A Number
One,
Over politics loses no sleep ;
And so, in our townlet, when all's said and
done,
He's squarely on top of the heap.

JAMES B. SCOTT.

IN all undertakings pertaining to the material progress of Pittsburg, and the elevation of its status among the cities of the country, James B. Scott is a leader and counsellor. Nor is his energy limited by municipal bounds, for Mr. Scott's personality is known and his influence felt throughout the entire state.

James B. Scott was born in Pittsburg, February 20, 1839. He was educated at the public schools, and entered business life, when quite a young man, as an employe of the firm of John Dunlap & Co., wholesale tanners. His ability soon enabled him to branch out for himself, and he became a member of the firm of Park, Scott & Co., manufacturers of copper. By the death of D. E. and James Park, Jr., the control of the business passed into Mr. Scott's hands, and the firm name was changed to James B. Scott & Co., remaining thus up to the present.

Mr. Scott has other and varied interests. He is a vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, a member of the State Board of Charities, president of the Board of Trustees of the Western University, and a trustee of the Real Estate Bank.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in his career is that which details his share in the work of relief at Johnstown, after the flood of 1889. When the visiting relief committee from Pittsburg was organized, Mr. Scott was chosen chairman. He went immediately to the scene of the disaster, and devoted himself so earnestly and efficiently to the execution of the herculean task imposed upon him that, at a mass meeting of citizens, held to provide a temporary organized government with a view to bringing order out of chaos, he was unanimously chosen Dictator of Cambria County. Mr. Scott modestly discarded this title in favor of the less pretentious one of Director. He exercised dictatorial power, nevertheless, and by his judicious and forceful administration of affairs suppressed disorder, guided the labors of the relief committeemen so as to produce the best results, and finally established in the ruined district a solid basis on which to build up a new Johnstown—the thriving, substantial place which exists to-day. When Governor Beaver assumed control of operations, he recognized Mr. Scott's splendid services by appointing him a member of the State Flood Commission.

Mr. Scott is a genial, courteous gentleman, popular with all classes, and happy in the knowledge that he is reaping the fruits of a well-spent life.



'Tisn't long since we recorded,
 In an exquisitely worded
 Little lyric, the perfections of the North
 Side Chris Magee ;
 And thereto this is a sequel
 Since we here present the equal
 Of the Pittsburg's boss's counterpart—a
 statesman sharp is he.
 Young he is and enterprising,
 With a genius for devising
 Schemes for reaching as a diplomat the
 highest stage of bliss.
 And the consequence thereof is
 That he's ceased to be a novice
 And is pointed to with pride as Alle-
 gheny's other Chris.

He has interests colossal
 And has had the chance to boss all
 The possessions of an English dame who
 owns a big estate,
 Which his father had the care of,
 But the youth preferred a share of
 An industrial establishment producing
 profits great.

There, all other lines forsaking,
 Finest hollow-ware he's making
 And employs brigades of workmen—
 Yankees, Irish, Dutch and Swiss :
 Special wares he makes for plumbers,
 And his bath-tubs they are hummers—
 We have pictured one along with Alle-
 gheny's other Chris.

Hard campaigning gives him pleasure,
 And the cost he doesn't measure,
 Many votes and sundry Councilmen he
 likes to call his own ;
 And there's little doubt about it
 That the Shiras men were routed
 By the big financial backing that he gave
 to Colonel Stone.

Then for Chairman Parke he hustled
 And victoriously tussled,
 Being solid with the Soloñs, and—just
 stick a pin in this,
 That, however comprehensive
 Be the contest, or expensive,
 It won't frighten in the slightest Alle-
 gheny's other Chris.

F. J. TORRANCE.

FRANK J. TORRANCE was born in Allegheny in 1859, and received his education at the Seventh ward public schools and the Western University. He entered business life in 1875 as a clerk in the employ of the Standard Manufacturing Company. His connection with that concern has continued up to the present, and he is now its treasurer and general manager. Meanwhile his control of large capital has led him into other productive fields, and he has acquired a variety of interests, for the most part yielding heavy profits. In addition to his ownership of stock in many other enterprises, Mr. Torrance is president of the following concerns: The Western Asphalt Block & Tile Company, the Journal of Building Publishing Company, the Pittsburg Natatorium Company, the firm of Arrott & Torrance, and the Riverside Land & Improvement Company.

Mr. Torrance devotes much of his leisure time to politics. He is a Republican to the backbone, and, when his services are needed, he never hesitates to do all that lies in his power for the furtherance of his party's interests.

He is married, and lives on Western Avenue, Allegheny.



CHARLES REISFAR.

Ward school principals and teachers
Ought to recognize the features
Of this little chap that's writing in a book,
book, book.

Central boarders, too, should know
him,

For the cut above this poem
Reproduces to a dot his very look, look,
look.

He's a genial chap, and pretty,
So it really is a pity

That he's not a blooming bachelor so gay,
gay, gay ;

But old Hymen hasn't spared him,
Many years ago he snared him,

And sweet glances on him now are thrown
away, way, way.

Still the school marms all adore him,
For they monthly file before him,

To receive their little tickets for their
bood, bood, bood,

And with gratitude in torrents,
They o'erwhelm him when their war-
rants

He gives out in his accustomed gracious
mood, mood, mood.

He and Luckey loaf together,
Though it's very doubtful whether

They could star as the "Two Johns" upon
the road, road, road,

For the little chap's a light 'un,
While the other is a Titan,

And would make a pretty hefty wagon-
load, load, load.

Now so high our hero's rated
That his stipend's elevated

With unfailing regularity each year, year,
year ;

Nor is anybody jealous
Of his luck, because he's zealous,

And gives all who come along the proper
steer, steer, steer.



MICHAEL HANNIGAN.

Get on to Captain Mike; he is a-sliding down
the pole,
Like a reg'lar acrobatic sharp, and cuts a figure
droll.

Bing! bing! the gong has waked him from his
slumbering serene,
And, like a streak of lightning, he gets out with
the machine.

Captain Mike's the real type of what a fireman
ought to be,
Clear-headed, quick, and prompt to act where
others are at sea.

There's fun in his Milesian face, and a sort of
devil-may-care
Expression about his flashing eye that shows he's
hard to scare.

He tackles the hose carriage often when to drive
he has a mind,
Through Smithfield street he tears as if Old Nich-
olas were behind;

The pace he takes is awful; no one else could do
the like;
Which is why the people run and yell: "Hooray
for Captain Mike."

But it's at the scene of action that he best gets in
his work,
Where the flames are most destructive, there he
labors like a Turk,

Cheering on the boys to duty, and no human
pow'r can check
His phenomenal propensity to jeopardize his
neck.

In the riots of '77 a heap of property he saved;
The vengeance of a howling mob for duty's sake
he braved,
He's been often hurt so badly that his hopes of
life were vague,
And was swiped once by the nozzle of a measly
Amoskeag.

He's a handsome chap, is Captain Mike, and well
he knows it, too.
The giddy girls go crazy when his manly form
they view;
But he doesn't mind the silly things who round
about him prance;
He sticks to duty manfully, and cusses all ro-
mance.

The chances are that Captain Mike would hold an
office high;
But he happens to be a Democrat, and that's the
reason why
The lightning of promotion isn't likely him to
strike;
And so he's doomed to plod along as simple
Captain Mike.



"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"
 So said King Richard, and he needed one of course.
 If Richard had been sensible instead of nasty nice,
 He'd have got one from the chap above at less
 than half the price.

Talk about menageries with animals replete,
 With the stable that his nob's conducts there's
 none that can compete;
 Bear the news to Jimmicknite, and watch how he
 will weep,
 Since practical zoology is held thus cheap.

Although of bears and elephants he doesn't keep
 a stock,
 Nor dabble much 'in camels, nor sell lions from
 the block;
 Though with kangaroos and monkeys and the like
 he never fools,
 He is lightning upon horses and a terror upon
 mules.

Nags he has that trot a mile before you've time
 to wink;
 Jog-alongs whose pace would drive 'most any
 man to drink;
 Steady-going roadsters for a doctor's buggy fit.
 And brawny Rosinantes full of true get-up-and-
 git.

Saddle-horses likewise, which with ladies take the
 palm,

Glossy-coated fellows just as docile as a
 lamb,
 Heavyweights for teamsters with an extra lot of
 strength,
 And mules that kick like fury and have ears a
 foot in length.

All of these he handles and a rousing trade he
 drives;
 Scarce a week goes by but what a new supply
 arrives.
 When enough are gathered folks are brought
 from far and near
 To see him doing business as a festive auctioneer.

Never from a contract will you find him hanging
 back;
 Now he has arranged to sell six hundred at a
 whack;
 Some of them but skin and bone and others bone
 and skin,
 Naught he cares for that if but the cash comes in.

Though his face betrays that he's a Hebrew by
 descent
 By birth he's an American, and here his life has
 spent;
 And experience entitles him to print upon his
 sign,
 "The Tattersall of Pittsburg, never equaled in his
 line."

DANIEL ARNHEIM.

DANIEL ARNHEIM, the leading horse dealer in Allegheny county, was born in Jefferson county in 1858. At the age of five years he came to Pittsburg, and here received a good educational training at the ward schools and the High School.

The extensive horse-dealing business which has made the name of Arnheim a widely advertised one was established by the father of Daniel Arnheim. Five years ago the younger Arnheim took charge of the concern. He advertised largely, and otherwise added to and improved upon the paternal methods, with the best results.

Mr. Arnheim has not a superior in the country as an authority on horse-flesh. He makes a specialty of selling horses and mules, which he procures from Kentucky, Illinois and Ohio, and from three to five thousand head pass through his hands every year. He supplies all the coal men in the Twin Cities with mules, and has many other standing contracts, besides realizing largely on the public sales which he holds periodically on the arrival of large consignments of stock from the breeding farms.

Mr. Arnheim is a thoroughly upright business man, owing his success entirely to honest, steadfast endeavor.



You have heard of Boulanger, the Frenchman so
 gay,
 Who when leading an army was strictly O. K.,
 But, whenever he tried the political lay,
 Got in trouble right up to the neck.
 In the picture above there's his double exact,
 Who likewise in battle could never be whacked,
 While in working the festive political act
 His prospects he managed to wreck.

What a fighter he was!—as a Federal scout
 In the War of Secession he helped in the rout
 Of the rebels, whose tricks he was quick to find
 out
 While he carried his life in his hand.
 The record he made won him honors untold,
 In Congress his valorous deeds were extolled
 And they voted to give him a medal of gold,
 As a hero high up in the land.

Alas! that such glory should drop out of sight
 Like the fall of a star that plumps down in the
 night,
 But the craze for preferment o'ermastered him
 quite,
 And he joined the political crew.

He hustled like sixty and drummed up a crowd,
 Which in boosting his interests did itself proud;
 While the ring was forinst him, he could not be
 cowed,
 So his boomlet extensively grew.

He was chosen to serve as the Clerk of the
 Courts,
 An official who closely with big-wigs consorts,
 Then the county controller attacked his reports
 And endeavored to put him in hoc.
 When acquitted, he made the mistake of his
 life;
 He pulled off his coat and went into the strife
 For District Attorney, and oh! but the knife
 Was used to obtain his defeat.

Though paralyzed thus, yet he never lost heart,
 He tackled the law and he made a good start,
 And of gathering in shekels he's mastered the
 art,
 While of friends he still numbers a host.
 On a rural domain in Verona he dwells,
 Like Shakspeare's traditional couple of swells,
 And in virtues domestic, they say, he excels,
 Which is more than Boulanger can boast.

ARCHIBALD H. ROWAND, JR.

ARCHIBALD H. ROWAND was born in Allegheny City, March 6, 1845, and was educated in the common schools. Although a mere boy when the war broke out, Mr. Rowand entered the service as a member of Co. K, 1st West Virginia cavalry. He was detailed as one of General Sheridan's scouts, and during his three years' service executed numerous missions of the most daring character. His bravery was rewarded with a commemorative medal from the State of West Virginia, and he also received a medal from Congress at the special request of General Sheridan.

On his return from the war, Mr. Rowand entered business pursuits, and was for some time chief bookkeeper for the Allegheny Valley Railroad. His first appearance in the field of politics was as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts, and although not in touch with the local "machine," he won an easy victory. It was then demonstrated that Mr. Rowand commanded a larger personal following than any other individual politician in Allegheny county.

While serving as Clerk of the Courts, he studied law with George Shiras, Jr., and on January 7, 1885, was admitted to the bar. His wide popularity secured him a large clientage, and he is now in the enjoyment of a remunerative practice both in the civil and criminal courts.

Mr. Rowand is a big-hearted, impulsive man, generous to a fault, and greatly beloved by those who are brought into close contact with him. He is of domestic tastes, and spends all his leisure time in the bosom of his family at his pleasant villa in Verona borough.



'Way down on a farm in the township of
Penn,
Many winters ago—we don't need to say
when—
A youngster was reared, whom the finger
of fate
Singled out to be ranked among barristers
great.

'Mid rural surroundings to manhood he
grew,
And studies profound he rejoiced to pursue.
In pure mathematics enjoyment he'd seek,
While he filled up with Latin and topped
off with Greek.

O'er the list of professions his optic he ran,
And tried engineering, but that didn't pan,
And as wealthy attorneys all 'round him
he saw,
"Eureka," he cried, "I'll go in for the law."

When he'd waded through Blackstone and
Brightly's reports,
With other light reading that's known in
the courts,
He was called to the bar and was recog-
nized soon
As a jurisprudentially solid Muldoon.

In civil proceedings especially fine
Were the feats he achieved, being always
in line
When a bankruptcy muddle drove judges
insane,
Or a row about land raised particular Cain.

When the Straight-out Republicans, par-
tisans true,
Took arms and opposed the non-partisan
crew,
Our man they picked out for a judgeship
to run,
Believing him second in fitness to none.

Though beaten by Chris and his allies at
length,
His vote—twenty thousand—exhibits his
strength;
The Mageeites and Democrats jointly
found out
What a pow'r was this barrister, brainy
and stout.

Perhaps in the future we'll have to record
That the people his service see fit to re-
ward;
But, be that as it may, let it be understood
That the law pays him well, as it certainly
should.

JAMES FITZSIMMONS.

A STURDIER specimen of American manhood, both mentally and physically, than James Fitzsimmons, of the well-known law firm of Robb & Fitzsimmons, it would be hard to find. Mr. Fitzsimmons was born on a farm in Penn township, Allegheny County, on June 2, 1845. His early education was obtained in the common schools and at academies in Wilksburg and East Liberty. In 1865 he dropped his studies for a time, and went out with an engineering expedition into the neighborhood of Oil City. The pursuit of engineering was not congenial, however, and he left the corps to take a position as bookkeeper for the Ardesco Oil Company, which he held till September, 1867. In that year he entered the Western University, where he graduated in the class of '69. He now entered the office of Robert Wood, Esq., as a student at law. He was admitted to the bar on November 8, 1871, and has been practising ever since.

Mr. Fitzsimmons stands in the front rank of civil lawyers, and has made a fine record for himself through his expert handling of some of the most important cases in the history of jurisprudence in Pennsylvania. He was counsel in the famous insolvent bond case, *Hope vs. Smiley*, the law as laid down in which has since been accepted as precedent; also in that of *Spencer vs. Jennings*, one of the leading real estate cases under the Act of '53, better known as the Price Act; also in the case of *Courtney vs. Keller*, from which an important precedent was evolved, and in many others of like calibre.

In 1891, Mr. Fitzsimmons was nominated for judge on the Straight-out Republican ticket, and made a magnificent run against heavy odds. He represents the Twenty-first ward in Select Council, and is a consistent advocate of honest government. His rugged honesty, keen wit, and great intellectual power, make him a natural leader in his profession, and one who enjoys the respect and confidence of a numerous clientage.



PROF. E. E. RINEHART.

Boys and girls most every place
Ought to know this ancient face;
Eyes so bright,
Whiskers white,
Look of joyous glee.
Though his head is minus hair,
Lots of common sense is there;
In the schools
Proudly rules
Father Do Re Mi.

Every day he makes his rounds
Stirring up harmonious sounds;
Little folks
Look for jokes
When his face they see—
For he is a merry chap,
Has hilarious songs on tap;
None you'll meet
That can beat
Father Do Re Mi.

Teachers greet him with a smile
For he helps them out in style;
Straightens out
Things in doubt
Plain as plain can be.
With his little vic lin
Propped against his ancient chin
Tunes he'll lead;
All must heed
Father Do Re Mi.

Sometimes on a pipe he'll blow
Sounding like a rooster's crow,
In this wise
He supplies
Just the proper key;
Then he gives an opening growl
And in one tremendous howl
All unite
And delight
Father Do Re Mi.

Children's concerts oft he steers
Then in glory he appears;
Face aglow
Gloves like snow;
Coat-tail like a V.
Waves his baton, starts the mill,
Keeps 'er going with a will;
All who hear
Loudly cheer
Father Do Re Mi.

In vacation he'll be found
At some far-off camping ground
Where the game
And fish proclaim
Their scorn for such as he;
Ne'er a trophy home he'll bring,
Yet he's happy as a king.
Grief and care
Seem to spare
Father Do Re Mi.



B. F. JONES.

What figure is this, so majestic and grand,
 With the air of a potentate born to command?
 "British duke," did you say? He is no such a thing,
 But a genuine Pittsburg industrial king.

His rule over thousands of subjects extends,
 And woe to the wight who his greatness offends;
 For his wealth and "infloouence" his right will uphold
 To issue an edict and knock the chap cold.

On account of his boodle he's sometimes trepanned
 By political sharps into taking a hand
 At the statesmanship game for a national stake,
 Till the barrel gives out, when he gets the cold shake.

But in case the loss threatens to hurt his affairs,
 He gets Congress to run up the tax on his wares;
 Then he bids all his subjects to raise a hurrah
 For the blessings conferred by the new tariff law.

Trades unions he hates, for they all do their best
 To keep wages up when he wants them depressed;
 And the worst thing that bitterness adds to his cup
 Is a strikers' committee—it breaks him all up.

On the whole, though, his reign passes off with *éclat*;
 The masses regard him with reverent awe,
 While it's needless to say that the social *élite*
 Falls prostrate before him and kisses his feet.



Tom Moore, the poet, strove
 Bravely for fame's sake,
 That isn't Tom above,
 Merely a namesake;
 One who would never try
 Sweet thoughts to versify—
 That he cannot deny,
 Even for shame's sake.

Figures for many a year
 Busied him solely;
 Thereof an atmosphere
 Shrouded him wholly.
 Daily with spirit glad
 Columns of cash he'd add,
 Such as are never had
 By people lowly.

Being what one might term
 Expertly gifted,
 Into Carnegie's firm
 Fitly he drifted.
 There labored quite a while,
 Doing things up in style,
 Till, when he'd made his pile,
 Elsewhere he drifted.

When Westinghouse was stuck,
 Like young Jack Horner,
 Somehow through evil luck
 Caught in a corner,

Our man the audit made
 Which George's wealth displayed,
 All doubts and fears allayed,
 Cheered every mourner.

Boomers of rural land,
 Knowing his vigor,
 In schemes they had on hand
 Asked him to figure.
 Into the thing he went,
 Acted as president,
 Heaps of cool cash he spent,
 Worked like a "nigger."

From rise to set of sun
 Things kept a going;
 And out at Kensington
 Great was the showing.
 Lots went at prices high
 Kept bidders on the fly,
 Realizing by and by
 Profits o'erflowing.

Though a Sohoite, you'll see,
 Noting his ardor,
 Push, tact and grit that he
 Is a Fourth-warder.
 There he was born and "riz,"
 No ward's ahead of his,
 Still of its fame he is
 Watchman and warder.

SAMUEL E. MOORE.

THE reputation of being the leading expert accountant in Pittsburg is generally conceded to Samuel E. Moore, now President of the Burrell Improvement Company, and for many years previously identified with large industrial enterprises. Mr. Moore was born on Fountain street, Pittsburg, and attended the public schools of the Fourth ward.

He received his first employment in August, 1862, from Mr. D. A. Stewart, who was at that time freight agent in Pittsburg for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. After leaving this service, which continued until 1868, he obtained his start in commercial and business life with the well known iron firm of James Wood & Co., in whose employ he acquired a fundamental knowledge of the science of accounts. The experience thus gained by him was utilized to such good purpose that he established his title to be considered the father of the system of accounts now used by all the progressive iron manufacturers in Pittsburg.

D. A. Stewart, who was afterwards Chairman of Carnegie Bros., and Mr. Moore, entered the Carnegie firm together, Mr. Moore becoming a clerk in the auditing department. He was promoted rapidly, being made auditor on January 1, 1884, and finally a partner.

In February, 1891, Mr. Moore became President of the Burrell Improvement Company, a concern which has achieved phenomenal success in a line of business requiring brains and enterprise above the common, as well as large capital. The Burrell Improvement Company purchased in July, 1890, a large tract of land situated 18 miles from Pittsburg, on the Allegheny Valley Railroad, and in June, 1891, laid out the town of Kensington, which, in less than a year, has developed into a wealthy and populous industrial center. The Kensington boom has been literally without precedent in Pennsylvania, and it is rendered all the more noteworthy by the permanence of its results.

The credit of this red-letter achievement is largely due to Mr. Moore's foresight and executive ability, and the writer of his epitaph will not do his memory justice unless Mr. Moore is immortalized as the founder of a town which sprang into existence as if by magic, and is to-day one of the liveliest places in the State.

Mr. Moore has large interests in the lumber business in Michigan, and is president of the Ontonagon Lumber Company. He is also president of the water, gas, heat, light and power, electric street railway and brick companies located at Kensington, all of these being sound and profitable enterprises.

Despite the multiplicity of his business pursuits, Mr. Moore has found time to travel extensively. He has been all round the world, and has visited Europe many times over. On his travels he has always made it a rule to abstract himself wholly from business cares and devote his time to studying life in all its phases, and generally enlarging his store of information.

As National President of the Bichloride of Gold Clubs, Mr. Moore occupies a position of intercontinental prominence. This organization, which was founded by Mr. Moore in April, 1891, consists of men formerly addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor, but who have been cured of the disease of alcoholism through the genius of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley. At a convention of the Bichloride of Gold Clubs, held February 16, 1892, at Dwight, Ill., and attended by over 300 delegates, representing clubs from every State in the Union, Mr. Moore was elected National President of the organization, which now numbers over 10,000 members, and which promises in the near future to be the controlling factor in regulating the abuse of liquor. His whole heart is in the movement to nationalize the Keeley plan of redeeming drunkards, and he takes pride in raising from the gutter and restoring to social usefulness young men whose lives have been wrecked by the liquor habit. He never exacts promises, but he does more for those who need a strong and kindly hand to lift them out of the mire of degradation than any one but himself is aware of.

That a man of Mr. Moore's many-sided genius and true philanthropic spirit should command widespread regard is self-evident. The approbation of society is his without seeking.

JOHN GRIPP.

“JUDGE” GRIPP, as the Rhadamanthus who deals out justice at the Pittsburg Central Station is generally called, was born on Pike street, in the Ninth ward, Pittsburg, in 1857. He was educated at the ward schools and the Central High School. After leaving the High School he entered the office of Magistrate Peter Kreuter. Three years later he became associated with Magistrate John Burke, whom, in 1886, he succeeded as Alderman of the Third ward. Prior to this time he was window-clerk in the post-office under Postmaster W. H. McCleary, and was promoted to the superintendency of the registered department. Meanwhile his ability as a political leader commanded special recognition from the Republican managers in Allegheny County. In 1883 he was chosen Secretary of the Republican County Committee, and he held that position for five years. During “Andy” Fulton’s campaign for the mayoralty, Judge Gripp was Secretary of the City Committee, and in recognition of his services, Mayor Fulton made him his clerk. When Pittsburg’s new charter became a law, Mayor McCallin appointed him a police magistrate. He was Secretary of the City Committee in the Gourley campaign, and at the same time a candidate for re-election as Alderman of the Third ward. There being no Democratic opposition, he was returned without a contest.

Judge Gripp has been a member of the County Committee since he attained his majority. In 1891 he was elected chairman, and he has no opposition for his second term. He has attended every State Convention for the past ten years, and was this year an alternate to the Republican National Convention. He is a leading member of the Young Men’s Republican Tariff Club, and as a representative of that body has attended every State and National League Convention for years.

Judge Gripp’s inflexible firmness in the administration of his office as police magistrate of the First district has made him the terror of evil-doers. In private life he is affable, genial and loyal to his friends, whose name is legion.



No matter what project's on foot in our town

Of a popular character, in it you'll see
The hustler above, for he thirsts for re-
nown,

And in all things aspires to be ranked
as king bee.

Go down to the Expo., and there you will
find

His record emblazoned as foremost of
men,

And you can't call the dark days of Johns-
town to mind

Without bringing his name to the sur-
face again.

With organized labor a turn-up he's had ;
The unions decided to jump on his
wares ;

Which is what you might call an experi-
ence sad

For a gentleman noted in public affairs.

You'd wonder that, having such draw-
backs to fight,

He should prove to be prosperous, great
and renowned ;

But the bushel's not made that will cover
his light,

And in shrewd advertising his secret is
found.

He's a boomer from Boomerville, ready
and slick,

And always revolving some scheme in
his head

To put a quietus on people that kick,
And prove to the world that he's quite
thorough-bread.

S. S. MARVIN.

WHEN public-spirited citizens are needed to take hold of enterprises involving the well-being and advancement of the people of Pittsburg and Allegheny, S. S. Marvin is always among the first in the field, and his name accordingly occupies a place of honor in the annals of our city.

Mr. Marvin is not a native Pittsburger. He was born in Monroe County, N. Y., fifty years ago, and came to Pittsburg in 1863. On his arrival here he established himself in the cracker business, and founded the house of S. S. Marvin & Co., now one of the largest concerns of its kind in the United States. The prosperity which he enjoys is due entirely to his own force of character, true commercial instinct, and unremitting attention to business. Few men have worked harder than has Mr. Marvin in his day, and few can boast of having made their labor tell more effectually in its financial results and its meed of public appreciation.

Mr. Marvin is a leading member of the Chamber of Commerce, a director of the Commercial Bank, and president of the Western Pennsylvania Exposition Society, and holds many other positions of honor and of trust. He is also a member of the G. A. R.

In June, 1889, when the news of the destruction of Johnstown reached Pittsburg, Mr. Marvin hastened to contribute by his individual efforts to the relief of the survivors, large quantities of food and clothing being forwarded to the ruined city, at his expense, as fast as they could be used. Later on, Governor Beaver appointed him a member of the State Flood Commission, with the title of Purchasing Agent for the Western District of Pennsylvania. In this capacity he discharged his duties with credit, showing throughout that his sympathies were stirred to the utmost by the mournful exigencies which brought his services into requisition.

Mr. Marvin is a man of fine appearance, enjoying the full vigor of the prime of life. A more alert, keen, progressive man of business is not to be found in any community.



From ocean to ocean, or down from the Lakes
 To the Gulf you may travel afar,
 But you won't find a line in your travels that
 takes
 The palm from the old P. R. R.
 With its elegant road-bed and rolling stock fine,
 The boss it's conceded to be,
 And the royalest spirit controlling the line
 Is the chap that is known as "R. P."

Above is his picture; it shows him to-day
 With the stamp of success on his face.
 What a change there has been, as the years rolled
 away,
 Since he entered on life's trying race!
 As a telegraph messenger, honest and smart,
 He began, and fate chose to decree
 That Andy Carnegie the same way should start,
 And climb upwards along with "R. P."

Like Andy he mounted the ladder that leads
 To fame with rapidity great,
 Till the railroad, which keen representatives
 needs,
 Made him boss in this end of the State.
 Since then far and wide has been spread the be-
 lief
 That the road would be wholly at sea
 Were it not for the brains of the pusher-in-
 chief,
 Whom the populace knows as "R. P."

Aside from the railroad he's made quite a stake
 By cautiously dabbling in stocks;
 He has captured a slice of the Westinghouse cake,
 And a neat little dividend knocks.
 With margins and fly-the-track "specs" he won't
 fool,
 Nor venture as much as a V,
 Unless with a judgment that's perfectly cool
 He sees it will profit "R. P."

Thus one way and another his pile has in-
 creased
 To a really phenomenal store;
 They say it amounts to two millions at least—
 With the prospect of swelling to more.
 But wealth hasn't tended to harden his heart;
 There are few straighter Christians than he,
 And the church and the Sunday-school bag a large
 part
 Of the riches possessed by "R. P."

You'll observe from this sketch that in ev'ry
 detail
 The parallel started in youth
 "Twixt him and Carnegie kept up without fail,
 Which is quite a remarkable truth.
 They began just alike, and their worldly affairs
 Seemed to strike the same prosperous key,
 And the balance, in judging the two million-
 aires,
 Don't tip up on the side of "R. P."

ROBERT PITCAIRN.

ROBERT PITCAIRN, the stalwart, brainy Superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is a Scotchman by nativity, and was born May 6, 1836. He came to America with his parents while yet a child. After a short stay, the family went back to Scotland, but returned in 1846, and settled in Pittsburg.

Mr. Pitcairn's educational advantages were limited, as at the age of 12 years he was removed from school and set to work as a telegraph messenger boy. He used his opportunities to master the art of telegraphy, and in course of time was sent to Steubenville as assistant operator. Thence he was called to Pittsburg as operator, and remained here until 1852. In that year Mr. Pitcairn obtained the position of operator and ticket agent at the Mountain House, Hollidaysburg. In 1854, when the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which had been using the old Portage road, completed its own line, he was transferred to the office of the General Superintendent at Altoona, where, with the exception of a year's interval, he served until 1861.

Mr. Pitcairn was now made Superintendent of the Middle Division, between Conemaugh and Mifflintown. The reduction of divisions from four to three deprived him of his place, but a new one was found for him as Superintendent of Transportation.

The outbreak of the war afforded him the occasion to exhibit his executive skill to the best advantage, large bodies of men and quantities of supplies having to be constantly hurried over the road. In 1862 he acted as Superintendent of both the Middle and Pittsburg Divisions. Meanwhile he had his eye on the Superintendency of the Pittsburg Division, a position to which he attained in 1865. Ten years later the general agency of the P. R. R. at Pittsburg was also placed in his hands.

In addition to the railroad business, Mr. Pitcairn is engaged in many other enterprises, notably in the industries controlled by George Westinghouse, Jr. He stands high in the Masonic order, being a Past Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Pitcairn is a practical Christian, and seeks both by example and precept to preserve a high standard of morality among the army of railroad employees under his control. His career has been throughout a model of usefulness and rectitude.



Up in the court house, where law is pre-
dominant,
'Mid the attorneys this gentleman's prom-
inent ;
In the "profesh" he has not many peers,
And he's been at the bar over twenty-five
years.

Equity business pours in on him steadily,
Criminal work he don't take to so readily ;
Whatever he does, though, he does with
a dash,
For he's keen as a razor and quick as a
flash.

Cases he pleads with a cunning that's
mystical ;
Puzzles the Court with contentions sophis-
tical ;
Shuffles up statutes, and cuts them and
deals,
Till the enemy can't tell his head from his
heels.

Bigelow knows, to his sorrow, how slick
he is,
Since he had Edward hauled up for a
trick of his ;
Flinn knows as well that he's quite "out
of sight,"
For the rivermen hired him the wharf
bills to fight.

Stamped on his face is a bull-dog tena-
city,
Equalled alone by his hustling capacity ;
These are the things which have built up
his trade,
And little by little his fortune have made.

Politics don't interest him a particle ;
Piling up cash in his creed's the first
article ;
He lives out in Oakland, and keeps in the
swim,
While by all it's confessed there's no dis-
count on him.

J. SCOTT FERGUSON.

IF it were left to a popular vote to decide who is the most effective pleader at the Allegheny County bar, the chances are that J. Scott Ferguson would carry off the palm by a large majority. Mr. Ferguson's reputation does not depend upon advertising or other extrinsic aids, but is the outgrowth of a career of persevering industry and brilliant success in every department of jurisprudence.

"Scott" Ferguson, as he is best known, was born in Allegheny 50 years ago. His education was obtained in the common schools, the High School, and at Allegheny City College, then in charge of Profs. Newell and Davis. He began the study of law under Robert Woods, Esq., at the age of 18, and was admitted to the bar in 1863, when he was 21 years old. His logical habit of mind, fluency of speech and tact in the influencing of juries, early attracted attention and placed him, while yet a very young man, on a level with the ablest local practitioners.

Some of the most important cases tried in Allegheny County within the past quarter of a century have passed through Mr. Ferguson's hands. Among these were the famous Cubba-You-Quit case, involving vast interests in Lawrenceville; the ten million-dollar bond case, viz.: Gloninger and others *vs.* the B. & O. Railroad, which was a suit in equity to declare void ten million dollars' worth of bonds issued by the P. & C. R. R. Co. to the B. & O. R. R. Company; the Miller Oil Refinery case, viz.: the Commonwealth *vs.* A. D. Miller & Sons, being a criminal action to have an oil refinery in Allegheny declared a public nuisance; the wharf case, viz.: the Commonwealth *vs.* E. M. Bigelow, Chief of the Pittsburg Department of Public Works, and the Allegheny municipal prosecutions of recent celebrity.

In his younger days, Mr. Ferguson interested himself somewhat in politics. He never sought office, but rendered valuable service to the Republican party as a stump speaker. In Grant's last campaign, his speeches were especially good, and evoked admiring commentaries on every hand.

Mr. Ferguson is married, and lives in a fashionable mansion on Fifth Avenue and Shady Lane.



ROGER O'MARA.

The romancers have covered with glory
Old Vidocq, of European fame ;
You'll find, too, in song and in story
One Hawkeye's illustrious name.

But the tales of these fellows are hazy—
You can see by the cut of his jib
That there's no laying over the daisy
Whose likeness is over this squib.

Many years he has been a thief-taker,
And he's gotten his art well in hand ;
He knows every swindler and fakir,
And pickpocket, too, in the land.

On confidence games he's a terror ;
You should see him run buncoers down,
And he rarely drops into an error—
This lynx-eyed Old Sleuth of our town.

Like all men of note, he must suffer
From people who get in their hooks
By running him down as a duffer,
And a chap who stands in with the crooks.

But envy to him is no new thing,
Well he knows his superior pow'rs,
And so he goes on with his sleuthing—
This wide-awake watch-dog of ours.



PROF. WM. GUENTHER.

Toot, toot, toot,
 On his mellow-sounding flute,
 With a sinking and a swelling
 Ups and downs of passion telling,
 And with here and there a trill,
 Or roulade done up with skill—
 Ah, professor, as a tooter you're the boy
 that fills the bill.

Toot, toot, toot,
 On the piccolo to boot,
 Like the Highland pipes a-squealing
 High enough to crack the ceiling,
 Till again, like Jack and Jill
 Down the diatonic hill
 He comes tumbling—Ah, professor, you're
 the boy that fills the bill.

Toot, toot, toot ;
 He'll play any air to suit—
 Up from "Wink the Other Eye," sir,
 To "Walkyrie" and "Tannhaeuser,"
 And although a vocal pill
 Such as "Comrades," makes him ill
 Yet he'll swipe it—Ah, professor, you're
 the boy that fills the bill.

Toot, toot, toot,
 With his waxed mustaches cute,
 And his evening dress neat-fitting,
 'Tis a treat to see him sitting
 Like a Spanish alguazil
 Stiff and straight and fit to kill,
 With his band—Ah, yes, professor, you're
 the boy that fills the bill.

Toot, toot, toot,
 His experience bears fruit
 Teaching tyros, who—confound 'em !—
 Make an awful racket round him,
 Till he'd like their gore to spill
 Or their blarsted bones to grill ;
 But he stands it—Ah, professor, you're
 the boy that fills the bill.

Toot, toot, toot ;
 Is there ever a galoot
 Who would risk a competition
 With this superfine musician ?
 Let him venture if he will
 Such a contract to fulfill ;
 Won't he suffer !—Ah, professor, you're
 the boy that fills the bill.



JUDGE JAMES W. OVER.

Mother Nature has imprinted, with a hand that seldom errs,

Honesty, straight-forwardness and zeal
On the face that's here immortalized, and surely she confers

A compliment from which there's no appeal.
No one can deny it; not an atom of deceit
Marks the doings of this model among men.
Ask any one that knows him, and the same he will repeat

Over, over again.

Gentle though he is, he doesn't know what's meant by fear;

He proved his mettle thirty years ago,
When Lincoln called for patriotic souls to volunteer,

For service in the South against the foe.
'Twas sad to leave the dear ones that he loved the best of all,

For a fate that must be hidden from his ken;
Yet he felt that he would gladly draw the sword at duty's call

Over, over again.

He enlisted in the cavalry—as Anderson's 'twas known,

And fairly won his spurs in Tennessee.
You'll find it on the records that from first to last he shone

As a fighter; stauncher soldier ne'er could be.

And, although when with his comrades in a smoke-house he was locked

Down in Nashville for his colonel's sake—why, then

He declared that for the colonel he would willingly be socked

Over, over again.

Need we tell you how he's busied now—his place is in the court

Which to orphans renders guardianship and care;

People long ago decided him to be the proper sort
That grave responsibility to bear.

His fairness and ability no commentary need,
Nor puffing from the editorial pen.

So in running for election he is certain to succeed
Over, over again.

His dwelling is at Osborn; truly rural are his ways.

Though he's nowise puritanical or prim,
He eschews the city's bustle and the mob's inquiring gaze;

Quiet living is the kind of thing for him.
He's so thoroughbred a gentleman, so genial and so bland,

That the chances are no more than one in ten
That his like could e'er be found, although you search throughout the land

Over, over again.



JUDGE J. F. SLAGLE.

High in a chair of awful state

He sits, like Alexander ;

An arbiter of human fate—

What function could be grander?

Placid at times, at others firm,

Again, in splendid fury,

He makes the cringing lawyers squirm

And terrifies the jury.

Who would have thought, when first he
tried

His 'prentice hand at pleading

In petty suits, and viewed with pride,

His prospects of succeeding,

That, ere he passed his manhood's prime,

He'd leave his fellow drudges

And up to power and glory climb

Among the county judges?

He might have knocked our charter out,

And done it quite discreetly,

For he would thus, without a doubt,

Have floored the ring completely.

But all things show he knows his "biz,"

Nor should the world mistake him,

For, in his quiet way he is

As useful as they make 'em.



A Daniel come to judgment here behold,
 Youthful in years, in ripe experience old,
 Whose erudition
 Led Uncle Sam to take him by the hand
 And give him, at the popular demand,
 A high position.

No interloper he, but raised right here,
 And on this town the light of his career
 Delights to scatter ;
 Here he read Virgil and old Cicero—
 The Western Univers'ty was, you know,
 His *alma mater*.

Here he read law, and the success he had
 In handling Blackstone made exceeding
 glad
 The heart parental
 Of him who used at Dixmont to preside
 Long ere the Minnick case made folks de-
 ride

 That place ungentele.

Rapid his rise when at the bar he took
 His place, and with forensic thunder
 shook
 The court's foundation.

Judges looked dazed when he began to
 talk,
 And opposition counsel "took a walk"
 In consternation.

Knotty, indeed, the legal paradox
 That he and his sagacious partner, Knox,
 Could not unravel.
 Cases abstruse that others couldn't touch,
 They handled with pronounced adroitness
 such
 That none could cavil.

So, when the place of federal district judge
 Was vacant, who could the appointment
 grudge
 To one so gifted?
 So thought Ben Harrison, and that is why
 We find our hero to distinction high
 By Ben uplifted.

Now does it come within his sphere to try
 Cases that come 'neath Uncle Samuel's eye
 And might confound him ;
 But, if the records are to be believed,
 And otherwise deponent's not deceived,
 No flies surround him.

J. H. REED.

J. H. REED, ex-Judge of the United States District Court of Washington, Pennsylvania, although not yet 40 years of age, has reached the highest plane of distinction in the legal profession. He is the son of Dr. J. A. and Elizabeth H. Reed, from whom his refined tastes and force of intellect are inherited, and was born in Allegheny City September 10, 1853.

In 1872 he graduated from the Western University, and then studied law with his uncle, David Reed, a practitioner of considerable distinction. As a member of the firm of Knox & Reed he acquired a high reputation, especially in the pleading of large corporation cases. So thoroughly were his fellow members of the bar impressed with his capabilities that when the appointment of Judge Acheson to Judge McKennan's place on the bench of the Circuit Court left the district bench vacant, a practically unanimous demand was made upon President Harrison for the appointment of Judge Reed. The President readily acceded, and in February, 1891, Judge Reed received his commission and ascended the bench, to the general satisfaction of the press and the people.

His health failing somewhat, he resigned his office on January 15, 1892, and, after a period of needed rest, returned to his old place in the firm of Knox & Reed.

Judge Reed is married, and lives at Shadyside, as happy in his home relations as he is in the enjoyment of merited distinction at the bar.



Who on the world benignly beams
 As one who never, never dreams
 Of set-up jobs and plots and schemes?
 The candidate.

Who in his youth at farming wrought
 And of distinction never thought
 Till by the people he was sought?
 The candidate.

Who shouldered arms when war broke out,
 And shared in many a bloody bout,
 A "Roundhead" soldier, brave and stout?
 The candidate.

Who, when the cruel war was o'er,
 Enlisted in a picture store,
 And dabbled in artistic lore?
 The candidate.

Who watched his chance to fish for fame,
 And grabbed it straightway when it came,
 In hopes to play a winning game?
 The candidate.

Who took a school directorship,
 Knowing—for he was pretty flip—

That thus he'd get a firmer grip?
 The candidate.

Who in the Bellevue Councils took
 A seat, expecting thus to hook
 Things higher?—thus ahead he'd look—
 The candidate.

Who by the Northside folk was sent
 To Harrisburg, with full intent
 That to no jobbing he'd consent?
 The candidate.

Who did such very useful work,
 Getting his licks in like a Turk,
 That of the House they made him Clerk?
 The candidate.

Who, when the treasury's been sacked
 By politicians, now is backed
 As guardian of the funds to act?
 The candidate.

* * * * *

And who (this is an afterthought)
 A monumental battle fought,
 And earned the glory that he sought?
 The candidate.

JOHN W. MORRISON.

CAPTAIN JOHN W. MORRISON, the present Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania, was born in Philadelphia, February 12, 1841. He attended the ward schools of that city until he was ready for admission to the Central High School, in 1854, when his parents moved to Mercer County. There he was for several years engaged in farming, and also clerked in a country store.

In 1858 young Morrison came to Pittsburg, entered a business house as errand boy, and in a short time was promoted to be a salesman. At the outbreak of the war in 1861, he threw up his position, returned to Mercer County, and enlisted, along with two of his brothers, in the One Hundredth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, better known as the "Roundheads." The young volunteer took part with his regiment in a series of hard-fought campaigns, including the South Carolina campaign of 1861, Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, the siege of Vicksburg, and Burnside's brilliant campaign in Tennessee. In March, 1863, he was made sergeant-major, and in May of the same year he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of his company.

In December, 1863, the old "Roundheads" re-enlisted, and afterwards, as a part of the Grand Army of the Potomac, participated in the stirring conflicts of 1864, under Grant and Meade. In nearly all the battles of that exciting period Captain Morrison was actively engaged, and no braver soldier than he fought under the Union flag.

On his return from the army, Captain Morrison resumed business in Pittsburg, and made his mark among the substantial men of the city. He represented the Fifth Legislative District in the lower branch of the General Assembly in the sessions of 1881 and 1883, and subsequently served as Journal Clerk and Chief Clerk of the House.

When the success of the Republican State ticket was threatened, owing to the Bardsley scandal in Philadelphia, Captain Morrison and General Gregg, both old soldiers and men of conceded integrity, were selected as the party's candidates for State Treasurer and Auditor General respectively, and the confidence reposed in them by their fellow-citizens found expression in a plurality of over 54,000 votes.

Captain Morrison is a great favorite with the "boys in blue." He belongs to the Patterson Post, No. 88, G. A. R., and to No. 6, Union Veteran Legion, of Allegheny. He has also held a commission in the Fourteenth Regiment, N. G. P., and has been Captain and Aide-de-camp on the staff of General Beaver.



In the upper branch of Councils there's a
stately-looking chap,
Who is never in the background when
discussions are on tap ;
His spectacles, his features and his figure
trim and neat
Are done up in our picture with fidelity
complete.

When a youth he graduated at the High
School on the hill,
And subbed for a professor there with
some degree of skill ;
But he didn't stick to teaching, for he
hoped to be a star
Shining bright among the legal lights that
sparkle at the bar.

That he didn't fail to sparkle everybody
will admit,
For he studied like a Trojan and had lots
of ready wit.
He got Blackstone at his fingers' ends
and wasn't such a jay,
If a knotty point confused him, as to give
himself away.

In his leisure hours at politics he took a
quiet whack,
And sometimes for an office ran when can-
didates were slack ;

He thought he'd make the landing in
some high "posish" at last,
So he practiced making speeches of a
solid Stalwart cast.

The Pennsylvania Senate seemed to be
about his size,
But he couldn't make the raffle, to his in-
finite surprise ;
So he nowadays consoles himself by stir-
ring up a scare
With Pickwickian withdrawals as a candi-
date for May'r.

His chance of being elected May'r is not
a certain thing,
Since he hasn't got a record of devotion
to the ring ;
For he's quite a solid Christian of the
hard-shell U. P. brand,
And in shady ring transactions doesn't
care to take a hand.

There's what comes of being honest in
this cussed crooked town,
A decent chap can't hope to gain political
renown ;
And the wonder is, accordingly, a Chris-
tian man to meet
Who can hold his grip, like this one, on
a Councilmanic seat.

JOHN S. LAMBIE.

PUBLIC recognition in a measure above the ordinary and in many fields has come to John S. Lambie, the well known Pittsburg attorney, as the reward of a life of earnest and well-directed effort. He is equally prominent as a barrister, as a popular representative in Councils, as a public speaker, and as a leader among the veterans of the war.

Mr. Lambie was born in the old Sixth, now the Eighth ward, Pittsburg, November 1, 1843, and lived for a time in what was formerly the borough of Birmingham. He graduated from the Central High School in 1862, and then applied himself to the study of law with the firm of Marshall & Brown. Upon the dissolution of that firm, Mr. Lambie became associated with A. M. Brown, in connection with whom he has been practising law since his admission to the bar in 1865.

In July, 1864, he enlisted in the 193d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Colonel J. B. Clark, for 100 days, and served honorably for six months.

Except during his short period of residence in Birmingham, Mr. Lambie has always lived in the Eighth ward. In 1876, he was elected to represent that district in Select Council, and he has been re-elected seven times, six times unanimously. His voice and influence always make themselves felt in Councilmanic proceedings, and few subjects of importance come up without bringing into play his eloquence and lawyer-like adroitness in argument.

He has always been a Republican; voted the first time for Lincoln in 1864, and has since been a uniformly faithful worker for his party. His services as a stump speaker are enlisted in all important campaigns, and he has been a member of nearly every County Convention for years, and of several State Conventions. The Tariff Club counts him among its most honored members.

Mr. Lambie is Past Commander of Post 3, G. A. R., and stands in high repute with his comrades. He is a consistent member of the United Presbyterian Church, and illustrates by his life the solid worth of practical Christianity.



JOSEPH WALTON.

Sing yeo, heave ho,
 When the stormy breezes blow
 And the waves run mountains high;
 When there's danger on the larboard
 And destruction on the starboard
 And hard-a-port the breakers fly,
 Then with telescope in hand
 And an aspect of command,
 In language to the point, though brief,
 Come directions for salvation,
 Clearing up the situation,
 From the Lord High Admiral-in-Chief.

Does he navigate the brine
 Round the equinoctial line
 Or the ice-clogged southern main?
 Does he wrestle with the frantic,
 Foaming waves of the Atlantic,
 Or cruise along the coast of Spain?
 No—abroad is not the place
 Where to danger he gives chase,
 And promises to come to grief;
 On the rivers right around us
 Do the naval feats astound us
 Of the Lord High Admiral-in-Chief.

Ancient mariners describe
 Him as oldest of the tribe,
 Half a century a riverman he's been;
 And with stories of his fleet
 He's alarmingly replete,
 And endless are the yarns he's prone to spin.

He will tell of nights of woe,
 When the smoke-stacks had to go,
 And all hands were piped the sails to reef,
 While each eye with tear-drops glistens,
 Which are drawn by reminiscence
 From the Lord High Admiral-in-Chief.

Very great has been his luck :
 Though occasionally stuck
 On a sandbank or smashed against the pier
 Of a bridge, he's wont to make
 Quite a comfortable stake
 From the shipments that he sends away from here.
 Never yet has pirate king
 Tried his funny work to spring
 On the coal tows—rich booty for a thief—
 So that fortune rarely wavers
 In centering her favors
 On the Lord High Admiral-in-Chief.

Riches now he has galore,
 And upon him still they pour;
 Commercially he's rated at the top.
 He's ruler of a bank,
 And has high official rank
 In 'most every paying "spec" that's gotten up.
 Though old sailors mostly swear,
 This 'un hies himself to prayer
 Where the Methodists find solace and relief
 On North avenue, and truly
 Few can worship more true bluely
 Than the Lord High Admiral-in-Chief.



A. J. EDWARDS.

Good-looking? You bet! He's a pearl
without price,
As fair as a lily and ten times as nice.
A susceptible chap, and a bachelor, too;
Now, girls, here's the chance of a lifetime
for you.

Who is he? Well, that we're not giving
away;
He's young, but he's climbed fairly high
in his day.
Suffice it to say that his ancestry hails
From some place with a name that's jaw-
breaking, in Wales.

With the aid of the Welshmen he first
blossomed forth,
And worked the eisteddfods for all he was
worth.
For speaking at blow-outs he had such a
knack
That he soon got the solid Welsh vote at
his back.

The political bosses received him with joy,
And gave him a job in the county's em-
ploy,
And his pull at elections being soon recog-
nized,
The industrial census he next supervised.

When the census was over he didn't get
left,
'Twouldn't do to go back on a chap of his
heft.
An appointment he got, with his usual luck,
As left bow'r to a federal high muck-a-
muck.

To give him his due, we are bound to
confess,
He's "enveloped" in glory and "stamped"
with success.
His "address" is perfection, he's truer
than steel,
And his future is marked with prosperity's
"seal."



Here's a thoroughbred Scotch-Irishman, as solid
 as a rock,
 He inherits all the ear-marks of a Puritanic stock,
 In business he's the boy that's up to every turn
 and trick;
 If you want to drive him crazy, just mistake him
 for a "Mick."

'Tis in rocky county Antrim that his clan is to be
 found,
 At Culbrim near Ballymoney is their famous
 stamping ground;
 There his boyhood's days he spent and useful
 knowledge he amassed,
 Till he got a start at clerking in the city of Belfast.

The smallness of his stipend made him quickly
 change his base,
 At Liverpool and at Glasgow to Dame Fortune he
 gave chase,
 But Fortune proved elusive, and because she
 turned him down,
 He made a bee-line right away for Allegheny
 town.

Two and twenty years have passed since then, and
 all along he's struck
 Since landing in America the very best of luck,
 From a clerkship in a rolling mill, by industry
 and skill,
 He has risen to be head and front of an Alle-
 gheny mill.

In the interim, he hasn't failed to get a solid grip
 On what humorists are wont to call the art of
 statesmanship,
 And with characteristic shrewdness he in time
 achieved the feat
 Of holding up the voters for a Councilmanic seat.

Of his Machiavellian wisdom the high rollers
 soon took note,
 Jimmy Hunter came and asked for his "influo-
 ence," and his vote,
 "I'm with you," cried our hero, and such zeal
 he did evince,
 That he's served as Kaiser Hunter's chief lieu-
 tenant ever since.

He doesn't sit in Councils now, but it suits him
 to be known
 In the mystical capacity of pow'r behind the
 throne.
 He haunts the floor of Councils and the lobby he
 pervades,
 Buttonholing cranky kickers and instructing
 Hunter's aids.

Some give vent to the opinion—you may view it
 as you please—
 That he's one of Allegheny's aggregation of
 Magees,
 Presupposing sundry bosses independently to
 shine,
 As a ruling spirit, anyhow, he's always right in line.

ROBERT McAFEE.

IN the political and business circles of Allegheny City, Robert McAfee is a widely known and active figure. He is a native of County Antrim, in the North of Ireland, and was educated in Belfast. After leaving school, Mr. McAfee was employed for two years in a large mercantile establishment at Liverpool, England. He went from Liverpool to Glasgow, Scotland, where he assumed a similar position.

In 1869, he emigrated to America and settled in Allegheny, assuming the position of shipping clerk at the Wood's Run mill of the Oliver Iron & Steel Company. In 1878, he became manager of the mill, which position he still holds.

Mr. McAfee early identified himself with politics as a member of the Republican party. For twelve years he served the citizens of the Eleventh ward in Councils, occupying during that period the chairmanship of several important committees. His business ability and close observation of public affairs made him a valuable representative.

Although ostensibly "out of politics," Mr. McAfee continues to be a power in his district, and the Republican managers look upon his services as indispensable.



In history's page, if you've ever perused it,
 'You've certainly found 'mid the gentlemen smart,
 Who captured distinction and never abused it,
 That the Rogers played always a prominent part.
 There was old Roger Ascham, Elizabeth's teacher,
 And young Roger Mortimer, killed with an axe ;
 Sir Roger De Coverley, kindly of feature,
 And Rogers who made some poetical cracks.

Now the cream of the lot and their ultimate essence
 Is living and thriving in Pittsburg to-day.
 Behold him above, in a state of quiescence,
 The same that photographers always portray.
 A lawyer he is with a practice gigantic—
 The like of it heretofore never you saw.
 Not a rap does he care for pretensions pedantic,
 But buckles right down to legitimate law.

Though his office is here, he lives over the river,
 In sweet Allegheny, where Quay has the call,
 And the folks over there once saw fit to deliver
 The contract to him to get law for them all.
 As city solicitor great was his service ;
 Good reason he has to be proud of himself ;
 But the thought of the practice he lost made him nervous,
 And so he gave over the office to "Elph."

For McKeesport he still is the legal adviser,
 And—notice of this 'tis important to take—
 He was picked out by Hartranft—no choice could be wiser—
 A code for all classes of cities to make.
 For the *Leader* he's counsel, and fights like a lion
 The Puritan cranks and their Sunday law craze,
 So you see, of the Rogerses never a scion
 Is abler than he or more worthy of praise.

WILLIAM B. RODGERS.

IN making slates for judgeship contests—an operation which affords special enjoyment to lawyer-politicians and newspaper editors—one of the first names to be considered is always that of William B. Rodgers, ex-City Solicitor of Allegheny, and noted throughout the county as a well-read, clear-headed and conscientious advocate.

Mr. Rodgers was born in the Fourth ward of Allegheny City, June 30, 1843. He attended the Fourth ward public schools, and went, in 1858, to the Western University, and afterwards to Allegheny City College, where he graduated in 1862. He studied law in the office of Judge Kirkpatrick and John Mellon, and was admitted to practice in 1866, since which time he has practised at the Allegheny County bar without interruption, acquiring an extensive and valuable clientage.

From 1870 until 1888 Mr. Rodgers was City Solicitor of Allegheny, and rendered distinguished service in that capacity, and he is now one of the solicitors for the city of McKeesport. He was a member of the Municipal Commission appointed by Governor Hartranft to prepare a code for the government of the cities of the State. This code was the foundation of the form of government imposed on cities of the first class, and on it is based also the system now applied to cities of the second class.

Mr. Rodgers has been engaged in a large number of cases of the first importance.

The qualities to which Mr. Rodgers owes his professional eminence are briefly these—studiously developed legal scholarship, a keen, logical habit of mind, close application to business, and a scrupulous regard for the interests of his clients.

Mr. Rodgers was married to Miss Ada Mevay, and still lives in Allegheny, as fortunate in his home life as he has been in his profession.



Irving, the actor—that's what you'll say,
 If your tastes are in the dramatic way.
 Observing the facial traits embraced
 In the portrait here by our artist traced ;
 The lofty brow, the Norman nose,
 The mouth determined and bellicose ;
 The massive chin, the eagle eye,
 The general air of do or die :
 All these at once the beholder strike
 As being decidedly Irving-like.

Reader, we cannot tell a lie,
 This is no melodramatic guy.
 Passions to tatters he does not tear,
 Nor sentimentally saw the air.
 Nightly ovations he ne'er would seek,
 Nor expire eight times in a single week,
 (Two of those times at matinees)—
 He hasn't the time for such pranks as these.
 No, no ! Though an Irving-like face is
 his,

A simple Shoemaker—that's what he is.
 Seeing the trade that our hero's at,
 'Tis odd that he never yet has sat
 On the bench, but steadily pegs along,
 Healing and patching when things go
 wrong.

"Tips" he supplies of various sorts,

And he sometimes gaily the "upper" courts,
 While if ever by cranks his sole is tried
 He boots them out with an air of pride.
 But however he happens to use his boot
 The mark he never can overshoe-t.

Need we remark that his trade is vast,
 Since he never fails to stick to the last ?
 Customers—clients he calls them—flock
 To the place where he keeps his wares in
 stock ;

And judges passing upon the same
 Their merit in ruling clear proclaim ;
 Aye, and the Governor of the State
 In '83, with discernment great,
 Made him the deputy, thoroughly fit,
 Of the man who then had Harrity's "sit."

Of course, you perceive, he's a Democrat,
 Or he wouldn't have held that office fat,
 And the party relies on his active brain
 In a national or State campaign ;
 For, bless you, this Shoemaker's fit to teach
 Old Gladstone himself to make a speech.
 And, the fact no longer we'll hide from view,
 He happens to be a barrister, too,
 Which accounts in part for the liberties great

That we've taken with Irving's duplicate.

JOHN C. SHOEMAKER.

JOHN CRESSWELL SHOEMAKER, an attorney of State reputation and a personage of considerable prominence in Democratic politics, was born at Academia, Pa., April 7, 1857. He was educated at Tuscarora Academy, Chambersburg Academy and Lafayette College, graduating from the latter institution in the class of 1877.

Mr. Shoemaker's adaptability for the legal profession early manifested itself. Immediately after taking his degree he began reading law in Chambersburg with Hon. J. McDowell Sharpe, under whose tuition he gained a thorough knowledge of jurisprudence. He was admitted to the bar of Franklin County on September 1, 1879, and in March, 1881, he was admitted to practice in Allegheny County.

Within a short time, Mr. Shoemaker built up a large connection here, his mental endowments and excellent social qualities receiving prompt recognition from a community which is always quick to recognize personal worth. From January 22, 1883, to February 1, 1887, he served as Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania under Governor Pattison, and fulfilled the duties of that office with credit. Since then he has carried on a remunerative law practice in Pittsburg.

Mr. Shoemaker is a model Democrat, possessing strong political convictions and acting upon them with unbroken consistency. Since the erection of a one-man power in his party in this State, he has cast his lot with the anti-administration Democrats, and is now concerned with ex-Senator Wallace, William M. Stenger and others, in a movement for reform within the party.



This good humored looking party,
 Lusty, big-mustached, and hearty,
 And developed like a gladiatorial Greek,
 Greek, Greek,
 As a sample always passes
 Of the truly rural classes,
 For he hails from somewhere out near
 Turtle Creek, Creek, Creek.

There he's plowed full many an acre,
 And beat all as a Haymaker—
 So at least he says when votes he wants to
 catch, catch, catch.
 But for all he is a Granger,
 We should think there would be danger
 In permitting him to boss a garden patch,
 patch, patch.

For since manhood he attained to,
 Legal practice he's been chained to,
 Caring nothing for the labors of the farm,
 farm, farm ;
 Crops with loathing he discusses,
 Hayseed weather lore he cusses,
 But in nursing high ambition finds a charm,
 charm, charm.

From 'most every hill and valley
 Rustic voters round him rally
 When some office to corral he makes a
 start, start, start ;
 Hence he's long been coadjutor
 To the public prosecutor,
 And in county cases takes an active part,
 part, part.

When the higher-up position
 Was vacated, his ambition
 At the prospect of promotion took a leap,
 leap, leap,
 But his nose it was disjointed,
 For one "Clarry" was appointed,
 And the swear words of his Jags were loud
 and deep, deep, deep.

Where is now his royal prestige?
 One would think that not a vestige
 Of the same remained since "Clarry"
 knocked him flat, flat, flat—
 But, look out !—the rural regions
 Now are sending in their legions
 To elect a Straight-out or a Democrat,
 'crat, 'crat.

JAMES C. HAYMAKER.

THE responsible duty of overseeing and instructing the grand jurors of Allegheny County is in the hands of James C. Haymaker, the capable Assistant District Attorney, and Mr. Haymaker's face is, therefore, a familiar one to all who have occasion to get into the latitude of a "true bill" or an "ignoramus." The Cerberus of the grand jury room was born near Turtle Creek, in Patton township, this county, September 2, 1853. He received a good education, completing his studies at the Laird Institute, Murfreesville, Pa. His brother, J. S. Haymaker, was already a practising attorney, and with him the young man read law. On July 17, 1885, Mr. Haymaker was admitted to the bar, and at once entered upon the general practice of his profession. While building up his clientage he incidentally interested himself in Republican politics, and acquired a strong following. Hence, when, in 1887, he announced himself as a candidate for Assistant District Attorney, his claims were recognized by the local leaders, and he secured his election without difficulty.

On the death of District Attorney Richard H. Johnston in 1891, Mr. Haymaker was prominently mentioned for promotion, and, in fact, received the votes of some of the judges, to whom the law entrusted the election of a temporary incumbent. Clarence Burleigh secured the office, however, and was subsequently endorsed by the people, through the efforts of the famous "non-partisan" combination of Republican and Democratic politicians.

The situation was accepted gracefully by Mr. Haymaker, and he is considered accordingly to be fairly in line for promotion when the next opportunity occurs.



Like the ancient colossus the chroniclers mention,
Which straddled a channel and tow'ed to the
skies,
The subject here pictured, beyond contravention,
Though he straddles no strait, is a corker in
size.
As he walks on the highway with bearing defiant,
His air and his stature are vastly admired,
And the populace murmurs, "Get onto the giant
Chief Justice of Bayardstown—lately retired."

To look at him now, with his aspect so lofty,
A solid Muldoon from his head to his toes,
That in earlier times as a mill hand full oft he
Worked hard at a furnace you'd scarcely sup-
pose;
Yet such is the fact, and he's proud to descant on
The way that he formerly toiled and perspired,
Building up the prospectively big, adamantine
Chief Justice of Bayardstown—lately retired.

He was first known to fame as a Democrat sturdy;
In Bayardstown's precincts controlling the
boys;
Then he came out for Squire and, as no one de-
murred, he
Was chosen the scales of Dame Justice to poise.
This he did in such elegant style that the fellows
Who might have been kickers were duly in-
spired
With respect for the hefty, big-bodied and zeal-
ous
Chief Justice of Bayardstown—lately retired.

On fine summer evenings the boys would all
muster
In cane-seated chairs round his honor's front
door,
And gathering there in a sociable cluster,
They'd set up political jobs by the score.
In his own chair of state the "confabs" super-
vising,
A toby's aroma he gently respired.
And nobody thought of opposing the rising
Chief Justice of Bayardstown—lately retired.

Four terms he put in, but, alas, for his laurels!
The ring had a man with an eye on the place;
So they managed to stir up some factional quar-
rels,
And finally froze him right out of the race.
There was weeping and wailing and plentiful
gnashing
Of teeth when folks found that His Honor was
fired;
Who'd have thought cruel fate would have jumped
on the dashing
Chief Justice of Bayardstown—lately retired?

Now, the Squire is no slouch, and though stripped
of his function,
Not a tittle of dignity did he abate,
But, near his successor, with little compunction,
Set up as a dealer in real estate.
Success has attended his enterprise spunky;
Of boodle a snug little pile he's acquired;
And he still is the same old majestic and hunky
Chief Justice of Bayardstown—lately retired.

CORNELIUS J. O'DONNELL.

RESIDENTS of the Ninth and Tenth wards, composing the district formerly known as Bayardstown, look up to ex-alderman C. J. O'Donnell as the Nestor of the neighborhood, an unerring authority on matters of law and politics, and a trusty adviser in all the affairs of life. Twenty years' service as magistrate and a familiar acquaintance with every man, woman and child within the limits of his old bailiwick, form the basis of the Squire's title to paternal supremacy, the validity of which is rarely questioned.

The Squire was born in Donegal, Butler County, February 2, 1831. He attended the common schools and, as soon as he was old enough, supplemented his studies with outdoor work, the fruits of which are still visible in his erect figure and magnificent physique. In 1852 he came to Pittsburg and worked in a rolling mill as a puddler and as a roller. He stayed at this work until 1864, when he enlisted as a sergeant in the 77th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. After one year's service he was honorably discharged.

In 1866 he was appointed government oil inspector, and served one year, when the office was abolished. Subsequently he was appointed internal revenue storekeeper, being the first appointee to that position in the United States. After an incumbency of fourteen months, he resigned the office.

In 1869 he was elected alderman of the Ninth ward, in which capacity, as already stated, he continued for twenty years, performing his magisterial duties to the entire satisfaction of his constituency. He was sent to Council in 1864, and for many years he acted as treasurer of the Ralston School Board.

Squire O'Donnell is now in the real estate and insurance business, on Penn avenue near Twelfth street. He does business as a soldiers' claim agent, is engaged in settling up estates, and is frequently selected by court to act as administrator. He is also a director in the City Savings Bank.

The Squire is a faithful exponent of Jacksonian principles, and is never found wanting in important political campaigns. His absolute integrity and straightforwardness and his kindly disposition make him a general favorite, and his reputation as a worthy citizen extends to all quarters of the county.



PROF. GEORGE J. LUCKEY.

You should hear him at institute powwows
Orate with Demosthenic vim ;
All creation must go to the bowwows,
You would think, if it wasn't for him.

At argument he's a first-rater,
His eloquence every one charms ;
There's no discount on this educator,
He's the pet of the gushing school
marms.

He's disposed to admire innovation
And imports every fad from the east ;
He puffs up the "New Education,"
And is glad that the Speller's deceased.
He has rivals who fiercely assail him,
But nothing his spirit alarms,

For there's one thing that never can fail
him—
He's the pet of the gushing school
marms.

There are cranks, too, who sometimes at-
tack him
And claim he's not fit for the place,
That he's got politicians to back him
And is really a very hard case.
Does he mind them? Not much, for he's
plucky ;
No abuse his solidity harms,
And always in this he is lucky—
He's the pet of the gushing school
marms.

THE DOG SHOW.

With basso bow-wows and soprano ki-yis,
Come the canines of goodly array.
Every one of them looking dead sure of a
prize

At the dog show that's starting to-day.
The racket prodigious
Sounds just like a hideous
Machine without oil in its cogs ;
But the noise and the flurry
Don't anyway worry
The people who go to the dogs.

Tis a picnic to gaze on those blue-blooded
"purps,"

Penitentially boxed up and chained ;
No mongrel a footing among them usurps,
They're of lineage pure and unstained.
Some in nakedness enter,
While some round their centre
Wear flannel and similar togs ;
And from firstly to lastly
The whole tickles vastly
The people who go to the dogs.

Look at Mr. St. Bernard—ten thousand's
his price,

And he seems well aware of the same ;
To rescue the trav'ler from snow-drifts
and ice

Is a practice to which he lays claim.

But on such circumstances

He's taking no chances ;

Through life he luxuriously jogs,

Finding lots of employment

In giving enjoyment

To the people who go to the dogs.

There's the bandy-legged bull-dog as ugly
as sin,

Who makes people feel glad that he's
tied ;

The wolf-hound from Russia, quite shaggy
and thin,

And the Dachshund, that's Germany's
pride.

There are greyhounds attractive,

And lap-dogs inactive,

That lie in their kennels like logs ;

Little terriers barking,

And poodles skylarking

With people who go to the dogs.

Now, observing these animals, all must
confess

An impression peculiar prevails ;
It sticks out in the vocal display of dis-
tress

And the fidgety wagging of tails.

All would seem to be swearing

At mortals for staring

As though they were cattle or hogs ;

When they think themselves greater

And morally straighter

Than people who go to the dogs.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

This is G. Wash.,
As you may see,
A-chopping down
The cherry tree.

His hatchet keen
He firmly grips,
And deals the tree
Some awful chips.

Soon will approach
His parent grim,
With hefty club
Prepared for him.

But George will look
Him in the eye,
And say "I can
Not tell a lie."

With this remark
The cunning lad
Will paralyze
His angry dad,

Who thereupon,
With tears of joy,
Will drop the club
And hug the boy.

The moral's plain :
Small boys should try
To put it on
Their parent's eye.

So let us drain
A friendly horn,
For on this day
G. Wash. was born.

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