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Our Trip to California



IN ATTENDANCE UPON THE
GENERAL CONVENTION OF
THE PROTESTANT EPISCO-
PAL CHURCH ✠ ✠ ✠

October, A. D. 1901

(From the "PARISH MESSENGER" of the Church
of the Saviour Philadelphia)

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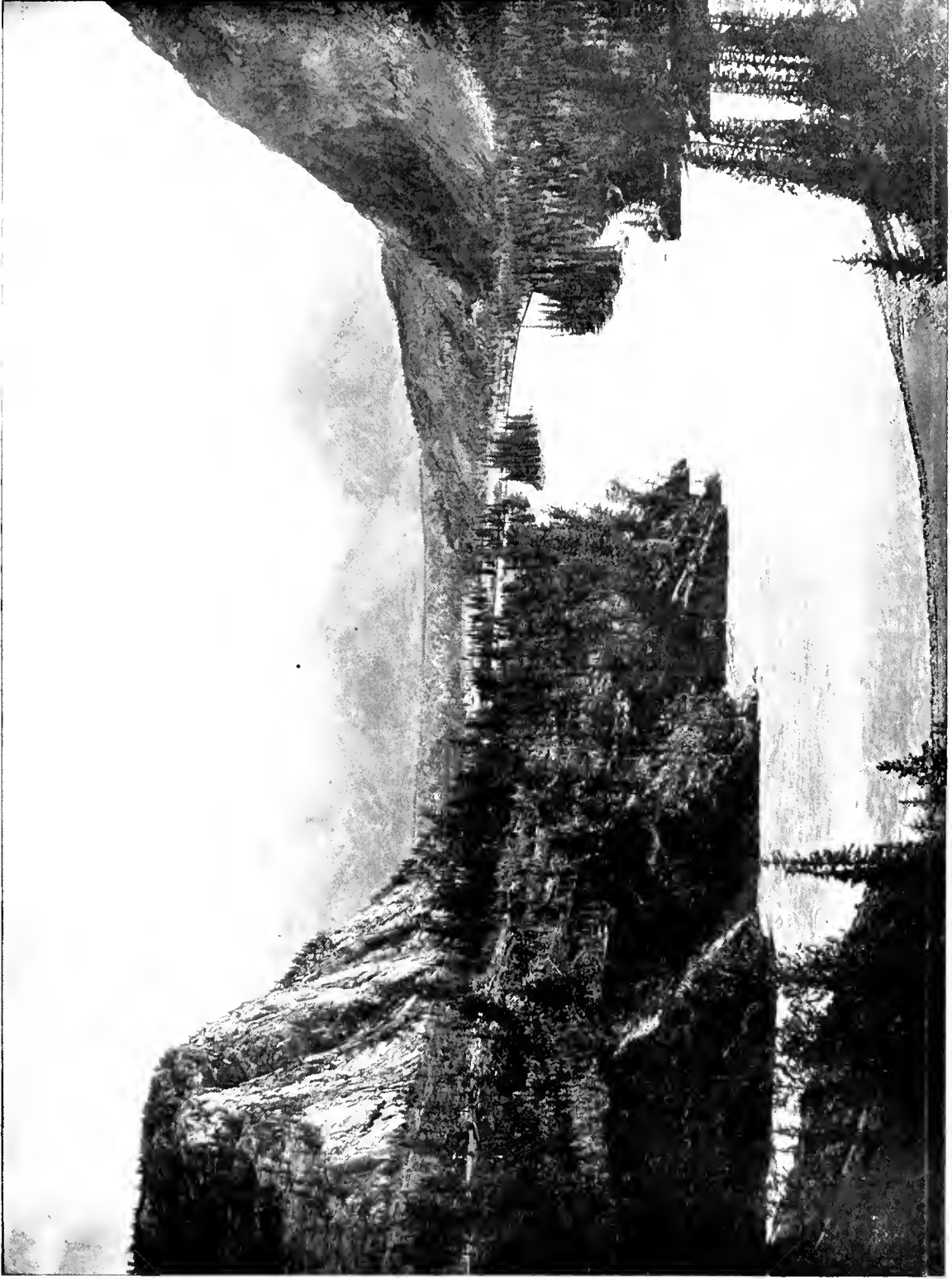
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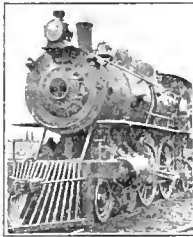
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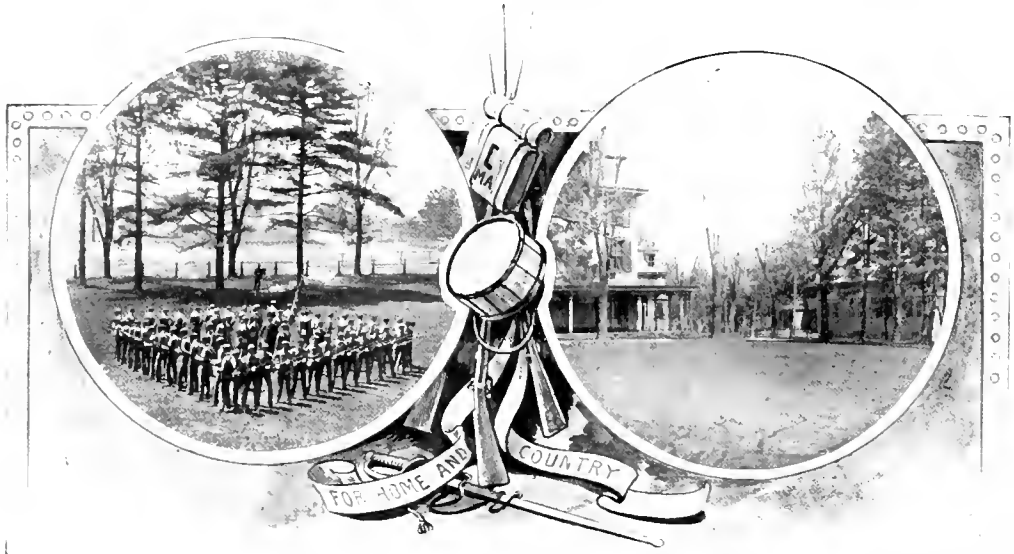
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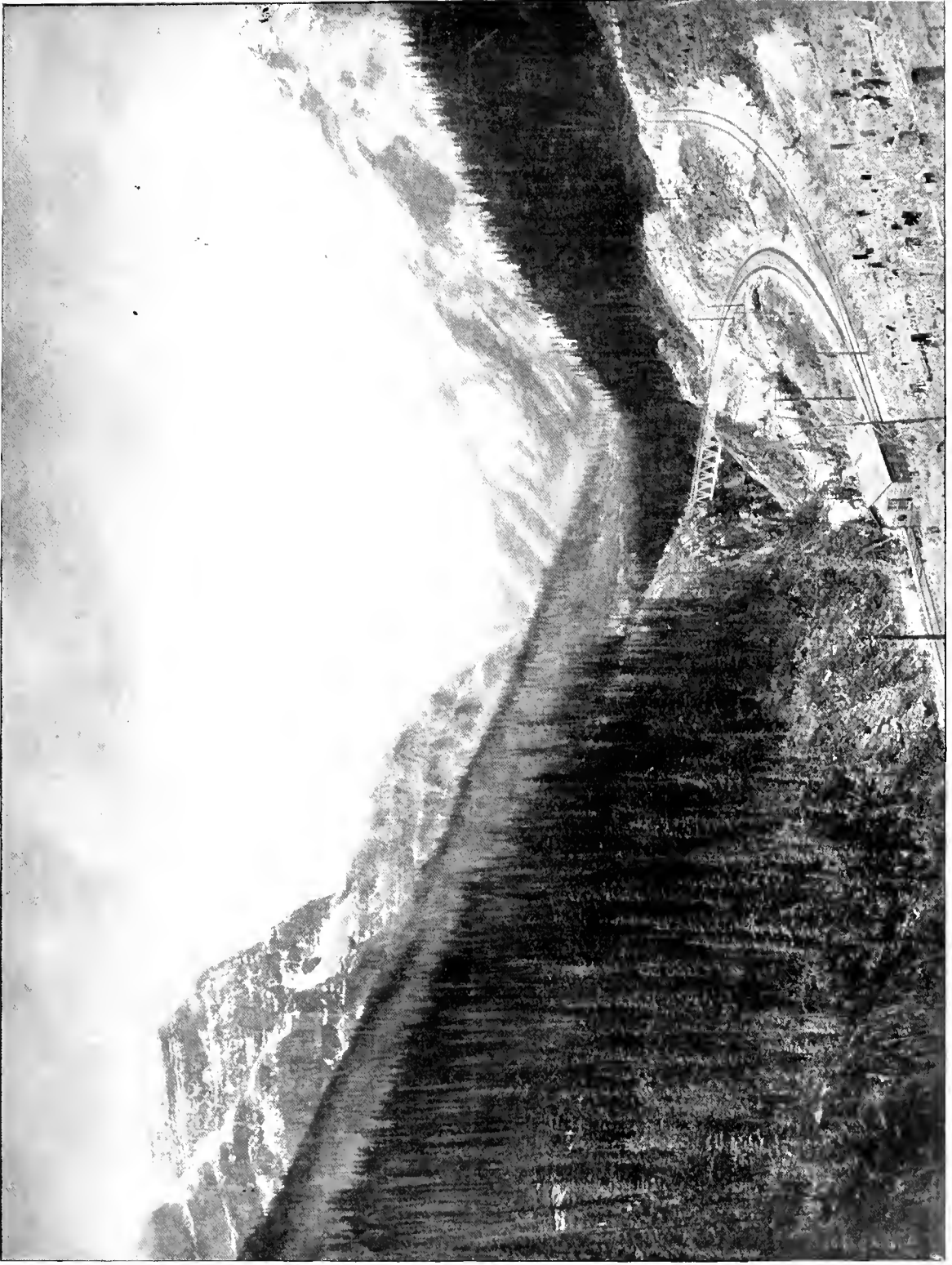
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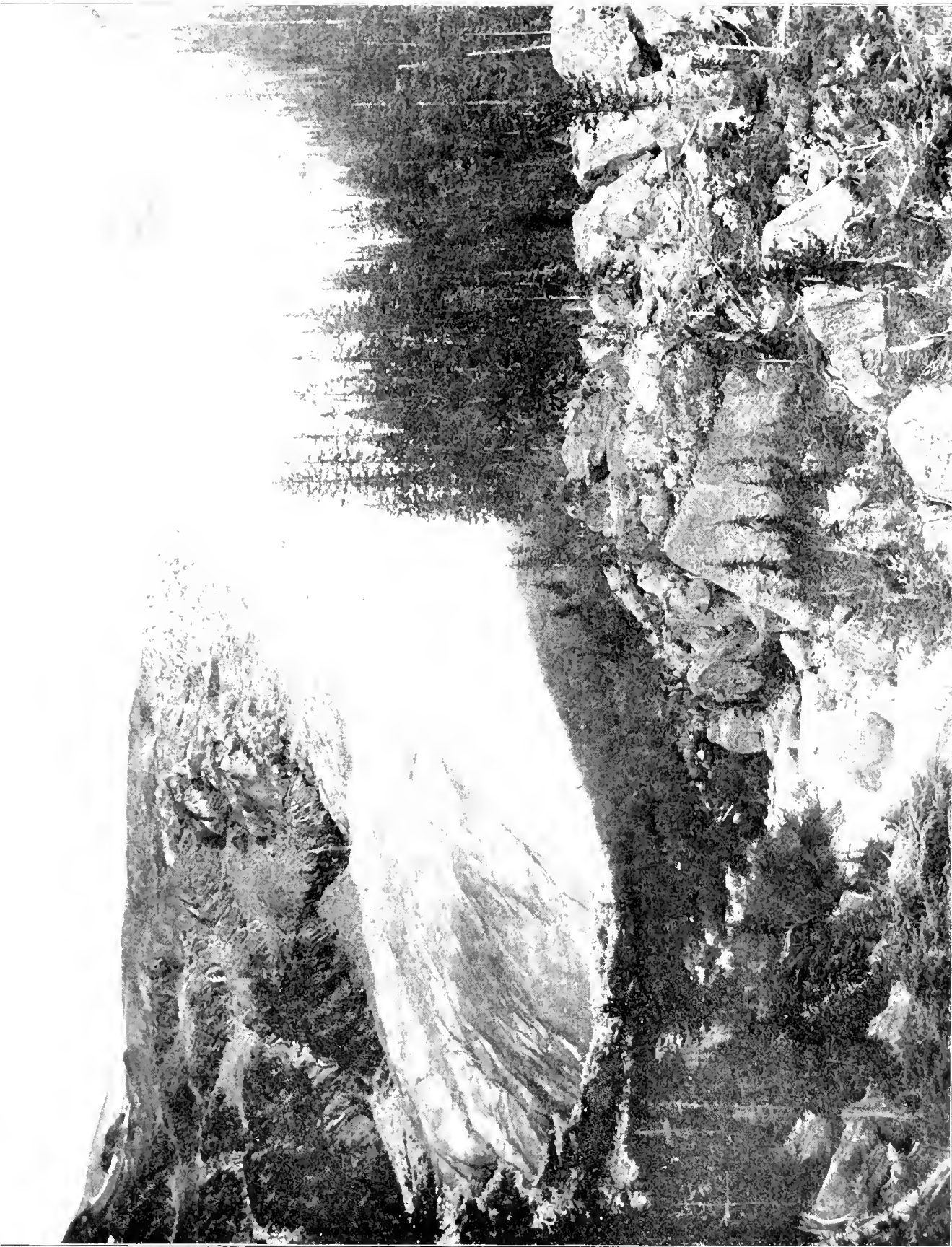
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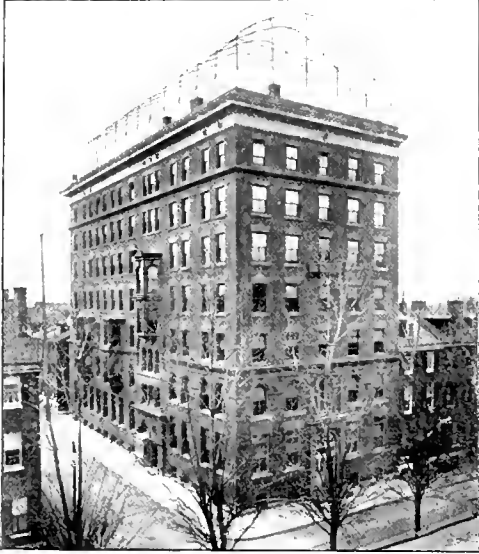
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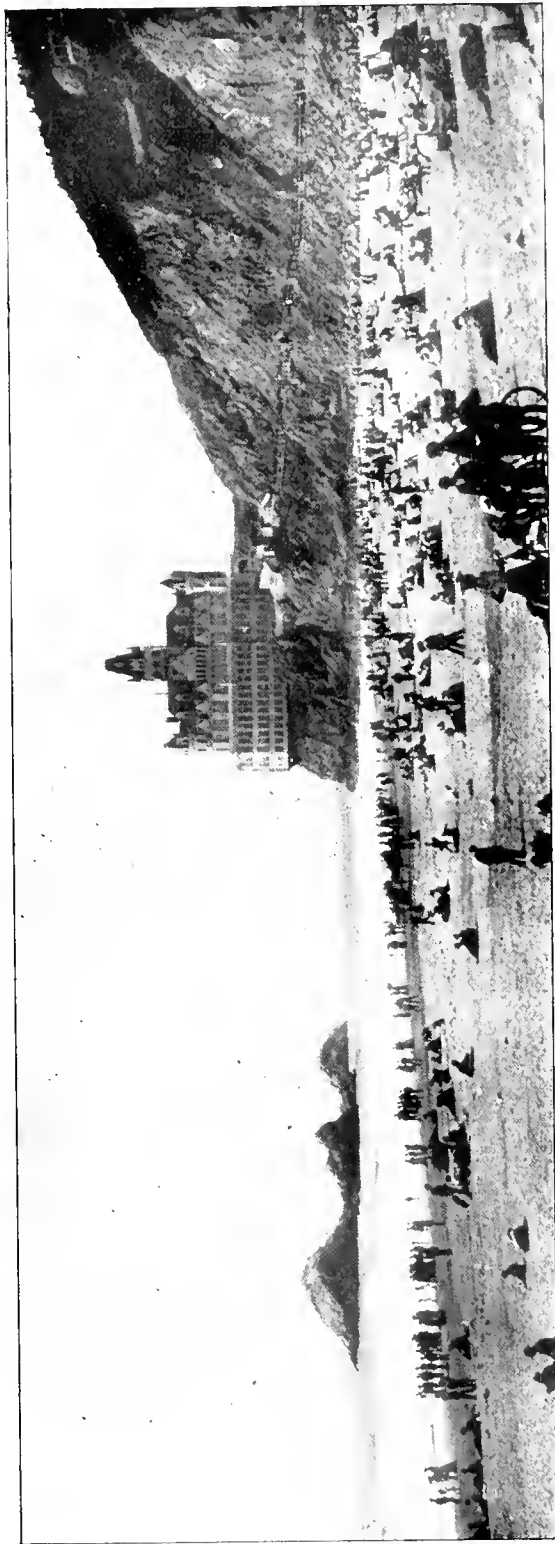
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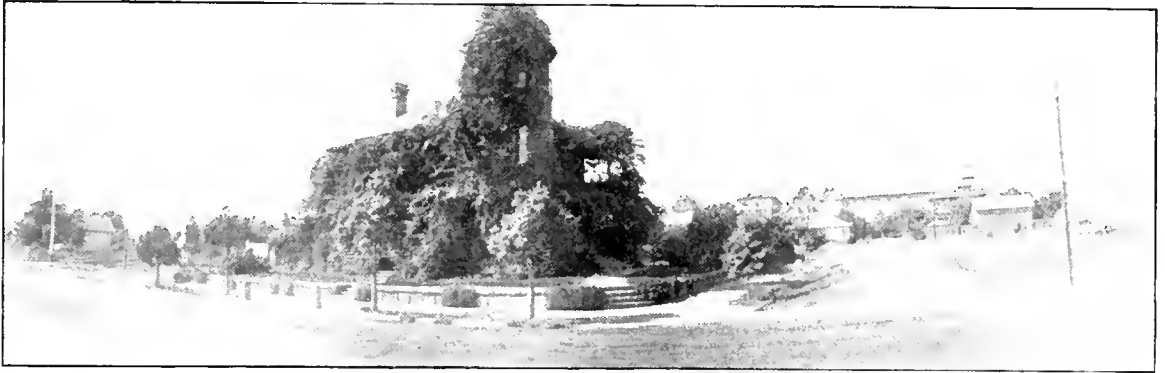
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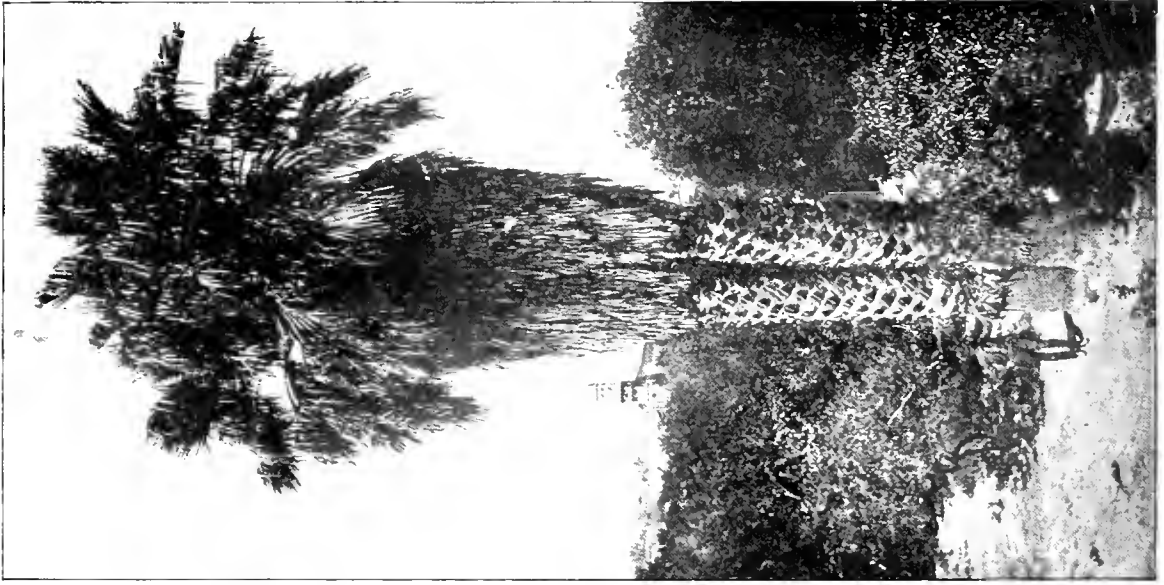
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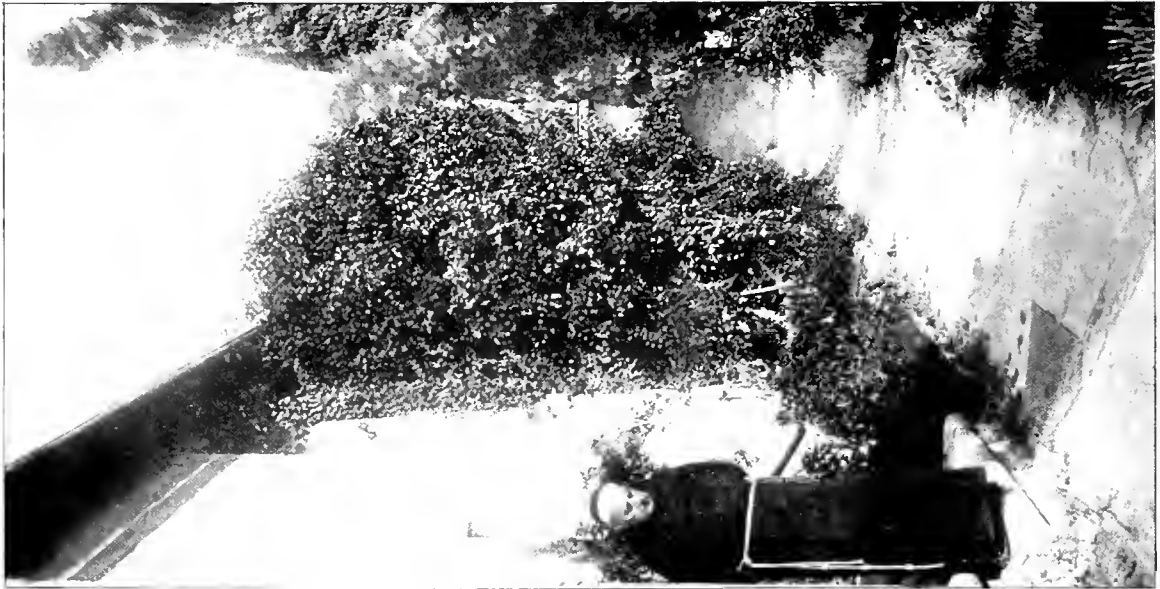
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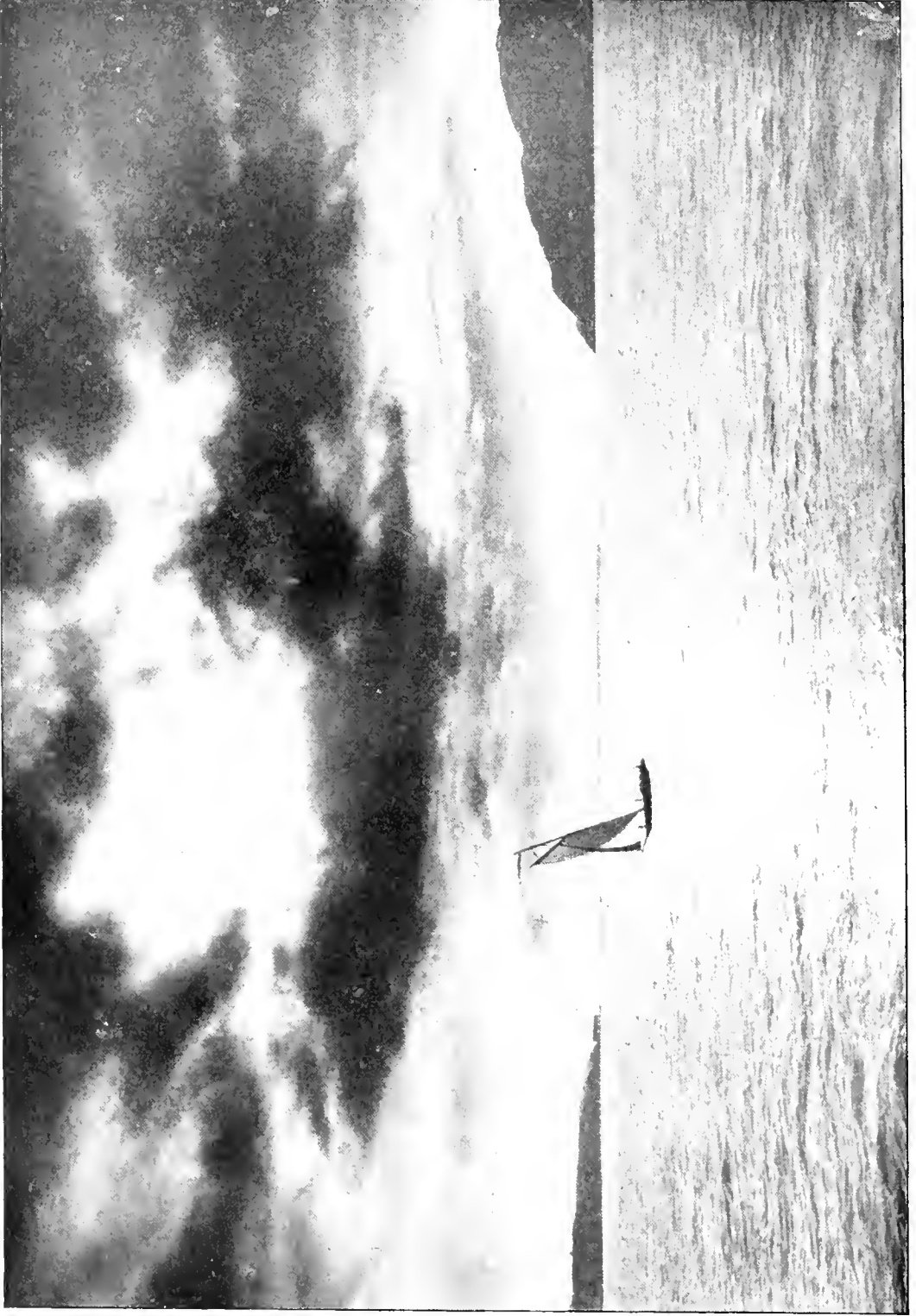
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INSIDE THE GATES OF THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION.



BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO—AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

Our Trip to California

IN ATTENDANCE UPON THE

GENERAL CONVENTION

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

October, A. D. 1901



(From the "Parish Messenger" of the Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia)

ON THE OUTWARD WAY.

At the Convention of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, which met in May last, the Rector was elected a deputy to the General Convention appointed to assemble in San Francisco on October 2. As the weeks rolled by, and the time for the meeting of the Convention drew near, the question became an interesting one, by what route shall we go and by what route shall we return? The "we" at that time consisted of Mrs. William W. Farr, whose husband's memory is still so warmly cherished by so many in our church, the Rector's wife, and himself. Time tables were gathered and itineraries carefully studied that the utmost possible satisfaction might be secured, both going and returning. Much the most attractive outward itinerary was that arranged by the Raymond & Whitcomb Company, leaving Boston, New York and Philadelphia on Friday, September 20, and going, as was stated in the prepared circular, "via the Great Northwest, traversing the magnificent scenic region of the Canadian Rockies by daylight, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, through the valleys of the Umpqua and Rogue Rivers, over the Siskiyou Mountains, and through the Mount Shasta Region." It was also stated that the train going by this route would be a special one, with a particular schedule prepared for it, "arranged so as to include the above grand attractions in a comfortable and leisurely manner," and that the number of persons who could be cared for would be "positively limited." The only trouble about this train in the Rector's mind was this—it was scheduled to leave on Friday, September 20. The Rector had set his heart upon being at home in Philadelphia on Sunday, September 22, and officiating in his accustomed place. What could be done? It was finally concluded that the opportunity of going by the best train, and in the best way for seeing the most glorious of Nature's wonders, was too good a one to be lost. "It is

once in a lifetime;" this thought gathered force until it became decisive. Meanwhile the Rector's party had grown. It finally included not only Mrs. Farr, his wife and himself, but also two of his daughters and Miss Nina F. Lewis, all members of our congregation.

As Pullman tickets had been secured, and all arrangements made that a day might be spent at Niagara Falls and the Buffalo Exposition, the ladies of the party then in Philadelphia left the Reading Terminal on Thursday, September 19, at 10.30 a. m. The Rector remained for the day, that he might take part in the memorial service held in our church in honor of President McKinley. Great was his surprise on reaching the church ten minutes before the hour of service to hear from Dr. Mac Alister, president of the Drexel Institute, who was seeking entrance by the rear door, that crowds were pressing in front, and admission there was practically impossible. The service prepared by the Bishop of the Diocese was read by him, excepting only the lesson, which was read by Rev. Mr. Beagen. The time given by our good Bishop to the preparation of a service than which none could have been more appropriate made the service very familiar to him. So naturally his reading of it carried home its words to every heart in a most impressive way. The Rector made the address. He could do this the more readily by reason of his friendly personal relations with the dead President, covering a period of many years. It seemed as though men were touched that day by the general sorrow as great masses of men are but rarely touched on earth. It would have been a real grief to the Rector if he could not have been present at that service. Indeed, his feeling was such that he would have sacrificed almost anything to that end.

By taking a night train he joined his family at Niagara Falls the following day.

The morning was spent in looking at the Falls, from one point of view and another. Rain fell in the afternoon, but not enough to keep some eager travelers away from the Buffalo Exposition, that they might see there just a little, including the wonderful electrical illumination of the buildings after the close of day. It was indeed wonderful, the one thing to be seen at this particular Exposition far surpassing anything of the kind that had ever been attempted before.

Mrs. Farr had been in the Adirondacks. She joined us after our return to Niagara, and we were all soon ensconced in our berths in a Pullman car which was to be our abode until we reached San Francisco. Had all gone well, we should have left Niagara soon after midnight. But a wreck on the Boston & Albany Railroad detained most of our fellow-passengers, so that our train did not finally pull out until nearly daylight. On our own car, besides the Rector's party, there were the following Philadelphians: Rev. Dr. C. S. Olmsted, Francis A. Lewis, Esq., and Rowland Evans, Esq., accompanied by his wife and daughter. On other cars there were Bishops Lawrence, McVickar and Brewster, and not a few leading clerical and lay deputies to the Convention, including the Rev. Dr. Lindsay, of Boston, who was afterward chosen president of the House of Deputies by a very large majority of votes. Some good friends have since pleasantly called our train "The Caucus Train." There was a great deal of good-fellowship on the train, and Dr. Lindsay was there as elsewhere a favorite, but the amount of "caucusing" done was not great. It was not necessary.

And what shall we say of the ladies, some with gray hairs, but all young with grace and enthusiasm? Miss Coles, of Philadelphia, was in the car with her devoted friend, Miss McVickar, now of Rhode Island, but heretofore and always of the City of Brotherly Love. Prominent leaders in the Woman's Auxiliary were there by the score. As Dr. Olmsted afterwards wrote of them:

They try to make our days pleasant,
They bow and smile as they pass.

How wonderfully they succeeded! Without them even our glorious trip would have failed of more than half its enjoyment.

Our daylight ride through Canada to the Detroit River, on Saturday, was uneventful. We had but a glimpse of the beautiful City of the Straits, and then passed on through Ann Arbor, Jackson and Kalamazoo to the one and only Chicago. We were scheduled to arrive in that marvelous city of wondrous material greatness at four o'clock, but our delay in leaving Niagara made us four hours late, so that as soon as was possible we pressed onward to Minneapolis. To those who wakened early on Sunday morning the ride from La Crosse to St. Paul along the beautiful "Father of Waters" brought much enjoyment. At Minneapolis we were transferred to the West House, and soon afterwards many found their way to one church and another for praise and prayer. At St. Mark's the Bishop of Connecticut preached a stirring sermon, making eloquent reference to Bishop Whipple, who had then just died, and lifting up some of the glories of the Church which he loved and served. Bishop Brewster's spirit was the spirit of an older son of Yale,

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

On Monday morning about half-past nine o'clock, we left Minneapolis by the St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railroad otherwise known as the "Soo Pacific Line," journeying north-westward through Minnesota and North Dakota. In the latter State, where blizzards are born and grow to great dimensions, we had a genuine storm of snow. Think of it! When the thermometer in Philadelphia was up in the nineties, we were passing through not a snow squall, but a snow storm. On Tuesday morning we were at Portal, just on the Canadian border, and not very many hours thereafter we halted at Moose Jaw,

where some of us walked to the post office, bought some Canadian stamps, sent off some telegrams, and got some letters ready for "posting." And so we passed on by day and by night over a country but thinly populated, seeing here and there a few huts and tents, some Indians, and some railway workmen, and only one coyote, through "Swift Current" and "Medicine Hat," until, on Wednesday morning, we reached Calgary. It so happens that a daily newspaper is published in Calgary, which is described in our guide-book as "the most important as well as the handsomest place between Brandon and Vancouver." We were afterwards told that this newspaper spoke disrespectfully of a party which preceded ours, journeying to San Francisco for the Convention, saying that money might belong and must to these wayfarers, for certainly they were not traveling on their looks. Our Ohio and Virginia friends were not much troubled by these comments. If they had only been with us, however, they would most certainly have escaped them altogether. Calgary was in festive attire, waiting the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of York, for whose coming great preparations were then being made. Flags were everywhere, cheap as well as abundant, so a good many found their way into our cars, and are now, no doubt, decorating many homes in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware and the District of Columbia. The Mounted Police, too, went through their performances handsomely, of course in honor of their distinguished American visitors.

Perhaps this is a good place for the introduction of some descriptive matter taken from a railway "folder":

Calgary, a thriving city, marks the end of the rolling plains, and from here the Rocky Mountains are plainly in sight. After a ride of three hours "The Gap," which marks the beginning of five hundred miles of the wildest and most picturesque scenery on the continent, is reached. The contrast of rising to mountain heights from low plains is now thoroughly impressive. The beautiful Bow River, which appears off and on for the next hundred miles, makes its first appearance here. At "The Gap" station a

magnificent view is obtained of Wind Mountain and the Three Sisters. A remarkable contrast between the ranges ahead is noticeable. On the right are fantastically broken and castellated heights; on the left, massive snow-laden promontories rising thousands of feet, penetrated by enormous alcoves in which haze and shadow of gorgeous coloring lie engulfed. The jaggedness of profile observed from the plains is now explained. Eighteen miles beyond "The Gap" is Banff, in the heart of the Rocky Mountain Park.

Few places have found such speedy recognition of their attractiveness, and none have better deserved the encomiums of enthusiastic tourists, for of all the lovely spots that gem the American continent, it stands alone without a rival. Its surroundings are the mountain steep beside whose immense jagged heights the crags and peaks of the Alps sink into insignificance. It is not a question of one mountain or of two, but of many, for they stretch far away as the eye can follow them, and roll upon one another in chaotic disorder. The very acme of sublimity and grandeur is reached, and in its natural beauty Banff finds no counterpart in other lands. In the centre of this magnificent panorama are the Banff Hot Springs—natural wells of mineral water having peculiar medicinal qualities—and here the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has erected a large and well-appointed hotel, perched on a lofty promontory which commands not only an uninterrupted view of the Bow Valley, but of peaks and stretches of the Rockies in other directions. In the surrounding country for miles, science has availed itself of nature's lavish gifts to create, out of the wilderness, a mountain park, twenty-six miles long by ten wide, a public pleasure-ground without an equal. Streams have been bridged, roads laid out, and trails cut, penetrating for miles into the solitudes, so that in many directions the visitors may drive, ride, wheel, or wander afoot, inhaling the health-giving mountain air, or seeking the most favorable spots for brush, pencil, kodak, rod or gun.

We reached Banff in time for luncheon, and afterwards took a drive in an open carriage, not minding much the slowly-falling rain, for beauty was everywhere and strength, and we wanted to see as much as possible of the power and glory of one of the greatest of mountain ranges. The afternoon passed quickly, and the evening too, at the Banff hotel. We were not unduly late in going to bed, for we were to leave the next morning at eight o'clock "for a tour of two days through the grand scenery of the Cana-

dian Rockies." Sure enough, we were off the next morning bright and early; and afterwards what visions we beheld! The day was bright and glorious, and the frosts had already touched the foliage, so that the abounding maples were everywhere shining as gold. And the shrubbery! Was ever any carpet stretched in a palace so rich and varied in its beauty? On and on we went, with mountain crags above us and rushing waters beneath, passing helmet-shaped Lefroy, crossing the deep gorge of the Kicking Horse River, by Cathedral Rock, within sight of peaks, from any one of which "by actual count more than eighty distinct glaciers are visible without the aid of a field-glass." And so on to the Great Glacier—"a vast plateau of gleaming ice, one glacier of a group of glaciers altogether, as large, it is said, as all those of Switzerland combined, the ice field of which the Great Glacier is one of a number of outlets, embracing more than two hundred square miles."

At Glacier we halted for the night, sleeping on the cars. But we found time to go to the hotel for an entertainment which had been arranged for on the train. All kinds of trinkets, most of them of very small actual value, had been contributed, and Mr. Francis A. Lewis had consented to act as "Auctioneer." The sale was to be for the benefit of a church in North Dakota. Well, there was "lots of fun" in the sale, and the bidding was lively, almost as lively as Mr. Lewis' wit, which was most entertaining. Three bright poems were read, which afterwards brought good prices, as did some sketches made by some gifted ladies who know Massachusetts as their home. Dr. Olmsted's "Lines read at Glacier" began

We're bound for San Francisco
Upon the Pacific Sea:—
Disciples a hundred and twenty
And bishops numbering three.

Then followed some very bright characterization of the bishops and many of the clerical and lay deputies of the party, and afterwards these lines:

We've come through Minnesota,
And the land of the antelope,
We saw the marvels of Moose Jaw,
And Calgary, Canada's hope.

We came near seeing a Duchess;
And Cornwall's royal Duke;
My goodness! Isn't it dreadful!
I wonder how they *like!*

We got off at Sandloun, a village,
And saw some dogs about;
There we wish to build a temple
Of timbers strong and stout.

We passed by shallow rivers
And wildernesses grand;
Snow filled the sacred darkness
While sleep sifted over the land.

Fair Autumn has gone before us
And touched the earth with gold;
The mountains guard the valleys
As a shepherd doth his fold.

We have reached the gateways of Eden,
We have passed o'er a wonderful road
We have seen our humanity's working,
We have felt the finger of God.

'Twill make us stronger to labor,
'Twill help us in our prayers,
'Twill give us sublimer feeling
'Mid legislative cares.

I would we might carry the spirit
Of the mountains and the streams
To the land of the Pacific,
Where the golden sunset gleams;

That sympathetic wisdom
Might fill our purposes
And love light on the banners
We give to every breeze!

That all our American people
Might kinship with us hold
And say "This General Convention
Was greater than any of old."

Rain came with Friday morning, but ere long it disappeared and we could see "Sir Donald" looming above us ten thousand feet, and the Loop, and other wonders of the heights and of the deep. It was on Friday afternoon, as we were skirting Shuswap Lake, that we saw the most wonderful rainbow we

had ever looked upon. Some of us afterwards saw one equally beautiful, on Sunday, October 27, at the Grand Canyon in Arizona. In size and splendor and intensity of color, we can never hope to see the like again on earth. On Friday evening we entered Thompson Canyon, and afterwards Fraser Canyon. The scenery of the latter is thought by many to be the grandest in our land. As our guide-book says, "It is not only interesting, but startling. It has been well described as 'matchless.' The great river is forced between vertical walls of black rocks where, repeatedly thrown back upon itself by opposing cliffs, or broken by ponderous masses of fallen rock, it madly foams and roars." If possible, the sight was even more impressive by night than by day. The moon was full. So we turned off the lights in the car and looked out upon the shifting landscape. The breath of some came quickly as they looked. It seemed so very dangerous to be running along such precipitous rocks, with such awful chasms yawning below. When we reached Yale on towards midnight a gentleman of the party said feelingly that he was glad to have seen such wonders, but that he would not make the trip again for a thousand dollars in cash. Some of us would be glad to do it for that amount of money every day in the year, and pour the greater part of the proceeds into the Missionary Treasury. Nevertheless, filled to the full with such wonderful sights, we were more than ready to close our eyes in sleep.

On Saturday morning we wakened in the State of Washington only to learn that our train was much behind time. There had been a needless delay through the folly of some Custom House official, as we crossed the border, and the Northern Pacific engine which was pulling us was too small for our heavy train. So, though due at Seattle for an early breakfast, we did not reach there until nearly noon. Meanwhile we had parted with our dining cars, and so had to wait for breakfast. Churchmen and Churchwomen were in readiness at the "Rainier-Grand" to

welcome us, and to show us the sights, but first we had to be fed, and afterwards there was but little time to see a city which is advancing with giant strides. We reached Tacoma between three and four o'clock, where we fared much better; special trolley cars were prepared for us, and we had time for a glance at a solidly-built and very attractive city of homes. One of the most attractive things we saw was the "Annie Wright Seminary," founded by Mr. Charles B. Wright, whose generosity was manifested in the enlargement of the Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia, as well as by many good works on the Pacific Coast. Sunday morning found us in Portland, Oregon, in time for an early breakfast at the "Portland," which was much enjoyed. The Portland is one of the best of hotels, as Portland is one of the most beautiful of cities. At the appointed hour we sought Trinity Church for worship and instruction. A very vigorous sermon was preached by the Bishop of Montana, who was one of the many bishops and clergy assembled by many trains and routes for a day of Sunday rest in the chief city of Oregon. The Rector was apparently somewhat ungracious, because he could not announce his list of Episcopal speakers for a Missionary meeting in the evening, but that doubtless was a matter only of the passing moment. In the afternoon we mounted one of the hills overlooking the city on the Willamette, and there, through an air as clear as crystal, saw far away four snow-capped peaks, Mount Adams, Mount Tacoma, Mount St. Helens and Mount Hood.

The following words written about Portland are really not too strong:

"Portland, with its mountain setting and its near-by Columbia that rolls majestically to the sea, capable of carrying any commerce on its broad bosom, and hiding in its depths the vast wealth of the salmon fisheries! Human vision never rested on a fairer spot for a city—a plateau beside the Willamette, where the great business centre stands, with its perpetual testimony of wealth and enterprise, and rising into the thoroughfares of homes that climb to the overlooking heights."



The Rt. Rev. William White, D. D.,
First Bishop of Pennsylvania.



The Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter, D.D.,
Third Bishop of Pennsylvania.

Somewhere about nine o'clock in the evening we were again on our cars, now bound for San Francisco. Here are some descriptive words telling of this portion of our trip:

"The journey from Portland to San Francisco over the Shasta Route affords one of the most picturesque and diversified railway rides in America.

"The two great mountain ranges of California, the Sierras and the Coast Range, which extend the length of the eastern and western borders of the State, meet at the north, and the Siskiyou Mountains extend laterally along the northern line, forming a natural barrier between California and Oregon.

"This is a wild and picturesque country. Ice-carved canyons, glaciers living and dead, frost-riven pinnacles, spires of granite and cliffs of basalt, beds of lava and caves of ice, sounding waterfalls and silent lakes, grand pine palisades and beetling cliffs—scenery at once grand, varied, solitary and sublime.

"For twenty years, while California was still Mexican territory, the streams in the northern part of the State and of the great Sacramento Valley were constantly visited by trappers; then came the miner and later the stockman, who found as much wealth in the grass that fattened his stock for market as did the miner in the gold, which in some places was said to exist from the "grass roots" down.

"The daily stage was for many years the only communication between this mountainous country and the outside world. Children were born and became men who had never heard the whistle of the locomotive. The tremendous mountain ranges seemingly presented unsurmountable obstacles to even the most skillful engineer. But time, money, patience and human ingenuity are great factors in the success of any undertaking. Piece by piece the iron horse nibbled away at both ends of the route, until at last the Oregon and California on the north, and the Southern Pacific Company on the south, had each reached the base of the Siskiyou Mountains in their respective States. The latter company then undertook and carried to a successful termination the work of connecting the two roads, and the once long journey of many days can now be made through by daylight."

Mount Shasta is fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet in height. Passing as we did within sight of its snow-crowned dome for the greater portion of Monday's daylight, it became very familiar to us; though, when the figures were given to us from time to time, we found it impossible to realize that it was so far away; for forty miles seemed to the vision

hardly more than four. At Shasta Springs we alighted and drank the waters, and then again pressed on. From Minneapolis to Banff, and so on until we left the Canadian frontier, two dining cars had formed part of our train. So in them, or in hotels of the highest grade, we were well supplied with an abundance of good things to eat. But on Monday we had to depend on eating stations. We fared sufficiently well.

It is said that when we reached San Francisco we were just thirty seconds behind our scheduled time. At any rate a well-contented party was that which on Tuesday morning steamed along on a great ferryboat upon the waters of a magnificent bay well nigh closed by the Golden Gate. Mr. Cooke had been our conductor. With so large a train, his had been no easy task. It was necessary that he should be alert and watchful by day and by night. And he was. We were grateful to him and appreciative of his good work. Once landed, we were soon at the Palace Hotel, where most of the party, including all from Philadelphia, found satisfactory lodgment.

We hope to have more to say concerning our stay in California and our homeward journey in subsequent issues of the *PARISH MESSENGER*.

We now merely append an extract from a letter entitled "On the Eve of the Convention," printed in the *Church Standard*, with the initials W. B. B.:

"To most of those who are here in attendance upon the Convention the journey across the continent has been made for the first time. So there has been much of marvel as well as surprise. How magnificent the scenery, surpassing all expectations! How great the distances, impressing the thought, 'how immense is this land of ours!' And what wonderful cities some of these Western cities are! Of course, men are saying, we expected that they would be full of enterprise and vigor, but we did not expect to see them solidly built of enduring material with great business blocks that would be creditable to any city on the earth!

"And now that we are in San Francisco two thoughts find strongest lodgment: first, that the Pacific Coast is vastly farther along in those material

things that help to make up a great and advancing civilization than the Atlantic Coast was a century ago—indeed farther along in many ways than the Atlantic Coast was half a century ago. This is a good place in which to read Josiah Strong's little book on "Expansion." Bishop Berkeley's cry of "Westward the course of empire" keeps ringing in one's ears. Our Atlantic cities are great, but our Pacific cities are to be still greater. There is a land of roses here, of brightness and of joy, a land where high hills hop with gladness, and valleys laugh and sing. But, most of all, men are here, and women, and little children, with good heredity and marvelous environment making for push and progress.

Second, the Church has here a mighty field. "A great and effectual door is opened to me," wrote St.

Paul, "and there are many adversaries." One of the first remarks heard by the writer after reaching San Francisco was this, uttered by a man of high intelligence and culture, "Well, I have been in hell." His reference was to the sights he had seen the night before, under the guidance of a detective. The kingdom of evil is here in vast and tremendous power. The kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost ought to be here in still greater power. Our best men should be here, working for Christ and the Church, and prayers should daily go up on their behalf, whilst the word of entreaty and command should cry:

"Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God!"

OUR STAY IN CALIFORNIA.

So far as their addresses were known, the December number of the *PARISH MESSENGER*, telling of "Our Trip to California," was sent to all the members of the special "Raymond & Whitcomb" party who crossed the continent under extraordinarily favorable conditions. Quite a number of letters have been received in acknowledgment, of which the following may be regarded as a good specimen:

"I thank you ever so much for the copy of your *PARISH MESSENGER* which I have received. The account of our journey westward is extremely interesting, and the pictures of the mountains, etc., bring delightful memories. I suppose no company of people ever had a more happy journey than ours was on our way to the convention in San Francisco, and I doubt if we ever have anything like it again in this world, for novelty and delightful companionship. Since I came I have felt really rebuked and humiliated to think how low an opinion I had always held of our great West. I have crossed the Atlantic as often as I could, but I had never had any desire to cross the continent before. One must see for one's self to know what a great and wonderful country our Fatherland is."

Yes, indeed. "One must see for oneself to know," but it makes a good deal of difference

just how one sees to know. Here is the story of another experience, told in another *Messenger* published elsewhere:

"First, there was the going from Chicago in one of the two special cars arranged by the Burlington road. These cars were sidetracked at Denver for half a day, Manitou Springs from 5 p. m. till 10 a. m., and at Salt Lake City from 11 a. m. on Sunday till noon of Monday, giving the opportunity which the fifty occupants gladly embraced, not only for exercise, but for enjoying the sights, visiting friends, and—what we shall all remember—getting a hotel dinner. (It may be philanthropic here to interject the warning that you can't believe all you hear or read from railroad sources about the ample and palatial accommodations of dining-cars, the perfect service therein, and all that, when excursions are running. A dining-car seating thirty was expected to feed 200 people three times a day, and meantime drop off and feed an equal number on a following section of the same train, from Denver to San Francisco! Similar accommodations were provided on the northern routes!)"

Just the full extent of our obligations to the Raymond & Whitcomb Company we may never know. We certainly fared exceedingly well, and our experience was most satisfactory. We are still enthusiastic about it.

As to the Convention itself, it is not our purpose to write at length. It began its work on Wednesday, October 2, and ended it on Thursday, October 17. For most of the time there were not only morning and afternoon sessions, but evening sessions also. These evening sessions were given up to the consideration of the great work of Missions. They were well attended, and were certainly useful. The debates of the Convention were, in the main, on a high plane for clearness of statement and oratorical power. And the conclusions reached were, as it seems to us, on the whole, wise. The great good of the Convention came from the daily association of friends and brethren from every part of our broad land. That could hardly fail to make for an increase of faith and charity. Clergymen and laymen divided in many matters of opinion were led to respect and trust each other. That surely is a gain.

The ladies of the Rector's party had time for shopping and no little sight-seeing, but such was not his privilege. The only time he accompanied them was on a Saturday afternoon drive through Golden Gate Park. No wonder that the San Franciscans are proud of their achievements in bringing this remarkable park so near perfection. One of the guide-books says of this:

"The Park, including the 'Panhandle,' is over four miles long. When it was provided for by Legislative act in 1870, there was little on the site to suggest a park. For the most part it consisted of barren sand dunes, such as now can be seen on either side of it. The wind was constantly changing these sand ridges, but the lupin was planted by tens of thousands, and a special grass, which thrives in the sand, was imported, and thus the shifting of the sand was stayed. Then drives were laid out and macadamized, trees, shrubs and flowers planted, lawns laid down, and now, after but thirty years, the sand dunes have become a park whose rare beauty is the astonishment of all visitors, and whose fame has gone into every land. Seldom has the world seen a greater triumph of the energy of man over the inhospitalities of nature."

San Francisco itself is a great city and sure to become greater. Some of its residences are palatial. Many of its business blocks are

solid and imposing. The sunshine is there and the flowers. Push and energy abound. Material prosperity is assured. Would that spiritual prosperity were equally evident or sure of coming soon!

The Rector felt it to be his duty to remain until the very last moment in attendance upon the sessions of the Convention. This he accordingly did. But the ladies were not thus bound. So, on Monday, October 14, they packed their trunks and took their onward way to Los Angeles, stopping at Monterey and Santa Barbara. They were already familiar with the good management of the Southern Pacific R. R., having experienced its comforts along the wonderful Mount Shasta route from Portland to San Francisco. This great railroad has two lines to Monterey, one popularly known as the broad gauge and the other as the narrow gauge. The broad gauge is the direct line. Being both "broad gauge" and "direct," the ladies appropriately took that route. The Rector followed on Friday by the narrow gauge. That suited him best chiefly by reason of one consideration. A deputy from the Diocese of Los Angeles, Mr. J. Bakewell Phillips, formerly of Pittsburg, had invited a company of friends, some of them amongst the most prominent of the Bishops and Clerical and Lay Deputies attending the Convention, to make the trip with him to Los Angeles, stopping among other places at the "Big Trees," near Santa Cruz. The earlier portion of this itinerary suited exactly. So an invitation to become one of many pilgrims was gladly accepted, with the underlying thought "If the railway is narrow gauge, the big trees will be broad enough to more than make up for that." We had luncheon on the grounds where these trees lift up their giant trunks to heaven, and wandered there some two or three hours. But the truth is these trees did not look so large as we had supposed they would look. They are in a grove; so one gets only a nearby view of them. And they are so well proportioned that one needs to be told in figures of their immense height before he realizes how great they are. It took nine-

teen of our party, with outstretched arms, to reach round the largest of them. Of some we are told that they are three hundred feet high and thirty feet in diameter, and it is added: "Here is one with door and windows cut through its walls to the great hollow within, where in early days a family lived and a child was born." These "big trees" are well worth seeing. They are among the wonders of the Great West. Nevertheless, many other things leave a greater impression.

Let the whole truth be told, however. The trees which we saw belong to the variety known as "*Sequoia sempervirens*." The biggest trees of all are classed as "*Sequoia gigantea*" They are bigger, but after all not so much bigger. The tallest Sequoia yet measured is 405 feet high; the greatest base circumference of known specimens is 110 feet; the estimated age is about eight thousand years.

Our itinerary as planned led us not on to Santa Cruz near at hand, but back to San Jose. There we took the train for Del Monte after a glimpse of San Jose, which we found to be a very attractive town. "Del Monte," so we had been told, "is the great show place of California." We found it to be such, and were sorry that we could not linger there. Del Monte is the station just before Monterey. There we left the train after night had fallen and were soon enjoying supper. Wherever we went in Southern California we found friends whom we had met at the Convention in San Francisco. So at this big Del Monte hotel. They kept us a little while from sleep, but not for long. In the morning some of us were up bright and early for a walk through the hotel grounds which are in their way so very wonderful. Listen for a moment to the story of "Del Monte:"

"The landed domain which the Pacific Improvement Company has made contributory to the Hotel del Monte includes the one hundred and twenty-six cultivated acres constituting the hotel grounds, nearly the whole of the peninsula of Monterey, and an immense region stretching southward and embracing the valley of the Carmel River

and its great mountain watershed. The hotel grounds are level, and besides the exquisite flower garden and lawns are the ancient natural features preserved in their original integrity—vast spreading live-oaks and towering pines. The singular contrast between these two majestic arboreal types exercises a peculiar charm for the trained observer and lover of nature. The live-oaks are of the kind peculiar to California—an immense turtle-backed upper contour, forming a compact canopy over a sturdy bole from which radiate fantastically fashioned branches, mostly horizontal. The whole effect is one of imposing massiveness and superb strength in repose.

"In very sharp contrast to these wild and untamable natural features are the dainty flower beds, in infinite variety of form, color, composition and texture—seemingly too fine and artistic to be the work of mere skilled human hands, and suggesting the ingenuity and taste of fairies. Here flowers from all parts of the world unfold their color and fragrance every day the year round, reveling in a climate more generous than that of the country which gave them birth. Here also is the 'Arizona Garden,' a gathering of outlandish cacti from the arid Southwest. A maze, walks and lanes complete one of the noblest gardens in the world."

After breakfast on Saturday morning we took the famous "seventeen mile drive." The *we* this time means the Rev. Dr. Anstice and Mrs. Anstice, of Philadelphia; the Rector and our driver. The day was glorious and everything seemed to favor our enjoyment. Through Monterey we went, and past Pacific Grove, along the mighty ocean, then on to Carmel Bay and so through the winding forests, looking now at some pines belonging to a species which are found nowhere else in the world, and then at wonderful cypresses "a thousand years old when the Wise Men of the East beheld the Star of Bethlehem," and still again at the Sea Lion Rookeries, and the animals so numerous and so interesting.

Saturday evening—somewhere near eleven o'clock—found us at Santa Barbara, a charming spot known for its beauty throughout the earth. We were told at the Arlington Hotel that Dr. E. H. Williams, so long one of our Vestrymen, spent seventeen winters at that hotel. The old Mission Church at Santa Barbara is the best preserved of any of the twenty-one Spanish Missions, the first of which were



Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D.,
For many years a Philadelphia Rector.



The Rt. Rev. Ogi W. Whitaker, D. D.,
Fifth Bishop of Pennsylvania.

founded by the Franciscans before the original Thirteen Colonies on our Eastern seaboard declared that they were free and independent States. The worship there is still solemn and impressive.

In this connection here is an interesting extract from one of our little guide-books:

"The end of the Franciscan dynasty came suddenly with the secularization of the mission property by the Mexican government to replete the exhausted treasuries of Santa Ana. Sadly the fathers forsook the scene of their long labors, and silently the Indians melted away into the wilderness and the darkness of their natural ways, save such as had intermarried with the families of Spanish soldiers and colonists. The churches are now, for the most part, only decayed legacies and fragmentary reminders of a time whose like the world will never know again. Save only three or four, preserved by reverent hands, where modern worshippers, denationalized and clad in American dress, still kneel and recite their orisons, the venerable ruins are forsaken by all except the tourist and the antiquarian, and their bells are silent forever. One cannot but feel the pity of it, for in the history of zealous servants of the cross there is hardly a more noteworthy name than that of Junipero Serra, and in the annals of their heroic endeavor there is no more signal instance of absolute failure than his who founded the California missions, aside from the perpetuation of his saintly name. They accomplished nothing so far as can now be seen. The descendants of their converts, what few have survived contact with the Anglo-Saxon, have no discoverable worth, and, together with the greater part of the original Spanish population, have faded away, as if a blight had fallen upon them.

"But so long as one stone remains upon another, and a single arch of the missions still stands, an atmosphere will abide there, something that does not come from mountain, or vale, or sea, or sky; the spirit of consecration, it may be; but if it is only the aroma of ancient and romantic associations, the suggestion of a peculiar phase of earnest and simple human life and quaint environment that is forever past, the mission-ruins must remain among the most interesting monuments in all our varied land, and will amply repay the inconsiderable effort and outlay required to enable the tourist to view them.

"San Diego, the oldest; San Luis Rey, the most poetically environed; San Juan Capistrano, of most tragic memory; San Gabriel, the most imposing, and Santa Barbara, the most perfectly preserved, will suffice the casual sightseer."

On the morning of Sunday, October 20, the Rector preached in Trinity Church, Santa Barbara. He really did not wish to "tune his lyre" for that occasion. Indeed, as one who preaches both winter and summer, he wished during his journeyings to keep as far away from a pulpit as was possible. But the Bishops at the hotel were of a mind to say "I pray thee have me excused," and his help seemed to be actually needed; so it was cheerfully given.

Being anxious to rejoin his family at Los Angeles, he did not linger long enough to take the noted mountain drive; but the ladies of his party, who did take it, are still enthusiastic in its praise. They tell of the hermit's hut, and views o'er hill and dale and ocean, and monks duly habited quietly picking grapes from great spreading vines, and Eaton's ranch, and the culture of guava berries, and limes, and English walnuts and pomegranates, of oranges and lemons and bananas, and figs and dates and olives. Surely they saw a great deal in one afternoon's drive.

Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles (the town of the Queen of the Angels), so named in 1781, is a most attractive and prosperous city. The U. S. Census gave it in 1880 a population of 11,183; in 1890 a population of 50,395, and in 1900 a population of 102,479. That means almost unparalleled growth and progress, even for Uncle Sam's dominion. At his first visit in 1855 Bishop Kip wrote: "Los Angeles has all the characteristics of an old Spanish town. It contains about five thousand inhabitants, two thousand of whom may be Americans or English. The houses are almost invariably one story high—a style of building which an occasional earthquake has rendered advisable. All around is a perfect garden, luxuriant with every kind of fruit."

In 1859 Dr. George F. Pierce, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, wrote: "Now we came upon a scene of enchantment—Los Angeles. Contrast lent its aid, doubtless, but this is really a charming town. The beautiful stream which meanders by it, fur-

nishing irrigation to the vineyards and gardens, the tasteful residences, the hedges of willow, the life and stir and obvious thrift of the place, all conspire to invest it with interest. To us it was like a magical creation. Aladdin's lamp could hardly have conjured up a brighter, more unexpected scene. It is an old place, revised, enlarged, modernized. Spain has left her footprints, but young America will soon have left no vestige of her presence except the grapevine. This will be spared for its own sake. Here is the Eschol of America." As to the Los Angeles of to-day another has written and not overdrawn the picture:

"Surrounded by hundreds of cultivated farms, whose varied products form the basis of its phenomenal activity and prosperity, it is a really great city. It is well paved, well lighted, and abundantly served by intramural railways. It has parks of extraordinary beauty, and avenues shaded by the eucalyptus and the pepper, that most esthetic of trees. Outside the immediate thoroughfares of trade the streets are bordered by attractive homes, fronted by grounds set with palm and orange and cypress, and blooming with flowers throughout the year. It is backed by the mountains that are always present in a California landscape, and fifteen miles away lies a vista of the sea, dotted with island-peaks."

Pasadena is near to Los Angeles—only seven miles away—and Mount Lowe, and Redlands, and Riverside are close by, and San Bernardino, and Santa Monica by the sea. So there were many things to look at, and we saw them almost to the full. Let it be said, however, in fairness, that the dry season was "on" when we were in Southern California, and that the dust lessened our pleasure not a little. The rain comes with November and ends with June. March is said to be a glorious month in this land of fruits and flowers. In October the orange trees and all other trees look, like some boys and men, as though a good washing would improve them; and the dust is not attractive. Driving around Redlands and Riverside, however, we noticed that the roads had been sprinkled with crude

petroleum. This need not be done very frequently, so we were told. It has been found to be effective.

The unique trip in the region round about Los Angeles is that to Santa Catalina Island. This is a trip of which any one might well say, "I wouldn't have missed it for anything." The traveler leaves by rail for San Pedro in the morning, and returns in time for evening dinner. San Pedro is the new harbor of the port of Los Angeles, and there the steamboat is taken for the journey to the famous island which looms up, like Capri, about twenty-five miles away. The journey is uneventful except for a possible seasickness which is said to be not uncommon. Avalon is reached in about two hours, where a satisfactory luncheon can be had. Then comes a wonder of wonders, which has been thus described. The scene pictured is of the sea aquarium or marine garden alongside Sugar Loaf Rock at Avalon:

"How often, in looking over the blue waters of the ocean, we wonder at the mysterious life of its depths, and imagine the strange creatures which dwell there. Poets have described their fancies of it, scientists have written down in their exact language its characteristics, but what a revelation to see it for one's self! The glass-bottom boats are unique in California, I believe, although but an adaptation of the marine observation-glass which has long been in use. From these boats it is possible to look down into the water to the depth of from fifty to one hundred feet and observe the life as clearly as we look about us on land. Rowing over the kelp beds, the observer is suddenly transported into a wonder world which surpasses his most fantastic dreams. Great trees loom up out of the gloom and spread their broad corrugated leaves of amber in the bright sunlight. They wave and sway with the gentle motion of the water, and in and out swim the fish, now darting into the shadow of the kelp and again flashing in the sunlight. Schools of little fish glide with lithe motions back and forth. The golden perch glistens in its radiant armor. Now and then the iridescence of a little rainbow fish shimmers in the sun ray. The boat floats over flower beds of red, green and blue seaweed, and over rocks which are alive with the strange creatures of the deep—spiny sea urchins, sprawling starfish, floating jellyfish, and those interesting low marine creatures, tunicates. All is silent save for the gentle lapping of the waves

on the boat's side, but we are looking into another world with the same curiosity and awe that the inhabitants of Mars might look into ours. It is a fascinating, never-to-be-forgotten scene."

As to Pasadena a New York friend of the Rector, who is one of the most intelligent of men and also one who has traveled in Europe, Asia and Africa, as well as America, writes: "I remember Pasadena as the most beautiful town I have ever visited—not excepting the Riviera. We saw it in the full bloom of the roses." As to Santa Monica, enough to say that we looked there amid beautiful surroundings at the sun first touching the waters of the Pacific and then sinking in the glowing West. Our day at Redlands and Riverside lingers in the memory with associations of joy and beauty. Smiley Heights and Magnolia avenue! What recollections crowd upon us as we read these names! Our eyes run over the pages of some small volume telling of the Calla lilies and the geranium bushes ten feet high, and heliotrope covering the side of a house, and giant bananas and mammoth palms, and roses in a thousand varieties, seen along the wide streets of Los Angeles, and we say "Southern California is a land of beautiful wonders." But the one most wonderful thing, after all, was "The Sea Gardens of Catalina."

Concerning these Evaleen Stein has written a little poem, with which we close our story now, hoping to tell the remainder in the next issue of the MESSENGER:

Lightly let the boat go drifting,
Neither hand nor oar uplifting,
Let no motion fret the ocean, and no sail be now
unfurled;
Stranger than Aladdin's story,
Lo, the dream-surpassing glory
And the marvel unimagined of the limpid under
world!

Gaze within the magic mirror
Of the water, crystal clearer
Than the gleaming glass enchanted made by Mer-
lin's sorcery;
And behold the secrets hidden
Through the ages, till unbidden
Sons of men came sailing, sailing down the blue
Pacific Sea.

See the pearl-encrusted portals
Of the caverns, wherein mortals
Dare not pierce with earthly vision, dare not fare
with feet profane;
Coral-columned halls with golden
Thrones in emerald deep withholden
Lit with sparkling amber splendor, where the merry
mermen reign.

See the long kelp banners flying
From their gardens underlying
All the rare transparent surface of this sunny
Southern sea;
Grasses, shot with silver spangles,
Wreathed and caught in starry tangles
Of the purple ocean-pansy and the fringed anemone.

And the brilliant sea-weeds scattered
Like a gay mosaic shattered
In a million shining fragments over all the ocean
floor;
While the bright-hued fish go darting,
In swift journeys, meeting, parting,
Weaving gold and scarlet patterns through the
water evermore.

Through the light that throbs and quivers
Down the depths, and breaks and shivers
Into splintered flakes of brightness, that so melt and
interfuse
Into all such strangest ranges
Of translucent color changes,
That the eye is thrilled, bewildered, with their rare
enchanting hues.

Ah, would thus upon the gleaming
Southern Sea, in happy dreaming,
We might drift and drift forever! never shoreward
guide the keel!
Azure skies, forever smiling,
Into visions sweet beguiling,
And beneath our boat the splendor of those rosy
dreams made real.

OUR HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

The members of the party with which we traveled to San Francisco, in such happy fashion with one of the best of the "Raymond & Whitcomb" conductors, did not all return by the same route, nor at the same time. Nearly all took in the beauties of Southern California, and some saw the glories of the Yosemite, but some, from the City of the Golden Gate, made "straight for home." Buying our tickets through the Raymond & Whitcomb Company, we were free to return either with a conductor at a date specified, or to journey alone, at our own chosen time. The larger number returned under the charge of a conductor through Salt Lake City, Eagle River Canyon, over the Tennessee Pass, and through the Royal Gorge, and so on through Manitou and Denver, to their homes. Our choice, made before leaving Philadelphia, was the "Santa Fe" route. Happily we could not have chosen more wisely.

We left Los Angeles on Friday evening, October 25th, and on Saturday took breakfast at "The Needles," luncheon at "Peach Springs," and dinner at "Ash Fork." At Williams we left the main line of the Santa Fe R. R., making close connections by a branch road for the object of our quest, the Grand Canyon in Arizona, one of the wonders of the world. A little delay came to us, so that we did not reach the place of our destination until nearly eleven o'clock. We had written for "accommodations," they had been definitely promised to us, but the little hotel was full of lingerers who possibly should have torn themselves away. Forgiveness was theirs, however, when it was found that there were bishops and other clergy among them, and when some of the marvels of the Canyon scenery were disclosed; meanwhile "lodgings" were provided in a Pullman car.

The next morning the Rector rose early, walked a short distance from the railroad

track to the rim of the canyon, and soon came back in a glow of enthusiasm, declaring "The half has not been told; this is indeed a wonder of wonders."

Just a word here by way of explanation. It is well given in the language of Captain Clarence E. Dutton:

"The name, the Grand Canyon, has been repeatedly infringed for purposes of advertisement. The Canyon of the Yellowstone has been called 'The Grand Canyon.' A more flagrant piracy is the naming of the gorge of the Arkansas River in Colorado 'The Grand Canyon of Colorado,' and many persons who have visited it have been persuaded that they have seen the great chasm. These river valleys are certainly very pleasing and picturesque, but there is no more comparison between them and the mighty chasm of the Colorado River than there is between the Alleghanies or Trosachs and the Himalayas."

Here is a good place to bring in some of the descriptive words of other men; we copy them from a most interesting volume, "In and Around the Grand Canyon," by George Wharton James, published A. D. 1901, by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. The first is from Charles Dudley Warner:

"Tired as we were, we could not wait. It was only to ascend the little steep stony slope,—three hundred yards—and we should see! Our party were straggling up the hill; two or three had reached the edge. I looked up. The duchess threw up her hands and screamed; we were not fifteen paces behind, but we saw nothing. We took the few steps, and the whole magnificence broke upon us. No one could be prepared for it. The scene is one to strike dumb with awe, or to unstring the nerves; one might stand in silent astonishment, another would burst into tears.

"There are some experiences that cannot be repeated—one's first view of Rome, one's first view of Jerusalem. But these emotions are produced by association, by the sudden standing face to face with the scenes most wrought into our whole life and education by tradition and religion. This was without association, as it was without parallel. It was a shock so novel that the mind, dazed,



The Right Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D. D., LL. D.
Bishop of Rhode Island and Presiding Bishop.
Once a Philadelphia Rector.



Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., LL. D.,

Bishop of New York.

Whose early life was spent in Philadelphia.

quite failed to comprehend it. All that we could grasp was a vast confusion of amphitheatres and strange architectural forms resplendent with color. The vastness of the view amazed us quite as much as its transcendent beauty. We had expected a Canyon—two lines of perpendicular walls six thousand feet high, with the ribbon of a river at the bottom; but the reader may dismiss all his notions of a Canyon, indeed, of any sort of mountain or gorge scenery with which he is familiar. We had come into a new world. What we saw was not a Canyon, or a chasm, or a gorge, but a vast area which is a break in the plateau. From where we stood it was twelve miles across to the opposite wall. We looked up and down for twenty to thirty miles. This great space is filled with gigantic architectural constructions, with amphitheatres, gorges, precipices, walls of masonry, fortresses terraced up to the level of the eye, temples mountain size, all brilliant with horizontal lines of color—streaks of solid hues a few feet in width, streaks a thousand feet in width, yellows, mingled white and gray, orange, dull red, brown, blue, carmine, green, all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent suffusion of splendor. Afar off we saw the river in two places, a mere thread, as motionless and smooth as a strip of mirror, only we knew it was a turbid, boiling torrent, six thousand feet below us. Directly opposite the overhanging ledge on which we stood was a mountain, the sloping base of which was ashy gray and bluish; it rose in a series of terraces to a thousand feet wall of dark red sandstone, receding upward, with ranges of columns and many fantastic sculptures, to a final row of gigantic opera-glasses six thousand feet above the river. The great San Francisco Mountain, with its snowy crater, which we had passed on the way, might have been set down in the place of this one, and it would have been only one in a multitude of such forms that met the eye whichever way we looked. Indeed, all the vast mountains in this region might be hidden in this Canyon.

“Wandering a little away from the group and out of sight, and turning suddenly to the scene from another point of view, I experienced for a moment an indescribable terror of nature, a confusion of mind, a fear to be alone in such a presence. With all this grotesqueness and majesty of form and radiance of color, creation seemed in a whirl. With our education in scenery of a totally different kind, I suppose it would need long acquaintance with this to familiarize one with it to the extent of perfect mental comprehension.”

The second is from Harrison Gray Otis:

“Suddenly the awful majesty of the Grand Canyon is revealed to his startled vision. There

before him lies the mighty red rift in the earth, the most stupendous gorge within the knowledge of man. The mind is spellbound by the spectacle; the voice is silent; the heart is subdued; the soul turns in profound reverence to the Almighty, whose handiwork is here seen on a colossal scale. No matter how many descriptions of the Grand Canyon may have been previously read by him who sees it for the first time, its profound depths, its colossal heights, its myriad and matchless colors, its brilliant hues, its striking-lights and shades, its mighty sinuosities, and its altogether grand ensemble will fill the beholder with a mingled sense of awe, wonder, admiration, and reverence. * * *

“Here is a mighty opening in the earth, whose capacity in cubic feet must be measured by some mathematician not yet born upon the earth, for the man does not live who can make the figures. Imagine, if you can, all the armies of all the nations of the earth, marching in solid columns from opposite sides of this appalling gorge to meet each other in battle array, unconscious of the existence of this spot until too late to save themselves from being swallowed up in its abysmal depths; imagine all these vast bodies of men, with all the guns, all the horses—infantry, cavalry, artillery, sappers, miners, and pontoniers—all the transportation trains, and all the impedimenta of an army, together with all the buildings of all the cities of the world—imagine all this vast aggregation of men and material thrown into this immeasurable abyss, and the Grand Canyon would still remain unfilled for its entire length, and the Colorado River would continue to flow unintercepted on its reckless course to the sea. In its measureless, cruel, insatiable maw, all would be swallowed up.”

The third is from J. C. Martin:

“No poet's tale of joy or sorrow, love or death, casts its witchery over the picture; these silent mountain peaks and deep impenetrable canyons are associated with no heroic action, no sublime despair. The Canyon stands out before you in its simple majesty; its wonderful beauty, vast dimensions, and untold ancientness appealing only to your æsthetic sense. All the colors of the rainbow combine to make a panoramic picture, fifty miles long, of vast forms, in which all known styles of human architecture are blended in profuse and chaotic magnificence—Ionic, Corinthian, and Doric pillars, a wilderness of pyramids, towers, and temples, pinnacles, spires, domes and Egyptian obelisks—a chaos of rock in all conceivable shapes.

“Its chaotic immensity utterly bewilders the senses, and fills the soul to overflowing with awe and admiration for the marvellous achievements

of the God of Nature. Its matchless sublimity, divine grandeur, infinite beauty, are far beyond the comprehension of the finite mind. Man's capacities are too limited to fully grasp and appreciate what is here unveiled. The man of letters is appalled as he gazes down into its depths. The artist relapses into despair as he views the numberless cliffs, pinnacles, spires, domes, obelisks, pagodas, and measureless amphitheatres, with all their wealth of coloring, the secret of whose blending is known only to the Creator. The geologist is amazed and delighted as he contemplates his surroundings, and he sees how the Stone Book of Nature has been opened for his delectation.

"Never before has he been permitted to gaze on so much of the physical geology of the earth at one glance. Nowhere else can he find such an elaborate and exhaustive treatise on dynamics as in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. More than six thousand feet of sedimentary formations are plainly visible at a single glance, representing periods of geological time that utterly defy mathematical calculation or human conception."

The fourth is from C. A. Higgins:

"An inferno, swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic under-world, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; a bodily, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension. The beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail; he is overwhelmed by the *ensemble* of a stupendous panorama, a thousand square miles in extent, that lies wholly beneath the eye, as if he stood upon a mountain peak instead of the level brink of a fearful chasm in the plateau whose opposite shore is thirteen miles away. A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvelous delicacy. Never was picture more harmonious, never flower more exquisitely beautiful. It flashes instant communication of all that architecture and painting and music for a thousand years have gropingly striven to express. It is the soul of Michael Angelo and of Beethoven."

One of the chapters in the book to which we have just referred is entitled "Religious and Other Impressions in the Grand Canyon." From this one extract must be made,

"As one listens to the teachings of the geologists in regard to the formation of the Canyon, the millions and millions of years that undoubtedly have elapsed since its foundations were laid, the millions that have rolled away to allow ten thousand feet of non-conformable strata to be deposited, elevated, tilted, washed away; the depression of the Canyon surface again for the depositing of Devonian, Lower Carboniferous, Upper Carboniferous, Permian, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous; the formation of the vast Eocene Lake and its total disappearance; the opening of the earth's crust and the venting from its angry stomach the foul lavas that blacken portions of its area—the mind reels and whirls and grows dizzy in a vain attempt to comprehend the magnitude of such periods of time, and when reason can assert itself it is to feel the truth of the Hebrew Apostle's words: 'One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, a thousand years as one day.'

"The 'American style of architecture' is not yet born, yet I am satisfied the time and the master architect will come, and when he does come, it is in this Grand Canyon that he will gain his inspiration. From the varied, marvelous, and sublime of the thousands of miles of canyon, a system of architecture will be created quite as original and national as Persia and Egypt borrowed from their sandstone ledges, or the inhabitants of the North of Europe found in the primeval forests of the fir and pine.

"Then who can gaze upon this weird and wondrous beauty and not feel that God must love beauty for its own sake? The idea that everything is formed solely as a background upon which to display the development of man takes powerful grasp upon us when we yield ourselves to the persuasive eloquence of Browning, but a voice louder and more forceful than the great English master's peals forth in one's own soul when he gazes upon God's great work here, and he feels instinctively that the Almighty God made this glorious grandeur centuries of centuries before man ever could see it in order that He, personally, might enjoy its beauty.

"Just as the garments of Aaron the priest were to be made 'for glory and for beauty,' so do I think this great Canyon was made as a revelation to man that God loves to make things solely for 'Glory and Beauty.'

"Then its solitude! Ah, who but those who know and love the solitude that shuts out the fever of life; the fretful nervousness that contact with man produces; the rush of busy streets, the coldheartedness, selfishness, indifference, and apathy to others' woes that one must see in great population centres—who but he can tell the delight of this gracious, healing, restful solitude, where, how-



The Rt. Rev. William Bacon Stevens, D. D.,
Fourth Bishop of Pennsylvania.



The Rev. William B. Bodine, D. D.,
Rector of the Church of the Saviour.

ever, one is never alone? For there is an abiding sense of the brooding presence of the Almighty, all-powerful, all-loving, all-merciful, that soothes and hushes and quiets the distressed and wounded soul, so that a normal equilibrium is gained and strength restored to return to one's place, manfully to fight one's true battles with the world, the flesh and the devil. To me this Canyon is the Holy of Holies, the Inner Temple, where each man may be his own High Priest, open the sacred veil, and stand face to face with the Divine. And he who can thus talk with God may not show it to his fellows, but he knows within himself the new power, calmness, and equanimity which he has gained; and he returns to life's struggles, thankful for his glimpses of the Divine.

"And yet what words can tell how utterly insignificant man must feel himself to be when he finds himself in the depths of this great gorge, solitary and alone, and finds not this Divine presence! He may be a king on his throne; a despotic ruler in his office; a monarch in his store; a tyrant in his workshop; but here he is so dwarfed, made so small, that, if he have any soul at all, he is humbled and made reverent at this marvelous manifestation of superior power, might, and greatness.

"But it is only to suggest a few of the impressions aroused by these scenes that this chapter is inserted as a fitting conclusion to my book.

"I never take a mental view of the great river flowing from the high snowy mountains of Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado to the great Pacific through the Gulf of California, that I do not feel how like to man's life it is. Watch it from its source to its mouth. It has its rise in the pure white, unsullied snow of the mountains, it flows on, gathering strength and power as it progresses; it passes through Flaming Gorge, where everything is bright and brilliant. There is the excitement of the rapids, and the exhilarating feelings that come from dashing along at high speed, and the dangers are minified. Soon sweet and restful paths are entered, where gentle deer browse, and the 'forest aisles are filled with the music of birds, and the parks are decked with flowers.'

"Then comes the Canyon of Desolation, with everything dreary, desolate, and forsaken. But even here the Lighthouse Rock catches the rays of the sun and speaks of brightness beyond, which, indeed, is reached when farther progress is made, and Glen Canyon is entered. Marble Canyon with its rapids and dangers is passed, and then the waters enter the Granite Gorge of the Grand Canyon. Here jagged cruel rocks line the waterway, and there are places of deepest gloom where the sun never touches the water. Here are great waterfalls, and then deep cuts through black and for-

bidding lava. But on and on the water flows, enters Black Canyon, and finally emerges into the open, peaceful, gentle slopes of the desert, down and on, without effort, into the Gulf of California, soon to have all its individuality as a river lost in the vastness of the great Pacific Ocean.

"Is not this a perfect type of man's life? He begins in the high mountains of innocence and childhood. He progresses through places where everything is bright and brilliant, and passes in safety and exhilaration places in life where others perhaps have been wrecked. Then he enters the soothing parks and quiet pathways, gaining strength and courage for the canyons where rapids must be run and disasters risked, and, happily, avoided. How joyously he welcomes open places and sunshine that follow, and how disgusted with the restraining influence of the 'bends' of life, and then how sad and forsaken when he is forced into the Canyon of Desolation! Friends have forsaken him, loved ones gone, perhaps even God seems to have left him to himself; but as he looks up, even here he sees the sun of grace shining upon the Lighthouse Rocks that raise their heads above the Canyon walls, and new hope, new faith, new encouragement are the result.

"And alas! he, too, may have to contend with 'Dirty Devil' streams flowing into his life, which will becloud and befoul the hitherto pure waters. But, as in the Colorado River, by and by the Bright Angel Creek, with full, clear, pellucid, refreshing and purifying power, enters in

"And so his life flows on, passing through canyons and rapids, dashing by the cruel, hungry granite and over dangerous waterfalls; but just as surely as the river flows on and enters the great Pacific, so will man enter into the unfathomable ocean of the heart of God."

We began our Sunday at the Grand Canyon with the reception of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Georgia, in the parlor of the Bright Angel Hotel, which is one of the rooms of the old log cabin where lived "Buck" O'Neil, who, among the "Rough Riders," so gallantly dashed up the hill at San Juan, and fell in the struggle. Our thoughts, however, were not of war, but of peace, that peace "which passeth all understanding." Then came breakfast, and then the drinking in of some of the glories of the Canyon until evening. After supper we again gathered in the parlor for a service of Evening Prayer, read by

the Rev. John H. Ely, of Cincinnati. It was a hearty, stirring and helpful service. The benediction was pronounced by the Bishop of Ohio.

The hotel is on the edge of the rim. It is said that the new and greatly enlarged hotel, which is soon to be built, if not already in process of construction, is to be placed further back among the trees. For those who tarry long at the Canyon, that will be a gain. But for us, whose time was limited to three nights and two days, the constant presence of scenes of grandeur was very welcome. We chatted of the glories of God's handiwork and of the things of the Kingdom; we walked hither and yon, and so the day passed all too quickly. The day at times was a misty one, and that helped to bring to us visions of wondrous beauty.

Here is a description of a similar day:

"As the sun mounts, the curtain of mist suddenly breaks into cloud fleeces, and while you gaze these fleeces rise and dissipate, leaving the Canyon bare. At once around the bases of the lowest cliffs white puffs begin to appear, creating a scene of unparalleled beauty as their dazzling cumuli swell and rise and their number multiplies, until once more they overflow the rim, and it is as if you stood upon some land's end looking down upon a formless void. Then quickly comes the complete dissipation, and again the marshaling in the depths, the upward advance, the total suffusion and the speedy vanishing, repeated over and over until the warm walls have expelled their saturation.

"Long may the visitor loiter upon the rim, powerless to shake loose from the charm, tirelessly intent upon the silent transformations until the sun is low in the West. Then the Canyon sinks into mysterious purple shadow, the far Shinamo Altar is tipped with a golden ray, and against a leaden horizon the long line of the Echo Cliffs reflects a soft brilliance of indescribable beauty, a light that, elsewhere, surely never was on sea or land. Then darkness falls, and should there be a moon, the scene in part revives in silver light, a thousand spectral forms projected from inscrutable gloom; dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal."

On Sunday afternoon an immense and almost inconceivably brilliant rainbow was seen over across the mighty chasm. In an

Eastern State, so far as our knowledge goes, no such rainbow has ever appeared. Taken alone, it would have been a marvel of magnificent splendor; with such surroundings it was ineffably glorious, indescribably sublime.

On Monday morning we drove to different points along the rim of the Canyon, for differing views; and in the afternoon some of us walked part way down the Bright Angel Trail, and back again. To go all the way down and up, on horseback or on foot, requires an entire day. Our time seemed too limited for that, but others took the time, most of them riding, but some of them walking. Two of the latter were one of our Bishops and his son; the Bishop came back with the announcement that he had encountered and killed a rattlesnake; he is big enough to have done it, he is besides absolutely truthful as well as courageous. This same Bishop was approached just outside Trinity Church, San Francisco, by a policeman who grasped his hand, and said to him, "I have never before, in my whole life, seen such a fine-looking body of men as those attending this Episcopal Convention;" and then added, looking down and up, along his six feet four inches of stature, "I can't help thinking what a magnificent man you would have been *on the force*." Some call him "Texas George." One of the guides said that he believed his name to be "King Solomon."

Perhaps it ought to be said just here that knowledge concerning this Grand Canyon in Arizona is of comparatively recent date. The Colorado River, which sweeps through it, is two thousand miles in length; the area which it drains is simply immense. Portions of the Canyon were visited by the Spaniards in 1540, but there was then nothing approaching exploration. As Mr. George Wharton James puts it:

"It was left to the untiring energy, persistent zeal, and scientific instincts of Major J. W. Powell to accomplish the impossible; for Indians, miners, prospectors, cowboys, Spanish explorers, and United States Government officers were a unit in saying that it was a practical impossibility to



St. Cecilia.

ride down the Colorado River from its source to its mouth."

"On the 24th of May, 1869, the party left Green River City, the prows of the boats turned to flow with the swift current into the unknown dangers and wonders ahead. Three of the boats were of oak and one of pine—each divided into compartments, some of which were watertight to make the boats buoyant. They were loaded with rations deemed sufficient to last ten months—clothing, ammunition, tools, and all necessary scientific instruments.

"Major Powell's report is eloquent and vivid, and the daily diary of this band of brave explorers is as fascinating and thrilling as any work of imagination ever written."

Here is one brief extract:

"The river is very deep, the Canyon very narrow, and still obstructed, so that there is no steady flow of the stream; but the waters wheel, and roll, and boil, and we are scarcely able to determine where we can go. Now, the boat is carried to the right, perhaps close to the wall; again she is shot into the stream, and perhaps is dragged over to the other side, where, caught in a whirlpool, she spins about. We can neither land nor run as we please. The boats are entirely unmanageable; no order in their running can be preserved; now one, now another, is ahead, each crew laboring for its own preservation. In such a place we come to another rapid. Two of the boats run it perforce. One succeeds in landing, but there is no foothold by which to make a portage, and she is pushed out again into the stream. The next minute a great reflex wave fills the open compartment. She is water-logged, and drifts unmanageable. Breaker after breaker runs over her, and one capsizes her. The men are thrown out; but they cling to the boat, and she drifts down some distance, alongside of us, and we are able to catch her. She is soon bailed out, and the men are aboard once more.

"One more day, and we come to a beautifully clear stream which we name Bright Angel Creek. This is nearly opposite the Bright Angel Trail."

On Tuesday morning, October 29th, we reluctantly said good-bye to our wonder of wonders. At Williams we caught the "California Limited," the favorite train running between San Francisco and Chicago. Our seats had been reserved, so we were soon speeding along in ease and comfort. We should have gladly stopped to see the cliff dwellings and the petrified forests and other wonders along the Santa Fe route, but our allotted time was up. We passed Albuquerque in the night, Las Vegas in the early dawn, and so moved on toward La Junta; there some of our fellow-travellers left us, that they might see Colorado Springs, Manitou and Denver, but most of us sped on. We reached Chicago on the afternoon of Thursday, and Buffalo on Friday morning. One of the most interesting and charming of our companions had been the Rev. Dr. Brainard, of Auburn, New York; we parted with him reluctantly. A drive about Buffalo and another visit to Niagara Falls filled up the day. On Saturday morning we reached home, thankful for the delights which had been ours all through our journey, and singing more heartily than ever before.

"Our God, we thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

"We thank Thee too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found."

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OF PHILADELPHIA

333

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August, 1885

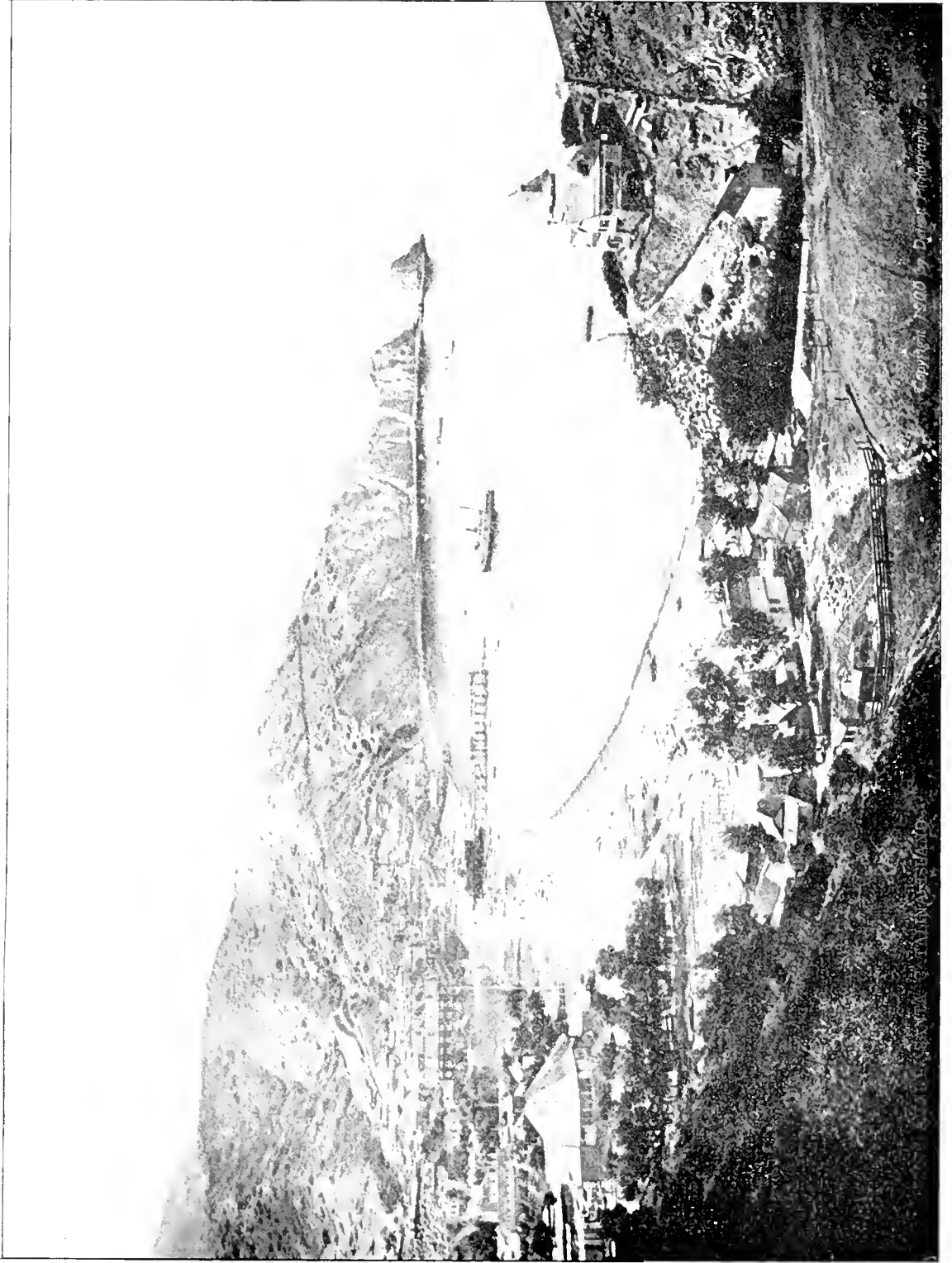
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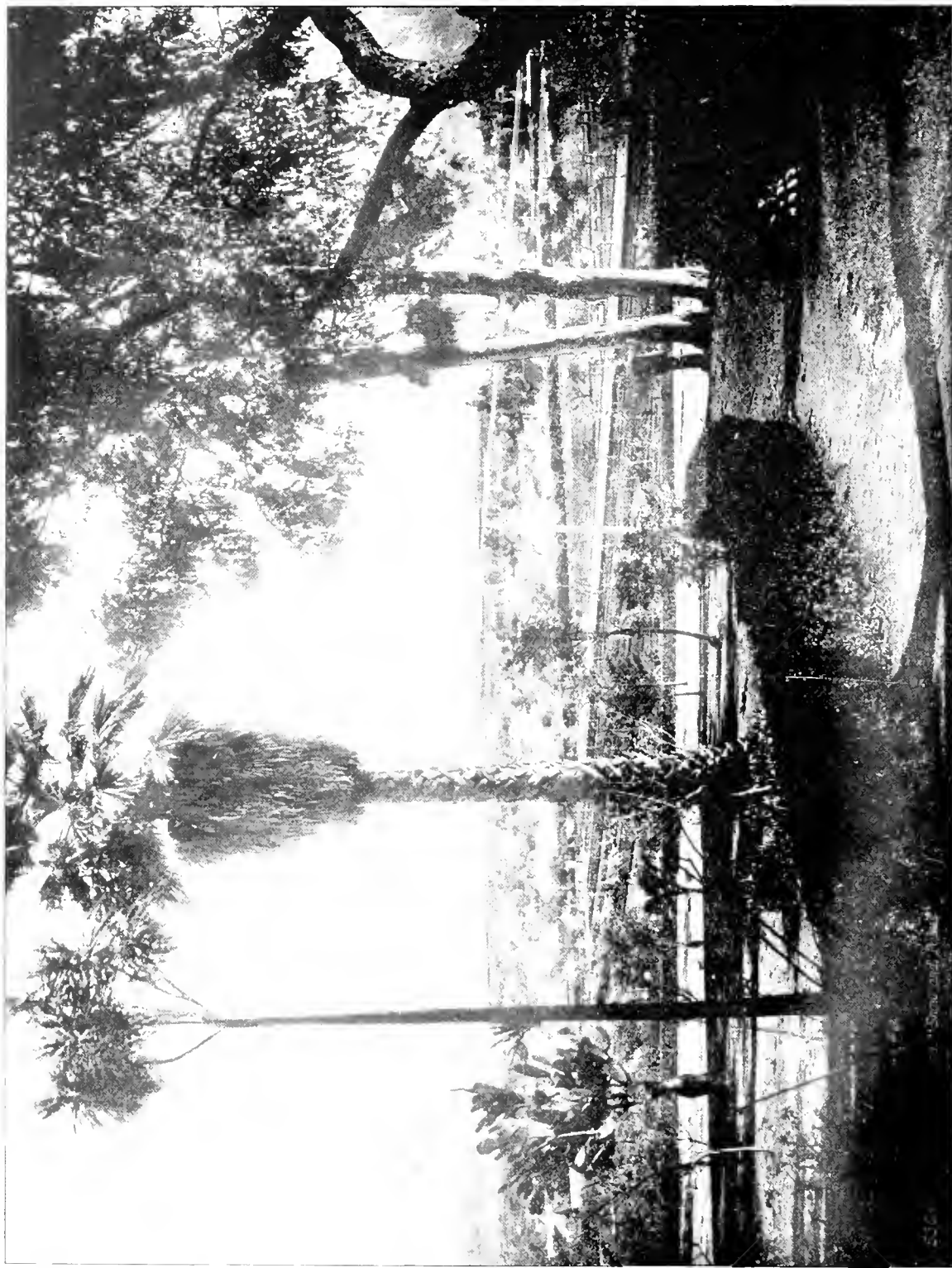
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A study of the lasting qualities of paper was recently undertaken by a committee of the London Society of Arts, and it revealed the fact that the present-day papers with wood fibre as a basis are very short lived, owing to deterioration. Many higher-priced papers, it was found, on account of the chemicals used in their manufacture, are even shorter lived, the qualities tending to longevity having been sacrificed to appearance. The report of this committee is to the effect that one hundred years hence all newspapers and magazines will have rotted away and that the only books that are sure of preservation are such limited editions as are fortunately printed on *Japanese Vellum*.

The great lasting property of *Japanese Vellum* is not its only recommendation, however, for owing to its quality and composition it is the handsomest and most artistic paper made for use in fine editions of any kind that are designed to last.

The Japan Paper Company, of 36 East Twenty-first Street, New York, are the largest importers and dealers in Japanese Paper in the country, and make a specialty of supplying publishers of limited and private editions, art works, etc., with the finest papers adapted to these uses. The Japan Paper Company are also the sole representatives in America of the Imperial Mill of the Japanese Government, known as "Insetsu Kioku," which supplies all the paper used for the Japanese Government bonds, currency, other public documents, and which can be had only in limited quantities.

For documents, which it is important shall last, as well as for those in which it is desirable that no alterations be made, this paper is invaluable, as after writing or printing upon it, no erasures can be made. It will stand all manner of handling and wear as no other paper will.

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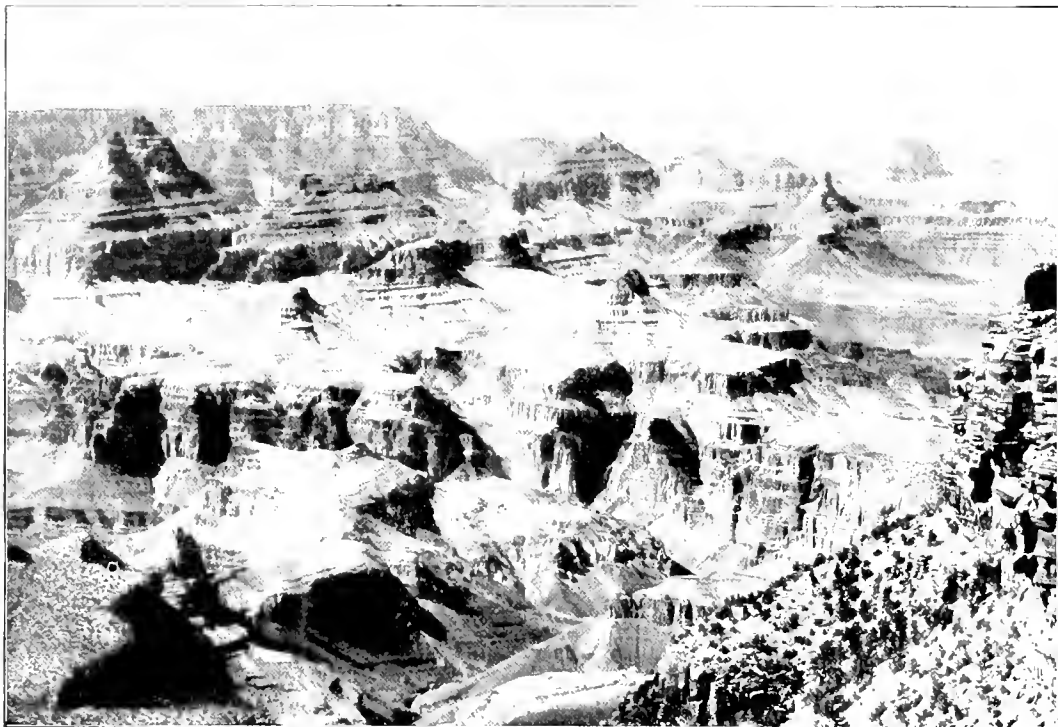
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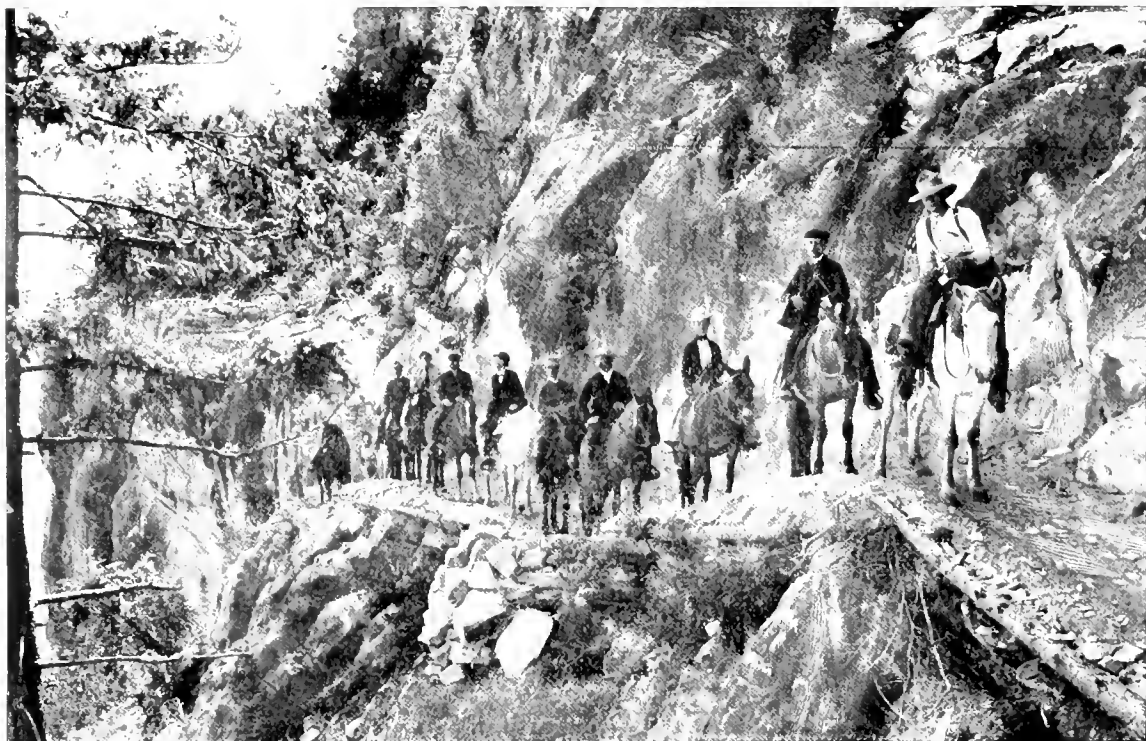
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THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR.

Charles Marquedent Burns

CHARLES MARQUEDENT BURNS, the architect who designed the Church of the Saviour, which was recently destroyed by fire, and who is also the architect for the new edifice of the Church of the Saviour, was born in this city and educated here, entering the University of Pennsylvania after leaving school. He did not graduate, as he desired to leave to pursue his architectural studies with John W. Frazer, Fred C. Withers, of New York, and John W. Gries, of this city. For three years Mr. Burns saw very active service in the War of the Rebellion, in the United States Navy, and he subsequently entered the Engineering Department of the Reading Railroad Company.

About 1868 he commenced the practice of the profession as architect, in the city of Philadelphia, subsequently spending quite long periods in Italy and France, studying the architecture of those countries. He is pre-eminently successful as a church architect, and since 1870 his studio and offices have been at 717 Walnut Street.

Among the churches which he has designed are the following: The Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr; St. Barnabas', Reading; The Church of the Advocate, Philadelphia; St. John's, Roanoke, Virginia; St. Augusta Cathedral, Sioux Falls, Dakota; Grace Church, Mt. Airy; Calvary, Conshohocken; The Church of the Ascension, Philadelphia; The Church of the Redeemer, Sayre, Pennsylvania; St. Peter's Church, Salisbury, Maryland; St. Stephen's, McKeesport; St. John's, Norristown; St. Philip's, Philadelphia; The Church of the Nativity, South Bethlehem; and St. Stephen's Church, Wilkesbarre.



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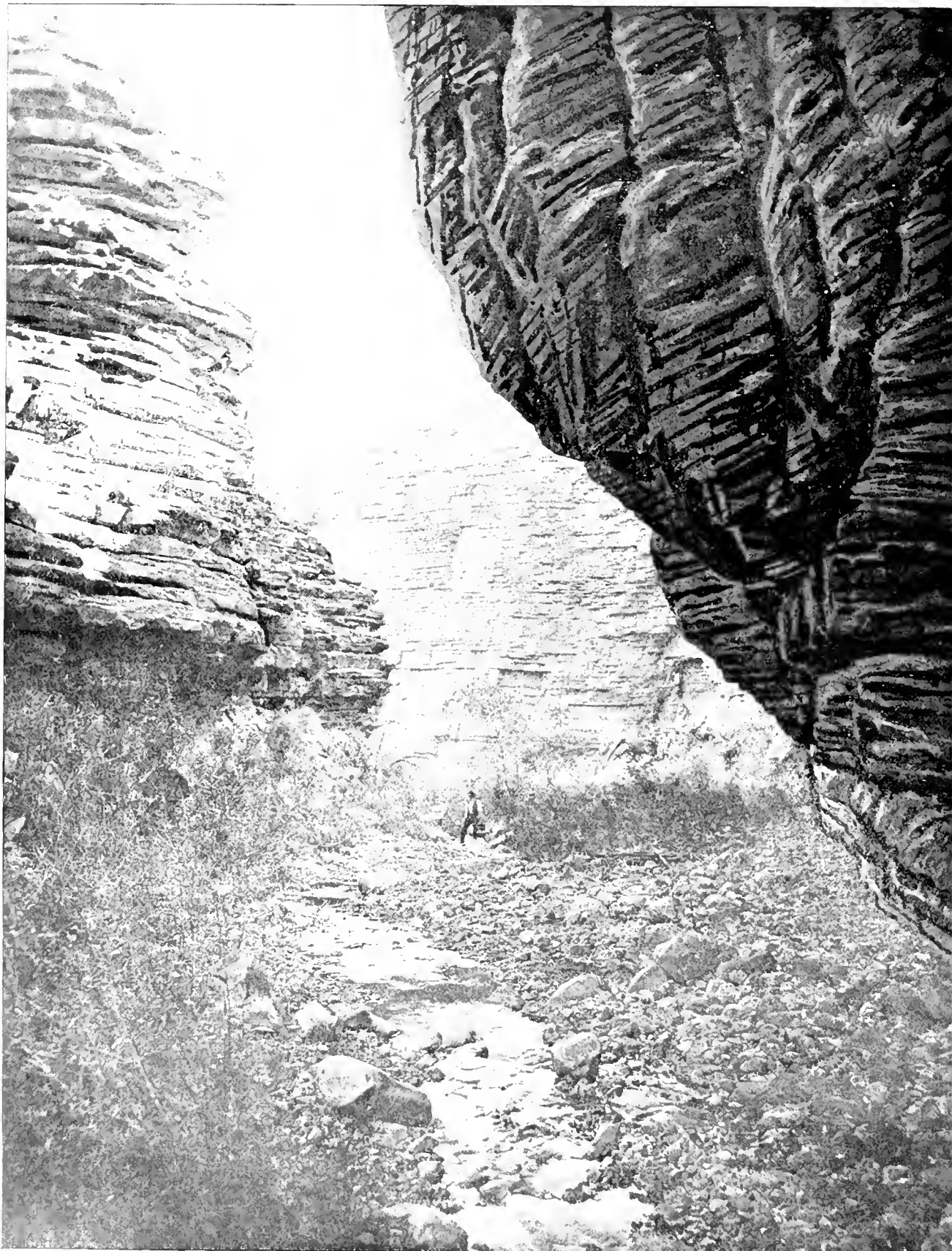
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Many Societies, Sunday Schools and Churches

during the past three years have enjoyed these trips, arranging beforehand with Captain Cone, at the Company's offices, No. 646 Drexel Building, for the dates when they desire to go. With such organizations the trips are profitable as well as pleasurable, for the management of the "Republic" allows a profit, ranging from twenty to forty per cent, to all organizations making arrangements for these excursions, when more than one hundred passengers go. The regular fare is \$1.00, and organizations taking from one hundred to one hundred and fifty people receive their tickets for eighty cents apiece. The profit to the organizations increases with each fifty persons additional, and for five hundred and over the tickets are furnished by the steamer for sixty cents apiece.

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The city of the great Bishop White, who adopted as the corporate seal of the Diocese the words which caused William Penn to name our city (Hebrews 13, 1). The city from which went forth to the various Parishes of the American Church over ninety-nine thousand special offering envelopes—from MacCalla & Co.—in which the offerings of the faithful were presented on Easter Day, 1902. Who can estimate the amount of money which these envelopes enclosed? This is only one of our many specialties. Let us send you our booklet mentioned above, and acquaint yourself with the others. Please mention this advertisement in your correspondence.



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A P P E N D I X

Philadelphia

AND SOME OF ITS WELL-KNOWN MEN

This little publication was written, and is republished, that the story of a remarkable journey may be preserved. As it is printed in Philadelphia, it has been thought proper to add an appendix, with some pictures of buildings and scenery that have helped to make the Quaker City famous, and brief sketches of some of its well-known men, active in business, in professional pursuits, or in public life, most of whom have been interested in the success of this "Souvenir."

PUBLISHED BY
CHARLES H. CLARKE
Philadelphia

Philadelphia

RICH IN HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS



PHILADELPHIA is one of the oldest, and to many persons is the most interesting, historically, of any city in the United States, and has preserved many of its historic landmarks.

The city was founded in 1681 by William Penn, and his original residence is still preserved, having been removed to Fairmount Park. The "Old Swedes" was the first church built in Pennsylvania, in 1700. Christ Church was built in 1727. The spot where Penn made his celebrated treaty with the Indians is preserved as a park. In Carpenters' Hall, the first Continental Congress met in 1774. In Independence Hall the Declaration of Independence was read, and in this building is still preserved the bell which was rung on that occasion, known all over the land as the "Liberty Bell." In Philadelphia are preserved the Betsy Ross house, where the first United States "Stars and Stripes" flag was made; the residences of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of State under Washington; Benedict Arnold; Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution; Judge Peters, the Secretary of War of the Colonies during that struggle; also the Mint, and Custom House, still used as such; and grave of Benjamin Franklin.

Besides being the earliest seat of government of the United States and the centre of interest during the colonial and revolutionary periods, Philadelphia was the most loyal and patriotic of any of the large cities of the country during the war of 1861-65. Philadelphia has been the birthplace of many notable events in the history of the United States; a few of them:

The first pleasure grounds for the people, laid out in North America, dedicated in 1681.

The first paper mill built in North America, erected upon the Wissahickon Creek, 1690.

The mariners' quadrant was invented by Thomas Godfrey, Germantown, Philadelphia, 1730.

The first public library in the United States, founded by Benjamin Franklin, 1731.

The first American volunteer fire company was organized here in 1736.

The American Philosophical Institution, the first institution devoted to science in North America, was founded in this city by Benjamin Franklin, in 1743.

The first medical school in the United States was inaugurated in Philadelphia, in 1751.

The Pennsylvania Hospital, the first establishment in America devoted to the relief of the sick, was chartered by the Assembly of Pennsylvania, in 1751.

The theory that lightning and electricity were the same was demonstrated here by Benjamin Franklin, June 15, 1752. First lightning rod used in the world was set up by Benjamin Franklin at his dwelling-house, Second and Race Streets, in September, 1752.

The Philadelphia Contributionship for insurance against losses by fire, established here 1752.

The first expedition fitted out in North America for Arctic exploration sailed from here, 1753.

The first school of anatomy in North America was opened here, November 26, 1762.

The first pianoforte manufactured in the United States, made here by John Behrent, 1775.

The first American flag was made at No. 239 Arch Street.

The first Hospital in connection with a university in the United States was opened here.

The first vessel moved by steam was navigated on the Delaware River at Philadelphia.

The first law school in America opened here in 1790.

The Mint of the United States was established here in 1792, by act of Congress.

The first coins made in the United States were struck at No. 29 North Seventh Street.

Philadelphia Water Works, the first of the kind in the country, commenced May 2, 1799.

Because Philadelphia is so rich in historic interest and relics, it must not be imagined that it is not also rich in present-day interest. It has the largest ship-building plant in the United States, the largest and finest United States Mint, the largest and handsomest City Buildings, the largest department store in the world, the largest locomotive shops in the world, finest park in the world, longest paved street in the United States, and other modern features.



MAHLON N. KLINE, Treasurer and General Manager of The Smith, Kline & French Company, Arch street, below Fifth street, which is one of the largest wholesale drug concerns in the United States, was born February 6, 1846, near Hamburg, Berks County, Pa. He was educated in the public schools near Hamburg, and had two years' experience as a pupil in a private school in Reading, Pa. When he was fourteen years old he came to this city, and attended public school here for six months, returning then to his home in Berks County, where he taught school for one year at a place three miles from Reading. For a year and a half he worked in a country store at Hamburg, and then

returned to this city, to take a position as bookkeeper with the wholesale drug firm of Smith & Shoemaker, at 243 North Third street. This was on the fifteenth of February, 1865. Mr. Kline was admitted as a member of the firm in 1868. Mr. Shoemaker retired in 1869 and the name of the firm was changed to Smith, Kline & Co. They continued in business until 1887, when they removed to 429 and 431 Arch street, where they have been located ever since, the concern also occupying No. 433 and 435 Arch street. In 1888 the firm was incorporated under the name of "The Smith & Kline Company."

On the first of January, 1891, the business of the wholesale drug house of French, Richards & Co., was closed out, and Mr. Harry B. French entered the Smith & Kline Company, and was elected its vice-president, the name being changed to "The Smith, Kline & French Company." In volume the business is the third in its line in the United States.

Mr. Mahlon N. Kline was president of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association in 1885, and was chairman of its most prominent and active committee for ten years, from 1887 to 1897. He was president and for many years, a director, of the Philadelphia Drug Exchange. He has been since its organization a member of the Board of Directors of the Trades League. In January, 1902, he was elected second vice-president of that organization. He is also a member of the Board of Directors of the Bourse. Mr. Kline is a member of the Union League, a member of the Country Club, and the Manheim Cricket Club.

He is accounting warden, and superintendent of the Sunday School, and director of the Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew of the Church of the Saviour. He is also president of the Local Assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, which includes all the seventy-six chapters in this diocese. Mr. Kline is also a member of the Board of Directors of the Franklin Reformatory Home.

Mahlon N. Kline is recognized everywhere as one of the foremost business men of this city, and great as has been his success in mercantile life, what he has done, in fifty different ways, for the people of Philadelphia, shows better than anything else the great heart and the large intellectual force of the man.



PRESIDENT HORACE H. LEE, of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, is one of the best known bankers in the State, and his firm have recently entered into possession of their new and handsome offices at 132 South Fourth street. For eighteen years Mr. Lee has been a member of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, and in 1891 he was elected a member of the Board of Governors. As the choice of the President of the Stock Exchange represents, in the strongest way, the expression of confidence from the great financial interests, it was no ordinary honor that fell to Mr. Lee when he was this spring elected to this important position.

He is a son of the late Dr. J. K. Lee, an eminent physician, and a resident of West Philadelphia, where Mr. Horace H. Lee still resides, in the old family mansion, at the Southwest corner of Thirty-eighth and Chestnut streets. After a preparatory course at Rugby Academy, Mr. Lee graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1880. He is treasurer of the Hamilton Land & Improvement Company, a member of the Vestry of the Church of the Saviour, a member of the Union League, Phi Kappa Sigma Society, and the Houston Club.



ONE of the best known real estate men in the city is MR. JOHN O. SHEATZ, who has been engaged in some of the largest and most important transactions in his line that have taken place in recent years in Philadelphia. He is a prominent resident of the Twenty-fourth Ward, and is very popular with the best citizens west of the Schuylkill River, where he has often been urged, by the business men, to permit his name to be mentioned for public positions. He received a good business education, and after leaving Easton, Pa., his native place, he came here, and was apprenticed to The Baldwin Locomotive Works on the recommendation of the late Asa Packer, then President of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Co., and Stanley H. Goodwin, the General Superintendent of the same railroad. Mr. Sheatz stayed with the Baldwin Locomotive Works for thirteen years in different departments. After leaving the Baldwin Company, he engaged in the retail coal business at Twenty-third and Spring Garden streets, and upon the removal of the tracks by the city for the improvement to the new entrance to the park, erected several buildings on the property, in one of which he has his real estate office. In addition to the above business, Mr. Sheatz is also Treasurer of The Frank Queen Publishing Company, of New York.



COLONEL BOSBYSHELL is a name that conjures pleasant and friendly thoughts to a host of Philadelphians and Pennsylvanians, for his dignified, yet gracious, personality yields to him the friendship of almost every man, woman and child with whom he comes in contact.

At fifteen years of age he began the struggle of life as a messenger boy in the employ of the Philadelphia & Reading Telegraph Company at Pottsville, Pa. Two years later he entered the law office of Hon. F. W. Hughes, and at nineteen became a student of law in the office of his uncle, William L. Whitney, Esq.

The War of the Rebellion found Bosbyshell amongst the first to respond to President Lincoln's call for troops, enlisting on the sixteenth of April, 1861, and mustered into the U. S. Volunteer service as a private of the Washington Artillerists of Pottsville on the eighteenth, and reaching Washington City the same evening.

He served humbly during the three months, and in September, 1861, became Second Lieutenant of Company G, Forty-eighth Regiment Infantry, Pennsylvania Volunteers, serving with that organization during the war, having repeatedly received assignments to various duties of honor and trust, and being promoted First Lieutenant and Captain of his company, and made Major of his regiment. The operations of this regiment are graphically set forth in a book written and published by Colonel Bosbyshell, called "The Forty-eighth in the War," which has met with the warm approval not only of the members of the command, but many other readers.

In November, 1880, by appointment of President Harrison, he assumed the superintendency of the Mint, and admirably administered its affairs until April, 1894, when President Cleveland preferred another man for the place. During Colonel Bosbyshell's connection with the Mint service he introduced many improvements in the work, and he it was who projected and carried through to a successful conclusion the establishment of a new Mint building in this city. It is doubtful if there is a better informed and better qualified Mint man in the United States to-day than Colonel Bosbyshell.

Immediately upon leaving the Mint the Colonel became active vice-president and subsequently treasurer of the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia, which latter position he still holds.

Colonel Bosbyshell has been a busy man all his life, actively engaged in many ways for the welfare of the community. He has been particularly interested in the National Guard of Pennsylvania for many years, having been Major of the Second Regiment in December, 1878, promoted Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, serving in all positions with credit. In August, 1893, he resigned and was placed on the retired roll of officers. However, when the late war with Spain absorbed the National Guard, Colonel Bosbyshell was called again into the ranks of the National Guard, and by Governor Hastings' direction, organized the Nineteenth Regiment Infantry, N. G. P., becoming its colonel, a position he still holds.

His interest has been largely given to church and Sunday School work, forty-five years of his life being actively engaged therein. But a few years ago he relinquished the superintendency of the Sunday School of the Church of the Saviour, West Philadelphia, after thirty years' connection with that school. He served as a Vestryman of the Church of the Saviour for many years, being its secretary most of the time he was connected therewith. His musical tastes led him to conduct a church choir for his church for many years, and he has been a member and supporter of the large chorus societies of the city, having served as president of the Philadelphia Chorus in the palmiest days of that organization.

He is a director of the Musical Fund Hall; chairman of the trustees of University Lodge, No. 610, F. and A. M.; companion of Pennsylvania Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States; one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Society Sons of the Revolution; treasurer of the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Military Order of Foreign Wars; a member of the Union League, Historical Society and Old Guard of the Second Regiment, U. S. V. He is a past commander of the Department of Pennsylvania G. A. R., being a comrade in Post 2, of this city.



DR. EDWARD BROOKS, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, and the most efficient and distinguished man who has ever held that position, was born at Stony Point, New York. When he was eighteen years old he taught school at Cuddebackville, New York, and a year later entered Liberty Normal Institute. Afterwards he was made Professor in the University of Northern Pennsylvania, and later occupied the Chair of Literature and Mathematics in Monticello Academy, New York. In 1855 he became Professor of Mathematics at the Normal School of Millersville, Pa., and in 1866 was made President of that institution. In 1858 Union College conferred upon him the degree of A. M.; in 1868 he was elected president of the State Teachers' Association, and in 1876 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from three prominent institutions, being also elected president of the Normal Department of the National Educational Association. In 1883 he came to Philadelphia, and in 1891 he was appointed to his present office. Under his direction there has been a steady progress and improvement in the public school system of this city, and Dr. Brooks is known, throughout this country and abroad, as one of the foremost educators of the times.

He is an author of many of the most valuable educational works which have appeared during the last forty years, and these volumes are standards everywhere.

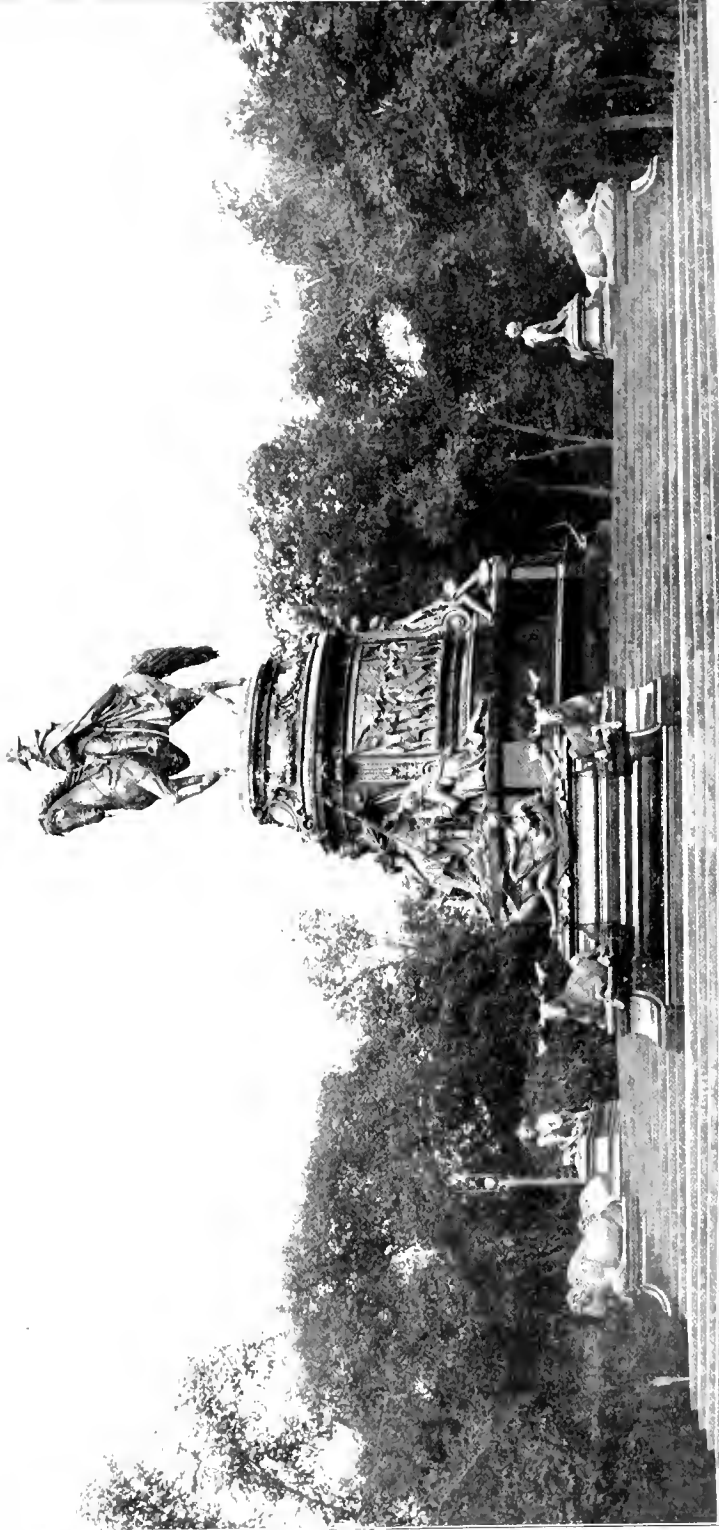
Dr. Brooks is now Rector's Warden of St. Paul's Memorial Church, Overbrook.



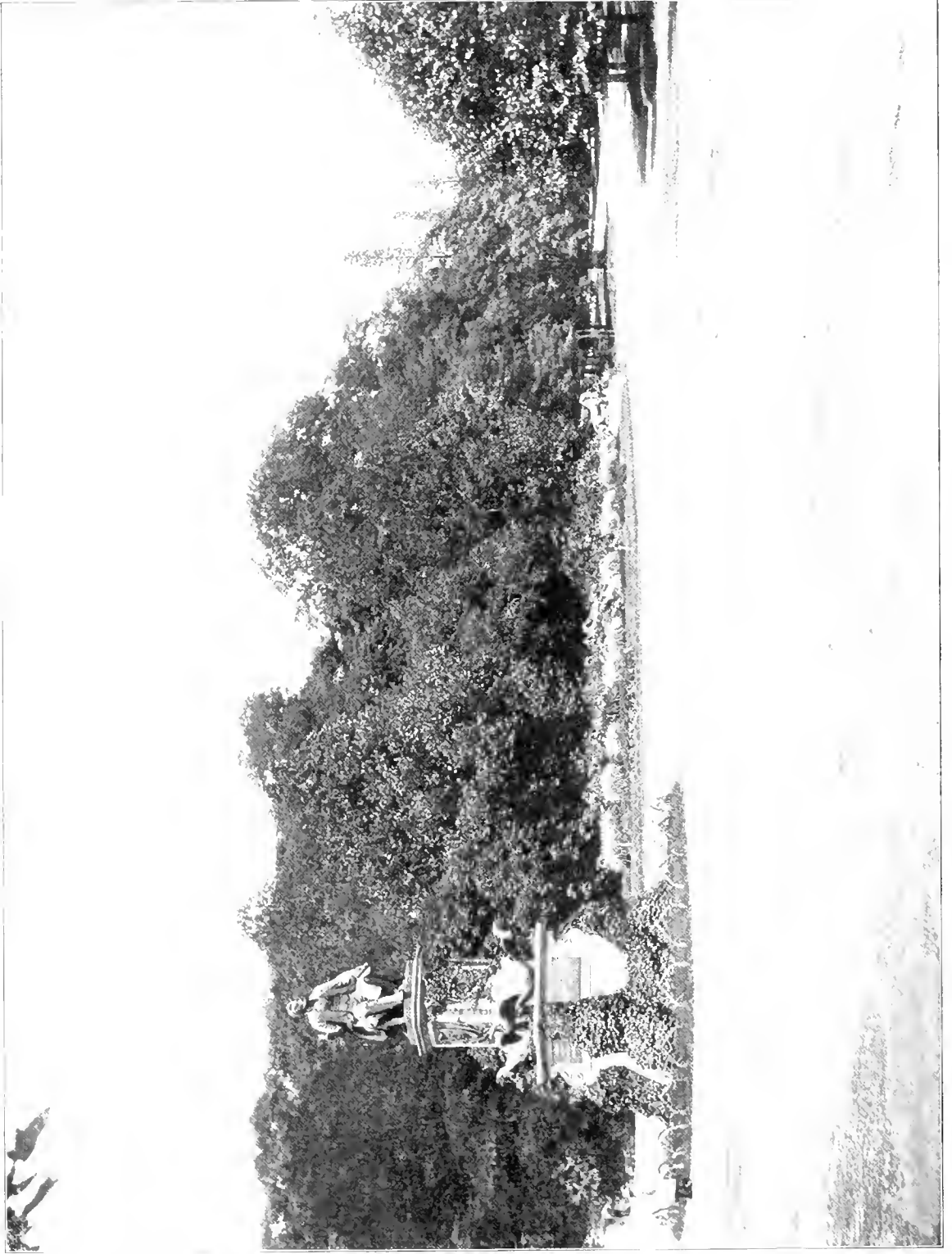
HENRY REEVES EDMUNDS, the distinguished lawyer, who has been a United States Commissioner in this city since April 4, 1883, was born here, January 17, 1840. His father was Franklin D. Edmunds, who was born at Cape May, New Jersey, in 1814, and died in 1859. His mother was Ann Marshall Stanger, who was born in Marshallville, New Jersey, February 11, 1815, and died March 18, 1897.

Henry R. Edmunds received his early education in the Philadelphia public schools, graduating from the High School in July, 1856. After studying law, he was admitted to the Bar January 19, 1861. At that time he made a special study of Marine Law. For twenty-five years he represented The Vessel Owners' and Captains' Association as counsel. During this period he won a number of notable cases for his clients, and became the accepted authority on those points of law dealing with Marine Legislation and controversy. He is now counsel for many of the leading steamship lines and Marine Insurance Companies of the country. He is married, and has four children, two sons and two daughters. Commissioner Edmunds is a director of the American Dredging Company, is interested in many organizations of a charitable nature, and is president of the Board of Education of Philadelphia.

He is one of the few men whose strength of character, integrity, knowledge of the law, and unflinching courage have won and held the implicit confidence of all classes in the community.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
Green Street Entrance to Fairmount Park



LINCOLN MONUMENT, RIVER DRIVE, FAIRMOUNT PARK.



GEORGE D. McCREARY, Vice-President of the Market Street National Bank, is one of the most prominent men in the city. The people believe in him implicitly, but they know only a little of his manifold charities, and his influence for good in a hundred different directions.

He was born on the 28th of September, 1846, at York Springs Village, Adams County, Pennsylvania, and is the son of John B. McCreary and Rachel Deardorff. His early ancestors on his father's side were Scotch-Irish, and on his mother's side German-Baptists, who came to this country to escape religious persecution. In 1848 the family removed to Tremont, Schuylkill County; in 1856 to Tamaqua; in 1859 to Mauch Chunk, and in 1864 they finally settled in Philadelphia. From 1861 to 1864 George D. McCreary attended Saunders' Institute, in West Philadelphia, where the Presbyterian Hospital now stands, and in 1864 he entered the University of Philadelphia. In 1867 he went into business with the Honeybrook Coal Company, of which his father was President. In 1870 he became a member of the new firm of Whitney, McCreary & Kemmerer, selling agents at wholesale in the coal business. They did a very large and successful business, and in 1870, when Mr. McCreary's father died, he sold out to take charge of his father's estate. He served for three years as Treasurer of the City and County of Philadelphia.

In 1878 Mr. McCreary married a daughter of the late William Howell, a prominent wall paper manufacturer, and he has two sons and two daughters.



FRANKLIN SPENCER EDMONDS, author of the "*History of the Central High School of Philadelphia*," was born in Philadelphia on March 28, 1874. He is the son of the late Henry R. Edmonds, who was prominent in insurance circles, and of Catharine Ann Huntzinger. He was educated at home until his tenth year, and then in the public schools. He was graduated in the High School with first honors, winning the Alumni Gold Medal and the Valedictory Oration. Having been awarded a City Scholarship at the University of Pennsylvania, he at once entered the Junior Year in the Wharton School. After graduation from the University in 1893, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, serving one year as an organizer of teachers' classes.

In 1894 he was appointed Andrew D. White Fellow in History and Political Science at Cornell University, where he spent one year in post-graduate study. At this time it was Mr. Edmonds' intention to finish his university training abroad, but the death of his father caused a change in the plans, and in 1895 he returned to Philadelphia to commence his service as a teacher at the Central High School. For two years he was Instructor in History, but in 1897 he was elected Assistant Professor of Political Science, and in the spring of 1902, he was promoted to a full professorship.

Mr. Edmonds is now President of the Educational Club of this city. In conjunction with Professor George H. Cliff he aided in the establishment of *The Teacher*, an educational journal, and served for two years as Chairman of the Board of Editors. He has written a number of educational articles, of which the most important is "Progress in Education During the 19th Century," which was originally written as a chapter for a larger work, and has since been reprinted in pamphlet form. He has been, since 1900, Master of Archives of the Associated Alumni of the Central High School. He is a member of American Historical Association, American Economic Association, Pennsylvania Historical Society, American Statistical Society, American Academy of Political and Social Science, etc. He is a member of University Club, Schoolmen's Club, Franklin Institute Club, etc. He is actively engaged in Young Men's Christian Association work and is a member of Committee of Management of Central Branch.



HENRY BROOKS was born in Yorkshire, England, near the town of Huddersfield. When very young he came to this country with his parents. He was educated in West Philadelphia, and when his father, George Brooks, one of the most prominent manufacturers in the country died, Henry Brooks assumed control of, and now operates the Oriental Mills. He is president of the Standard Fire Insurance Company, a prominent member of the Manufacturers' Club, the Young Republican Club, and the Oriental Lodge of Masons, and is Rector's Warden of St. James' Episcopal Church, West Philadelphia. He is serving his second term as Clerk of Quarter Sessions of this county.

Mr. Brooks resides at 5300 Girard avenue. The house which he owns and occupies was one of the old Supplee residences. Mr. Brooks owns the entire square upon which his house stands. He is married, and has five sons and one daughter, the latter being married to Dr. Harvey, of West Philadelphia.

His recreation is traveling, and sailing on the Jersey coast, where he spends his spare time in summer. He has made two trips to Europe, traveling through Great Britain, and in most of the countries on the continent.



MAGISTRATE J. M. R. JERMON, whose last election was such a triumphant vindication of the power of the people to choose their own public officials, is the best known and probably the ablest member of the minor judicial bench in this State. His integrity, his knowledge of the law, his immense popularity with the people, and his human sympathy, have combined to make him a man of prominence.

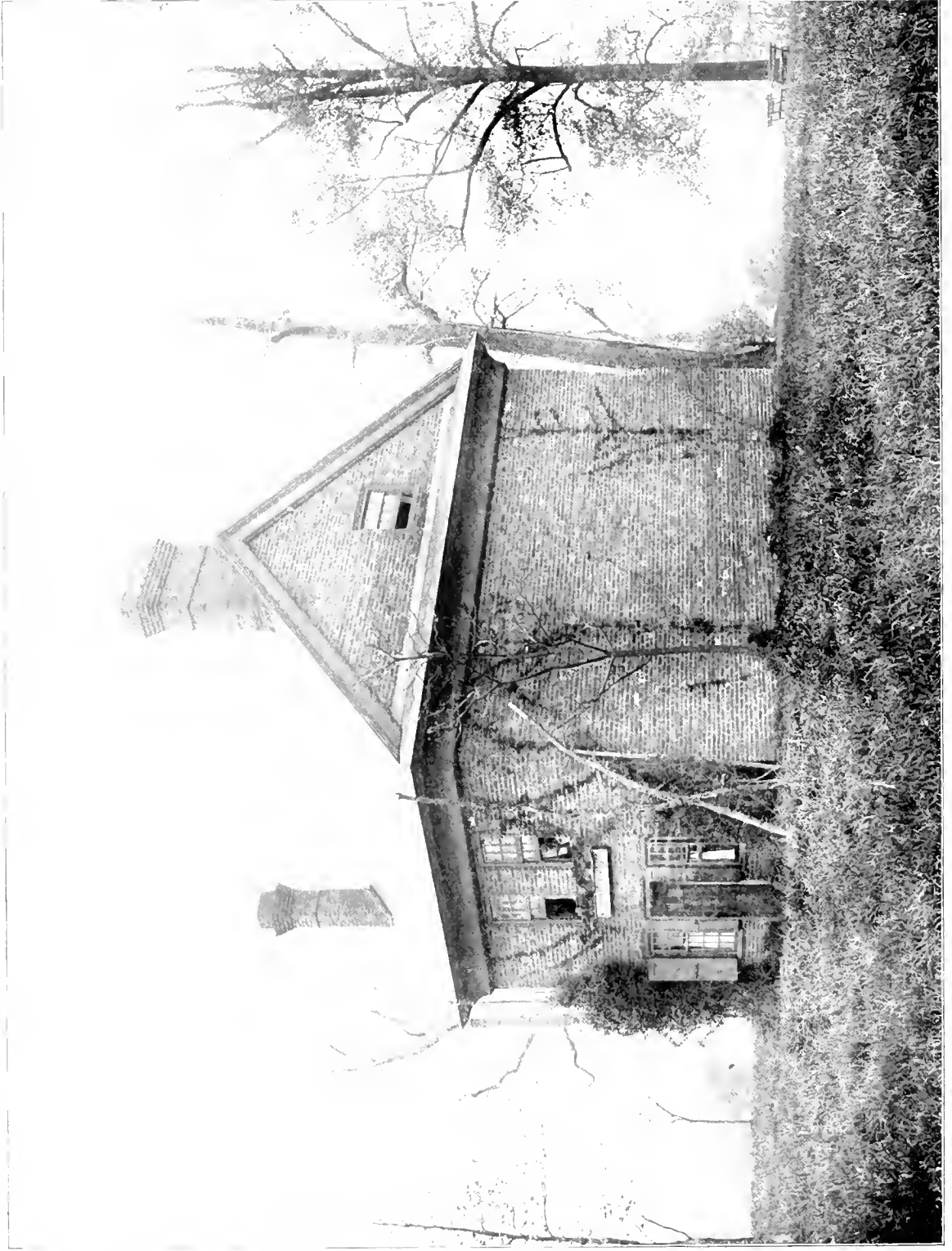
He was born in January, 1851, in the old District of Southwark. He was educated in private schools, and in the Episcopal Academy. In 1874 he was appointed a Notary Public, and in 1881 Indictment Clerk in the office of District Attorney Graham, holding the position with marked ability until April 1st, 1895, when he was first chosen Magistrate. He was re-elected to the minor judicial bench in the spring of 1901. He is an Old Fellow, a member of the Knights of Pythias, and of other social and political organizations. Under his influence children arrested for criminal offences have been kept separate from ordinary criminals, and the way made clear for their reformation. No other magistrate is so well known to the men who stand strongest in business and financial affairs in this city.



"SOLITUDE."
In Zoological Garden. (Home of Governor John Penn, built in 1785.)



OLD SWEDES CHURCH,
Siamon Street, below Christian Street. (Built in 1700.)



LETITIA HOUSE.
Girard Avenue Entrance to West Fairmount Park. (Original Residence of William Penn.)



HON. CHARLES F. WARWICK, ex-Mayor of this city, transacts one of the largest legal practices in the State at his offices in the Crozer Building, Chestnut street above Broad; and, in spite of this, he is able to appear as the principal orator at many important public gatherings in the various great cities of the country. His charm and force as a public speaker are still increasing.

He was born in this city, educated in the public schools, graduated from the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, studied in the office of the late E. Spencer Miller, and was admitted to the Bar in 1873. His success was immediate. In 1878 he became an Assistant City Solicitor, then Assistant District Attorney under George S. Graham, and in 1884 was elected City Solicitor, the youngest man who ever attained that position here. He was repeatedly re-elected until 1895, when he was chosen Mayor of Philadelphia by a plurality of over 60,000 votes. During his administration as Mayor he received Li Hung Chang, he dedicated the magnificent Washington Monument in Fairmount Park, and under his administration Philadelphia made wonderful progress in every direction.

Mr. Warwick is one of the most celebrated after-dinner speakers in the country, and is a member of many of the most exclusive clubs and social organizations in this and other cities.



RICHARD B. WILLIAMS, Deputy-Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia, is descended from old Revolutionary stock; and, as a business man in this city, and as Assistant Commissioner of Highways has made a record for integrity, success and executive ability. When he was appointed Deputy Surveyor of the Port by Collector C. Wesley Thomas, he was warmly congratulated by hundreds of men prominent in financial and commercial affairs.

The duties of his position as Deputy Surveyor are in the main advisory and comprehend the direction and control of the Customs force assigned for duty on arriving vessels and their cargoes, or on vessels clearing with bonded or draw-back merchandise. He assigns the proper complement of Customs Inspectors for duty on arriving vessels and acts as Surveyor's Staff Officer in the handling of passengers and supervising the examination of their effects. He assigns Inspectors for service in the discharging and delivery of cargoes of importing vessels and details the requisite number of weighers and gaugers for ascertaining quantity of merchandise thereon, dutiable by weight or gauge.

Under the Surveyor's direction he determines the limits of the patrol of the District and Night Inspectors and makes the proper assignment of the same. He details laborers for the assistance of weighers and gaugers in the handling of merchandise for the ascertainment of the quantity. He is successfully reorganizing his important department of the service, and will bring it to a high and efficient standard.



THOMAS DOLAN, President of The United Gas Improvement Company, has not only made the great corporation of which he is the head a remarkably successful concern, but has made it popular in every one of the scores of cities where it operates and owns gas works. Before he became known as one of the most prominent financiers of the country, Mr. Dolan was one of the largest and most successful manufacturers in the United States. His reputation was established, at that time, as a man of integrity, infinite capacity for work, and the broadest executive skill. His is the spirit which has animated every move of the United Gas Improvement Company since he became its chief executive officer, and that spirit has been a

determination to deal fairly with the consumers, and spare no expense, and no trouble, to meet their wants in the most minute particulars. This is good business, as well as the highest type of foresight, and to-day, wherever the United Gas Improvement Company operates, the people are more than satisfied with the service, which has in each case proved itself so much superior to the political direction of gas supplies.

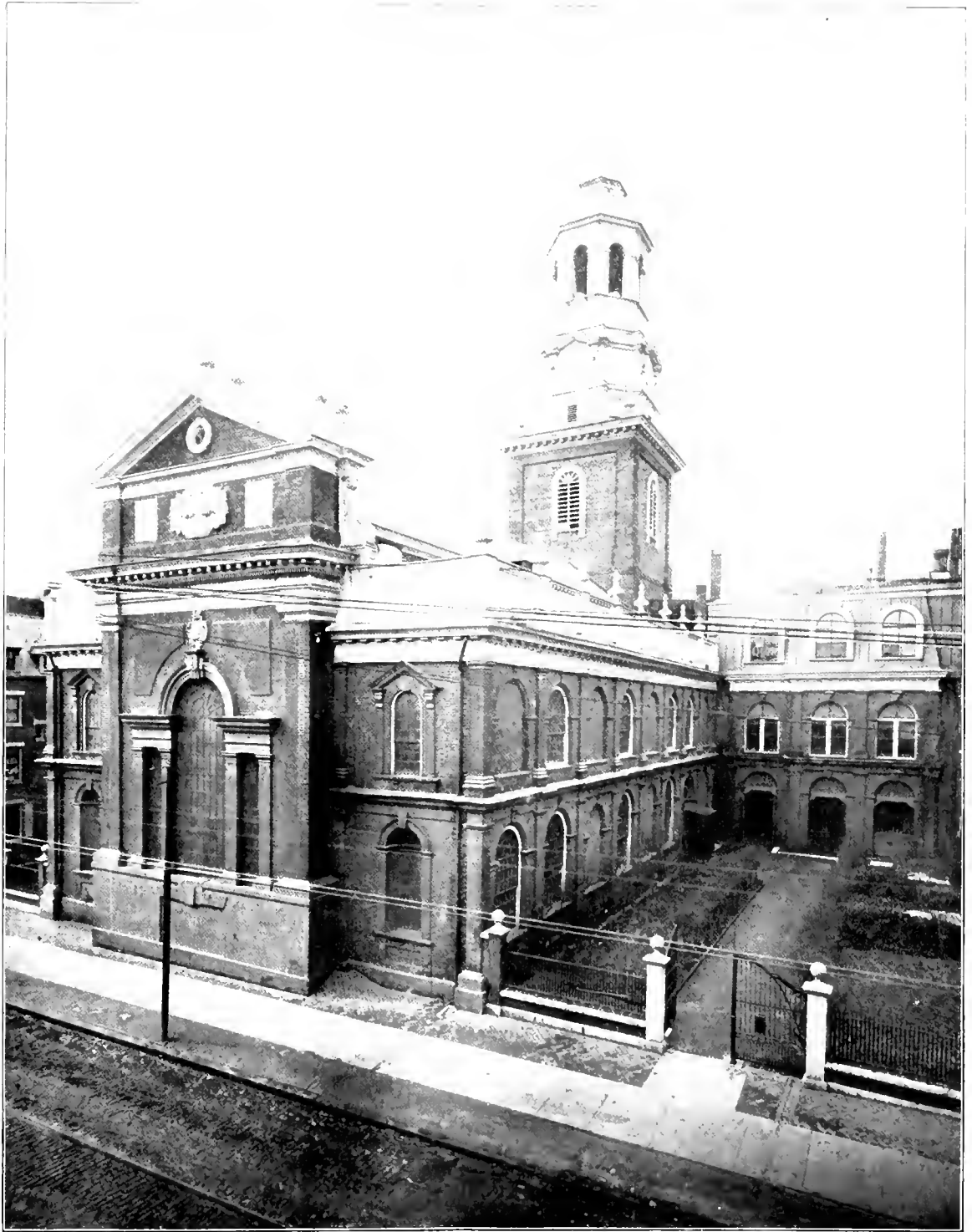
It would be impossible, in the limits of a short sketch like this, to adequately portray Thomas Dolan as he is, for he has all the qualities of courage, charm of manners, staunch friendship, and wonderful personal magnetism, that go to make up the characters of the great leaders in State and in finance. He is known in this city, by all the citizens, as a man whose word is absolutely true, who never breaks a promise, and who seeks every opportunity to benefit Philadelphia, and to render genuine services to his friends. Few men, anywhere, have so wholly the confidence and the esteem of the people; and one of the chief reasons of this is, that his great success, in all the numerous interests with which he is connected, has not changed those personal qualities which have always made him such an attractive figure. His position in the financial world, his wealth, and his high reputation in business circles everywhere, important as these things are, are small in comparison with his own admirable personality.



ROBERT J. WRIGHT, Solicitor of the HAMILTON TRUST COMPANY, which does a large business in the western section of the city, is one of the best known members of the Bar of Philadelphia, and has his law offices at No. 1108 Land Title Building, Broad and Chestnut streets. Mr. Wright's practice as an attorney has covered a great deal in corporation affairs, in large real estate transactions, and in estates, and he is not only known as a counsel of integrity,

ability, and eloquence, but as a lawyer who has an unusual knowledge of everything relating to monetary affairs. He is one of the most popular men at the Bar in his city, and whenever he appears in a case in the County, Federal or State Courts, there is public interest in what he does and says.

He has had charge of the settlement of some very large estates, and among those recently, which he has settled, are several amounting in value to hundreds of thousands of dollars. His practice is almost entirely civil. He is fond of books, much interested in public education, and has made a strong impression in public life, not only as a speaker, but as a ready debater.



OLD CHRIST CHURCH.
Second Street, above Market Street. (Built in 1725)



THE HON. EBENEZER ADAMS, who for twenty-five years was actively engaged in business in this city, and who devotes his attention, largely, to the care of his extensive interests in real estate, is one of the best known and most respected men living in the western section of the city. He made an enviable record by his service for the Union in the War of the Rebellion. He served for one term in the Legislature at Harrisburg, during which period he was largely instrumental in securing heavy appropriations for many charitable institutions in his district.

Mr. Adams comes of a family which has taken a distinguished part in the annals of American History. A brief reference to a few members will serve to show their patriotism and courage. Ebenezer Adams, who was born March 15, 1737, at Braintree, Massachusetts, and who died in 1791, was among those who contributed in money and in other ways to aid the cause of American Independence. Ephraim Adams, who was born in 1712, and died in 1802, was a private in the War of the Revolution in the company of Captain Edmund Briant, in Colonel Daniel Mevie's regiment. This was a New Hampshire regiment, and marched to Saratoga. It also did service in Rhode Island. Ebenezer Adams, of Kingston, who was born in 1744, and died in 1830, served as a private in 1776 in the company of Captain Ebenezer Washburn, in the regiment of Colonel Thomas Lothrop. Ansel Adams, of Barnstable, Mass., was born in 1761 and died in 1849. He enlisted August 22, 1778, in Captain Matthias Tobey's company, serving three months and twenty-seven days at Winter Hill; also in Captain Simeon Fisher's company, Colonel Freeman's regiment. Ebenezer Adams, who was born at Rhinebeck, N. Y., and who died January 31, 1846, at Red Hook, New York, served throughout the War of 1812 in the militia, and received wounds which made him lame for life.



CORONER THOMAS DUGAN was born in this city, September 29, 1849, and attended school at John Quincy Adams Grammar School. He was appointed Messenger in the Coroner's office by Coroner Thomas J. Powers, in July, 1880. In 1882 he was made Assistant Clerk under Coroner William S. Janney, and in 1884 was promoted to Chief Clerk by Coroner Powers, who had then entered upon his second term as Coroner. Since Mr. Dugan was elected Coroner of Philadelphia, he has ably fulfilled the semi-judicial duties of that office. He has taken a great interest in the medical side of his division of the local government. The discipline and effectiveness of the Physician's work under Mr. Dugan has been remarked in many cities. The Coroner's physicians of Philadelphia are called as experts in the courts of many states.



WILLIAM W. FOULKROD was born in Philadelphia, November 22, 1846. He was educated in the public schools and entered the business world under the tutelage of Mustin & Bennett. He soon became a member of the firm of T. J. Mustin & Co. This was later absorbed by John Wanamaker, and thus these two giants of the business world came together. Mr. Wanamaker purchased Hood, Bonbright & Co., which was succeeded by Hood, Foulkrod & Co., in which Mr. Wanamaker held a special interest until the firm went out of business about a year ago.

Not only is Mr. Foulkrod active in permanent municipal associations, but he was the directing head of the great Export Exposition. He is President of the Art Club, Historical Society and the Citizen's Permanent Relief Society. He is President of the Trades League.



HON. MAXWELL STEVENSON, who has been one of the most distinguished leaders of the Philadelphia Bar for many years, and who is one of the most popular men in the city in legal and financial circles, has been largely interested, during the past two or three years, in important mining enterprises in British Columbia. Judge Stevenson has not handled these great undertakings as a speculator, but simply as a business man, and the large and valuable properties which he controls in the Black Diamond Tunnel Company, and in the Highlander properties, are said to be wonderfully rich in high-grade precious ores. These corporations control several different mines, paying properties, the development of which is being largely increased. The eastern offices of these corporations are at No. 604 Land Title Building, Broad and Chestnut streets.

As a lawyer, Judge Stevenson is one of the best-known and most successful at the Bar. He has appeared in many of the most noted homicide cases in this part of the state during the past twenty-five years.



HARRY A. MACKEY, is a leading member of the Junior Bar of Philadelphia. His strong personality, his extended and accurate knowledge of the law, his power of seizing and using to advantage every opportunity that presents itself while he is conducting a case, have marked him as a brilliant attorney.

Harry A. Mackey was born on June 26th, 1869, in Susquehanna County, in this State. His father, George W. Mackey, Esq., is a prominent member of the Northampton County Bar. After finishing his scholastic and collegiate education, at the University of Pennsylvania, during which he secured many prizes, and took high honors, Mr. Mackey studied law in the offices of Hon. W. W. Porter, now Justice of the Superior Court. He afterwards was a partner and practiced law with ex-Judge James Gay Gordon, one of the most brilliant men of the Philadelphia Bar.

Mr. Mackey is a Mason, a member of the Atlantic City Country Club, the Theta Nu Epsilon fraternity, the ex-archon, First District; Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, Philadelphia Law Association. He has an extensive acquaintance and a large circle of business and social friends.

Mr. Mackey now owns a valuable slate property in which he, when a boy, worked for a mere pittance, and in connection with his father he owns other extensive interests in the slate regions.



DR. WILLIAM P. WILSON, Director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, was educated at the Agricultural College of Michigan and at Harvard University, where he was afterwards Instructor in Botany for several years. He also spent several years in the Universities of Germany and Italy, receiving the degree of Doctor of Natural Sciences from the University of Tübingen. In 1893 he conceived the idea of founding a Commercial Museum with the raw products exhibited by different nations at the World's Fair, at Chicago. He secured the authority of the city of Philadelphia, and succeeded in having donated to the proposed museum the large collections exhibited by nearly every country, especially the Spanish-American countries. The Philadelphia Commercial Museum is due to him and his constant labor and activity.

He was born in Oxford, Oakland County, in the northern part of Michigan, in 1844. His early life was spent in farming. At a later date he entered a large plant in the West for the manufacture of agricultural implements and machinery.

After taking his Harvard degree he spent some time in studying in the Universities of Göttingen, Berlin, the University of Naples and later the University of Tübingen. Later he settled in Philadelphia as Professor of Botany in the University of Pennsylvania, and he was also director of the Department of Biology.

He has visited Europe a number of times, the last time to make a thorough study of commercial organizations, bureaus and commercial museums in the different countries of Europe, including Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. He is the life and inspiration of the great Commercial Museum in this city.



P. F. ROTHERMEL, JR., was born in September, 1850, in Philadelphia, where he has resided ever since. His father was the distinguished artist, P. F. Rothermel.

He was educated both in this country and abroad, and soon after his admission to the bar made his mark as a brilliant and successful lawyer. His record as District Attorney was in every way an ideal one. He has managed some of the most important corporation cases before the courts of the State in the past twenty years, and has been defeated in very few of them. His knowledge of mercantile law is exceeded by few, if any, members of the Philadelphia bar.

Mr. Rothermel has at least twice refused offers of appointment to the Common Pleas Court Judgeship. His election to the District Attorneyship by a handsome majority, even in the face of a particularly strong combination seeking to elect United States Attorney James M. Beck, was to have been expected. And thus the new District Attorney stepped from the seclusion of his private practice into the full glare of a searchlight of publicity.

Fidelity to his clients has been the guiding rule of Mr. Rothermel's professional life.

Twenty years ago he married Miss Josephine Bryant, the daughter of the wealthy coal operator, and has one son, a young man of nineteen.



REAR VIEW. INDEPENDENCE HALL.

Copyrighted Mar., 1900, J. H. Avell.



ALEXANDER CROW, JR., Accounting Warden of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Redemption, at Twenty-second and Callowhill streets, was born and educated in this city, where his parents lived for many years. His father, before him, was Accounting Warden of the Church of the Redemption, and Alexander Crow, Jr., has been a delegate to many of the conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this Diocese.

He has long been a prominent figure in business and public life, being the owner of some of the largest and busiest mills in the city. He is a member of the Union League, an organization that represents in its membership the leading financial, mercantile, and professional interests in this city.

During his term as Sheriff of Philadelphia County, Mr. Crow conducted that important office upon a high plane of honor and efficiency, and widened the circle of friends who have supported him in everything that he has attempted of a public nature. He has been identified for years with all the important movements for the benefit of the city and of the State, and he is recognized as a leading citizen. Personally he is very popular, and is well-known in New York, and in other Eastern cities, which he is often compelled to visit on account of his large mercantile and financial interests.



HENRY CLAY is a man who holds a unique position in public affairs. His influence, at many a critical stage in the city's affairs, has been cast for the welfare of the people. A successful man of business, a man of warm friendships, little wonder that Henry Clay has long been a commanding figure. He was born in this city on the seventeenth of August, 1850. His education was obtained in the public schools of Philadelphia.

In 1865 he accepted an opportunity to enter the real estate and conveyancing office of J. H. Siddall & Sons, at the southwest corner of Fourth and Green streets. Mr. Clay stayed with the firm until July, 1869, when he entered the employ of W. Fred. Snyder, in the same line of business, remaining there nine years.

At the end of that time he opened a real estate and conveyancing office for himself at 90th North Sixth street. There he remained until 1891, when he was elected president and manager of the Northern Electric Light and Power Company. He remained in this position until recently, when he surrendered his office. He is still largely interested in electrical concerns.

In 1869 Mr. Clay married Miss S. E. Hausman, of this city. They have two daughters.

In 1887 he was elected Receiver of Taxes, and held the office until 1895. In November, 1892, he was elected to Select Council, and has been re-elected ever since. He is a life member of St. Paul's Masonic Lodge, No. 481; of Pacific Lodge, Odd Fellows and of several social organizations. He still has a number of relics of his real estate business, in the shape of trust estates which he still manages.



SINCE SENATOR BOIES PENROSE was elected to the United States Senate, to succeed J. Donald Cameron, for the term beginning March 4, 1897, his strong personality has made a deep and favorable impression in Washington, and his influence in national affairs, as well as in his own city and State, has increased in a remarkable degree.

He was born in his present residence, on Spruce street, below Broad, in the Eighth Ward of the city of Philadelphia, November 1, 1860. He is the son of Professor R. A. F. Penrose, M. D., LL. D., of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and is a nephew of Judge Clement Biddle Penrose, of the Orphans' Court of Philadelphia County.

Senator Penrose obtained his early education at the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia and under private tutors. He was an apt scholar, and made such rapid progress that he was enabled to enter Harvard College at a very early age, and he graduated in 1881, being one of five from a class of nearly two hundred and fifty who by competitive examination were chosen to deliver orations on Commencement Day. He also received honorable mention in political science, the affairs of government having even at that time attracted his interest and attention.

After leaving Harvard, he chose the law as a profession, and began his studies with Wayne McVeagh, who has held the posts of United States Attorney-General and Minister to the Italian Court, and George Tucker Bispham, Professor of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. Senator Penrose was admitted to the Bar in December, 1883, and soon formed a partnership with S. Davis Page, who served as United States Sub-Treasurer at Philadelphia, and Edward B. Allinson, under the firm name of Page, Allinson & Penrose, for the practice of law.

In 1884 he was elected as a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, from the Eighth Ward of Philadelphia. While on the floor of the Lower House he took a particular interest in promoting the success of the Bullitt Bill, the Reform Charter of Philadelphia, and was interested in many other important measures which are now on the statute books of the State.

In 1886 he was elected to the State Senate from the Sixth District, which comprised the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Wards of Philadelphia, a district in the very heart of the city, and one of the richest and most influential in the State. The grandfather of Senator Penrose formerly represented part of the same District in the State Senate, and at his death, which occurred during his term of office, he was succeeded by Samuel J. Randall. As a member of the Upper House at Harrisburg, Senator Penrose took active part in debate and deliberations, both on the floor and in committee rooms, taking especial interest in the great question of reform in municipal government. He was continually re-elected to the State Senate until 1896, when he succeeded Senator Cameron in Washington.

In collaboration with his partner, Mr. Allinson, he, in 1886, wrote a "History of the Government of the City of Philadelphia," at the request of the Faculty of the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore. Senator Penrose and Mr. Allinson have also contributed other valuable matter to the literature of their profession, and have won a reputation as legal authors of the first rank.

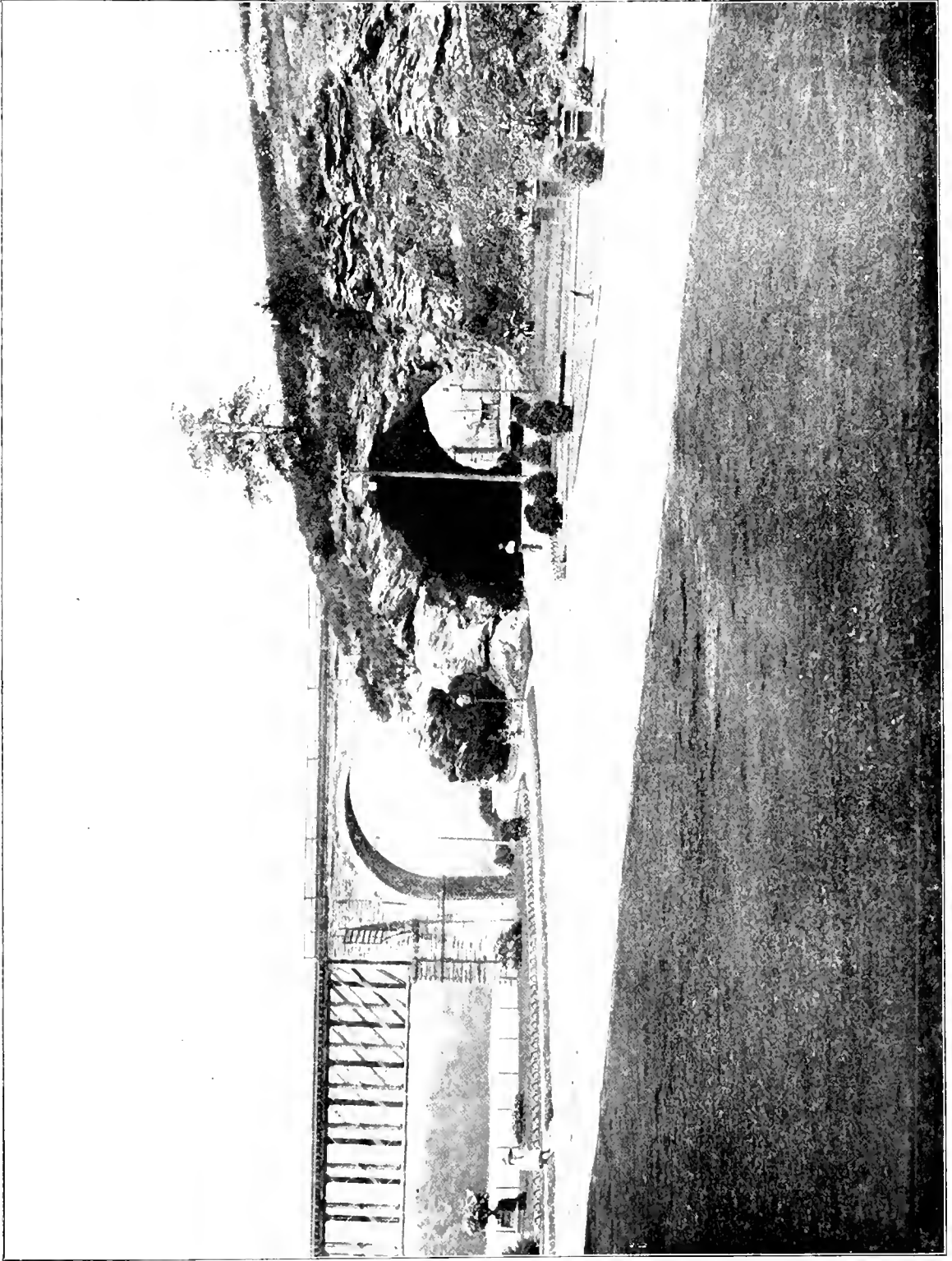


JOHN T. HARRISON, the well-known hosiery manufacturer, and senior member of the firm of Harrison & Maltratt, 314 to 328 Armat street, Germantown, was born in England; but he came to this country with his parents, in 1850, when he was only five months old. His father, John T. Harrison, senior, was the contractor who built the Chestnut Hill Branch of the Reading Railroad.

Mr. Harrison was educated in the public schools, and entered the Union army two months before he was fifteen years of age, serving in the Eleventh Maryland Regiment, Company B. At the expiration of the War of the Rebellion, he was honorably discharged, and went to work for Louis Bowman, at that time the only florist in Germantown. Some time later he secured a position in the Express Department of the Reading Railroad Company, remaining there for ten years, and then entered the employ of the Charter Hosiery Company, in Ashmead street, Germantown.

In 1889 he began business on his own account at his present location, and has been exceedingly successful, the business having increased to three times its early proportion. Mr. Harrison has been a prominent figure in public life and during his service in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, he has been interested in important legislation desired by the mercantile and financial interests of this city, and by the members of the Bar of Pennsylvania, and he has had passed some of the most important bills recently made laws in this State. Among them was a joint resolution passed through both Houses, which provided for a commission of five lawyers, learned in the law, to draft a new General Corporation law, based on the Supreme Court decisions and legal interpretations of the present law. This was vetoed by the Governor. He had passed an Appropriation Bill for the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Mt. Airy, for the sum of \$260,000. He passed through the House, after a hard fight in Committee, a Lien Law, allowing sub-contractors and laborers to file liens on buildings for wages, the same as original contractors. This bill was substituted by a Senate bill of general lien character. Through his efforts a bill was passed to allow depositions to be taken before magistrates in case any witnesses were in other States, their depositions taken before anyone authorized to administer oaths now being admitted as evidence in any case before a magistrate or justice of the peace; a bill appropriating \$1,500 to erect a tablet to the memory of John Burns on the battlefield of Gettysburg; a bill providing for the retirement of Judges of the Supreme, Superior and Common Pleas or Orphans' Courts, in case of complete disability, and to give them during retirement half pay for the balance of their lives; a bill to carry out the provisions of the Act of 1895, to inspect seals and weights and measures. This was vetoed by the Governor. Among the other important bills made laws through Mr. Harrison's efforts, was a bill appropriating \$300,000 for a new insane asylum, known as the Homeopathic Insane Asylum; a bill making appropriations for St. Luke's Hospital, the Jefferson Hospital, and the University of Pennsylvania, the Factory bill, the Compulsory Education bill, and the Congressional Apportionment bill.

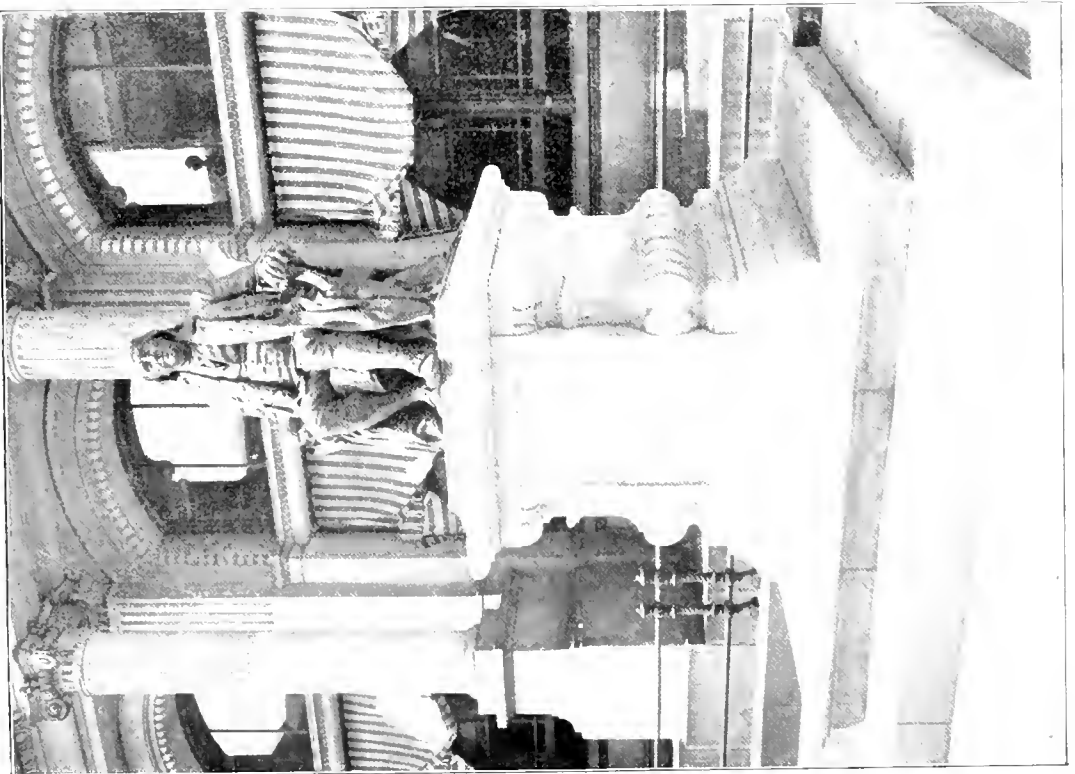
Mr. Harrison is married, and has three children, two daughters and a son, the latter, Joseph N. Harrison, who entered the United States Army at the age of eighteen, during the Spanish-American War, and who served until the end of the war.



THE TUNNEL, RIVER DRIVE, FAIRMOUNT PARK.



GRANT MONUMENT,
River Drive, Furmont Park.



FRANKLIN STATUE,
Post Office Plaza, North and Chestnut Streets



CHARLES IRWIN, Deputy Register of Wills, is one of the best-known and one of the most popular men in public life in this city. No man in Philadelphia, probably, equals Mr. Irwin in expert knowledge in regard to the office of the Register of Wills, and there, for many years, the Deputy Register's fund of accurate information has been of inestimable benefit in conducting the business of the department. During his long and faithful service in the office of the Register of Wills, in various capacities, he has had to transact business of the most important

nature, and the thousands who have come in contact with him, including a large proportion of the officers of the Trust Companies and other financial corporations of Philadelphia, have invariably found him courteous, obliging, prompt in the dispatch of all affairs, and always ready to go to any trouble necessary to faithfully and quickly execute the matters that came before him.

He was born in the city of Philadelphia, in 1849, and was left an orphan when ten years old. He attended the old Harrison Grammar School, and after finishing his studies there, entered a printing-office, and became a thorough master of that trade, and a member of Typographical Union No. 2. Finding that close application to this employment was injuring his eyesight, he abandoned the printing business, and was for a time engaged with James Kramer, a well-known surveyor. In 1876 Mr. Irwin was appointed a clerk in the office of the Register of Wills, under Gideon Clark, and was reappointed under several succeeding incumbents of the office. He became Transcribing Clerk under General William B. Kinsey, Assistant Deputy under Mr. Gratz, and when Mr. Shields was elected Mr. Irwin was made Deputy Register, which position he has since retained.

He is an active member of the Vesta Club, The Anti-Cobden Club, The Metropolitan Social Club of Kensington, Improved Lodge I. O. O. F.; Quaker City Lodge A. O. U. M.; Past Master of Lodge No. 9, F. & A. M.; Corinthian R. A. Chapter, No. 250; St. Alban's Commandery, No. 47; Lulu Temple, A. A. A. Mystic Shrine, and other similar organizations

He is enthusiastic in everything that he undertakes, and has the rare faculty of inspiring others to vigorous and successful action. The regard in which he is held by all classes of society is not merely ordinary esteem, but the warmest kind of personal friendship.

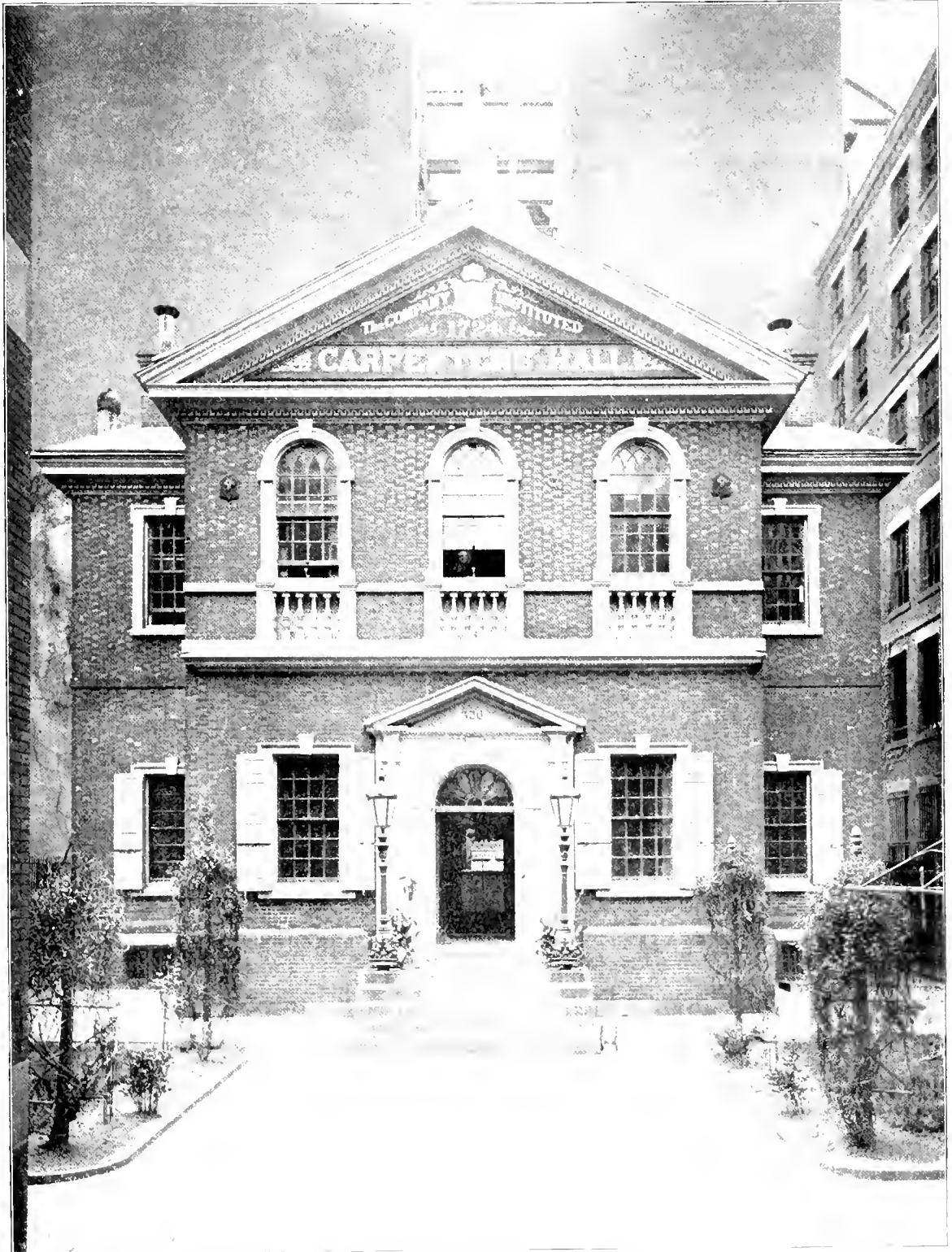


THOMAS A. GUMMEY, one of the most distinguished and successful members of the Philadelphia Bar, whose offices are in the Stephen Girard Building, Twelfth street above Chestnut, was born in this city November 8, 1832. He is the son of John M. and Elizabeth Goubl (Annors) GummeY. His paternal ancestors were of German descent, settling in this country in the early part of the Eighteenth century, and some of them held positions in the Continental Army, and were at Valley Forge, and fought under Washington at Trenton and Monmouth. His maternal ancestors were English. He was educated in private and public schools, and graduated from the Central High School in 1850. For three years he was employed in a publishing house in this city, afterwards registering as a law student in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1858. For many years he has enjoyed a large practice in both the State and Federal Courts, being especially successful in corporation cases, many of them involving large sums of money; and he has always had a high reputation for the soundness of his opinions, especially in matters of real estate. Mr. GummeY married Frances Rebecca Bird, of East Walpole, Massachusetts, now deceased, who was descended from Puritan ancestors. He has three children, two sons and a daughter, all married, the oldest son superintendent in a large steel manufacturing company, the second son a physician in Germantown, and the daughter the wife of a prominent New York business man. Mr. GummeY is a lawyer of remarkable physical and mental vigor, and his residence in Germantown is a splendid type of Colonial architecture.

JOHN J. ELCOCK, son of former Judge Elcock, is one of the successful and popular members of the Philadelphia Bar, and although a young attorney, his force, ability, and his well-known integrity, have made him sought by many clients with very important interests.

He was born in this city in 1871, and was educated at Rugby Academy, on Locust street, below Fifteenth, a school which, under the direction of Clarence Smith, was one of the most famous boys' schools in the United States. After leaving Rugby, Mr. Elcock entered the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1892, when he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for a short time at the Altoona shops. In these great shops there are always to be found sons of the most distinguished and wealthy men in this country and abroad, who go there for the thorough experience which they obtain.

After about one year's stay at Altoona, Mr. Elcock took up the study of law in his father's office, the Hon. Thomas R. Elcock, and was admitted to the Bar on the tenth of July, 1896. At that time Judge Elcock's offices were at No. 431 Walnut street, but he soon afterwards removed, with his son, to their present spacious offices at the southeast corner of Fifteenth street and South Penn Square. Mr. John J. Elcock's practice is almost entirely civil, although he has been successful in several important criminal cases. He is fond of out-door sports, especially cricket, and is a popular speaker on public questions.



CARPENTERS HALL

115 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa. (1724)



"MI PLEASANT" (ARNOLD'S MANSION), FAIRMOUNT PARK.



No man in the State is better or more widely known than Colonel A. K. McClure. He is the most brilliant living journalist in Pennsylvania; he is an orator of singular power and national reputation, and his long experience in political affairs, joined with his unquestionable ability, unflinching courage, and thorough knowledge of men, has given him a well-deserved reputation as a political leader of the first rank. Here, in Philadelphia, where Colonel McClure founded and for so many years directed the "Philadelphia Times," he is one of the most prominent and distinguished citizens, whose power for good is an inspiration to those seeking the welfare of Philadelphia, while his name has always been a terror to evil-doers in and out of politics. No journalist of this State was ever so well known throughout the country, and his reputation is international, his brilliant career being familiar to men of letters and statesmen in the capitals of Europe.

Colonel McClure was one of the founders of the Republican party. He was a delegate to the first Republican National Convention that met in Philadelphia in 1856. In 1857, he was nominated for the Legislature from Franklin County. He was elected by a majority of over 200 votes, while every other man on the ticket was defeated. Colonel McClure's services to the nation during the War of the Rebellion are matters of history. He was the close friend of Lincoln, Curtin, and the most distinguished men then in official position at Washington. Many a time President Lincoln sought his advice and assistance in regard to matters of the highest importance to the country.



ROBERT RALSTON BRINGHURST was born at Logansport, Ind., February 2, 1850, and was the son of Thomas Hall Bringhurst, who settled in Logansport when it was a very small place. Thomas Hall Bringhurst was a man of mark in the Indiana town. He was mayor of Logansport for two terms, and was a colonel in the Forty-sixth Indiana Regiment during the Civil War. For many years Colonel Bringhurst published the *Logansport Journal*, but about fifteen years ago, when his health began to fail, he relinquished all active business, including his control of that paper, and retired, though he

remained active in the politics of his adopted State until his death, about one year ago.

Robert R. Bringhurst's grandfather, after whom he was named, founded the business of funeral directing, which Mr. Bringhurst has so long and so successfully conducted at 38 North Eleventh street, in 1846. The office was then on Arch street, near Second, but it was soon removed to its present location, where it has since remained.

As the schools of Logansport were not as well equipped as those in this city, when young Bringhurst was ten years of age he was sent here by his father to be educated, and he studied in the old Zane Street Public School, living with his grandparents at that time at 38 North Eleventh Street. He pursued his studies here until he was fifteen years old, when he went back to Logansport and entered the employ of his uncle, Henry Bringhurst, a druggist; but not liking that business, he returned to Philadelphia to learn the undertaking business with his grandfather and his uncles, who were associated with the firm in this city.

In 1872, Mr. Bringhurst married Miss Mary Caroline Yerger, of Philadelphia. He has three living children, Helen, Bessie Ross, and Anna Clarkson Bringhurst. When his grandfather died, his uncle, Mr. William Bringhurst, conducted the business at 38 North Eleventh street. After his death, Councilman Bringhurst became the partner of his widow in the well-known establishment. She withdrew ten or twelve years ago, and Mr. Bringhurst has conducted the business ever since. It is one of the largest and most profitable businesses in its line in the State of Pennsylvania, and the patrons of the firm include scores of the best known families in the city. For a number of years Councilman Bringhurst was president of the Undertakers' Association, and he has always been prominent in the annual gatherings of this organization. He is a well-known member of the Masonic order, and belongs to a number of other organizations and societies.

Mr. Bringhurst has always been fond of art, and in his magnificent offices at 38 North Eleventh street, he has a number of superb oil paintings, bronzes, and pieces of statuary, which would grace the gallery of any museum.

Councilman Bringhurst is a man of delightful personality. He is fond of the good things of life, and in municipal matters his strength is yearly increasing. He wins friends but does not lose them, and all through his career in public affairs he has deserved and has obtained the approbation of the best citizens.



DR. THOMAS J. MORTON, Coroner's Physician, is one of the best known and most distinguished members of his profession in Philadelphia. He was born in this city June 30, 1861, and comes from old English stock, many of his ancestors having been physicians of prominence.

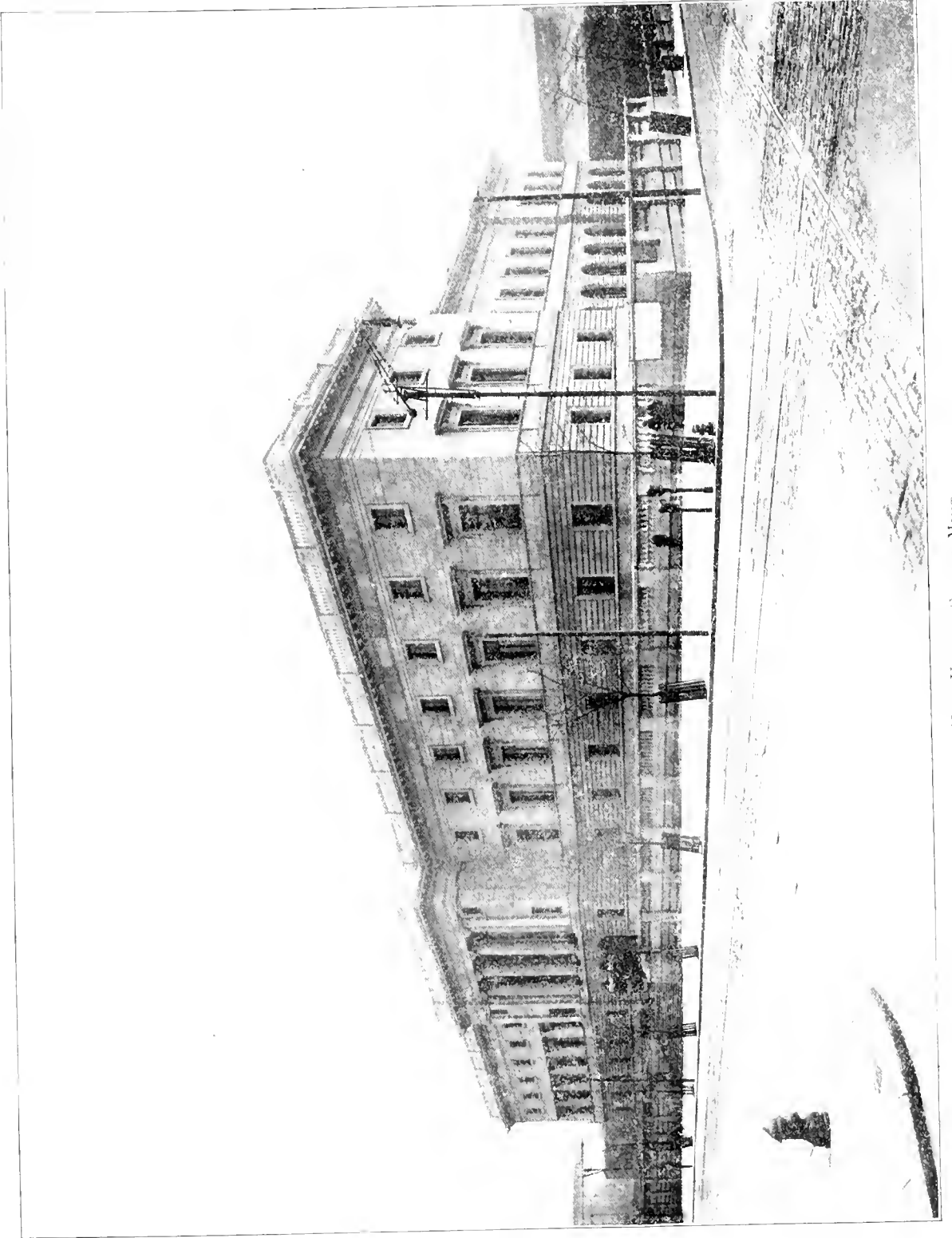
He was educated in the public schools, graduated with honors from Jefferson College in 1885, and immediately began practice at his present residence, Tenth street near Master street. He was appointed Police Surgeon of the Twelfth District in 1885, was elected Medical Director of the Commonwealth Mutual Life Insurance Company in 1892, and was elected to Common Council from the Twentieth Ward in 1895, and has been continuously re-elected ever since to that branch of the city legislature. In May, 1896, he was appointed Coroner's Physician and has since held that position, where he has done good service to Philadelphia.

He is a member of Lafayette Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, and also of the Fidelity Club and the Philadelphia Legal Society.

Dr. Morton is one of the most popular physicians in the city, and one of the most influential men in Philadelphia in public affairs. His courage, high ability, enormous capacity for successful work, and his enthusiasm and cheerful disposition, have won for him many loyal friends.



JESSE T. VOGDES, Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Fairmount Park, was born in West Philadelphia, in the Twenty-fourth Ward, June 27, 1858. His father, Jesse T. Vogdes, Sr., was a prominent builder. Superintendent Vogdes was educated in private schools in West Philadelphia, and studied engineering with Joseph Johnston, District Surveyor. From the Survey Bureau Mr. Vogdes went to become assistant engineer to General Thayer, who was then Superintendent of Fairmount Park, and his active services in connection with Park work have covered a period of eighteen years. During that time he has had control of the construction of the East and West Side drives, and supervision of all the important work of Fairmount Park. On February 11, 1898, he was chosen as Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Fairmount Park, which position he still holds. The magnificent improvement of Thirty-fourth street, in front of the Zoological Gardens, where the land was formerly nothing but a swamp, was begun, continued and finished under Chief Engineer Vogdes' direction. Chief Engineer Vogdes superintended the entire construction of the East River Drive from Lincoln monument to the Wissahickon. After the Centennial buildings were torn down and removed, he had charge at that point of the great work of Park reconstruction, which resulted in the magnificent Centennial Concourse at Memorial Hall.



NEW UNITED STATES MINT,
Spring Garden and Seventh Street.



MASONIC TEMPLE,
Broad and Elbow Streets



ALEXANDER M. DELLAVEN, the subject of this sketch, is one of the well-known members of the junior Bar of Philadelphia who has just passed his forty-second year. He was educated in the public schools of this city, in Hasting's Academy and the University of Pennsylvania. He subsequently entered the law offices of William Nelson West, then City Solicitor, and the Honorable Henry J. McCarthy, the present Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and was afterwards associated with the latter in the practice of the law up to the time of the elevation of that eminent jurist to the bench, a few

years ago. Then Mr. DeHaven became associated in legal business with Milton C. Work, under the firm name of Work & DeHaven, in which firm he still continues.

At the earnest solicitation of friends, Mr. DeHaven entered the political field and was at once sent to Councils, where, it may be stated, that he used his legal talents freely for the city's good, as is exemplified in the legislation passed by Councils during his term of service. There is no matter of importance in the city's welfare that has not had the advantage of his legal training and experience, and it has been said that such men as he elevate the tone of political life.

If no other political services had been rendered by him, he may rest his claim of having been a successful and worthy member, solely upon his efforts in having the rules of Councils which formerly required for the passage of all appropriation bills, "one-half of the members present," so changed as to require the votes of "two-thirds of the members elect," thus effectually preventing the possible enactment of the most important legislation of the session by a minority of the representatives of the people. The advisability of this change of the rules of the city's legislature has been frequently demonstrated.

His successful opposition to the garbage contract, whereby \$138,000 was saved to the city, is well remembered. In matters of public welfare, in which Mr. DeHaven was the champion, and in some instances the originator, may be named the ordinance requiring the employment of American citizens only in municipal work, and that requiring the contractors to pay standard and not cut wages; the payment of union wages on all public printing, and his strenuous opposition to the electric light trust, the leasing of the gas works, the sale of the water works and the equally determined and persistent advocacy of the Free Library of Philadelphia.

As a debater, Mr. DeHaven may be regarded as a fearless advocate and a dangerous opponent. Mr. DeHaven is in frequent demand in the matters of civic discussions as well as upon the platform of political conventions.

He has been honored by being a member of the Law Committee and is at present chairman of the Highway Committee of the City of Philadelphia.

His rise in professional life as well as in public life has been rapid and steady. In the former, he has been connected with some of the most important cases of the day, having given special attention to the laws relating to fraternal societies. The litigation of the Junior Order United American Mechanics, which has extended over seven States of the union, and which resulted in the suspension of more than 40,000 members of the order, is a notable instance and in which he has been required to contest with some of the most eminent lawyers of the day.



WHEN Collector of the Port C. WESLEY THOMAS began his new term of office recently, under his re-appointment by President Roosevelt, he received letters of congratulation, to an extent unknown in the history of the office previously, from the great business houses, commercial firms, manufacturing establishments and corporations of this city. Among those who wrote, expressing their pleasure at his re-appointment, and their satisfaction with his excellent administration of the office during his first term, were Drexel & Co., The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Peter Wright & Sons, The Cramp Ship-Building Company, and scores of other concerns as well known. Fifty letters of this description were received by the Collector in a single mail. Nor were the congratulations which he received confined to business men, for scores of professional men, well known, expressed themselves in a similar way, among them men who under ordinary circumstances would pay very little attention to any man in public position. Of this type were letters from John G. Johnson, Hon. A. K. McClure, and many others.

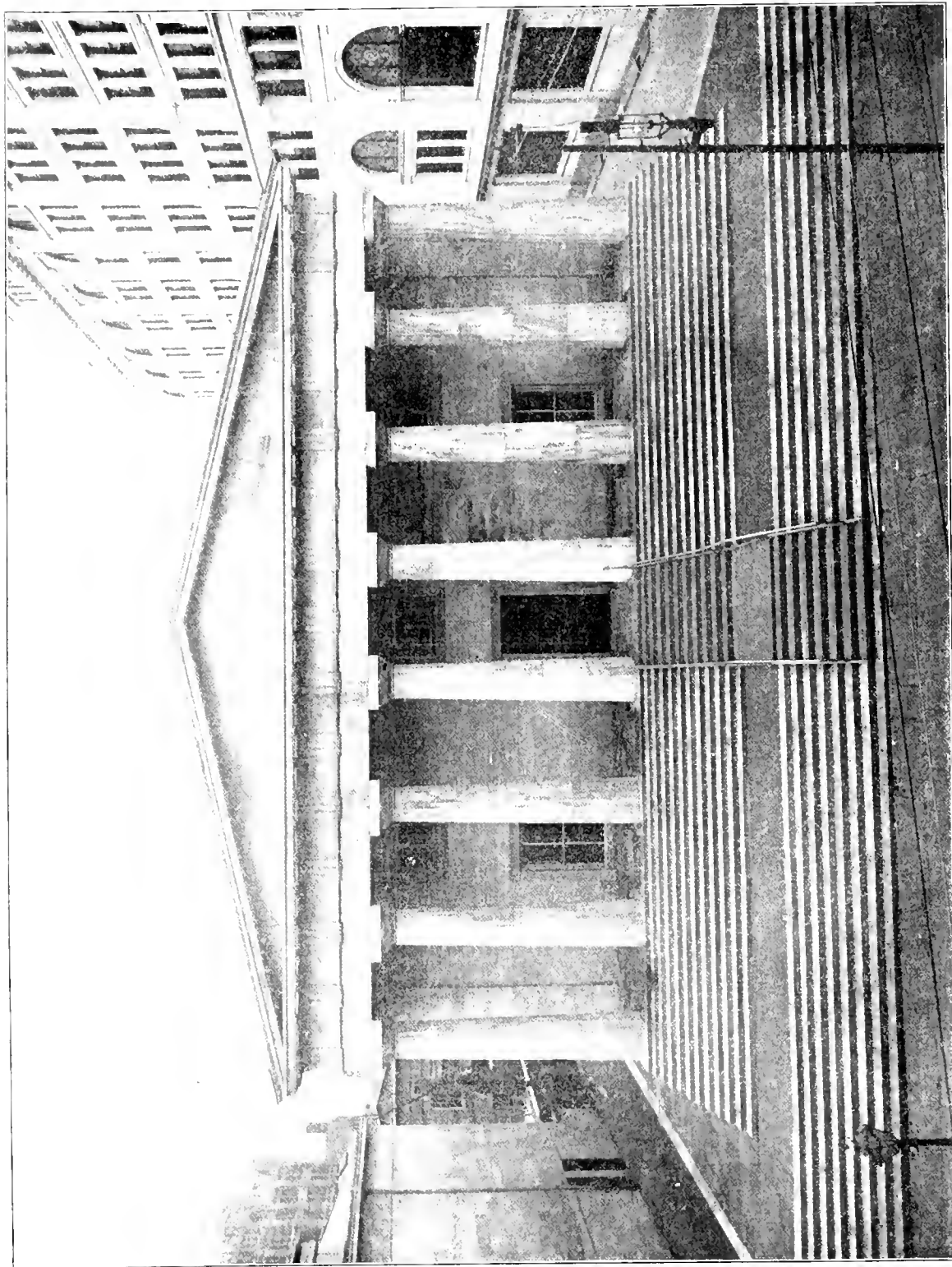
Collector Thomas has not only administered the business of the Custom House with integrity, but he has shown a wide grasp on the commercial affairs of the Port, a thorough understanding of financial affairs, and an appreciation of the necessities of commerce. During his incumbency, he has made many improvements in the service, keeping it in touch with the growing commerce of the port, and his executive skill has been manifest in all that he has done.



MR. CHARLES S. BAIR, one of the most successful of the young business men of this city, is the son of Andrew J. Bair, and has a wide acquaintance among the most prominent and successful men in Philadelphia. His hundreds of friends, among citizens of this class, have not only been attracted to Mr. Bair on account of his success, and his admirable personal qualities, but because he has been very prominent in many of the most important social organizations. He has always taken great interest in Masonic work. He is a past Worshipful Master of University Lodge, No. 610; Chairman of the Stewards of University R. A. Chapter, No. 256. He is also Warder of Mary Commandery, Knights Templar, No. 30; a member of the West Philadelphia Republican Club, The Athletic Club of Philadelphia, and is one of the Board of Governors of said Club, The Whip and Wheel Club of Merion, Waverly Castle, K. G. E., and is also a member of several other societies and social organizations.

Mr. Bair is married, and has three children, and resides at 3813 Baring street, West Philadelphia.

He is interested as a partner in the old and wealthy firm of Andrew J. Bair & Son, the house which stands at the head of the Funeral Direction business in Philadelphia. It was founded by H. D. Stuard, in 1822, and from that date to this, in the retail branch of the business, it has numbered as its patrons hundreds of the most prominent families in the city. Its equipages are so magnificent that they have been chosen for the use of Presidents of the United States when visiting Philadelphia.



UNITED STATES CUSTOM HOUSE.
Chastnut Street, below Fifth Street.



WILLIAM MALCOLM BUNN was born in Philadelphia, January 1, 1842, the seventh among eleven children. He began his studies in the public schools, but, at the age of eleven, his studies were interrupted, and he went to work in a cotton mill, where his father was employed as a spinner. There he stayed three years, when his uncle, an Episcopal minister, who conducted an academy for boys at Havana, N. Y., took him in charge. When sixteen years old his father secured him a place with John Frost, a wood engraver, of this city. At the end of a year the boy became dissatisfied, however, and with an older brother he established a wood-carving business.

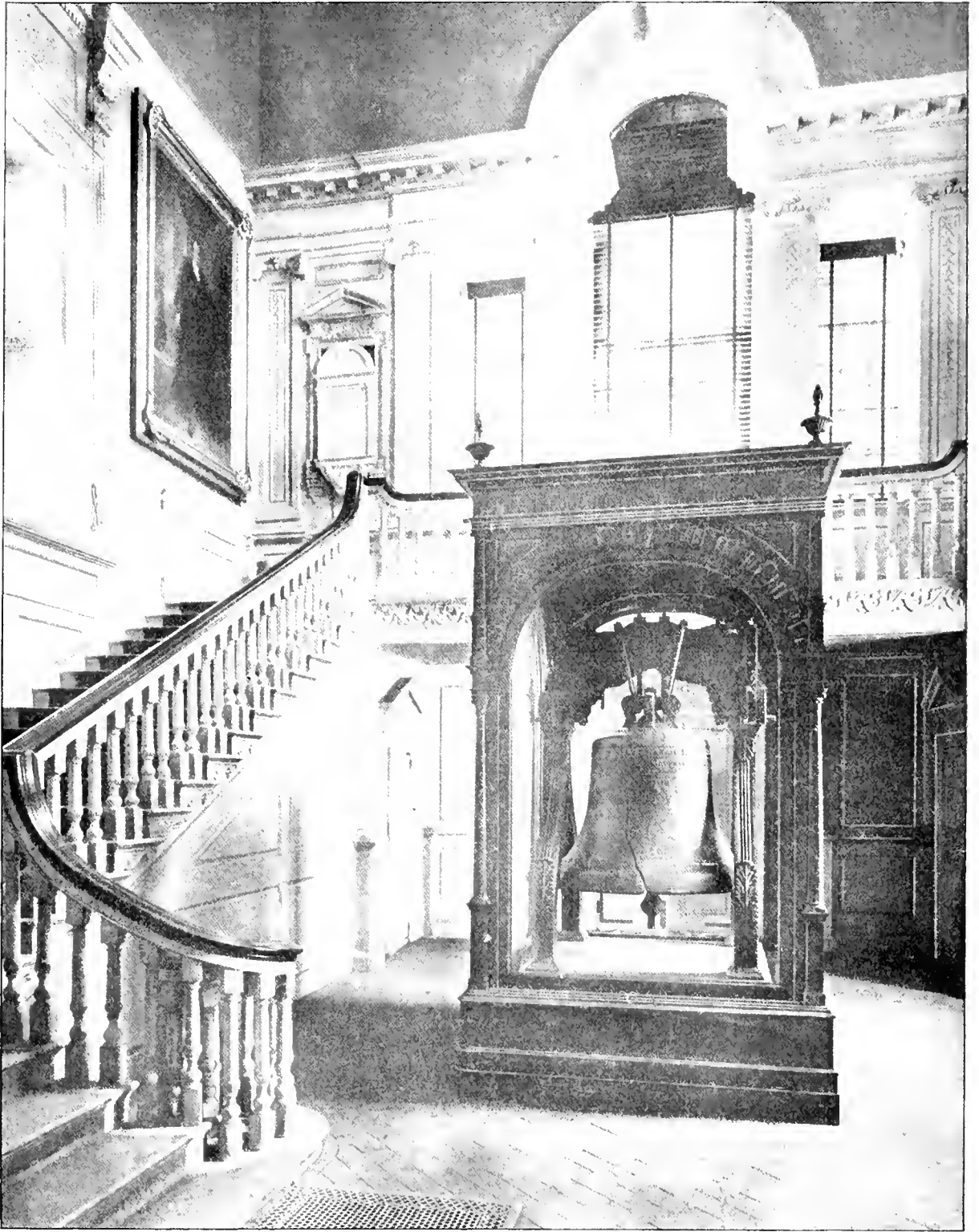
When the Rebellion broke out he promptly enlisted, though not twenty years of age, and joined Company F, Seventy-second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was severely wounded at Savage Station, Virginia, June 29, 1862, and was afterwards taken prisoner, being for some months confined in Richmond. When convalescent he was exchanged and returned to Philadelphia, where he suffered a relapse. After being honorably discharged he returned to the army as sutler's clerk, and performed his duties well.

He resumed the wood-engraving business in partnership with his brother, and the firm prospered.

Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, selected him as Governor of the Territory of Idaho. He was unanimously confirmed by the United States Senate, and made a magnificent record in the gubernatorial chair. He did good work for the advancement and improvement of the Territory, and had passed by the Legislature an act disfranchising polygamous Mormons, the hardest blow Mormonism ever received.

Governor Bunn is manager of the branch office of Wolf Brothers & Company, Bankers and Brokers, on the second floor of the Real Estate Building, at Broad and Chestnut streets, and there many of the best-known men in the city transact business in stock and bonds, and other securities.

The firm is one of the best-known in the eastern part of the United States, and its splendid main offices, which occupy the entire first floor of the old Land Title Building, Nos. 608 and 610 Chestnut street, are filled with customers thoroughly representative of the mercantile, professional, financial and corporation interests of this city. The New York offices of the house are at No. 100 Broadway, New York City; and they are members of the Philadelphia and New York Stock Exchanges, the New York Produce Exchange, and the Chicago Board of Trade. The house has a high reputation for its enterprising and conservative management, and it transacts a very large business in this city, in New York, and in Chicago. It deals in all the stocks and bonds listed on the exchanges of the cities mentioned, and acts as agent for cities, towns and States, in placing their securities upon the general market. The increase in its business, in recent years, has been especially large, and it is known as one of the substantial firms of Philadelphia.



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WISSAHICKON CREEK FAIRMOUNT PARK

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