

Some
Wayne
Phises

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Some Fort Wayne Phizes



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A FEW WORDS ABOUT THIS BOOK

T HIS portfolio of little cartoons, showing "Some Fort Wayne Phases," has no mission whatsoever except to provide a little entertainment to those who examine its pages, and, incidentally, to assist the man who published it to pay his next winter's coal bills with the proceeds. It is neither a history nor a bunch of biographies. We haven't pried into the family affairs of the people herein presented. Information of that kind is carefully recorded in family Bibles and the county clerk's books; we would suggest that you interview the neighbors if you want to find out their faults.

In the preparation of the articles accompanying the pictures, we have had the valuable assistance of our newspaper associates who know "all about everybody" in Fort Wayne. The pictures, both snapshot and word, are as inoffensive as we could make them, and if you—an inhabitant of this sorrowful old world—can find anything to smile at, surely the effort has not been entirely in vain.



Fort Wayne, Indiana, September, 1904.

*Oh wad some power the gittie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion,*

— Robert Burns .

HENRY C. BERGHOFF

A FEW years ago—not many—a German emigrant train bound for Chicago pulled into a Fort Wayne station. Among the weary passengers who peered through the dingy windows of the coaches was a husky, barefooted boy with a round face composed largely of ruddy cheeks. As he looked, he saw a drug store on the corner of Calhoun and Chicago streets, and without much hesitation he hurried out of the car, ran over to the store and asked for a pretzel, for he was hungry. The proprietor asked him a few idle questions, during which he became interested in the lad.

"I want a boy like you to run my soda fountain," he said, in German.

"How much will you pay?" inquired the lad.

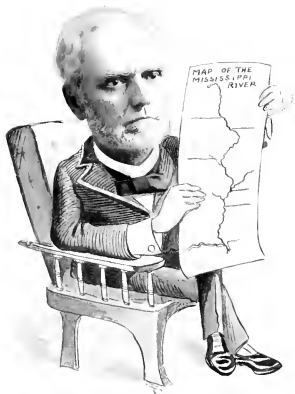
"Six dollars a week," returned the druggist.

Without making reply, the boy bounded out of the store, dropping the unfinished fractional portion of his pretzel in his haste, and disappeared into the coach, while the druggist stood looking after him in wonderment. Directly, the boy reappeared, dragging after him all of his personal effects wrapped up in two large market baskets.

Silently, and with a trace of tears in his eyes, he watched the train disappear, and then he said, "I'll take the job."

As we have noted, he was barefooted, but ever since then Henry C. Berghoff has been putting on things. One of the things he did in his early Fort Wayne career was to put on American airs, and later a course in school and a law college. Then he got into the garb of City Comptroller for Fort Wayne, and still later, in 1901, he put on the best suit we have to offer—the mayoralty. Since then, he has been getting into a variety of things, from city water to hot water.





ROBERT S. TAYLOR

ROBERT S. TAYLOR is the modest way the "Judge" writes it. Without the handle, few know which Taylor it is and with it every body knows that Fort Wayne's big electrical patent lawyer who won the fight of the Independents against the Bell Telephone monopoly is meant. The Judge's success is due to his power of concentration of mind. It is related of him, by a Fort Wayne business man, that meeting him on one occasion on a tram, a topic of large international interest was mentioned. The judge had not heard of it. When wonder was expressed he said he had been so engrossed in a law suit for six weeks that he had not looked at a newspaper in that time. He draws big fees for that kind of service to his clients.

Judge Taylor is a public speaker who gives his audience a logical argument, without invective or abuse, expressed in the finest of literary form and embellished with bright gleams of humor. His special fitness for a great national work brought him the appointment by President Garfield in 1881 of member of the Mississippi River commission, through the influence of his close friend General Benjamin Harrison, afterwards president. He still holds the office. His hair is silvered now with his 97 years but his tongue was silvered with eloquence before he was graduated from the college his reverend father taught in Lay county. His persuasive powers won the heart of his classmate Miss Fannie Wright and they gave their friends a surprise by being united in marriage on the college state. His title of judge was fairly won by being appointed to the local bench in the '60's by the governor. He built the Elektron block in a manner to endure for centuries. He was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, but has been always a loyal and devoted citizen of the city of his early adoption. On the other hand there is no citizen in whom the people of Fort Wayne take a higher pride or hold in greater esteem.

SAMUEL M. FOSTER

MR. FOSTER is, perhaps, the most contrary person in Fort Wayne. This peculiar trait cropped out several years ago at the time he decided to discontinue the profitable business of selling dry goods, to launch out into his present line of industry. His solicitous friends, fearing he was making a grave mistake, called on him and deposited this bit of sage advice:

"Be careful, now, not to let your money go to waste."

As might have been expected of a man of his disposition, he immediately disregarded the well-meant injunction and proceeded without delay to let a large portion of his capital go to "waste." The result is one of Indiana's biggest industries, one which furnishes to the sensible women of the nation the most becoming and comfortable article of apparel yet devised. Mr. Foster makes thousands of these every week. It must not be understood, however, that he does all of the work himself. No, he has a few hundred assistants and they help him quite a bit.

Mr. Foster has two hobbies besides shirt waists. One is the making of Hope Hospital into a blessing to the afflicted of the community, and the other is the dissemination of good cheer in other ways such as the shirt waists and the hospital may not be able to reach. He is a Yale graduate, a Mason and an Elk, a popular after-dinner speaker, a leader in the splendid efforts of the Commercial club and a lovely vocalist when it comes to singing the praises of Fort Wayne.

Mr. Foster is a native of Coldenham, New York. His successful business career was begun in that state. For a few minutes he was a newspaper man at Dayton, Ohio, before finally settling in Fort Wayne. To enumerate the big things he has done to assist in the development of this city, or even to mention the commercial concerns in which he is a leading light would require many times the amount of space we have to spare. His newest important venture is in connection with the German-American National Bank of which he is the president.





WILLIAM P. BREEN

HAD the snapshot been made a half second later, the scene would have been wholly different. The ball, for instance, would be entirely out of sight, cutting swiftly through the atmosphere of the farm adjoining the Kekionga links. Dr. Breen is about to swat it. We are aware that isn't the correct word to use, but we newspaper folks are too busy to learn the game—to say nothing of learning golf terms—so that descriptive word must suffice to tell what is about to happen. By the way, this gentleman is the only lawyer in Fort Wayne who has the title of "Doctor" as a prefix to his name. To him, although not a practicing physician or a doctor of divinity, it rightly belongs. He is a Ph. D., a doctor of philosophy, the degree having been conferred upon him by the Notre Dame University, of which institution he is a graduate. It is an honorary mark of distinction fittingly bestowed, for in literary attainments he is far advanced.

Dr. Breen was chosen president of the Indiana Bar Association, to which office he was elected in July of 1904, holding that honorable position one year until the meeting of the association was held in this city last July. As a lawyer he ranks among the leading practitioners of the city and state. He came to Fort Wayne from Terre Haute when a lad five years old. This has been his home since. His father had been engaged in mercantile pursuits. These, however, were not to the son's liking. He preferred the professions, and, after attending the Brothers' school in this city and graduating from Notre Dame in 1877, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in this city in 1879. He is a polished orator. On public occasions, when a scholastic address is to be delivered, he is one of the men in Fort Wayne most frequently selected, and he is never disappointing to his audience.

He has been president of the Kekionga Golf Club, and, as you see, thoroughly enjoys the game.

G. WILLIAM WILSON

HERE is a "Major" who has never been at the "front." It is an even wager, however, that he has never been found in the rear. He is always right there with the goods. He does not like to be called "Maiah." He says it sounds too much like a mint julep tastes. He was a major on the staff of the late Governor Hovey and went with that distinguished statesman on his tour through Mexico.

Billy Wilson went into politics early and was chairman of the Allen county Republican central committee at so tender an age that he was thought precious, but he soon proved himself a general. He is known in politics throughout the state and has an acquaintance all over Hoosierdom. He is also conspicuous in Masonic circles of the state and is a noted Elk. He is past exalted ruler of the Fort Wayne Lodge of Elks and in this body he has made a reputation for himself as an orator. He has been toastmaster at more Elk banquets and social sessions than all other Elks put together. He is called upon to officiate as symposiarch just because he knows exactly how to do the trick gracefully and with keen wit and excellent good humor.

The snapshot of him taken as toastmaster is not true to life in one particular. Billy always turns his glasses down at a banquet like the late President Hayes. The glass in front of him belongs to the next cover north. The Major's oratory sparkles like champagne, but he doesn't know it. His eloquence flows too easily for him to appreciate its true worth. This is one reason that he never responds to a toast unless called upon to do so. He is Past Grand Trouble Maker for the Sublime Order of Keyholes and other side lines. At present he is Indiana agent for the Barber Asphalt Paving Company and has served his company thoroughly. Billy has many friends socially and in business circles and they all like him.



JAMES M. ROBINSON



THIS cartoon, entitled "Robinson Crew-So" appeared in the Daily News the evening after the November election in 1902, when, for the fourth time, the Hon. James M. Robinson was elected to congress from this district. It is the democratic rooster that perches on his hand. For his personal victories, it is the sixth time this fowl has flopped its wings and sent forth its triumphant "cock-a-doodle-do" for "Jim." In 1886 and 1888 he was elected prosecuting attorney of this county and in 1894, 1898, 1900 and 1902 he was elected congressman from this, the Twelfth congressional district. For each of these offices he was nominated unanimously as he was June 17, 1904, for a fifth term. In 1892, at the age of thirty, he was a candidate for congress and came within four delegate votes of receiving the nomination, which four years later was given him unanimously.

Mr. Robinson is a graduate of the University of "Hardknocks." He is an Allen county boy. He was born in Pleasant township in this county in 1871 and came to Fort Wayne, with his mother, when he was ten years old and educated himself and supported his mother. At the age of eleven he was a newsboy on the streets of Fort Wayne and at fourteen was a collector for the Daily News. When he was fifteen years old he took employment as a machine hand and, until 1891, pursued his studies during leisure hours from work. He quit the shops when he was twenty years of age and, having previously studied law, was practicing in the courts for six months before his admission to the bar and while he was yet under twenty-one. He passed his examination and was licensed to practice law in the United States and the state courts in 1892. In fourteen years from that time he was in congress, but no honor bestowed has changed the social side of "Jim," as he is familiarly called.

GEORGE W. STOUT

HERE we see Mr. Stout doing his illustrated song, "Bringing in the Thieves." However only one thief is shown in the view. He is a horse-thief, and Mr. Stout usually brings them back in bunches when he goes after them.

Sheriff Stout will not be Sheriff Stout after the first of the year, because an unwritten law says a man can't hold the office more than one term no matter how good he is or how much good he has done for the people whose interests he is hired to protect. He isn't a candidate, anyway.

Mr. Stout is a Buckeye. Carroll County, Ohio, is the place of his birth. He made his advent in 1820. Though only sixteen years of age when the war broke out, he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-sixth Ohio, and was a busy man in Uncle Sam's employ for over two years and a half. His ready musket did active service at the battles of Champion Hill, Grand Gulf and the engagements of the siege of Vicksburg. In 1865 he received his honorable discharge at Columbus, Ohio.

Then Mr. Stout became a Hoosier. He came to Allen county in 1867 and settled on a farm in Monroe township, three miles east of Monroeville. For thirteen years, while following his occupation of farming, he dressed and cleared timber and did a good business in shipping poultry to the New York market.

When Edward Clausmeier became sheriff of Allen county eleven years ago, Mr. Stout was appointed one of his deputies, a position he continued to hold under Sheriff Melching. It was this long experience that fitted him for his two terms in the sheriff's office. He has always been a staunch Democrat. He is an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic and a splendid all-round citizen.



JOHN MOHR, JR.



It is altogether probable that there isn't a man in Fort Wayne who has handled more money than John Mohr, Jr., the cashier of the Hamilton National bank. If he was the owner of all the money he has counted he would be able to live in a house built of gold. The wealth of Croesus, the Vanderbilts, the Rothschilds and the Goulds wouldn't compare with his. And there isn't a man in Indiana who can count money faster. He can almost do it with his eyes shut. At least, even with his eyes shut, a counterfeit bill or coin couldn't impose itself on him. He can tell either by the feel of his fingers.

Nor are Mr. Mohr's abilities to count money rapidly, add long rows of figures, and calculate interest and discounts his only superior qualifications. He is a musician. Music with him is not a profession, but an accomplishment. He is a skilled organist and pianist. There are few better. When he is at the keys, the instruments send forth their sweetest and most harmonious notes. He is a scholar. Literature and art and science have received his study. He is a traveler. He has been over England, down the Rhine, up the Alps and through Italy. He is a politician—not in the sense of seeking office, however. He understands men and affairs and the art of government. Official positions of honor and responsibility have come to him unsought. Twice has this been the case. From 1882 to 1886 he was a member of the city council and again from 1894 to 1898, the latter years as councilman-at-large. During both terms he served his constituency with distinguished ability. And to what has been said of this man in the picture it might be added that John Mohr, Jr., is public-spirited and companionable, immensely so.

EDWARD C. MILLER

HERE is a man who sells business blocks and fine residences each work day in the year—a brick at a time. Edward C. Miller is the manager of the Fort Wayne Brick and Tile Company.

When Ed was a small boy, he always wanted cake with thick frosting, even in his mud-pie days. But he did not like crust. Now he is as busy as he can be hunting for crust. What he needs is good hard crusts of clay. Then he begins his mud-pie days again and makes the finest mud ever mixed. He bakes it till it is red. He likes thick walls in buildings if they are made of brick and he don't care how high up a skyscraper goes. Ed wears a hat just because he is also engaged in the tile business; and this is no joke.

Ed wasn't born last week but he happened in New Haven, Indiana, and this, of course, is about the same thing. His father came to Fort Wayne when Ed was small and he seldom mentions New Haven. He is now enthusiastic for the growth of Fort Wayne. The faster the town grows the more important Ed feels. He measures his pleasure at the rate of a brick at a time. Ed's father was at one time publisher of the Daily Journal but with keen foresight Ed knew that there was more money in dirt, sunburned, than in printers' ink that was black in the face—of the type.

Before settling down to a clay basis, Ed traveled for a wholesale hardware house of Cleveland and was a most successful salesman. He sold heavy hardware and wanted lighter work. He got right down to hardpan at once in the brick business and says he is glad of it. Socially Ed is a popular fellow. He is a very prominent Elk and a Scottish Rite Mason. For two terms he was a member of the city council from the Eighth ward. As a municipal statesman he was useful and ornamental.





NEWTON W. GILBERT

LIFUTENANT-GOVERNOR GILBERT, whom the Republicans have named as their candidate for congress, seems always to have been a busy man.

In 1862, he was born in the little town of Worthington, Ohio, where his father conducted a country store. It was here and on the farm that the future statesman was introduced to that which makes for good quality of manhood—hard work. He was able, however, to go through the common schools, and then, in order to get the means to attend the Ohio State University, he learned the printers' trade, worked as a book agent and later taught school in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. He gave all his spare time to the study of law. In 1886, he was appointed county surveyor of Steuben county, Indiana, where he had settled as a school teacher. He was twice elected to this office and in 1890 began the practice of law. This initial public honor was followed by his nomination for prosecuting attorney of the thirty-fifth judicial circuit. In 1896 he was elected state senator for the Steuben-Lagrange district. His work in the senate gave him a state reputation which brought about his election as lieutenant-governor in 1900. In this important position, his popularity increased greatly and he became prominently mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for governor, but declined. He was then made the nominee of his party for congress.

Mr. Gilbert, as captain of Company H, One Hundred and Fifty-Seventh Indiana Volunteers, led his company to the south at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. As president of the Indiana commission to the Saint Louis Exposition, he is taking a place of prominence in the state's affairs at the great show. He is a member of the important law firm of Gilbert, Berghoff & Wood.

JAMES B. WHITE

THE lay of the minstrel song bird is sweet music to the ears of many of our citizens. Whenever a rooster crows and a bunch of hens begin to cackle like women at a missionary tea then James White pricks up his ears and smiles. He is one of the greatest and most successful chicken fanciers that ever stepped into a hen-coop. He organized the poultry association which has given such successful shows in Fort Wayne and has been instrumental in increasing the interest in poultry raising in northern Indiana. He raises the best single combed White Leghorns that ever scratched oyster shells. His coops are lined with prize ribbons. His pigeon lofts attract attention all over America.

Jim began to eat chickens at the home of his father in Fort Wayne about thirty years ago. He has liked chickens ever since. After eating enough chickens to make him grow some, he went through the Fort Wayne public schools. Later he went to the Oxford, Ohio, University. Then he got a setting or two of brass buttons and went to the Chester, Pennsylvania, Military School. He came out with a sword in each hand and honor straps on each shoulder. He was ready for the business struggle and entered the store of his father, the late Hon. James B. White, and has risen rapidly in mercantile pursuits. His old play-ground was Barr street and the vacant lots near the city building. He has seen the aforementioned play-ground develop into usefulness and he has made continuous strides with the march of its progress. He is popular and active in the social, political and business world.



ALBERT E. CARROLL



HERE is the happy pliz of the man who has charge of the big state institution located in Fort Wayne, the Indiana School for Feeble-Minded Youth. You will notice that he has the place well in hand.

Mr. Carroll is a man young in years for the holding of such a responsible position, but he makes up for it and more too in experience and thorough knowledge of the important duties which the state of Indiana has entrusted to him. He is a Hoosier, having first seen the sun's brilliant rays streaming across a stretch of farm land in Jennings county. At the age of four, he was taken to Kentucky by his parents, where he stayed five years. Removing to Indianapolis he attended school awhile and then entered the claim department of the Railway Officials' and Employees' Accident Association. Here he developed into an expert accountant. In July, 1893, he gave up the place to come to Fort Wayne to begin his career at the State School in the capacity of bookkeeper. Through his continued good efforts he rose to the positions of head bookkeeper, steward, assistant superintendent and overseer of industries. For seven years before his appointment as superintendent to succeed Alexander Johnson, resigned, he had been in close touch with all departments of the institution, so that while the new place brought greater responsibilities, they came to a man thoroughly competent to deal with them. Mr. Carroll has the confidence of the large corps of instructors and attendants at the institution, and the work has progressed splendidly under his direction.

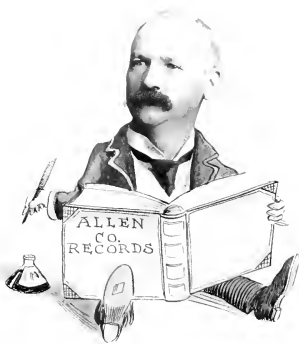
Mr. Carroll is a Mason, an Odd Fellow and a lively member of the Commercial Club.

JOSEPH L. SMITH

ONCE upon a time Dr. Smith took it upon himself to reach out and feel the public pulse. At that time he lived in Madison township. He diagnosed the case at once and decided that the public needed his services as auditor of Allen County. He then asked the public to show its tongue. The tongue also seemed to say that the doctor was wanted in the auditor's office. Then he examined its heart. That, too, appeared to beat warmly for him. And so he came out as candidate for auditor on the democratic ticket in 1862, and was elected. Since then, he has given his professional services to the county in watching carefully the condition of the records of the other county officials whose work must pass under his gaze. And that's why Smith left home. He dreamt he dwelt in marble halls and it became a reality.

The doctor came to Hoosierdom in 1823, but he wasn't a doctor then. He was born fifty-two years ago in Dayton, Ohio, the town to which our ball players now go at irregular intervals and liven up things for the excitement-loving Buckeyes. One day he decided to become a physician so he went to Cincinnati and entered a college of medicine. In 1828 he came forth from the institution and returned to Indiana to follow his profession. His fondness for his farm, however, has kept him there much of the time.

When Dr. Smith came to join the court house crowd he proved to be a jolly contribution to that lively company. He enjoys his work immensely, takes a little hunting jaunt when work is light and often goes out to his farm to do enough of the chores to keep in practice.



CHARLES B. WOODWORTH



MR. WOODWORTH was born in our midst a little over a half a century ago and has been in our midst ever since. At present he is a little more so. He is now a republican member of the Fort Wayne council from the Fifth Ward. In addition to this trouble he is secretary of the Indiana Board of Pharmacy. These two are the only public offices he holds.

After being graduated from the Fort Wayne High School he never imagined he would have two political plums at the same time, so he started in to study pharmacy even before soda water was an attraction for the modern girl. His studies began by the washing of bottles in the Wagner drug store. After learning a few things behind the prescription case he secured a position with J. F. W. Meyer, the pioneer druggist of Fort Wayne. He not only learned how to give his customers a bitter pill to swallow but he mastered other things in pharmaceutical pursuits. He then went out on the road as a drummer for the Meyer Brothers Company. He played the "snare" drum. The rural druggists liked his music. He put this drum away and purchased the corner drug store in the New Aveline block a little over a quarter of a century ago. He has a happy smile for his customers and in consequence his business has increased with the growth of Fort Wayne. His popularity as a business man has caused him to be showered with political honors. He is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution. His ancestors were builders of the republic and Charley is pleased with their work. He has the grip of the Scottish Rite Masons and of the Order of Foresters and he also sells medicine for the grip.

CHARLES M'CUCCLOCH

HERE is a man who was one of the first raisers of shorthorn cattle in the United States. Since Mr. McCulloch started in the banking business he has been raising the surplus of the Hamilton National bank. However, although he is president of the Fort Wayne College of Medicine with doctors all about him, he has not had much success at raising hair on his cranium.

Out on his large farm west of the city on the prairie Mr. McCulloch raises pop corn, umbrellas and the salaries of his employes. He is not really the man with the hoe but he is the man behind the man with the hoe.

He was born in Allen county in the city of Fort Wayne and believes that his parents made no mistake in the location. He says that the reservoir is not a relic of the mound builders because he remembers when it was built. He has been a member of the board of water works trustees and firmly believes in water. He does not float loans with watered stock as security but he waters his stock to the limit on the farm. Mr. McCulloch was a member of the Fort Wayne city council several years ago and always "points with pride" to the fact that he was never defeated for office. He made a good councilman. He was never spanked and put to bed once while he was a member of that body. He is now president of the Hamilton bank, and a director of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad. He has holdings in most of Fort Wayne's important corporations and does not need to farm for a living. He is interested in many things and, as a result, he is handed interest. It is the interest that makes the hoe go on the farm.

Mr. McCulloch's father, the late Hon. Hugh McCulloch, was secretary of the treasury under President Lincoln.



ALBERT H. MACBETH



Dr. MACBETH has what the base ball fans call an elegant eye. By getting this optic in conjunction with the business end of a microscope, he can tell the difference between a streptococcus and a coma bacillus as easy as a farm hand can distinguish between a fringe-footed Clydesdale and a muley cow. Dr. Macbeth is on intimate terms of acquaintance with devil bugs whose names would give a Russian regiment an epidemic of tetanus. In bugology he is past grand master and when he is armed with a formaldehyde syringe the little fellows that cause the ills of humanity flee before his presence or die in their tracks. Before Dr. Macbeth came to Fort Wayne to practice medicine and to be City Health Commissioner he pursued the various sorts of devil bugs "deadly and benign," through four or five medical colleges in this country and Europe. He has made life so hot for them that it is now practically admitted that it was a microbe that suggested to Bill Shakespeare the line:

"Macbeth doth murder sleep"

The only kind of a bacteria that ever came out first best with him is the bacillus automobilensis with which he has been severely afflicted since the advent of the motor car. Besides the elegant eye Dr. Macbeth has a nose of such peculiar construction that he is always able to tell when the garbage man has failed to visit any part of the city for three or four weeks. The doctor has one curious tad. He believes in vaccination. The tyrant Nero wished that all Romans had but one neck that he might chop all heads off at once but Dr. Macbeth wants all mankind to have but one arm that he may apply the vaccine virus to the whole community. Strangely enough he thinks, with the other masters of medicine, that this helps prevent small-pox. The worst thing that can be said about the doctor is that he is a bacteriologist.

LOUIS M. BECK

THE picture shows Mr. Beck in the act of asking for fifty cents. The fact is that the money belongs to him as he has already earned it. Don't you think that any man who has the skill to fix up an old, back-number watch so it will tick-tick just as good as new, deserves that much for his services? Why, of course, you do. Well, you see, Mr. Beck is an expert fixer of watches and clocks and knows a lot more about his business than many other jewelers do. He has also the ability to select the finest kind of silverware, jewelry, rings, and so on, and if you want to see just how he goes to work to dispose of them, step in and ask him to show you. Mr. Beck came here in 1897 from Peru, Indiana, where he served a complete apprenticeship under one of the finest watchmakers of Switzerland.

Along with all the other things which he does, Mr. Beck contributes continually to the general happiness of folks by supplying them with whatever they may need in the camera line—kodaks, plates, films, tripods, chemicals and all that sort of thing. It seems very likely that if we were to take a popular vote as to what particular invention had lent the most pleasure to the present generation and those to come, we would find that the modern kodak had carried not only its own ward but all the outlying precincts. How we treasure the old faded tintype of grandmother or the defective daguerreotype of great-grandfather, although neither conveys a definite impression of the faces of those whose memories we cherish! How different it will be for those of the future who wish something definite by which to recollect our departed faces—the kodak will have preserved them in all their various moods and expressions. Mr. Beck, remember, can tell you all about them.





JAMES M. M'KAY

HERE we see Mr. McKay pushing a truck laden with coffee and a few other varieties of breakfast necessities. This little act is in keeping with his past history which has been one continuous round of push.

Mr. McKay came to the United States from Canada, but his name traveled all the way from bonnie Scotland, whence it was brought by his father. The McKays seem to have become tired of Ontario, as they crossed the border in 1864 and four years later were numbered among the citizens of Fort Wayne. If anyone is sorry they stopped here and decided to stay, we haven't heard them mention it; while on the other hand, we know of a good many who are glad they did, and this includes the McKays.

Mr. McKay is a member of the large wholesale grocery house of G. F. Bursley & Co. He has been so established for twenty-four years, during which time that concern has done some good, steady growing, until today the aroma of its coffees, its cheeses and its fruits fills this enlightened portion of our commonwealth. Much of this is due to the aforementioned pushing qualities of Mr. McKay.

As you may rightly judge, the development has not been of the mushroom kind, and yet this Mr. McKay is a connoisseur of mushrooms. He had to learn this outside of business hours. From his cellar where he cultivates these delicacies have come many a succulent dish to gladden the palates of his numerous friends. Who wouldn't be a close friend of a generous man who knows how to raise mushrooms?

Mr. McKay has taken an active interest at all times in the growth of Fort Wayne. Among the concerns with which he is actively identified is the People's Trust Company, of which he was one of the organizers.

JOHN W. WHITE

If you want to know how Mr. White would look fixed up in duds, just take a look. Ordinarily, he doesn't dress thusly, but we tried them on just to see how he would appear in them.

Mr. White is one of our most progressive, and, at the same time, conservative, financiers. He is president of the White National bank which he founded with his father in 1862. Mr. White has done other things besides founding a big financial institution. After leaving college he returned to Fort Wayne and was soon made manager of the White Hub and Spoke factory. The factory flourished and greatly increased the value of east side property. The White bank has grown in importance and financial worth under his management. After the death of the late R. T. McDonald, Mr. White assumed the management of the financial affairs of the Fort Wayne Electric Light & Power Company. He brought order out of chaos and success out of what threatened to be financial failure. His conservative management triumphed. In his business affairs he has retained all of the friends who were so intimate with his father, the late Hon. James B. White, and has made many new ones.

In social life he is also popular. He is president of the Caledonian club, the Fort Wayne Scotch society, and is a member of the Sons of Veterans. The local camp was named after his distinguished father.

On the links of the Kekionga Golf club he requires the services of an active caddie. Mr. White has not broken as many records on the links as he has sticks, but he plays the game not only because he is a Scotchman by birth but because he needs the exercise and gets tired counting money all day. He plays golf for the change.





CHARLES A. WILDING

MR. WILDING is an author. He has written and published a number of books on how to get rich, the moral of which is, "Save your money." The application of the moral is to put it into one of the several companies of which Mr. Wilding is the boss and permit him to pay interest on it. Mr. Wilding is so willing to part with his spare change in this manner that he doesn't hesitate to let people know about it.

The discovery of natural gas in Indiana is largely accountable for his becoming a financier. At that time, he was a bookkeeper for his father in the coal business. Mr. Wilding lost his job when gas was struck and about that time he became secretary of the newly organized Tri-State Building and Loan Association. The assets of that concern have since increased to nearly four million.

At about the same time, the Fort Wayne Land and Improvement Company was organized. Mr. Wilding became its secretary and treasurer and immediately got busy at building Lakeside.

During the period of which we have been speaking, Mr. Wilding has acquired a line of titles which would do credit to an officer in the Cuban army. He is secretary of the recently organized Tri-State Trust Company, secretary of the Lindenwood Cemetery Association, a director in the First National bank; he is, in fact, connected in some way or other with most of the solid financial institutions of the city. In spite of his busy life, he has found time to devote to Masonry, and has been favored with the thirty-third degree. Mr. Wilding is a living illustration of his valuable books and his judgment on affairs that affect the city's welfare is respected by the substantial men of the community.

WILLIAM L. MOELLERING

"HELLO, HELLO. Yes, this is Mr. Moellering talking. What's that? What? Want a sketch of my life? What for? For a book? Aw, come off! Did you say everybody else has given you his history? O, well, then, go ahead with your questions.

"Yes, I was born here in Fort Wayne. When? Wait a minute till I figure it out. Let's see. Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven years ago in October School? Yes, I graduated from St. Paul's Lutheran School, then spent a year at Clay School, then a year in a business college, and finished my education in a drug store. What's that? Yes, I worked for another man a couple of years and then, when I was twenty, I started in for myself. I stayed there until I was forty years old and then sold out. Successful? You bet! Since then—that is, since 1866—I've been wrapped up in the telephone business. Yes, I've been secretary and manager of the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company, and since 1907 have held the same job with the National Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"How many subscribers has the Home Company? Well, sir, it runs away above the three thousand mark now. We employ something over a hundred people.

"Yes, you see, the National Company owns the toll lines running out into every direction from Fort Wayne, as well as the local exchanges at Kendallville, Auburn, Sturgis, Mich., New Haven and other points. These two companies, you know, represent an investment of over half a million dollars. Their business has doubled since 1866.

"What else do I do? Nothing much. Got a few easy jobs, such as president of the People's Trust and Savings Company; president of the Fort Wayne Building, Loan and Savings Association, and treasurer of the Archer Printing Company; but that's about all. Good-bye."



F. WILLIAM URBAHNS



FREDRICK WILHELM URBAHNS is a name that might do for one of the kingly courtiers to the Sultan of Sulu. Billy is a kingly fellow all right, but not because he has the prologue and frontispiece to his name. Even in his rag doll days he was never called Fredrick Wilhelm.

Billy has no excuse to offer for being born in Valparaiso. The town is all right normally and otherwise. Two railroads pass through Valpo and they both come to Fort Wayne. When Billy got old enough to know, he got on to a Nickel Plate train and came to Fort Wayne. He owed so much money to the road for that trip that he started to work for it. In the telegraph department of the road he arose till he was the top insulator on the highest pole. When he retired as train dispatcher to enter the insurance business for himself he was held in high esteem by the company. The insurance business seems to have been too much like work so he went into politics. He entered the race as the republican candidate for city clerk. He tripped at the third quarter, but finished in fine form without throwing a boot or breaking a hopple. The tickets on him were torn up. He was elevated to the position of exalted ruler of the Flks and held the position two consecutive terms. His brand of ginger for a goat is the best. Now he is secretary of the board of water works trustees. The picture shows how he does his work. At first glance, the lively-looking objects proceeding from the faucet may easily be mistaken for a new species of bacteria. They're not. They simply refer to another kind of back—greenbacks.

Billy is popular in every position he has ever occupied and as a public officer is thoroughly efficient.

ROBERT J. FISHER

MR. FISHER is the man who peddles the car wheels for the Bass Foundry and Machine Works of this city. When he came to Fort Wayne in 1894, he was a bookseller. But he was not of the kind that you want to kick out of the door. He embarked in the book business, although he was never "stationary." Later he was employed in the Reed & Wall drug store. He did not like soda water, so he quit and began work for the Bass manufacturing institutions. He was soon elevated to the responsible position of treasurer. While counting the money at the Bass works he was elected a member of the city council on the democratic ticket. He was a councilman-at-large but knew absolutely where he was all of the time. He was right on all public questions and was left on any graft that might have been floating around. He believed in honest government and honest car wheels. He sells car wheels but has gone out of the honest government business. He was one of the honored presidents of the Fort Wayne Club and his personality made the club popular socially. He spends most of his time now in palace cars calling on the railway magnates of the United States. He shows his wheels to his customers. Millionaires don't, as a usual thing, deal with men who have wheels, but they are compelled to give attention to Mr. Fisher's kind, and he probably sells more than any other man in the world. He is one of Fort Wayne's most progressive and most active business men.

The car wheels made at the Bass works in this city carry thousands and thousands tons of freight annually from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the car wheel product of Fort Wayne is now disposed of by Mr. Fisher who devotes all of his time to the railroad affairs of the Bass Foundry and Machine Works. The fruits of his labors give employment to hundreds of men in the shops of Fort Wayne.



ALLEN ZOLLARS



THE ancestors of Judge Zollars must have been a robust, sturdy lot of people. They were willing to leave their native land of Prussia and brave the dangers of the uninviting shores and still more forbidding inland portions of America at a time when nothing but strong bodies and stout hearts were proof against the foes that lurked therein. This element of substantiality of character has been continued through the generations since those days.

Judge Zollars is the son of a father who, while still in good health at the age of eighty-six, assembled about him his children, his grand-children, his great-grand-children and one great-great-grand-child—five generations. This father was a man remarkable not only for his physical strength, but for his strong mental development, and to his children he granted all he could for their future betterment. So Allen Zollars had a good beginning. After passing through the common schools of Licking County, Ohio, the place of his birth, Mr. Zollars attended a private academy and there prepared to enter Dennison University, at Granville, Ohio, which he did, graduating in 1864. At that time he received the degree of A. B., and three years later the university conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M., and in 1888 the degree LL. D. Then came the series of events through which Mr. Zollars rose to heights of honor and responsibility. From the University of Michigan, where he graduated from the law department in 1866, he received the degree of LL. B. He came directly to Fort Wayne. Two years later he was elected to the State legislature on the democratic ticket. From then forward his rise was rapid. As city attorney of Fort Wayne, as judge of the Superior Court of Allen County, as judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, and in the various places of prominence in which he has been subsequently found he has attained a wide reputation for his remarkable ability. At present, Judge Zollars is president of the Allen County Bar Association.

LOUIS F. CURDES

MR CURDES is a real estate man who finds time also to do some business on the side in the way of loans and insurance. The picture shows him holding up a house and lot - Some real estate men hold up the purchaser; Mr. Curdes doesn't. He hasn't learned that trick of the trade yet and thinks he's too busy to take it up.

"Louie" came from Germany. That was when he was sweet sixteen. He had heard all about money growing on the trees in America and greenbacks scattered over our landscape and that's probably the thing which finally turned his mind to the real estate business. He has found the vision true, as he has picked up many a cool hundred from the ground and growing things while letting them pass through his hands as middleman in the pursuance of his business.

On coming to this country, Mr. Curdes went to Dehance, Ohio, where his brother lived. He showed up in Fort Wayne in 1870. At first he learned to sell books and wall paper and ink and maulage and lookscap for Semon & Brother. Then he learned to tune pianos and organs and for eleven years turned discord into harmony for the Packard Company.

Twelve years ago he branched out into the business which now engages his attention. When he meets a man who doesn't see a proposition just as he does, he applies his knowledge of harmonics and lo! they are agreed and it is Louie's note that the other strikes. As a member of the Linden Quartet, Mr. Curdes has figured prominently in Fort Wayne musical circles.





JOHN L. VERWEIRE

THE City Packard Band is a "peach," and John L. Verweire is its leader. If music hath charms to transform a savage into a respectable citizen, what, then, must be its influence over an active, wide-awake, enlightened community like ours? Why, it simply makes us more so. Shakespeare gets off the following:

*"The man who bath no music in himself
And is not moved by concord or sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night
And his attractions dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."*

So, you see, to what extent we should be grateful to Mr. Verweire who has done so much to implant within us this refining and saving element and has saved us from being traitors and strategists and spoilers.

Take a look, if you please, at Mr. Verweire's mustache. You may think it is composed of Belgian hairs, just because he was born in Ghent, but that isn't so. He got it after he came to America. However, it isn't an important matter. It is sufficient to know that during his early years Mr. Verweire spent his time in the Royal Conservatory at Ghent, and there began his musical education under Sauveur, the eminent cornist. He was an accomplished artist by the time he came from Belgium to America in 1884, and was soon connected with the First Cavalry Band of the Illinois National Guard. He left this organization to join the Watch Factory Band at Elgin, Ill., and remained there until the City Packard Band of Fort Wayne engaged him as its leader. That was six years ago. Under his direction, this band, which has always been a credit to Fort Wayne has risen to a high standard and is counted one of the foremost organizations in the middle west.

ROBERT B. DREIBELBISS

MR. DREIBELBISS came from the small town of Huntington, Indiana, to preside over the municipal court of the big city of Fort Wayne.

Bob happened just at the time the civil war broke out. In fact, he also was busy breaking out—with the measles and dyes. When Bob's family came to Fort Wayne he tagged along. He has been here ever since. He has studied law and written abstracts till he knows more about the municipal court of Fort Wayne than any municipal judge the city of Fort Wayne ever had. Gov. Durbin appointed Mr. Dreibelbiss the first presiding officer of the Fort Wayne municipal court. He is the only person who ever filled the bench. For awhile a usurper rattled around in the chair behind the bench, but Bob got his legal thoughts to working overtime and he went before the Indiana supreme court to find out where he was at. This court located him back in the chair and he has stuck there ever since.

He has seen more men fall from the water wagon than any other jurist in the city and he prescribes the water cure for more ebullient internal troubles than any practicing physician in town. He knows a headache the very minute he sees it. As soon as court is adjourned he rushes to his abstract office and dives into the law. He is not too busy to be polite and hospitable to his large clientele, however, and to look at him with his jolly forgiving smile and hearty hand shake, one could never imagine that he can say, "Eleven days," and "Fifteen days" in such harsh, grating tones. Besides attending to his many professional duties, Judge Dreibelbiss devotes much time each campaign on the stump for the republican party.



CHARLES M. MILLS



AN Indiana author this, whose writings you have read: he never makes up fiction, but gives the facts instead. His works are all in season, they're never out of date. For timeliness he's noted, so that all he writes is "late."

When spring comes gently seeking to drive the cold away, he writes of all her beauties, and especially in May. He tells in pretty language to the ladies, plain and fair, just how to look their very best—just what they ought to wear.

When summer's heat distracts us and we seek in vain for rest from the sultry, muggy weather, 'tis then he does his best to help us suffering creatures so the heat may be endured; he tells where nice, cool garments may always be secured.

When the beautiful autumn days arrive and nature's looking gay, 'tis then we long to look as well as she in her bright array. Our author then with ready pen tells how with silk and fur, that we may fix ourselves up right to harmonize with her.

When winter's blasts and drifting snows and winds from frigid zones come sweeping down upon us and freeze our very bones, 'tis then our friend the author comes, protecting us from harm: he tells us where to go to get the things to keep us warm.

And so he goes on aiding all upon their toiling way, suggesting here and helping there, he brightens up each day. He helps the men and boys and girls—his words with them suffice; but the ladies read his writings, too, and heed his sound advice.

In short, his widely published works are helpful to us all: we read them daily all the year, from winter months till fall. Who is this busy author, then? His name is Charles M. Mills. He writes the ads for the Rurode store, and the place of manager fills.

ERNEST W. COOK

KING SOLOMON, or Ben Franklin, or some other reliable manufacturer of old saws, once remarked that a superabundance of culinary artists is fatal to the successful preparation of the consommé: in other words that "too many cooks spoil the broth."

But there are cooks and Cooks. Fort Wayne, or any other city for that matter, would be spoiled by a large supply of the sort of Cooks of which the subject is a representative. Mr. Cook used to be a Hawkeye; he was also once a newspaper man, but he reformed, and is now making money. For a considerable period he handled the financial end of the business of the Fort Wayne Sentinel and later of the local office of the Wabash Railroad Company. Then he became secretary of the Allen County Loan and Savings Association where he did things so nicely that he was asked to act in the same capacity for the Citizens Trust Company when that institution sprang into existence. He said he would do it provided he could also hold onto the other place; so the two enterprises moved into the same building with only a glass door between, and Mr. Cook can easily keep his watchful eyes upon the affairs of both concerns, no matter in which office he happens to be. This is certainly a handy arrangement.

So you see he is kept pretty busy during the daytime, and his loyal membership in about a dozen secret orders doesn't give him much quiet between the supper and breakfast hours.

Sometimes Mr. Cook enlists in the combats waged on the sea of politics. He is not, however, the noisy, blustering battleship which puts up the spectacular show; he is, rather, the submarine torpedo boat which glides quietly beneath the surface and gets in its work on the adversary where its demonstrative brother could never have done it.





WILMER LEONARD

IN speaking of a firm it is always proper to designate the senior and junior member. It would be a game of chance in regard to the Leonard twins unless you saw the letterhead first. Wilmer is the senior member of the firm by a very narrow margin. Wilmer Leonard was born in Delaware County, Indiana, near Muncie. It makes him smile whenever he hears the slang phrase, "Were you ever in Muncie?" Ever since he knew better he has been in Fort Wayne. He came here with his parents in 1871. The father started the manufacture of brick two miles north of the city on the Leo road. Wilmer is tall and lanky and this is the reason he was sent to school in Fort Wayne. It was a long distance but he walked it easily.

He was graduated from the high school in 1883 and and then took a law course in Ann Arbor. He lost no time in beginning the practice of law. He was not as busy when he started as he is now. Today he has a large and lucrative practice. In early days he liked to make mud pies but never craved to get at real work with mud in making brick. He thought that it would be easier to practice law. He has worked hard in the legal profession and has earned all of the laurels achieved. He never gets stage fright before a jury and can make a speech that is as full of excellent good law points as it is of eloquence. He knows when to put a dam in his flood of oratory and he knows enough not to dam too much.

In politics he has been an active Republican and has been a forceful speaker on the stump. He takes an interest in public affairs and is one of the prominent younger members of the Allen County bar.

FRANK W. EDMUNDS

1416078

MR. EDMUNDS is said to have made the remark once that electricity is no joke, even if a lot of folks do make light of it.

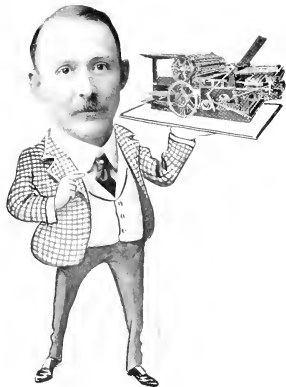
As you will observe, he made the remark only once: the person to whom it was addressed fell in a faint and he hasn't dared to risk it again.

Frank is an electrician. He has been that way for quite a number of years and will probably never get over it. He has helped to brighten as many homes and business houses in this community as any one man could possibly do. Just as likely as not you were pushing one of Frank's electric bells when you made that call last evening: it's more than likely that the lights in the home were fixed there by him.

Mr. Edmunds has lived in Fort Wayne all his life and isn't ashamed to admit it. After attending the public schools, he was graduated from the Methodist College, then an important institution of learning. He then entered the employ of the Fort Wayne Electric Works and remained for three years. During that time, he picked up a whole lot of information concerning the business which will mainly occupy his attention during the remainder of his days. For a short time, then, he was in Chicago during the World's Fair year working for the Central Electric Company, an off-shoot of the local concern. Then he returned to engage in the electrical construction and supply business in partnership with Herbert J. Law. They continued together for three years, at the close of which time the Edmunds Electric Construction Company was organized. He is the active head of the concern.

Mr. Edmunds is president of the Fort Wayne Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association, and his game fowls have gobbled up blue and red ribbons wherever they have been exhibited.





FRANK C. TOLAN

AS soon as Frank Tolan was old enough to learn to walk, he looked out of the west window of the humble home and regretted. He has been regretting ever since. As a child, he stood there and wished that he had been born over on the next farm to the westward instead of the place where the event really occurred. The reason for this was that the farm of his nativity was located just over the Ohio line, while the next farmhouse to the westward was in Indiana, and the regret of the life of this man is that he isn't a natural born Hoosier instead of a Buckeye. But he has done the best he could to overcome the fact, by removing to Indiana to stay just as soon as he had learned how to set type and "kick" a job press in an Ohio printing office.

During this same preparatory period, too, he took upon himself one of the qualifications needed to perfect himself for the presidency of the Union, should that honor be thrust upon him—he spent many days driving a mule or two attached to one end of a long rope, the other end of which was tied to a boat on the Miami and Erie Canal. It was after this that he learned to be a printer, and, as his chances of becoming president didn't seem to improve, notwithstanding his special preparation for it, he continued to follow the trade, until now he is identified with "the art preservative of arts" in the capacity of man on the road for the American Typefounders Company, of Chicago, and has been for eight years. This is the largest printers' supply house in the world, handling everything that enters into the equipment of the complete printing plant. The picture shows him displaying a Whitlock printing press.

Mr. Tolan travels the northern half of the State of Indiana, and he has the pleasure of knowing and feeling the warm association of many staunch and loyal friends in his district.

CHARLES W. MINER

A MAN who persistently takes things is not necessarily a kleptomaniac. Charley Miner is taking things daily and never gets into trouble. He knows how to take.

He was born in Columbia City but never did anything else there to speak of. He left that city when he was fourteen years old and when he was seventeen he started out as a traveling photographer. He took views through Canada and in the lake regions. He developed into a landscape artist of no mean ability while still a lad, as his views found a ready sale. Just at the close of the civil war he was born with the united republic. He has grown up with it. He came to Fort Wayne fourteen years ago and likes the place. He began to display his taking ways as soon as he arrived. He formed a partnership with Mr. Dexter and the photographic studio of Miner & Dexter was opened. In three years Mr. Miner bought his partner out. For eleven years he has watched its business grow constantly. He now has a studio built for him according to his own plans, equipped with all of the most modern appliances and conveniences. He can take a wrinkle and make it resemble a smile. He can grow hair on a bald head quicker than the entire bunch of Sutherland sisters working in concert. Socially Mr. Miner is just as popular as he is in business. He is an Elk, an Eagle and also a member of the Pythian Knights. In this order he is very prominent in the uniformed rank. As a sportsman he is one of the best hunters in this neck of the woods. He always has a high bred hunting dog trailing at his heels, and he is humanely interested in the happiness of the animals which lend excitement to the sport. His game bag is usually well laden when he returns home from the hunt.





GLEN W. MILLS

NO man should be roasted for believing in airs if he was born at Galesburg, Michigan. It is nearly fifty years ago that Glen Mills felt the first breath of life at Galesburg. He was educated in Kalamazoo, then went with his family to Kansas City. The air did not suit him there so he moved back to the celery-scented atmosphere of Kalamazoo. He could not keep out of the state that is all cut up by lake breezes. In 1873 he went to Detroit to go into the air business. He became a successful music dealer and then entered the services of the Packard Company of Fort Wayne, selling their pianos and organs.

In 1882 when the company established its Fort Wayne retail branch and wanted a general salesman, Mr. Mills was transplanted to this city. He thinks that no air is good unless it comes from a Packard instrument. This is one reason that he had the name of the City Band changed to the City Packard Band. Now he likes the airs better. He is one of the enthusiastic promoters of popular band concerts in Fort Wayne and deserves much praise for his work.

Just because he was born at Galesburg, he does not put on airs. He is a popular fellow and has made many friends in the city of his adoption.

He does not care how many of the citizens of Fort Wayne play or how much they play, providing they play the airs he dispenses. He likes the notes of the Uncle Sam persuasion when they are coming his way in exchange for notes from his store.

Glen likes music so well that he confidentially states that he could exist on note meal.

WILLIAM J. LENNART

THERE is no danger of Will Lennart getting lost in Fort Wayne. He was born in this city about forty years ago and is perfectly contented. He was graduated from the Brothers School to enter a business career. He did not career much but he has transacted a vast amount business. He has had a most thorough schooling in the business world and as an insurance and real estate man he has few, if any, superiors.

He began business with A. C. Greenbaum, one of the pioneer insurance and real estate men in this city. Then he was with Edsall & Son. For three years he was private secretary to Superintendent C. D. Law of the Pennsylvania, and also private secretary to Superintendent of Motive Power G. L. Potter of the same company. Then he entered the insurance office of the late S. C. Lumbard, another excellent business man. He mastered the art of bookkeeping by thorough practical training and has been considered one of the very best expert accountants in the city for several years. Will has straightened out many sets of books.

After the death of Mr. Lumbard, Mr. Lennart started in business for himself, and now the firm of Lennart & Ortlieb is one of the leading insurance and real estate firms of the city. On real estate values Mr. Lennart is accurately posted. As a citizen Mr. Lennart is thoroughly active. He was elected as a Republican councilman from the Seventh Ward, overcoming a Democratic majority of at least two hundred. This shows his popularity among his neighbors. He lives up near the reservoir and is not afraid of water in other ways; he is city broke. He ran for county auditor on the Republican ticket and his following of friends was so strong that he was defeated by only a few votes. Will has a faculty of retaining friends once made and this attests for his popularity.



CHARLES G. GUILD



HERE IS Mr. Guild in the role of Ben Franklin, the man who first punctured the clouds with the pointed end of a kite and let the electric fluid leak out.

In this age of enlightenment and progress we are always looking for the man who does not hide his light under a bushel. Charley Guild does not hide his light anywhere. He has light to sell and for sixteen years as secretary and manager of the Fort Wayne Electric Light and Power Company he has made much of an endeavor to turn night into day in Fort Wayne. You don't need to light a match to find your nose even on a sombre evening. Charley does not like dark methods, and this is the reason he came to Fort Wayne from Chicago.

He was born on Lake Michigan on the spot where Chicago now stands. The town was there when Charley was born and he left it there. This was awfully close to forty years ago. It was in 1862 that we had Charley in a back seat at the Fort Wayne High School looking out of the window for freedom.

For four years he helped to tell Mr. John Bass how to run the foundry and machine works. Then he thought that the plumbers were making more money than any one else and he became secretary of a local plumbing establishment. He learned to know a lead pipe cinch when he saw it and leaped into the electric lighting business when it was yet young. He has grown with the business and sheds his radiance about everywhere.

He likes to play golf so well that he is planning a system for lighting the links.

WILLIAM N. BALLOU

SINCE he became secretary of the Republican County Central Committee, Mr. Ballou has been an enthusiastic student of the king of the pachyderms—namely, the G. O. P. elephant. You will notice he handles the subject with dexterity and ease, which is a fine accomplishment for one of such limited experience in that particular line.

Professionally, Mr. Ballou is a good lawyer. The pachyderm business is only a side issue. He's giving it his attention just now in order to prepare for future emergency calls if an experienced man is needed to care for the "critter" in any way whatsoever.

Mr. Ballou came from Michigan when he was a small boy and spent the rest of his earlier years on a farm in Perry Township, this county. His father was a Huntertown merchant, but conducted a large farm at the same time. After leaving the country schools, young Ballou went to Angola where he remained in attendance at the Tri-State Normal School until the time of his graduation from the classical course in 1897. Then he decided upon a course in law. This took him to Ann Arbor where he entered the University of Michigan. He graduated in 1900.

Of course Mr. Ballou selected Fort Wayne as the best place in the universe to open a law office, so hither he came and formed a partnership with William C. Geake, but Geake secured the office of deputy attorney general for Indiana and removed to Indianapolis to remain during the period of his term. Mr. Ballou then formed an alliance with F. G. Hoffman, who is also a graduate of the Ann Arbor school.

Mr. Ballou has already mixed in politics to some extent, having been at one time candidate for councilman-at-large on the Republican ticket.



HERBERT L. SOMERS



HERE we find Mr. Somers making a speech. The picture doesn't say whether it is a discourse on his record as a representative from Allen County to the state legislature, or a talk before a drowsy jury. In either event he is filled with his subject, because in the one instance he is anxious to win his point before the twelve good men and true; and, as to the other, he is not averse to the acceptance of further political honors. Like every other politician, who hasn't been long at the business, he is proud to review his past record.

Mr. Somers is a democrat and doesn't care who knows it. He is an Allen County product, his existence dating from 1874. Like most other native Americans who amount to much, he served an apprenticeship husking corn, pulling mustard out of the flax and driving the hogs to market. After graduating from the farm, field and fireside, he passed through the common schools and entered the Valparaiso Normal School where he prepared himself as a teacher. For four years he wielded the spelling book, and boarded around, and then with the proceeds, continued his studies at DePauw University at Greencastle, Indiana, and the University of Indianapolis. He came forth from the latter university in May, 1900, having graduated from its law department. In partnership with H. F. Kennerk he began the practice of law, and his selection as a recipient of important political honors two years later shows that he has stirred around some.

In the fall of 1902, Mr. Somers was elected to a seat in the legislature where he was honored by appointment upon several important standing committees, including the Judiciary, the Ways and Means, County and Township Business, Roads, and Insurance.

JOSEPH V. FOX

EVEN if a man has been a baker all of his life he still needs the dough.

Joe Fox was born in Fort Wayne about fifty-four years ago. His father was a gardener, and, while he was raising vegetables and Joe, the city grew out to his farm and Mr. Fox, Sr., quit gardening. Then he started the pioneer restaurant and bakery combined on East Main Street.

At the age of fourteen Joe entered this bakery, confectionary and restaurant. Of course, he had been in the place before, but had never drawn a salary. He had simply taken the cake. From that time on he assisted in the management for thirty-five years.

He got so familiar with dough in this East Main street eating-house that when Mayor Berghoff was elected to the head of the municipality, he selected Joe to take charge of the city dough. He is now comptroller of Fort Wayne and continues to serve dough to the "hungry" once a month. He is the most popular man about the city hall on pay day. There are other days when he is popular, but never quite so much so as on the date mentioned. He looks after the finances and not a penny can be appropriated unless he says so. He serves his appropriation dishes just about the same as he served the meals at his restaurant. He tries to have all appetites appeased and always have enough to go around.

He serves everything cold in the comptroller's office—cold cash. In his restaurant everything was served cold except the ice cream.

Joseph Fox is a hale fellow well met and from consommé to caté noir he will always be found to be a genial gentleman.



JUSTIN N. STUDY



MR. STUDY is the man behind the Fort Wayne public schools, and he is always busy pushing them to the forefront in efficiency and thoroughness.

When, in 1869, a superintendent for the Fort Wayne schools was sought, Indiana furnished the right man for the place.

Mr. Study began life on a farm near Hagerstown, in Wayne County. While he was still a youngster, the family moved to town where the lad entered the public school. After finishing the course, he went to Delaware, Ohio, and in 1871 was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University located at that place.

Shortly after leaving the university, Mr. Study was selected as superintendent of the schools at Anderson, Indiana. Later he filled a like important position at the head of the Greencastle schools. He then went to Richmond, and it was while performing his duties there that the Fort Wayne Board of Education recognized in him the proper man to superintend the schools of this city.

During the eight years of his work here, Superintendent Study has witnessed a remarkable development in the schools. At present, one hundred and sixty-eight teachers are employed, an increase of forty-five during his connection with the schools. The enrollment of pupils is now over six thousand. There are, in all, seventeen buildings, including the magnificent new high and manual training school just finished at a cost of \$250,000. Five ward buildings and the high school have been opened for use during the past eight years.

Mr. Study is a Past Eminent Commander of Fort Wayne Commandery No. 4, Knights Templar, and is an active Scottish Rite Mason.

FRANK V. CULBERTSON

It is a splendid thing to have anybody speak well of you; but in this part of Indiana it is a glorious thing for Frank V. Culbertson to write down in his little reference book that you are O. K. Mr. Culbertson is paid to look into the affairs of people and report to his employers, F. G. Dun & Co., of New York, who, in turn, give the information to those who ask whether it is safe to give you financial credit or not. So it is well to have a stand-in with the man whose picture we see here, and the only way to do it is to treat your neighbors fairly, pay your debts promptly and go to church at least once on Sunday.

When Mr. Culbertson removed from Wooster, Ohio, to Orrville, the same state, he obtained a position with a large transportation company, and stayed with it for six years, at the end of which time he took a position with the Dun Agency at Cleveland, Ohio, as a clerk. This was over twenty years ago. He must have done his work well because he soon found himself holding the positions of chief clerk and assistant manager in the Cleveland territory. In July, 1866, he was sent to Fort Wayne to take the management of the agency located here which has the oversight of eleven counties in Northeastern Indiana. In this territory there are five thousand active business concerns, over one thousand of which are located within the city of Fort Wayne. Six men besides the manager are required to care for this section. They give no attention to the commercial rating of individuals, except in response to special inquiries, but keep a constant watch over the business affairs of the eleven counties included in their territory, and it is seldom that anything affecting the commercial welfare of the community escapes their watchful eyes.



CHARLES G. PAPE



It was about thirty years ago that Charley Pape used to grab onto the fence around his father's home in Bloomingdale and wonder if he would ever be able to walk without holding on. Charley was a very small youngster in those days. He began to stretch to see if he could look over the fence and he stretched so hard that he began to grow. He has been growing ever since. Gosh! he would have to get on stilts to look in Charley's eyes now. There may be taller men, but they don't live around these diggings. Charley's father manufactured road machines and operated a large planing mill, and the boy liked to play in the sawdust pile. He hung around so much that to keep him out of mischief he was put to work. He grew up in the business and has made a mark as a manufacturer. He is still interested in his father's enterprises.

Now he is interested in raising wind mills and single-comb Black Minorca chickens. He has trained chickens to lay eggs just whenever he wants them to. This is what he tells the chicken fanciers who are hunting good stock. He is so successful that he is able to laugh when the butchers raise the price of meat. He just telephones to his wife to fry two with the sunnyside up and he drives home past the meat markets with a high and lofty air of independence. Any short man might take a pointer from Charley. See what eggs have done to make a man of him. He is even more than that. He is almost two men. Any one who has been initiated into the Fort Wayne Lodge of Elks in the past few years believes that Charley is about four regiments formed into a hollow square not only ready for but already in action.

He is one of the promoters of the Fort Wayne poultry show and this is one reason he does not eat all of the eggs he gathers from his coops.

WILLIAM D. PAGE

THE gentleman in the picture is a lineal descendant of Luther Page, one of the earliest Pages of American history. He was a British army officer and came to America shortly after the Pilgrim Fathers had cleared away some of the forest trees and made room for their humble homes on the Massachusetts coast.

Our Mr. Page is the present postmaster at Fort Wayne. When he was a lad of eight he started to learn the printing business. It may have been in those days, as he sat before the type-cases, distributing the letters, that the idea came to him that he would one day have something to say about the distribution of the letters carried by Uncle Sam.

He is a native of Monroe, Mich., his birth occurring in 1844. After his first "lesson" at typesetting, he attended a grammar school at Ann Arbor at twelve, and then returned to the printing business, locating at Adrian. When the war broke out he also broke out of the printing office and enlisted in Company B, Fifth Wisconsin, but after participating in quelling the memorable bank riots at Milwaukee, he was mustered out of the service because of his youth. He next appeared at West Rockford, Ill., and graduated from the high school there, and prepared for college at Clinton, N. Y. He was a student at Hamilton College, and, in 1863, at the age of twenty-one he found himself editor and half owner of the Adrian Expositor. Later, he went to Toledo, and finally, in 1871, came to Fort Wayne to work on the Gazette. In 1874 he established the Fort Wayne Daily News, and continued its publication until it was sold to the present owners, two years ago.

He was appointed postmaster of Fort Wayne by President McKinley in 1897.



SYLVANUS F. BOWSER



MR. BOWSER always believed that faith without works is defunct. For fourteen years he was a commercial drummer, and was the first man who dared to undertake to sell oil tanks alone instead of carrying them as a side line. It was right then that he had faith to believe that the manufacture of an oil tank of the right kind would be a first-rate venture. Now, if his efforts had stopped there, the world would never have heard of the oil tank which has made Fort Wayne famous; but they didn't, and the world has learned a whole lot about them.

The Bowser works were established in 1888. Previously, no one seemed to have thought of inventing a self-measuring oil pump, and as this is the star product of the concern there was a clear field ahead. The invention of a variety of oil handling devices and the placing of them on the market far in advance of all others gave the Bowser concern an opportunity to proceed without hindrance. All this was done wisely and well and now it requires seventy energetic traveling men to handle the outside business. About two hundred and fifty men are employed at the works, which nearly covers two solid blocks of space. Branch houses are maintained at Toronto and Boston. The volume of business done now amounts to about half a million a year.

Lately, a system of advertising the business abroad as thoroughly as at home, has been inaugurated, and the old world will soon be using the Bowser product.

Mr. Bowser, during his long residence in Fort Wayne, has been closely identified with the city's development. His belief that faith without works is dead is ever manifest, and crops out distinctly in his work as a Sunday-school teacher as well as in his other activities as a citizen of a lively town.

ROBERT L. ROMY

NO, this is not a modern Atlas. It is Mr. Romy. He has the earth for sale—in small pieces. The pieces don't all belong to him. He sells them for other people.

Mr. Romy was born in 1811, a few miles outside of Bern, the capital city of Switzerland. When he was three years of age, the family left Mother Earth's headquarters of mountain peaks, glaciers and music boxes, and came to America. While Mr. Romy isn't at all put out because they brought him to this land of the free and home of the brave, he does sometimes wish they had waited awhile. Just think! How'd you like to be born within sight of the Matterhorn, Jungfrau, or Lake Geneva, with the lofty, glittering Alps and the Rhine and the Rhone and a varied assortment of other natural and historic scenery right under your very nose, as it were, and then have your folks take you five thousand miles away before you were hardly old enough to sit up and notice things? But then, what's the use of regretting!

It was in 1829 that Mr. Romy came to Fort Wayne from Wayne county, Ohio. During the first few months he found employment as a day laborer, and for twelve years following he engaged in farming. And right here's where we want to state that Mr. Romy ought to be mighty glad he did his farming here instead of in the land of his birth. Over there, one day a farmer was plowing a field on a steep mountain side, when his hands slipped off the plow handles and he fell completely off the premises, landing on the adjoining farm. Mark Twain, who tells the story, doesn't tell whether he got well and came to America or not.

In 1882 Mr. Romy opened his real estate, loan and insurance agency and he has been remarkably successful.





FRANK ALDERMAN

CONUNDRUM: Why is the man in the picture like the article he holds in his hand?

Answer: Because he is a bicycle crank.

We showed this joke to Mr. Alderman and asked him if it was all right. He said he could stand it if the rest of the folks could, so we decided to risk it and here it is.

The fact of the matter is that Mr. Alderman—who, by the way, is the Alderman end of the Alderman & Staub bicycle firm—is not only proud of the fact that he is a crank on bicycles, but is every day singing of the merits of the very crank which he is here holding up for your inspection. The crank which he exhibits is taken from the Racycle, and it is upon the merits of this part of the machine that the makers of this wheel base all, or nearly all, of their claims for its superiority over other makes. They insist that their wheel has less friction on its crank bearings than any other bicycle, so that the rider can get there easier and swifter than when mounted on any other make.

In his business Mr. Alderman is a natural fighter, and this is probably due to his long service—nine years—in the National Guard. Although he never engaged in a serious scrap, he did get as far south as Chickamauga during the Spanish-American trouble, and there secured a good view of the ground where the other fellows fought and died two score years before. He was then first lieutenant of the Twenty-eighth Battery, Indiana Volunteers. Once before, during the Pullman strike, in 1894, he got a good deal closer to real fighting, but came home unscarred. After the trouble with Spain was settled, so that things could be safely conducted without his aid, he resigned from the Guards to enlist with the Racycle battery.

JAMES B. HARPER

THE president of the Allen County Bar Association does not wear a white apron. James B. Harper was born on his father's farm in Aboite township, a few miles west of Fort Wayne about fifty-six years ago. The homestead was a log structure, cut from the forest.

His father came from a sturdy Pennsylvania family to clear a farm in the west. James Harper ate his cold piece of pie and lunch on school days in the old log school house in Aboite. He studied there too. He began in his early boyhood to prepare himself for the study of law. He taught school and worked on the farm in vacation and saved money sufficient to enter Bowdoin Seminary at Huntington. He prepared himself for the Indiana University at the old Methodist college in Fort Wayne. In 1875 after a two years' course in the law department of the Indiana University he graduated. He was the honor student and the class valedictorian. He was a brilliant speaker at the time of his admission to the bar. This has been a wonderful aid to him in his practice. For a short time the law firm of Harper & Baird existed, and in 1879 the firm of Robertson & Harper hung up its shingle. This partnership existed until 1883 when Mr Harper engaged in the practice of law alone. In 1874 he was unanimously nominated by the Republicans for judge of the Superior Court and ran several hundred votes ahead of his ticket. He has frequently declined other political honors.

His eloquence makes him conspicuous in the annual spring and fall convocations of the Scottish Rite Masons of the Valley of Fort Wayne. He is prominent in the affairs of the order. He is a Mystic Shriner and wears a fez graciously. Owing to his increasing practice he recently admitted Attorney John W. Eggeman to partnership in his law business. He is an active member of the Sigma Chi fraternity and was enthusiastic in building a "frat." house at the Indiana University.



JACOB FUNK



MR. FUNK is one of Allen County's hired men. If you are unfortunate enough to have anything of value, you must go to him and pay for the privilege of retaining it. At least that's the way some folks look upon the question of paying taxes. But that's not the right way, of course. When you deposit your little portion with the county treasurer, you are paying only a small price for the privilege of living in a land of civilization and culture, where the protection of life and property and personal rights is assured, or else you have the privilege of starting a row at once to know the reason why.

In this populous county of Allen the office of treasurer is an important one. Mr. Funk seems to be managing it to the satisfaction of everybody, however.

Mr. Funk has skrimished around this country a good deal, but he hasn't yet discovered any good reason why Allen county doesn't excel all other communities as a place to live. He began here and will probably remain here all his days, especially now that the people of the county have shown their good will towards him in his election to one of the most important of the county offices.

He was born in St. Joe township fifty years ago. He worked on his father's farm and attended school as a boy. When he got old enough to go it alone he purchased land in the same township and made a success of its cultivation. Although he still retains his rural interests, he now resides in Lakeside, Fort Wayne. As a Republican, he was elected treasurer of Allen county in the fall of 1902.

MONROE W. FITCH

IT'S a wonder Mr. Fitch doesn't expire from nervous prostration. He's the most agitated man in town every time he hears the fire-bells or sees the department come clattering down street. The reason for this is that Mr. Fitch has so much of the property of Fort Wayne on his insurance list that he's always afraid of a big fire loss no matter in what part of town the blaze may be. However, his continued long experience in the business is teaching him to be calm, so that no dire results are apt to come of the aforementioned agitation.

Mr. Fitch was born in Medina county, Ohio, and spent his kidhood days there. After leaving the common schools, he entered Oberlin College and remained for some time. For over twenty years thereafter he conducted a stock farm, producing scores of fine horses and cattle for the eastern market.

In 1862 he came to Fort Wayne and engaged in the livery business. This he discontinued at the close of one year to enter into partnership with his brother, C. B. Fitch, he holding a half interest in the fire insurance department of the business. In 1868 the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Fitch united his interests with those of his sons, Delmer C. Fitch and Eugene M. Fitch. At first, they were located at No. 80 Calhoun street, where they remained until June, 1864, when they purchased the Mrs. Mary B. Hartnett agency at the corner of Berry and Clinton streets and removed their office to that location.

They do a general business in all insurance lines and have a real estate department of considerable importance.





WRIGHT W. ROCKHILL

THE ROCKHILL name has been associated with and prominent in the history of Fort Wayne from the time it was a village of less than 500 inhabitants until the present. William Rockhill, the father of Wright W. Rockhill, whose face on this page is a familiar one to almost everybody, came here as a pioneer settler in 1823 and, until his death, was a leading man in public affairs. He was one of our first county commissioners, first town councilmen and first school trustees, and he represented this district in the Indiana senate and afterwards was a member of congress.

His son Wright kept the family name prominent. As a young man he evinced many of the sterling qualities of the father. Before he was thirty-two years of age, he was elected clerk of the city of Fort Wayne, holding the office, by repeated elections, for eight years. Afterwards, during the second administration of President Cleveland, he was the postmaster of the city. He served as a member of the board of trustees of the city public schools, being for most of the time its treasurer, and for many years was the secretary of the Democratic county central committee. In all these positions of trust and honor his public duties were well performed, his ability and worth being recognized by his repeated calls to serve the people. For a number of years Mr. Rockhill has been one of the publishers of the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette. He assumed its control when it was a party organ struggling for financial existence and has made it the leading Democratic newspaper of Northern Indiana and exerting an influence potent for the party, the principles of which it advocates, and the city which is his home. Prominent for so long in political and official life and in the newspaper field, he is one of the best known men in this section of the state.

SOL A. WOOD

THESE are men so busy they have something on the string all the time. Sol Wood has something on his line now. He owns a portion of the great fishing line running between Angola, Indiana, and Lake James. This great line is three miles and a fraction long, with the accent on the fraction. This line is not running on a reel, but it is being operated on a trolley pole. Sol Wood happened up near this line.

Ten days after April Fool day in 1857 on a farm near Metz, Steuben county, Indiana, a short distance from the Ohio line, he was born. This is the reason that he is pictured on a line. Dr. Wood, his father, moved to Angola and took Sol with him. He was graduated from the Angola public schools and then from the Fort Wayne College of Medicine with the title of "Doctor" in 1880. He practiced one year in Angola, but because he was born so near Ohio, he ran for county auditor on the Republican ticket and was elected. While serving a term of four years he studied law and went fishing on Steuben county lakes. He was admitted to the bar and formed a partnership with Judge Frank S. Roby. He was chairman of the Steuben county Republican organization two years, and from 1894 to 1899, chairman for the Twelfth congressional district. Three years ago he came to Fort Wayne to form the now well known legal firm of Gilbert, Berghoff & Wood. Still clinging to the line he has devoted much time of late to the development of trolley lines in northern Indiana. He retains farming interests near beautiful Steuben county lakes and during the summer months takes to the tall timber to bask in the smiles of the fish on the top of a promontory, or wade neck deep in a marsh with a fishing rod in one hand and a can of bait in the other.



WILLIAM S. WELLS



HERE we see his overalls and Billy Wells. Mr. Wells is a machinist. He works for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Once, he pulled off his overalls and pulled on a pair of glad mitts and a snug-fitting smile and got a job at Indianapolis as another kind of machinist—political. But that job didn't last so very long and he came back and got into his "bits" again.

Yes, Mr. Wells took a vacation from his place in the shops and went to the capital as one of Allen county's representatives in the legislature during the sixty-third session of the General Assembly.

"Billy" came to this city from Pennsylvania fourteen years ago. He was born in Altoona in that state, and, when a boy, with his parents, moved to Harrisburg, where he attended parochial Lutheran schools and afterwards graduated from the city high school. As an apprentice machinist he began work in the Pennsylvania railroad shops at Altoona, serving his time there and working as a machinist until 1890 when he came to this city and took a position in the Pennsylvania shops here. He has been with the company continuously in their Fort Wayne shops since.

As a Democrat he is one of the busiest men on the job, and when the convention of that party was held in 1892 to nominate candidates for the county offices he was selected as one of the nominees for members of the legislature from this county. His election in November followed.

Mr. Wells has always been identified with union labor organizations and active in their affairs. It was this fact, combined with his genial sociability, that led to his nomination and election as a member of the legislature. He is still active in union labor interests and is at present one of the trustees of the Fort Wayne Federation of Labor.

WILLIAM J. VESEY

ANY one who has brandished the rod in Lagrange county ought to be able to practice law in Allen county. About forty-seven years ago Will Vesey began to notice things in Lagrange county. His parents were farmers. Besides raising crops they reared Will. They were proud of their boy and sent him to school. He liked it so well that after graduating he taught school for a while himself. He studied law while teaching school.

Then he came to Fort Wayne and was admitted to the bar in Allen county. He was with Ninde & Elison and also with P. A. Randall. He practiced law in Decatur for two years and then returned to this city. He formed a partnership with Owen N. Heaton and was appointed to the Superior Court bench in 1890 to fill the unexpired term of the late Judge Dawson. His career on this bench was highly praised. Since then he has been Judge Vesey.

He has always been active in Allen county and Twelfth District politics. He has been chairman of the Allen County Republican Central Committee. Although a busy man with his legal practice and interests in local banking institutions and corporations, he has found spare moments to build up one of the very finest green-houses in Indiana. His chrysanthemums and carnations have captured prizes at national flower shows and his successful cultivation of blooming beauties has added fame to Fort Wayne as a horticultural center. Since the election of Judge Heaton to the Superior bench Mr. Vesey has formed a partnership with his brother and the firm is now Vesey & Vesey.



CHARLES W. ORR



IN this picture we have a full and unobstructed view of the glad hand of "Charley" Orr, together with the appurtenance thereto belonging; namely, the smile that won't come off.

This glad hand was busily employed for twenty-seven years in giving greetings to those who called at the Hamilton National Bank; during more than half of that period its owner filled the position of assistant cashier there. This hand was an important factor in the establishment of that valued institution, as well as to play a leading part in giving to Fort Wayne such enterprises as the Citizens Trust Company, the Allen County Loan and Savings Association, the Commercial Club, and others. This hand is helping now to shape the affairs of such as these, and of several large manufacturing plants, including those of the Fort Wayne Iron and Steel Company and the Haberkorn Engine Company.

But these various things, while important to the upbuilding of Fort Wayne, are not monopolizing the attention of the owner of the glad hand. On the contrary, he is giving the larger portion of his time to the extension of the prosperity of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, of Hartford. With this important concern, Mr. Orr holds the responsible position of manager for the entire state of Indiana. Through the agency of the glad hand here displayed, this company not only collects vast amounts each year in premiums from its thousands of policy holders, but has invested in Indiana farm mortgages and municipal and county bonds nearly six millions of dollars—besides expending hundreds of thousands each year in salaries to its many representatives.

Mr. Orr is one of those quiet, unostentatious factors in the development of a community whose accomplishments are the result of a careful survey of present conditions and the promises of the future.

LEW. V. ULREY

WE have no desire whatever to discourage Mr. Ulrey in his efforts to rival Mr. Rockefeller, but we ask leave to make the humble prediction that he never will succeed in getting half as baldheaded as John D.

Ever since Mr. Ulrey was old enough to shake the daylights out of a tin rattle box, he has led a strenuous life. Unlike our more noted example of the doctrine of strenuousness, Mr. Ulrey doesn't lie himself to the far West and shoot holes in the atmosphere and things; rather he stays nearer home and punctures the earth with the oil well drilling machine. Then he pumps crude oil out of the punctured places and totes it over to Mr. Rockefeller, who pays him well for his trouble. It is on his way home from these trips that he jingles the free silver in the capacious pockets of his jeans, and smiles broadly as he recalls those old school days at Franklin when he couldn't raise a sufficient supply of currency to buy an overcoat even after he had boarded himself a long time on an allowance of a dollar a week, which he earned doing odd jobs nights and Saturdays.

Mr. Ulrey was born in a one-room house on a farm in Marion township; it was built of logs chinked with mud to keep out the December zephyrs and wildcats. He served a full apprenticeship at pailing cows and erecting rail boundary lines, and then went to college at Franklin. At the normal school at Valparaiso where he appeared later, he became noted as an orator. As a solicitor for the Pathfinders after leaving school, Mr. Ulrey was a great success. During 1899 his voice was heard all over the state talking of that other boy orator, he of the Platte. In 1902 Mr. Ulrey was elected to represent Allen County in the State Senate.



ERNEST C. RURODE



SOME little time has elapsed since Mr. Rurode has been found behind the counter displaying cambrics, prints, satins and denims, but it isn't because he doesn't know how. For fifty years—ever since he came from Germany in 1814—he has been in the dry goods business, and such a lot he has learned during that long stretch of time!

This city has much for which to be grateful to Mr. Rurode. Ever since 1850, he has been booming Fort Wayne along with his efforts to better himself. In the early days of his work here, the store of Root & Company, of which he has since been the active manager and finally the owner, when the name was changed to the Rurode Dry Goods Company—in the early days, we say, the business was located on Columbia street, and the importance of the enterprise in those years of the early sixties made Columbia street the principal business thoroughfare. Then, when the establishment was removed to its present location, many others followed, transferring the retail business to Calhoun street, which is now our leading business street. But still another change is coming, and this, too, is due to the work of Mr. Rurode. In 1882 he purchased the property now occupied by the People's Store and the subsequent transfer gave Berry street the start it now has toward prominence in a business way. With the building of "The Rurode" office building on Berry street, and the erection of other large retail establishments thereon, it seems that Berry street is destined to become a leader in the retail trade.

Mr. Rurode came to Terre Haute from Hanover, Germany, after receiving his early education in his native land. He remained at Terre Haute until 1860. Since then he has been the active head of one of our biggest and most valued institutions.

CHARLES E. GRAVES

HERE we detect Colonel Graves in the act of having just discovered something. He has made a lightning calculation and finds that So-and-So, who owns a large factory in Fort Wayne, has just made an alteration in the plant which increases the danger of loss by fire. Well, what does Colonel Graves have to do about it? He immediately notifies the various insurance concerns and up goes So-and-So's rate. Colonel Graves is paid for doing this sort of thing. He's the inspector of the Board of Underwriters of the Fort Wayne District and it keeps him busy looking after the changing of risks on property known as "extra hazardous" throughout Allen County.

The Colonel was born seventy years ago at Sunderland, Massachusetts. The old frame tavern in which the event occurred was over a century old at the time of the birth of Colonel Graves, and it still stands just as it was at that time. Each year the Colonel takes a little vacation and goes back to look at the old place. An element of its vigor and substantiality seems to have been imparted to him as he is as lively as a man of half his age.

He lived in Sunderland until he was twenty-two, having in the meantime attended school and became an expert watchmaker. He came to Indiana in 1839 but returned shortly to Massachusetts. Back he came again after three years, settling at Indianapolis. For sixteen years he was a railroad man, beginning as a freight conductor, he was soon engaged as a freight solicitor for the Baltimore & Ohio road. Coming to Fort Wayne in 1870, he was the agent for the Empire Line, fast freight. He gave up railroad matters on receiving his appointment as inspector of the Board of Underwriters in 1882.

Mr. Graves holds the important and honored office of Colonel of the staff of Major-General James R. Carnahan, of the Uniformed Rank, Knights of Pythias.





EDWARD L. CRAW

It is usually a display of poor taste to make public any correspondence which is written for private perusal only, but we are going to risk censure for presenting extracts from two letters which were written several years ago. One read as follows:

"CLEVELAND, OHIO, December 15, 1850.

"DEAR SISTER:—Eddie isn't at all well this winter. He has the same old lung trouble and we are a little anxious about him."

The other letter read as follows:

"FORT WAYNE, IND., December 10, 1850.

"DEAR SISTER:—Send Eddie to Fort Wayne at once. We have fever and ague out here and that may shake the lung trouble out of him."

And so "Eddie" Craw was sent to Fort Wayne to get cured of his lung trouble, and it was while he made his home with his aunt that he fell in love with Fort Wayne. Who wouldn't have a kindly feeling for such a kind and successful nurse? He was thirteen years old when he first came to town, and he returned to Cleveland for only a short time. The year 1892 found him again in Fort Wayne and he has been here ever since.

For twelve years, after leaving school, he was a traveling salesman for the wholesale dry goods firm of Evans, McDonald & Co., of this city, leaving their employ to engage in the real estate and insurance business which he did with success until he received the appointment to the present position of importance, that of assistant postmaster.

So, while it is seldom that sickness is of benefit to anybody or anything, there are exceptions, and that once case of lung trouble brought to Fort Wayne one of its best citizens.

ALBERT C. ALTER

A STRANGER, looking at the accompanying picture, might get the idea that Mr. Alter is bigger than his automobile. He would be very excusable for the entertainment of such a notion, because the picture looks that way. But such is not the case. The snapshot was taken on Washington boulevard as the machine was going at the rate of 397 miles an hour, and this was the best we could do. The fact is that Mr. Alter isn't much taller than the height represented by the diameter of the hind wheel. He isn't simply "a little man—he's "the" little man. If you doubt it, read the sign painted in gold letters on his place of business at the transfer corner. The court house is right across the street from it.

The subject of this sketch is a living proof of the falsity of the assertion that there's nothing in a name. The verb "alter" according to wise old Noah Webster and a few other authorities, means the same as "change," and this tells in a word just the manner in which Mr. Alter made his money. No, he didn't make it on 'change, as many another man has done; he simply made it out of change—small change, pennies, nickels, and dimes. He started in as a hustling, thrifty newsboy, crying his wares on the very corner of which he is now the boss, a splendid example for the "newsies" who congregate there daily and make life interesting for those waiting for their cars. We hope they'll all peruse this little story and profit thereby. One day he found himself in charge of the Aveline news stand. Gradually his prosperity increased until he was able to open the present finely equipped cigar and news stand on the busiest corner of the city. All of this and his other evidences of prosperity—not excepting the automobile—have been accomplished because he has tried to treat everybody right, not forgetting, of course, Mr. Albert C. Alter.



OWEN N. HEATON



HAVE you ever noticed that the elevation of a lawyer to the judgeship at once invests him with all the dignity and the air of authority which is characteristic of the office? Of course, no material change comes over the man or his attitude toward his fellows, so it seems that the transformation takes place in our mental view of him. Such has been the case with Owen N. Heaton, whom, ever since his recent election to preside over the Superior Court of Allen County, we have discovered to possess a whole lot more of the aforementioned qualities than we ever noticed before. As the uniform of the policeman, the soldier or the railway conductor gives them an importance which they cannot possess when not attired in these habiliments of authority, just so the imaginary robes of justice produce a change in our view of the man inside of them.

Judge Heaton was only seven months old at the time of the attack on Fort Sumpter, so he has a good excuse for not having a civil war record. He is a native of Allen County. He began life on a farm in Marion township in September, 1890, and knows as much about cows and rutabagas and Plymouth Bucks as he does about Blackstone. He began his education in the common schools and then spent three years in the Fort Wayne College. Leaving the college in 1885, he became convinced that he wanted to become a lawyer, so he began the study of the big, clumsy, leather-covered volumes in the office W. P. Breen, and learned so rapidly that he was admitted to practice the same year. Since then, he has risen to a high place in the bar of Allen County and of Indiana. In the fall of 1902, he was the Republican nominee for Judge of the Superior Court, and was one of the comparatively few representatives of the party to receive honors at the hands of the voters of the county.

WILLIAM C. BAADE

THERE'S no telling where a boy who drives a team of mules is apt to land. It is no easy task to get a full day's work out of two stubborn representatives of the genus hunny, and the lad who makes a success of an attempt to do so is certainly made of good stuff and is bound to go higher. That also is apt to happen to the one who bungles the job. James A. Garfield was a mule driver; Charle M. Schwab, the man who broke Andy Carnegie's heart the same day that he broke the bank at Monte Carlo, began life's activities by driving a team of mules attached to a dray. So did William C. Baade. That was in '50. From that humble yet elevated position, the industrious lad who had shown a spirit of perseverance in conquering the will of the dray team, was given a job as clerk in the grocery with which he was employed.

Then one day young Baade's ability was again recognized and he received an appointment as a mail carrier from the Fort Wayne office. Leaving this employment at the end of two years, he took a place as clerk in the Pittsburgh shops where he remained for some time. He then returned to the service of Uncle Sam, taking a place in the postoffice as stamp clerk.

By this time, Mr. Baade had a notion that he could safely engage in business for himself, and four years ago he established the book and stationery store which is still conducted by him. The business has run along smoothly and he is glad he did it.

Upon the death of Councilman George Hench, Mr. Baade was appointed by Mayor Berghoff to fill the vacancy, which he did very acceptably for six months until the close of the term.



J. ROSS M'CULLOCH



THIS is a picture of a club man. John Ross McCulloch is entitled to the appellation. Ross is a bachelor, has the inclination for club life and also the money. He works for the Hamilton National Bank as first assistant cashier. In club life he is active and useful. Besides knowing just how to swing a club he is vice president and a member of the house committee of the Kekionga Golf Club and also a member of the board of directors of the Anthony Wayne Club. He is devoted to athletics and has a regular physical diet. He began his muscular development in Fort Wayne in November, 1890. He got his early training in the Fort Wayne public schools and the schools at Tarrytown, New York, and finished his education in most advantageous surroundings in Washington, D. C.

Magellan went around the world in 1519-1521. Ross McCulloch followed him in 1893-1894. It only took Ross sixteen months to make his trip and besides seeing the sights and getting a full knowledge of the world's history he had some of the events not only indelibly engraved on his mind but also on his body. He is thoroughly posted on travel. Ross came back to Fort Wayne full of pigment punctures and ambition. He began his duties at the bottom of the ladder in his father's bank, the Hamilton National, and has carefully worked his way to the position which he now holds. While on a recent trip to the British Isles, Ross was a guest at Skibo Castle, the Scotland home of Andrew Carnegie. Ross saw Andy play golf for exercise. Since then the Indian clubs at the McCulloch gymnasium have become covered with cobwebs and Ross now gets the caddies very busy at the golf links. He does not wear the same golf suit Carnegie does but he plays just as good a game and, at the time this was written, was the second player on the club team.

ALEXANDER B. WHITE

A MAN who does not live farther away than three blocks from where he was born can truly be called a native. Alex White was inducted into the joys and tribulations of this world on Barr street near the city building. Now he lives on Clinton street a few blocks away. In the past thirty-three years he has not complained about Fort Wayne as a place in which to live. After leaving the Fort Wayne public schools, he went to the University at Oxford, Ohio. What he did not learn there he acquired later in the Pennsylvania Military Academy at Chester, Pennsylvania. He marched home from Chester to embark in the bicycle business. He made the wheels go for a while and then sold out this business to enter the White Fruit House with his father, the late Captain James B. White.

When Alex left the military academy he thought the sword was a mighty thing. Since he has become treasurer of the White Fruit House he is impressed with the fact that the pen is mightier than the long steel knife. Besides attending to his enormous duties in the busiest retail house in the city he finds time to do other things. At one time he served the Second ward in the council by appointment from Mayor Henry P. Scherer. He never got oratorical while in the council chamber but he looked at all public questions with a trained business eye. He knows what is good for Fort Wayne and what is not. That is why he goes to New York City every few weeks to find out what is good for Fort Wayne. He is thoroughly progressive and can drive a bargain and also a fine team of horses. He has not contracted the gasoline buggy fever yet because he admires horseflesh too much and always has a fine team to hold the ribbons over. He is always busy looking for a chance to boom Fort Wayne and he usually finds the opportunity.





WILLIAM P. COOPER

A MAN to whom Mr. Cooper is a stranger, if such there be in Fort Wayne, might ask, "Do what?" But the person who knows him wouldn't have to guess that he means simply this: "Lean on the New York Life, as I do."

Mr. Cooper is the company's general agent for this section of the state of Indiana, and he has not only done the insurance people good service but has favored thousands of policy holders and their dependents in getting them to lean on a good company.

Mr. Cooper began his career in Fort Wayne, where he was born on a summer's day in 1852. He was a school boy during the troublous days preceding and during the civil war, and graduated from the high school of this city in the class of 1870. To still better equip himself for life's battles, he entered Dartmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire, and was graduated from that institution in 1873.

Mr. Cooper spent several years in the newspaper business as a writer on papers in Fort Wayne, St. Louis and New York, and as a correspondent for several metropolitan dailies. His journalistic work was of an attractive, clean-cut kind.

As president of the Fort Wayne Board of Education, Mr. Cooper did much to maintain the high standard of the schools.

At present he is a member of the Board of State Charities, one of those positions which affords a lot of worrisome labor without the accompaniment of a salary. The cheertful performance of these duties, reveals a prominent feature of his makeup.

Mr. Cooper has been connected with the New York Life Insurance Company for ten years as agent and general agent, and now is in charge of the company's business in a considerable portion of Northern Indiana.

JOHN J. O'RYAN

HERE we see Mr. O'Ryan returning from a run on the road.

This cool-headed man, besides attending to his daily duties as a railroader, is one of the prominent members of the city council of Fort Wayne. He is now filling his third term in that body as a representative of the Third ward.

As you may have observed, Mr. O'Ryan is a passenger engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad. He began service as a fireman and won promotion on merit. At the throttle almost every day of his life he holds the safety of hundreds of lives in his hands, but with his cool head and steady hand sending the steam locomotive over the rails he carries his passengers to their journey's end without accident. His has always been duty well performed. Likewise, we haven't heard many licks against his official career in the city council, and his popularity is attested by his repeated re-elections.

Physically he is the biggest man in the city council. He is pretty big other ways. He has a big heart and a big mind. These are the reasons of his personal popularity. On his first election to the council he won the nomination over half a dozen aspirants. He won at the polls in his subsequent elections easily. Mr. O'Ryan is now thirty-eight years old, a comparatively young man yet.

He was born and always lived in the ward which he now represents in the council. He was educated in the city schools, and on the public questions of the day, national, state, and municipal, keeps abreast of the times. In his social life his pleasant ways have brought him so many good friends that it is almost a relief to get out on the road for a breathing spell.





AUGUST M. SCHMIDT

BUT for the location in this city of Concordia College, the name of Fort Wayne's present city clerk would not be August M. Schmidt. He came here from Saint Louis, then his home, at the age of 17, to attend this Lutheran educational institution and, immediately after his graduation in 1880, determined to remain here, accepting a clerical position with the hardware firm of Prescott Brothers, but resigned it a year afterwards to enter the employ of the Wabash Railway Company as a clerk in the freight department. His executive abilities won for him rapid promotion and he rose to the position of general yardmaster, remaining with the company until 1895 when he embarked in the insurance business. In May, 1897, he was appointed clerk of the municipal boards of the city and held the position until the adoption of the charter amendments legislated him out of office.

But he soon returned to public position. When the election of the spring of 1901 came on he was nominated by the Democrats for city clerk, Henry C. Berghoff leading the ticket for mayor. It was a hotly contested municipal campaign. Captain Charles E. Reese, a soldier in the war with Spain, was the Republican candidate for mayor and F. Will Urbahns, a popular young railroad man, for clerk. Mr. Berghoff and Mr. Schmidt won, the latter's wide acquaintance and personal popularity being elements of strength to the ticket. He entered upon the duties of the office and is the present city clerk.

Mr. Schmidt has for many years been connected with a number of local building and loan associations and they have been largely benefitted by his executive ability and splendid business management.

Mr. Schmidt is one of the city's popular vocalists. Here we see him singing his favorite solo.

HOMER A. GORSLINE

IN most cities a policeman is a never-present help in time of trouble. It isn't so in Fort Wayne. Superintendent Gorsline has ordered otherwise, and as a result there is nothing to be seen but a blue streak at the very moment that a "trouble" call comes in to the station; the sapphire-colored stripe through the atmosphere is simply the hurrr-up glumpse that you obtain as the brave officers get their legs busy carrying them to the center of agitation.

Homer A. Gorsline, superintendent of the Fort Wayne police department, has held that important office since May, 1898, at which time he was appointed by Mayor Scherer. He has made a good record. He came to Fort Wayne when he was twelve years old and attended school several years. He was employed for a while in a clothing store and later left the city for a time, going to Decatur, Indiana, where he held the position of deputy county auditor. He then went to Columbus, Ohio, and enlisted in the regular army as a band musician. After serving six years and rising to the sergeant-majorship—the highest non-commissioned office—he was honorably discharged and returned to Fort Wayne. Again he turned his attention to the clothing business and was thus employed when he received his appointment as superintendent of police. He is a staunch Democrat and a warm friend of organized labor.

It is a noticeable fact that the daily police court "grind" in Fort Wayne is as small, perhaps, as that of any other city of its size in the country. Our people are, of course, a good deal more decent than you'll find elsewhere, but a large bit of credit is due to the well-managed police department, which performs its double duty of arresting offenders and keeping a watchful eye on those who act as though they were about to commit acts against the best interests of society.



HENRY C. SCHRADER



MR. SCHRADER is from Germany—a long way from Germany. He never lived there. His folks did, though. It was seventy years ago that the parents of Mr. Schrader decided to forsake their native land and come to America. Maybe they decided to come earlier than that, but it was the year 1834 that saw them step upon American soil.

They first settled in Hardin County, Ohio, where the subject of this sketch was born. He spent his boyhood days there and at Logansport, Indiana, to which city the family removed in 1851. They later resided for a time at Wabash.

Mr. Schrader came to Fort Wayne in 1866. He has seen Wabash several times since then, but never wanted to go there to live. It works that way with everybody who once settles in Fort Wayne. The first thing he did here after getting acquainted with the points of the compass was to engage in the shoe business under the firm name of Markley, Schrader & Company.

In 1875 he began his career in the insurance, real estate and rental business. He has been so successful that he hasn't even paused during the long period in which he has transacted hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of business in these various lines, and he hasn't any notion of even hesitating, as long as things keep coming his way as they have since he wrote his first insurance policy twenty-nine years ago.

In 1880, Edward M. Wilson became associated in the business with Mr. Schrader and the firm has since been known as Schrader & Wilson.

Mr. Schrader, during his long residence in Fort Wayne, has always taken a great deal of interest in public affairs, and has been identified in various ways with the development of the city which adopted him.

JOSEPH E. STULTS

THE word, coroner, probably comes from the French, *courir*, meaning to run. In the first place, if you want to be coroner, it is necessary to run for the office; and after you've got it, it is required that you keep yourself prepared to run immediately on the first call for your services. The picture shows Dr. Stults on the run. He's the coroner.

The coroner is the man who gets there after it's all over and starts a guessing contest as to how it happened. Dr. Stults has been thus occupied quite frequently during the two years he has been in office. He didn't always live here, although he has been a Hoosier all his life. He was born in Whitley county, in 1820, his parents having removed from Stark county, Ohio, to that place and settled on a farm in 1841. After a series of prosperous years as a farmer, the father of Dr. Stults went to Huntington county to live. His popularity was shown by his election to the office of county treasurer in 1860. Dr. Stults had, in the meantime, been attending the public schools and later spent a period at Roanoke Seminary to add to the store of knowledge he had gathered on the farm and elsewhere; so he was well qualified to take a position as deputy in his father's office.

Then he came to Fort Wayne and attended the old Fort Wayne College several terms before entering upon the study of medicine with two leading physicians at Huntington. Returning to this city, he entered the Fort Wayne College of Medicine and fitted himself to engage in practice in 1886.

He was nominated for coroner by the Republicans in the fall of 1902, and was one of the comparatively few representatives of the party to win out in that memorable campaign. He is again the party's candidate.



JOSEPH A. BURSLEY



“JOE” Bursley says he has come back to Fort Wayne to stay. He likes to be a university professor pretty well, but Ann Arbor isn't half as nice as Fort Wayne.

Mr. Bursley ought to like Fort Wayne. It was here he drew the first vital breath and Fort Wayne has been just as good to him since then as she knows how to be: her latest beneficence was in the shape of a seat in the Council Chamber. The sketch shows Mr. Bursley just arisen from the seat for the purpose of presenting an ordinance for the welfare of the city.

In 1897 Mr. Bursley was graduated from the Fort Wayne high school, and almost immediately afterward he went to Ann Arbor and began his studies in the engineering course of that institution. By the spring of 1899 he had learned it all and they gave him a nice diploma with a gold seal in the corner and tied with two yards of white satin ribbon. When he came home, he showed the gold seal and the satin ribbon to the Pennsylvania Company and they hired him. For three years he was employed in the motive power department of the road, part of his duties keeping him in the shops, the remainder being spent in experimental work in testing locomotives.

For seven months, then, he was abroad enjoying the historical and natural sights of the old world. For one year after his return he was employed with G. E. Bursley & Company, the wholesale grocers.

He was elected as a Republican member of the City Council in 1902. His selection as a teacher in the mechanical engineering department of the University of Michigan, has kept him out of town for some time, but he returns to give his attention to local interests.

SYLVANUS B. BECHTEL

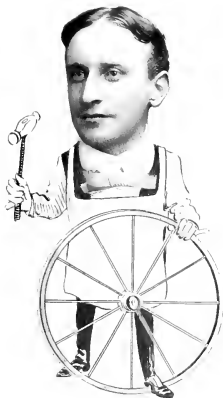
If this man should throw up his job and the Bowser company decide to abandon the department which he represents, it is safe to say that the aforementioned concern would go "kerlummux." He is the advertising man, the individual who is just now busy informing the people of unenlightened Europe that the only real thing in the oil tank line is manufactured in the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, U. S. A. Of course, everybody in America, pretty nearly, knows it already, and Mr. Bechtel, while he is thoroughly in favor of giving America the best of it in most instances, feels as though the folks on the other side ought to be let into the secret. He is just now very busy doing the letting.

As a consequence, the fame of Fort Wayne is being still further spread abroad.

Like many of the other illustrious sons of the republic, Mr. Bechtel started in life as a farmer boy, his folks living near Middleville, Michigan. After leaving the high school at Wayland, the same state, he trained the minds of the younger generation in a country school for three years. From there he went to Grand Rapids where he handled the coin received over the counter of the business office of the Daily Democrat.

Then he came here. It was in July, 1899. Starting in as superintendent of collections, he illustrated the fact that he was heartily interested in the welfare of the Bowser company. So he was advanced to the position of superintendent of salesmen, and one year later, 1902, took his present position as manager of the mail order and advertising department of that important institution. Incidentally, Mr. Bechtel finds time to act as superintendent of the Sunday school of the First Baptist church, and to officiate as president of the Fort Wayne Advertising Men's club.





WILLIAM C. RASTETTER

ONE can hardly imagine how a man who is said to have wheels and other buggy material could be a companionable fellow to have about. Will Rastetter, however, is one of the most popular young business men in Fort Wayne today. Will has lots of wheels and his buggy material does not need insect powder.

One cold winter day in January, thirty years ago, Will Rastetter was born in this very city. Although he is not a very tall man, he was graduated from the Fort Wayne high school with high honors in 1893. He went into business at once with his father, the late Louis Rastetter, one of the pioneer manufacturers of Fort Wayne. In five years Will was able to step in and take the entire responsibility of the Rastetter factory. He has kept pace with the times. With the advent of bicycles Will began at once to manufacture bicycle rims extensively, and most of the noted manufacturers use his rim. Now the automobile has pushed its way to the front, and we find him making rims for the motor cars. His factory, ever mindful of the necessity of the horse, has kept on making vehicle wood stock of all descriptions. Like Helen's babies, he likes to see the wheels go, but unlike most men, he enjoys seeing his own wheels go. They go well, and the output of his factory rolls all over the United States. A rolling wheel gathers no moss, but it wears out in time, and Will is right on hand with the goods when this happens. Besides being very busy, he has time to be popularly sociable. Two years ago he was Exalted Ruler of the Fort Wayne Lodge of Elks, and he is also a prominent Scottish Rite Mason. He is rapidly approaching the state of bachelorhood, and up to date poses as a man who is heart-whole and fancy free.

FRANK J. BELOT

It seems as though the man who makes the most telling gestures is the one who wins the debate, and when we trace it back farther we find that a good many forceful speakers, especially among the lawyers, learned to use their arms, pitching hay. There seems to be but a step between stacking timothy and singing rhetoric. So it is with Mr. Belot. For years he performed heavy work on the old Belot homestead in Perry township, where he was born in 1893, and built the foundation for a most successful after career.

His parents were French. After attending the country schools and completing their course of study, he qualified as a teacher and spent some time—about five years—presiding over schools in that part of the country.

In 1866, he was appointed deputy clerk, by Daniel W. Souder, and he performed his duties so nicely that County Clerk Metzger, who succeeded to the head of the office, decided he couldn't keep official house without him. The people in general seem to have discovered his good qualities and he was, in 1868, chosen to succeed Mr. Metzger.

During the time Mr. Belot was employed in the clerk's office—both as deputy and as head of the department—he devoted every spare moment of his time to the study of law. In his earlier years he had learned to economize the minutes and by the time he was ready to leave the office he had not only the satisfaction of feeling that his official duties had been well performed, but that he was fully fitted to practice his profession. He was admitted to the bar at once, and is now the law partner of Judge John H. Aiken.



WILBUR WYNANT



THIS young man is away up in the oil business. These are the steps by which he climbed the derrick: Mr. Wynant was born in a little log house in Jasper county thirty-four years ago. He attended school in Larwill and then taught in the country districts for seven terms. In the between times he managed to attend the Normal University at Ada, Ohio, using the earnings from his work as a teacher.

Then he became interested in the insurance business and started in to study human nature. During the time of the Chicago World's Fair, he added to his stock of experience as a railroad brakeman, running on both freight and passenger trains. Then returning to the insurance business he operated successfully in all the large cities between Washington and Chicago, and then, having framed the entire plan himself, set about to organize the Fraternal Assurance Society, of America, with headquarters in Fort Wayne. To this he gave his entire personal attention until the development of the Indiana oil fields succeeded in interesting him. He resigned his position as manager of the Fraternal on January 1, 1904, but retains the office of Supreme Recording Secretary, in order to give more attention to his oil interests.

Mr. Wynant is one of the best organizers in the state. He has successfully launched a large number of well-established concerns, and has put about \$100,000 into the development of the Geneva, Alexandria, Fairmount and Johnesboro oil fields in the past year.

It may be of interest to know that Indiana leads all other states in the production of oil. It has now 9,439 wells owned by 2,567 different concerns or individuals. The industry employs 1,492 wage earners at a cost of \$1,045,625 annually.

Mr. Wynant is president of the King Medical Institute and holds the office of director in eight important business concerns.

JAMES C. PELTIER

IN this little sketch we get a good view of a jolly undertaker—a man whose life is necessarily surrounded by other people's sadness, yet who manages to keep smiling. Perhaps this is the result of the knowledge that his life is not a fractional part as sad as it might be. But why philosophize? It's sufficient to say that Mr. Peltier is always good-natured.

When we think of the burial of the dead most of us associate with it the Peltier name. This is because the Peltiers, father and son, have been engaged in the undertaking business in Fort Wayne since the early pioneer days, when the father, Louis Peltier, conducted the first undertaking establishment here. To this business the son, James C., succeeded, and for years he has been a leader in his business and is one of our representative citizens. Mr. Peltier was educated in the city schools and at Notre Dame University. He had been attending Notre Dame for two years when the smell of distant explosives in 1862 prompted him to give up his studies and enlist as a soldier in the Twelfth Indiana regiment. He was wounded fighting for the flag at Richmond, Kentucky, and his injuries were of such a serious nature that he was honorably discharged and returned home. On his recovery from his wounds he entered the undertaking business with his father. The latter retired from the firm in 1882, and since then the son has been conducting the business alone. With the soldiers of the War of the Rebellion he has always been popular, and for two years he was commander of the Sion S. Bass Post, G. A. R., of this city. In business progressive and anxious to do the right thing by everybody, and in social circles genial, he has made friends everywhere.





EDWARD J. EHRMAN

Fort Wayne men in Fort Wayne are better known than Mr. Ehrman. We associate his name with the telegraph and messenger service of the city, for he is the manager here of the Postal Telegraph Company and the Fort Wayne District Telegraph Company, two corporations having much to do with our business and social life. He was born at Monroeville, Ohio, and, with his parents, when ten years old, came to this city. Here he was educated in the parochial schools and leaving them, entered busy life in which he has continuously remained.

During the last administration of President Cleveland he took government service in the Fort Wayne postoffice as distributing clerk and assistant superintendent of carriers under Postmaster Kaough. When Mr. Kaough retired from the postoffice and re-entered the agricultural implement business Mr. Ehrman followed him in his employ until 1897 when he took the position of deputy township assessor with W. V. Walsh. When Mr. Bohan was elected county treasurer Mr. Ehrman accepted under him a deputyship in the office. But his business abilities and worth had attracted the attention of others—the owners of the Postal Telegraph Company and the Fort Wayne District Telegraph Company. They offered him the position of manager of these companies, and, refusing the place with County Treasurer Bohan, he accepted it. For five years, 1868, until 1892, he represented his ward in the city council. He gave municipal questions a close study and displayed marked ability in their adjustment in that body.

CLEMENT W. EDGERTON

ONE day, twenty-five years ago, the quiet, peaceable inhabitants of the little city of Fort Wayne were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement and consternation. The cause of it all was the appearance of a strange being on the streets. One small boy who beheld it burst in the door of his home, where he sought refuge, exclaiming breathlessly: "Ma, ma! I've just seen the devil! He was riding on a wagon wheel with another littler wheel fastened to his tail!"

But it wasn't His Satanic Majesty at all. It was "Clem" Edgerton astride a bicycle—the high kind—the first bicycle ever seen in Fort Wayne and perhaps the first to be brought to Indiana. Mr. Edgerton had read an article in Scribner's describing the new invention and decided to own one of the new-fangled contrivances of locomotion. He bought it in Boston. Later, as others purchased wheels, Mr. Edgerton organized our first bicycle club with seven members. During the nine years he rode his high wheel he never took a "header;" but as soon as he bought a safety he met with an accident which laid him up for several weeks. A street car motorman, while making goo-goo's at a girl on the street, let his car run into a team of mules, which in turn ran over Mr. Edgerton. Luckily, the judge of the superior court was a passenger on the car and witnessed the whole proceedings. The company paid the damages.

Mr. Edgerton also enjoys the distinction of being the original "Kodaker." He was for twenty years engaged in the manufacture and sale of plows and agricultural implements and is the inventor of a successful plow. He was in the bicycle business for fifteen years.

Mr. Edgerton is a native of Fort Wayne. He has traveled extensively in our own and foreign lands.



W. OTTO GROSS



THE day that Virginia seceded from the Union in 1861 William Otto Gross made things very lively at his home in Richmond. The cry was "On to Richmond," but William Otto was bawling there. He made as much trouble as 144 babies. He was a gross annoyance. Virginia had lost her statehood, but the new arrival made up for the loss. While the North was throwing salt and pepper at Richmond, Otto was getting cream and sugar. In 1867 the Rev. Karl Gross moved to Buffalo, New York, and, of course, W. O. went along, taking a straight cut from Richmond. He entered the public schools and there joined the Buffaloes very early. Then he entered the University. Among other things, he studied medicine and for six years was in the drug business there.

In 1880 he came to Fort Wayne. In this city he first worked in the Meyer Brothers drug store. In 1881 he went to the New York College of Pharmacy, studying chemistry under Prof. C. F. Chandler. After returning to Fort Wayne in 1885 he purchased an interest in the T. F. Thieme drug store and the firm for sixteen years prospered. He disposed of his interests to enter business for himself and now has a fine pharmacy at the corner of Barr and Washington streets. Incidentally, to keep up with his profession, he was graduated from the Fort Wayne College of Medicine in 1897. Although Dr. Gross' distinguished father is a preacher, Dr. Gross does not practice.

When Mayor Oakley was at the head of the city government he looked about for a chemist to serve the city. Dr. Gross was the first official to act for Fort Wayne in that capacity. This was in June, 1891. Ten years later we have Dr. W. O. Gross as one of the public school trustees of Fort Wayne. He is the first Republican treasurer this board has had since this city was in swaddling clothes. It is an honor that Dr. Gross will wear well.

CHARLES H. WORDEN

ONE day when he was a boy, Mr. Worden sat by the kitchen fire watching the tea kettle boil. You will remember that James Watt did the same thing and the lesson he learned was that steam has great power: the locomotive, the ocean liner and our great engines are the result of his boyish observations. But the boy Worden wasn't thinking about the power of the steam. He continued to watch the kettle for some time and then remarked:

"If a common, ordinary tea kettle can keep up a lively song and dance even though it is in hot water up to its nose, I know that I, even if troubles do come, can always keep smiling."

And that's what he has continued to do whether the path of life ran smoothly or not, and we believe he has taught many others to do likewise.

Mr. Worden is purely a Fort Wayne product; born in September, 1850. He secured his schooling here and at the University of Michigan, and afterward studied law in the office of his father. In 1882, he entered the law office of Judge Robert S. Taylor. He was admitted to the bar in 1883. In 1886, he formed a partnership with John Morris, junior, which continued several years, after which Mr. Worden continued to practice alone until December, 1891, when the partnership with Judge Allen Zollars was formed. Mr. Worden is a Democrat, and his voice in behalf of party success has been frequently heard.

On leaving the practice of law he became the manager of the First National Bank, of which he is the vice-president and acting president. He is actively interested in the success of the Winona Assembly and was one of the men who brought about its organization.

Mr. Worden is a member of the Haydn quartet—that celebrated organization of sweet singers which has delighted thousands for twenty-six years, without a change in its personnel.

Mr. Worden is a good man and we like him.





R. G. THOMPSON

"FOLLOW the flag!" is "Colonel" Thompson's battle cry. There is no better railroad man in Indiana than "Dick," as he is called by his friends, and he has a host of them. The newspaper boys always put "Colonel" in front of his name. And he would have been a colonel if he had not been wearing frocks during all the time that the War of the Rebellion was going on. He is the district passenger agent of the Wabash Railroad Company, with headquarters and offices in this city. He has been a resident of three states. Born in Iowa, he moved when a lad, with his parents, to Peading, Michigan. There he was educated, leaving the high schools well equipped mentally for life's duties. In 1860, at the age of twenty years, he began railroad work for the Fort Wayne & Jackson and was sent to Waterloo, Indiana, as ticket agent. It only took the company six months to find out that his abilities were too big and his services too valuable for a town of that size, and they transferred him to the agency at Fort Wayne. One road wasn't big enough for him, and, in 1884, his road was merged with the Lake Shore, and he was made joint agent. His abilities to get business soon attracted the attention of the great Wabash, and they got after him. The result was he took service with them in 1888 as passenger and ticket agent. He has been with them since. His jurisdiction now extends to towns east and west on the main line and also on the Detroit division. Everybody thinks there is no better fellow on earth than genial "Dick" Thompson.

NEWTON D. DOUGHMAN

DID you ever stop to think that the largest number of our foremost lawyers, like the prize pumpkins and blue ribbon jerseys exhibited at the county fairs, come from the best farms? Well, they do. Mr. Doughman, for instance, did; and he is certainly a member of the profession to be proud of.

He is now the law partner of Judge Walter Olds, the firm being among the ablest practitioners at the bar in this city. Mr. Doughman was born in this county and, until he left his country home to attend college, did his share of the farm work. Acquiring the rudiments of his education in the country district schools, he attended the Methodist College in this city, from which he was graduated. As the stepping-stone of so many of our lawyers to their profession, he taught school for seven years, four of which were as principal of the graded schools at New Haven. He was thus well equipped for the study of the law, which he pursued under the tutelage of Hon. Henry Colerick. After his admission to the bar he established himself in practice in this city. His abilities as a speaker in the political campaign and his wide acquaintance in the county secured him the nomination and election as prosecuting attorney and this office he held for four years. On his retirement from this position he associated himself in practice with Senator R. C. Bell and remained his partner until that distinguished orator's death. Messrs. Olds & Doughman are attorneys for the Fort Wayne & Southwestern Railroad Company. On the many complex questions arising out of the building of the interurban line and its entrance into this city Mr. Doughman was its spokesman in the city council and in the courts. He is the company's attorney now and also represents other railroads.



ALLAN H. DOUGALL



THE subject of this sketch went to the Philippines to see if the constitution had really followed the flag.

Captain Dougall writes home that he found a very strong constitution. Although born in Scotland and educated in Glasgow, he has ever since maturity been following the American flag. When the Civil War broke out he followed Sherman's colors to the sea. At the battle of Resaca he was shot through the right arm and shoulder. Although never able to draw a sword again, he remained with his regiment and was shot through the left leg at the battle of Peach Tree Creek. Later, at the battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, he was shot through the right leg while saving his regimental colors. His constitution was weaker than the flag when carried from the field. Congress decorated him with a medal for this act.

When President Harrison wanted to know what the flag was doing in Alaska he sent Captain Dougall up there to nail flags on totem poles. It took him six months to get the constitution walking around after the flag. He labored for the Department of Justice. When Garza, the revolutionist, needed attention on the Mexican border Captain Dougall was sent there *in cog* on secret business for the State and Justice departments. He spent six months in Mexico and Texas, following Garza. President Diaz and President Harrison praised him for his success. He has wonderful executive ability in gathering valuable information and statistics.

A cablegram called him to Manila about a year ago. His first duty was a trip to the remote corner of Luzon to confer with the Igorotes, or head hunters of the Filipino tribes. Recently he has been issuing the new Philippine money and arranging to drive Spanish and Mexican money from the island. His most cheering task is reading a letter from home. He has traveled in every state, territorial and island possession of the United States except Cuba and Porto Rico.

DANIEL F. BASH

It isn't very often that Dan Bash gets scared. But there was once upon a time that he was nearly frightened out of his boots, and he didn't get over it for a long while.

It happened out in wild and woolly Wyoming while Dan held the job of paymaster's clerk of the United States Army under his uncle, Major D. N. Bash. For a long period Mr. Bash was stationed at San Antonio, Texas, but the headquarters were transferred to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Upon one memorable occasion a troop of cowboys swooped down upon them, scooped up \$7,350.00 worth of coin belonging to Uncle Sam and disappeared with it in their sombreros. Then was when Dan got scared. He and his uncle didn't feel like diving into their jeans and making up the deficiency, so they told Congress about it, and a bill was passed appropriating the needed amount. But Grover Cleveland refused to sign the bill, and things looked gloomy again until a new Congress convened. Mr. Harrison affixed his signature to a new bill, and all was lovely again.

Mr. Bash commenced his varied career in Fort Wayne. After leaving school his health was not of the best, so he was sent to Denver, Colorado, where he continued his school work. For thirteen years he remained in the west. For a year he studied law in Denver, but didn't take kindly to that brand of excitement. Then he busied himself for a year raising sheep. From this outdoor life he transferred his efforts to the conduct of a wholesale notion store, which he discontinued after one year's experience, and then for four years gave his attention to mining.

Then he returned to Fort Wayne, where he expects to sell turnip seed and otherwise promote the welfare of S. Bash & Company for decades to come.



LUTHER H. KEIL



MR. KEIL is a paper man, although not a newspaper man.

In social affairs there are wallflowers, but in business affairs Mr. Keil is not one of these. He believes in decorating homes. He puts flowers on the walls in endless variety. He began his early business career as circulator on the Fort Wayne Gazette. He learned to draw his salary artistically and later devoted much time to art. He learned the distinction between a tintype and a Rembrandt without the aid of glasses. He soon drifted into the general decorating business. He has never presided at a lynching bee, but can direct his men just how to hang a curtain. He can aid you in selecting beautiful designs for decorating the parlor walls. He can even help you out in the dining-room. Just invite him in and see.

Luther was born and reared in Fort Wayne, and he seems to be proud of the city. He has remained at home to help boom things. He has made many homes attractive. He has many beautiful pictures to put on the walls after the paper is up. There are landscapes in endless variety and some pictures not so well clothed with foliage or other decorations; but the frames are all modest and beautiful. Mr. Keil has artistic ideas, and his display suits all tastes. He knows a good thing when he sees it and keeps his many friends posted. He is a popular young business man in every sense of the word, and his customers are his friends. He does not own an automobile, but never misses a polo game or a baseball game except on Sunday. The fact that he likes Fort Wayne and remains in the city of his birth indicates that he has good taste in selecting a home as well as selecting beautiful pictures or blending colors to make the interior of a home attractive.

WILLIAM H. SHAMBAUGH

SOME men were born great, and a few others were born in Cedar Creek township. City Attorney William Henry Shambaugh belongs to the latter class. All of the greatness he has acquired was accumulated through hard work. He was born on a farm and lingered there till he was graduated from the country schools. Then he went from the pasture lot to the Indiana University at Bloomington. He concluded his law course at the Lebanon, Ohio, Normal School. He then came back to Allen county and entered the office of Judge Alden. He was admitted to the bar in 1884 and opened a law office of his own. He arose to fame by being elected to the Indiana legislature in 1887 and in 1888. He was the father of the house appropriation bill which made it possible for Fort Wayne to get the Indiana School for Feeble-Minded Youth. In 1891 he was appointed city attorney for this municipality by the Democratic mayor, and he has hung to this office with tenacity ever since, excepting the two years of Mayor Oakley's administration. Shambaugh was nominated by the Democrats as a candidate for mayor, but the people wanted him as city attorney more than they wanted him as mayor, and he took a back seat in the rear gallery of municipal stars for two years. Again we find him running the legal end of the city and telling the erstwhile statesmen where to back into oblivion when he chooses to play a stellar engagement before the municipal footlights. William knows how to run his tongue to say things which are pleasant, witty and interesting. He is not as silent as some statesmen. He is an orator and is frequently heard at banquets. He has been toastmaster at Elk functions, and his eloquence is often heard at public gatherings. He has a silver tongue, but is a little inclined toward golden thoughts.



LOUIS A. CENTLIVRE



ANYONE who lives on Spy Run avenue is not in it. That is, he doesn't live in Fort Wayne. This is one reason that Louie Centlivre has to have a horse and buggy to come to town. Louie is very much at home in town, however, and some day he may not have to move to be right in it. Louie won't sell his horse then, because he loves fine horses too well. He has had a hand in making Fort Wayne famous for fast horseflesh.

Louie ought to be called "Major"—not because he was ever a member of the Salvation Army, but because he was a member of Governor Matthews' official staff. Louie bought more gold buttons than a major-general ever wore, and he had enough gold braid to put a gilt lining on every cloud in the dome above on a sunless day. Louie was born to command, but on the governor's staff a "major" is about as high as a tray in a soiled deck. But Louie was the handsomest man on the staff, and on dress parade he was the cynosure of all eyes. He was the only man on the staff who knew how to pronounce the French on a bill of fare, and in consequence always had the place of honor next to the governor at all banquets. He always carried on his conversation with the governor in kitchen and parlor French. For some time, whenever he spoke of himself and the governor he said something which sounded like the editorial "we." Louie says he will never forget when his friends here gave him that \$500 sword. He uses it to cut grass now. His children use the brass buttons for marbles, and the gold braid has been loaned to the Democratic party for a platform lining. Since retiring from "office" Mr. Centlivre has been doing duty as the president of the C. L. Centlivre Brewing Company. His duties keep him busily engaged, but he also has spare time to devote his energies to other enterprises in which he is heavily interested.

CARL YAPLE

A MAN born in Michigan, as the old saying goes, is a Michigander, but Attorney Carl Yaple left the flock up north and came down to Fort Wayne to shed his feathers. He was born at Coldwater, and although a Michigander takes kindly to water, Carl left the pond to seek knowledge in dry books.

He came out of the Coldwater high school with honors and then went to Albion college. Later we find him taking the literary course at the Ann Arbor university. After he got literary he did not come to Indiana to write novels, but entered the law department of the Indiana University. In 1866 he began the practice of law in the office of Vesey & Heaton. Two years ago he formed a partnership with Attornes Ben F. Heaton, and this law firm has been eminently successful.

Mr. Yaple's father is an able Michigan jurist and has occupied the circuit bench with honor, has been to Congress, and not long ago was the Democratic nominee for the governorship.

Carl has become active in Allen county politics and is now vice-president of the Jefferson club. He is well equipped mentally for a career at the bar, and by inheritance he possesses many of the traits which have made his father an able man in the courts of Michigan. He lives in Lakeside, near Delta Lake, and this is as near as he could get to cold water and reside in Fort Wayne. He likes Fort Wayne and her people, and he is well liked by all who have had the pleasure to meet him.



TOM SNOOK



WHEN Tom Snook was a small boy he resembled all other small boys in his fondness for stories; and the tales which interested him most were those which concerned that wonderful land on the opposite side of the ocean, for it must be known that he was then a subject of good Queen Victoria.

As the years passed and he learned in school of this great America of ours, he began to entertain a longing to know more about it. This desire ripened into a decision to see it some day, and when the time came for him to leave the army service of her majesty he boarded a vessel and came across, landing at a Canadian port, for, while he thought that the future might see him a full-fledged son of Uncle Sam, yet he did not want to rush hurriedly into the new condition. He remained loyal to his sovereign by following there the trade to which he had been apprenticed in England—carpentry. At a convenient time he left Canada and came across the border. Mr. Snook doesn't know just what turn of fortune brought him to Fort Wayne; but he's glad that it happened that way, as he has found it to be a beloved spot, the experience of scores of others whom chance has seemed to place in this locality, and who are now adding to the charm and attractiveness of the city, which has a healthy growth through that medium.

Mr. Snook, though a young man, is one of the leading building contractors of this section of Indiana. From a comparatively small beginning he has, through upright, frugal practices, grown to a place of earned prominence. One of the newest products of his ability is the palatial home of Mr. Paul Mossman on West Wayne street. Mr. Snook has no fads, but he likes to sing and to drive a sprightly horse.

LEWIS P. SHARP

THE man riding the G. O. P. elephant is Lewis P. Sharp. He is appropriately thus pictured because he is the Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee, and he knows how to guide the Republican elephant along paths of safety. He has been on its back in political campaigns of the past and understands its ways. He has been active and prominent in the affairs of his party for years and it was his abilities as a campaign worker and organizer that led to his selection by the Republicans for the position of county chairman.

Mr. Sharp is the chief deputy in the office of County Treasurer Funk, a position he has held since that gentleman assumed his office last January. Fort Wayne has not always been the home of Mr. Sharp. He is a native of the state of New York. There he was educated, graduating from the St. Lawrence University and teaching school during his college vacations. He was a school teacher before he was nineteen years of age. Educated for this profession, he came west as a young man and located in this county, where he taught school for several years and then followed the same occupation in Iowa and Illinois.

In the latter state, at Rock Island, he engaged in the queensware business and returning to Fort Wayne in 1860 conducted a large store of the same kind in this city. Afterwards he engaged in the bicycle and sewing machine business here. His last occupation before entering the county treasurer's office was as traveling salesman for the Fort Wayne Oil and Supply Company. Mr. Sharp's profession as a teacher and his business have given him a wide acquaintance throughout the county.



ISADORE MAUTNER



In one peculiar respect, base ball differs from all other lines of effort in which a young man may engage. In everything else we advise the youth of our day to strike out for himself—it's the road to success. In base ball, the youth who "strikes out for himself" brings forth such highly embarrassing remarks as these from the grand-stand: "Rotten! Go back to the farm!" etc.

Isadore Mautner, president of the Fort Wayne Base Ball Association, which controls the aggregation of local pennant winners, hasn't got a lot of hired men in his employ who stand up as targets for such comments. No, he knows his business from A to Z. His team in the Central League won the pennant in 1903, and everybody knows what they did during the season just closed.

Mr. Mautner might not be able to take a "fly" in the field. He might not be able to collar a "hot one" at "short" or second base; he might "go down" at the bat in the one, two, three order every day in the week; he might make a failure as an umpire or as a field captain; but as a base ball manager he is certainly a success, and as such the base ball uniform fits him all right. Perhaps it's the first time he has ever worn one.

Mr. Mautner, during the two seasons he has managed the Fort Wayne team, has given the people of this city good, clean ball. He has had a winning club, a bunch of fast players, and made the game one that commanded and secured the patronage of its lovers and won for it new friends. The national game is here to stay as long as the Fort Wayne club is under his splendid management.

Previous to taking charge of the ball club Mr. Mautner was in the clothing business as manager of the big and well-known clothing house of Sam, Pete & Max, a firm that did business here for many years. He became their successor and, under the firm name of Mautner & Company, continued in business for himself for several years.

E. GREGG DAVIS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was a discoverer of note, but it is confidentially whispered that as a discoverer of new additions E. Gregg Davis has Chris in the last seat in the gallery behind a post. Chris sailed across the big wide pond, while Gregg makes sales of real estate and flies into business. Gregg was not born in Italy. This is another thing in his favor. He was born in Fort Wayne about twenty-seven years ago. After a prolonged experience with the Fort Wayne public schools he entered the Pennsylvania freight office and held almost every job in the place before he resigned, five years ago. For two years he was with the Central Traffic Association looking into rates and tonnage.

In March, 1922, he embarked in the real estate business. Like Columbus, he began making discoveries, and Lawton Place addition, Oakhill Grove addition, Nickel Plate addition, Huriman Place addition, Interurban Acre addition, Morton Place addition and East Creighton Avenue addition were put on the map. He planted E. Gregg Davis banners on all these additions and began to look about for natives with enough dough to invest.

While he has been doing this he claims to have discovered the man who is building the new theatre and "points with pride" to his work. Gregg's deals in dirt are constantly increasing. He is daily working to get real estate off his hands. Socially he is a popular young business man. To look at him in his busiest hours one would not imagine that he is a comedian and a singer. He starred for one consecutive night with the Tippecanoe club minstrel company and made a hit. He is an active Scottish Rite Mason and belongs to all of the clubs which are designed to improve the city of Fort Wayne. He is thoroughly a Fort Wayneite, first, last and all of the time.





ROBERT L. FOX

In a few years from the present, 1901, you may turn the pages of this book and at certain places where now a laugh may be found, no humor will then be discernible; while on other pages an added smile may be discovered, placed there by the changes which time alone can bring.

One notable change will be the shifting of the places of importance in the commercial and professional world from the older to the younger shoulders. A number, in ten or fifteen years, will have passed from the field of activity and many of the young men, like Mr. Fox, for example, who is just building his business career, will be occupying the center of the stage. Keep the book carefully and observe the truth of the prediction.

Robert L. Fox, whom we discover here displaying a noble piece of furniture, is a member of the important house of Fox, Hite & Company. He was born here twenty-six years ago, and when old enough to repeat the alphabet he started to school at one of the parochial institutions. Upon finishing the course, he entered Notre Dame University and graduated in 1901. Thus equipped in a general way for the solution of life's problems, he took a course in a business college to fit himself for a commercial career. It was after leaving this school that he purchased G. W. Soliday's interest in Soliday, Hite & Company.

This concern is a "booster," one of the big retail houses of the city. They call it the "New" store because the styles of their furniture and carpets and the other various lines are never allowed to become old or out-of-date.

HERMAN T. SIEMON

HERE is a man who might be called "Teddy" with impunity. He is a big man. If you don't believe it ask his tailor. He is not carrying these books and ink to reduce his flesh, but to show them to a customer in his big book store so as to reduce the stock of books.

Herman Theodore Siemon is a product of the Second ward. He still lives in the ward. Mayor Berghoff, City Clerk Schmidt and a large colony of Syrians also live in this ward. H. Theodore Siemon is proud of his ward. His father, the late August Siemon, and his father's brother, Rudolph Siemon, founded the Siemon Brothers book store on Clinton street in 1845. Later Rudolph Siemon retired from the firm, and since the demise of August Siemon, the senior member of the firm, the business has been controlled by two of his sons, H. T. Siemon, the subject of this sketch, and his brother, Henry R. Siemon. The firm name has not been changed in all these years. The firm has a 4900 location on Calhoun street in the very heart of the city.

Before Herman "Teddy" Siemon began reading the books in his own store he went to Saint Paul's Lutheran school, the Fort Wayne high school and also Concordia College. He learned to read early and keeps it up late. "Reading maketh a full man," and as Herman is constantly surrounded by good books no wonder he is an expansionist. His looks are not deceiving. He has read everything from Joe Miller's joke book to the gold plank in the Democratic platform. He does not believe everything he reads in modern historical novels, but he has a penchant for telling his legion of friends the names of good stories when he locates them. If he should drop the bottle of ink which he is carrying it would be the only dark spot in his entire business career.



GEORGE W. PIXLEY



IT is almost an even money wager that George W. Pixley played with building blocks on the New York farm of his father, near Utica, in 1834 and 1835. In more recent years Mr. Pixley has been engaged in building blocks. He was most active in the building of the Masonic Temple in this city. He assisted in building the Pixley-Long Block and has been president of the Tri-State Building and Loan Association which has erected so many substantial homes in Fort Wayne. No wonder he was made a thirty-third degree Mason in 1894. He has been so busy building up Fort Wayne since his arrival here in 1876 that he needed to be either a Mason or a carpenter.

Mr. Pixley comes from good continental stock and his great-grandfather raised and furnished a regiment of his own for the Revolutionary war. He went to the front with his Connecticut troops and placed the name of Pixley on the pages of revolutionary history. After the close of the war, his sons began the development of middle New York. George W. Pixley was the son of one of these sturdy settlers. He received his early education in New York and came to Fort Wayne about thirty years ago. His great-grandfather furnished a regiment of soldiers. The subject of this sketch came west to furnish the regiment of toilers and professional men of Fort Wayne with clothing. The firm of Pixley & Company owns many stores and the Fort Wayne branch certainly does its share in keeping men well dressed. In order that men in this vicinity would be compelled to keep well dressed both night and day, Mr. Pixley was one of the enthusiastic promoters of the Jenney Electric Light and Power company. He is still the treasurer of the local lighting company and has, in many ways, assisted materially in clothing Fort Wayne with metropolitan airs and her men and boys with suitable surroundings.

CHARLES E. BOND

ACTIONS sometimes speak plainer than words. So do facial expressions. In the sketch we discover Mr. Bond making the silent but nevertheless emphatic announcement that he is about to get action, and if you don't want to suffer personal injury you must stand aside.

Mr. Bond is not a professional golfer. He hasn't fractured any of the Kekionga championship records. He's like the true sportsman, who is willing to tish all day long and come home weary but satisfied even if he doesn't get a bite. He plays golf because he likes it and because a man who is confined within doors during the greater part of the day must have a good deal of out-of-door exercise after working hours if he desires to remain long as a happy resident of this earth.

Mr. Bond is the assistant cashier of the Old National Bank. The Bond name—itself suggestive of the business with which it has been so long associated in Fort Wayne—has been connected with local banking institutions for nearly sixty years. Although two of the men who have kept it there during the greater portion of that time—Messrs. S. B. Bond and J. D. Bond—are soon to retire from active business life, Mr. C. E. Bond, through his continued connection with the Old National Bank, will keep the name prominent. With the extension of the charter of the Old National, beginning with next December, the official personnel of that institution will be revised; at that time will occur the changes suggested.

This bank had its beginning in the early thirties, when it was organized as the State Bank of Indiana, with Hon. Samuel Hanna as its president. The branch of the State Bank of Indiana succeeded it, and in 1895 it was reorganized as the Fort Wayne National Bank. It remained so until 1894, when the present house was organized to succeed it.

Mr. Bond is a loyal and enthusiastic member of the Commercial Club and of the Anthony Wayne Club, being a director in and the treasurer of both organizations. He is a Scottish Rite Mason and a member of the Indiana consistory.



RONALD DAWSON



THE belief that a "jack at all trades is a cracker-jack at none" may have been all right when the statement was originally made but there are exceptions to it now, even in this day of specialists.

Take Mr. Dawson, for example:

He can get you a divorce or do you a dainty piece of tatting. He can make a thrilling speech on democracy or carve you a handsome library table. He can give you a pleasing dissertation on the old masters or bake you a luscious cherry pie. He can design a cozy town house or a unique summer cottage and speak German as well as the mayor. He can prepare an exhaustive article on "The Ichthyopterygium of the Ichthyosaurus" for the Fortnightly Club or do you a pretty piece of pyrography. He can defend you in the courts of justice or prepare you a variety of dainty dishes fit for a king. He can corner enough votes in Allen County to make himself prosecuting attorney or plan a landscape garden as well as anybody else. He can give a song and dance at the Elks' Minstrel's or—well, if there's anything you wish done or want a suggestion as to how to do it, ask Ronald.

Mr. Dawson is the young prosecuting attorney of Allen County and has been renominated for that office. Like his grandfather and his father, both big men of Indiana, he is a Democrat. He began his education in the German schools of Fort Wayne and then attended Concordia College. He later graduated from Purdue University and the Albany, New York, Law School. After his admission to the bar he became the partner of Judge John H. Aiken until that gentleman's elevation to the bench. Since then he has been affiliated with Homer C. Underwood.

Mr. Dawson's cottage at Rome City—a rustic creation—is one of the prettiest of the pretty summer houses at that popular resort.

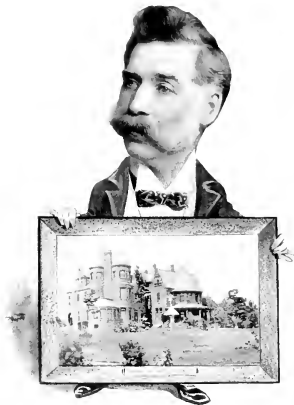
JOHN F. WING

EVERY man is compelled to be the architect of his own future. A whole lot of us would come out more successfully in the end if we could only sublet the contract.

Mr. Wing doesn't pose as a dealer in futures, but as an architect of buildings he certainly occupies a prominent seat in the front row. We asked him the other day to give us a list of the principal buildings which had been designed by the firm of Wing & Mahurin. He pulled out a list about a rod and a half long, finely written, and from that great array we copied the following:

The main buildings of the Indiana School for Feeble-Minded Youth; Indiana building at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition; Hancock county court house; Starke county court house; Ottawa county (Ohio) court house; Jay county jail; Sullivan county infirmary; Kosciusku county infirmary; Marshall county infirmary; Monroe county infirmary; Wabash high school; Greenfield high school; Saint Paul's Lutheran church, Fort Wayne; Bloomington Baptist church; Noblesville Christian church. In fact, there were so many big contracts in the list that our eyes began to swim before he even commenced to show us the big list of magnificent dwellings, so we cried quits. He did insist, however, on showing us the picture of "Brookside," the beautiful home of John H. Bass, built after the Wing & Mahurin plans, and in this attitude we snapshot him.

Mr. Wing is a native of Dexter, Michigan. He took a classical course at Ann Arbor, but studied architecture out of hours. This was fortunate, for, on the death of his father, he was compelled to leave school and begin work, which he was able to do with a firm of Ann Arbor architects. He was at Jackson for a time and came to Fort Wayne in 1878. His partnership with W. S. Mahurin dates from 1881.



HENRY BEADELL



FORT WAYNE seems to have assembled many of its best citizens from the four quarters of the globe. Mr. Beadell is an Englishman. He was born in London, and in that great city began his learning of the dry goods business which has enabled him to make such a great success of the People's Store of today.

It was in 1882 that Mr. Beadell decided to come to America. A peculiar incident of the trip was the fact that one of his fellow passengers was Jumbo, the biggest elephant that ever grew. The beast had just been purchased by Barnum from the London Zoological Gardens, and his importation attracted world-wide attention.

Upon his arrival in the United States Mr. Beadell went to Norwich, Connecticut, where he remained a year in the dry goods business before coming to Fort Wayne. Here he formed a partnership with the late Thomas Stewart and John Jameson, the firm being Stewart, Jameson & Beadell. Upon the dissolution of this firm, the business passed to Stewart & Hahn. Mr. Beadell then removed to Lafayette and entered the employ of the Boston Store. But in 1887, having learned to like Fort Wayne during his brief residence here, he returned and formed a partnership with Nolas Dodots, the firm being known as Dodots, Beadell & Company, proprietors of the People's Store. Two or three years later this firm was succeeded by Beadell & Company, with Mr. Beadell as the active head. The business was begun in a room 40 x 60 feet in size. Just notice its growth: Three years ago the People's Store moved into its present magnificent quarters occupying 44,000 square feet. An average of from eighty to one hundred people are constantly employed.

Mr. Beadell is an ex-president of the Commercial Club and an active member of its board of directors. He is a member of the board of directors of the People's Trust Company, and has many other local interests.

EDWARD G. HOFFMAN

THIS young man is a native of Allen County, and, having been absent for several years to fit himself for his life work he has returned to make his career in the community of his birth. And if the reports which echo from the schools indicate his ability, he is certainly prepared to build well upon a substantial foundation.

Mr. Hoffman is a lawyer. He was born on a farm near Maysville, Springheld Township. After attending the Maysville schools for some time, he took a course in the Valparaiso College, giving special attention to literary work. Here he showed marked ability as a speaker and began the work that attracted to him the honors which came through his later efforts when he entered the University of Michigan to study law. At the Ann Arbor school Mr. Hoffman was president of the Class of '03, which graduated in June of that year. During his stay in the school the University of Michigan made a splendid debating and oratorical record, and much of this was due to Hoffman's ability and personal efforts as a member of the cup debating team of that institution. He held the important position of president of the Central Debating League, composed of teams representing the Northwestern University, the University of Chicago, the University of Minnesota and the University of Michigan. He thoroughly proved his worthiness and title to the place, especially as the leader of the Michigan team in its victorious bout with the Pennsylvania University, and as the leader in the celebrated Chicago-Michigan debate. While in the school he officiated as an associate editor of the Michigan Law Review.

On leaving the university he came to Fort Wayne and formed a partnership with W. N. Ballou, also a Michigan graduate. Mr. Hoffman's voice has not often been heard in public since he came to town to stay, but he is young yet and the future is full of opportunities.



GAYLORD M. LESLIE



IT is no crime to be born in Ohio, because many great men originated in that state. Dr. Gaylord M. Leslie first saw the light of day at Convoy, only a little way from the Indiana line. When he began to see things clearly, he yearned for Indiana, and he came down the line. To cure himself of the Ohio habit he began the study of medicine in the Fort Wayne College of Medicine. He liked the cure and has never left Fort Wayne. He was graduated in 1908 and immediately began the practice of medicine. He was a deep student and rose rapidly in his profession. He devoted much attention to the study of tubercular troubles. He became ill, and while asleep one day the surgeons removed his appendix. What was left of him recovered, although he took a trip to Arizona to recuperate. He left his heart in Indiana. Since his marriage he has had much to do with the management of Brookside, the beautiful suburban home of his father-in-law, John H. Bass.

Although his early life was devoted to the study of the minutest germs, he is now able to tell the difference between a Clydesdale and a Shetland, or between a Gallo-way and a hairless Mexican dog. He made the Gallo-way cattle and the Clydesdale horses of Northern Indiana famous. Personally he is a delightful gentleman and a most active young business man. He has shown himself thoroughly capable in all his undertakings and it may be a good thing that he came down the Ohio line into Hoosierdom. Convoy is a good place to come from. We are all glad the doctor is here.

AUGUSTUS C. AURENTZ

"GUS" AURENTZ is probably entitled to more credit for the unusually large number of happy weddings among the young people of this community than any other living person. Take for instance the case of a young man who has hopes of winning the heart and hand and millinery bills of the fairest damsel in the adjoining ward. Suppose he doesn't come right out and tell her what he's thinking about, but quietly takes her to Mr. Aurentz's refreshment parlor and treats her to a luscious Sundae, with cherries on it. Then suppose he repeats this program and varies the order, occasionally taking away with them a box of Mr. Aurentz's fine bonbons and chocolates. And suppose some time when her grateful little soul is longing for some expression of her gratitude he takes advantage of the opportunity and lovingly assures her that if she will only be his companion through life their existence will be one continuous round of this sort of thing. Would she turn him down? Well, we guess not.

And so we say that while Mr. Aurentz isn't conducting a matrimonial bureau he is doing a whole lot of good in this direction.

"Gus" has always lived here. He attended the Brothers' school and for six years carried newspapers. When he was fifteen he entered the employ of the Fox Bakery and remained seven years—first he was a receiving clerk, then house salesman, and then he sold crackers and ginger snaps on the road. As an experiment, he opened a small confectionery store at Calhoun and Washington streets, occupying the corner of a drug store. It panned out so well that he quit the place with the Fox people and gave his whole attention to his new venture. We all know how well he has succeeded and why it was necessary to secure larger quarters to accommodate seekers after the best there is.



JESSE BROSIUS



ALTHOUGH Jesse Brosius was born on a farm, he is opposed to farming out municipal franchises for long terms of years to private individuals. He has taken an active stand against long term franchises since he has been serving in the Fort Wayne city council as one of the representatives from the Ninth ward.

About forty-one years ago he was born in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania. When he was ten years old his parents settled on an Allen county farm, and he has resided here ever since. When he quit using the gad after the stock on the farm he took up the rod after the children as an Allen county pedagogue. All of the time he lived in the county he was never afraid of the cars. He never was afraid of the big boys in his schools. This gave him courage, and he entered the government railway mail service, and for fourteen years he lived in postal cars on the Pennsylvania railroad between Pittsburg and Chicago. He handled fast mail, but it never encouraged him to fly at a fast clip himself. He has been an honored and respected citizen of Allen county and Fort Wayne for the past thirty years.

A little over two years ago he quit reading postal cards and addresses, and retired to embark in business. He is now the head of the extensive bicycle and carriage firm of Brosius & Brosius, on Clinton street. When his Republican friends in the Ninth ward asked him to run for councilman in a strong Democratic ward he at first declined, but his popularity among his neighbors was firmly established when he was elected by an overwhelming majority. His career in the city council has been fearless, and he stands for honest legislation along progressive lines. Socially he is popular. In city affairs, when he believes he is right, he has the courage of his convictions.

LEWIS O. HULL

MR. HULL was only thirteen when the war broke out, but he managed to enlist as a drummer boy in Company B, One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio Volunteers, and was in the Army of the Gulf under Grant during most of the period of nearly four years of active service. He was in Sherman's attack on Vicksburg and at the battle of Arkansas Post. When the transport "Silver Wave," which was lashed to a gunboat of Commodore Porter's fleet, ran the blockade of Vicksburg on the night of April 10, 1864, he was on board; but he slept soundly through the whole pandemonium of battle and heard never a sound; the long march to reach the boat had worn out the lad with the drum. Later, his regiment was packed like sardines on the transport "City Bell," on Red River, enroute to Alexandria, when a murderous fire from masked batteries and infantry at short range was turned upon them. The vessel was riddled and burned, only one hundred and thirty soldiers escaping, the drummer boy among the number. He was present at the siege of Vicksburg and the battles leading up to it, under General Grant, and was on hand to witness the siege and capture of Blakely and Mobile. So, for a period of nearly four years, he served his country well and was honorably discharged at Houston, Texas, October 14, 1865.

Mr. Hull came directly to Fort Wayne from Texas. However, he is a native of Ohio, having been born at Lucas, in Richland County. He engaged in the wall paper business for himself in 1870, and has continued very successfully ever since. His establishment, located at 830 Calhoun Street, is a model of its kind. Mr. Hull is not rich, nor does he desire to be. He believes that the pursuit of wealth should not be sole aim in life, and that real happiness is to be found between poverty and riches. He believes also that no man should dress his body in broadcloth and let his mind go in rags





THOMAS L. STAPLES

HERE is President Staples of the International Business College, pointing out a truth. It may be a hidden truth to many, but the man or woman who began a successful business or commercial career as a stenographer will read it and say, "Staples is right."

The International, located in the Elektron building, has grown from an insignificant beginning, fourteen years ago, to be the largest business college in Indiana. At first it had an attendance of twenty-five; last year the enrollment passed the five hundred mark. It is a fully equipped, thoroughly efficient business training school. President Staples has only one thing to worry him—the number of applications received each year for young men graduates of the stenographic department is far in excess of the number who complete the course. Here is a pointer for the boy who is wandering the streets wondering what the future has in store for him.

Mr. Staples is a Canadian. He was born in Toronto, where he had the advantage of the best of schooling to fit him for his future work. He is a graduate of the Toronto University and was the gold medalist of the Canadian School of Commerce on the completion of his studies there. For one year after coming to the United States he conducted the International Business College at Saginaw, Michigan. He established the school in Fort Wayne in 1890. Mr. Staples, unlike the heads of nearly all other colleges, spends most of his time in the class room. He has a strong personality, and his students all like him. It is probable that he has no superior as a penman in the United States. He has surrounded himself with a corps of competent instructors, who carry on the work of the various departments under his general supervision. The International is an institution of which Fort Wayne is rightly proud. Mr. Staples made it worthy of that pride.

GEORGE W. BEERS

HERE is a man who has so many lines out that he has pulled himself away up in the telephone world.

George (not Washington but) Ward Beers was born in Darke county, Ohio. He has climbed up in the telephone business so as to get in the light. In Van Wert he began climbing at the age of seven years. He knew every apple tree in the village. Then he began handling timber for railroad supplies. He first got the contract for building the telegraph lines for the Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinac railroad. Just because you see him hanging around the poles is no sign that he is a politician, although it takes a man who knows how to pull the strings just right to get franchises. After building independent telephone exchanges in all of the small towns around Van Wert, Mr. Beers came to Fort Wayne in 1893. He was one of the organizers of the Home Telephone and Telegraph company. Then the conversational powers of many cities and towns in this vicinity were developed. The Western Union, the Postal and the Bell companies refused to connect the independent exchanges. Then he jumped into the missing link business. The International Telephone and Telegraph company was organized, and now the whole of Northern Indiana, Southern Michigan and portions of Ohio as far east as Lima rejoice. Indianapolis was later developed in the independent telephone business. Now Cincinnati is to be improved in its talk. Mr. Beers has secured a franchise there after a sixteen months' fight. The Queen City Telephone company has been created by his hand, and he will soon be stringing the residences and business houses of that city on his lines. He predicts that it will be one of the biggest telephone systems in the United States.

While waiting for his talk to expand, Mr. Beers is the active head of the Investment Company of Northern Indiana.



ARTHUR H. PERFECT



THE accompanying daguerrotype is a pervarication, a misrepresentation, a falsehood and a libel. It pretends to show Mr. Perfect in an attitude of rest and repose. We hasten to apologize for this, as he has never been known to rest or take things easy except on Sundays, and on those days he abandons all thoughts of tomatoes and cheese and prunes.

This gentleman with the perpetual smile is the headliner of A. H. Perfect & Company, the large wholesale grocers. When we stop to consider how nearly we came to not getting him as a resident of Fort Wayne we almost shudder at the thought. It happened in this way—but let us tell the story from the beginning:

Mr. Perfect was born at Anamosa, Iowa. One of the state prisons is located in this town, and when the lad grew old enough to realize what a bad community he had gotten into, he persuaded his folks to move away. They went to Wilmington, Ohio, where, after leaving school, Mr. Perfect began his business experience working in a dry goods store. Then the Perfects moved to Springfield, Ohio. While spending his days selling ribbons and cambrics and all-over embroideries, he devoted his evenings to the study of stenography. Later, he got onto the application of business methods in two large manufacturing institutions. His first business venture was a Findlay, Ohio, where for six years he, in company with a partner operated a wholesale grocery house, Evans, Perfect & Company, with marked success. He sold his interests to his partner and established a grocery house at Madison, Wisconsin. One day, in 1866, while passing through Fort Wayne, he heard of the closing of the wholesale grocery of McDonald & Watt, and thought to purchase a portion of the stock for the Madison house. The result was the buying of the entire stock and the closing of the Madison venture. That's how Mr. Perfect's name came near being left out of our city directory.

HARRY A. KEPLINGER

THERE is no hoodoo attached to the number 13. Harry Keplinger is a living example of this assertion. He was born on the thirteenth of March, forty-three years ago. It was in the dark of the moon when everything was still. This was in Fort Wayne. Harry had thirteen playmates and went to the Fort Wayne schools thirteen years. Harry kept busy all of this time, although when he left school he went into the stationery business with the firm of Keil & Brothers (thirteen letters). He remained stationary with this firm for thirteen years, till the White National (thirteen letters) Bank was established, thirteen years ago. He has been the popular cashier of this institution during its entire career. Harry is so in the habit of signing his name to currency that he writes his signature so fast that he cannot read it himself. Since he entered the banking business he learned that it requires a man with a big deposit to buy spring bonnets and fall bonnets and bonnets. A peep at the checks about Easter time convinced him. This is the reason he is a heavy stockholder and vice-president of the C. T. Pidgeon Company, the wholesale milliners. He gets part of the profits on the Easter bonnets now and can afford to have his hat trimmed extravagantly, as shown in the picture. Pidgeon-Turner has thirteen letters in it, and it attracted him into the millinery business. Since then, however, the name of the concern has been changed. Harry can tell an ostrich tip from a tip on the races any day in the summer. Besides being cashier of the White Bank, he is a director in the Citizens' Trust Company and also a director and treasurer of the Allen County Building and Loan Association. He is a director in four of our important business institutions and wants to be a director in nine more, so as to make it an even thirteen.





FRANK L. TAFT

THE observer should not labor under the hypothesis that a man who picks up pins is single and ready to strut on the stage of life and yell, "My kingdom for a button!" Frank L. Taft is not picking up pins because he is a crusty old bachelor. He is not. He is a happy married man. He is the chairman of the house committee at the Anthony Wayne Club House and on circus days when boys cannot be found outside of a canvas, Frank stoops to conquer and elevate the down-fallen pin. Generally he abhors pins. He is the manager of the S. M. Foster Shirt Waist Factory and manufactures the daintiest kind of concert for the fair sex and no pins are needed to fasten them on. He dispises a woman who is pinned together. It is the artistic effects that the manager of the shirt waist factory admires. He likes to see styles in design and arrangements even if it is only setting up pins for next season's trade. He likes to see beautiful things around a lady. He labors enthusiastically to accomplish this.

Frank was not born yesterday. He came into this world in Columbus, Ohio, where many noted events have occurred within the past century. It was about forty-five years ago that Frank first made his wants known. He liked Columbus and remained there continuously till 1896. He found a better place then and came to Fort Wayne to embark in business. He liked his new home and seems to be a permanent fixture in the manufacturing circles of this metropolis of Indiana. He is active in all organizations which have a tendency to improve Fort Wayne commercially and was very enthusiastic in the reorganization and rejuvenation of the Anthony Wayne Club, the most prominent social club of the city. Mr. Taft does not play golf. He says he is too busy. He is now writing a book of rules on bridge whst which will be published in the next volume of this book.

WALTER R. SEAVEY

HERE is a man who is a Sucker; but he don't look like it. Walter was born in Illinois but as soon as he knew how he left his neighboring Suckers and landed in Hoosterdom. Since landing here he has not been like a fish out of water. He has been right in the swim all of the time. After taking a few dives in the Ann Arbor University he swam back to Fort Wayne. He is now at the head of the Seavey Hardware Company, the largest wholesale and retail hardware house in Northern Indiana.

There is no tempest in the teapot he is holding up in the picture. There's money in it for Walter if he can sell it. He likes to see business at the boiling point and is on his way to put the pot on the stove. Walter usually has a funny sign in the window of his store but when he has to sign a check he does not think the sign is so mirth provoking. Walter recently responded to a toast at a Masonic banquet and, though he delivered the peroration first, he thoroughly impressed upon his auditors that he was a silver-tongued orator. He is prominent as an Elk but makes his star plays on the golf links. There is usually three up and the devil to play, i. e., two hands and the golf stick up and the caddies with search warrants trying to locate the ball. He tries to play golf just the same way he transacts business, with considerable drive and force. All he wants, however, is the exercise, and he does not care what his score is so long as his muscles do not get rusty. After walking up and down the aisles of his store twenty hours per day he feels he is entitled to spend the remaining four in the much needed exercise of meandering over the green sward.



JOHN N. PFEIFFER



MR. PFEIFFER was a farmer boy. You can't tell him anything about paining cows. He's been there. His folks lived in Marion Township. At the age of thirteen he found it necessary to leave the rural school and assist in the farm work. Then he was a carpenter for several years, working with several leading contractors here. With his earnings he paid his tuition while attending the Methodist College. In 1886 he took a position in the meat market of Rosseau Brothers, on Harrison Street, to learn practical business methods. He bought an interest in the store and that marked the beginning of his upward career in business. The place was sold after a period of ten months, and a new market opened on West Berry Street. In the spring of 1893 the firm purchased the grocery store of H. W. Carles and merged the two enterprises. From 1890 to 1900 Mr. Pfeiffer conducted the business alone. In April of the latter year he obtained an interest in the Greatest Grocery and consolidated his business with it. He made it one of the finest grocery stores in the state of Indiana. In May, 1904, his place was sold to the White Fruit House.

Mr. Pfeiffer holds the position of supreme guard in the Fraternal Assurance Society of America; is an Odd Fellow, and a member of the Royal Arcanum. He is also an enthusiastic member of the Commercial Club.

In the councilmanic election of 1903 he received a plurality Republican vote of 72 in the First Ward which had given a Democratic plurality of 100 on the last previous city election. So, you see, he's a popular man. He lives in Lakeside. He has been an active man in the council and at present is chairman of the committee which is endeavoring to get a tunnel or track elevation at the Pennsylvania and Wabash crossings.

CHARLES A. DUNKELBERG

"HORSEBACK riding," says Mr. Dunkelberg, "is the fondest thing I'm of." In fact, he doesn't dare to try any new kind of diversion for fear he'll find something he likes better; in which case, there would be danger of a fatality from over-employment. He does enjoy, keenly, the pleasures of horseback riding, and can often be seen riding on his handsome Kentucky thoroughbred, "Dixie."

Mr. Dunkelberg holds the dual position of secretary and treasurer of S. F. Bowser & Co. During the five years he has been connected with this concern, he has done a great deal to assist in its prosperity. Mr. Dunkelberg is a native of New York, but his early boyhood was spent in Pennsylvania. He is a graduate of the Eastman College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Like most successful men, in his early career, he had various business experiences. He did not idle away his time like most boys, who work all day, but spent his evenings studying the hooks and crooks of stenography. Did you ever stop to think how many successful men and women have used these "curly-cues" as stepping-stones to something bigger and better? Well, that is what Mr. Dunkelberg did.

From Pennsylvania he went to New York and took a position with E. C. Benedict & Co., bankers and brokers. From there he went to Chicago and entered the employ of Joseph T. Everson & Son, iron merchants. While thus employed, he received the appointment of steward to the Hospital for the Insane at Logansport, Indiana, a position which he held for five years. Remaining at Logansport he engaged in the wholesale and retail queensware business for three years.

About five years ago he came to Fort Wayne to take the position of head bookkeeper for S. F. Bowser & Co., of this city. His promotion to the position of superintendent of salesmen was followed by a later advancement to that of secretary and treasurer of this important concern.



WILLIAM F. RANKE



JUST as the civil war was on its last legs Will Ranke happened. He occurred in Fort Wayne and has been here ever since. His parents were pioneer settlers. Will, after leaving the schools here, went to Ann Arbor and was graduated in pharmacy in 1885. Then he entered the Meyer Brothers drug store where he was prescriptionist until 1895. Then he started in the retail drug business and is now at the head of the firm of Ranke & Nussbaum handing out pills to sick friends.

Bullets and pills look so much alike that Will leaped into the Indiana National Guard and from 1894 to 1898 he was captain of the Zollinger Battery. He wore his shoulder straps better than he rode his horse, but he improved as an equestrian. When the war with Spain broke out the Zollinger Battery became the Twenty-eighth Indiana Battery in the United States Volunteers, and Will Ranke was commissioned captain. He went to the front with his company. When the battery was mustered out of service he was appointed by President McKinley as captain in the Thirty-ninth Regular United States Infantry for duty in the Philippines. He held this commission for two months but resigned before joining his regiment owing to business reasons. Then he was elected secretary of the Fort Wayne Lodge of Elks. He cannot keep honors from being thrust upon him. He was recently nominated on the Allen County Democratic legislative ticket, and he has already begun the rehearsal of speeches he expects to deliver during the sessions of the legislature at Indianapolis.

He is a popular young business man and can mix in social circles with just as much success as he mixes drugs into pills, perfumes and powders.

AL HAZZARD

HERE we get a passing glimpse of Mr. Hazzard doing a seemingly risky act. However, all of his acts are necessarily Hazzardous, so this is not to be considered an exception. Al is an enthusiastic Eagle, and that fact coupled with the information conveyed by the picture, might lead you to believe he is a high flyer; it isn't so. He is simply displaying the high quality of his goods.

Mr. Hazzard is a cigar manufacturer, and he does a big business. He is a native of Fort Wayne. When he left school at the age of thirteen, he sauntered up the street one day and noticed a sign reading:

WANTED A BOY TO STRIP

He applied for the job and learned how to strip tobacco. He liked it so well that he decided to go into the business for himself by the time he had accumulated a sufficient quantity of money and years. That time arrived in 1803. At present he gives steady employment to thirty-five people, and his place of business on East Wayne street, is one of the busiest in town. His leading brands are "Gold Seal" and "National."

Here is an interesting illustration of the amount of business done by Mr. Hazzard's factory during the past year: Take a map and draw a straight line from Fort Wayne to Cincinnati, representing a distance of about one hundred and thirty-three miles. If you could take all of the cigars manufactured in one year by Mr. Hazzard—that is counting only 313 working days—you would have enough if laid end-to-end to almost cover this entire distance. The present output is 9,000 cigars daily.

Mr. Hazzard is a member of the Masonic order, a Knight of Pythias, and as we have mentioned, an enthusiastic member of the Order of Eagles.





JOHN FERGUSON

MR FERGUSON is an example of the force of the words of Ben Franklin when he wrote in his Poor Richard's Almanac:

*"I never saw an oft removed tree,
Nor yet an oft removed family,
That thrive as well as those that settled be."*

He came here fifty years ago, and, by refraining from rolling, has managed to gather a few bushels of "moss." For many years Mr. Ferguson was one of the prominent lumber manufacturers of Indiana, and, although still extensively interested in that line of industry, he has lately given his attention to some other kinds of activity. You will notice by the picture that he was very busy when the snapshot was made. He was so thoroughly occupied that day he couldn't even hesitate long enough to let us make the picture. So we had to capture him as he was—shirt sleeves, mortgages and all. He has always been just that busy ever since 1834. It was in that year; on June 24, that he was born near Quebec. His father was a native-born Scotchman, and his mother came from Ireland. They had come to Canada in 1820, John Ferguson remained on the farm for several years after their death, until he had reached the age of twenty, when, in 1855, he came to Fort Wayne. In 1861 he engaged in the lumber business and became one of the largest manufacturers in the middle west.

In politics, Mr. Ferguson is a Republican. As president of the Citizens Trust Company, he is at the head of one of the city's soundest financial institutions. He is a member of the Caledonian Club, a Scottish Rite Mason and an Odd Fellow.

JAMES M. BARRETT

HERE is a man born in Illinois who has every symptom of being a native of Ohio. James M. Barrett is an eloquent orator and a finished politician, and knows how to fill offices to good satisfaction.

His parents were natives of Ireland but came to America early in the last century. They later settled on a farm in LaSalle county, Illinois. Here is where James first got busy. In the search for knowledge he entered the country schools and then Mandota College in Illinois. In 1875 he was a graduate from the Michigan University. He came to Fort Wayne in 1876 to practice law after stopping to get a cup of coffee and a sandwich in Chicago. He did not like the coffee nor the sandwich and this is one of the reasons why he came here.

His career at the Allen county bar has been eminently successful. He is at present the senior member of the firm of Barrett & Morris. He was a member of the state senate in 1886 and as Senator Barrett he lathered the bill in the upper house for the location of the Indiana School for Feeble Minded Youth in this city and was victorious. His force in debate was established in the legislature. The Barrett law for street improvements is one of the important acts which he originated. Since then he has been almost continuously county attorney or had the office in his firm. The building of the county court house came under his direction. Recently he contracted the Carnegie habit of spending leisure moments on the golf links. He has traveled abroad extensively and keeps himself thoroughly abreast of the times. He is connected with all of the prominent social clubs and is a Scottish Rite Mason, an Elk and a Mystic Shriner. That means that he is a really good fellow and a prominent citizen.





WILLIAM LAWSON

THE subject of this sketch didna ken when he left Scotland to gang awa to America that he was coming for "cod." Well, William Lawson did not. He came here for bass, trout and suckers. He is a merchandise broker and a successful one. This is one reason that he has no trouble in landing the last-named variety. A great many men from Scotland are dubbed "Sandy." Mr. Lawson is not so recognized. He is sometimes red-headed, but only in the summer time. The sun will tan a man's hands and arms but when it takes a chance at a man's head it usually makes it red. Mr. Lawson fishes better with his hat by his side. In getting a sucker on the string he generally lands them. His bait is usually sugar, rice, sardines, salmon and all kinds of canned goods.

Mr. Lawson is a great curler but does not cut much ice on the lakes in the summer time. He is devoted to all athletic sports which are popular in Bonnie Dundee. He can throw a hammer, but is not a knocker; he can pitch quoits but does not put any curves on; he can cling to a rope in a tug-of-war but never chews the lint; he can run in a sack race but never holds the bag. In Caledonian Club circles he is a most active member and is a leader in its out-of-door sports and social events.

In commercial circles William Lawson is prominently identified with the wholesale and jobbing business. He has been a resident of Fort Wayne for a long time and has traveled over Northern Indiana many years as a grocery salesman. He is, in short, one of our most successful and substantial business men.

HARRY A. PERFECT

If it is the duty of every man to uphold the family name, think of the undertaking this young man has continuously before him! Of course, he was Perfect when he started out in life; it was a good beginning and he has succeeded in keeping so, up to the present. The future prospects are encouraging.

Harry Perfect was born at Stanwood, Iowa. When he was old enough to walk, he came away. He was three years old when, in order to make him any Christmas gifts it was necessary to send them to Wilmington, Ohio. Until he was eight years old, he attended school there, scrapped with his classmates, learned the rudiments of fishing and otherwise indulged in the popular mental and physical culture fads of the early ages; and then his folks left Wilmington and went to Springfield. Here he resumed his work in the public schools, but that didn't seem to consume much of his time as he was found busy selling newspapers and working as a carrier boy for a dry goods store. These early straws indicated which way the wind was blowing, and it is the spirit of push and hustle that has made him successful. While still in school he was employed as an A. D. T. messenger. Outgrowing his uniform, he worked in a shoe store, then a hardware store, and lastly, before leaving school, was a helper in a plumbing establishment.

In order to still better prepare himself for a commercial career, he attended a business college and studied bookkeeping. He then secured a position with the large publishing house of the Crowell & Kirkpatrick Company (now the Crowell Publishing Company), publishers of the Woman's Home Companion, and remained there five years. Upon leaving them, the gentlemen composing the firm of A. H. Perfect & Company, wholesale grocers, planned to locate at Madison, Wisconsin, but decided upon engaging in business here. Harry A. Perfect is one of the partners in this important concern.



HUGH G. KEEGAN



MR. KEEGAN is a lawyer. He is also an attitudinarian. An attitudinarian is one who assumes attitudes or postures for the purpose of adding emphasis to spoken words. Webster says:

"An attitude, like a gesture, is suited, and usually designed to express, some mental state, as an attitude of wonder, etc.; a posture is either not expressive or is less dignified and artistic."

So we see here Mr. Keegan in the act of striking an attitude, also a law book. But this is only one of several kinds of attitudes of which he makes a specialty. All of them are artistic therefore they cannot be designated as postures. A favorite attitude in the good old summer time is usually assumed by him about an hour after sundown at some lonely spot on a country road. If some chance should take you there, you would discover him, crawled under his automobile, monkey-wrench in hand, fixing things. As Webster says, "an attitude is usually designed to express some mental state." There is no need of asking Mr. Keegan what emotion he is endeavoring to illustrate. Incidentally, you will observe that an attitude is sometimes employed to add emphasis to unspoken words.

Mr. Keegan is purely a Fort Wayne man. He was born here one score and twelve years ago. Like most of our other progressive citizens, he is a graduate of the high school. Following his work in the public schools, he went to Ann Arbor and entered the University of Michigan, taking the law course. He began the practice of his profession here in 1893 in partnership with Edward Woodworth, now residing in Colorado. He later formed a professional alliance with Thomas F. Elison with whom he continued very successfully. The partnership was recently dissolved.

HARRY P. FLETCHER

HARRY FLETCHER is a natural-born jollier. The other day, while in a reminiscent mood, he was telling about the Michigan town in which he was born.

"It's a strange thing that the hotels and restaurants there refuse to serve boiled eggs, isn't it?"

"They don't, do they?"

"Sure, they do."

"I wonder why."

"O, they can't boil eggs in Coldwater, you know. It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

It certainly was a lovely day, and we hastened to agree with him in order to get the conversation twisted into a new channel. It's this sort of thing that makes Harry popular with the throngs of people who visit the Patterson store, but that isn't the quality that makes him an expert clothing buyer. It's the experience he has had and his natural fitness for that kind of work. As we have noted, he is a native of Coldwater. There he attended the public schools and was just about to graduate when the schoolhouse burned, and Harry didn't have a chance to startle the world with his lofty ideas and flights of oratory. He's keeping the manuscript and will be glad to show it to anyone who wants to see it real badly. He began work in a clothing store at Coldwater, remaining two and a half years. Going to Sturgis, Michigan, he was employed for two years with F. L. Burdick. At that time R. S. Patterson traveled for a large clothing house, and Sturgis was on his route. He was so well pleased with Harry's abilities as a buyer that he assured him that he wanted his services, if he, Patterson, should ever go into business. Mr. Patterson "went," and Mr. Fletcher "came," to Fort Wayne in 1895.



JOSEPH HENRY ORR



"WHAT'S in a name?" With a banker it is everything. By the sign, the banker knows his customers. Here is a banker who practically has no name. Joseph Henry Orr, assistant cashier of the First National Bank, is popularly known both in Fort Wayne business and social circles. He does not part his name nor his hair in the middle. He does not use the appellation of the man with a coat of many colors nor does he employ the name which is often heard in connection with the poultry business. He is known in the bank and in business and private life as Harry Orr. He got this name while playing with his companions around the old swimming holes in this city after 1893.

He was born in the nineteenth century at Fairview, Ohio, and came to Fort Wayne, while a mere boy, with his parents when the civil war was raging. He was kept busy battling with the lues, whooping cough, measles and colds. He got through the Fort Wayne public schools all right. Then he entered the Fort Wayne National Bank as a messenger boy. This was in 1871. He was not the slow messenger of the present day. He was rapidly promoted and in 1882 the First National Bank wanted a general bookkeeper and the services of Harry Orr were secured. He has been actively interested in this bank ever since and is now the popular man behind the bars at the assistant cashier's window. Not all men are popular behind the bars but Harry is a genial and accommodating man in a bank window. When not counting money in the bank in the summer he is counting the hours he can spend happily at his pleasant home at Rome City.

He counts greenbacks in the bank and searches for greenbacks (frogs) on the bank around Sylvan Lake. He is not afraid of drafts at his summer residence.

JAMES J. WOOD

THIS man of genius has had an interesting career.

At the age of eleven he removed with his family from New York to Brantford, Connecticut, where the lad entered the employ of the Brantford Lock Company. He was soon at the head of an important department. While yet a boy he completed a working model of a steam engine and boiler. The spring of 1874 found him in Brooklyn employed as an apprentice by the Brady Manufacturing Company. Within three years he was in charge of the plant. While yet in their employ he designed and built the machinery for the construction of the main cables of the Brooklyn bridge.

At this time he met J. B. Fuller, one of America's pioneer electrical engineers. He made all of Fuller's experimental apparatus and also a great deal of the experimental apparatus for Sir Hiram Maxim. In May, 1879, Mr. Wood completed the design of his first electric machine and lamp, for which machine he received a medal of superiority from the American Institute held in New York; also medals and honorable recognition wherever the machine has been exhibited since. This particular machine is now on exhibition at the St. Louis fair. The sale of the patent gave him his first capital. Since that time he has taken out upwards of two hundred patents in this country and abroad.

He became connected with Mr. McDonald and came to Fort Wayne in 1860 to take charge of the Fort Wayne Electric Company's works in the capacity of chief engineer. At the death of Mr. McDonald, when the works were sold and the owners threatened to move them from Fort Wayne, Mr. Wood prevented such a disaster by refusing to turn over his inventions to the new owners unless they would agree to maintain the works in this city. Mr. Wood's services as manager were engaged for a term of at least ten years.





WILLIAM P. BECK

RIP VAN WINKLE'S "Mendog Schneider" is mentioned frequently on the stage, but the canine in reality is not seen by the audience. With Billy Beck's Irish terrier, "Jack," it is different. No one ever says anything about the cur but he is always at his master's side under the limelight of public gaze. The picture is a contrast. Billy is so handsome and the ragged dog is so homely that it excites comment. Billy Beck is not as old as Rip Van Winkle but he has been right in town for about forty-one years. The civil war was raging in August of the year he was born. The dog days were ripe this month and this is the reason Billy is so partial to his beautiful dog. Billy Beck was born at the corner of Main and Harrison streets where his late father conducted a grocery. He was so close to the court house that he could hear the town clock tick but he was able to sleep between the ticks.

After leaving the Fort Wayne high school, Billy worked for a year in a stove factory piling staves. This was too much like Labor and he then began his duties about a quarter of a century ago as office boy in the DeWald dry goods store. He liked this work and was enthusiastic for the success of the business. The managers realized this and Billy was promoted from one position in the office to another until he was able to buy his dog a gold collar and locket. The DeWald company had a disastrous fire and was reorganized as a wholesale dry goods house. Mr. Beck was taken into the new firm, known as the George DeWald Company, and was made secretary and treasurer, a position he fills with credit. He has seen the business grow and has grown with it and is now one of the city's substantial young business men.

DALLAS F. GREEN

A YOUNG man boarded a train at Bryan, Ohio, one morning in 1878. It was a Lake Shore train bound for Fort Wayne. The young man was also bound for this city, but he got off at Edgerton, Ohio, and decided to walk the rest of the distance, about twenty miles. The reason he made this decision was not that he enthused over that kind of exercise. It was because he knew the conductor would pass through the coach after it left Edgerton and would say to him, "Ticket, please." Then he would be compelled to say, "I haven't any." Then the conductor would reply, "Cash fare, please." And then the young man would be obliged to say, "Please, Mister Conductor, I have only sixty-five cents in my clothes, and I shall need that to buy feed with." Then the conductor would grow indignant and perhaps say saucy things. Dallas Green, even in those days, never liked to provoke people to say saucy things, so he didn't stay on the train. On his way from Edgerton to Fort Wayne he stopped at various points, fixing the farmers' clocks and watches to pay for his board and lodging, and finally he showed up here and asked for a job.

He had been born and reared at Bryan and knew a good deal about the watchmaking and jewelry business. But he failed to find steady work. Shaking the dust from his boots, he departed for Grand Rapids, Michigan, and there met with better success. He remained at Grand Rapids from 1878 until 1890, and then went to Port Huron. He came to Fort Wayne in 1894 to again try his luck and purchased the store located in the Arcade. His ability and his knowledge of the jewelry and watchmaking business made the venture a success from the start, and now he has more case space for the display of his immense stock than any other dealer in Indiana.



PETER E. PICKARD



GEORGE WASHINGTON was buried in Mount Vernon, Virginia, but Peter Edgar Pickard was born in Mount Vernon, Ohio. Every school boy and girl knows that George Washington passed away long ago and every housewife in Fort Wayne knows that Mr. Pickard is very much alive. He is alive in many ways to the wants of Fort Wayne homes.

When his parents brought him to Fort Wayne in 1858 Peter Pickard was only eleven months old. He did not object to being brought to this city and he says that he has never regretted it. He never knew anything about Mount Vernon so he had nothing to forget. He was graduated from the Fort Wayne public schools one Friday in June, 1876, and the following Monday began work in the stove foundry owned by T. R. Pickard & Sons. He was one of the sons. He wanted to make things hot for Fort Wayne at the start and the following year opened a retail store to sell the product of the foundry in this vicinity. He has been the cause of many a man arising early on a frosty morning to split kindling wood. When the stove foundry was closed down in 1883 the retail store was made larger and Mr. Harry R. Pickard became a partner in the retail store of Pickard Brothers on West Columbia street. This store has grown to immense proportions and now handles not only stoves, but furniture of all kinds and descriptions, and chinaware in endless variety and varying in price to suit all tastes and desires.

In the picture Peter Pickard is seen showing a customer a chair. He does not want to have a customer's way in his store rocky, but it is a habit he has of extending hospitality and making visitors at his store feel at home. His store is so busy that there is no danger of a customer going to sleep while calling, so he does not hesitate to show easy chairs. He has high chairs for short people and low chairs for high people.

HENRY G. FELGER

WHEN you were a small boy in McGuffey's Third Reader, and the teacher compelled you to stand in the corner the rest of the afternoon, just because you made those goo-goo eyes or blew a few paper wads against the ceiling, my, how you wished there was some way—any way—to get even with that schoolma'am for her harsh treatment of an innocent, well-meaning cherub. O, if you had only been in the place which this man Felger occupies! For, just think, he is the boss of one hundred and ninety schoolma'ams in Allen county. He's the superintendent of the county schools, and they do as he wants them to, provided, of course, that their wishes coincide with his.

Mr. Felger is a young man to tackle so important a piece of work, but he seems to be master of the situation, and the quality and quantity of the output of the rural schools has kept up to the standard since he took his official position.

Mr. Felger was born and reared on a farm in Lake township, Allen county. This was thirty-one years ago. After leaving the common schools, he took a course in the Normal school at Valparaiso, Indiana. Then for a period of two years he attended the Indiana State Normal school at Terre Haute, equipping himself as a teacher. Nine years he trained the young minds in his own and Adams townships. At this time his capabilities attracted attention, and there was a loud acclaim that he was just the man needed in the office located in the southeast corner of the court house, main floor. He was elected county superintendent June 1, 1904.

At present there are one hundred and seventy-five school buildings in the country districts; the total valuation of the rural school property is \$1,700,000. The enrollment at the close of the last school year was over four thousand.





ROBERT A. BRADLEY

MR BRADLEY expects, of course, to make his mark in the world. It ought to be a good long mark, as he has a reach of about three feet more than the ordinary man. He's young, too, and maybe he hasn't quit growing yet. The business of the architect consists largely of making marks anyway and we see no reason why Mr. Bradley shouldn't leave his shorter limbed brethren far in the wake in that respect.

Mr. Bradley is a Michigander and was born in Detroit, the center of the duck region. While still a child he was taken to Adrian where he attended school and grew up. He didn't grow much in any other direction. He wasn't built on the broad plan—physically.

The year 1880 found him a resident of Fort Wayne. He busied himself in various ways and finally turned his attention to architecture, entering the office of a local firm of architects to carry out his designs—or rather to carry in his designs. They were carried out—some of them—when he made his exit and opened an office of his own. During the time of his studies and preparatory work he showed unusual talent and his subsequent experiences prove that he has well chosen his life work.

During the time since he launched out in business for himself, Mr. Bradley has secured a satisfactory share of the important work of the community. One of the newest products of his think-box and ink-bottle is the splendid new high school building at Warsaw, Indiana. Mr. Bradley occupies a suite in the Elektron building.

OLAF N. GULDLIN

MR. GULDLIN may seem to be in haste, but he isn't. He is one of those men who have to move lively to keep up with their active minds. You'll find him so whether he's guiding his meteoric automobile or directing some new feature of the great works of the Western Gas Construction Company, of which he is the energetic head.

In the selection of his parents, Mr. Guldlin displayed great wisdom as he chose a family in Christiania, Norway, noted for its longevity. As a result he has lived longer than most men, considering his years. He's built that way.

Beginning his technical education when he was twelve years old, he rapidly developed as a mechanical engineer and graduated from a technical college when he was nineteen. He added experience and training by attending the Polytechnicum in Munich and by a practical application of his studies in a machine shop in his own city.

But the new world had been teasing him in some mysterious way to cross the ocean and seek larger success in America.

His first employment was as a draughtsman with the Baldwin Locomotive works, at Philadelphia, where he arrived in 1880. He advanced rapidly, and after a brief visit to his old home, returned to America to stay.

He turned his attention to gas engineering when, in 1882, he left the Baldwin works. In 1884, at a convention in Washington, Mr. Guldlin met A. D. Cressler, of Fort Wayne, and the result was that he arrived in this city in 1885. It was some time after coming to Fort Wayne that Mr. Guldlin with several ambitious associates decided to try their hands at the gas construction business. Beginning in a small way and encountering difficulties sufficient to frighten his partners, Mr. Guldlin took upon himself the sole conduct of the business, but proved himself fully equal to the task, with the result that the Western Gas Construction Company is now the largest concern of its kind in the entire country.



FRANK M. RANDALL



If the man pictured here was monarch of all he ever surveyed he would be much more important than the sultan of Sulu or the king of Siam. As it is, Frank M. Randall can give everybody in Fort Wayne a straight tip. He was never burned at the stake, but he swears by the stake. He has lines in all parts of the city, but does not drive a horse. He is the city civil engineer and is a most popular fellow indeed.

He was born at the corner of Lafayette and Berry streets, at the Randall homestead, before the civil war disturbed the quietude of this country. His estimable father was mayor of this municipality. Frank did not assist in tearing down the old fort, but he tramped all over the trails left by Tecumseh and Little Turtle and used to hear the Indian stories told around the home fireside. Frank was never scalped, but he dreamed about it so much that he really believes he was.

After getting through the Fort Wayne public schools, Frank went to the coal fields of Southern Ohio with an engineering corps. He used to carry fine stakes. This is where he cultivated a taste for porterhouse. When he came home from Ohio for two years he was assistant engineer on the Nickel Plate railroad. Then he was for three years an engineer on a Michigan line. He got all of the curves out of the road and came back home to serve for four years as deputy county surveyor under Henry Fischer. Ever since then he has been engineer for the city of Fort Wayne. He confidently believe he could not get lost in this city or Bloomingdale. He can shut his eyes and see the network of sewers under Fort Wayne. Then he opens his eyes so he will forget what is in them. In the picture he is seen giving orders in regard to the new track elevation for Fort Wayne.

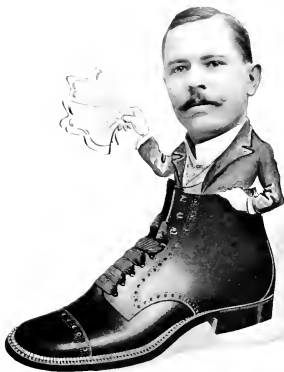
THEODORE G. SEEMEYER

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe, but this isn't she. No, this is a young man who doesn't live in a shoe. He does make his living out of shoes, however, as he is president of the Wayne Shoe Company, which is one of the most successful of the city's newest wholesale industries.

You will notice that the shoe seems to fit Mr. Seemeyer first-rate, that's a peculiarity of the goods sold by this concern and that in addition to their good quality and style, explains why they are so popular.

Mr. Seemeyer was born in Fort Wayne not so very long ago. He attended the common schools and the high school, and, before he reached the sheepskin period of a school career, he turned his attention to calfskin, kangaroo, cowhide and vic kid. In other words, he quit his books to enter the employ of the wholesale shoe house of the W. L. Carnahan Company. For fourteen years there he made a careful study of the business, rising from the position of office boy up to the most responsible place within the gift of the concern.

The Wayne Shoe Company was organized about five years ago. The other officers of the company are W. F. Muellering, vice-president, and Robert Millard, secretary and treasurer. The beginning was comparatively small, but the management has been of the wide-awake, sensible kind, and the concern has always lived up to its adopted motto, "The Progressive Shoe House." It has demonstrated that the shoe field is not covered so thoroughly but that a local house may find a ready market for first-class goods. At present the company keeps five salesmen on the road. The lines carried are shoes, boots and rubbers. The house does an exclusive jobbing business in these lines. The business is located at No. 123 West Columbia street.



GEORGE F. TRIER



ON looking up the derivation of the word telephone we find that it comes probably from the English *tell*, meaning to talk, and the Greek *phono*s, meaning murder; a contrivance in which talk is murdered. But, of course, the name was applied to the telephone when it was very young and hadn't developed into its present high state of perfection. It's an easy matter to misname things while they are too young to show what they will be when they get older. For example, the parents of Ex-Senator Hill, of New York, named him David. Now the name David means "beloved," and everybody knows Mr. Hill's folks made a miscalculation there. For further proof, drop a line of inquiry to Dick Croker.

Mr. Trier has done his share to make the independent telephone systems of Indiana, Ohio and Michigan what they are today. Had others undertaken some of the things he has done it is probable that the telephone business would have gone into the hands of receivers. As it is, he has fixed it so the telephone receivers are constantly going into the hands of the people while their talking apparatus is busy at the transmitters.

Mr. Trier has been in the telephone business for eight years. He began his work as secretary, general manager and member of the board of directors of the National Telephone Company, building and operating long distance lines. Two years ago he resigned to take a place as secretary of the Gas Belt Construction Company, a place he held until the company completed its work and disbanded. He has recently become identified with an electrical supply company. In all his experience he has been engaged in the active management and financial development of the various undertakings. Through his efforts, the telephone maps of Indiana, Ohio and Michigan are made to look like crazy quilts.

EMMETT H. McDONALD

It will come as a surprise to the host of friends of Emmett H. McDonald, the well known secretary of the Fort Wayne Trust Company, one of the strongest financial institutions of our city, to be told that he passed four years of his early life in the jail of the county. Yet such was the case. His father, William H. McDonald, a prominent farmer, was elected sheriff of the county, and for four years, from 1856 to 1860, his family, as is the rule with sheriffs, made their home in the jail building. Emmett was then a young lad, and his four years among the criminals were undoubtedly eventful and not unpleasant ones.

With his father, after the expiration of the term of official service of the latter he returned to his country home, taking up again the duties common to the farmer boy. His few years in the city, however, had left their impress and, doubtless, shaped his future life. At any rate, after securing a good education, as a young man he was back in the city again employed as a bookkeeper, advancing in mercantile pursuits until he became senior member of the great wholesale grocery house of McDonald, Watt & Wilt, which for years did a good business throughout Northern Indiana. Then he became proprietor of the City Trucking Company, and three years ago took his present position, that of secretary of the Fort Wayne Trust Company.

Twice has Mr. McDonald been called into public official positions. In 1864, as a candidate on the Democratic ticket, he was elected one of the five councilmen-at-large. At the same election the Republicans elected their candidate for mayor, Colonel Oakley, and their candidate for city clerk, Mr. Jeffries. Despite this fact, Mr. McDonald and his four associates were elected by decisive majorities, a proof of the confidence that the people had in their business worth and fitness. He was afterwards, in 1866, elected one of the three water works trustees, managing during his term of office the business affairs of this important department of the city.



AUGUST BRUDER



GERMANY has contributed largely to the citizenship of Fort Wayne. In looking over this book you will discover here and there a native of England or Ireland, occasionally a Scotchman, or a Hollander, or a Swiss, or a Frenchman, but the Fatherland has given us the largest number.

Of these, August Bruder is one of our best citizens. Mr. Bruder was born in Baden. He obtained his early schooling there and for four years was able to study the jewelry and watchmaking business, one year of which time he was under the instruction of one of Germany's best watchmakers. Like thousands of other Europeans who have laid the foundations for success by completing an apprenticeship in an honorable calling he came to America to seek his fortune. He arrived in 1873 and came directly to Fort Wayne where he was given employment with Trenkley & Scherzinger, jewelers. It was an acquaintance with Mr. Trenkley that brought him to this city. Mr. Bruder has not been a rolling stone since then. He has stayed and worked and accumulated a portion of this world's goods which has finally enabled him to maintain one of the finest jewelry and watchmaking establishments in Indiana.

The business was started in a small way in 1885 on the west side of Calhoun street between Wayne and Washington streets. Its removal into the present splendid quarters occurred in 1890. Since then the business has grown steadily and continuously. Mr. Bruder gives close personal attention to his affairs and is the master spirit of the place. At present eight expert watchmakers are employed. A jewelry and repair department is also maintained. A splendid line of silverware, cut glass, etc., is carried. Mr. Bruder has charge of the regulation of the watches carried by the employes of the Pennsylvania, the C., H., & D., the Wabash, the Nickel Plate, the L. E. & W. and the L. S. & W. S. railways and thus are they assured of accuracy of time in the performance of their important duties.

CLARK FAIRBANK

HERE is a man who thinks that the Penn is mightier than anything else. He never carried a sword, but has been a newspaper man and indulged in many battles in which printer's ink was the dismal weapon.

Clark Fairbank was born among the hills of New Hampshire. After sliding down these hills for a few winters, he went with his parents to Lowell and finally to Boston, Massachusetts, where he engaged in the printing and publishing business. After he had been in Boston a few years he decided to come west. In 1860 he arrived in Fort Wayne. He came here to officiate at the birth of the Fort Wayne Journal. He nursed that weekly Republican paper under the firm name of C. Fairbank & Company until 1878. In that year he dropped his editorial pen to accept the general agency of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia for Northern Indiana. He dropped one pen to take up another, so he felt familiar with the work at the start. With his new Penn he began to write insurance. He has been most successful in building up a large business for his company in this part of the state. He thinks that health should always be held at a premium, and this is one reason so many healthy, able-bodied men are being constantly reminded by him of the premium. He never gives premiums. He does not believe in trading stamps. There are other premiums in which he is more actively interested. He is an enthusiastic friend and yearns for long life and prosperity for all his friends.

Socially, Mr. Fairbank is a popular citizen. He is a member of the Anthony Wayne Club and also an enthusiastic member of the Sons of the American Revolution. His ancestors among the White mountains of New Hampshire did about as much with the sword as Mr. Fairbank is now doing with the Penn.



JOHN M. LANDENBERGER



If Mr. Landenberger could only have his way about it, every mile of highway in this happy land would be as smooth as a parlor floor. What a blessing that would be! How joyful the autoist and the horse which hauls the heavy loads from the farm to the market—everybody and everything who or which uses the country roads. It would bring free delivery to thousands of un-reached homes, because Uncle Sam won't allow his mail to be carried over rough or poorly kept highways.

Mr. Landenberger is so enthusiastic over this idea that he is making hundreds of machines each year to be handed out all over the country to make the roads what they ought to be. He is secretary and treasurer of the Indiana Road Machine Company, and their products have for years made smooth the ways of the weary draught animals and abolished the boneshaking qualities of many hundreds of miles of highway in all parts of the United States.

Mr. Landenberger is a native of Philadelphia, born in 1862, his parents having immigrated from the land of the Kaiser in their youth. After securing a common school education at Philadelphia, Mr. Landenberger came to Fort Wayne in 1875, and for three years was a student at Concordia college. Later he returned to the City of Brotherly Love to attend a business college. Mr. Landenberger is a Republican and cast his first ballot for Jim Blaine. He lost it, but isn't ashamed of the record.

He was in 1888 made secretary and treasurer of the Indiana Machine Works, but now gives his attention chiefly to the position referred to above. By the absorption of the Fleming Manufacturing Company, the industry was enlarged considerably.

He is one of the popular business men of Fort Wayne —of the kind that makes other cities move by its to keep abreast of the commercial times. He is an enthusiastic Rome Cityite and has a pretty cottage there.

PETER GORDON

HERE we see a native of China and a native of Scotland. The former is being carried by the latter. The name of one is Oolong; the other, Gordon.

Peter Gordon is the energetic manager of the Grand Union Tea Company.

We, in these days, don't appreciate the great privilege we have of obtaining all the splendid kinds of tea at only a few cents a pound. Just think! In the middle of the seventeenth century the queen of England was almost tickled to death on being presented with two pounds of tea by the East India Company. She certainly ought to have been delighted, as tea sold for fifty dollars a pound in those days. Mr. Gordon sells it for a whole lot less than that.

Mr. Gordon, as we have observed, came from Scotland, but he doesn't wear a kilt any longer—in fact, Scotch kilts are never worn very long, anyway. He was only thirteen when he came to America and settled at Springfield, Massachusetts. That state is the headquarters of learning in the east and is consequently inhabited largely by maiden ladies, who pore over their books until it is too late to be considered matrimonially eligible. Old maids consume large quantities of tea, and when Mr. Gordon got a job in a grocery store he observed the great demand for that beverage. He noticed it still more when he opened up a store of his own at Holyoke. Thus it was that he became so interested in the subject that he connected himself with the Grand Union Tea Company ten years ago. After managing their store at Holyoke awhile, he was transferred to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and after four years was assigned to the management of the Fort Wayne branch.

The Grand Union has now 180 stores in all parts of the country. It was started in 1882 by three wide-awake brothers named Jones. Today it has a rating of a million.



SAMUEL H. BAKER



ONE strange thing about a dentist is that he's happiest when he's looking down in the mouth. It's because he earns his living that way.

Doctor Baker is a painless dentist; it doesn't hurt him a bit to put a fine edge on your incisors, to fix your canines so they won't wobble, fill a few cavities in your bicuspids or place a shining crown on your molars. This faculty of resisting discomfort has come through years of practice. After all, the man who sits down in a dentist's chair feeling that it's all over now and wondering if it would not have been better to have dictated his will before taking this important—perhaps final—step, has already passed through nine-tenths of the trouble that really comes to him. It is one of those cases where anticipation is a whole lot worse than the thing that arrives. If it is a gold filling or crown that happens to him he gets his money's worth in real pleasure during the years that follow by standing before his private mirror and viewing his smiling, sparkling reflection therein. It is then that he loves the dentist.

Doctor Baker is from Iowa, whence came Senator Allison, Secretary Shaw, Congressman Dulliver, Speaker Henderson and the Cherry Sisters. After graduating from the high school at Keosauqua, he entered the State University of Iowa, at Iowa City, and went from there to Chicago, where he took a complete course at the Chicago College of Dental Surgery and graduated in 1892. In school he was a member of the Delta Sigma Delta fraternity.

He came to Fort Wayne in 1894 and formed a partnership with Dr. Burkett which lasted two years until the latter removed to Oklahoma City. His present place of business is in the Arcade, where he has a completely equipped suite for the conduct of his professional work.

ROBERT W. T. DEWALD

ALTHOUGH Robert Wade Townley DeWald was born on the site of the present postoffice there was not the sign of a cancelled postage stamp visible on him the date of his arrival. He must have escaped Uncle Sam's notice.

Bob got forced out into the suburbs by the encroachment of the government on his father's preserves. He has never let that worry him as he has been right in town ever since. After he left school he entered the store of his father, George DeWald & Co., and began to climb the ladder. Bob impressed upon his father that it would be a great thing to have a wholesale department in connection with the firm's large retail business. Mr. DeWald, Sr., gave his son full sway and twenty-two years ago the wholesale business was launched. Bob has been the head of this business ever since. The firm was visited by a destructive fire and the retail store was abandoned. In its place the George DeWald Company, a mammoth wholesale store, has arisen. This business enterprise occupies the large DeWald block at the corner of Columbia and Calhoun streets, utilizing five floors and a basement. It is one of the very important wholesale houses of Indiana in the dry goods line. Bob is president of this company and also vice-president and director of the People's Trust Company.

There are better golf players than Mr. Robert DeWald. In fact, he is a one-hundred-to-one shot on the links. The reason he is presented in this costume is because we happened to catch him trying one of these suits on. A traveling man was endeavoring to induce him to handle a full line of golf suits as a specialty in his wholesale dry goods store, but the suit did not seem to fit.





WILLIAM B. PAUL

IT is a remarkable coincidence that the name of Paul, the Insurance Man, is closely connected with Crawfordsville, known as the "Athens of Indiana," just as the name of that other Paul is so intimately associated with the old Athens in Greece. Both are noted for their success in making converts to their views affecting the welfare of their hearers.

Mr. Paul was born at Crawfordsville which has produced a number of other men who have startled the world of letters, just as this man is doing in the world of insurance.

But how has he done it? Simply this way: By carefully studying the insurance business from the ground floor to the roof garden while yet a boy, he has mastered it so thoroughly that the Equitable Life Insurance Company of New York has honored him with a position of importance held by no other man of his years in their employ. Mr. Paul is only twenty-seven years old, but despite his youth he is the manager of the district of Northern Indiana for this big concern. He has a large territory and many agents to look after, but he's doing it without any trouble.

He secured his schooling and preliminary training before coming to Fort Wayne in 1902, and began work for another life insurance company. As an agent, he was singularly successful and received frequent promotions. After six months service with this company, he took the management of the Equitable for this district.

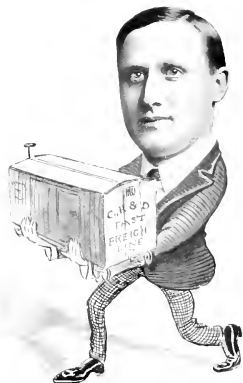
Under his control, the society has written more business than was secured during all its previous efforts in this district.

FRANK R. GARRISON

THE man in the picture, holding a freight car in his hands, apparently as easily as if it was a toy, is Mr. Frank Garrison. Handling freight cars is his business. He represents the freight traffic interests of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad, a system which covers four states and sends its passenger and freight traffic over one thousand miles of its own tracks. Mr. Garrison is the general agent for the Fort Wayne-Findlay branch of this railroad system, controlling all its business between these two cities and having his offices and headquarters in Fort Wayne.

He has been in charge of the company's business in this city for nearly four years and has made a wide circle of friends by his pleasant business methods and companionable ways. By birth he is a Michigander, beginning his railroad life as a mailing clerk in the general offices of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, at Grand Rapids when he was a boy of seventeen, working up the ladder to more responsible positions in the service of this company.

His abilities and hustling qualities soon attracted the attention of other railroad officials and they laid their hands on him, offering him the position of chief clerk in the general freight offices of the old Findlay, Fort Wayne & Western road, at Findlay, Ohio. He accepted and went there. In 1900 when the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton company secured possession of the Findlay-Fort Wayne line, Mr. Garrison was sent to this city and given general charge of the company's entire freight traffic between the terminals of the branch line, Findlay to Fort Wayne. This position he has since held. His offices are the only first story down town railroad offices in the city. They are finely furnished and equipped.



FRED. S. HUNTING



HUNTING is an excellent name for this man. The firearm used during the years he has been Hunting—which, of course, includes his whole life—is a double-barreled affair, one side of which is labeled push and the other ability. He usually fires both at once and brings down success.

Mr. Hunting is the treasurer and manager of the Fort Wayne Electric Works, one of the country's greatest manufactories of electrical machinery and supplies. He grew into this important office from a minor position which he took with the company sixteen years ago. He seems to have aimed high with the above mentioned firearm and brought down many splendid prizes.

East Templeton, Massachusetts, is the native town of Mr. Hunting. He was born there thirty-seven years ago. After attending the common schools, he entered the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, from which school he graduated in 1888, and came to Fort Wayne in October of the same year. He began his work with the Fort Wayne Electric Company as a draughtsman. Two years later he was advanced to the position of assistant to Mr. M. M. Slattey, who was then chief electrician. In 1892 his ability was again recognized in his appointment as assistant to C. S. Bradley on experimental work with multiphase machinery. In the following year he became chief engineer of the engineering department of the Fort Wayne Electric Company, and later kept the same position with the Fort Wayne Electric Corporation. In January, 1899, he was made vice-president and sales manager of the Fort Wayne Electric Corporation. In May of the same year he received the appointment of treasurer and sales manager of the works.

In addition to holding these important positions, Mr. Hunting is treasurer of the Fort Wayne Electric Light and Power Company, and is a director of the First National Bank, the Tri-State Trust Company and the Tri-State Building and Loan Association.

HARRY R. PICKARD

NO man in America has more praise for the horseless carriage than His Excellency President Theodore Roosevelt. Harry Pickard feels much the same, only in a different way. Harry is a bachelor. He sells horseless carriages without benzine attachments and in consequence is anxious that his friends should think as President Roosevelt does. In the picture Harry is decidedly in it. He would like to sell his buggy, as he now has no use for it. He would much prefer to sell a matrimonial fruit basket than a carpet sweeper. There is more dust, of course, in a carpet sweeper, but there is much more real live interest in a baby buggy.

Harry likes real live interest in his business. He is the junior member of the firm of Pickard Brothers, furniture, stoves and chinaware dealers. No one in the city is more pleased to have natural gas tap in Fort Wayne than Harry. He likes to see a fire in a stove. The good old-fashioned fires inspire his admiration. He is not always wishing for unfortunate occurrences, however. He has a genial, kindly disposition. Look at that face in the carriage. It is innocent simplicity personified, and then some. He is sitting there just waiting for some one to come along and give the carriage a shove, so that he can put on the automatic brake, gaze at the pneumatic wheels and say, "Rubber." To look at him in his carriage, the reader might imagine that he might be made up to pay an election wager. This is not so. Harry does not bet on the losing candidate. He is not built that way. He knows a sure thing when he sees it and is one of those boys who usually looks in the right direction.



EDWARD M. WILSON



HERE we get a view of Mr. Wilson in the act of explaining something. Those who know him, don't have to be told that he is describing the good qualities of some insurance company which he represents and telling you how it will help you out if a stray bolt of lightning happens to land on your kitchen roof, or if your mice have a fondness for chewing parlor matches.

Mr. Wilson began his earthly career at Wabash, Indiana. He spent the early portion of his boyhood days coasting in the winter and playing two-oid-cat in the good old summer time. In school he studied hard, while some of the other boys studied hardly, the result being that he and a few others graduated from the high school one eventual year, and the other boys who might have done so, didn't. Then he went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, and entered the high school there, again having an opportunity to work off his graduation oration. We don't know whether he made the same speech or not. Then he spent two years in the University of Michigan, leaving in 1880 to come to Fort Wayne. Here he entered into partnership with H. C. Schrader in the conduct of a fire and casualty insurance business, the buying and selling of real estate, loans and rentals. Mr. Wilson is chosen by his companies frequently to adjust fire losses in various parts of Indiana.

In addition to attention to his business, Mr. Wilson finds ample time to give to his duties as a member of the board of trustees of the Indiana School for Feeble Minded Youth, to which important position he was appointed by Governor Durbin.

He was one of the founders of the Commercial Club, and is a loyal member of the lodge of Elks.

PETER D. SMYSER

JUST because a man wears a long linen duster when he is at work it is no sign that he is a seedy man. Peter David Smyser is a seedy man just the same. There are different kinds of seedy men. "Uncle Pete," as he is familiarly known to his legion of friends, has more to do with seeds than any other man in Fort Wayne. He can tell a turnip seed from a cabbage seed, or a wild mustard seed from any other member of the mustard family, without consulting Papa or Mama Mustard. Without depending on wireless telegraphy or a telescope he can tell a cucumber seed from a muskmelon seed and not sidestep to get away from the facts. He is on familiar terms with most of the seedy families. He has a speaking acquaintance with Pansy, Glory, Violet, Rose, Lily, and other fair beauties too numerous to mention. Then he can play Dr. Jeckyll with Mr. Hyde. He is versed in hides. It is a step from the sublime in nature to the ridiculous, but Mr. Smyser takes this step without tripping. He is a partner in the firm of S. Bash & Company and is a practical man in every department of the business.

He was born in Wayne county, Ohio, in 1847. Like many other good Ohio men he came across the line into Indiana. In 1867 he found himself in Fort Wayne. He finished his schooling at the Fort Wayne high school and after spending a year in the White Fruit House became interested in the business affairs of S. Bash & Company. In 1874 he was admitted to a partnership in the firm. He is one of the sturdy, progressive business men of Fort Wayne and one who has been closely identified with its rapid commercial as well as material growth.



EDWARD WHITE



HERE is a man who believes in looking right into things. He strives to get at a legitimate business basis and to conduct affairs along that line. Edward White seems to know how, too. He is one of Fort Wayne's most active and thoroughly energetic business men. He is popular personally, and his recent election to the position of water works trustee, when he led the municipal ticket several hundred votes, indicates clearly his popularity and the extent of his circle of friends. Although the youngest member of the board, he was honored by being elected its president. He is president of the White Fruit House, president of several other corporations, a director in the White National Bank, and has varied and extensive real estate interests in Fort Wayne.

Just now he is busy trying to solve the water works problem for the city. It will be safe to predict that if legitimate and honest business methods are of avail in his practical investigations there need be no fear that the water will become contaminated. Already his business ability has become thoroughly apparent in a surprising augmentation in the receipts of the water works treasury without an increase in the water rents.

Besides examining water for germs, Ed frequently examines water for things which do not need a magnifying glass to locate. He usually drops a line into the water with a bait on it, and his piscatorial accomplishments are said to be Waltoman in style. Every busy man requires some recreation, and Ed likes to get into a boat with rod and reel to angle for the game members of the funny tribe. His game bag usually smells of fish, even if he has to carry a herring from his grocery store.

KENT K. WHEELOCK

It used to be said of the Hon. F. C. Bell, the former brilliant Fort Wayne lawyer and Indiana statesman, that as a toastmaster none could equal him, and there were few notable public banquets held that he was not called upon to act in this capacity. When Senator Bell died one of the men upon whom his mantle as a toastmaster fell was Dr. Kent K. Wheelock. His talent in this role was discovered at the banquets of the alumni of the Fort Wayne Medical College, of which he is one of the professors, and since then he has been forced into service as toastmaster at other public banquet occasions, particularly when the medical men gather around the festal board, and at Knights of Pythias gatherings, of which fraternity he is a past chancellor.

Physicians, as a rule, are not horn orators, nor, as a rule, do they ever become orators. They cut and slash too much. They administer too many unpleasant doses. People submit to what they do and take what they give because they think they have to do so. In Dr. Wheelock's case, birth had something to do with his ability as a speaker. His father, a distinguished physician of his time, was a brilliant extemporaneous orator, a man who in this respect was without a peer in this county. And, then, Dr. Wheelock, when he is officiating as a toastmaster doesn't cut and slash, nor does he give nauseating doses. His bitter pills are always sugar coated, and this is why he is popular as a toastmaster.

Dr. Wheelock has always lived in this county. He completed a course at the University of Michigan and graduated at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York. He located in this city in the practice of medicine in 1880, was coroner of the county from 1882 to 1884, and for years has given his special attention to the surgery of the eye, ear, nose and throat. He took a five months' course of study in this practice at the University in Vienna.





THOMAS J. LOGAN

DURING twenty-one eventful years, Mr. Logan has been practicing law, ever inspired by the hope that some day the perverse members of society would agree to live in peace and harmony, seemingly unconcerned that when the millennium arrives lawyers will be out of something to do. The milk of human kindness flows from the heart of Mr. Logan, and when he is called upon to compose human differences he does it, not because there is a fee in it, but because he wants the brethren and sisters to dwell together in concord and amity.

It must not be supposed, however, that he's a milk-and-water sort of lawyer. Not a bit of it. To hear him in one of his masterly speeches, full of fire and force, you can get an insight into his earnestness when called upon to fight a wrong, social or political.

Mr. Logan was born in Kosciusco county, Indiana, and stayed on the farm until he was nearly twenty-two years old. He is an example of the fact that it's good for a boy to remain an associate of the cornfield until his character is pretty well formed. He began his education at the district school and then went to Valparaiso to attend the Normal. Coming to Fort Wayne in 1880, he entered the law office of Coombs, Morris & Bell. Three years later he had completed the course and was graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan. For a number of years he was official court reporter; later came his appointment as a deputy clerk of the United States court, in Fort Wayne, and then as United States Commissioner. Mr. Logan's popularity was shown in 1900, when, as Republican candidate for prosecuting attorney, he ran four hundred votes ahead of his ticket.

CHARLES M. GILLETT

WHEN one thinks of the keeper of records and seats his mind floats remissently to the funny man in the comic opera—a lord high chancellor of wit, grotesque and official humor. Charles M. Gillett, the popular recorder of Allen county, is nothing like a comic opera comedian. When one meets him in his official capacity he is a pleasing, good-natured, sensible official. He knows almost everyone in Allen county.

He was born in Milan township in 1841. He lived on his father's farm, getting a common school education, until the outbreak of the civil war. Then he broke away from home ties. He became a portion of the Twenty-third Indiana Battery, but he was neither pitcher nor catcher in this battery. He was a sergeant and helped hurl the balls, but at no time was he on the receiving end. He got onto the curves early and was able to duck and keep right on firing. This is one reason he was able to return home, to join the Union Veteran Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic, and be elected recorder. A few years ago some one told him he could do better in the state of Washington in the far northwest, and he hiked to the tall and massive timber. He hiked it so well that he came home for his wife and family. For eighteen months the family lingered in the state washed by the waters of the Pacific and then returned to good old Milan township, sprayed by the gentle ripples of the placid Maumee river. He continued to reside in Milan township until six years ago when he was elected recorder. Mr. Gillett has been keeper of records and seats ever since. He can lift a heavy mortgage as easily as he does a light one.



JOHN E. BEAHLER



ALL men have hobbies and here we see John E. Beahler riding his insurance hobby to the rescue of his friends whom he would protect against loss by fire and accident. He also makes it a duty to have his friends thoroughly protected in case of death but not against death.

He knows all about his hobby. It is not afraid of the cars and will stand without hitching. It is a good thing to drive along and hold the reins over. John Beahler got used to holding the reins on his father's farm down in Illinois where he was born just as the civil war closed. He remained on the farm riding the horses and cows and watching things grow till his hobby began to grow. He went to school in Lexington, Kentucky, and also attended the Westfield College in Westfield, Illinois. Just as soon as he left the farm he stepped into the saddle of his hobby and has been riding ever since. While in school it seems that he did not learn to spell correctly, as he has two insurance companies, one of which is called the Phoenix and the other the Phoenix. It is hard work to keep these two companies straight on his books, but when he writes either one he presents the name of a reliable fire insurance company. In 1860 after a sojourn of three years in Cincinnati, he came to Fort Wayne and began to ride his hobby here. He grooms him down with the National, the Orient and the Travelers' Life, accident and employers' indemnity, just to suit his tastes.

Mr. Beahler was a pioneer settler in Lakeside. He was one of the first residents of this pretty suburb and he has resided there ever since. He is one of the few insurance men who do not dabble in real estate. He is too busy with his hobby.

E. RALPH YARNELLE

IT'S a risky thing in these days to strew compliments about promiscuously. It used to be that kind and flattering words were appreciated by everybody. However, a modern compiler has spoiled it all by issuing a dictionary in which he assumes to give the accurate etymology of the words which we have stolen from the Europeans and the Asiatics. This writer says. The word compliment is from the English *com*, hot air, and the Latin *plco*, to fill; hence, to fill with hot air.

We feel, however, that Mr. Yarnelle, the young man displayed in a pushing occupation, will recognize our earnestness, and therefore believe us sincere and possessing no desire to fill him with superheated atmosphere, when we say that in this snapshot we caught him in the midst of one of the kindest acts on record.

As everyone knows, it's good luck to pick up a horseshoe (not referring to the bad luck of the one who has lost it) and in order that good fortune shall be widespread, it is not only necessary that the stock of horseshoes shall be sufficient for all, but that the same supply of equine footwear shall be scattered all over this broad land. Mr. Yarnelle is here engaged in scattering them. This consignment is probably addressed to the Mikado of Japan. The next may be sent to the Czar of all the Russias.

Ralph is one of the pushing young men at the establishment of Mossman, Yarnelle & Company, dealers in heavy hardware. He originated here, and after he had graduated from the high school, went to Williamstown, Massachusetts, to attend Williams College. This celebrated institution was opened in 1794; it had been in operation a few years before Ralph showed up for matriculation. He has always been popular here at home; he comes from a musical family and sings like a bird, figuratively speaking. He's always happy.





WILLIAM F. MYERS

YOU will notice without having your attention called to the fact, that Dr. Myers is an artist. He can draw horses almost as well as they can draw him. He can also draw horses' teeth—painlessly. It doesn't hurt him a bit. We see him in the sketch having just completed a lightning portrait of an old friend, one who can always be depended on to furnish a surprise, no matter which way you wager your coin.

The doctor is a D. V. S. (Drives Vivacious Steeds). It's a difficult matter to get a real good look at him as he is usually flying through the atmosphere holding onto the ribbons attached to a fast stepper. When not so engaged, you're liable to find him in the office of the Fort Wayne Fair Association, in the court house, where he is busy preparing for the next great event no matter how far distant the date may be. He is the lively secretary of that organization. He has a large veterinary hospital at his Webster street place.

Doctor Myers was born in Fort Wayne at the corner of Douglas avenue and Webster street thirty-nine years ago, in the very house in which he still lives. He gazes out through the same windows that he did when a child, though of course the landscape has changed a good deal in almost two-score years.

After attending the German schools here, he entered the Chicago Veterinary College, graduating in 1880. The man who loves horses has a warm spot in his heart for every living thing. Such a man is Dr. Myers. He has a lot of loyal friends and this accounts largely for the great success which has accompanied his efforts to revive the Fort Wayne Fair. This he undertook to do three years ago, and whatever Doctor Myers starts to accomplish is done, or there is a good and unforeseen reason why.

MAURICE L. JONES

THIS is Admiral Jones, the first man to lead the Rome City fleet to a successful conquest of the hearts of admiring thousands who gathered on the occasion of the initial Venetian night parade on Sylvan Lake—the beginning of a series of brilliant water carnivals which have made the lake famous.

But here we see him engaged in other pursuits. He is explaining the latest in kodakery—the most recent improved camera and the developing machine. It keeps one hustling to be posted on what's going on in the photographic field; but Jones can tell you. He keeps at the front of the procession and knows all about it. He conducts a large photographic supply house and for fifteen years it has been one of the leading institutions of its kind in this part of the country.

Mr. Jones is a native born Hoosier. He happened in 1848, at North Manchester. When the war began he became a part of Company H of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Indiana Infantry, and afterward served in the Thirty-ninth Regiment and the Eighth Cavalry, until the close of the war, winding up with the march with Sherman to the sea. Perhaps that sight of the ocean led up to the Rome City incident. Anyway he came home and was graduated from a business college at Indianapolis in 1867. For three years he was in the lumber business with his father, at Bunker Hill, Indiana. Then he sold Howe sewing machines at Peru, for four years. It was then that he began his career as a photographer, which led up to his present enterprise. In 1870 he came here, opened a studio and enjoyed a splendid success. He gradually grew into the photographic supply business.

Mr. Jones is a prominent Mason and a member of several other orders. He has a fine cottage at Rome City and operates one of the steekiest little motor boats you ever saw.



EDMUND H. COOMBS



HERE is Mr. Coombs making a frantic cry for help. And we don't blame him one bit. Even if he is a big man, that's no sign he should consent without objection to shouldering a piece of bar iron weighing nine hundred and thirty-six pounds when there are a lot of hired men around who are paid for doing that very thing. Hence our commendation of him in refusing to do the lifting all alone.

Mr. Coombs is the active head of the Edmund H. Coombs Company, which carries one of the heaviest stocks of merchandise in this city. This merchandise is composed of such items as anvils, horseshoes, massive chunks of iron and all such things as are used by the village blacksmiths and all other blacksmiths. It is one of the city's most important wholesale establishments.

Mr. Coombs is a Fort Wayne man. He tried to live for a while in Michigan and in New York when he was a youngster, but it didn't work, and he came back. After leaving the Fort Wayne public schools, he went to Pontiac, Michigan, at the age of fifteen, where he attended the Michigan Military Academy for a couple of years. Then, for two years, he was a student at the Peekskill Military Academy in New York state. At the close of this period he returned to Fort Wayne and entered the employ of Coombs & Company, of which his father was the active head. Here he learned the heavy hardware business, not only as a house employe, where he remained six years, but as a salesman on the road. He visited the trade for eight years, at the end of which time he engaged in business for himself. One year ago the concern was incorporated under the name of the Edmund H. Coombs Company.

The company conducts an exclusive mail order trade, chiefly with blacksmiths, and is the pioneer in this method of handling the heavy hardware business.

CHARLES B. FITCH

THE first Fitch to land in America was a life insurance man—that is, a preacher of the old school who insured the people of the colony of Rhode Island against those flames about which we learn so much in Revelation. This tends to prove the theory of the inheritance of the traits of our ancestors. This early arrival, the Reverend James Fitch, came from England in 1637 and was one of the founders of Rhode Island. At one time he sold 15,000 acres of land in Massachusetts for £125, so it seems he operated a real estate business on the side. His descendants are united in the belief that this was altogether too cheap. Nine generations of Fitches since then, are easily traceable.

Mr. C. B. Fitch was born in Medina County, Ohio, and came to Fort Wayne in 1873. At the age of seventeen he began teaching school in this county to enable him to complete his high school course. Later he spent three years in the mercantile and grain business at Avilla, Indiana. In 1882 when the Fort Wayne Jenney Electric Light Company was organized he accepted a position with it as assistant manager, remaining with that company until 1891 when he embarked in the insurance business as general agent of the National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, Vermont, for North-eastern Indiana. A little later he engaged in general insurance and his agency is now composed of a number of the strongest and best companies. Mr. Fitch is well posted on insurance matters, having had two years' experience as actuary of the insurance department of Indiana under State Auditor William H. Hart.

Mr. Fitch is a prominent Mason, having held high positions in several Masonic lodges, and being at the present time eminent commander of Fort Wayne Commandery No. 4, Knights Templar. He is a member of the Sons of American Revolution, having proved his eligibility to such membership through five different lines of ancestors.



CLARENCE F. BICKNELL



IN this picture we have a good view of the fire department of the Fort Wayne Daily News. It is here that the boys who work on the paper go to get fired when they are bad or do not perform their duties properly.

Mr. Bicknell came to Fort Wayne one hot day in the summer of 1902 and bought a newspaper. He then walked out onto the street, got acquainted with the doctors, the lawyers, the merchants, the politicians, the shop men and everybody he could meet, and by the time he had finished the rounds knew pretty well what sort of a newspaper would be popular in Fort Wayne. The Daily News was removed from its back street location into the magnificent Y. M. C. A. building which was entirely remodeled and fitted with all the equipments for the publication of a modern newspaper. To some wise ones the venture, demanding, as it did, the outlay of a large amount of capital, appeared an unpromising experiment; but everyone in Fort Wayne knows how successful has been the result. This outcome is traceable to Mr. Bicknell's knowledge of men as well as of the newspaper business. Reared on a farm near Bicknell, Indiana, he knows what the farmers and the other sons of toil like to read in a newspaper; educated in the State University of Indiana he is acquainted with the likes and dislikes of the student and the bright young minds of the community; his nine years in the employ of the Burlington railroad—four of which were spent in the office of the general passenger department at Omaha—gained for him a thorough knowledge of the ins and outs of commercial and business experience. Beginning then by the purchase of the Gas City, Indiana, Journal, he was soon owner of the Terre Haute Tribune which grew in popularity to be one of the foremost newspapers of Indiana. The success of the Fort Wayne Daily News is due to the application of the knowledge gained while taking these preliminary steps.

AMOS R. WALTER

A MAN with a name like this must certainly succeed. If you will look carefully into their significance you will find that Amos means strong and courageous, while Walter means "ruling the host." Of course this latter refers to Mr. Walter's charge over the large force of employes in the Keystone grocery.

Mr. Walter was a farmer boy, reared in the Ohio county named for "Mad Anthony" Wayne. It was very natural, then, that on reaching the age of twenty-four and desiring to try his luck in "the city," he should come to the town which is named in honor of the same illustrious Indian fighter. He arrived in 1869.

His first employers were Stoner, Wygant & Company, wholesale grocers, who occupied the old Randall hotel building. At that time it stood on the bank of the canal, that busy highway of traffic which made Fort Wayne an important point on the map. Then he became an employe of the United States Express Company, but resigned when the carrier system was instituted at the Fort Wayne post office, August 1, 1874. Mr. Walter was one of the five men first appointed to this duty. All the others have passed away.

In order to enter upon his first business venture, he resigned in 1881, but after trying the experiment for a year, he sold out and accepted a deputyship under Sheriff W. D. Schaefer. Upon the change of administration, he became a Knight of the Grip for the wholesale grocery house of Skelton, Watt & Witt, and later for Berdan & Company, of Toledo. Quitting the road, he took a financial and personal interest in the Fort Wayne Gazette, but decided to undertake the establishment of a first class grocery house, and so, in 1887, the Keystone was opened. It has had a most successful history. Mr. Walter is one of the oldest Masons in Fort Wayne. In the G. A. R. he has figured prominently as a member of the Council of Administration, and otherwise.



PATRICK J. M'DONALD



MR. McDONALD doesn't work in the water works office now, but a bunch of his admirers asked us to make this sketch in order that they may forever preserve this recollection of him; so we gave in and did it to please them. Had we pictured him as he appears today we would have placed him behind the lattice-work in the office of the People's Trust and Savings Company with his glad hand out and a six-inch smile on his face. If some of us tried to smile as much as Mr. McDonald does we'd certainly crack our complexions; but he's used to it. He learned the trick first as deputy in the office of the city clerk, a position he held from 1875 to 1883—eight years—and later for fifteen years, beginning with 1888, as secretary of the city water works board. During those years, Mr. McDonald made the acquaintance of everybody in Fort Wayne, and his personal friendships are a great factor in building up the financial institution of which he is now the active head.

Mr. McDonald's parents came from Ireland at an early date, and he was born here. He began his early education in the Brothers' School in this city and later went to Notre Dame University. After serving eight years as deputy in the office of the city clerk, he spent a short time in the west before beginning his duties in the city water works office.

When the People's Trust and Savings Company was organized, Mr. McDonald became its secretary. He is also a director and stockholder in that institution. He is interested in the Kaough Coal Company and otherwise connected with local commercial concerns.

Mr. McDonald has a cottage at Rome City and the funny tribe thereabouts don't like him a little bit. He tries to be sociable by dropping them a line occasionally but they don't seem to consider him in the swim at all.

COONY BAYER

IT was thirteen years ago that Coony Bayer, then a boy of twenty, borrowed fifty dollars and got a little backing to go into the cigar making business for himself. For three years he worked hard day and night and succeeded in doing fairly well, but not well enough to satisfy a man of his energy and ambition. So he decided to shake from his shoes the dust of Fort Wayne (we weren't so well paved then) and transferred himself to Memphis, Tennessee, where he started in to cut a wider swath, leaving his brother Will here in charge of their little factory. But alas! Coony miscalculated, just as others have done who thought they had performed their final dust-shaking act with reference to the city of Mad Anthony. Like the proverbial feline, he "came back" a year later with, as he expresses it, "a terrible more knowledge of the cigar business and a whole lot less coin" than when he went south. Some other fellows might have thrown up the sponge, but Coony didn't. What he did was to start in making the now famous "Coony's Little Havanas," and—but you know the rest.

Not very long ago Coony went to Cuba where he purchased the stock which enters into the making of the new ten-cent cigar called LaPienta. He says it's the best that grows on the island and he sniffed around a good deal and picked out what he thought was a little superior to all the rest: so that if he makes up his mind to put something else new on the market we wouldn't be surprised to see him skimming across the ocean after something good to make it out of.

A year or so ago, when Mr. Bayer's brother was taken into the concern, the Cooney Bayer Cigar Company was incorporated. The factory, one of the largest in the state, is located in an especially constructed ornamental building at the corner of Barr and Clinton streets.



CHARLES L. OLDS



In this little landscape we discover Mr. Olds in the act of shoveling dirt. In reality, Mr. Olds doesn't have a great deal to do with the actual handling of the earth during the progress of a job for which he secures the contract; what he really does is to attend to the important preliminaries and then handles the "dust" which accumulates as a result of discreet and sensible attention to the business in hand.

Mr. Olds is president of the construction company bearing his name. He is a good citizen, and an album assuming to hold the portraits of Fort Wayne's leading men of affairs would come short of its avowed claim did it not contain, somewhere between its covers, a likeness of the man with the spade. Mr. Olds came to Fort Wayne as a lad of six years; at the time he appeared, Fort Wayne was but a modest village and the boy himself was the essence of modesty. The town has long since outgrown that characteristic, but Mr. Olds is just as modest as ever. He has made a great success of his business, even in the face of the mighty competition presented by gigantic corporations operating on similar lines throughout the country, but he is not enrolled with that class of successful men who win fortune by freaks of fate. No, he hasn't taken any chances with luck, but has been content to await the slow but sure returns of the intelligent application of principles of scientific discovery to the demands of modern commercial and domestic life.

As a member of the Haydn Quartet during the many years which that organization has spread melody throughout the land of the Hoosiers, Mr. Olds is widely known outside of the ordinary circles which have won him many friends.

CHARLES S. BASH

JUST because you see Mr. Bash with a bunch of diplomas under his arm it is no sign that he is envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to any court. He is diplomatic but he is not a diplomat. A diplomat does not deliver addresses on international doctrines in his shirt sleeves, yet all diplomats do not know how to orate. They can get pointers from observing the president of the board of trustees of the Fort Wayne public schools.

Charley Bash wore his first shirt in Roanoke, Indiana, just a few miles west of Fort Wayne. This was fifty-one years ago. He wore shirts there one year, then came to Fort Wayne. The dots on the shirt he wore when the snap-shot was taken of him are not done in waltz time. They are polka. When the shirt gets older they will be in "rag." He got into the habit of cooling off in hot political debates and he does not desire to cultivate any other habit. He elegantly and eloquently clothes his political arguments. He is one of the best posted men in Indiana on the political issues which are of interest to the business community of the central west. He is an ardent Republican and is a power in local, district and state politics. His election to the Fort Wayne school board was not only a recognition of his services but also an honor bestowed on account of his thorough training for the position. He was a member of the high school class of 1872 and he delights in pushing the schools to the front. He will be an earnest supporter of the new high and manual training school.

He is vice-president and general manager of the large wholesale grain and commission house of S. Bash & Company and is interested in numerous other important business ventures.



DAVID S. ECKERT



ALL last season it was a real pleasure to attend the Central League polo teams, if only to see Dave Eckert smile. He usually stood at the door to accept the tickets and was so happy that he said "thank you" to everybody just as sweetly as he knew how. Even to those who presented "comps" he made the same glad remark. Dave wasn't thinking about the stream of currency pouring in through the ticket window. Oh, no! He was happy because he knew he had at last found for the people of Fort Wayne a brand of sport which everybody enjoyed, and that he had succeeded in getting together one of the fastest bunches of athletes that ever carried a pennant fastened to a crooked stick. Dave has decided to do the same thing this year, and if he provides as good a quality of clean sport as he did last winter the people will certainly save up their pennies and nickels and dimes and hurry over to deposit the same in his capacious hands. But this is only a side issue of Dave's. He has other important affairs.

The golden days of the old Forty-miners are now only memories of the dim and distant past. But the golden days of Dave Eckert, the "Thirty-niner," are things of the lively present. No one who has learned anything about Fort Wayne's cigar manufactures, past and present, needs to be told that the "39" cigar is one of the things which has made Fort Wayne famous. Of course, the Eckert factory turns out other brands of popular "smokes," but this one has had a good name since the Eckert factory was established, thirty-five years ago, by Dave's father, the late John C. Eckert.

Dave is a Fort Wayne boy by birth. While yet a lad he entered his father's employ. He succeeded to the management and has done his work well.

WILLIAM M. GRIFFIN

WE asked Mr. Griffin to take off his goggles long enough to let us make this little snapshot. The south wind kindly removed his cap so we also get a view of his broad expanse of brow as he glides over the asphaltum. You notice we don't say he glides noiselessly; far from it. Even if his motor car failed to make a sound, the rapidity with which he is whizzed through the atmosphere would produce a sound very like the swish of a blacksnake in the hand of Legree. When made up for one of his two hundred and eighty-seven mile spurts into the country, Mr. Griffin strongly resembles a deep sea diver. He hasn't his full rigging on in this picture. Mr. Griffin has an incurable attack of automobilensis, and has thus far refrained from trying any of the remedies for it prepared by the medical institute for which he is the secretary. He thinks his is a hopeless case, but fears that a cure might be found.

Mr. Griffin is a Hoosier by birth, his voice being first heard by the people of the thriving village of Brimfield, in Noble county. He frequently went fishing for shiners in the Elkhart river, and engaged in the elevating pastime of hitching ticktacks to the neighbors' casements, but managed to find time to absorb the vast quantity of information offered by the schools of his native town. He later taught in the country schools of Noble county. At the time the Spanish-American trouble came on, he was at Kalamazoo, Michigan, where he joined Company C, of the Thirty-second Michigan Volunteers and enjoyed a six months' vacation in the south. After his return, he took a position with the State Medical Institute, of Fort Wayne—now the J. W. Kidd Company—and is at present secretary of that large concern.



JOHN DREIBELBISS



If we should tell you that a cow brought John Dreibelbiss to Fort Wayne, and then stop without telling the remaining portion of the story, it wouldn't be at all fair; so we will proceed immediately to relate the rest of the tale of the cow. Some folks were brought to Fort Wayne by a team of oxen, and one might think at first that this was the method employed to transport Mr. Dreibelbiss to our city; but not so. The story is of another sort.

John Dreibelbiss was born here in 1853. His first employer was Mason Long, who was then in the grocery business. When he reached the age of fourteen he entered the employ of the White Fruit House, at that time conducted by the elder J. B. White. At the age of eleven he went to Chicago to work for a wholesale tea house, and right there's where the cow story begins. In 1872, Mrs. O'Leary's bovine quadruped kicked over the lamp which started the Chicago fire. The conflagration swept away the tea house where John Dreibelbiss had been accustomed to draw his salary on Saturday nights; it also swept the young man back to Fort Wayne. So, as we remarked before, it was a cow that brought John Dreibelbiss to Fort Wayne to make his home.

He was employed at farming and floriculture for some time and then for six years was a grocery clerk. Twenty years ago, he began the tedious, yet important, labor of perfecting a new method of working up abstracts of title. His system is a model, covering every inch of ground in Allen county so completely that its entire history may be laid bare in a few moments. Mr. Dreibelbiss is the author of a work entitled "Start Fight," which unfolds to the uninformed in entertaining narrative style the intricate details of the abstract business.

CHARLES E. ARCHER

HERE is an Archer who seems to have become expert in striking the bullseye of the target of success every time he has made the attempt. At any rate, if he made failures along with his successes, they did not discourage him, but rather intensified his earnestness and sharpened the keenness of his desire to become more expert with the bow of endeavor and the arrow of enterprise.

Mr. Archer's first experience in the line of work allied to his present business was during his connection with the Fort Wayne Gazette with which he was employed as circulator. While performing his duties in that capacity he got the idea that a job printing office which catered only to the finest class of patronage, doing a high grade of work for a correspondingly substantial price, would be a welcome addition to the list of commercial establishments of Fort Wayne. With that idea in mind, he purchased the job department of the Gazette, and continued for ten years to operate it in accordance with the views he had previously formed, at the end of which time the Archer Printing Company was formed. With the same idea before it, the new company started in a comparatively small way, but before much time had elapsed it found its business so enlarged that a much more commodious building was needed. The present immense factory is the result. Sixty persons are given employment, and the annual business of the Archer Printing Company now amounts to over \$100,000. A large share of its output is in the shape of fine catalogues, booklets, periodicals and the finer grades of printing. A complete electrotyping and engraving plant and bindery are operated in connection. Its patrons are scattered all over the union and through the medium of this concern the good name of Fort Wayne is spread broadcast. Such is the enterprise that has blossomed from the ideas and labors of Charles E. Archer.



WILLIAM A. JOHNSON



WHEN the ice breaks up in Delta Lake and the winter's snows in Swinney Park fade away before the gentle sunshine of the early spring, the crocus lifts its delicate head to bow a perfumed welcome to the verdure that appears as if by magic to spread itself over the landscape. The welcome of the crocus is cheery and sweet, but it isn't in it with the welcome that County Clerk Johnson carries with him wherever he may wander. Mr. Johnson has a face that seems to be built for smiling purposes.

Of course, there are times when he smiles more than at other times. In the sketch we see him handing out a document designed to bring gladness to the hearts of the recipients. Since he took his office in the court house January 1, 1903, he has passed out about 1,450 marriage licenses, and from this statement you may get a slight idea of the amount of bliss he is dispensing through this one channel alone.

Mr. Johnson was born in Eel River township. When a boy he attended the country school and did chores. He also went fishing in Eel River and sometimes hauled out a good-ee! Thus he kept busy until he was old enough to go to Churubusco to enter the high school. He was graduated therefrom, and for some time engaged in teaching school.

Mr. Johnson ran for the office of trustee of Eel River township, and, although the community was then strongly Republican and he just as strongly a Democrat, he won out ahead of his opponent. Such incidents tell whether or not a prophet is without honor in his own country. For six years he was a member of the Allen County Democratic Central Committee from his township. He was nominated in 1902 by his party as their candidate for county clerk and was chosen by a pleasing majority vote. Since making his home in Fort Wayne Mr. Johnson has added a good many names to his long list of friends,

DANIEL B. NINDE

MR. NINDE, Republican candidate for prosecuting attorney, is stuck on the law business. The picture shows him in that interesting attitude.

Dan has always liked Fort Wayne. This fondness began even earlier than those good days when every barefoot boy in the school room was more adept in the practice of wireless telegraphy than Marconi can ever hope to be. Do you—we are now speaking to those who once had boyhood days—remember that thrilling message which consisted of the uplifted hand with only two fingers standing up stretched wide apart which flashed the exciting inquiry: "Goin'swimm'withus?" And then you looked to see if the teacher was watching and then bobbed your head, returning the answer: "Betcherlife!" Well, it was in those good old days that Dan Ninde learned to love Fort Wayne so well. He left the high school prepared to enter the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was appointed a cadet in 1887. Four years ago he graduated close to the head of his class and everything looked rosy for a bright naval career. But Dan thought of Fort Wayne, and remembered that Uncle Sam's boats are too big to sail the Maumee. Therefore he resigned and decided to become a lawyer—a Fort Wayne lawyer. He attended Harvard one year, by way of preparation, at the end of which time he returned home and studied law in the office of his father, the late Judge L. M. Ninde. Then he went to Ann Arbor and took a complete course in the law department of the University of Michigan, graduating in 1895. He has been in practice here ever since, excepting during a brief period when he resided in Colorado.

Mr. Ninde was largely instrumental in the organization of the Fraternal Assurance Society of America, with headquarters in Fort Wayne, and holds the office of supreme chancellor of the order.



ORA E. SEANEY



MR. SEANEY is certainly a brave young man. While the rest of us are howling about the ladies invading our sphere—while we are kicking vehemently because they don't attend solely to their duties as homemakers and followers of the trades and professions for which we declare Nature has designed them—what does Mr. Seaney do? Why, he simply gets even by breaking into their sphere, not temporarily, in order to cause them to mend their ways, but permanently. He's there to stay. He's the "man millner," and as such is known throughout the country as well as on the other side of the pond where he stirred up things on his visit to Paris in 1897.

Mr. Seaney was born at Ridgeville, Indiana, and attended the public schools there.

His first employment was in a grocery store where he showed his ability at decorating the windows artistically with celery, radishes, roasting ears, squashes, canned tomatoes, pippins, ruta-bagas and holly branches. It was his first lesson in trimming and it attracted attention. He then demonstrated his ability and taste by adorning the bonnets of his relatives and friends and soon, in 1888 was holding a place in a large millinery store at Richmond. Then he went to Cincinnati, New York and elsewhere, finally coming to Fort Wayne, where he has remained since 1890. The present large retail business was established thirteen years ago at No. 1114 Calhoun street and continued there until the summer of the present year, when it was removed to No. 924, the same street. Mr. Seaney has written several books on millinery and is a contributor to all the large millinery trade journals.

The picture shows him at work on a bonnet for Mrs. Leslie Carter which was presented on her recent visit to Fort Wayne. Mrs. W. J. Bryan's "silver cross" turban, made by Mr. Seaney in 1896, is one of the hats which has attracted much attention.

ASA L. KNIGHT

THE man who selected this gentleman to look after the interests of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company in this section of the world must have just finished reading "When Knighthood Was in Flower." We are led to this conclusion from the fact that while the company's local business tried hard to burst forth into the beauteous blossoms whose petals are silver certificates, whose stamens are dollar signs, and whose foliage is composed of greenbacks—it did not succeed in so doing until Mr. Knight came to give it proper care and nurture. This blossom, then, might, in a way—a far-fetched way, perhaps—be called a Knight-blooming serious affair.

To be more explicit, this company has been represented in Fort Wayne off and on for the past thirty-eight years with indifferent success on the part of the several gentlemen who have had its interests in charge. Mr. Knight took the district agency in 1902, and since then he has written nearly twice as much business as was done for the company during the preceding years of effort in this city.

Mr. Knight came to Fort Wayne in the autumn of 1882. He took a complete course in the International Business College, and graduated in June, 1898. At that time Weil Brothers & Company were in need of a first-class office man and he located with them for fifteen months, going from there to the employ of the Belden-Larwill Electric Company. Then he became interested in the insurance business and began work for one of the old line companies, later taking the agency referred to above. He has leased a suit in the "Eurode" office building to be erected at the corner of West Berry and Harrison streets. He says he expects within the next year to be producing an average of two hundred thousand dollars insurance a year.





A. ROGGEN

MR. ROGGEN is a photographer. If you call at his studio and ask if you may have your picture taken, he will give you his answer in the negative. Nevertheless, the picture will be finished and you will like it, too.

One day Mr. Roggen was on board an ocean liner bound from Germany to America. He hadn't been over there on a visit; he was born there and was coming to America with his parents who had decided to cast their lot in the land of the free. At that time the photographer-to-be was ten years old. The family went directly to Chicago where the boy was placed in school.

When Mr. Roggen reached the age of seventeen he went to Texas and for five years enjoyed the hilarious, free, out-door life of a cowboy. One day, however, it occurred to him that it might be a good deal easier to capture a wild steer or a trisky broncho with a snap-shot camera than with a lasso or lariat, and he immediately tried the experiment. It worked lovely and he adopted it permanently. He located in business at Galveston, but later removed to Deadwood, South Dakota, at a time when that town with a cemetery-like name was anything but dead. The first railroad was being built into Deadwood at that time and it was the wildest, woolliest and warmest spot on the continent.

Mr. Roggen, when the excitement died down at Deadwood, located a studio in Chicago, and was later in business at points in Nebraska, Iowa and Ohio. He came to Fort Wayne four years ago. He declares nothing short of an earthquake can jar him loose from this burg. He likes it. He is president of the Turnverein Vorwaerts and an active member of several other societies.

MARSHALL S. MAHURIN

MR. MAHURIN is here shown tightly holding onto the Indiana building at the World's Fair. He's proud of that building, because he, with his partner, J. F. Wing, designed it. Every other structure at the great show is jealous of the Hoosier headquarters, for it is a little beauty show of itself. The state of Indiana chose the Fort Wayne architects from among a large number as having furnished the best and prettiest building in which to let the tired folks from Indiana feel at home. But our master builders didn't get swell-headed over that honor at all. No, not a little bit. They're used to it. At another place in this book we have something to say about Mr. Wing. It is there that you may easily find out why the receipt of recognition of ability and worth has long since ceased to make it impossible for Messrs. Wing & Mahurin to wear the same size of hat the year round.

To the careless thinker it sometimes appears that a successful architect is the heartless individual who merely makes hard labor for the other fellows, while he, himself, captures the bulk of the credit; but to the careful thinker he is the commanding general who marshals the forces of lumber and mortar and marble and human muscle and directs them against the enemies of the beautiful and the magnificent.

Mr. Mahurin is that sort of a man. He knows how. He learned how here in Fort Wayne by close application and up-to-dateness. He was born in 1847, and after attending the public schools for a time began his study of architecture with George Trenam, who then conducted an office here. His partnership with Mr. Wing dates from 1881. Together they have designed hundreds of the finest structures in the central states.



BYRON D. ANGELL



IT IS hard for us who have lived in Fort Wayne only a few years to realize that once the only commercial outlet of this thriving village was a busy canal. In these days there is no evidence of the existence of such a thing, at most there is very little left to remind the old settler of those interesting days. But there are many who carry the picture of the old times very plainly in their minds, and one of these is B. D. Angell, who for a long time was employed as captain on a packet, or passenger boat, running between Lafayette and Toledo, the entire length of the Wabash and Erie canal. It was necessary at that time to bring in enough supplies during the summer to last through the long winter, so there was employment for many an industrious youth.

Mr. Angell came here from Little Falls, New York, when he was seventeen years old. His father operated a stage line between here and Sturgis, Michigan, the nearest point to which a railroad had been built connecting with the east. The lad drove one of these stages in the winter over the long, dreary route, and in the summer was employed on the canal. At that time a passenger took a stage here in the morning and arrived at Sturgis in time to catch a train which landed him in Buffalo the next morning. Such was the beginning of our rapid transit. But the railroads began coming in and gradually the canal and the stage lines became numbered among the things that were.

Mr. Angell has been closely identified with the city's growth in many ways. As one of the founders of the city bus and transfer line he had a part in establishing an important business enterprise. For nine years he was secretary of the Gas Company. For the past eight years he has been giving his attention to the merchant brokerage business.

THEODORE F. THIEME

If anyone "attends to his knitting" more closely than this man does, we'd like to hear about it.

Some people thought Mr. Thieme had put his foot in it when he decided to establish a knitting mill in Fort Wayne to compete with foreign manufacturers; but instead of that, nearly everybody else is now putting his foot into the product of the great factory which is the outgrowth of Mr. Thieme's farsightedness, for the "Wayne Knit" goods are now the favorite the world over.

It is said that when Theodore's folks pulled onto his squirming little feet the first pair of stockings he ever wore—that was in 1857—he cried and tried to get them off again. It was clear that he didn't fancy them, but not until he was able to talk could he explain that he was simply objecting to the make. He wanted only American-made goods and was bound to have them. This idea seemed to stay with him all the time he was in the local schools and college; it clung to him up to the time of his graduation from the New York College of Pharmacy; it was there while he conducted a drug store in New York and later in Fort Wayne. So, finally he went abroad, in 1860, to investigate some of the industries made more attractive to Americans by the enactment of the McKinley law. He became interested in the hosiery industry in Chemnitz, Germany, and spent a winter there becoming acquainted with it. In 1861 he organized a company in Fort Wayne under the name of the Wayne Knitting Mills with a capital of \$30,000, and returned to Germany for the machinery and twenty-five expert knitters. From this small beginning has grown an immense industry which is known the world over. Fort Wayne owes more than it can ever pay to Theodore F. Thieme for his contribution to its commercial welfare.





NAT BEADELL

If a gentleman invites you to his home, it is strictly proper to visit him there: if he has plenty of opportunities to invite you and doesn't do so, then there is some question as to the propriety of going.

It's just so in the mercantile world. If a merchant, through the columns of the newspapers or by the use of some other medium, invites you to his store, go. If he doesn't, stay away. It would be very improper to visit him there unless you receive a formal request to do so.

The People's Store is always inviting everybody to make a call. The gentleman here shown is chairman of the invitation committee. Nat Beadell, besides attending to the ad. writing for Beadell & Company, is a buyer for several of the big store's many departments.

Mr. Beadell is an Englishman. He was born in London, and spent his childhood and youth in the world's metropolis. He served his apprenticeship as a printer on the London Times. At the age of seventeen he sailed for America, his first stopping place being Norwich, Connecticut. This was in 1883. At Norwich he became employed in the dry goods business and continued but a year, when he came to Fort Wayne and secured employment in the same line. Desiring to return to his old trade, however, he went to Lafayette in 1885 and took a position in the mechanical department of the Journal. But he had gotten a taste of Fort Wayne and wanted to come back. The Sentinel offered him the opportunity and for six and a half years he was employed in the mechanical department of that paper.

His employment with Beadell & Company dates from 1895.

Nat has one hobby—photography. He's one of the best amateurs in the city.

GUSTAVE W. BOERGER

It is forty years since Gustave W. Boerger began to notice things about him in Fort Wayne. He has been very busy around here ever since. After he got through the playing age out of doors, he started in with putty ball in the public schools. Now he is busy telling the children just how good a boy he was and laughs internally as he thinks of some of his bovish pranks about the eastern part of the city.

After leaving the public schools, he began actively in the wholesale leather business in this city. In 1864, after retiring from the leather business, he opened an insurance and real estate office in this city. He started in during the hard times but weathered the conditions and built up a safe and substantial business. He has been active in the insurance field and his ability in insurance matters has been recognized by the Western Underwriters who frequently send him out to neighboring cities to adjust losses. His office at 120 West Berry street is a busy one indeed and his success has been well marked. Socially he is popular and for years has been prominent in the affairs of Harmony Lodge of Odd Fellows, is a past officer and at present is its financial secretary. He is also an officer in the Indiana Grand Lodge.

Of course, after retiring from the leather business, he found some tough leather in the insurance business, but he has a faculty of making the best of everything and he has tanned the insurance policy so that it is pleasing to handle. He makes his clientele think so at least. It is never tough leather on premium day when Mr. Boerger calls. He knows just how to make a business call and his greeting is a happy one.



HENRY R. FREEMAN



NEARLY every man has a fad. Mr. Freeman almost has one, but not quite. Now this seems strange, but it's true nevertheless.

"I was in Colorado once," he said, while discussing this queer state of affairs, "and took my first lesson in trout fishing in Wagon Wheel gap. Well say! I had caught muskellunge and bass and pickerel and blue-gills in the northern lakes, but never have I enjoyed such a time as I had out west. Even if there wasn't any fish to catch, it would be the liveliest kind of sport. Yes, sir, if I were ever to adopt a fad it would be fishing for mountain trout. But you see my business won't let me get away as I'd like to, so I have done very little of it."

So, while he is a Freeman he isn't a free-man to such an extent that he is permitted to follow an alluring, fascinating pastime. Unfortunately there are no trout in Saint Joseph's river; if there were he could easily catch a string every day by hanging a pole out of the kitchen window of his pretty Spy Run avenue home which overlooks the stream.

However it's only a step from currents to currency and if Mr. Freeman can't stand in the one and practice his desired fad, he can certainly handle the other to his heart's content in his work as the efficient cashier of the First National Bank. He has held this important place since 1902, when he succeeded the late L. R. Hartman. Beginning as a messenger in 1873, he has, by doing just what a boy and a youth and a man ought to do, arisen to his present place of trust. Mr. Freeman was born in Fort Wayne, and, after leaving school was employed as a bill clerk and cashier in the Root & Company dry goods house, before beginning his service with the First National.

CHARLES T. STRAWBRIDGE

It was with the tick of the telegraph instrument in the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Bucyrus, Ohio, that Charles T. Strawbridge, now vice-president and secretary of the great Bass Foundry and Machine Works in this city, began his career. There he learned telegraphy, and at the age of 17 was an operator. He was born in Bloomingrove, Ohio, but had moved to Bucyrus when a lad, with his parents, finished his education in the high school there, and at once took to the handling of the keys that send their lightning words along railroad lines and around the world.

Mr. Strawbridge early developed into an expert operator and took service with the Pennsylvania Company. During the first part of his career he was sent to different places along the railroad's line and was finally stationed at his home town, Bucyrus. From that city he came to Fort Wayne, in 1877, and took a position as telegraph operator in the general offices of the company here, where he remained for two years.

In addition to his telegraphy he learned stenography, and possessed fine clerical abilities. These qualifications attracted the attention of the officials of the Bass works, and, in 1879, they secured his services. He accepted a position as stenographer there. Repeated advancements in office positions came to him, and in 1890 he was made secretary of the works. Now his official title is vice-president and secretary. He is also secretary of the Fort Wayne Foundry and the Chicago Car Wheel & Foundry Company. His sterling business qualities and pleasant, social ways have made his services invaluable to the companies with which he is connected.



WILLIAM F. GRAETER

FORT WAYNE has a host of great men, but this man is still Graeter. He is the senior proprietor of the Indiana Furniture Company, and, without making any play on words, it may be truly said that there are no greater furniture establishments in Fort Wayne than the Indiana Furniture Company, which, with Mr. J. V. Reul now his partner under the firm name of Graeter & Reul, he started in this city in 1888.

Mr. Graeter is a Hoosier boy. He was born at Madison, on the banks of the Ohio river. He started out in life for himself early, drifting over into Kentucky, where, at Louisville, he was engaged as a pattern maker in a manufacturing establishment. In 1882 he was back again into Hoosierdom and, at Indianapolis, was a salesman for the Metropolitan Manufacturing Company, advancing to the position of manager for the company in that city, which he held for eleven years.

In 1888 Mr. Graeter came here and the Indiana Installment Company was organized, which in 1892 was incorporated as the Indiana Furniture Company, with Graeter and Reul as the incorporators. This partnership they have maintained ever since. Now they have two big stores, one occupying the three-story building at 112 Calhoun street and the other a large building at 121 and 123 East Main street. Together they have a floor space of over 60,000 square feet, covered with one of the largest and finest stocks of household goods in Indiana.

Mr. Graeter is a progressive, representative, and public-spirited citizen. From its organization, he has been one of the directors of the Fort Wayne Commercial Club. He was the first president, and has been continuously so since its organization, of the Commercial Land and Improvement Company, a body of business men who secured for Fort Wayne its great iron and steel rolling mills and the Knott-Van Arman Company in the southwestern part of the city, and who have done so much for our industrial progress in other ways.



CHARLES H. RAWLINS



THE business men of Fort Wayne have the reputation of knowing a good thing when they see it. One day a committee of them from the Commercial Club went to Muskegon, Michigan, on business concerning the removal of a large iron and steel plant from that city to Fort Wayne. They were accompanied by Mr. Charles H. Rawlins, an expert iron man, who explained why Fort Wayne should have the mill, and it was immediately settled that although they were anxious to secure the big factory, it was equally desirable that Mr. Rawlins be engaged to manage it. They got him. As Mr. Rawlins expresses it, "I had met committees of business men from other cities before, but never was I so favorably impressed as by the men from Fort Wayne."

This, then, is the man who manages the plant of the Fort Wayne Iron and Steel Company and officiates as its vice-president. He is also a heavy stockholder in the venture.

Mr. Rawlins' father was a worker in iron who conducted many experiments in a Chicago mill. The son, though a small lad, took a natural interest in the business and preferred to "hang around" the mill rather than spend his time in idle sport, although he never had any intention of becoming an "iron" man.

School days ending, he drifted into railroad work, being connected with several prominent systems in the middle west, including the Northwestern, the Santa Fe, the Big Four, the Monon, and the Wabash. Later he acted as sales agent for several of the largest coal companies in the west. But during all this while—although he had been signally successful in all his ventures—his mind frequently reverted to the old days when he watched his father at work in the steel mill, and one day, four years ago, he awoke to the knowledge that he was cut out to follow the steel industry. His success has been more than remarkable.

CHARLES E. BARNETT

If you want to see a typical bachelor's den, ask Doctor Barnett to show you his. Usually you'll find a congenial bunch of medical students gathered there, filling the air with nicotine aroma and jolly bits of shop talk as they lounge at ease; but they also meet there to make laboratory experiments and investigations which they trust will result in untold benefits to future generations of suffering fellow creatures. On the walls of this den are pictures of outing life, hunting scenes and the like, and a few views suggestive of the strenuous life of the modern physician, all of which betray the fads and profession of the occupant. From an elevation, looking down upon you with a friendly grin, is an old weather-beaten, discolored skull. It is that of Indian and was unearthed near Swinney Park. Who knows but that its owner was felled by one of Mad Anthony's sharpshooters? On this question the skull refuses to be interviewed. But the chief feature of this den is the accumulation of Turkish rugs which cover the floor. The doctor is a crank on rugs, and while you and we might think some of them unlovely because they are dingy and devoid of brilliant colors, he loves them the more for that very reason.

Dr. Barnett is a native of Kentucky, the state which produces colonels, feuds, blue grass and corn extract. He holds the chair of anatomy and surgery in the Fort Wayne College of Medicine, and during the recent quarrel with Spain was a surgeon with our boys. He has a slow way of speaking and moving—a very slow waxy, in fact—but you don't notice that peculiarity while he is doing a piece of surgical work or chasing the elusive quail, or as he drives or rides his fractious steed over the smooth streets of our municipality.



HENRY P. SCHERER



WOMEN have not inherited the peremptory right to change their minds. The snap shot of Former Mayor Henry Scherer indicates that he has retired from politics, but on closer observation you can see that he still has a string attached to it. Here is a man who may at this very moment have the voters of Fort Wayne on the string. He used to be a carriage and wagon maker and he has no trouble in getting a vast number of voters on his wagon. Don't think that he has entirely retired from the wagon business just because he is now a highly prosperous real estate and insurance man. He is a charter member of the City Packard Band and played solo alto for many years. While he is not tooting his own horn at this critical juncture he may be busily engaged in nitting up seats on a band wagon.

It is just fifty years ago that Mr. Scherer began yelping for a rattle box and tin whistle. He has been playing a successful tune in life ever since. He was elected councilman from the Eighth ward in 1888, and while serving in the council was elected by his colleagues to fill out the unexpired term of Mayor Zollinger until May, 1893. Mr. Zollinger's death having occurred while in office. He then retired from politics just as he has now. In 1896 he was elected mayor for two years and at the expiration of the term was elected for a term of three years. He was so popular with the Democratic party that he was made county chairman until he retired. Henry Scherer is not of a retiring disposition, however, and he may be in a dark brown study now, to determine whether to reach over and pull the string or not. Henry is a very prudent man. He does not butt into danger for the purpose of advertising his bravery. While he does not attempt to trace his ancestry to the three wise men he usually knows which side his bread is buttered on. He never gets his feet wet unless he is out in the rain.

STEPHEN MORRIS

WHEN Stephen Morris was a young lad he somehow got a notion fixed in his mind that it wasn't a good thing to tell whoppers or steal. He reasoned in a youthful but sturdy way that if he didn't dare to do right and dare to be true, he never would amount to much. He saw other boys who didn't dare to do right, and observed that they were bad boys. So while the other boys ran away from school to go fishing in the canal feeder he took home his reward-of-merit card. When the other boys climbed fences into orchards to pick up worm-stung and windfall fruit, Stephen remained in the highway and looked wistful. When his folks had company in the parlor he never would creep into the pantry to try the steaming hot fried cakes that had been placed there to cool, although he would rivet a longing look upon them. When the cider-barrels were placed in the cool basement in the early autumn he would never insert a straw in the aperture through which the froth oozes and create a connection by suction with the juice of the apple. Not a bit of it.

And what has been the result? For twenty-nine years, beginning when he was a boy, Mr. Morris has held an honored position with one of Fort Wayne's oldest and most substantial financial institutions—the Old National Bank. When he entered the place as a messenger, it was known as the Fort Wayne National. He has held several positions of trust and is now the bank's note teller.

Mr. Morris is a son of Judge John Morris, and was born at Auburn, Indiana. He was brought to Fort Wayne in 1839 when only six months old. After a course in the public schools, he attended the Methodist College before beginning his long service in the bank.





WILLIAM V. DOUGLASS

IT is an interesting fact that nearly all men, even the most successful and seemingly contented, will tell you, when questioned, that they had other plans for life than those which they finally adopted.

Here's Mr. Douglass, for example, one of our most respected, always-smiling fellow townsmen, who carries, buried away down deep in his heart, a regret—not large enough to sadden his life at all, but nevertheless a regret which comes forth occasionally and demands attention.

Now what do you suppose is the cause of this regret? simply this: Mr. Douglass wishes he were a railroad man. This is the story:

He came from New Hampshire to Fort Wayne in 1863. In those days of his youth he was employed in various ways. For some time he worked in the large clothing house of Woodward & Young, and then in N. B. Stockbridge's book store. It was about this time that his health showed signs of failing, and physicians insisted that he engage in some kind of work which would keep him from the indoor life to which he had been devoted. His father, W. B. Douglass, was one of the best-known conductors on the Pennsylvania Line—was employed in that capacity for a quarter of a century—and it was decided that the son should spend a time on the same road as a passenger brakeman. He started in, and became so enthused over railroad life that he decided to adopt it, provided he could soon rise to the position of conductor. But, although he was in a direct line for advancement, he did not receive the assurance of promotion until he had decided to go into the grocery business here with a partner; the firm was known as Anderson & Douglass. Then the announcement of the promotion came, but it was too late. Sometimes a little thing only is needed to change one's life history.

Mr. Douglass, in 1882, engaged in the real estate and fire insurance business and has been exceptionally successful.

JOHN M. E. RIEDEL

If the heathen of our land fail to become converted, the fault cannot be laid at the door of Mr. Riedel. That door, by the way, is on the third floor of the Schmitz block; take elevator. We repeat: Don't, for goodness' sake, blame Mr. Riedel if the people of our land refuse to turn from their wicked ways and walk in that straight and narrow path which leads to everlasting blessedness.

We say this because when we called on Mr. Riedel to invite him into this book, he told us he was just finishing plans for the thirty-ninth church which he has been called upon to design. Perhaps he has drawn several since then. These temples of worship are scattered over the area touched by Rhode Island on the east, Wisconsin on the north, Louisiana on the south, and Nebraska on the west.

Mr. Riedel was born in St. Louis, but he didn't stay long enough to see the World's Fair. Coming to Fort Wayne, he attended Concordia College for a time, and then entered the office of T. J. Tolan & Sons, architects. After working there a while and learning the principles of the business, he transferred his labors to the office of W. H. Matson.

In 1886 he opened an office for himself, and later formed a partnership with B. S. Tolan. They later dissolved the alliance, and Mr. Riedel has successfully continued the business with the help of competent assistants.

Among the local structures of importance which are the product of his hands and brains, are the remodeled Concordia College buildings, the Sunset Cottage and others at the Indiana School for Feeble-minded Youth; engine houses Nos. 7 and 8, the Foellinger block and others.





CHRISTIAN C. SCHLATTER

IT is somewhere written that the noblest work of the Creator is an honest man. There are pessimists who adhere to the claim that none of these specimens now remain, while others, more liberal in their views, express the belief that the species, like the graffe and the buffalo, is slowly but surely reaching the stage of entire extinction. But we insist that there are vast numbers of this sort of bric-a-brac adorning the world today and that many are to be found in Fort Wayne. If we were asked to pick out one of these and Mr. Schlatter happened to be one of the first men to appear, we would spot him in a minute.

Perhaps he got a good start in that direction while working on the farm in Cedar Creek township where the first sixteen years of his life were spent. At any rate, Mr. Schlatter seems to have made up his mind that if he ever became a merchant he would provide the farmer with the best of tools and implements to make his labor as agreeable as possible, and to furnish the rural housewife with just the kind of utensils needed to make her work light and pleasant. This he is now doing every day.

Mr. Schlatter went to Wooster, Ohio, when he was eighteen years of age to attend school, and began his experience in the hardware business working in a store there. After two years he came to Fort Wayne where he spent ten years in the employment of Morgan & Beach, so that when he embarked in trade for himself in partnership with Henry Pfeiffer, he knew the business thoroughly. About five years ago the wholesale and retail house of C. C. Schlatter & Company, with Mr. Schlatter as president and treasurer, was incorporated.

Mr. Schlatter is a great lover of music and his fine orchestra, maintained at his personal expense, is one of the valued musical organizations of the city.

HARRY W. SOMMERS, JR.

HAPPY SOMMERS is the young man who has kept the Anthony Wayne Club moving in the path of prosperity since "Sam" Foster and a few associates lifted up the faltering organization and set it on its feet.

Mr. Sommers is a natural born good fellow, and that's what has made him a successful hotel and club man. It is this quality that brought him into the important place he now occupies, that of manager of one of Indiana's best and largest social organizations—the Anthony Wayne Club, of Fort Wayne, which is now in a better condition than ever before in its history.

When Mr. Sommers came to take the management of the club it had just been revived with a membership of one hundred and sixty, with no enrollment fee to hinder those who desired to come in. Now, a suitable fee is required and the club membership limit of three hundred is full, with scores of applicants standing in line waiting for vacancies.

When he was sixteen, Mr. Sommers removed with his folks from Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, to Chicago, where he was initiated into the mysteries of the hotel business as steward. He was employed under his father, an experienced hotel man, in such important hostleries as the Virginia and the Metropole. When he was nineteen the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad made him superintendent of its dining car service between Chicago and Terre Haute. Later he was connected with the Kimball House, at Davenport, Iowa. Then he took charge of the Hotel Sommers, at Moline, Illinois, and made a success of it, continuing until the property was sold. He then opened a fine European hotel at Rock Island, Illinois, and the success of his venture marked him as the man wanted by the Anthony Wayne Club in its time of need. He has been here since March, 1903.



F. WILLIAM ORTLIEB



THIS young man was born in the fall but he has been rising ever since. Frederick William Ortlieb began life in Fort Wayne in September, twenty-eight years ago. He let his first name fall early in life and he has been pushing his middle name forward. Although he is very popular he never has been called "Bill." He is known as Will. Will is not so near like money as "Bill," but he lets it go at that. He devoted his early moments to getting through the Lutheran and the public schools, and went to business college.

First he thought he would be a machinist in a plumbing shop. His job was not a lead pipe cinch and he did not like the work; then he entered a drug store until he suffered from ennui handing out the directory, selling postage stamps and hitting flies out of the soda water. Then he began work in a hat store. He got so tired saying "Anything else please?" dispensing nose napkins, neck mouses and tiles that he sought a business that satisfied him. For a while he was secretary to Mr. George W. Beers and later in the Jenney Electric Light office before he found something to suit him. He went into the insurance business with Glutting, Bauer & Hartnett and remained with this firm through all of its changes, and was finally a member of the firm of Bauer & Ortlieb.

About a year ago he retired to form a partnership in the insurance and real estate business with Mr. Lennart. The firm is now known as Lennart & Ortlieb. Mr. Ortlieb has had great experience, not only in general insurance business, but is one of the best posted real estate men in the city on values. His firm has already been interested in many important deals in dirt.

Will is a prominent Elk and a jolly good fellow every day.

FREDERICK H. BOHNE

THE tailor may make the man, but the haberdasher puts on the trimmings which make him a welcome member of society. Mr. Bohne is engaged in the pleasant occupation of making the men of Fort Wayne look a whole lot handsomer than they would otherwise appear. Who knows but that some of those handsome ties decorating the bosoms of his customers were the attractions which have led to happy matrimonial alliances? A girl doesn't like a sloppily attired man, and it's right there that Mr. Bohne hurries to his relief with all that's necessary to make up the deficiency. Just so, too, the ill-clad applicant for a position is judged by his appearance, and many a competent man has lost out because he forgot to throw his old hat away and get a new one in its place, or to discard his 1895-style collar and tie and supplant them with something up-to-date. This wise generation reads a man's character even in the socks he wears and in the shirt which wraps his form. Of course, it is often mistaken, but it reads it just the same.

Mr. Bohne is an Allen county boy, born in Adams township. He didn't get old enough to do chores or husk corn before his folks moved to Fort Wayne, and he's glad of it. He attended the Emanuel Evangelical Lutheran school and graduated in 1876. We didn't believe it when Mr. Bohne said so, but he turns out to be somewhat older than he seems—all due to his tasty wearing apparel, which preserves his youthful appearance. For a while after leaving school he was employed with Golden & Monahan, and then for seven years with William Meyer & Brother. Seven years ago he opened his present store at No. 1412 Calhoun street, and four years later purchased the business of William Meyer & Brother at No. 824 Calhoun street. Since then his brother, Louis, has been a partner in the business.



GEORGE J. PARROT



THIS man loves children. To him their laughter is the sweetest music, their smiles the brightest sunshine, their frowns the passing clouds which make happier the tranquil moments. Mr. Parrot is by profession a photographer who would rather make pictures of children than anything else. His studio oftentimes resembles a nursery, for he first makes the boys and girls feel entirely at home, and then, when the feeling of strangeness has disappeared—children are soon contented in new surroundings if playthings are plentiful—he captures their poses in the truth-telling negative.

Mr. Parrot will devote the remainder of an active life to the promotion of a most excellent idea which has controlled his efforts since he first became interested in the photographic art. That endeavor is simply to assist in elevating photography to the place it deserves among the fine arts. The day is coming, thinks Mr. Parrot, when people will buy fewer pictures and those of finer quality than they have in the past. At housecleaning time nearly every housewife comes across a bushel or two of old photographs of friends thrown carelessly together, which she keeps in some out-of-sight place for two reasons: First, because the workmanship on them is common and ordinary, and, second, because they are so numerous as to litter up the home if placed on display. In the future there will be less promiscuous giving of pictures, and those presented will be highly treasured, because of their value as works of art.

Mr. Parrot is a native of Fort Wayne and has spent all his life here, excepting five years while he was in business at Warsaw.

He is prominent in the work of the Indiana Photographers' Association, having been the president and secretary of that organization. He was the leading spirit in the location of the Daguerre Memorial building at Winona Lake, in which will be displayed the world's masterpieces of photography.

ALLEN HAMILTON

THIS gentleman is photographed in the very act of working for his board—the school board. If this picture had been made at any other time during the past five years, it would have been just the same, for he is one of the men whose thoughts have been on the welfare of the schools even while engaged in his daily occupation for which he draws a salary from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; and he hasn't slighted his every-day work, either.

Mr. Hamilton is the secretary of the Board of Education. He was selected as a member of the board five years ago and is now serving his second term. We see him here with an armful of blue-prints showing the details of the construction of the magnificent new \$250,000 high and manual training school building. He and these sapphire-colored drawings have been almost inseparable since the work was commenced. But that's about over now.

Mr. Hamilton first heard the ting-a-ling of cow-bells on his father's farm in Washington township; he has always lived in Allen county, and most of the time in Fort Wayne. He attended the Jefferson school in this city and then the Methodist College. His first "job" was in a planing mill, and then, it seems, he became fascinated with the sight of wheels going around. He's been watching them revolve ever since, for it was directly afterward, in 1894, that he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as a machinist apprentice. He has been with the same employer thirty-five years, and is one of the most valued men in the local shops.

Since his election as a member of the Board of Education, many important problems have presented themselves for solution. Mr. Hamilton has always been on hand with a readiness to share his portion of the labor and responsibility.



ROBERT LEARMONTH



ROBERT LEARMONTH, chief clerk to Supt. J. B. McKim, of the Fort Wayne Division of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, got tired of Wheeling West Virginia early in life, although he thoroughly familiarized himself with transportation affairs. He quit Wheeling the town of his birth to go to Alliance, Ohio, to learn telegraphy. The Pennsylvania officials knew that Bob had completed the task of Wheeling West Virginia successfully and also that he had learned to handle lightning with dispatch at Alliance. Owing to his alliance with transportation affairs early in his career they knew that he would make a good railroad man. He was sent to Fort Wayne to become a clerk in the maintenance of way department of the Pennsylvania Company in 1870.

He has become a permanent fixture here where he has a happy home and spends many leisure hours telling his son what makes the wheels of commerce go. The boy has got past the point where he wants to see the wheels go round for he really has a penchant for making the wheels go himself. Besides teaching his son how to grow, Mr. Learmonth outgrew the maintenance of way department and is now in the transportation department. His early job of wheeling has served him advantageously. He has deserved all of his promotions. He can run a division just as well as he can write a pass. Mr. Learmonth is not afraid of the cars and not infrequently takes trips over the road to familiarize himself with every branch of the railroad work. He can pick out as good a hunting or fishing ground along the right of way as any general manager who ever stepped into a private car. In every way he is one of the best posted young railroad men in this big railroad town.

GEORGE L. DEWALD

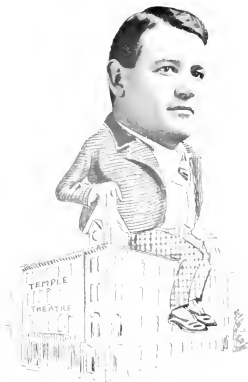
WHEN you see a man behind a gun it is not always necessary to presume that he means war. George L. DeWald is not a warrior. He enjoys going hunting for small game for pleasure. Now and then he likes to some quiet spot by a hillside there to shoot at clay pigeons. He usually seeks the protection of a clay hill so that when he misses the clay as it springs from the trap he hits the clay background. When he misses the clay he hits the clay, paradoxical as it may seem. He likes a target as fine as a hair, for there are times in the year when hare hunting is his sole pleasure. The game he is hunting for when this snap shot was taken is such a fine hare that he cannot see it.

George does other things besides hunt. He has a summer cottage at Fome City and his angling triumphs have been published in the neighborhood gossip around Sylvan Lake for many years. He has old man Walton beaten a block. He feeds all of the dog fish he lands to his hunting canines and he has some fine animals.

Thirty-five years ago George did not go hunting to any alarming extent. He went about in a horseless carriage and the streets of Fort Wayne were not as well paved as they are now. He got a good many lumps in consequence and he has been the better able to cope with lumps in later life. He went directly into his father's dry goods store after leaving school and has been in active business ever since. At present he is the vice-president of the George DeWald Company, one of the largest wholesale dry goods houses in the west. His particular line is the handling of the gentlemen's furnishings in the store. He can tell whether a man's hat is on straight or not at a glance. If you catch him looking at your necktie grasp his hand and smile. He can't help it.



FRANK E. STOUER



MR. STOUER is the wonder of Fort Wayne. How any man can keep looking as pleasant as he does and continue year after year as the manager of the Temple Theatre—or any other playhouse, for that matter—is beyond our understanding. Did you ever stop to think what a strenuous life the manager of a theater must lead? No? Well, just stop a minute and think.

In the first place, he must adapt himself to the whims of unreasonable patrons who demand a front-row seat in the parquet, notwithstanding every seat is sold, or insist on a rail roost in the balcony when the "standing room only" sign is displayed. Then he is, by many patrons, held personally responsible for the badness of every production, while the actors get credit for all the commendable features. He must be able to deal out suave talk to pleaders for "comps" who base their claims on every sort of ground, from the fact that their mothers were acquainted with John Drew's second cousins down to the claim that they are chore boys in newspaper offices. And all this must be done just right or the house and the manager become unpopular. But these are only a few of the things which confront him on the one hand, and we shall not enter upon a discussion of the trials and tribulations which come to him in his dealings with the show folks, who are all out for the money and have little regard for the welfare or peace of mind of the local manager.

But we have every reason to know that Mr. Stouder is happy. He looks it. His voice betrays it, whether the information comes in its ring of jovial laughter or in its beautiful tones of song which the people of Fort Wayne have learned to know and to enjoy so long and so well.

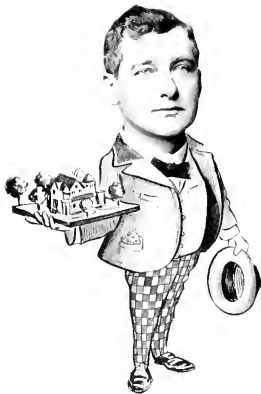
GEORGE W. M'KEE

AFTER being business manager of the Fort Wayne Daily Gazette for over three years, Mr. McKee entered the real estate, loans, and insurance business, in which he has been engaged in this city for several years.

Mr. McKee is a Muncie product. There he spent his boyhood and young manhood years. He graduated at the National Normal University at Lebanon, Ohio, and for three years attended the Methodist College of Fort Wayne. His first business occupation was that of a school teacher, which he followed before and after leaving college. In this, as he has been in his real estate and insurance business, he was a success. He knew how to "teach the young idea how to shoot." He taught school in this county for four years and afterwards was principal of a ward school at Salt Lake City, Utah. He then traveled out of Denver, Colorado, for a wholesale business house and, returning to Fort Wayne, took the position of city circulator and afterwards advertising manager for the Fort Wayne Daily Press, a newspaper conducted here for a few years by Mr. Wendell, of Columbus, Ohio. He went with Mr. Wendell to Ohio's capital, remaining there for awhile in his newspaper employ and returning to Fort Wayne took a position as advertising manager for the Daily News, from which paper he went to the Gazette, which at that time was owned by Mr. Leonard. In this position he secured a wide acquaintance among our merchants and business men and was successful. In 1864 Mr. McKee abandoned the newspaper business and entered the real estate, loan, and insurance business for himself in which he has since been engaged, his offices being in the Tri-State building.



WALLACE E. DOUD



THEY used to say that a boy or girl who had a name the initials of which would combine to spell a word, was certain of a successful life. Believers in this theory might point to the illustrious names of Francis E. Willard, James A. Garfield, Alexander Hamilton, Charles A. Dana, Adna F. Chaffee, Stephen A. Douglas, or even to that most successful of all family men, Brigham Young, as shining examples. Perhaps that's why Mr. Doud is so successful, but we don't believe a word of it. He's successful because he pulls off his coat and goes at the real estate business in the same manner that he would if he had secured the contract to bore seven-hundred post holes.

Although Mr. Doud claims no knowledge of the dress-making business, he must admit that he has done some splendid work on the outskirts of Miss Fort Wayne, The Commercial Addition, Riverside Addition, and Lawton Place Addition—in which \$65,000 worth of lots were sold within five weeks—are examples of his ability to do things.

Mr. Doud was reared on a farm in Defiance county, Ohio. He attended the country schools and then a normal school at Bryan, Ohio, returning then to his native county where he taught for some time. He was later in charge of the schools at Sherwood, Ohio. After spending some time in a jobbing house, at Defiance, he drifted into the insurance business. He didn't drit long. He was soon a general agent for the Union Central Life Insurance Company, but came here eleven years ago to sell houses and lands. We all know how the venture turned out.

Mr. Doud is a director in the Citizen's Trust Company, in the Allen County Loan and Savings Association, and in the Commercial Club. He is a Scottish Rite Mason, a Knight Templar and a Noble of the Mystic Shrine.

FRED D. HOHAM

FRED HOHAM is not what you would call a revolutionist, but he always did like to see the wheels go 'round. Even in the old days, when he drove a delivery wagon with a team of Texas ponies hitched to it, no other wheels in the town revolved half as fast as Fred's, and the patrons of the store for which he worked always found their goods delivered before they had time to return from their marketing. Today he is interested in other kinds of wheels—the wheels on the Haberkorn steam engines, which are made in Fort Wayne, but which keep things moving in various parts of the country. Mr. Hoham is the secretary of the Haberkorn Engine Company, which has grown to be one of Fort Wayne's best manufacturing industries.

The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620 and set up their homes in the wilderness. Fred Hoham landed at Plymouth, Indiana, about two hundred and fifty years later and set up a howl in Hoosierdom. The Pilgrims fought off the cunning Redskin, while Fred only courted that brand of Trouble by assuming a lovely coat of red skin while making frequent and prolonged sojourns at the old swimming hole.

He came to Fort Wayne when he was nineteen and learned how to roll pills behind the case at George H. Loesch's drug store. He liked the work and shortly went to Chicago and took a complete course at the Chicago School of Pharmacy. Then he came back and has been here ever since. After seven years' experience with Mr. Loesch, he went into business for himself and for sixteen years has been very successful.

He became interested in the Haberkorn engine while the model was on exhibition in his place of business, and was instrumental in the organization of the concern which is now manufacturing it. He is an energetic man, but finds time to handle his two important interests.



LOYAL P. HULBURD



WHENEVER you 'phone 141 and say you have a package to go out of town by either the American or the National Express line, Mr. Hulburd will respond by sending one of his wagons post-haste after that package. He was always that way—prompt in responding to hurry-up calls. Take it away back in the sixties, for instance. In response to the first call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers, the first man to sign his name on the roll of the company recruited at Waterville, Vermont, was Daniel C. Hulburd. The third was his son, Loyal P. Hulburd, now the general agent for the American and National Express companies in Fort Wayne. The son was then seventeen years of age. He was a farmer's lad and had attended school at Waterville. He was chosen as the second corporal of his company, which was assigned to the Second Vermont regiment. It went into service in the Army of the Potomac, and with it Loyal P. participated in every engagement from the first battle of Bull's Run until the trenches at Petersburg were reached in July of 1864—thirty-eight battles in all. Just before the battle of Antietam he was appointed orderly sergeant of his company. In the battle of the Wilderness, on June 12, 1864, he was struck over the head by a sprint shell, and when he was carried off the field it was thought he was dead. It was found, however, that he had only suffered a broken breast bone. He was taken to the hospital and in a short time was able to rejoin his regiment.

After leaving the army, Mr. Hulburd went to Cleveland, Ohio, and there, in September, 1864, he took employment with the American Express Company. He remained with the company in that city for twenty-seven years, filling every position in its offices up to that of agent. The last six years of his service at Cleveland he was city agent of the company. On January 1, 1891, he was sent to Fort Wayne and given the general agency here of both the American and the National express companies. Here he has remained continuously since and is now nearing the close of his fortieth year's service with the companies he represents.

L. C. HUNTER

SOMEONE gives this definition: "A mine is a hole in the ground owned by a liar."

Now, this isn't so at all, and we can prove it. Mr. Hunter owns a mine and it isn't a hole in the ground, and that statement from his lips proves that he is truthful because you can see for yourself. Mr. Hunter's mines—for he has several of them—are located out in California and are of the placer variety. He went out there lately to soak a few tons of gold out of the side hills, which he may ship back home in flat cars. Flat cars filled with gold would still be flat; it isn't so with pocket books.

We hope Mr. Hunter will do well out there, but we don't want him to stay away because we miss him very much. He was born in Allen county, near Hometown, but has lived in Fort Wayne for twenty-one years. He came here as deputy in the office of County Auditor Griebel in 1882. Then began a series of events which kept him in the court house for eighteen years, all but two of which were spent in the treasurer's office. In 1894 he went into the treasurer's office as deputy with John Dalman, and served in the same capacity with Isaac Mowrer and Edward Beckman, who succeeded Mr. Dalman.

In 1890 he was elected treasurer of Allen county and was honored with re-election two years later. Upon leaving the treasurer's office in 1900 he engaged in the manufacture of duplicating books with the Archer-Sprague-Vernon Company, which recently closed its factory here on consolidating with the National Duplicating Book Manufacturing Company, now known as the Merchants' Salesbook Company. He declined to accept an important position with the new concern, though he retains an interest in it.

His California mining property is located in Calaveras county.



FRANK S. LIGHTFOOT



If the dollars handled every month by Frank S. Lightfoot, as treasurer of the Bass Foundry and Machine Works, were as big as the car wheels his company manufactures, locomotives and trains of cars would have a sorry time getting them to the bank, for its business runs into millions. Fortunately, Uncle Sam hasn't got the car-wheel-sized dollar yet, and Mr. Lightfoot is saved the study of the solution of this imaginary problem.

Here we see him reading an essay on "A Few Remarks on Wheels." Just what is in that essay will never be known. It might say that the Bass works is the largest manufacturer of car wheels in the world, that it turns out three hundred car wheels each day, sending them into every state and territory, and that all the great trunk line railroads of the country run their trains on Bass Works' car wheels. All this would be the truth, for the fame of the Fort Wayne car wheels is world-wide. They are the greatest and the best, as are also its castings, its Corliss engines and its other products.

For the transaction of all this great business Mr. Lightfoot handles the cash. He is the treasurer of the works. He won his way to this responsible position on merit and through sterling worth. Born at Falmouth, Kentucky, he came here at the age of twenty and took a place as clerk in the offices of the Bass works, rising in time to the position of general bookkeeper. For several years he was private secretary for Mr. John H. Bass, and when the Bass works was incorporated four years ago as the Bass Foundry and Machine Works, he returned to the general office work, and three years ago was elected the treasurer of the great establishment. This position he has since held. While a native of the Blue Grass State, born below the Mason and Dixon line, his twenty-four years' residence in Fort Wayne has Hoosierized him, and he is a true Northerner. Fort Wayne is glad to have him as "one of us."

ALLEN J. VESEY

ALLEN J. VESEY is a product of Lagrange county where he grew tall and rugged like some of the sycamores along the shores of its numerous lakes. As a boy he caught fish, and "chiggers" and perhaps an occasional "hikin'" at school, but never complains that he got a lick amiss.

When he reached his six feet of height at twenty years he was far enough along mentally to go to Michigan University to study law and there he spent a year with Blackstone and quizzes. When he returned to his native county, he settled in the town of Lagrange to practice law. Some profitable deals in lumber came his way and he found himself willing to take an honest risk when it seemed to promise something "net." Then followed some years of hard work on larger deals that yielded an empty "net." It took a great many years of plucky pursuit of the "nimble" to get out of the entanglements of those efforts, and part of them took him to Chicago.

After he had settled in Fort Wayne and became a partner in the law firm of Vesey & Heaton, the head of which was his brother, the Judge, he forsook bachelor ways and became a benedict. That was the making of him. He is now the junior member of the firm, Judge Heaton having been called to the superior bench. His hours are busy with the real estate end of the firm's large business. He is by no means a politician but likes to attend caucuses and state conventions. The other fellows always find him companionable and square whether at home or at a state convention. He has never forgotten how to fish and loves to visit the lakes for that purpose but his reports of his "catch" are never beyond belief. He is a lawyer who can be believed, even in the telling of a fish story.



ALEX. H. STAUB



ONE day last winter, a salesman in Mr. Staub's place of business was displaying the merits of one of his fine steel ranges. On opening the oven door, a defenseless little mouse hopped out and ran toward the proprietor.

"Throw something at him!" cried the customer.

"It won't do any good," replied Alex, "he's out of my range."

And then Alex laughed heartily, and the mouse escaped. That's what makes Mr. Staub so fat—he laughs so much. It seems also to have a good effect on everybody with whom he associates. Mr. Staub is a charter member of the Don't-Worry Club. He is constantly adding new members to that delightful order. This is one way he takes to shed warmth abroad—the warmth of fellowship. Then he has another way of dispensing warmth—that warmth which keeps the physical man comfortable when it's cold enough without to freeze the flame in a gas street lamp, or that warmth which is needed to prepare his food. In other words, Mr. Staub sells stoves and ranges; not all kinds, but just the best kinds. He is one of Fort Wayne's progressive business men, and has been for many years.

Mr. Staub was born in Cincinnati but that was the only remarkable thing that happened to him there, as his folks removed to Indianapolis in 1854 when he was three years old. If we allow three years of grace, which is a reasonable length of time, Mr. Staub is a native-born Hoosier. He attended Croil's Academy at Indianapolis, and the Northwestern University (now Butler College) in the same city. He came to Fort Wayne first in 1871 and was then for a period in Huntington. He came back in 1876 to remain, and engaged in the business which now occupies his attention.

Mr. Staub is a thirty-second degree Mason and a Knight Templar.

ELMER LEONARD

THESE are some men who do not believe in following a profession. They sincerely are inclined to catch up with it. That is what Elmer Leonard has done. He is right there when the train starts. While he is the junior member of the firm of W. & F. Leonard he is the larger member. He is too large to wear his older brother's clothes. This is why he always has a smile on his face. They couldn't drop any cut-down and made-over garments to him.

After graduating from Ann Arbor he returned to Fort Wayne with his brother and hung out a shingle. This is not the shingle his father formerly used in making sad impressions. Elmer has never thought that he knew all about the law and this is the reason he has been studious and has climbed to the top of the profession. He never believes in doing things by halves. He is ambitious in all his endeavors. When he started to play in the riffles in St. Joe river, near his father's farm, it was not long before he sought water where he had to swim. He has been in the swim ever since. A few years ago he was elected chairman of the Republican organization in Allen county. He was so active in this office that he was later made chairman of the district Republican organization. Now he is active in the councils of the party in the state of Indiana.

Recently he thought he was not feeling well and he took a trip to Chattanooga and spent some time on the top of Lookout mountain. It is possible that he was looking out for something higher. Elmer knows how to climb and he usually has his spurs on for the trail. He is one of the most active and energetic of the younger practitioners at the Allen county bar. He is also highly popular both in and out of his profession.





SAM WOLF

HERE stands Mr. Wolf at the entrance of the magnificent new Wolf & Dessauer store welcoming the throng of visitors and assisting in directing them to the numerous departments. Within are one hundred and fifty happy, good-natured salesmen, who, alone are well worth going to see. A tour of the big store and a view of so many pleasant faces will drive away any case of the blues.

Mr. Wolf is purely a Fort Wayne product. After attending the public schools, he served as a clerk in the office of City Clerk W. W. Rockhill, and, after this experience in official city affairs, he hired out to Uncle Sam as stamp clerk in the Fort Wayne postoffice. Then he began his experience in the dry goods trade. He found employment in the Louis Wolf store and there stored away enough knowledge to enable him to undertake the important step of establishing, with Myron E. Dessauer, the large concern which has grown in nine years to be one of the biggest dry goods houses in the state. At the time the store was opened on Calhoun street, it was the only dry goods salesroom south of Berry.

For many months the people waited for the completion of the big Barnes Building, on West Berry street, which was erected for the use of Wolf & Dessauer. It is now one of the busiest spots in the city. The store has a floor space of 54,000 feet, making it one of the largest retail business houses in the state. The comfort of the public is looked after in the maintenance of free resting rooms and reception rooms, and everyone may have the free use of the telephones installed for the exclusive use of patrons. Altogether, the Wolf & Dessauer store has no superior in Indiana.

ELMUS R. GESAMAN

IN this material world, where the processes of wear and decay are continuously at work, nature is kept busy making repairs. Everything needs "fixing." Even dates, according to Mr. Gesaman should be fixed. One way to fix them is to take each one separately and cut a slit in the side, removing the seed or stone. In its place, insert the meat of an almond from which the skin has been removed. After you have done this to the whole supply on hand, roll them in powdered sugar. They don't look very nice, but they taste pretty good and are guaranteed to assist any case of indigestion.

But that's the kind of date-fixing that Mr. Gesaman refers to. He wants you to fix the date, naming the hour if possible, on which he can come over and see you, or when you can go over to see him, about that life insurance matter. Fix it, please.

Mr. Gesaman was born just a month after the battle of Gettysburg. Figure out his age, if you care to. This event occurred in Noble county, Indiana—not the battle, but the birth. Most of his early life was passed on the farm, but he was so situated as to enjoy the advantages of the Albion high school. Before leaving the old homestead, he taught a rural school several terms. After 1887, he was variously engaged as a traveling salesman, until 1894 when he went to Toledo, Ohio, to enter the employ of a wholesale grocery. Then he turned his attention to life insurance, taking the agency for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, in Fort Wayne, at the beginning of the year 1899.

Mr. Gesaman has always been active in church affairs. For several years he was district secretary of the Fort Wayne Christian Endeavor Union, during which time he published the Christian Endeavor Uniter.

Remember that suggestion to "fix the date."



WILLIAM E. JENKINSON



If Necessity is the mother of Invention, who is the papa? Why, the inventor of course.

While Mr. Jenkinson was in charge of the office of the Jenney Electric Light and Power Company he discovered that the prevailing methods of handling small accounts with hundreds of patrons was sadly in need of fixing. He looked about to find something which would improve the condition of things, and failing to find it, invented an entirely new method, which is now patented and called the "Jenkinson System of Accounting and Filing." This system has been revised and adjusted to meet the needs of physicians, dentists, gas and electric light companies, newspapers and others who have a multitudinous quantity of small accounts. It is being adopted wherever introduced.

Mr. Jenkinson was born at Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis. His folks were Quakers and came west from Philadelphia on account of his father's ill health. They got as far as Richmond, Indiana, and there took up their residence for a time in that Quaker community, but found it necessary to go farther in the direction of the setting sun. Lake Minnetonka was selected. They purchased quite a tract touching the lake and there settled down to enjoy life and recover health. But when the war broke out the Indians swooped down upon the defenseless farmers and the little family barely escaped with their lives by fleeing to Fort Snelling. The farm buildings and crops were all destroyed.

They returned east in 1848. Mr. Jenkinson was employed for a time as a traveling salesman for a wholesale grocery house at Richmond, and later engaged in the bakers business. Coming to Fort Wayne in 1850, he was employed for a time in the construction department of the Fort Wayne Electric Works, and went from there to the office of the Jenney Electric Light and Power Company, where he acted as manager under C. G. Gunk.

MARTIN J. CLEARY

IN putting base ball toggery on him, we have certainly caricatured Martin J. Cleary, of the artistic job printing firm of Cleary & Bailey, for as a base ball manager he is well and popularly known throughout Northern Indiana, Southern Michigan and Northwestern Ohio. He is the manager of the Shamrocks, the semi-professional base ball team that has the honor of being composed of the champions of Indiana. This club, made up of players all of whom are week-day workers in mechanical and business pursuits in Fort Wayne, he has managed for several years. They are first class base ball players and wherever they go they make friends. They know how to play ball—clean ball and good ball—and combine with it the art of always being gentlemen. This is why the Shamrocks have a reputation that is peerless in the semi-professional base ball arena of the country.

But it could hardly be said that managing a base ball club is Mr. Cleary's business. More properly might it be called one of his accomplishments. He loves the American game and that is the reason he has his own club to play it, most of his dates being fixed on the holidays. Mr. Cleary is a printer. He has followed the occupation in this city since he was a boy, working in every department of the trade, and there isn't a better job printer in Fort Wayne. He is now, and for some years past has been associated in business with Thomas E. Bailey. Both are practical job printers. They have a nicely equipped office, do all kinds of artistic printing, and have an extensive business among our merchants and the people generally. Their offices are at 612 Calhoun street.





WILLIAM GEAKE

THIS gentleman with the mallet and chisel is celebrated for the fact that he is continuously making work for the Masons and for the masons.

In the great secret order of Masonry he holds the highest office in the state of Indiana, being an active thirty-third degree member and deputy for Indiana of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite body. From this place of honor and trust much of the activity of the great body of Masonry in Hoosierdom is directed.

And, too, in his every-day efforts at the head of a large stone-cutting concern, he prepares the material to keep hundreds of stone masons from idleness. Nearly all of the substantial buildings in Fort Wayne and a large number of those in many of the cities and larger towns of Ohio, Michigan and Indiana are constructed of stone from the Geake stone works.

Mr. Geake could never be president of the United States, because he was born in England. The event occurred in Bristol, in June, 1840. He came with his parents to Canada in 1854, but their love for their native land was so strong as to forbid them to remain, so they returned four years later. Our Mr. Geake, however, wanted to try it again, this time coming to the United States in May, 1868. After a brief stop at Oswego, New York, he went to Toledo, where he learned the stone-cutting trade. He then spent six years following the business in Boston, Chicago and various other cities, and in 1874 began contracting in cut-stone work with J. J. Geake, with whom for a number of years he was later in partnership. From Toledo he went to Petoskey, Michigan, where he took up a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres of land and was one of the first white settlers in that region. After passing six years there he came to Fort Wayne to remain. He has worked hard to build up the substantial business which we now see.

MAXIMILLIAN J. BLITZ

IT is a fortunate thing for us that the surname of this young man is not as elongated as the baptismal appellation, otherwise there wouldn't have been room enough in the allotted space above to accommodate it all, and this subject might necessarily have been omitted from the book. Mr. Blitz's father was a great admirer of Maximilian of Mexico and grieved over the death of the unfortunate leader when he was shot as a traitor. His son was so named as an evidence of that admiration. And so, bearing this illustrious name, "Max" Blitz invaded Fort Wayne in 1866, just as the other "Max" entered Mexico in 1864—twenty-six years previous—but our "Max" has been decidedly more successful in accomplishing the object of his invasion than was his noted example. Of course, they weren't seeking the same sort of thing. The Mexican invader was after a throne and waged an unsuccessful fight against the republicans. The Fort Wayne invader sought success first as city ticket agent of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis railroad and manager of Kinner's ticket office. Whatever sort of business insurgents were encountered, he seems to have met and vanquished them, for he soon owned the Kinner business, and in 1867 added an insurance department.

In the following year he was given charge of the interests of the Preferred Accident Insurance Company, and in numerous cases since then he has been in charge of the entire agency force. This company, through the efforts of Mr. Blitz, has in Fort Wayne alone nearly eight hundred policy holders. Mr. Blitz handles also a general line of other branches of insurance. In connection with his insurance business Mr. Blitz now conducts an extensive wholesale and retail cigar and tobacco establishment, his store being located in the busiest section of Calhoun street.



HERMAN L. ROLF



WERE it not for the plumbers, the funny papers would have to go out of business, because the chief source of their jokes would have disappeared. If one man has shed bitter tears on receiving the proverbially fatal plumber's bill, then a thousand have laughed themselves into hysterics over that single incident when portrayed in picture and word on the printed page. So, you see, we are largely indebted to the plumber for much of the jollity and good nature which is spread abroad in this great world of tears. And, too, think how his occupation is giving work not only to hundreds of thousands of men employed in the manufacture of the materials he uses in his work, but also to the army of joke writers and comic artists who would otherwise be unemployed wanderers on the face of the earth.

And now, having forced aside all possible prejudice against plumbers in general and thus prevented a riot, we beg leave to introduce Mr. Herman L. Rolf, one of the star actors in the Fort Wayne bunch of lead-pipe cinchers. When we talk of "plums," political or otherwise, we refer to something of considerable value and much desired. A plumber is one who gets the plums. In the box are the tools with which Mr. Rolf wrenches them off. He is thoroughly competent, and his professional knowledge of joints ought to entitle him to a job on the police force.

Mr. Rolf spent his boyhood days on a farm in Dearborn county, Indiana. At the age of ten he was brought to Fort Wayne, and here he attended the Lutheran and the public schools. In 1867 he, with his brother, Albert, established the present plumbing business on Broadway. It is one of the finest in the city. They carry a full line of everything in the way of water, gas and electric fixtures and connections, bathroom supplies and all that sort of thing.

GUSTAVE A. RABUS

WHENEVER Mr. Rabus suits a man he gets a fit. That is to say his customer gets the fit.

Don't think that because Gust Rabus was born in Bloomingdale some time during the latter half of the last century that it is proper to say that he comes from the flowery kingdom. Bloomingdale is not a kingdom but Gust is a kingly good fellow all right. Since growing up, Gust has come over the river into Fort Wayne. His father, John Rabus, is one of the pioneer merchant tailors of northern Indiana. He came here when Fort Wayne was a village and has grown with the city. In later years he turned his extensive tailoring business over to his sons—Gust, George and Charles. Gust is the oldest son and is in active charge. When he is not charging, his brothers are and then the proverbial story about a man's tailor bill is revived. It is an easy task, however, to do business with Gust Rabus. He does business in a business-like way. He goes east each spring and fall to look over the styles as they arrive from London and Paris. Then he comes home and whenever it rains in London he rolls his trousers up. When it stops raining he takes them on and puts on a new pair. He believes that men ought to have their trousers creased. Nobody other than a good tailor knows just how to crease a pair of trousers. Not everything with Gust has a silver lining. He uses any kind of lining his customers desire. He firmly believes in a man pressing his suit but not too strenuously in leap year. He likes to tackle a bride-groom and get him ready despite the fact that nothing is ever said in descriptions of weddings about the poor neglected groom's garments.



G. MAX HOFMANN



ALTHOUGH educated for mining engineering, Mr. Hofmann has gone into the air frequently instead of into the earth. It would seem, therefore, that his place is in the earth, but you can't keep a good man down. To hear some of the consumers talk you would think that the gas business is all air. Mr. Hofmann is also a director in all of the independent telephone lines about Fort Wayne. All these lines are in the air.

Max was born in Germany about forty-seven years ago and went to Dresden to college. This is where the chinaware comes from. Max is partial to china, but has taken no decided stand in the Japan-Russian war. In 1883, after receiving a thorough education in mining engineering, he came to America. He became a draughtsman in the Pennsylvania shops here and later went to the Alabama iron ore fields of the Bass foundry of this city. When the natural gas struck Pittsburg he went to the Pennsylvania gas field as an expert. He was later with the Indianapolis Consumers Gas Company for three years before returning to Fort Wayne, in 1889, as expert and superintendent for the Fort Wayne Gas Company.

This snapshot was taken of him while he was on his way to test the capacity of one of the modern gas wells. He is not carrying a German pipe. It is a gas meter. While not looking for air that will furnish light and heat he acts as president of the Western Engineering and Construction Company and also of the National Steel Casting Company, of Montpelier. Although a very busy, as well as a highly prosperous, business man, he is not too much engaged to greet his friends with a smile and a hearty handshake. He is thoroughly popular. He is a member of the A. O. U. W., the Elks and the Scottish Rite Masons and is a Mystic Shriner.

ROBERT B. HANNA

"BOB" Hanna was so young when they elected him to a seat in the city council that he had to be provided with a dictionary to sit on. That was in 1884. Ever since those days Bob has been a hustler. It was a beginning to be proud of, and there's nothing like a good start-off. Recently he was chosen to be the secretary of the Commercial Club and here he is doing a good deal for the welfare of Fort Wayne.

If you should take a complete history of Fort Wayne and turn the pages carefully, marking with a blue pencil the name Hanna wherever it occurred, you would have at the finish a badly mutilated volume. The name bobs up everywhere, beginning with the city's early history. The grandfather of Mr. Hanna was a man of much prominence in the early development of the state, and his father, Henry C. Hanna, was one of the most prominent citizens and land-owners in Allen county. "Bob" is one of the wide-awake present day representatives of the family. He was born in Allen county in 1868. He attended the public schools and after graduation from the high school decided to become a lawyer. He did it. He began by studying in the office of his brother, Henry C. Hanna. The brothers practiced as partners for several years.

"Bob" was twenty-one when the voters of his ward, which was strongly Democratic, made him a member of the city council. Again, in 1894, as a candidate for state senator, he ran 2,300 votes ahead of his ticket. In 1900 he was the nominee of the Republicans as their candidate for congress. He developed much strength and gave his opponent a decidedly close shave. Since then Mr. Hanna has paid pretty close attention to the practice of his profession. He has been prominent in many of the various kinds of activity which go to make up a lively city.





HENRY J. HORSTMANN

IN the toggery which adorns him in this sketch and with the implement of hard manual labor in his strong right fist, Mr. Horstmann may not look entirely natural to his many friends. The garb fits him perfectly, however, as he has worn it and wielded the hammer many a day in the times gone by.

Mr. Horstmann is the master mechanic of the Bass Foundry and Machine Works, Fort Wayne's largest manufacturing establishment. It gives employment to a thousand men. It makes more car wheels than any other company in the world. It is a large manufacturer of many kinds of factory machinery, engines, boilers, castings, forgings, et. It is of the latter, or the mechanical department, over which Mr. Horstmann has general superintendence, a position he has held for the last three years and for which, by his education and experience, he is finely equipped. There was a time when he wore the apron and used the mechanic's tools daily. That was during his early career. Born at Newark, New Jersey, after receiving a good education, he attended a technical college and began work as an apprentice machinist at Philadelphia. He served his time and became a "full fledged" machinist, working at the trade as machinist and foreman until he went to Providence, Rhode Island, as superintendent of the Corliss Engine Works of that city. He remained in that position for two years and then went to Rome, New York, where he had mechanical charge of the Consolidated Street Railroad company's lines.

It was while serving in this latter position that his mechanical skill and ability attracted the attention of the officials of the Bass works and they offered him inducements which brought him to this city. The years that he has been here have proven the wisdom of their choice. His high mechanical and executive abilities have made his services invaluable. Mr. Horstmann is popular with the officials and men at the works and our citizens generally.

WILLIAM M. LEEDY

MR. LEEDY stayed on the farm until he was old enough to vote. He voted to leave the farm, and the proposition was carried unanimously. This farm was in Kosciusko county. Probably it is there yet if someone has not cut it up into building lots.

So, at the age of twenty-one, he departed from the scene of his birth and started out as the representative of a publishing house—not a book agent, mind you, but a “solicitor.” Later he was promoted to the position of general agent. After working this business awhile, he became connected with the circulation department of the Kokomo Gazette-Tribune. As the middle-man between the publisher and the subscribers, he was a sort of circulating medium. He then took a similar position with the Wabash Plandealer and later with the Kendallville Standard.

Then he came to Fort Wayne. His first job was with the Sentinel. That was in 1887. His knowledge of the newspaper circulation and advertising business made him a valuable man, and he spent a portion of his time in the advertising department of the Indianapolis Sentinel, which was then allied with the Fort Wayne paper on which he was employed. He was then offered a place with the Fort Wayne Journal and was with that paper for ten years.

Since leaving the Journal he has been one of the foremost insurance men in Fort Wayne, carrying a general line and representing some of the best companies in the country. He deals also in real estate. In his work Mr. Leedy has an able assistant; it is a large, soft, warm right hand, which is commonly known as a representative of the “glad” variety. It has grasped a good big share of business which would have been lost but for its loyal attention to duty.

Mr. Leedy lives in Lakeside and is proud of it. Ask him.



EDWARD F. YARNELLE



WE suppose that even those who are quite intimately acquainted with Mr. Yarnelle will be surprised to be told that he is the president of a railroad. It's a fact, though. The name of the railroad is the Lake Erie & Fort Wayne. At present the road is two miles long and operates one locomotive. Quite a portion of the trackage is in the yards and under the roofs of the Fort Wayne Iron & Steel Company. The road now has a switch connection with the Pennsylvania road and has secured a right-of-way to the tracks of the Wabash. The plan is to construct a belt line about Fort Wayne, an undertaking which will be a splendid lift to the city's commercial interests.

However, this railroad isn't taking much of Mr. Yarnelle's attention. You will observe that he is engaged in the very commendable occupation of singing. When he isn't busy at this he is occupied at his desk in the large wholesale heavy hardware house of Mossman, Yarnelle & Company, in which he is a partner. He is a native of Springfield, Ohio. When he was fifteen his folks removed to Illinois and settled on a farm. After three years he went to Pana, Illinois, to learn to sell dry goods. In 1877 he came to Fort Wayne to take a position with the heavy hardware firm of Coombs & Company. He just seemed to fit the place and grew to like the business so well that he decided to go into it for himself. In 1882, in company with Frank Alderman, he purchased the heavy hardware business of A. D. Brandt. W. E. Mossman afterward secured Mr. Alderman's interests, and the firm of Mossman, Yarnelle & Company was formed. In 1893 they bought out Coombs & Company and consolidated the two concerns.

Mr. Yarnelle is president of the Fort Wayne Iron & Steel Company, a director in the First National Bank and, as we have noted, president of the Lake Erie & Fort Wayne Railroad.

As a member of the Haydn Quartet, Mr. Yarnelle has contributed melody to listening thousands for the past twenty-six years.

CHARLES D. TILLO

If you are ill here is a man who can cure you. Charles Tillo can sell you the best patent insides you ever saw. He can make you look fresh and attractive with new outsides. Down is left at the post when it comes to making you new. Charley can take a country newspaper and give it an air of metropolitanism that almost turns the paper yellow. He knows just exactly how, as he has grown up in the business and has progressed with the times. Busy as he is, he finds time to play golf. A little over a half a century ago he was not playing golf. He was then even too small to be a caddie. He was picked up when he bawled.

The town of Clyde, in Wayne county, New York, was the first place that ever knew Charley. If he had been a day sooner he would have been a New Year's gift. He has never been a day late since.

After leaving school he went to New York City and learned the printing trade. Then he came west and secured a position on the *Citizen*, at Jackson, Michigan. After a while he assisted in founding the *Jackson News*, the second penny paper in the state of Michigan. The late Governor Blair, of Michigan, was interested in the paper. Mr. Tillo retired and went back to the *Citizen* until he located in Battle Creek, where he was interested in the *Sunday Tribune*. Just a quarter of a century ago he became connected with the *Chicago Newspaper Union*. He was so successful in Michigan that he was given the management of the Fort Wayne branch nineteen years ago. He has been the head of the concern ever since. He has done much to advertise Fort Wayne and to boom its enterprises. He was one of the founders of the Wayne Club and is active in the affairs of the Kekoing Golf Club.



CHARLES R. LANE



If the noisy telegraph instrument in the editorial room of the Fort Wayne Daily News should suddenly quit business, you would yet find the stillness of things interfered with by a buzzing, clicking noise emanating from the southwest corner of that same room. This peculiar sound is sent out from Charley Lane's typewriter, and the louder it grows the heavier is the editorial that's being ground out by the mechanism of his cerebellum. In the picture we find him handing to the copy-boy a complete treatise on "How to Exterminate the Democrat: Donkey."

Mr. Lane has had charge of the editorial page of the Daily News since its purchase by the present owners two years ago. He is an experienced newspaper man and one whose political work has counted heavily in the battles of the Republican party in Indiana.

Charley Lane began at about the same time the civil war did, but he has lasted a good deal longer. However, like all other mortals, he must sometime go the way of all mankind because, you know, it's a long Lane that knows no tanning, and there can never be a mortal quite so long as eternity. He was born at Oxford, Ohio. His father owned and operated steamers on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Although Charley was orphaned when a boy, he managed to obtain a good education. He was graduated from Earlham in 1884, and immediately began his newspaper experience on the Richmond, Indiana, Palladium. In 1886 he went to Indianapolis, and for seven years was connected with the Journal. He left that paper to become private secretary to Congressman Charles F. Henry. On returning from Washington in 1897, he was elected secretary of the state senate. He then purchased an interest in the Fort Wayne Gazette, of which he was the editor. In 1899 he was appointed Deputy State Supervisor of Oils for the Twelfth district. Mr. Lane takes much interest in the Fortnightly Club and was its president in 1905 and 1909.

CHARLES T. PIDGEON

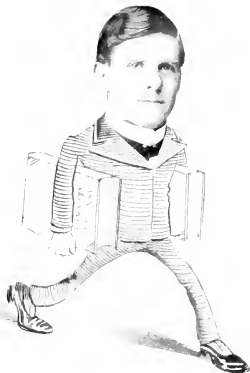
EVEN those who are bitterly opposed to the use of birds in the adornment of ladies' bonnets are enthusiastic over Pidgeon trimmings—in fact, they consider Mr. Pidgeon a bird when it comes to the production of beautiful and dainty things in all the various lines of millinery.

Some hateful man, probably the helpmeet of a super-extravagant wife, describes a bonnet as "a female head trouble which is contracted the latter part of Lent and breaks out on Easter." Many of these outbreaks may be rightly considered as "rash," but not so with the thousands of Pidgeon bonnets which present their beautiful plumage and foliage at the happy Eastertide and at all other times between the annual recurrence of this spring bonnet festival day.

The C. T. Pidgeon Company—for as such the present Pidgeon-Turner Company will be known after the beginning of next year—is one of Fort Wayne's big wholesale and manufacturing concerns. Its object is to spread beauty everywhere, carried by the fair representatives of our race.

Mr. Pidgeon began life in Ohio, at the town of Wilmington. He attended school there and later took a course at Earlham College. After leaving school, he entered the railway mail service and continued for four years as one of Uncle Sam's hired men. In 1888 he turned his attention from mail matter to female matters, having taken a position as traveling salesman for the Adams & Armstrong Co., wholesale milliners. His territory was in Michigan. He was a dandy at the business, and continued it until three years ago. Upon the reorganization of the house as the James A. Armstrong Company, he became its vice-president, and held that position until he purchased Mr. Armstrong's holdings in the establishment. He then became president of the house which changed its name to the Pidgeon-Turner Company.





WILLIAM C. GEAKE

BOBBY BURNS once said of Captain Goose: "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and, faith, he'll prent it." In the picture of Will Geake he is not taking that kind of notes. You can't bank on the notes he has under his arm, either. "Sweetest melodies are those that are by distance made more sweet," and it is a credible assumption that the further the average person can keep away from the notes Will is carrying the more enchanted he will be. Will now holds the honorable position of assistant to the attorney-general of Indiana, and he is busy delivering the goods. Fort Wayne and William C. Geake were both born on the Maumee river, but not in the same place nor at the same time. Will came later, at Toledo. This was about thirty years ago. He came to this city when seven years old. After going to the public schools he attended Taylor University. Then he went to Ann Arbor, and in 1888 was graduated from the law department. He formed a partnership with William N. Ballou, one of his classmates, and began the practice of law in this city. The young firm built up a lucrative practice and continued until Mr. Geake's removal to the capital.

Will is an orator and a thorough student. He takes an active part in politics, and when Attorney-General Miller was inducted into office, about two years ago, Will was made his assistant. He has been highly complimented for the excellency of his work. Although possibly the youngest attorney in this position, he has been one of the best. Like his father, he is active in Masonic circles and is a member of Summit City lodge and also of the Scottish Rite bodies. His eloquence has been enjoyed at some of the Scottish Rite banquets held in this city. He still retains his residence in Fort Wayne, although at present occupied with his professional duties in Indianapolis.

EUGENE WYNEGAR

THE typewriter is the vehicle by which many a person has been carried to a splendid success. Every little while we read of some plain, demure stenographer succeeding in capturing her wealthy employer for a husband. Evidently these young ladies get tired of being dictated to by a horrid man and know that this is the only way to get a chance to turn the tables. There are several reasons for all this. Take, for instance, an old bachelor, too much wrapped up in his business to go out into society or in other ways to mingle with the fair sex. Shut in his private room, a frown upon his brow he dictates: "John Jones & Co., New York. Gentlemen. We have yours of—what was the date of their letter, Miss Brown?" sternly addressing the girl with the machine and notebook.

"The sixteenth, sir," she replies sweetly.

He is looking directly into her deep, brown eyes, whose long, dark lashes droop as they meet his changed expression. He had never seemed to look at her before. To him she was suddenly transformed into a radiant, beautiful being, too heavenly, too precious to hear another word about John Jones & Co., or any other commonplace mortals. It is the beginning of the end. Soon a new girl is at the typewriter. Perhaps she will capture the chief clerk or the janitor.

Mr. Wynegar is the man who is back of all this sort of thing in Northeastern Indiana, as he is the representative of the Remington Typewriter Company for twelve counties. Born and reared in North Judson, Indiana, he later resided at several points in the state, finally landing in Indianapolis, where he learned all about typewriters. The Remington Company sent him to Fort Wayne about eighteen months ago and he has done wonders here. The click of five hundred Remingtons may be heard here any day except Sundays and holidays.



EDWARD A. K. HACKETT



IN the newspaper field the *Sentinel*, of which F. A. K. Hackett is editor and proprietor, is the oldest publication in Fort Wayne. It dates its existence from 1833, its first issue being on July 5th of that year, when the town had less than four hundred inhabitants. It became a daily on January 1, 1861. Mr. Hackett became its proprietor on August 1, 1880, and has continued as sole owner since.

Under his energetic management its circulation and business grew to proportions which made it the leading Democratic paper in northern Indiana. Its editorial and local columns are ably edited. It is a clean family newspaper, championing principles which its editor and proprietor believes to be right. Mr. Hackett has shaped its policy and course.

He is a practical and successful newspaper man. He was born and reared and educated in Perry county, Pennsylvania. As a boy he was "a printer's devil" in the office of the *Perry County Democrat* and worked at the case as a compositor and afterwards as advertising manager for a state paper. He drifted to Indiana and in Wells county at Bluffton, from his own earnings, purchased the *Banner*. This he conducted successfully for several years before coming to Fort Wayne to assume the ownership of the *Sentinel*. With the late Hon. S. E. Morss, he was at one time part owner of the *Indianapolis Sentinel*. He also conducted here for awhile the *American Farmer*, a state agricultural paper.

Mr. Hackett never sought political office. He never held any except that of trustee for the Indiana School for Feeble-Minded Youth. His appointment to the responsible position was made by the governor of the state. He held the office under several state administrations and its duties he performed faithfully and well.

CHARLES R. WEATHERHOGG

MR. WEATHERHOGG figured it this way: "Here in England," said he, "there are one hundred and thirty of us to the square mile, and the number is increasing all the while. Now, over in America there are only twenty or so to a like area. If I stay here and engage in designing big structures, the time will come when there will be an insufficient amount of room for my buildings. I'll go to America, where the out-of-doors is a good deal bigger and there's no danger of crowding."

And so he came over, bringing with him all his architectural apparatus and a headful of ideas. He came from Lincoln, Lincolnshire, where he had attended the Art Institute and mastered his life work. Donington, the town of his birth, was not far distant. Mr. Weatherhogg has never regretted that he cast his lot among Uncle Sam's folks. And, of course, he's glad he finally landed in the Summit City, for his has been the experience of the scores of other foreign-born residents of Fort Wayne; you couldn't chase him out with a gatling gun. His first residence in the United States was at Chicago. After spending a year there, he came to Fort Wayne in 1862 and has been one of the busiest men in town ever since. Magnificent monuments to his genius and ability are scattered all over this part of the country. Our latest and finest is the new \$250,000 high school building. Another, just completed, is the plant of the Perfection Biscuit Company. He designed the splendid Jasper county court house, and they liked it so well they wouldn't let him go until he had prepared plans for their Carnegie library. The high school building at Peru is his design. The prisoners in jail at Kankakee are safely housed in a building erected after his ideas. So, you see, he knows his business and does it well.





BENJAMIN F. HEATON

A LITTLE turn of fortune changed Ben Heaton from breeder of fancy stock into a lawyer. When he was a boy living on the farm in Marion township, he assisted in raising some beasts and fowls which brought fancy prices wherever they were presented for sale. Everything looked rosy, and the lad's trousers pockets began to take on a silver lining. He had settled in his mind the question of a life occupation. He would be a prosperous farmer; what was to hinder?

But one day something happened. One by one the creatures of which he was so proud and upon which he had set his hopes, drooped and died. A fatal and resistless epidemic attacked the flocks and herds, and there was gloom on the Heaton farm. This not only occasioned a large financial loss, but seemed to show that a worse calamity might result with the investment of a greater sum in the enlargement of the business. Ben changed his mind. He had been attending the country schools. He entered the Tri-State Normal at Angola, and on leaving that institution took a course in a Fort Wayne business college. He had by this time made up his mind to become a lawyer and began his studies in the office of Vesey & Heaton, where he was employed as a clerk. In 1900, at the age of twenty-two, he was admitted to the practice of law. He was then made a member of the firm of Vesey & Heaton and continued in the partnership until the fall of 1902, when the present alliance with Carl Yaple was made. Of these two young and progressive members of the profession it is said that the sunshine reflected from their countenances has had such a happy influence over many litigants who have called for advice that they voluntarily dismissed their cases, thus cheating the attorneys out of several prospective fat fees.

ALBERT E. BULSON, JR.

THE commercial importance of a city is revealed in its factories, its railroads and its business houses; its culture is told in its schools, its churches, its libraries and its galleries of art. Few cities of the dimensions of Fort Wayne are so fully developed in all the elements which make an ideal commonwealth, and the thing usually missing is the presence of a suitable place for the display and study of art. Dr. Bulson and a few others equally interested, made up their minds that Fort Wayne should not be lacking in this important respect, since all other departments of municipal development have been so carefully attended to. So the Fort Wayne Art School association was organized with Dr. Bulson as its president. The Kiser homestead was purchased as a home for the association and the school, and Fort Wayne is now recognized as one of the important art centers of middle west. In addition to the maintenance of a well equipped art school, the people of Fort Wayne are frequently treated to loan exhibits of the products of the country's foremost artists.

But this is only a side issue—though a very important one—of the doctor's. As professor of ophthalmology in the Fort Wayne School of Medicine; as oculist and aurist to St. Vincent's and the Allen County Orphan asylums, St. Joseph hospital and the United States Pension Bureau for Northern Indiana and Ohio; as editor and manager of the Fort Wayne Medical Journal-Magazine; as secretary and treasurer of the council of the Indiana State Medical Association; as a member of several of the large national medical associations—we say that as he has all these and many other important interests, one would hardly think he'd have time to get much pleasure out of life, but it is a fact that that big automobile of his holds a man who finds plenty of time to get out into the atmosphere and see all there is in nature to enjoy.



FRED H. ASH



FRED ASH is an old-fashioned sort of a boy who isn't carried away by the automobile, except occasionally when a friend invites him to go along. He doesn't own one. The lad hasn't struck him yet and he has less trouble dodging it than he does the automobiles themselves. He seems to be contented with the old reliable gasohless carriage with a sleek horse hitched thereto, and in this class of turnouts he keeps up to date. His horse doesn't like automobiles any better than its owner and whenever it sees one it outstrips it in speed just to show its contempt for the new fangled and so-called competitor.

But there isn't very much exercise in carriage driving, and Fred is obliged to get the other kind of recreation elsewhere. Usually, in his leisure hours, he can be found "driving" on the golf links. It didn't take him long to get onto the golf terms, though at first he thought it was merely an old maids' game when someone used the word "tee" and another referred almost simultaneously to the "caddy." Fred coupled the two into "tee-caddy," the spinster's friend. But he soon learned differently, and now such expressions as "masine" and "brassey" are as familiar as stove-pipe and mica, which he hears every day while laboring in the stove department of his father's store. Fred is an expert on stoves and is most willing to exchange information about checks and drafts for checks and drafts or any other kind of currency. His busy season is just beginning.

Fred has always lived in Fort Wayne. He goes out occasionally to see what there is beyond the city limits, but none of it looks good to him so he comes back. He attended the public schools, St. Paul's Lutheran School and Concordia College, and went from the latter into the H. J. Ash establishment, where he has developed into one of our likeliest young business men. He is an enthusiastic Elk and is a star performer at their annual minstrels.

WILLIAM F. MOELLERING

IT must have been awfully discouraging to Moellering Brothers & Millard, the wholesale grocers, to receive a visit from the fire fiend on the very first year of the establishment of their wholesale grocers business. If they shed tears over the event they quickly dried them and began anew by opening a large store room on Columbia street and remodeling the damaged buildings at the corner of Lafayette and Montgomery streets into capacious warerooms. They now have one of the most important houses in Indiana.

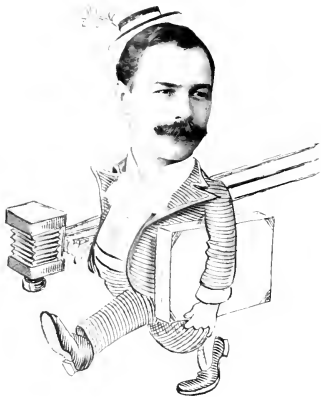
Mr. W. F. Moellering, who sits nearest the door of their Columbia street office and whose glad hand you are likely first to encounter, is shown here as a sort of pinnacle to a collection of the company's numerous varieties of cheese. Mr. Moellering has no particular connection with the cheese end of the business—he knows just as much about teas and coffee and spices and canned goods and everything else—but these make a good pedestal, so he posed thereon while we took a snapshot with our little paint brush.

Like many of our successful men of affairs, Mr. Moellering has risen to a prominent place in the city of his birth. He has found no good reason to go elsewhere to meet the sort of success he has wished. This is no criticism of people who do move away from their native towns in search of something better—provided their native town is somewhere else and they come here to find something better.

Mr. Moellering's first business venture was in 1870 as a retail grocer. This grew, as time went on, and finally resulted in the formation of the house of Moellering Brothers & Millard. It has prospered well.



ED. PERREY



If it is true that humanity should be under great obligations to the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one has hitherto sprouted, what sort of praise and adoration is due to the individual who causes a smile to accumulate upon the features of a person who has never before been known to stretch his face into jolly dimensions? Ed. Perrey's "Now look pleasant," has accomplished this thousands of times. He has done as much as any living being to bring permanent brightness to the faces of the people of northeastern Indiana. To him, on this account, we owe much more than we can ever pay. We defy him to collect it.

Mr. Perrey first opened his eyes upon a Fort Wayne landscape. Like all other lively youngsters, he went to school, played hoopkey, patronized the old swimmin' hole on Saturdays, went to Sabbath school on Sunday morning and played two-odd-cat in the afternoon. Then he went to work. His first employer was F. R. Barrows, the photographer. He was with Mr. Barrows one year and then with John A. Shoaf for eight years, and, long before the end of that period, he knew pretty nearly all there was to learn up to that time. Since then, photography has taken many forward strides: Ed has continued to tag along and keep pace with its progress. After leaving Mr. Shoaf, he went on the road for the Hotype Company, of Binghamton, New York, to show the photographers of the county how to use that concern's new products. He located here permanently at the corner of Calhoun and Berry streets, eight years ago. As showing his ability, he has a bunch of medals for superior work, one received at Indianapolis in 1897, one at Winona Lake in 1902, and two at the recent exhibition at Winona—in fact he's becoming very, very medalsome.

GOTTLIEB H. HEINE

WHILE the prescriptionist behind the case at the Meyer Brothers drug store is handling chloride of gold, Mr. Heine is manipulating the real article of gold and storing it away in the company's strong-box. He is the treasurer of the Meyer Brothers Drug Company and it keeps him pretty busy taking care of the stream of coin flowing into the coffers of that large house, as well as of the smaller stream flowing out. His duties are to increase the former and lessen the latter. Mr. Heine looks after all the financial ends of the Meyer Brothers concern, manages the advertising department and puts in good long hours earning his salary.

He is of the younger element of business men who are to keep the Fort Wayne of the future prominent among the live cities of America.

Mr. Heine takes a bigger view of his surroundings than most men. This is because he is built on the tall, slim plan and can see farther. He was born in Fort Wayne and attended the Emanuel Buys' School. After graduating from the course there provided, he entered Concordia College for the purpose of adding to his store of knowledge and to better fit himself for a business career. He first learned to sell cheese and prunes and herring and eggs at a local grocery, but resigned his position as a provider for the inner man in order to become a decorator of the outer man. This he did by becoming a salesman in a gents' furnishing house.

His final change came with the reorganization of the Meyer Brothers Drug Company when he was chosen treasurer of that concern. This important house is now over half a century old, having been established in 1852 by C. F. G. Meyer, now president of the Meyer Brothers Drug Company of Saint Louis, and J. F. W. Meyer, president of the local house of the same name.



SAMUEL L. MORRIS



NO wonder Fort Wayne is such a peaceable, tranquil community. In this pretty little city of sixty thousand people we have, according to the most recent directory, one hundred and two full-fledged, active, learned followers of Blackstone, which gives us one lawyer to each six hundred population. Of course, it is the chief effort of these splendid citizens to preach continuously the doctrine of brotherly love wherein we all should dwell together without getting huffy at every little thing that happens. Occasionally, our natural meanness breaks out, and then the ever faithful expounder of the Law rushes in to fix up the breach. But he always does his best to avoid this latter calamity by the application of preventive remedies. His life is one continuous round of personal sacrifice in the interest of peace. Mr. Morris is one of our busiest peace commissioners and has for years been a leading light of the bar of Allen county and of Indiana. We see him in the sketch making a hearty appeal in the interest of quietude and tranquility.

Mr. Morris was eight years old when he came to Fort Wayne. He got this start-off at Auburn, but his father, the venerable Judge John Morris, brought the family to this city in 1817, and here they have remained and become valuable citizens. Mr. Morris received his preparatory education in the public schools, graduating from the high school in 1838. He then entered Princeton College, New Jersey, and in 1841 went forth as a graduate of that institution. He then began reading law in the office of Withers & Morris, and in 1844 was admitted to practice. For six years he was a partner of Judge R. S. Taylor, and since then has been associated with W. H. Coombs and P. C. Bell, and now with James M. Barrett. This law firm is one of the most prominent in the state of Indiana.

JOHN W. SALE

TWO years ago, after a long period of activity, Mr. Sale decided to retire from business and pass the rest of his days in a restful, quiet way. He drew out his coziest Morris chair, selected a comfortable pair of house slippers and settled down to enjoy in tranquility and ease the fifty or sixty remaining years of his life. He was surely entitled to this rest and he meant to avail himself of the privilege.

But he no sooner got settled down than he happened to think of something. That "something" was simply this: That a man of Mr. Sale's push and energy can never keep out of active life as long as health and strength are his. And directly he was enwrapped body and mind in the affairs of the Fort Wayne Iron and Steel Company. The sketch depicts him shouldering his portion of the responsibility of the management of that large concern. On the organization of the enterprise he was made a director and treasurer, and as such is an executive officer who is aiding in the successful development of this vast enterprise.

Mr. Sale was born in Warren county, but for twenty-eight years has been a resident of Fort Wayne. He was for twenty-five years the junior member of the firm of Hoffman Brothers and the Hoffman Lumber Company, which had large interests in a dozen states.

Besides his rolling mill connections Mr. Sale is also largely interested in the independent telephone systems of the central part of the state. He is one of the pioneers in this business, the development of which has become such a great benefit to the people at large.

Mr. Sale enlisted early in the civil war and served three years in the Twenty-fourth and Sixty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, during which time he rose from the ranks to a line officer, having served with credit. He was in some of the hardest fought battles of the war.

Mr. Sale is a staunch Republican and was the nominee of his party for state senator in 1902.



JESSE H. YOUNG



TWICE in his life Mr. Young shed bitter tears. Perhaps he did so more times than these, but twice we know about. Once was when he fell off a railroad turntable and broke his leg and the other time was on the morning after burglars had ransacked the jewelry store conducted by his father and himself and carried away everything excepting the show cases and the proprietors. We mention these two incidents, as they have a considerable influence upon the history of Mr. Young. He dried his tears quickly after each experience and buckled into the fight again as soon as the first shock was over. He is now one of Fort Wayne's successful business men, having a finely stocked jewelry and optical goods store in one of the best of locations.

Mr. Young is a native of Tiffin, Ohio. Perhaps that's the reason he chose a "Tiffany" line of business. He attended the high school and then Heidelberg College at Tiffin, taking a commercial course at the latter institution. It was while in school that he and some other lads were "monkeying" around the aforementioned turntable. The accident, which resulted in a broken leg, shortened his school days, and he started in to learn the jewelry business with his father at Tiffin. They locked the store up as usual one night. The next morning when they opened for business they found that every piece of their stock had been carried away by burglars. This broke up the business, and Mr. Young came to Fort Wayne in 1881. He was first employed as a stamp clerk in the postoffice under Postmaster Keil. Then, until 1890, he was engaged in the jewelry business, having purchased the Caps store. He sold the stock to Dallas F. Green and became connected with I. L. Sievert's establishment, remaining seven years. Several months ago he opened his present fine place on Calhoun street.

OTIS B. FITCH

If you take the map of Ohio and put your finger on Cleveland and then let it glide southward for twenty-five miles and stop, it will cover the place where O. B. Fitch made tracks in the sand with his "little footsies," and manufactured mud pies when he was in kilts, and earlier. It was in those days on the farm that he didn't take nearly the interest in footwear that he does now. Even when he got to be quite a lad, he followed the example of the poor benighted Hindoo, who continued to let his skin do, in place of boots or shoes.

But there came a time when things took upon themselves a change, and the boy began to take on airs by pulling on a pair of cowhides and later some dainty specimens of congress shoes. From that time since, he has kept up with the styles.

It was in 1871 that the family came to Fort Wayne. Mr. Fitch began activity here as an employe at the Olds Wheel Works, and did so well at the business that he stayed three years. Then he took a position with the Wabash Railroad Company as a fireman and continued for three years helping to drive the iron horses over that system.

By this time, Mr. Fitch had a pretty good idea of humanity and he decided to test the strength of that idea by engaging in business. He opened a store for the sale of hats, caps and general furnishings and did a good deal toward increasing the attractiveness of the attire of the men of Fort Wayne. After nine years in this line, he launched out, fourteen years ago, in the retail shoe business. His store is known as the Hoosier, a name which sounds warm and pleasant and homelike to every true son and daughter of Indiana, real or adopted.



JOHN H. AIKEN



HAVE you ever noticed that many of our best lawyers passed through the Hooster schoolmaster period before they finally chose their profession? It seems that when a young man succeeds in convincing a roomful of odds and ends of households that the world isn't flat and that the cube root hasn't any connection with botany, he rightly thinks he is pretty well equipped to convince a jury on almost any proposition which could possibly bob up for solution. That was the way with Judge Aiken. He taught the youngsters in various Allen county schools before entering a law school to finish his legal education, and had certainly gotten a good start on his successful way before taking the latter step.

Judge Aiken was born in Lafavette township. He came to Fort Wayne when a lad and attended the Methodist College. In 1884 he entered the University of Michigan and was graduated from its law department with the class of 1887. He came to Fort Wayne in the same year and began practice in partnership with M. V. B. Spencer. These gentlemen continued together until Mr. Spencer's appointment as state pension agent, which took him to Indianapolis.

Judge Aiken has thrown his able influence upon the side of the Democratic party and has been honored in turn by being elected to the superior judgeship of Allen county.

During the first term of N. D. Doughman, Judge Aiken acted as deputy prosecutor. In 1895 he was elected judge of the superior court to succeed the late C. M. Dawson. He was renominated for the same office in 1902.

Judge Aiken was a delegate from Allen county to the recent state convention of his party, and led the fight against instructing for any candidate for president. At present many of his friends are urging his candidacy for one of the county judgeships.

EMIL M. HOEFEL

THIS handsome young man is Mr. Hoefel, the staff artist of the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette, with whose features you may not be familiar, but whose faces you have frequently seen.

The first thing Mr. Hoefel ever drew for a living was a long breath of air. This was in Munz, Germany. While yet a baby he drew himself together and went with his folks into the domain of pretty Queen Wilhelmina, although it wasn't hers then. Here he was reared and educated. He managed to thrive well in the land of windmills and dikes and wooden shoes, and when he was old enough to hold onto a piece of charcoal and a handful of brushes and a palette he was sent to the Academy of Arts at Rotterdam. After spending some time there he was drawn to the sea and for two and a half years was a jolly tar before the mast, his principal object being to study the ocean in all her moods in order to reproduce her on his canvasses. His cruises carried him to France and Portugal and around Africa to the Dutch East Indies and the West Indies. His marines were exhibited in Holland and at the New Orleans and Saint Louis Expositions. At the end of his sea experience he landed at New Orleans and first began work with a decorator. At that time, too, he made his first acquaintance with newspaper illustrating. He soon had a position on the Times-Democrat as general illustrator; but the swamp fever caught him and he had to dig out of New Orleans. He went to Saint Louis, where he was employed by the leading German paper, Westliche Post, as a cartoonist and general artist. When the crookedness of Saint Louis began to crop out Hoefel got disgusted and came away to a decent town—to Fort Wayne.

In addition to his daily work, which is certainly of uniform cleverness, Mr. Hoefel is the instructor of a class in the manly—and womanly—art of fencing.





WILLIAM E. MOSSMAN

MR. MOSSMAN is one of those unusual individuals who have contracted an incurable case of youthfulness. We are willing to wager that if he gets to be a hundred and thirteen years old, he will be just as young in spirit as he was a score of years ago or is now. We wish that more of us could catch the infection. We notice that we say he has contracted a case of this kind; this is an error. He was born that way and never got over it. What a splendid thing it is to be able to stay in one's youthhood!

Mr. Mossman cut and sawed his way to success. He was one of the pioneer lumbermen of this portion of the country, and, although he has added some other lines of business to take a portion of his attention, he is still wrapped up in the manufacture of lumber. He was born on a farm near Coesse, in Whitley county, Indiana, sixty-one years ago, and stayed there until he reached his majority. It was then that he tried the experiment of manufacturing hardwood lumber, opening a mill at Coesse. The venture was a complete success, and opened the way to the establishment of a number of other mills in southern Indiana and Kentucky. These are still among the most important in this portion of the country. Mr. Mossman came to Fort Wayne from Coesse, after the mill there had proved to be a success.

In many ways, Mr. Mossman has assisted in the upbuilding of the city of his adoption. In addition to his connection with the wholesale hardware firm of Mossman, Yarnelle & Company, he is vice-president of the Ho-State Loan and Trust Company, vice-president of the Wayne Knitting Mills, and a director in the Fort Wayne Loan and Trust Company and the Fort Wayne Windmill Company.

RUSELLES S. VIBERG

YOU wouldn't think, to survey his good-natured phiz, that this young man leads a hand-to-mouth existence; would you? Well, he does. He's a dentist.

Politics make strange bed-fellows, they say. It also does many other queer things. Notwithstanding the fact that Doctor Viberg is not a politician—although a man with such a "pull" as his ought to be an expert at that profession—it was politics that brought him to Fort Wayne. It happened in this way: He was born in Cedar Creek township, and there did all the remarkable things which characterize the rural life of a boy. His father became the nominee of the Democrats as sheriff of Allen county. He was elected, and, of course, the family was brought to Fort Wayne; that was in 1888. Thus it was that politics brought Doctor Viberg to Fort Wayne. Of course, at that youthful age he had no idea of becoming a fixer of human chewing apparatus, but began at once a course in the city high school. Finishing his work there, he spent three years in Purdue University at Lafayette. Then he took up his dental studies in the Indiana Dental College at Indianapolis, graduating therefrom in March, 1895. Doctor Viberg, because of his special fitness, was placed in charge of the clinic of the college during its first summer session, and then, during the following winter, acted as assistant demonstrator in the operating department. At the completion of his work at Indianapolis he came to Fort Wayne, where he has been decidedly successful. He will occupy a suite in "The Parade," being the first man to sign a lease for office quarters there.

Doctor Viberg is an enthusiastic Elk and held the chair of exalted ruler in 1901 and 1902. He is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity and of the Masons.



GEORGE P. EVANS



THEY tell the story of a deaf old lady, who, with her daughter, happened to be aboard a railroad train which jumped the track and jumbled the passengers together in heaps. The two ladies were rescued uninjured and assisted to a grassy knoll, where they were left to recover from their shock, while the rescuers turned their attention to more serious cases. Among the passengers was a kindly-disposed elderly gentleman who passed from one group to another seeking to comfort and reassure the distressed. On reaching the two referred to he said gently, as he placed his hand soothingly upon the mother's arm:

"Have courage, ladies, and remember that a kind heaven bends over all."

Turning quickly upon the daughter, the mother asked in jerky syllables:

"What's that old fool saying about *men's overalls*?"

Of course, it would have been foolish to discuss such a subject at such a time; however, if George P. Evans had been there it wouldn't have been astonishing to hear him broach the subject, even under such unfavorable conditions. This is because overalls are his hobby. He doesn't think a person can get too old to wear "hibs." He is the treasurer of the Hoosier Manufacturing Company, which makes many carloads of these necessary outer garments each year. We don't know much about Mr. Evans' political views, but he seems to be strongly in favor of protection for the workman.

Hillsboro, Ohio, is Mr. Evans' native town, but he has been here since 1870. In 1878, after deciding that overalls and blouses were a staple necessity, the business of making these garments was begun in the building on Clinton street now occupied by the Fort Wayne Newspaper Union. In 1882 the Hoosier Manufacturing Company, which now has large quarters on East Berry street, was incorporated.

CHARLES H. WINDT

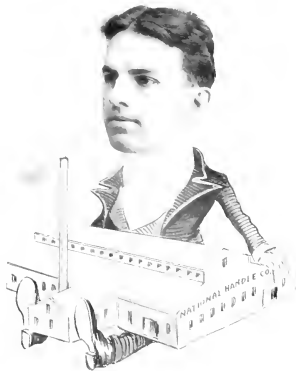
THIS young man is one of the most matter-of-fact individuals that ever occurred. When he was a small boy in school at Jackson, Michigan, the teacher asked the youngsters to learn a "memory gem" to be repeated at roll-call each Friday morning. Charley selected this old favorite and sprung it one day: "Always take things by the smooth handle."

And then he began to worry. How, he asked himself, can all the folks take things by the smooth handle when there aren't enough handles to go around? He resolved to remedy the difficulty, and as soon as he graduated from the Jackson High School he entered the employ of the Withington & Cooley Manufacturing Company, makers of forks, hoes and rakes at that place. He developed a great deal of executive ability and in the spring of 1900 was assigned to the care of the Fort Wayne branch of the business, known as the Withington Handle Company, exclusive manufacturers of handles. He was treasurer of the concern. The sale of the Withington Handle Company to the National Handle Company took place in June, 1901, and Mr. Windt was retained as manager. While still holding this important position, he was chosen assistant secretary of the National Handle Company—which is the largest manufacturer of handles in the world—and he is also auditor and traffic manager of the division of the various plants north of the Ohio river.

The output of the combined factories is fifty thousand handles per day. The shipments in and out of the Fort Wayne factory amounted to seven hundred cars last year; and a \$2,500,000 business was done here alone. Fifty men are given employment. The plant is now being greatly enlarged and will eventually be the largest of its kind in the country.

So, you see, Mr. Windt is doing all he can to assist in the observance of his "memory gem."

He is a prominent Mason and club man.



VAN B. PERRINE



DON'T think Van has a lumbering gait just because you see him with a jag on—that is, of course, a jag of lumber. He is always in condition to walk a plank and likewise knows a plank when he sees one. He sees a great many.

Van was born in Kingston, New York, and went to Brooklyn to get an education and planked shad. This is where he got familiar with plank. He found himself in the lumber business in Brooklyn when he was twenty-three years old, and he has not been lost in the lumber business in Fort Wayne for eighteen years. He represented a California firm upon his arrival from Brooklyn. In a very short time he started a large hardwood lumber factory at Huntington, the Lume City of Indiana. He thought that it would be kalm to live in the Lume City, so he continued to reside here and work at his mill between times. The Perrine-Armstrong Company moved its saw-mill to Fort Wayne later and now the factory on Winter street is the largest hardwood saw-mill in the state. Wagon and hardwood lumber of all kinds is made there. Nearly one hundred men find employment at this factory the year round. Mr. Perrine is also the owner of large factories at Lafayette and Indianapolis; but resides here. Van makes dust even at wet weather. You never saw such dust; but he surely saws such dust. Then the portions of timber not used for lumber are sawed into stove wood. This wood is sold in the city. He never hears the city over the telephone that the gas is low but in the winter people want to know why the wood is not delivered. He doesn't mind what people say over the telephone, as he was born near Hellgate.

Van is a Shiner and an Elk, and, of course, besides being a good fellow, knows a thing or two.

DAVID N. FOSTER

IT is difficult to put the story of the life of David N. Foster within the limit of the four straight lines which surround this type. As a lad fourteen years old he was a bundle boy in a store in New York City, going there from his native town in Orange county of that state. At eighteen he was a partner in the dry goods business with his brother. A little later he was a student in an academy at Montgomery, New York, equipping himself for the profession of the law. At twenty he was a soldier in the war of the Rebellion. A few years afterward he was back into business again, first at New York City and later at Fern-Haute. At thirty-two he was editor of a newspaper at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and at thirty-seven, in 1878, was in Fort Wayne conducting one of the branch stores in several cities of the Foster Brothers. He is now the president of the D. N. Foster Furniture Company in this city, one of the largest establishments of its kind in Indiana.

When the war broke out he was attending college. In April of 1861, the morning after Lincoln's first call for 75,000 volunteers, the citizens of the town were raising a flag. Mr. Foster was the orator and he closed his speech by announcing that he had already enlisted in the Ninth New York regiment and would leave at noon on that day to join the regiment as a private. He was promoted to second lieutenant in December of 1862. His commission reaching him while he was lying dangerously wounded in the hospital on the battle ground at Fredericksburg. Soon after the battle of Gettysburg he was promoted to a captaincy. His wounds, however, compelled him to leave the service and he returned home, re-entering commercial pursuits.

Mr. Foster has always been prominent in G. A. R. circles. In 1885 he was commander of the department of Indiana and was one of the original movers in the establishment of the soldiers' home at Ellettsville.



THOMAS F. BRESNAHAN



It would seem, on careful consideration of the facts, that this hairless-looking young man ought to be arrested and punished for committing the unpardonable act of cruelty to animals. For ten long years, ever since he came to Fort Wayne, he has busted himself hurling the harpoon into the thick hide of the G. O. P. elephant. During the early part of that period, this harpoon was shaped very much like a lead pencil, and his onslaughts wore away the point many times a day; later, with the improvements in methods, he has used the typewriter, and thus are his attacks machine-made. The fact is, to speak plainly, that Tom Bresnahan is the city editor and political writer of the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette, and he is one of the tireless workers for the Democratic party in the Twelfth district. By being tireless, he is necessarily puncture-proof, a very necessary qualification for a newspaper man who gives his attention to politics.

In addition to his newspaper work in the interest of the party, Tom has for two years been the secretary of the Democratic county central committee. This year, some of the candidates teased him to become chairman of the committee, but he shook his head; he's too busy.

Tom originated at Columbia City thirty-three years ago. The family came to Fort Wayne in 1850. He entered the Cathedral school and came forth a graduate from its classical course. Going then to Mount Calvary, Wisconsin, he put the finishing touches to his education at Saint Lawrence seminary. He speaks German and French equally as well as English, and he certainly slings English to the queen's taste. Coming to Fort Wayne to stay, he tied himself to the Journal and hasn't yet become untied.

JOHN MORRIS, JR.

MR. MORRIS is one of our liveliest members of the bar. On page 270, section 13, of the heavy morocco bound volume which he holds in his hand, is just the point he has been looking for. He has found exactly the right authority that's needed to win his case, and we behold him here telling the jury all about it. He has a faculty of being pretty sure of his grounds before going ahead.

Mr. Morris is a native-born Fort Wayneite. He came in March, 1806. He is the son of Judge John Morris, one of the most eminent jurists Indiana has ever known. His good traits have been taken up by his son, of whom we write. When Mr. Morris was a youngster he wasn't very strong physically, so that much of his education was received at home, a circumstance which was not as unfortunate as it would have been for many another boy deprived of a complete course in the public schools. However, he passed the final examinations of the high school and entered the University of Michigan in 1829. He was graduated therefrom in 1833. He immediately entered the law office of Coombs, Morris & Bell, remaining three years. In 1834 he was appointed by Noble C. Butler as deputy clerk of the United States Court in Fort Wayne, serving until 1837. In 1839 he was admitted to practice in the supreme court of Indiana and in the United States Courts. He formed a partnership with Charles H. Worden and continued until 1843, when the present alliance with William P. Breen was formed.

Although Mr. Morris has never sought political honors he has always helped to boost the interests of the Republican party, and is an important factor in district affairs. As showing his popularity among his brother attorneys it may be said that he recently received the unanimous endorsement of the Allen County Bar to be judge of the circuit court of Indiana.

He is a prominent Mason and otherwise actively identified with local and State interests.



PERCY G. OLDS



If we should tell a stranger that Percy Olds gains his livelihood by digging in the earth, or, rather, by watching and directing the other fellows while they do it, he might get the idea that he is either a miner, or an oil speculator, or a gas man, or an artesian well driller, or a farmer, or one of a dozen other kinds of workmen whom that expression would quite accurately describe. But he isn't. True, he was a miner until he reached his majority, but then he quit off short. Percy is connected with the large concern known as the C. I. Olds Construction Company, of which his father is the head, and to him falls a great deal of the work of superintending large contracts at various points in this portion of the country. Their operations are chiefly in the line of installing water works and sewer systems, electric lighting plants, etc. The company is constantly busy handling big contracts of this kind, and, as a consequence, Percy has to keep moving. We ought, perhaps, to say that the result of his lively moving and hustling qualities is the securing of many of these contracts, because good work always begets more of them for the concern which performs it.

Percy is a Fort Wayne product. He went through the public schools and graduated therefrom in 1905. For a year he was employed by the Fort Wayne Electric Works, but he decided to enlarge his education, and this was done by taking a course at Princeton University, the school in which Grover Cleveland holds down the chair of Izack Waltonism, likewise a few easier chairs.

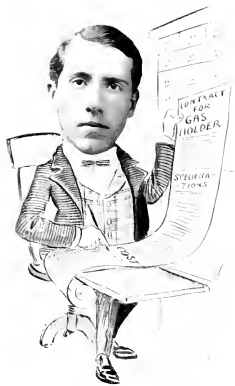
Returning home, he entered the employ of the construction company in 1908. He is well liked in business circles and socially he is popular everywhere.

ALFRED M. CRESSLER

WHEN Alfred Cressler came home from college two years ago he immediately gave his best thought to the commendable work of shedding light abroad. He has been shedding ever since. This little sketch shows how he does it. He sits at a desk in the office of the Kerr-Murray manufactory and figures out contracts and specifications for big gas holders—those immense round tanks which usually stand on the outskirts of the towns and are generally visible for miles before you get within the city limits. Notwithstanding their immensity, in some cases your nose is quicker than your eye in locating them. Well, that's what Mr. Cressler is figuring on. These tanks contain hundreds of thousands of square feet of gas, and the gas makes brightness which drives away the darkness. And in this way Mr. Cressler is seeking to shed more light abroad.

Just at present he is giving some time, too, to the installment of a new system of keeping tabs on the percentage of profit or loss in each subdivision of the various departments of the plant—a harmonizing and equalizing scheme now being applied to the workings of all large factories made necessary by advancement in methods along all other lines.

Mr. Cressler is a Fort Wayne boy and has been here all his life, excepting during seven years spent in school and college. After a brief attendance at a private school here, he went to Pottstown, Pennsylvania, to attend the Hill school, a preparatory institution, and then entered Yale. Here he made a splendid record in his academic work, and was honored in being selected to edit the book review department of the Yale Literary Magazine. At the close of his four years' course he was graduated in 1902. Since then he has been connected with the Kerr-Murray Manufacturing Company. He is popular socially, and is one of Fort Wayne's rising young business men.





ALBERT E. MELCHING

DURING all his early private and political life Mr. Melching was successful in everything he undertook, so it isn't surprising that he's a successful undertaker now.

Like a large number of good men, Mr. Melching came from Ohio. He was born on a farm in Mahoning county, Ohio, but, as soon as he was old enough to toddle, his folks held him by the hands to see if he could walk as far as the nearest railroad station. He could, so they all got aboard the first train and came to Allen county, where they located at Williamsport. Five years later, in 1861, they came to Fort Wayne. "Al," as he is familiarly known throughout the county, attended the parochial school of the Saint Paul's Lutheran Church, after leaving the public schools, and then, at the age of fourteen, with a widowed mother to care for, he secured employment in the spoke factory of Breckenridge & Taylor. Later he had like employment with Banke & Yergens. Then he learned to be a harnessmaker in the shop of Cooper & Neireiter, and later with Louis Traub. Thus he continued until 1880 when he opened an equine restaurant—in other words, a feed yard—on North Harrison street. Perhaps it was while caring for the wants of the noble animals left in his care that Mr. Melching had his attention drawn to the needs of the Democratic quadruped. At any rate, it was then he became a candidate for sheriff, and, in 1869, was elected by a good, large majority. His popularity was again demonstrated by his re-election two years later. During his official career, Mr. Melching was a faithful servant of the county. Twice, during his work as sheriff, was he obliged to make flying trips to the Indian Territory and once to Texas, to carry out the demands of justice. In 1893 Mr. Melching was made city chairman of the Democratic party.

He is now a partner with Robert Kluehn in the undertaking business.

PAUL MOSSMAN

ONCE upon a time, Mr. Mossman spent a year and a half making footprints in the sands and muddy spots of Europe, Asia and Africa, and the one thing among the thousands that he learned was that the United States is the garden spot of the world with Fort Wayne as its beautiful and attractive center. He likes our city better than any other place he has seen, and that is saying a good deal for the opinion of a man who has traversed the countries of Europe from North Cape, the most northerly settled spot in Norway, to the most southerly point of sunny Italy, and who has journeyed through Palestine and the states and principalities of northern Africa.

Mr. Mossman is one of Fort Wayne's most progressive young business men. If he hadn't suddenly changed his mind one day, this sketch might have described him as one of the most successful members of the Allen county bar, because he at one time, after returning from his foreign trip, thought seriously of becoming a lawyer. But he didn't. He took an interest in the large wholesale heavy hardware business of Mossman, Yarnelle & Company and has continued very successfully as a member of that important firm. He is a native of Fort Wayne, and graduated from the high school here in 1889. Going then to Ann Arbor, he entered the University of Michigan and graduated in 1891. He then took the foreign trip referred to above. Re-entering the Ann Arbor school, it was his intention to study law, but in 1893 he became interested in the concern with which he is still connected.

Mr. Mossman is concerned in several other important local institutions, including the First National Bank, the Fort Wayne Iron and Steel Company, and the Fort Wayne Windmill Company, in each of which he is a director. He is also vice-president and a director of the Commercial Club.



FRANKLIN A. EMRICK



MR. EMRICK is another country boy who has risen to success in the city. He is the same old illustration of the advisability of keeping the boys in the corn-field until they are old enough to begin their collegiate, commercial or professional work. We have such examples all about us in Fort Wayne.

Mr. Emrick is the young man who came pretty close to landing the Democratic nomination for prosecuting attorney at the county convention last June. It was so near that we shall, no doubt, hear more about him politically in the future. During the four years of the terms of his brother, F. V. Emrick, as prosecuting attorney, he acted as deputy and got next to a whole lot of the methods of handling criminal prosecutions.

Mr. Emrick had his beginning in Pleasant township from whence have come quite a bunch of our good people. He served a complete apprenticeship in the art of husking corn, milking the mild-eyed kine and taking his best girl to the ice cream festivals at the district school house.

After attending the country school until he had learned all there was to learn, he went to Ann Arbor to take a literary course in the University of Michigan. At that time he decided to become a lawyer, and from the literary work he turned his attention to the law course. Then, displaying a large amount of good judgment and common sense, he came to Fort Wayne to begin his career as an attorney. He was admitted to practice in 1866, and immediately formed a partnership with his brother. His venture has been markedly successful.

Mr. Emrick is a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, the Pathfinders, the Fraternal Assurance Society, and the Eagles.

HENRY F. MOELLERING

It isn't at all difficult to find a man with a cigar between his lips, but here's a man who has the entire tobacco industry at his tongue's end. He can tell you that the annual yearly crop of the weed in the United States amounts to six hundred million pounds; that a law passed in 1900 and never repealed, forbids its culture in Great Britain; that its name comes from the tobacco pipe used in San Domingo; that its botanical name, nicotiana, was given in memory of Jean Nicot, who first carried the seeds to France; that it is a native of America and was never heard of until the discovery of the new world, and so on indefinitely. He has to know a whole lot about tobacco because he's the buyer in that important department for the wholesale grocery house of Moellering Brothers & Millard, of which he is an active member.

But Mr. Moellering does a good deal more than this for his house. He's active in many of its other interests and has especial charge of its city trade.

Fort Wayne owes much of its commercial importance to the boost given it by its manufacturing and jobbing houses. The hundreds of traveling salesmen going out from these busy centers carry to the outside world the daily information that Fort Wayne is a live city. Moellering Brothers & Millard, through this one channel alone, are helping constantly to boom Fort Wayne in a substantial way.

Mr. Moellering is a native Fort Wayneite. He secured his early educational training in the parochial schools and then took a course in Concordia College. In 1879, he joined his brother, William F. Moellering in a retail grocery venture which had been launched two years previously. On April 27, 1904, the partnership of Moellering Brothers & Millard was formed. It has had a most successful history.



MARTIN W. KEMP



THE man of pluck is pretty apt to get on in this world regardless of inconveniencing obstacles. Mr Kemp was born in Madison township, this county, and had just fairly begun to learn things in the country school when he was left an orphan at the age of twelve. Then began his real battle with the world. He worked on farms in the neighborhood of his home until he attained the age of manhood, when he came to Fort Wayne in 1882 and entered the employ of Hoffman Brothers, who conducted a saw mill. He was with them a year and a half when he again turned his attention to farming, this time in Milan township, where he operated a place for himself.

He secured a job with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, however, and returned to Fort Wayne to take it, beginning as a laborer in the yards. Through good work and increasing competence he gradually arose to the responsible position of foreman of the lumber yards in this city in 1890.

Mr Kemp is an enthusiastic lodge man. As a Knight of Pythias he has occupied all the chairs and represented the home lodge at the grand lodge session. He is one of the supreme officers of the Fraternal Assurance Society of America. He has held at various times all the offices in the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and has represented the local lodge in the grand body. He is a charter member of the home lodge of Pathfinders and is now serving his fifth term as its presiding officer. He has had a good deal of experience in drilling teams for lodge floor work.

Mr. Kemp has made quite a reputation as a public speaker, one of his recent notable efforts being the speech at the Republican congressional convention which placed Newton W. Gilbert before that body as a candidate for congress.

FRANK P. WILT

FOR a dozen years Mr. Wilt sang lustily that rollicking "flour" song:

"Happy is the miller who lives by the mill,

The wheel goes 'round with a right good will

One hand in the hopper and the other in the bag,

When the wheel goes 'round he cries out 'grab!'"

But he was a jolly miller in those days and when he abandoned the business and began to sell codfish and tobacco and sugar to the retail dealers he had to get a new song. This is what he sings now, using the same tune:

"Happy is the grocer who sells by the gross,

He ships lots of goods through the margin's close

One hand counting coppers while the other holds the bag,

For while folks eat the sales can't lag."

Mr. Wilt was born in Fort Wayne and grew up here. He also grew out—considerably so. After attending the public schools a while, he entered the Miami Valley institute, an industrial school located near Cincinnati. He was fifteen when he came home and found employment in the Esmond flouring mill on the Saint Mary's. During the twelve years of his experience there, the mechanical part of the milling business was wholly revolutionized. He became financially interested in the mill, but sold his interests and entered the wholesale grocery house of Skelton & Watt as a bookkeeper. He was soon a partner in the business, the firm being then known as McDonald, Watt & Wilt. He sold out in 1894, and started in the wholesaling of teas, cigars and tobaccos. Two years ago, the present company, with Mr. Wilt as president and treasurer, was incorporated as a wholesale grocery house.

Mr. Wilt is a thirty-second degree Mason, and a thirty-third degree Rome Cityite, being one of the pioneer cottagers at that popular resort.



FREDERICK J. THIEME



Mr. Thieme says the stocking outlook is fine. He's strictly in it and certainly ought to know.

Stockings are commonly supposed to be the ladies' popular depository for money, and yet we are assured that Mr. Thieme has secured a good deal of corn out of his own hosiery.

It was he, you will remember, who organized in 1868 a concern known as the United Knitting Mills, the building being located on the ground with the Wayne Knitting Mills. They were operated under different managements. When the year 1900 arrived both institutions had grown to large proportions, and although the two were making different lines of goods and sold their products together, they had become formidable rivals in the knitting business. What should be done? Should they continue as competitors, or should one absorb the other? If so, which should go out of existence? It was an important time in the history of the two industries, and the boards of directors of each were brought face to face with a serious problem. It was finally decided that the two should consolidate under the name of the Wayne Knitting Mills, and this was done.

Mr. Thieme was retained as superintendent of the combined industries and has especial charge over the manufacture of children's and infants' hose and seamless goods. He has done much to preserve to Fort Wayne this great manufacture. Since its assured prosperity no one in America has an excuse for going sockless or hoseless. But there were dark days in the history of the Wayne Knitting Mills, days which cause a shudder, even now, to come over those concerned who happen to think of it. In brief, the mills were scheduled to close one Saturday night, but a check brought by the mail carrier that morning was the bridge over the chasm of failure and all has been sold traveling on the other side.

WALTER OLDS

LIKE the proverbial feline, Judge Olds came back. He went from Indiana to Chicago and there practiced his profession with marked success; but he had once lived in Indiana, and that settled it. When he returned to the state he came to Fort Wayne.

Judge Olds is a native of Ohio, that great state which rears good men and sends them elsewhere to shine. He was born in Morrow county in 1840, and spent his youth on a farm. The war came on at a time when he should have been in school, but he enlisted and was for two years engaged in defending the stars and stripes. On returning home he attended an advanced school and read law in the office of his brother, Major James Olds, at Mount Gilead, Ohio. In January, 1864, he was admitted to the bar, and in the same year located at Columbia City, Indiana, and began the practice of his profession. He was soon counted among the foremost attorneys of Northern Indiana.

In 1870, as a candidate on the Republican ticket, he was elected state senator and served in the sessions of 1877 and 1879. In 1884 he was elected circuit judge for a term of six years. In 1886 he was elected supreme judge and resigned his seat on the circuit bench. He took the higher office in January, 1889. He was, at the time, the youngest member of the court, and one of the youngest men ever elevated to the supreme bench of Indiana. He filled the place with credit and honor for four and one-half years, and then resigned to go to Chicago to re-engage in the practice of his profession in partnership with the Hon. Charles F. Griffin, formerly secretary of state of Indiana.

Judge Olds came to Fort Wayne in March, 1901, after which the partnership with Newton D. Doughman was formed.



JOHN W. EGGEMAN



MR. EGGEMAN has only one serious fault—he insists on looking down on his neighbors. He declares Nature built him that way and if the rest of the people insist on remaining sawed-off, why they'll just have to look up to him, that's all. As a matter of fact he's one of the big men of Fort Wayne in a couple or three ways of looking at it—a first-class specimen of physical and other kinds of manhood. In college he was the terror of many football teams which tackled Notre Dame, and now that he's out of school he continues the same methods in carrying his legal football to goal.

Mr. Eggeman is a lawyer, a partner of James B. Harper. He was born here. After attending a parochial school until he had finished the course, he attended Taylor University for a time, and then entered Notre Dame University. From this institution he graduated in 1905. A year later he received from the University the degree of Master of Arts.

Mr. Eggeman was an ambitious youngster when he reached the age of thirteen and began the study of stenography. He made good use of it in the time that followed, and it helped him through school by enabling him to earn the necessary coin. At Notre Dame he was prominent in athletics, being especially fitted by Nature to engage successfully in college sports. The revenue received from his work in this line, helped also to pay his way through the University. As center rush for the Notre Dame University he made a great record for himself and the team. But this was only a side issue; he was there to learn and he did it.

Mr. Eggeman was one of the founders of the Black-bud Law Club. Judge O'Fourke of the Circuit Court recently appointed him to the important office of probate commissioner.

ROBERT P. WHITE

WHEN he was a boy in school, Doctor White received many a spanking for drawing caricatures of his room-mates. Even now he finds much pleasure in sketching his friends. Here we catch him at it.

Dr. White used to like to hunt pretty well; but in recent years he has grown so fat that the sport is too much like work and it has lost its charms for him. The result is that his faithful old shotgun stands in the corner hidden under cobwebs, its stock worm-eaten and the barrel decaying with rust. He likes fishing better, now, because it doesn't require half the exertion to obtain results if they are obtainable at all. But best of all, the doctor enjoys music. Bank notes are worthless to him as compared with musical notes. It is said that Doctor White loves band music so well that when the City Packard Band used to hold its practice rehearsals, he would perch himself on a neighboring roof and drink in the sweet harmonies. Once, in the midst of one of these seasons of musical bliss, he dozed and fell asleep. On being awakened the next morning he told his story, and the bandmen on learning of it, thought he would be just the kind of an enthusiast to enroll among their number. He joined and is now one of the most valued members of that superb organization.

Doctor White was born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but his folks took him to Ashland, Ohio, when he was a child. He attended Ashland College, and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the medical course in 1880. Since then he has taken many special courses to perfect himself in his profession. He began a general practice of medicine at Warsaw, Indiana, in 1885, but after taking special courses in the Philadelphia Polyclinic, at Will's Eye Hospital and at the University of Pennsylvania, he came here in 1890 and opened his office for the treatment of ailments of the eye, ear, nose and throat.



GEORGE H. LOESCH



MR. LOESCH is a good mixer. That's what makes him a successful druggist—likewise a good politician. There are two ways to mix things. One is to take a number of different ingredients and mingle them into a hopeless chaotic tangle. The other way is to take a variety of elements and combine them into a harmonious whole. While studying pharmacy George learned just what harmonizing ingredients to put into a mixture of repellant chemicals to make them blend peacefully and beautifully. He applies the same principles now at the gatherings of the county council when discordant opinions refuse to be good and get together. And that's about as far as he goes toward mixing business with politics.

Mr. Loesch spent his boyhood days on a farm in Marshall county, Indiana, so it seems there are but few steps between pharmacy and farmer—see. When he was ten the family removed to Plymouth, Indiana, where, after attending the public schools, George took his first lessons in drugs at a store in his home town. After a two years' apprenticeship he went to Chicago to take a course in the Chicago College of Pharmacy. He was so young that the faculty refused to allow him to graduate, so he filled in one whole year very advantageously studying in the Chicago College of Medicine. He graduated in pharmacy in 1876.

He came to Fort Wayne on the advice of a traveling man. Three cheers for drummers who quietly do more to boom a good town than do the majority of men who live in it! He was first employed by G. B. Thorp, and in 1878 bought out his employer.

Mr. Loesch has always been an active Republican. He was a member of the city council from 1884 to 1887 and in 1892 was elected to a seat in the county council. He is a Knight Templar, a Mystic Shriner, and a Thirty-second degree Mason.

PERRY A. RANDALL

YOU see Mr. Randall in the circumstance of having just completed one of those elongated, voluminous legal literary efforts misnamed briefs. To judge from his expression and attitude we think he has won his case already.

Mr. Randall has been a successful lawyer and business man in Fort Wayne ever since he came back from Ann Arbor over thirty years ago. He is pre-eminently and triumphantly a lover of Fort Wayne and it is doubtful if any other man has done more to make this city what it is today. Has someone a suggestion to improve Fort Wayne as a city of homes? Perry Randall is the man to help it along. Is there a plan to build up and enlarge its commercial welfare? He is there with a strong arm to boost. Sometimes these things, however well planned, have not turned out as successfully as they promised, but losses have never discouraged Perry Randall.

Mr. Randall was born in 1847 at Avilla, Indiana, but he has lived here so long that he seems always to have been a Fort Wayneite. His father came to Noble county from New York as early as 1820. Perry had the advantage of attending the Fort Wayne public schools and was graduated from the high school in 1867. He went directly to Ann Arbor, Michigan, and finished the classical course of the state university in 1871. He remained there, however, and took the law course, graduating in the spring of 1874. He has been in Fort Wayne ever since. In 1881 he formed a partnership with W. J. Vesey which continued for several years.

Mr. Randall has been a director in the Commercial Club since its organization, and served for one year as its president. He is a thirty-second degree Mason, is president of the Smith & Randall Lumber Company, and a director in the Tri-State Building and Loan Association.





LOUIS FOX

THERE are men by the millions who just hate parrots. Mr. Louis Fox doesn't care how many parrots there are. They all need crackers. Mr. Fox is Fort Wayne's cracker man and he is a cracker jack. Most drivers have crackers on their whips to snap over the horses, but Mr. Fox keeps his crackers and snaps in the wagon. He has something there now for Polly.

Just about half a century ago Louis Fox was born in Adams township, this county. His parents soon realized that he was not cut out for a farmer. They brought him to the city. He went through the local schools and was given a thorough commercial education after that. His first business venture was one of push. He propelled a cart in Huestis & Hamilton's wholesale grocery. In 1877 he entered into the manufacture of crackers and confections. From 1881 until 1886 Mr. Fox conducted the factory alone. Business began to expand under his skillful management and in 1886 he took his brother August, into the firm. It was then known as the Fox Bakery and Confectionery. In 1886 there was a fire which practically wiped this factory out of existence. The factory arose out of the ashes larger and better than ever. Today the Fox crackers have a wide reputation. The plant is now a branch of the National Biscuit Company of which company Mr. Fox is a heavy stockholder and a director. He has retired from the active management. He is interested in many Fort Wayne business and financial institutions. He has served with distinction in the city council and has repeatedly declined the nomination for mayor of Fort Wayne. He does not cherish political honors but seeks to be free to enjoy the pleasures of life. He has made several extended European tours and trips through Mexico. He enjoys travel and when not away is frequently seen driving with his family behind a handsome team of horses.

ALFRED D. CRESSLER

HERE is the beginning of all the trouble. The scene is laid in the foundry department of the Kerr-Murray Manufacturing Company. The principal actor is Mr. A. D. Cressler. He is detected in the act of pouring molten iron into a mould. When cooled and shaken out of black sand a queer-shaped piece of steaming cast iron will be found. This is taken to the machine shop, run through the lathes and polishing apparatus and when finished is assembled with a lot of other pieces of cast and wrought iron to form a gas-making machine. This is then sold to somebody who is putting in a city gas plant. In the course of time the homes and shops are piped, meters put in and the gas turned on. The man comes to read the meter, and then the consumer runs up against the proverbially fatal gas bill.

But, as we remarked before, the trouble begins away back at the scene of the sketch. However, as none of the complaints reach this source, Mr. Cressler keeps happy.

Mr. Cressler is the president of the Kerr-Murray Manufacturing Company, one of the city's largest and most important factories. Its product is confined to machinery used in the manufacture and storage of illuminating gas.

Mr. Cressler is a native of Lucas, Ohio. His father, George H. Cressler was a railroad contractor. Alfred D. Cressler came to Fort Wayne in 1870 and entered the employ of the Kerr-Murray Manufacturing Company shortly afterward. In 1881, on the incorporation of the company he was made its president. Under his administration, the policy of the company has been essentially conservative, following the original plans of its founder, Kerr Murray.

Mr. Cressler is a great lover of fine driving horses. He is also fond of rare books and his library contains hundreds of priceless volumes. He is one of Fort Wayne's valuable citizens.



JOHN T. DOUGALL



THE true artist admires curved lines, and in the case of Mr. Dougall we don't get as many of them in this picture as there would have been in the full front view. His figure is artistic in the extreme—that is, in the nether extremity. Those who were there deny that the lower limbs of our subject were warped while he passed over the burning sands enroute to the Mystic Shrine. Others believe the condition is the result of turning corners too suddenly while chasing the elusive news item. However, while the origin is a matter of dispute, the fact remains that Mr. Dougall has never won honors at a greased pig catching contest. He knows better than to try it.

John was born at New Haven and was seven years old when he was brought to Fort Wayne to stay. He was a member of the high school class of 1874 and after graduating, attended a business college. While in school, he conducted the society department of the Fort Wayne Gazette over the *nom de plume* of "Jenness Dee." His work attracted attention and he became connected with the Gazette as telegraph editor in 1881. In 1887, after a year's connection with Carnahan, Hanna & Company, he went to the News, and has been with that paper continuously, excepting two years spent with the Journal. Mr. Dougall as city editor of the Daily News is a hustler. He is an entertaining writer and has the reputation of being able to cover as much news territory daily as any other man in Indiana. Everybody likes him.

His ability as an after-dinner speaker has made him popular at the banquets of the Masonic bodies and others. He is a thirty-second degree Mason and a Mystic Shriner, and is a member of the lodge of Elks and of the "Keep Happy" club. He is a wide-awake Republican. He was the first president of the Tippecanoe club and issued the call for the meeting at which it was organized.

JOHN B. REUSS

UP in the northwestern part of Bavaria, in Germany, is the pretty little town of Krissingen, made famous chiefly through its medicinal springs which bubble up in sparkling profusion from nature's laboratory for the purpose of curing various human ills. Here it was that Mr. Reuss, who is now connected with another laboratory which also produces a profusion of sparkling liquids, was born.

In 1867, just at the close of the American Rebellion, Mr. Reuss came to the United States, and located in Cincinnati. Here he found employment at his trade as an expert watchmaker; he had learned the business before leaving his native land. In 1872, he came to Fort Wayne and entered the employ of George F. F. Waver, then one of Fort Wayne's leading business men. He was with him for several years, when, in 1880, he became interested in the Centlivre Brewing Company. Upon the incorporation of that concern in 1890, he was made its secretary. Much of the success of the enterprise is due to the effort of Mr. Reuss, whose wide acquaintance has been an important factor. During his long residence in Fort Wayne, Mr. Reuss has had much to do with the development of the city's various interests. His prominence commercially is best illustrated by mentioning his membership in such enterprises as the Hamilton National Bank, the Home Telephone Company, the Fort Wayne Trust Company, the Haberlorn Engine Company, the Commercial Land and Improvement Company, and a number of other important institutions.

Mr. Reuss has traveled extensively, and there are very few points of interest in the civilized portions of the globe that have not been visited by him. He is an enthusiastic member of the Fort Wayne Lodge of Elks, and is one of the oldest members of that lively bunch. Mr. Reuss' lad is floriculture. Here we see him among his favorite flowers.



WILLIAM KAOUGH



OLD KING COLE was a merry old soul. All of the children know that. Now William Kaough, the Coal King of Fort Wayne, is also merry. Every one who has had the pleasure of coming in contact with him knows that. Although he was born in Allen county sixty years ago and is still a bachelor, he has a tender heart and his kindly offices have frequently been felt. He never forgets a friend. He has within the past few years gone on the bonds of men when their closest friends had failed in time of need.

"Billy" Kaough (everybody knows him as "Billy.") stayed on the farm until 1872 before he dared to become city broke. He has never been broke at that. He started in the agricultural implement business when farmers were almost afraid of the "infernal" machines. He was agent for S. S. Smick, the firm of Shordan & Swan, and later started in the agricultural implement business for himself. He made friends all over Allen county, and owing to his popularity was three times made county chairman of the Democratic party. He was made district chairman for his party in the successful Cleveland campaign. For his excellent work he was appointed postmaster for Fort Wayne. He managed the affairs of the office with business tact. Then he removed his political crown and resumed the habiliments of a coal baron. Since then the Kaough Coal Company has been an important business enterprise in Fort Wayne. While posing as a coal baron his coal yards have never been barren. As seen by the snap shot of him he picks out good coal. His black diamonds shine on the Kaough coal wagons. They are red hot stuff in a furnace or a grate, and are best served when the mercury is shrinking into its smallest proportions.

SAMUEL M. HENCH

JUDGE HENCH is here displayed in the proper pose—that of a public speaker—for as such he is familiarly known to the people of Allen County. As a lawyer in the courts, as a speaker during the political campaigns, and as an orator on varied public occasions, they have often heard his voice. And his abilities have won him honors. He has been prosecuting attorney of the county, judge of the county criminal and the superior courts, chief of the law division in the government treasury department at Washington, representative in the Indiana legislature, and for years one of the leading attorneys at the bar in this city.

During the first year of the war of the Rebellion, Judge Hench was a student at Ary View Academy in Pennsylvania, near his home, Fort Royal, in Juniata county. While under the age of sixteen years he left school and entered the army, enlisting early in the year of 1862 in the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania volunteers. In December of that year, at the battle of Fredricksburg, he was seriously wounded. With his regiment he was mustered out of service in 1864. In September of that year he came to Fort Wayne and worked on a farm near the city until 1864, when he re-enlisted in the Eighty-third Indiana and served until the close of the war, coming afterwards to Fort Wayne.

With the view of entering the law as a profession, he then began efforts to complete his education, attending commercial school and taking private instruction, paying his way by teaching school during the winter months. He was admitted to the bar in 1866 at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and returning to Fort Wayne in 1867 he began practice here. This has since been his home. Judge Hench is recognized as one of the ablest criminal lawyers in the state.





CHARLES C. F. NIESCHANG

NO, kind reader, this gentleman is not a taxidermist. And no, alas, the bird is neither an owl, a peacock, a woodpecker nor a flamingo. It is an eagle—a lord of prey. The parrot prays so you can hear it, but the eagle does his praying without saying a word. But to return to the man. A taxidermist preserves things that are dead. This man preserves things that are alive and tries his level best to keep them in the land of the living. He is a doctor—to be more explicit, he is Doctor Charles Christopher Francis Nieschang. (The second and third sections as given are mere guess-work on our part, but it is the best we can do in the absence of fuller information.) Doctor Nieschang is one of the lively charter members of the local cove of Eagles; hence the sketch. He's a roval good fellow and popular everywhere.

This book contains the stories of many Fort Wayne men who were born in foreign lands and were brought to America in their youth. In the case of Doctor Nieschang the order was reversed. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, and while yet a small child his mother took him to Europe, where, in France and Switzerland, he received an important part of his schooling. When he was thirteen the family returned to America and settled in Cleveland, Ohio. On deciding to become a physician he studied in the medical colleges of Pittsburg, New York, Chicago and Fort Wayne. He began the practice of his profession here in 1862. Doctor Nieschang is the inventor of several standard electrical instruments used in the practice of medicine and surgery.

Before he became so busy that he hasn't the time to devote to their care, Doctor Nieschang's lad was the possession of fine horses. As reminders of those days his walls display the pictures of some of his old favorites.

SAMUEL A. KARN

THE slang expression, "That's a horse on you," is usually spoken in connection with some poke or other unimportant matter; but it was different in the case of Mr. Karn. Once, there was "a horse on him," and it was certainly a most serious affair—important enough to change the entire course of his life. It happened when he was eighteen. Through a youth of out-door activity, Mr. Karn had grown to a strong, health sample of physical young manhood, but one day while preparing to drive to the school he was teaching, his horse slipped and fell, crushing Mr. Karn beneath the weight of its body. When recovered it was found he had been badly injured, and for a long time his death seemed certain. His recovery was so slow that all his plans for the future were revised. While walking for his health one day he heard the notes of a piano. He followed them up and found a man who wanted to engage him as a salesman. From thence forward he gave his attention to musical matters, not only as a salesman of pianos and organs but as an instructor in vocal music. He came to Fort Wayne in 1864 and engaged in business. He has always carried a high-grade of instruments, and one of these, the Karn piano, manufactured for him by the Krell-French Piano Company, of Newcastle, Indiana, and built after Mr. Karn's especial idea of what constitutes a perfect instrument, is a splendid product of the art of piano making.

Mr. Karn is a Buckeye, born at Milford. His father was a Dunkard preacher and brought his family to Delaware county, Indiana, in 1806. They cut a place in the forest for their home fronting on the Mississinewa river, and there lived for many years. Mr. Karn attended the one-room schools, and later taught in Delaware county.





WILLIAM F. BORGMAN

HPF we see a policeman stopping a team of horses. The picture isn't wide enough to show the horses. Perhaps you wonder why the officer doesn't look excited while performing such a deed. The solution is simple: The officer is Captain William F. Borgman, and the team referred to is attached to one of the trucks of the Brown Trucking Company. The team isn't running away—on the contrary it is walking slowly along the highway. Why, then, is the policeman stopping the horses? Simply because Captain Borgman is the president of the Brown Trucking Company and he has merely asked the driver to hesitate for a moment while he tells him to be careful not to work too hard. So you see a policeman though he may appear to have a stern, stony exterior, can possess a warm heart and the tenderest sympathy.

Captain Borgman is one of the most popular officers that ever donned a policeman's uniform. When he started in as a patrolman in 1860, he made up his mind that he would always be found where he was most wanted, and he has stuck to that idea ever since. That old joke about a policeman's uniform being the synonym for "invisible blue" has never been applied to him. Captain Borgman's father was a policeman as early as 1800, so he might be described as having been born in the service. He's a policeman because he likes to be. Twice he tried to quit, even after he had risen to the position of captain, but he got lonesome and went back.

The captain is a native of Fort Wayne. His first home was a stone structure standing on the bank of the canal. The building is still there, but the canal first flowed away, and now has flown away. At any rate, it's gone. The elder Borgman was a boatman on the canal before enlisting in the city police force.

HUBERT BERGHOFF

IT is our humble opinion that a new order of things ought to prevail. For instance, eggs should be sold by weight and not by the dozen because in some dozens there's twice as much raw breakfast material as there is in some other dozens. Just so, a small man ought not to pay as much railroad or car fare as a big man. In fact, we think Hubert Berghoff ought to be considered as two men because he's twice as big as the ordinary man. The people who publish the city directory seem to agree with us, as his name appears twice on page 130 of the latest edition, and it isn't an error either. See if you don't find it so. We don't expect the populace to rush madly to our support in this honest expression of belief, but we feel better now that we have expressed it and gotten it out of our system.

Mr. Berghoff is the vice-president and manager of the Berghoff Brewing Company. He was born in Dortmund, Germany, and there attended the common schools, following with a course in the industrial schools of the town.

His brothers, Herman and Henry, had previously gone to America, and their letters finally caused Hubert to believe that there was more to work for on this side of the Atlantic. He was seventeen years old when, in 1880, he set his foot squarely on American soil. He came to Fort Wayne just as fast as the transportation lines could get him here, and ever since then he has stayed fast. You couldn't drive him out if you tried. He was first employed in the wholesale grocery house of A. C. Trentman. In 1889, with his brothers, he formed the Berghoff Brewing Company which has proven a paying venture.



JOSEPH A. SULLIVAN



THE importance of Fort Wayne as a manufacturing and jobbing center makes the freight branch of the railroad business here an immense affair. Hundreds of thousands of tons of freight pass into and out of Fort Wayne every week and the matter of systematizing the handling of this vast work falls heavily on each of the roads entering this city. But here is Mr. Sullivan who has charge of the freight departments of two important roads—the Wabash and the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton—and he seems to perform his heavy duties as easily as falling off a log. We always find him good-natured and never too much occupied to give at least a pleasant “howdy” to everybody.

Although a youngster as compared with many of the important railroad men of Fort Wayne, Mr. Sullivan has been in the employ of the Wabash road nearly twenty years.

He was born on the spot around which the town of Rich Valley, in Wabash county, has since grown. He always liked to watch the trams come in, and one day he boarded a Wabash-bound freight and on arriving in the metropolis asked for a job. It came, after he had taken a series of years of study in the Wabash schools. In 1872, he entered the employ of the Wabash as a clerk. They liked him so well he was soon promoted to a position at Toledo, where he developed so satisfactorily that he was returned to Wabash in 1880 as the agent of the company. He was promoted to the important position of freight agent of the company in Fort Wayne in 1888. The acquisition of new lines, the building of the Butler branch of the Wabash, and the natural growth of the business has greatly increased the responsibility of Mr. Sullivan's work since he came here four years ago.

ASAHEL S. COVERDALE

THEY say there's very little profit in sugar for the retail dealer, and yet we see here that Mr. Coverdale smiles as happily when he sells only a little order of saccharine crystals as he would if the order included a wagon load of the things on which there is the greatest profit. And he isn't in business solely for his health, either. He smiles for his health, though. It's a great cure for almost anything from the blues to an epidemic of mosquitoes.

Mr. Coverdale is the senior member of the grocery firm of Coverdale & Archer, one of the city's important retail houses. He spent the first twenty-eight years of his life in farming; that is, of course, after he was old enough to commence by hunting eggs in the hayloft. There's where a farmer boy's education always begins. After that the hard labor comes on so gradually that he doesn't notice it, and when he reaches maturity he has a physique which excites the envy of the city boys. After he had worked on the home farm for several years, Mr. Coverdale taught school and accumulated enough to enable him to rent a farm. Later he purchased land and began business for himself. Then in 1882, he brought his physique to Fort Wayne. He opened his grocery business in the location which he still occupies, having been there continuously for twenty-three years excepting at one time when illness made it necessary to ease up for awhile. During his residence here, Mr. Coverdale has taken a lively interest in everything pertaining to the city's welfare. He is interested in the Commercial club, the Fort Wayne Iron and Steel Company, the Logansport and the South Bend telephone systems, the Tri-State Trust Company, the Fort Wayne Trust Company, the Commercial Land and Improvement Company and many other concerns. He has acted almost continuously for ten years as superintendent of the Wayne Street Methodist Sunday School.





CHARLES A. ASTERLIN

THE first love and the only love, in a business way, of Mr. C. A. Asterlin, was and has been the Nickel Plate Railroad. He has obeyed the orders of no other boss, yielded service to no other employer. Since he was 13 years of age he has been in its continuous service, and when it is stated that he was born at Monroeville, Ohio, during the last month of 1860, the length of time he has been with the company and his age at the present time will not be difficult to compute.

Immediately after leaving the public schools at Bellevue, Ohio, to which place he went with his parents when he was a toddling infant, he took employment with the Nickel Plate in his home town as baggage smasher. He "smashed" trunks so adeptly that the company soon made him a caller of the train crews at Bellevue and afterwards clerk in the yards. All these promotions came to him within a year. Then he went into the freight office as a clerk and before he was twenty-four years of age, May 25, 1884, he was appointed ticket agent for the company at Bellevue, his commission coming to him on the day the Nickel Plate opened through service to Boston and New York.

Five years afterward, on November 8, 1888, he was appointed traveling passenger agent for the company and he came to Fort Wayne, this city being the location of his offices and headquarters. His jurisdiction is over the company's lines from Chicago to Cleveland. In every instance promotion came to him unsolicited. He went up the ladder on merit rounds. Efficient, energetic, always courteous in official duties, Mr. Asterlin makes friends and retains them. Although this city has been his home but a few years, he is well known. He is a Mason and a member of the Commercial Club.

DANIEL F. HAUSS

FOR nearly a score of years, Mr. Hauss has been making it warm for the people of Fort Wayne. He installs hot water heating plants, does steam fitting and otherwise helps to drive the cold from the interior of our homes and offices and shops.

And, too, he's the man who introduced the ordinance in the city council which makes it warm for the coal man who doesn't deliver two thousand pounds when a ton is ordered, and thus he helps to make it warmer for the purchaser in proportion to the amount of money expended. This ordinance provides that the driver of the coal wagon shall meander back to the scales and weigh his load if you insist on it. If it is short, the dealer not only has to fill out the load to its proper proportions, but must stand the cost of weighing and lost time, while, if the original load is of full weight the purchaser must pay the costs. Quite a sensible idea, don't you think? Mr. Hauss picked up this idea, no doubt, while discussing the heating problem with his customers.

Mr. Hauss has always been a resident of Fort Wayne and is one of the city's successful business men. That he is not a prophet without honor in his own country was shown when his neighbors of the Fourth ward selected him to represent them in the city council. It was a Republican year, too. He is a life-long Democrat, and was chosen in the spring of 1903 as a member of that body.

Mr. Hauss learned his business through a long association with A. Hattersley & Sons—eighteen years in all. A year and a half ago he launched out for himself, and since then has been as busy as the proverbial cranberry merchant.



WALTER W. BARNETT



If you should ask Dr. Barnett this question, "Which would you rather do or go hunting?" he would yell at the top of his voice, "Play ball!"

He is a great lover of the national game, and has good reasons for it, because it was base ball that furnished the money, or a big part of it for his college training. While attending Wittenberg College, at Springfield, Ohio, Doctor Barnett was captain of the college team and his work on the diamond was of such a character that he was asked to act as substitute player in the Springfield league team when that famous aggregation played on the home grounds.

"I'll never forget the first time I ever saw 'Grandpa' Anson," said Doctor Barnett, while recounting old base ball days. "At that time we used a live ball. Anson came up to bat and basted the first ball up. I was in center field, and we had what we called the carriage field, allowing spectators to drive out around us to view the game. Well, that ball went so high in the air that it looked like a little walnut. And then it came down slowly, away out beyond the carriages. It seemed as though I ran a mile. It took four long throws to get it back into the diamond." Although Doctor Barnett is out of the game he will never succeed in getting the game out of him, and he is "there" rain or shine.

Doctor Barnett is the son of a Lutheran minister, and was born at Lewisburg, Ohio. The family lived for a while in DeKalb county and later in Kentucky. The lad received his education at the Constantine, Michigan, High School, and Wittenberg College at Springfield. His medical studies were begun in the office of an uncle at Butler, Indiana, and were completed in the Fort Wayne College of Medicine from whence he was graduated in 1886.

As the Democratic candidate, he was elected coroner of Allen county in 1892.

DELMER C. FITCH

IF Del Fitch could have his way, he would make health catching and disease a myth. The world would be all sunshine and life and there would be a shuffling off of this mortal coil only when the individual had ceased to be worth while. No other man in Fort Wayne takes a keener interest in the health of the community; no other scans the mortality reports with greater regularity. Mr. Fitch is the local representative of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company—or rather, his firm is, and he attends chiefly to this branch of the business. It takes a good man to write even a small policy in these days of competition, but Dell has landed some big ones of late; the demise of any of these policy holders, making necessary the payment of their claims, would punch a large, irregular hole in the John Hancock's bank account.

Dell is a natural-born solicitor and has been remarkably successful. His experience in the insurance business commenced when he took a position as assistant superintendent for the Prudential. He had come from Medina county, Ohio, the place of his birth, in 1861, and for a year and a half worked in the Hooster shoe store for his uncle, O. B. Fitch. On leaving the store, he took a business college course and then became connected with the Prudential. He then engaged in the business with another agency, but left the work to spend a couple of years with Max Blitz in his ticket brokerage business. In 1868, he, with his father and brother, Eugene, formed the firm of M. W. Fitch & Sons. Until the Hartnett agency was purchased, Dell gave his entire attention to the life insurance end of the business, but now he'll talk fire insurance or real estate with any to whom those topics are agreeable.

He is an Elk, a Knight of Pythias, a member of the Anthony Wayne Club and of the Nocturne Society.



ALFRED L. RANDALL



THE father of "Larry" Randall was a pioneer of Fort Wayne. It was a physical impossibility for "Larry" to be one of the first settlers, so he looked around for some other way of being a pioneer. He found it. He became one of the earliest dealers in bicycles in Fort Wayne—in fact there was but one man ahead of him, and as the latter has passed away Mr. Randall enjoys the distinction of being the longest in the business.

Now, however, he doesn't give much attention to the bicycle end of his affairs. Automobiles have come in to take his attention and he is certainly carried away with them—and by them.

"Larry" frequently takes a spin out on West Wayne street and cuts through that portion of the city which was once the campus of the old Methodist College where he used to have a good time in other ways before that institution passed away and before the chug-chug of the auto was even dreamed of. It was directly after the close of his school days that Mr. Randall entered the employ of the Kerr-Murray Manufacturing Company as a bookkeeper. He remained there four years and then transferred his attentions to the business affairs of the Seavey Hardware Company, with which he was employed as cashier for several years. It was in 1894 that he engaged in the bicycle business and devoted his efforts to popularizing several of the best lines of wheels. Upon the perfection of the automobile, Mr. Randall became interested in it and is now as well informed on the subject as any man in Indiana. In 1907 the Randall Wheel Company was incorporated. It carries not only automobiles and bicycles but boats and athletic goods. In the present year the Randall Motor Car Company was incorporated. Mr. Randall is the secretary and manager of both concerns.

ALFRED L. JOHNS

"WHAT on earth," asks somebody who knows him well, "is Mr. Johns doing?" Nearly everybody in Fort Wayne—and for that matter the same may be said of hundreds of dealers throughout this part of the country—knows that Mr. Johns has been for many years the city's big manufacturer and wholesale dealer in harness and saddlery hardware, so the picture is apt to excite such a question as that quoted above.

To explain: Mr. Johns is a philosopher. He has things for sale. Sick people have no use for the things he makes and sells. To increase and preserve his patronage, he tries to keep everybody in good health. How, thought he, can I do this in the broadest possible way? He found, on investigation, that three-fourths of the human anatomy is water, and that good health depends largely on the kind of water that is taken into the system. So he has undertaken to distribute among the people a water still which removes every impurity. Of course, he doesn't do this without cost to the consumer, because he has to pay for them himself, but he does claim that in view of the necessity of pure drinking water, it would be impossible for you to spend your money in any more advantageous way. Perhaps you would like to ask him about it.

Mr. Johns was born in Fort Wayne and has always lived here. He received his education from the public schools and the Methodist College. Then he entered the harness store of his father, who had been a resident of Fort Wayne since 1837 when he came here from Pennsylvania. In 1874, the business had increased to large proportions, and it was decided to devote the energies of the firm to a wholesaling business. The father continued as a member of the firm until 1884, since which time Mr. Johns has been alone in the enterprise. The business is housed in one of the finest business blocks in Fort Wayne.



ALBERT F. DORSEY



THE only time Bert Dorsey gets real homesick for his native town is when he opens a pail of fresh oysters at the wholesale grocery house of the F. P. Wilt Company. He is from Baltimore. He usually lets someone else handle the oysters, however, and, as they are on the market during only eight months of the year, he is generally found in a happy, contented frame of mind. Even a load like that in the sketch doesn't seem to weigh him down. Don't you think he looks happy?

As we have remarked, Mr. Dorsey was born in Baltimore, but that was before the big fire. Just as soon as he was old enough to walk by holding onto the furniture, his folks packed his playthings and took him with them to Lima, Ohio. Here he used to cultivate a little garden back of the house after school hours and planted it entirely in Lima beans, thus showing loyalty to the town of his adoption.

He got so accustomed to preparing things for people to eat that when he went to Findlay, Ohio, at the age of seventeen, he naturally drifted into the employ of a wholesale grocery house. The firm with which he became connected was Evans, Perfect & Company. Mr. A. H. Perfect, now of Fort Wayne, was a member of this concern, and when he came to this city to engage in business, Mr. Dorsey came also. He was connected with Mr. Perfect in a business way for twelve years.

Two years ago, on the organization of the F. P. Wilt Company, Mr. Dorsey became its secretary.

Bert is one of the hustling young business men of Fort Wayne, and his long experience in the wholesale grocery trade enables him to contribute materially to the success of his house.

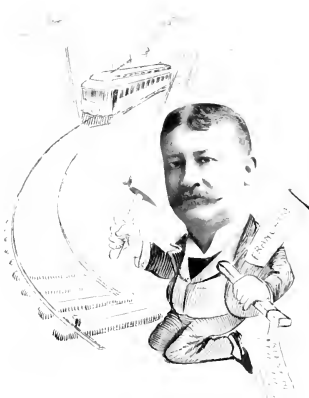
SAMUEL L. NELSON

HERE is Mr. Nelson spelling down another electric railroad. He strikes the thing right on the dot every time. Mr. Nelson's bus 146 has been made up of dashes and dots—mostly dashes—ever since he began to learn telegraphy when he was a boy.

He is the vice-president and general manager of the Fort Wayne & Southwestern Traction Company, but this doesn't tell much of what he has done for the cause of electric railway building in this part of the country. Born in DeKalb county, he trudged to school two miles from home and thus developed a good understanding for whatever physical duties were to come to him in after life. Before he was fifteen he began railroad work by carrying water for and brushing the mosquitoes off a construction gang on the Baltimore & Ohio right of way. Then he learned telegraphy at Edgerton, Ohio, and worked at it all over this broad land until 1864.

At the inception of the telephone business he jumped in and built the first toll lines in the interior of Illinois. In 1885 he connected himself with W. B. McKinley, of Champaign, Illinois, in the extensive construction of electric lighting, gas and water works plants and electric railroads. Lighting and water systems were first constructed at Champaign and Urbana, and later a horse car line between the two cities was bought and converted into an electric connection.

Later, the McKinley syndicate, as it is known, with Mr. Nelson as the active man purchased or constructed plants of electric lines at McPherson, Kansas; Delaware, Ohio; Springfield, Ohio; Joliet, Illinois; Quincy, Illinois; Galesburg, Illinois; Wichita, Kansas; Danville, Illinois, and elsewhere. In 1902 the Fort Wayne & Southwestern interurban line was purchased. Mr. Nelson says the secret of success in the operation of enterprises in which the public is interested lies in the abandonment of the "public be damned" policy which now governs most large concerns.



FAY P. RANDALL



A FEW years ago, when the toboggan craze swept over the country, they used to describe the sport in this apt phrase: "Zip, and walk a mile." Now that the automobile (from the English, *ought to*, and the French, *mobilis*, moves) has come in, we have the same expression, enlarged a little to describe an auto ride in the country: "Zip, and walk fifty-nine miles."

Fay Randall is perhaps the most enthusiastic follower of this latest pastime. The sketch shows him illustrating the latter part of the above quoted phrase. The zip portion of it is all out and over. His companions have gone in the opposite direction, toward Chicago. With his faithful guide book, however, he never gets lost. There was some fear that when the automobile came into general use we would become a generation of weaklings because everybody would ride and thus be cheated out of needed exercise. Fay says he sees no immediate fulfillment of the prediction.

Mr. Randall is one of the wide-awake real estate men of Fort Wayne and he is out in the country a good deal with his machine to display farm lands to prospective purchasers. Don't think for a minute that his parties always pedestrianize back. It's only in the exceptional cases that this happens—only, in fact when the walking is good and when the nice weather causes the automobile to feel frisky and acrobatic.

Mr. Randall was born in Fort Wayne in 1878. He secured his early education from the public schools and went to New York City to enter the Halsey Collegiate School. He graduated in 1897, but remained to take a post-graduate course the following year. Returning home in 1900, he opened his real estate and loan office. He is the president of the Randall Wheel Company, president of the Randall Motor Car Company, is interested in Indiana oil, and is a director in three oil companies.

EUGENE M. FITCH

TO avoid a misunderstanding of the attitude of Mr Fitch, we hasten to say that he isn't the least bit stuck up, although the view may lead you to believe that he is. He is simply following the custom which has prevailed for centuries of making proclamations from the house-top. The Mussulman proclaims thusly, but Gene isn't making any such announcement as his heathen friend does. He is simply telling you that the house under his shoes is for sale.

Gene is a member of the wide-awake insurance and real estate firm of Monroe W. Fitch & Sons. He is a hustler and has been on the move ever since he was turned loose on a two hundred and fifty acre farm in Ohio. He spent twenty years of his life on this farm, where he helped his father and brother in the raising of fine horses and conducted a large dairy and cheese factory. His physical culture treatment in those days consisted of a five-mile walk to the high school at Medina. The year 1862 found him in Fort Wayne. After taking a business course, he engaged in the insurance and real estate business with his father and brother, the firm being known as Monroe W. Fitch & Sons. This was in 1868.

Then, after helping to get things running smoothly, Gene packed his telescope one day he hied himself to Oklahoma and drew one hundred and sixty acres of land in Uncle Sam's lottery; he stayed there two years and talked insurance successfully to the people of Lawton, Anadarko and Oklahoma City. However, he had not cut loose from the business here, and after disposing of his farm he came back and has been a busy boy ever since. He gives most of his time to the real estate branch of the business, but never forgets to remind people that his firm not only sells the earth but insures everything on it.



NELSON L. DEMING



HERE we get two views of Doctor Deming — exterior and X-ray. His own apparatus for looking through folks helped us to get the latter picture. Unlike the fads of others, the doctor's fad is closely connected with his profession; in fact it's an important part of it. While attending to his extensive duties he has found time to keep up with every improvement which has followed the Roentgen discovery, and probably few physicians have kept so fully informed on the X-ray subject.

Doctor Deming was born in Danbury, Connecticut, and lived there until he was fourteen, having attended the schools of his native city. Going to New York, then, he remained four years.

As a preparatory step to entering college, he enrolled in the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven, Connecticut. He subsequently entered Yale University and graduated from that great seat of learning in 1869.

It was after securing this general foundation, that he began his medical studies, at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York, which is the medical department of Columbia University, and graduated three years later.

The proficiency shown during his school days at once commended him to attention which came in the form of an appointment as a resident physician to the city hospital of New York. At this time, also, he did special work with Prof. T. M. Prudden and filled various dispensary appointments. He is a member of the American Medical Association and the Tri-State and the Allen County Medical Societies.

For eight years he has been a leading physician of this city.

MYRON DOWNING

HERE we see Myron Downing. To be more explicit, we see Myron downing a good-sized cracker. He thinks you should have plenty of this sort whether Uneda biscuit or one of these queer-shaped Fox crackers. If you are looking for a snap, he'll tell you where to find plenty of them, fresh from the oven.

Mr. Downing was recently elevated to the position of manager of the Fox bakery, which is now one of the important branches of the National Biscuit Company. However, from this new elevation he never looks down on his associates any more than he did when he put in his first day's work there seventeen years ago, at which time he wasn't a fractional part as important as he is now.

Mr. Downing was born at Sandusky, but came to Fort Wayne in 1864 when five years old. He went back into the Buckeye state long enough to absorb a supply of learning from Heidelberg University, at Tiffin, and then for four or five years was a Hoosier schoolmaster and taught the boys and girls of Allen county how to mind their P's and Q's after they had learned their A-B-C's. In 1887 he began work for the Fox bakery, then conducted by Louis Fox & Brother, and for years was one of the most popular traveling salesmen to cover the territory of any local house. Thus he continued until the business was absorbed by the United States Baking Company, now the National Biscuit Company. He was then made manager of the sales department and assistant manager of the plant. More recently his worth has been recognized by his promotion to the position of manager.

Mr. Downing is a Mason and an Elk and a member of the Anthony Wayne Club, of which latter he was one of the original stockholders.





HENRY J. ASH

PEOPLE get ashes from furnaces. They also get furnaces from Ash's. It is necessary to take the ashes from the furnaces, but it isn't necessary to take furnaces from Ash's. However, a very large number do, and there's a reason for it. Mr. Ash has the reputation of being one of the best informed men in the state on the question of hot-air heating, and that's why.

Mr. Ash was reared on a farm near Walpole, New Hampshire. He always remembered how cold it was in those bleak winter days in New England. The problem of chill-blains and frost-bitten ears came early in his experience when the frigid zephyrs swept down from the snow-capped White Mountains—so it is quite natural that he should drift into the hot-air business.

He left the east and settled in Cincinnati, where, from 1850 to 1860, he learned the tinners' trade. In the latter year he came to Fort Wayne. Here he opened a tinware store, and took in F. Agnew as a partner. They continued for five years, when Mr. Agnew sold his interest to Fred H. McCulloch. At the expiration of three years Mr. Ash gave up his business and sold to his partner in order to travel as a salesman. He was on the road two years, but returned to re-engage in business on a larger scale. On the 1st of August, 1871, he opened his wholesale and retail establishment, carrying furnaces, stoves and tinware. By close attention and untiring energy he has always had a splendid business.

Mr. Ash has done a good deal to bring comfort into the homes of Fort Wayne. It is only when the mercury creeps down and tries to get out of the cold into the bulb that people begin to appreciate their good fortune in having secured the proper kind of a furnace, installed by a man who knows his business and does it well.

HENRY COLERICK

HAD Mr. Colerick tried never so hard, he couldn't have avoided it. Avoided what? Well, in the first place, he couldn't have helped being a lawyer, even if he had striven with might and main to be something else. Several of the ancestral Colericks were distinguished lawyers, three of his mother's brothers were lawyers; his father was one of the foremost members of the Indiana bar, and all of his five brothers made their mark in the world as successful practitioners of the same profession. So the germ seems to have been born with him.

And then, secondly, he couldn't have avoided being a fighter even if he had tried still harder to escape that trait. And why? Simply because that characteristic came hand in hand with the other. His grandfather, a distinguished Irish patriot, fought with Robert Emmet in his great struggle for the liberation of Ireland. This trait has been handed down to the Colericks of today, and Henry got his share. It is while attacking some principle which he believes is wrong that Mr. Colerick displays his title to the oft-applied appellation of "The Little Giant."

Mr. Colerick was born in Fort Wayne in 1847, and has lived here continuously. He began his legal practice in 1872 and has been a prominent figure ever since.

For fourteen years, beginning with 1877, he was the city attorney of Fort Wayne. His early practice was applied chiefly to criminal law cases, and he has participated as counsel in thirty-nine murder trials—a remarkable record.

His prominence in Democratic ranks is illustrated by the statement that he was a delegate to the national conventions of 1884, 1896, 1900 and 1904.

In nineteen years he has missed attendance at only one state convention—then he was ill.

Mr. Colerick is an orator of the strenuous type and whatever he thinks comes out in the shape of verbal fireworks and he isn't at all particular where the sparks land. The only thing to do is to dodge. However, only the guilty are scorched.



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