Some Pittsburgh Memories

Harrison D. Mason

Some Pittsburgh Memories

Incidents and Reminiscences,
with a little History intermingled,
of Seventy Years Residence in the City
at the Forks of La Belle Riviere

A dominant city, with faith in endeavor,
A spirit ingenious, to fashion and plan;
The strong of our country in thee must forever
Find scope for achievement to welcome the man.

HARRISON D. MASON
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FOREWORD

IS THERE in an ordinary human life—often eventless and lacking in achievement—anything to interest the great outside world? Will a narrative of simple incidents and reminiscences in such a life serve any good purpose?

Often these queries have presented themselves while I have been preparing this manuscript. I am frank to say that as I complete my work the queries still confront me, unanswered.

Naturally, one is deeply interested in his own affairs. Naturally, the public knows and cares little about them.

Another query has arisen, possibly more readily answered. Will one's own friends, comrades of long and close association, care to read the outline of a story of happenings, in which some of them may have had a part? To them, I turn with this narrative in my hand. Should there be in its pages a gleam of the fire of youth, a happy memory, an incident that will revive the inspiration of old comradeship, I shall have my reward. After all, I am talking to my friends. To them, I dedicate my book.

MY CITY OF FRIENDS

Some call my city a great aggregation
  Of mills where a smoke-cloud eternal ascends;
Let me suggest a more fit appellation—
  Why not call it Pittsburgh, the City of Friends?

A City of Friends, as I ever have found it,
  A great heart wherein human kindliness blends;
No poet am I to weave romance around it—
  I just call it Pittsburgh, my City of Friends!

Good, heartsome Pittsburgh—O, well do I know it!
  From its glowing hearthstones a welcome ascends;
I'd sing its glory were I a great poet—
  The big open heart of my City of Friends!

HARRISON D. MASON

Pittsburgh, March, 1924

SOME PITTSBURGH MEMORIES

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

I WAS BORN in the Fifth Ward of the old City of Allegheny, now annexed to the Greater Pittsburgh, January 27, 1855. My father was Harrison Mason, a native Pittsburgher; my mother's maiden name was Caroline L. Denning, born in Smyrna, Delaware. My grandfather in the Mason line, Archibald Dale Mason, came to Pittsburgh from Snow Hill, Maryland, in 1806. He was a builder of steamboat cabins, and his sons, Harrison and Washington, were associated with him in the business.

One of the first things I can recall in childhood were the herds of fierce-looking, long-horned Texas steers that used to be driven past my home on their way to the stock yards, often terrorizing people as they swept by. It was then a custom to drive cattle into the city over the Steubenville Pike, crossing the Ohio River in a steam ferry at Chartiers Street, thence to the stock yards near Irwin Avenue and the present Allegheny Park. They came surging by our place like a conquering army, while a little tow-headed boy watched them over a high board fence, in awe and wonderment.

Extending through our neighborhood at that period was a long, narrow swamp, paralleling Rebecca (now Reedsdale) Street for perhaps half a mile. We fished and boated there in Summer, and skated in the Winter. It was a paradise for boys, the home of cat fish, tadpoles and bull frogs. At night, the melody of the frogs was a feature of our social life. Filled in now, built over, buried out of sight, what boy of the present generation would guess that it ever existed?

This swamp narrowly missed becoming historic. It happened in this wise. I may have been ten years old when a

young lady about my own age fell into the swamp and was in grave danger, the water being two feet deep. I reached her a stick, but she was too nervous to grasp it. I then leaned out far from the perpendicular, and extended my right hand. Her heft greatly exceeded mine and the law of gravity seemed to be in her favor. I have always thought this must have been the case, for in a moment the lady and the hero were wallowing together in the ooze. Folks began to gather. Among them was Orlando, the idiot. He found a plank, pushed it out to us, and we struggled ashore.

Orlando was disgusted.

"Why didn't you walk ashore?" he howled. "Do you want a dredge? Want me to get a suspension bridge? Want a plank road? That's the trouble when folks hez too much sense. They don't know nothin'."

The gales of many winters have rattled the windows of my old home since Orlando, the idiot, thus discoursed. Much knowledge worth while has slipped out of my memory, but this nonsense remains. The chance of a lifetime to become a hero slipped through my fingers because I was not an idiot.

The busy steamboat traffic of the Ohio River has a prominent place among my early memories. My father was the owner of some boats and he spent much of his time on the river. I remember long trips I took with my mother on his boat, the *Dacotah*, to Cincinnati, Nashville, St. Louis and other cities. The mystery of the pilot steering the boat through the blackness of the night was a source of wonder to me. I often stood beside him and heard the far-off signals from other boats. He would look down on me as he slowly turned the great wheel and say, "That's the *James Wood*, son", or, "There goes the *Lowell*". All this in the black night, a few stars glimmering overhead! Surely, he was a magician!

The bustle at the gang-plank when we landed in the night at some way-point was exciting. Great torches flickered and smoked above the roustabouts coming and going at the landing. These black men often sang as they carried their

loads—a wild melody that only an African could originate. The language of the mate, as he spurred them to a livelier quick-step, was more lurid than the torches. I wish I could repeat it, with all the flare and glow and luxuriance of the original.

On second thought, I fear it would be too spirited for this prim and prosaic narrative.

I loved my father's boat, the captain and the pilot, with all the enthusiasm of a boy. I can see her yet steaming along under the shadows of the great river hills, signalling passing boats from time to time in that mellow organ-tone peculiar to our river steamers. Even yet, the sound of it stirs my blood and revives the old, pleasant memories.

While on the Ohio River steamers I first heard plantation melodies. I recall how the deckhands used to gather about the capstan at the bow of the boat when we were entering or leaving port, and sing in their quaint and plaintive way. Under these circumstances, I first heard the ballads of Stephen C. Foster, which linger in my mind as fitting melodies for the great river as it flows on among the hills. No other music has left so deep and lasting an impression. Embodied in its cadence is the memory of my mother and father, as I knew them in those early, happy days.

On the third day of July, 1863, I was as high up in a cherry tree on our own place as I could climb. We called the cherries "Early Mays", and they were large, sweet and juicy. They were naturally very attractive to a boy, but far off to the Eastward, quite out of sight, there was that day another attraction. Lee and Meade were struggling for the mastery there at Gettysburg. From time to time, I hung on a branch of the old tree and listened intently. Could I hear the great cannon off there beyond the Pittsburgh hills? I fancied I could, albeit they were 200 miles away. I must still leave the question undecided, but the tense excitement of that historic day lingers with me still.

Next day, when the tidings of the great Union victory reached Pittsburgh, I called upon two neighbor girls of my own age to celebrate. These girls were South Carolinians, and when I announced that Lee was retreating, the celebration came to an abrupt close. There was a struggle for the mastery, but it was brief—quite brief. The cohorts of South Carolina surrounded the Pennsylvania troops and annihilated him. He was finally cast over a high board fence into his own yard, badly scratched by talons, language and other high explosives. After all, did we really win at Gettysburg?

It was never my good fortune to see Abraham Lincoln, but vividly I recall the day of his death. I was then ten years old. The homes were hung in crepe, but the mourning showed more plainly in the faces of men and women. A silence seemed to fall upon the land. Business ceased. Men spoke in low, tense tones. I sometimes wonder whether the passing of any other man was ever so mourned. It came very close to our hearts and from that sad day until now Lincoln has seemed as one of my own.

I saw men weep that day and heard their voices tremble. My own good mother drew her apron up to her eyes and sobbed. A grocer in our neighborhood (known as a *Copperhead*) discreetly disappeared for a time. Orlando said he had crawled under the bed. Orlando had no sense, but he often made wise remarks.

When I was about twelve years old, my uncle, William Dilworth, Jr., took cousin Frank Dilworth and myself to the great pine woods of Pennsylvania. We traveled over the Allegheny Valley Railroad to the temporary terminus of that road at Mahoning, thence by stage over a primitive highway to the town of Brookville. The country was then wild and unsettled. Three things on that memorable trip impressed me greatly—

I saw my first rattlesnake.

I caught my first brook trout.

I went deep into the dark pine forest, and felt something of the awe and mystery of that gigantic timber. Thenceforth, trees became a factor in my life. I learned to mark their characteristics and to distinguish them. Soon I learned to love them.

I have made friends among men during my lifetime, and it has been my good fortune to form a friendship for certain trees.

Once there stood a giant Elm on the Snowden property on South Avenue in old Allegheny, a giant fully eight feet in diameter at the butt, tapering rapidly as the trunk rose in the air. It was not a tall tree, but the spread of its branches was majestic. Often, I have walked around it and admired it. How old it was no man knew.

Not over one hundred feet away from this noble Elm, on the line of the present Manchester Avenue, stood a Sycamore quite six feet in diameter, and very tall. These two trees were survivors of the ancient forest. I have no doubt they had witnessed the construction of Fort Duquesne, just across the river. Doubtless, they saw many a painted red man pass by, for an Indian trail penetrated the forest there in the early days. Mayhap, they saw George Washington and his faithful guide, Christopher Gist—lone wanderers in the great woods.

I grieved when these two tree friends were cut down. I made an effort to save the Sycamore, but it was in the way of the extension of Grant Avenue, now widened to Manchester Avenue.

As one journeys down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh, the first island one meets in the stream is Brunot's. It is now occupied by an enormous power house, but in my boyhood it was fertile farming land. At the head of the island, overlooking Glasshouse Riffle, stood a massive Sycamore, great in height and girth—a landmark for river pilots. Under that giant tree I often searched for flint arrow heads in the clay bank, finding many boyish treasures there.

One day I went to the island, pushed my skiff ashore, clambered up the bank, and stood as one lost. My giant friend was gone. There he lay, torn and broken, on the ground, after braving the fury of a hundred storms. I passed my hand over the prostrate trunk (much higher than my head, it was), and even as a boy I was conscious of a feeling of regret. Generations would go by before another such tree could tower into the sky. The bare clay bank had lost its charm and dignity; my brave old Sycamore was dead.

MY WALNUT TREE

Beside my home a walnut tree
In stately beauty stands;
His presence is a joy to me—
He dominates my lands.

We've lived here through the heat and cold,
We've seen the years drift by;
Together we've been growing old—
My walnut tree and I.

A dwelling for the feathered things,
Of spacious roof and high;
He knows the sound of mystic wings
That flutter from the sky.

The birds must love my good old tree
Whose welcome is so sure;
The ventilation sweet and free,
And walnut furniture!

My tree is first to greet the dawn
From his exalted place;
I see the glow he looks upon
Reflected in his face.

And when the sky grows rich and red
At evening time, it seems
A radiance gathers 'round his head—
My walnut tree that dreams!

A poet of the sky and wood,
His song too deep for words,
I join with him in brotherhood,
In friendship for the birds.

He knew me when my life was young,
His days seem as my own;
He whispers music yet unsung,
In God's great undertone.

We live here through the joy and tears,
The day and dark drift by;
Good comrades of eventful years—
My walnut tree and I!

While still in my teens, I took a long and lonely voyage down the Ohio River in a skiff, from Pittsburgh to East Liverpool, Ohio. The great dams had not been constructed across the river to slacken its current, and I recall my joy in running the rapids. Especially do I recall the swift currents at Glasshouse Riffle, the Trap, Deadman's Island and Beaver Shoals. This voyage brought me in more intimate touch with the river of my ancestors. I stopped for the first night at Stoops Ferry, opposite the town of Sewickley, where old friends made me welcome. When I reached East Liverpool, I became the guest of my friend Jason Brookes, in whose hospitable mansion by the river I spent happy vacations in boyhood. Recently, in revisiting the old place, I found on a pane of glass in one of the windows the inscription—"H. D. Mason, 1876". I had scratched it there in the Centennial year, with the point of an Indian arrow head.

Jason Brookes, Senior, and his good wife left us many years ago, but my boyhood chums, George and Jason Brookes, are still on my list of friends.

By comparison with these modern times, life was rather primitive in my childhood. We drew water from a well ninety feet deep, which called for an exercise of muscle. Our streets were unpaved, and often very muddy. I remember when a line of omnibusses plied through Allegheny, and the little horse-cars that succeeded them, with straw on the floor to protect the feet of passengers, were not much of an improvement in the way of transit. Nobody ever rode in a horse-car for the pure joy of travel.

In my early childhood, we used tallow candles for light. I recall the first kerosene lamp in our house, and we regarded it (rightfully, too,) as dangerous. Little attention was paid to fire test in those days. When artificial gas came into use, it seemed an unmixed blessing.

We had an elaborate brass candlestick in our home which my father once turned to an original use. Late one night, he surprised a burglar going through the papers in grandfather's desk, and with the candlestick in hand he threw himself on the interloper. They fought in darkness, struggling finally into the open air. Meantime, the candlestick had been wielded effectively and father did not desist until the burglar caught his hand and bit deeply into the bone. To father's regret, the burglar got away, but he must have carried the marks of that strange weapon for a long time afterward. The battered candlestick remained for years as a reminder of that struggle in the dark.

Carl J. Saupe, Photographer.

SCHENLEY HIGH SCHOOL, SCHENLEY FARMS, PITTSBURGH.

MY EDUCATION

MY FIRST education was received at a certain Mrs. Cosgrave's private school on what is now Ridge Avenue, near the Allegheny Parks—then known as the *Commons*. Mrs. Cosgrave was an old, asthmatic lady, with a most peculiar voice that I can still remember. I wondered if all teachers had voices that quavered in that strange way. The main item in the curriculum was Deportment. Another popular course among the boys was the Rod. Miss Fannie Cosgrave, an assistant teacher, at times illustrated how the Rod can polish a boy and make him a perfect gentleman—during school hours. At this school I learned to write a bold hand that excited the wonder of many people. I also learned to read, to cipher and to spell.

Those were happy, formative days. The Big World lay just ahead of me, and I began to have my day-dreams. Mrs. Cosgrave did the best she could with a play-loving boy. At her quaint little school I made some life-long friends, which was surely worth while.

One sweet young girl there became the wife of the President of a great railway company. Another married a United States Senator, whose fame became international. Thus Mrs. Cosgrave's educational work bore good fruit.

Orlando, the idiot, used to wander by the school, looking for four-leaved clovers or white luck-stones on the slopes of Seminary (now Monument) Hill.

"What's edication fur?" he would ask. "When you can't read, you don't never need to work. Carry a luck-stone in one pants pocket and a buckeye in the other, and you'll never die. A man told me that. He told me what a Helgramite is, too."

I never knew what a Helgramite was until in later days I used them for bait when fishing in Chartiers Creek. One does not learn everything at school.

A little later on, I attended the Newell Institute on Penn Avenue in Pittsburgh, a preparatory school for college. James R. Newell was the principal, a man of fine culture and character. I did not graduate, but I mastered something of English there, and a little of the classics. I was only sixteen when I went out into the world to earn a living. My best return from the Institute was the friends I made. Many of the scholars became noted in various lines. Professor William Sloane, who won renown at Princeton University; Howard Eaton, of the Eaton Ranch in Montana, who became a national character; Durbin Horne, of the great Joseph Horne Department Stores in Pittsburgh—all were Newell Institute boys. I look back upon the years I spent there with pride and pleasure.

Today on the Pittsburgh streets I ordinarily meet only one Newell Institute boy, my chum, John H. Herron. We both work for the Pennsylvania System, both nearing the time when we will automatically be mustered out as retired employes. Occasionally, I meet William D. McGill, William L. Davis and Frederick Pickersgill, comrades of my school days.

LITERARY MATTERS

IN EXCAVATING for a cellar on our Ridge Avenue property in Allegheny, the bones of an Indian were unearthed, and I preserved the skull for years afterward. Some flint arrow heads and other relics were also found in the grave. Later, I became familiar with the ancient mound at McKees Rocks and other Mound Builder remains in Ohio and Kentucky. My interest in ancient America began in this way, and I made it a study. My first bow in the literary world was an illustrated paper on the Mound Builders, for which I received ten dollars. The pride and satisfaction of seeing myself in print was out of proportion to the check the *Youth's Companion* of Boston sent me.

I began to write papers on various topics, notably for the *Chicago Current,* the *Christian Union* of New York, the *Brooklyn Magazine,* the *American Magazine* and other periodicals. I also wrote many papers and stories for Pittsburgh publications. John W. Black, of the *Pittsburgh Bulletin,* published my romances and a warm friendship sprang up between us. My heart was in literary work, but there was a barrier in the way—it was too precarious a living. The time came when I had six stirring boys to feed, clothe and educate. Very reluctantly, I laid aside my pen. What success I might have attained is a matter of conjecture. From time to time, as the years went by, I had my dream of pen, ink and paper and a quiet corner for literary work.

Meantime, I loved good literature and read a great deal. From my childhood, I have loved poetry. The music of Edgar Allen Poe's matchless verse has always been an inspiration to me. There is a magic in his lines that charms me now, as it did a half-century ago. I still read Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller with much the same interest they excited in earlier years.

Years ago, I used occasionally to see in the streets of Camden, N. J., an old man with flowing white hair and beard —a kindly man, for children followed him and called his name. The Camden people spoke of him as the *Good Gray Poet*. His name was Walt Whitman. I was then a young man, and at times I was tempted to speak to this friendly old gentleman, but I never did so. Later, I read some of his peculiar verse and disliked it heartily. It was not until I read his great poem on Abraham Lincoln that I began to tolerate his literary work. By imperceptible degrees, I was drawn to him. Today, I regard him as a giant of Homeric type—a great poet. To me, there is something of the ebb and flow of the ocean in his lines—something vast and elemental. He is one of our Lincolnesque men, a great rugged American that the future must deal with. Time alone will give him his proper rating among our literary men.

Concord, Massachusetts, long had a place in my dreams as a literary Mecca, but many years went by before I saw the place itself. I was familiar with the writers whose pens had made it a shrine, and my ideal of these men—Thoreau, Hawthorne and Emerson—was so high that I really feared that a visit to their homes might dispel my dream. On a certain happy day, I motored into the historic town, as one might approach Stratford-upon-Avon, reverently and expectantly. It was an unforgetable day. At once, the little town found its way into my heart and has held a place there. Unchanged, unspoiled, charming in its own simple way, a mellow echo of great voices now stilled forever, it held me in a thrall. I wandered about as one in a delightful day-dream. The lazy Concord River (the *Musketaquid*—river of peace—of Thoreau) seemed a chapter out of his books. The homes of Emerson, Hawthorne and the Alcotts were there much as my dreams had pictured them. The stately old elms and pines had tales to tell of Hawthorne. I fancied I could see him in his solitary strolls among the trees, aloof from men, yet loving them, too. In the ancient Sleepy Hollow Cemetery I stood

with bared head at the graves of these men, whose influence had changed the current of my life. Unseen, afar from me, never known to me in the flesh, they had sent me their message. The spell of their genius was still a living thing in my heart. I was proud to claim them as Americans.

After all, it is ideas that rule the world. Genius casts its spell upon us, for good or ill. The writers of Concord were clean men, whose lives have stood the test of time. I have never been conscious of a deeper impression of peace—of beauty—of serenity—than I felt there under the pines in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. These great souls had passed on in Life's mysterious journey, but in our thinking they still live, a blessed influence in the world.

AT NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE

Green slopes here smile recognition,
Pine woods yonder knew his tread;
Comrades these of our Magician,
Here one cannot think him dead.

Still the village quaint and pleasant,
With its elms and hedges trim,
Whispers to the busy present,
Mystic lore it knows of him.

O'er the stream on which he boated,
Still the sun-flecked shadows dance;
All the beauty he had noted,
Bears the charm of his romance.

From familiar slopes uplifting
Bluish summits far and dim,
Come as mists the legends drifting,
Which have drawn the world to him.

Master of divine expression,
Limner of exquisite art,
Wood and stream breathe your confession,
Concord still retains your heart.

Still your vision altruistic,
Comes to men to haunt and sway;
Still the dreamer and the mystic
Weaves the spell of yesterday.

Lingers still the dream you cherished
Of a nobler day and true;
In that vision naught has perished,
Still the world would dream with you.

I was conscious of the same feeling of awe and reverence when I stood near the monument on the field of Gettysburg where Lincoln made the brief address which has circled the world as one of the masterpieces of human speech. At Concord, my admiration went out to men who had wrought nobly and sincerely in the field of literature; at Gettysburg, I came close to the spirit of a man of greater stature—a great soul that we have come to love, a name that is our heritage. Lincoln seems to stand alone in our affection. In my mind's eye, I pictured that tall, lank man addressing the people on that fateful field in 1863—a prayer of trust and yearning to the spirit of America.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

November 19, 1863

A silence there expectant, meaning,
And then a voice clear-pitched and tense;
A thousand hearers, forward-leaning,
Were in the thrall of eloquence.

He saw the graves of heroes sleeping,
He saw men's eyes suffused and dim;
A triumph great, a nation weeping,
Found true expression there in him.

Not often in a nation's story
Such words supreme, such manhood fine;
He gave that day our grief and glory
The dignity of things divine.

Brief, so brief—the words were falling
Ere men had time to note and weigh;
As if again the gods were calling
From some Homeric yesterday.

No impulse this, no actor speaking
Of thoughts which came by happy chance;
The man, the place, were God's own seeking;
The words are our inheritance.

A pause, a hush, a wonder growing;
A prophet's vision, understood;
In that strange spell of his bestowing
They dreamed, with him, of Brotherhood.

Something of the same feeling came to me at *Sunnyside,* Washington Irving's ancestral home on the Hudson River, and in the Catskills, where *Rip Van Winkle's* spirit still lives. Indeed, *Rip* to me seems quite as real as Irving himself. One night—one memorable night—I sat up late in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car and heard Joseph Jefferson, the actor, tell in a simple, direct way, the story of *Rip Van Winkle,* which his interpretation has made immortal. Heard from Jefferson's own lips, it was a better story of that well-loved reprobate—dear old *Rip*—than I have ever seen in print.

At Cooperstown, N. Y., on Otsego Lake, I came in closer touch with James Fenimore Cooper and my boyhood heroes—*Hawkeye, Uncas* and *Chingachgook.* Among those picturesque and historic surroundings, the *Last of the Mohicans* resumed its pre-eminence as our greatest story of the American wilderness.

It is pleasant to recall the poems which have left the deepest impression on one's mind and heart. I have noted that some of our finest short poems have been written by men not considered great. The verses that linger most pleasantly in my own memory come from various sources. I would like to give each of them a setting of its own, but space permits me to merely name them here—

Coates Kinney's *Rain on the Roof,*
Bret Harte's *Dickens in Camp,*
John G. Whittier's *Eternal Goodness,*

Henley's *Captain of My Soul,*
Tennyson's *Locksley Hall,*
Poe's *Raven* and *To Helen,*
Joaquin Miller's *Columbus,*
Richard Realf's *Hymn of Pittsburgh* and *Indirection,*
Whitcomb Riley's *Frost on the Punkin',*
Walt Whitman's *Lincoln,*
T. Buchanan Read's *Drifting,*
Macauley's *Horatius at the Bridge.*

Necessarily, the list is only partial. There are many poems read long ago that come back to me as sweet memories. Among them, I must name Ralph Hoyt's lines—

By the wayside on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing—
Poor, unknown—
By the wayside on a mossy stone.

It was once my pleasure to meet Herbert Spencer, the English philosopher, in that day much quoted, much praised, and much abused. He was the guest of Andrew Carnegie, who took him over the Allegheny Valley Railway in our private car (*Coach No. 2*), to show him the picturesque hills along the Allegheny River between Pittsburgh and Oil City. He was a modest, unassuming, white-haired old gentleman, so gentle that one could never have deemed him guilty of the vigorous poke he had given the modern religious world. In the course of his conversation, he used a word quite strange to me; he mentioned that he had suffered greatly from *insomnia.* I opened the first dictionary I could reach to learn the meaning of the word. Later, I read some of his literature. Why it produced insomnia I never learned. In my case, the effect was somnolent. Mr. Spencer himself was a cultured, delightful old gentleman.

At the general office of the Allegheny Valley Railway, I used sometimes to entertain a poet. His name was John McKee, a strange, unbalanced genius, tall, thin and lank, who

frequented the newspaper offices and business houses, not always as a welcome guest. Occasionally, his lines would appear in one of our local papers—sometimes quaint, sometimes foolish, but always like the strange man himself. At intervals, it was my custom to give John a free pass over our line, and shortly thereafter he would often come in and solemnly lay on my desk a poem. Unfortunately, I did not preserve these masterpieces.

His style is fairly well illustrated in the verses that follow. He is describing a journey over our line, traveling on a free pass—

Rails might spread and slides might slip;
I took a Bible in my grip;
When I found I did not need it,
Human-like, I did not read it;
The brakeman made me crane my neck,
To show me where you'd had a wreck;
He said when folks got mixed up thus,
Some Democrats would make a fuss;
Even if they failed to ask it,
The road gave them a lovely casket.

No one was ever lost, he said;
They always found the missing head—
Sometimes a leg!
You claim that your old road is safe?
Now, how about the Red Bank Cafe?
They manufacture there a pie,
Which I'll remember till I die;
No man knows just what they mix,
But in my breast the pie still kicks;
When I reached my journey's end,
I did thank God at Brady's Bend.

John had his limitations, but he also had a sense of humor. Our trainmen knew him, and when he passed over the road they were apt to tell him some wild tales. A number of the verses he left with me dealt with the Allegheny Valley Railway, its scenery and its employes.

RICHARD REALF

OUR PITTSBURGH POET

ONE well-remembered Sunday afternoon, I sat under the trees in a Pittsburgh suburb and heard our own poet, Richard Realf, discourse. A strange little man of dreams and fancies —such a man as might see visions. His verse had not then been published in book form, but I soon had copies of *Indirection, The Children, My Slain* and other poems which I learned by heart.

Realf died in California, in 1878. It has always been a matter of regret with me that I did not get to know him well. Walt Whitman's estimate of him was my own—he was a true poet. There was a breath of Springtime in his lyrics—a music which still sways me as I read it.

He had heard the winds of Summer,
  Where they laugh among the pine,
And his song has still the echo
  Of that pastoral divine.

For the bold and breezy summits,
  With their forests strange and dim,
Tossed their arms as if to beckon,
  Flinging far a song at him.

Nature led the gentle minstrel
  Where the budding laurels grew,
Taught him through the spell of beauty
  All the melody she knew.

Evil tongues have smirched and slandered
  All the ways our poet trod;
Yet his song, a thing prophetic,
  Speaks of beauty and of God.

Through the range of human passion
  Quaint and free his fancy trips,
And the heart that loved and suffered
  Speaks in pathos from his lips.

To the end she led the dreamer
  On a sweet, poetic quest;
At the goal he lies in slumber,
  By the Western Sea at rest.

SOME INCIDENTS IN MY RAILWAY EXPERIENCE

MY FIRST permanent position was with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Duquesne Freight Station, at the Point in Pittsburgh, in 1872. Cass Carpenter was then Agent there and Hudson Henry, Cashier. I remained in that service from 1872 to 1875. I was only a boy, but I then began to learn something of the history of my native city. My grandfather, Archibald Dale Mason, had lived for years in West Street, near the Point. The sites of Fort Duquesne and Fort Pitt were nearby, and the atmosphere of the stirring frontier days seemed to brood over the place. Eagerly, I listened to my mother's stories of early Pittsburgh as she had known it, dating back to 1838. My grandfather had worked as a carpenter on the first steamboat launched west of the Allegheny Mountains (the *New Orleans*, in 1811), and in later years he had become a noted builder of boats at Pittsburgh. He built the cabin of the steamer *Messenger*, in which Charles Dickens voyaged down the Ohio in 1842, gathering data for his *American Notes*, which caused a stir among our people in that day.

I cannot recall any unusual experience during my service at Duquesne Freight Station. I began there as a messenger, later becoming a receiving clerk on the freight platform.

One day, I was seated on a bale of hay on the platform. No freight offering, I was idle. A very affable and distinguished-looking gentleman walked briskly down the wagonway and approached me.

"You seem busy, my boy!" said he.

"Yes, sir", I replied.

"What salary do you get?" was the next question.

"Forty dollars a month".

"What is your name?"

I told him.

"Do you ever work real hard?"

"Not often, sir".

Again I rose to the occasion. He looked at me and smiled. He knew I was telling the truth.

"By the way", he went on, "who is that old gentleman over there in the office—the man with long white hair?"

"That's John Marlow".

"Ah, I've heard of him—a good man".

He smiled, bowed very slightly and walked rapidly down the platform.

In a few minutes, a whisper passed through the length and breadth of Duquesne Freight Station. The President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Thomas A. Scott, had dropped in unannounced, and apparently I was the only employe on the platform he had spoken to. I recited the interview to old John Marlow, who was somewhat of a wag.

"And he found you idle?" wailed the dear old man, wringing his hands, "My God, we are ruined!"

But John was not a prophet. Affairs went on as usual. At times, of warm Summer days when business grew slack, John lay his venerable white head on the desk and snoozed happily and audibly. But President Scott never saw him do it.

On July 21, 1877, I witnessed the burning of Union Station and buildings near it, during the progress of the great railway riots. In company with John G. A. Leishman (later the United States Minister to Turkey, then a neighbor of mine in Allegheny) I went over to Liberty Street in Pittsburgh and watched the railway station and the grain elevator near it burning—a most impressive sight. Hundreds of men and women were carrying loot from the freight cars. As far out the tracks as one could see through the smoke, long lines of freight cars were burning. The streets and hillsides were thronged with people, but one phase of the mob impressed me—its silence. I heard little noise or shouting. All good citizens were fearful of even worse destruction to follow. Those were troubled, anxious days.

Early in the day when the Union Station was fired, Robert McCargo (who met with a misfortune a year later —he became my father-in-law), had mounted a barrel in Liberty Street and told the rioters they should disperse quietly and peaceably to their homes. Mr. McCargo was venerable in appearance and the mob was gentle with him. They merely knocked the barrel from under him and hustled him away. I understand that the Sheriff of Allegheny County was treated in the same unceremonious manner.

On that terrible day, I saw A. J. Cassatt, who later became President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, mingling with the crowd in Liberty Street.

On returning from the burning Union Station, Mr. Leishman and I found the Sixth Street Bridge blocked with cannon. The city had been placed under martial law. Later, I walked over the railway yards and saw the burned cars, engines and the round house at Twenty-eighth Street—a mass of ruins miles in length.

In September, 1878, I was married to Ella M. McCargo, daughter of Robert and Sophia McCargo. We had six sons, whose rearing and education have been the main business of my life.

In December, 1880, I entered the service of the Allegheny Valley Railway at Pittsburgh, in the office of David McCargo, General Superintendent, where I remained until August, 1900, when the *Valley*, as it was familiarly called, was absorbed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. In many respects, this was the most active and interesting period of my life. I was among live men, the Pittsburgh District was rapidly expanding, and the very atmosphere was charged with electric energy. The great natural gas boom was in full swing. The Carnegie Steel Company and other vast industrial concerns were achieving their triumphs.

It is not my purpose to write the story of those remarkable days. I would rather like to deal in incidents and impressions that came under my own observation.

First of all, I would like to speak of our dinner party at the old *Valley* General Office, Eleventh and Pike Streets. Freight tracks now occupy the site of the building, and all traces of it have disappeared. Only memories of our good comradeship remain.

For fifteen years (from 1885 to 1900) it was our custom to meet at noon on the upper floor of the General Office, to discuss good diet and other topics. We grew to know each other and to work in harmony. Friendships were formed there that still abide. Many of our old party have now passed over to the Unseen Land. To those still living, I would like to send a kindly greeting today; to the dead, I would bow my head in loving memory.

Let me record here the names of these comrades. We were mustered out of service in August, 1900, when the Pennsylvania Railroad Company began to operate our line:

Charles B. Price, Edwin P. Bates, Michael A. Carmody, William K. McElroy, Thomas R. Robinson, Theodore F. Brown, James P. Anderson, Frank M. Ashmead, William J. Peebles, William F. Rupp, Louis J. Fox, Charles S. McCargo, Edward H. Utley, William J. Stewart, Frank W. McElroy, Miss Clara E. McCargo, James L. Hunter, Albert M. Hassler, Charles A. B. Cooper, Charles A. Adams, Oliver A. Keefer, Robert Hay, David McC. Woods, William A. Hamilton, Joseph C. Boyd, Jacob F. Henrici, Clarence M. Johns and E. P. Callow.

Others with whom I came in friendly business relations:

Harry C. Russell, of the General Superintendent's office; Spencer B. Rumsey, Superintendent Low Grade Division, Reynoldsville, Pa.; W. Reynolds, Agent at Kittanning; I. G. Butterfield, Agent at Emlenton; A. B. Kerr, Supervisor; H. E. Bradley, Supervisor; Fred Hays, Supervisor; E. Lewis, Superintendent of Bridges and Buildings; James E. Lane, Traveling Auditor; J. C. Glass and John Cowan.

My railway work brought me in contact with some peculiar men. Among them was a well-known gentleman in

Pittsburgh, upon whom I once called on a delicate mission. We wished to get his opinion, as he had had a long and varied experience. He was an odd looking man, who had a habit of looking up at you from under bushy eyebrows and blinking. After some preliminaries, I put my question and awaited his reply.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I can set you right. One moment."

He turned in his swivel chair and faced me with the solemn air of a judge. It was a moment of intense expectancy.

"Now, it's like this," he went on, "you are swimming across the Allegheny River."

"Yes, sir."

"You are struggling. Your strength is ebbing. You are losing heart."

"Yes, sir."

"What happens? Something comes up and bites you. Now, what is it? Do you know? Do I know? There you are, my dear friend."

He blinked, waved his hand in despair, the swivel chair turned 'round, and in a moment his nose was buried in his papers. The illuminating interview was over.

I took his words back to our people and they pondered over them. That was thirty years ago, and the answer is not yet. So far as the solution is concerned, we are still swimming over the Allegheny River, and at any moment a crab—a shark—an alligator—may come up and bite us on the leg.

One Summer day, a rather unusual incident occurred in front of our General Office on Eleventh Street. Our President had adjusted his silken plug hat firmly on his head and emerged from the office to go downtown. A careless boy had preceded him on the street, carrying a vessel containing molasses. Unknown to the official, the boy had stumbled and fallen, spilling molasses over a large area of sidewalk. Absorbed in thought, our Chief of Staff did not observe the sticky compound until his feet were caught in it. At first, his progress was accelerated and he slipped forward with an easy

and graceful motion that excited our admiration. Then came a sudden check, a lurch to leeward and then a collapse. It is still a debated question as to which reached the sidewalk first—our President or his silk hat. To me, it seemed simultaneous. When he attempted to rise, the slippery liquid caused him to spread fore and aft in the most unheard of way, and he settled violently downward. At this juncture, our faithful porter, Edward Cyrus, came to the rescue, and as he escorted his superior officer back to headquarters I have never beheld a spectacle more sadly sweet. The tragedy of it all was that we dare not laugh. This incident became a stock story among our railway employes. What a motion picture it would have made!

A little over one hundred miles north of Pittsburgh, on the line of the old *Valley* road, once stood the classic town of Scrubgrass. The name naturally appeals to one of refined taste. Scrubgrass was born in the throes of an oil boom, but the boom and the town expired in each other's arms. All that now remains of the place is the site.

Scrubgrass was the scene of an incident which became historic along our line. A barrel of whiskey was shipped to the station and remained there unclaimed. This statement sounds impossible, but it is true. The station building stood on stakes raised about four feet above the ground, the space underneath being open. A citizen of Scrubgrass noted the unclaimed whiskey in the warehouse, and sighed deeply. Later, in the weird stillness of the night (it was sometimes very dark in Scrubgrass), a man approached the warehouse, accompanied by a wash tub and an auger. Making a rapid calculation of latitude, longitude and turpitude, the man bored a hole in the warehouse floor, and, by a happy coincidence, he struck the bottom of the whiskey barrel. There was a joyous gurgle, a steady stream, a delightful fragrance in the air, and a tub full of nectar.

A few days later, the railway agent approached the barrel, with the fell intent of moving it. A barrel of whiskey

is heavy, but the agent was a strong man. He threw all his heft into the effort, and in a moment he and the empty barrel were piled up in a demoralized heap in the corner. A careful investigation followed, and the auger hole in the warehouse floor was revealed. A pleasing fragrance lingered over the scene, but that was all. The auger, the wash tub, the man and the liquor were gone. Some prominent citizens were suspected, and public sentiment ran high. Sympathy for the Company was expressed, also considerable curiosity about the wash tub. The matter was never cleared up, and the miscreant is still at large.

The Allegheny Valley Railway Company had a private car for use of its officials known as "Coach No. 2", and about that old car cluster some of the pleasantest memories of my railway experience. I had many trips on the car, and there I met some interesting people. The car was always used by our General Superintendent on the annual inspection tours over the road, which took place in the Fall, at which time there was a gathering of the trackmen. I can yet see the General Superintendent at the observation end of the car (which was pushed ahead of the engine, the regular inspection cars being in the rear of the train), seated in his big arm chair watching the line ahead, surrounded by section foremen who were responsible for the condition of the track. On the window sill at his side there was usually a glass of water, which it was my province to fill. If the water spilled as we passed over a particular section, there was some spirited comment. It was a standing joke that there was a certain section foreman (we will call him Mulcahy) whose track that season was notoriously bad, and when the water began to oscillate violently in the glass, he slily drank a full inch of the fluid while the General Superintendent's attention was otherwise engaged. I always doubted the story, for who ever knew a Mulcahy to touch water?

Coach No. 2 saw fully 25 years' service on our road. When I recall the good meals I ate at that table and the fine

comradeship there, my mind goes back to Edward Cyrus, the cook and porter, whose diet was a prominent feature of those occasions. Edward years ago passed on to his reward. Our own verdict on his fish, fowl and roasts was always, "Well done". I fully trust that the judgment on the Other Side was couched in the same terms. The old car met her fate at Verona Shops about 1902. She had grown to be a part of our railway life, and a human interest attached to her which, I fear, the wreckers did not understand.

Into our office came many men whose names are more or less familiar. Jacob Henrici, head of the Harmony Society at Economy, sometimes called, a venerable man of fine presence. Another man of that type was Felix R. Brunot, appointed on the Indian Commission by the United States Government—tall, erect, white-haired, dignified—one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. John Brashear, known the country over as a maker of astronomical instruments, sometimes paused long enough to tell me a little of the stars.

"We have lived among the Stars,
Why should we fear the Night?"

In these words, he has left us the simple creed of a good and great man.

John DuBois, the great lumber manufacturer and founder of the town of DuBois, often dropped in, with tales of the pine and hemlock woods. Christopher Zug, iron manufacturer, a man of ninety, sometimes rode to the office on horseback. William A. Passavant, a noted Lutheran minister, was a frequent visitor. Robert J. Burdette, then a newspaper man on the *Burlington Hawkeye*, later a minister at Los Angeles, told us racy stories that would have sounded odd in the pulpit, I venture to say. John Dalzell, John H. Hampton, James D. Hancock, Don Carlos Corbett and other well-known lawyers called frequently.

George Westinghouse sometimes came in, especially after the development of the natural gas fields began. Chris Magee,

the noted Pittsburgh politician, was a frequent caller. From time to time, Andrew Carnegie called upon David McCargo, our General Superintendent.

Vividly, I recall a certain January day on the line of the *Valley*, in Venango County. My comrade, William J. Stewart, and I were on a hand-car, moving north from Rockland Station, about one hundred miles from Pittsburgh. A heavy snow had fallen, followed by clear cold weather. Our car was propelled by section men, and there was a pail or two of red paint used for marking cross ties, in the lading.

The snow-clad pines and hemlocks in the picturesque valley of the Allegheny River seemed like fairyland. One of the section men called attention to a large white swan in the river, the only wild one I had ever seen. We were all admiring the beautiful bird, when a yell from the section foreman thrilled us to the very marrow.

"My God, boys, there comes an extra!"

We were on a sharp curve, moving north on a single track line. The extra freight train was on the same curve moving south, about 150 yards away. Will Stewart afterward assured me that the approaching engine loomed up like the Frick Building in Pittsburgh, a 20-story structure. I regard this as a moderate estimate, but there was no time for accurate measurements. I pulled my overcoat about my neck and rolled off into the ditch. Fortunately, the snow was deep and soft. As I rose, I saw my comrades emerging like snow men from the drifts, and our hand car mounting the pilot of the engine, climbing up toward the headlight without any effort whatever. The engineer reversed, and the train rolled by. In a few minutes, the crew plowed back to us through the drifts. The snow all about us was splotched with gore. The climax was dramatic.

"Who's hurt?" groaned the engineer, looking at the bloody snow.

"We're all here and all right," I called out.

"But look at the blood, man!"

"Nothing but some damned red paint!" said the section foreman.

The engineer roared with delight. Two of the young brakemen rolled in the snow in glee. But the section foreman was sad.

"How about my hand-car?" he asked.

As the freight train moved south a little later on, we held an inquest over the wrecked car. Parts of its anatomy were lost in the snow.

In this incident, I have mentioned the name of William J. Stewart, my comrade. For years, he and I made monthly trips up the Allegheny Valley, buying cross-ties and lumber. We were out in all kinds of weather, in wild out-of-the-way places, stopping at some impossible country hostelries. We were often in the backwoods, among lumber camps, and we grew familiar with the hardwood lands. In common, we had a love for the wild bloom, and when the mountain laurel was in flower we often took sprays of it back to Pittsburgh with us.

My comrade now lies in a little countryside cemetery, not far from his native town of Parnassus. When the mountain laurel blooms again, I would like to place upon his grave a sprig of the flower we both loved, in memory of a long and happy association. A fine and manly nature, clean in his life, steadfast in his faith, true in his friendship—every inch a man. Reverently, lovingly, I bear witness to his worth. In my association among men, I have found no gentler comradeship than his.

On the evening of May 31, 1889, I was about to close the office, when word came over the telegraph wire that there was serious trouble at Johnstown, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The exact nature of the trouble was not clear, but evidently some great disaster had occurred. I asked William F. Morris, our operator, to remain, had supper brought in, and we did not leave the office that night. It happened that our General Superintendent was out of the city at that time. The wires were working badly, but the

news gradually filtered in. South Fork Dam had broken, and a great flood had swept down the Conemaugh, overwhelming Johnstown.

Mr. Morris performed excellent service that night, the next day and the night that followed. It was a long and weary vigil. At times, I lay down, but was not permitted to sleep. Our line was open, and inquiries poured in from all directions.

About nine miles of the Pennsylvania Railroad main line were utterly destroyed, including the massive Conemaugh Viaduct. Traffic was diverted from a great 4-track trunk line to our single line across the Allegheny Mountains. In many respects it was a unique experience in railroading. We had few passing sidings, and the practice was adopted of dispatching say 20 freight trains eastwardly over the mountains and then passing a similar number of trains west. The strain on our men was great. One of our dispatchers had a paralytic stroke at his post. The passenger trains ran over our line with a pilot, but our short curves were a source of danger, as there was a tendency to run too rapidly. It was a period of anxiety and responsibility, happily passed without serious accident.

A little later, in company with Frank M. Ashmead, a brother officer, I walked over the destroyed line from South Fork to Johnstown, a distance of nine miles. A school house at the latter place was filled with dead. It was a scene of horror and desolation.

David McCargo and some friends had once gone on one of their customary hunting trips in the Company's private car (*Coach No. 2*), and were stopping for the night on a siding in Venango County. It was a wild district, known as the *Copperhead Belt,* as these venomous snakes abounded there. The conversation during the evening naturally turned to poisonous reptiles, particularly to copperheads. The party retired for the night with their minds filled with that nervous subject.

One of the party—an elderly gentleman—carried a gold watch that he valued highly—an heirloom which was his inseparable companion.

About midnight, there was a howl of agony from one of the berths, a scuffle in the aisle, and some smothered exclamations that woke the entire party. Edward Cyrus, the porter, instantly turned on the lights, and a picturesque group of men hurried to the rescue. The owner of the old heirloom watch had pulled the bedclothes into the aisle and was jumping on them viciously, using language sometimes heard in the *Copperhead Belt.*

"A snake! A snake!" he kept screaming. "A blasted copperhead!"

Upon this announcement, the rescuing party were inclined to extend more advice than help, but the bedclothes soon ceased to move. The life of the dangerous reptile had been crushed out.

By slow and cautious degrees, the bedclothes were dragged forth and the remains of the monster were revealed—a shattered gold watch! A silence fell upon the group, tense and dreadful. The picturesque attire of the group, their solicitude, the expression on the face of the man that owned the watch—nobody but an old master could have pictured that scene. Then from David McCargo came that happy, contagious laugh that set the group a-going. The joke was on a dear old friend, but it was too good to pass over.

It seemed that the owner of the watch upon retiring had placed it at his side in the berth, and during the night it had slipped from its moorings and glided down his bare leg—cold, clammy and terrible as any real monster in the *Copperhead Belt.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA LINES WEST OF PITTSBURGH

I ENTERED the service of the Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburgh in November, 1900, a short time after the Allegheny Valley Railroad had been absorbed by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Pension Department of the Lines West had just been inaugurated (effective January 1, 1901), and my fortunes for the remainder of my railway career were taken up with that work. Our General Office was then at Penn and Tenth Streets, Pittsburgh, but upon completion of the present Pennsylvania Station, in 1902, I was quartered on the fourth floor of the new building. I saw the Pension Department formed, served in it during its lifetime, and finally saw it transferred to the Pennsylvania System Department in Philadelphia. Many noted railway officials were placed upon the retired list during that period. Among them, I recall the names of Edward B. Taylor, Charles Watts, Daniel T. McCabe, Thomas Rodd, James J. Turner and many others. Scores of my own comrades in the service were retired during those busy years.

My service with the Pennsylvania Lines was, in its earlier stages, one of disappointment. I had been taken away from what I deemed my life-work on the Allegheny Valley Railway (the purchase of supplies), and placed in charge of work which was strange and distasteful. Gradually, the feeling of disappointment wore away, and in the afternoon of life I have become reconciled. Time smoothes one's griefs and the hard jolts of life slowly wear away.

And yet—and yet—but let me tell you a story. Not a wail of grief, not a tug at your heart-strings, just a brief human story of a dream which did not come true.

All my life, I have longed to do literary work. I like a pen that shows signs of use, a desk covered with manuscript,

a cozy little den where one can be quite alone. Somehow, I felt that I had a story to tell. Of course, it was a dream, but I yearned for an opportunity to write. There were lions in my path—a large family, the bread-and-butter problem, lack of leisure. The years passed by and my opportunity did not come. Meantime, I was too busy to waste time in regret. I was happy with my wife and boys. It is likely that I was doing better work than I could have done with my pen.

Often now, I sit in my big arm chair along toward the evening of life and dream the dear old dream of literary work—the dream that never will come true. A face always appears in that dream—the face of one who has passed over to the Unseen Land. She was my companion for almost forty years, the gentlest comrade in the world. In my sweet comradeship with her I enjoyed a peace and happiness transcending the glory any literary success might have brought me. She was a dream that came true.

Shortly after I entered the service of the Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburgh, my friend, William A. Carr, wrote me a personal letter, asking me to call at his office. Mr. Carr was Henry C. Frick's right-hand man, and I called upon him with some curiosity. He ushered me into Mr. Frick's private office, high up in the great Frick Building in Pittsburgh, then recently completed. I have always remembered that interview, for the reason that it brought me in contact with a remarkable man. As I entered his office, I observed on the wall a striking painting of a tiger drinking at a pool. Mr. Frick did not seem to look at me—he looked *through* me. A handsome, full-bearded man, strong, self-contained, calculating. I have never faced a man who gave me such an impression of strength. Very quietly, courteously, rapidly, he questioned me, looking me full in the face. I answered as briefly and directly as I could. In a very few minutes the interview was over.

I came away with great misgivings; what impression had I made, if any? A little later, to my surprise, I was tendered

more salary than I had asked. For reasons which I need not enter into here, I could not accept his offer, but my memory of that brief, rapid-fire interview lingers with me as an unusual experience. I am sure I never faced a man quite like Mr. Frick—so strong, so self-reliant, so dominant—every inch a leader of men. The air in his office seemed highly charged with electric energy.

Standing before the handsome marble bust of Mr. Frick, which now dominates the first floor of his great office building, I sometimes pause to look into the eyes that once left so deep an impression upon me. The sculptor has given the face a much milder expression.

A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

DAVID McCARGO was an intimate friend of Andrew Carnegie, both having started to work in early boyhood in the office of the Eastern Union Telegraph Company, at Pittsburgh. Mr. Carnegie frequently came to our office—a little man with a full beard, very quick on his feet, a suggestion of old Scotland in his speech. He always addressed Mr. McCargo as "Davie", and they maintained the old boyish friendship until the death of Mr. McCargo in January, 1902. He took "Davie" with him on his coaching trip through the British Islands, together with a score of other friends, and a delightful journey it must have been.

On November 5, 1895, the Carnegie Library Building at Schenley Park was opened and dedicated to the people of Pittsburgh. I was present at the opening of that great institution, the forerunner of the Carnegie Institute and the Technical Schools. It was an occasion I shall always remember, as marking the first great step taken by our work-a-day city in the direction of culture. Some men of international reputation were on the platform of the beautiful music hall that night, and I was conscious of a thrill of pride and exultation. My Pittsburgh, the city I so loved, was to rise above the smoke of her mills and have a glimpse of the stars.

A temple open, where our eager human yearning
May seek that clearer vision, true and wide;
Where men may garner wisdom from the universe of learning,
Where hearts which seek for beauty shall be satisfied.

A temple to encourage youth's supreme endeavor,
To build for culture, purity and good;
To plead through music and the finer graces ever
For that long-dreamed-of closer Brotherhood.

The Carnegie Institute to me has been an inspiration from its inception. At the annual Foundation Day exercises

I have come in touch with some really great men, notably British Ambassador Bryce, John Burroughs, Joseph Jefferson, William T. Stead and many others. At the organ recitals there, I have caught something of the inspiration of the great masters of harmony. In the art galleries, I have learned a little of another form of divine expression. In the library, I have found pleasure and instruction in good books. In all sincerity, let me thank Andrew Carnegie for these blessings.

Standing there at the entrance to Schenley Park, amid beautiful surroundings, close to other institutions which aim at the betterment of the race, is Mr. Carnegie's dream—the dream that came true. The Dreamer is gone, but the Institute remains to do its beneficent work. Out of the din and ruck of the steel mills, a flower has bloomed. Out of the coarseness that holds men down and brutalizes them, a new spirit has been born. May we not call it the Spirit of Beauty?

AT THE BURIAL OF AN OLD RAILWAY COMRADE

March 6, 1923

Something there of pathos that made our eyes grow dim,
Something there of manhood, true and fine;
Something there of yearning as we stood and looked at him,
Something there elusive and divine!

Something there of feeling that no human touch can reach,
Something there of sweetness and of tears;
Something there of loneliness beyond all human speech,
Something of the happiness of years.

A mingling of emotions that one cannot express—
The laughter as a care-free bugle call;
The busy days together and the times of pain and stress—
The comradeship that cheered us through it all!

A mingling of emotions of a life absorbed and long,
A tale of human happiness and tears;
A courage true that stirred us as might a victor's song—
The glory and the tragedy of years!

AN EPISODE

I HAD REACHED middle life before I really began to write verse. Mrs. Eleanor Birch, of the *Index* and *Bulletin* (Pittsburgh periodicals) encouraged me, and kindly words came from other sources. Meantime, I had become somewhat of a Nature student (having from my youth been a Nature lover), and much of my scant leisure was spent among the hills. Unconsciously, my expression began to take the form of verse, and has since retained that form.

In the course of years my verses had appeared in a pretty wide range of periodicals, and I began to dream of collecting them in book form. Many of them I had not preserved. At this period, my wife's health began to fail and I saw she was gradually sinking. Seated before the fire in her great arm chair, she would often ask when my booklet of verses was to appear. Soon this inquiry grew more earnest, and it seemed to be always on her mind. It became evident that I had deferred the work too long. Feverishly, I began to collect the verses from periodicals, the scrap books of friends—wherever they might be had. I fought against the idea, but it was a race with death.

The delays seemed endless, but in October, 1915, the printer gave me an advance copy of *Memories* from his press, and I hurried home with it.

Then came the saddest, sweetest episode of my life. My wife was seated in her arm chair before the fire, waiting for me as she always did in the evening. She was thin and pale, and her hair had grown very white. I sat down beside her and patted the thin hand, as it lay on the arm of the chair. I am sure she never dreamed the book was ready, and when I laid it down in her hand open at the picture of herself as I had known her in girlhood, a strange expression passed over her

face. Her hand trembled and in a moment great tears were running down her cheeks.

Was she disappointed? I feared so, but suddenly she turned with something of girlish merriment shining through her tears—turned and kissed me. All this without a word.

Then we turned over the pages of *Memories*, as if they had been pages in our own lives—turned them slowly over, talked of them, recalled our blessed dead that figure in the book, laughed and cried there by turns before the glowing fire, until the little room in the old home seemed to glow with a radiance of its own. Thenceforth to me it became a sacred place. And so it came to pass that the sweetest poetry in *Memories* remained unwritten, hidden there between the lines where I alone may read it.

It also came to pass that in a little while the arm chair was empty. A strange silence brooded in the room. I was alone.

Years have passed since that episode sounded the depths of my heart. It is evening and I sit here in the old chair, quite alone. The cheerful fire glows before me on the grate, as it glowed when she was here. I have been reading the unwritten lines in *Memories*. A white-haired man has been dreaming by the fire.

His dream is of some mystic land, mayhap not far away, where one he loved will meet him, even she who looks out upon him from the book. One day he shall waken near her and see her standing there smiling through her happy tears, just as she smiled in the little room of the dear old home—smiling a welcome to the Blessed Land.

An old man is dreaming by the fire. Memories, memories, what else is life made of? And the old, old faith in a blessed immortality—what vision is like unto that?

> Are we not children of an unseen Forever,
> Gathering home in the soft evening light;
> A-weary of toil and of restless endeavor,
> Gathering home from the world and the night?

THE LUMINOUS LAND

Wistful the trust that looms in my thinking,
(Soft was the touch of a dear vanished hand!)
Again as a child at faith's early fount drinking,
I turn my eyes to the luminous land.

Sweet is my faith—'tis a child that is speaking,
A child of full sixty, of silver-white head;
As one on a journey, a land am I seeking—
Luminous land of my loved ones, the dead.

Beautiful land, and my loved ones have found it,
Fair is its bloom, its meadows and streams;
Shining the mountains eternal that bound it—
Beautiful land that I see in my dreams.

And is it so far? My heart in replying
Smiles at the query from one old and gray;
Removed from the grief, the tears and the sighing,
The luminous land is just over the way.

Just over the way! A child understands it,
Too prone to question, the man old and gray;
A child on the hill-top in vision commands it—
The luminous land just over the way.

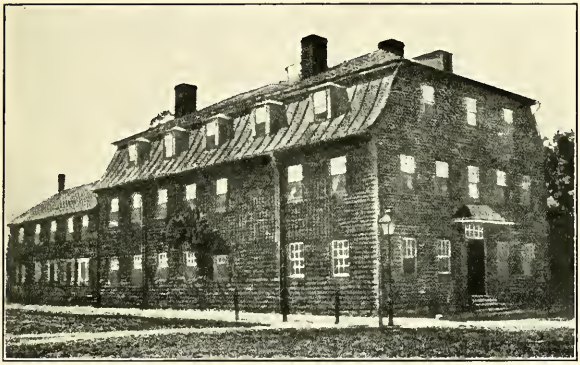
THE OLD INN AT ECONOMY

ABOUT forty years ago, I spent a portion of my Summers at the Economy Inn. The Harmonite Community was even then on a decline (it has now passed out of existence), but it was picturesque in its decay. Henry Breitenstein was proprietor of the hotel, with his wife as an able assistant. The rates were not extortionate. I paid twenty cents for my breakfast and a like amount for the evening meal, no charge being made for rooms. The meals were wholesome, the beds were clean, and an air of comfort pervaded the place.

Our little coterie consisted of Charles S. McCargo and his sister, Edith, Charles G. Carr, Harry M. Williamson and myself. No statistician has yet figured how much the Harmonites lost in boarding us, at the rate of twenty cents per meal. One fact is clear, the old society soon passed away.

The boarders at that old hostelry were a study. The Squire sat at our table. He was Magistrate of the village, and the dignity of the law enveloped him. His appearance was severe and uncompromising, but at times a sally of wit from the young folks would break through his dignity and he would wink the most ponderous wink I have ever seen, and his old eyes would twinkle with mirth. He never said much—the wink was enough.

George Shiras was a guest there—head of a well-known Pittsburgh family. He was then an old man, courteous, gentle and a lover of his kind. He had known my grandfather, Archibald Mason; he was familiar with the history of Economy and of Pittsburgh, and I found him a delightful talker. His favorite diversion was fishing. In his younger days and middle life, he had fished in many lakes and streams from Maine to the Rocky Mountains. Something of the charm of the woods seemed to cling to him. Often we sat together on one of the great wooden benches at the plateau overlooking



ECONOMY INN.

BUILT IN 1829. DESTROYED BY FIRE SOME YEARS AGO.

the Ohio River (then so rustic and so beautiful), and as he discoursed I fancied I might be listening to good old Izaak Walton. His was surely the poetry of old age.

J. Twing Brooks, Counsel of the Pennsylvania Lines, spent much time at the hotel. He seemed specially interested in the great herd of Holstein cattle in the near-by meadows.

We saw Jacob Henrici, Jonathan Lenz and Gertrude Rapp almost every evening. They lived at the Great House, a stately mansion of brick, opposite the historic church. Back of the Great House was the beautiful garden, one of the show places of the village. There the band played of Summer evenings, and there the young folks had many an innocent flirtation. In obscure corners, hotel guests even dared at times to smoke, but the cigars disappeared when Father Henrici passed that way.

Gertrude Rapp died in 1889, a well-beloved woman. Jacob Henrici passed away in 1892, true to the ideals which had absorbed his life and energies.

Strolling about the village, there were strange sights to see. I recall the pumps on the streets with enormously long handles curled up at the end. The water was cool and sweet, but the labor of raising it was great. Some hotel guests preferred the wine cellar, where enormous casks stood in a dim light and the odor of wine filled the air. The keeper of the place was short, but his girth was a matter of astonishment. It was his duty to taste the various kinds of wine frequently—Catawba, Concord, Currant, Quince or, mayhap, the innocent-looking compound known as Apple Jack—in order to determine whether they were aging properly. Devotedly, he stuck to his post, and his nose grew ruby red. One day, he blew up, and there was hurrying to and fro in the quiet village. Evidently, the wines had been aging properly—also, the Apple Jack.

The Economites made wines over a long period of years, yet (strangely enough) many of them were total abstainers.

Mr. Henrici never touched spirituous liquors, ate little meat, and was practically a vegetarian.

In an orchard close to the village was an Indian mound which I often visited, and nearby was the village burying ground. The Harmonites did not believe in gravestones, hence many of them lay there in unmarked graves. There was a charm in that road which led one past the grass-grown graves and the Indian mound—itself the grave of a strange race which perished in long-forgotten days gone by.

In March, 1888, the *American Magazine* published an illustrated story of mine called the "Harmonite Community", which pictured Economy as it then appeared. Now, all is changed. The Inn is gone. The village itself has been absorbed by the town of Ambridge. The Indian Mound, with its suggestion of mystery; the Lover's Lane that we knew so well—that lovely path among the apple bloom—the productive meadows, vineyards and orchards; the fine cattle and the golden wheat—all are gone. The jolly boys and girls I knew at the Inn; the quaint old Economites in their garb of blue—where are they? Today as historian as I pen some impressions of my sojourn in that restful old place, on the wings of memory happy episodes, familiar faces, float back to me, as by enchantment. The Harmonites enjoyed life in their own quiet, peaceful way. Much water will pass down the Ohio before our American people will learn to do that.

But the old Inn, with its good cheer and comradeship—my heart returns to it. I recall the various dishes—the *zimmet kuchen*, the *schnitts* and the *zwiebel kuchen*, the platters of steaming sourkraut, the enormous ginger cakes, the wholesome bread baked in the village oven, the pumpkin pies that had a flavor of their own, the succotash with its sweet appeal—Ah, the plain old Harmonites knew how to live! The corn and lima beans from their gardens, the massive chicken pot pies, the good old country sausage—but here I must lay down my pen. I am getting hungry.

Some May-time day, the sun not far from setting,
I'd ask that good old Father Time resign,
To let me go, my troubles all forgetting,
To joke, to laugh, to sit down there and dine!

I would not mind the diet or the serving,
Although I'd crave a bowl of their good soup;
My prayer would be—a rhymester undeserving—
My place within the old-time merry group.

I'd bear the brunt of that group's happy chaffing,
(For there were times when merriment ran high);
I'm sure I'd do my own full share of laughing,
I think I'd ask a second slice of pie!

And if they railed at my strange choice of diet,
And were too much inclined to jeer and flout;
I'd not pause until their merriment grew quiet—
I'd call the waiter for a mess of kraut!

And when the meal had reached a happy ending,
We'd take a stroll across that fertile plain,
To where a path against the hill ascending
Led onward through the shades of Lover's Lane.

And all the while the May-time blossoms drifting
Across the pathway, fair and soft as snow;
And through the trees the sunset's glories sifting,
Set life in its sweet Springtime all aglow.

Some May-time day, the sun not far from setting,
I'd journey far from this world's grind and din;
To wander back, my troubles all forgetting,
To dine again with comrades at the Inn.

CAN MONKEYS TALK?

WITH MY FAMILY, I spent several Summers in a cottage at Glencairn on the Allegheny River, near the town of Freeport. It was then a wild and delightful country place on the bank of the picturesque river. Andrew Carnegie afterwards purchased it, and it is now used as a Summer camping ground for Carnegie Technical School students. I took my boys on many a pleasant ramble over those hills. One day, we had a distinguished visitor—a professor known internationally as an authority on Monkeys. He brought a monkey with him on that well-remembered occasion—an animal of rare intelligence with a vocabulary of twenty words, which the professor had recognized, collected, indexed and tabulated. To me, he looked like an ordinary monkey, and if he spoke any language he did not address me.

It was an exciting day. The monkey soon found a perch on the head of my youngest son, scratching vigorously. Later, he bit the professor, whereupon there was great applause among the boys. As the day wore on, our patience wore off. In the evening, when the time for departure came, we all collected in the little Glencairn station, awaiting the arrival of the train. To the delight of the boys, but to my own dismay, a woman came in with a little puppy who had never seen a monkey in his life. He approached the professor's pet, with the evident intention of smelling it. We never knew just how it happened, but in the twinkling of an eye the air was filled with monkeys, puppies, people and fur. The meeting adjourned to the open air, where the woman and the professor met in what I feared would be mortal combat. The professor had a vocabulary which exceeded twenty words, but the woman had red hair, which is equal to any vocabulary. Meantime, the puppy, trying to escape with the monkey on

"LOVERS LANE" AT ECONOMY. APPLE TREES IN BLOOM.

his back, ran between the professor's legs and upset him just as the train pulled in. There was almost a riot among the passengers as the monkey was dragged into the baggage car, airing a choice vocabulary. The professor was also using language which sounded too familiar to be scientific. The woman kindly left the puppy with me. He whined when the train pulled out. I judged he was grieving for the monkey.

CHARTIERS CREEK

I THINK the first fish I ever caught was a Horny Chub. It came out of the waters of Chartiers Creek, and when I landed it, there was a period of intense excitement. What I did with it, is not recorded. A Horny Chub is not an ornamental fish, nor does it cut much of a figure in the frying pan. It may pull on your line like a Bass, but when you land it, it is only a Chub. Many of my ventures in life have turned out that way—just a Chub!

A half century ago, Chartiers Creek was the joy of the small boy. The country along its banks, even down to the point where it enters the Ohio, was made up of pleasant farming lands. In the Fall, we went there for honey locust, walnuts and hickory nuts. In the meadows, I have found many a patch of wild strawberries, and blackberries grew in every fence corner. It has been rumored that I was one of the boys that were prone to climb quietly over the rail fences to help the farmer gather his apples—said farmer being invisible at the time. Such tales should be received with caution, as none of the fruit has been found in my possession.

The Fall Hole in Chartiers Creek was one of its most remarkable features. The stream expanded there to double its ordinary width, with rapids above and below. In the Springtime eddies circled over the pool, and the boys told mysterious stories of the great depth of the water. Near the bottom, swimmers said it was always cold, indicating hidden springs and undercurrents.

Seated on the rocks that walled in the stream at the pool, I have caught some fish that were not Horny Chubs—Bass or Perch, perhaps. Sometimes, the boys caught Snapping Turtles there. Water Snakes abounded and Crabs were plentiful—the soft-shelled little crabs that one finds in the Ohio River.

It has since been my good fortune to fish for brook trout in the Grand Traverse Region of Michigan; in the cold, swift streams of the Rocky Mountains, and in the laurel-grown creeks along the Low Grade Division of the Allegheny Valley Railway in Pennsylvania, and in each locality I have found some new charm to delight me. But after all, the fishing of my boyhood in Chartiers Creek stands out most prominently in memory. The Horny Chubs outweigh the Trout.

At Jerome Bonnett's place, about two miles above the mouth of the creek, there was a beautiful waterfall in a tributary back among the hills, where I spent many happy hours in the wilds. Ferns grew lushly there on the shaded slopes, and in the Springtime crabapple bloom scented the little meadows. I often think of the peace and quietness of that secluded place.

The growth of the towns in the Chartiers Valley—Carnegie, Crafton, Thornburg and McKees Rocks—has robbed the stream of its ancient charm. The waters are impure, and I scarcely think a fish could live there.

More than fifty years ago, I fished in the waters of Wissahickon Creek in territory now covered by Philadelphia's Fairmont Park. I am told that fish may still be caught there. Very wisely, Philadelphia has conserved the stream and its beautiful environs. Our Chartiers Creek, naturally as beautiful as the Wissahickon, has become sadly polluted. One wonders if Pittsburgh will ever learn to conserve its beauty spots.

Chartiers Creek bears the name of Peter Chartiers, mentioned in George T. Fleming's *History of Pittsburgh* as a half-breed, a rogue and a bandit. He is also known as a spy and a renegade. If he had virtues, they have not come down to us, but he was a pioneer in Western Pennsylvania and his name lives on, while the names of many of our good pioneers have passed out of human knowledge. There may be a fine moral to be derived from this, but I confess I have been unable to discover it.

In his *Journal,* George Washington speaks of our historic little stream as *Shurtee's Creek.* Even the great Father of his Country sometimes fell into error. I have heard people living along its banks pronounce the word *Shertee.* It is possible that Washington had no knowledge of Peter Chartiers.

THE HORNY CHUB

Life is strewn with eager wishes
That die a-borning—there's the rub!
Oft I bait for finer fishes,
But I land a Horny Chub.

Into many a pool inviting
I drop my bait of tempting grub;
There's a strike, a pull exciting—
What's the catch? A Horny Chub!

By the stream things seem contrary,
Be the bait a fly or grub;
Do I catch the big ones? Nary!
Just a mess of Horny Chub!

Why is it thus, I sometimes wonder—
I go for corn and get a nub;
When something draws my bobbin under,
I seldom fail to land a Chub!

Life is filled with disappointment,
One's best cigar is soon a stub;
My luck with fish applies no ointment,
It's pretty sure to be a Chub!

Envoi

He is glad to meet your wishes,
Glad to bite at worm or grub;
Friendliest of all our fishes—
At once a joker and a Chub.

OUR PITTSBURGH POETS

SO FAR AS my knowledge goes, no list of our Pittsburgh poets has ever been compiled. Doubtless, it would be impossible to compile a complete list. Most of the verses have never appeared in book form. One would have to search through files of old magazines and newspapers, and in private scrap books, to unearth the poems of by-gone days. Many of the verses would not repay for the labor of finding them, but doubtless some clever and original literature might be brought to light, if one had access to the obscure and widely scattered records.

In the field of music, Pittsburgh may claim two stars of the first magnitude—Stephen C. Foster and Ethelbert Nevin. It is good to note that we are awakening to this fact. Foster has surely taken his place in the hearts of the American people, a well-beloved singer of the songs that are part of our every-day life.

Slowly, we are beginning to appreciate our poet, Richard Realf, a singer whose music is likely to live for generations. No voice quite so clear and sweet has echoed here in Pittsburgh since his music died away.

Recently, in going over the books in my library, I unearthed a copy of *The Wavelet*, by A. F. Marthens. This little volume was published by the old firm of Bakewell and Marthens, in 1867. One poem, written in 1854, I would like to quote in part—*The Vale of Three Rivers*:

> "The twin cities that stretch by the bright river's side,
> Teem daily with labor, their boast and their pride;
> Then the bells of the Sabbath peal solemn and slow,
> And the temples are thronged in that Heaven below."

Evidently, in 1854, they had church bells and church attendance, but that was before the day of motor cars.

Years ago, an old resident of Pittsburgh, now passed on to her reward, wrote a notable poem on the subject of her well-beloved city, which is doubtless hidden away among the family belongings. I would like to print that poem here, but no copy of it has been found. I trust the lines will some day see the light again. The name of the lady was Mrs. R. J. Coster, a refined and gentle woman whom some of our older residents will recall.

In 1889, Charles B. Price, one of our railway officials, published in the *Pittsburgh Bulletin*, "Our Anthem—Then and Now", a stirring piece of verse too lengthy to quote here. I remember how favorably the poem was received by Pittsburgh readers.

One of the readiest rhymsters I have ever known was Mr. Burgoyne, of the *Pittsburgh Leader*. He seemed to have witty couplets at his finger ends. At one time, he was a commuter on the Allegheny Valley Railway trains, and I have often seen him preparing "copy" on the train. If there was a jolt in his rhythm, he laid the blame to our badly-surfaced track.

Often my mind goes back to Henry A. Lavely, the gentle poet, the sincere friend. I regret that he did not collect his verses in more permanent form. A sincere Christian, a man of fine sensibilities, he lived to a ripe old age. His life itself was a poem.

I had long been familiar with Samuel Harden Church's masterpiece, *Oliver Cromwell*, but it was only recently that I had the pleasure of reading his epic poem, *Beowulf*. His literary work has, of course, been along other lines, but *Beowulf* surely places him among the poets. There is a polish in all his lines which excites one's admiration. He has the rare gift of clear expression.

A copy of Haniel Long's *Poems* graces my bookshelf. To my mind, he is a true poet, but so modest withal that few know him. I wonder if he will forgive me if I quote some of his lines? Here is a gem:

I take what never can be taken,
Touch what cannot be;
I wake what never could awaken,
But for me.

I go where only winds are going,
Kiss what fades away;
I know a thing too strange for knowing—
I, the clay.

In *Old Buckeye Days,* Darius Earl Maston gives us some dialect verses which I find very quaint and human. He tells us of his boyhood life in the country, somewhat after the manner of Whitcomb Riley. I like his philosophy; he puts it this way—

Say, old friend, I sure believe,
A laugh's the best thing to deceive
Old Trouble with, and make him know
There ain't no welcome fer him—so
My policy is just to laugh
Half the time—and t'other half!

Songs from the Smoke, by Madeline Sweeny Miller, have some characteristic Pittsburgh lines. *Rain at the Mill, The Man of the Air* and *April in Fourth Avenue,* carry with them the atmosphere of our city. In singing of Pittsburgh, she has struck the proper key.

I have seen some finished work of Aloysius Coll in our magazines. He is evidently an artist in the line of expression, and I would infer that he has written a great deal. Yet it has never been my good fortune to see his poems in book form.

Marie Tello Phillips has already written some fine verse, and as she is only now in her prime we may look for more good literature from her pen. Her outlook upon life is broad and tolerant, and she has the culture and the courage to picture life clearly and without exaggeration. Many of her poems have appeared in the *American Poetry Magazine* and in the *Congress Outlet,* the official organ of the Congress of

Women's Clubs at Pittsburgh. Here are some of her lines:

A STUDY IN GRAY

As twilight falls on Pittsburgh hills,
A fairy vision comes and goes
Through screens of April rain. Behold—
Ed Bigelow stands in Schenley Park
And sees the scene unfold: a group
Of stately buildings loom in mist,
Their ghostly grandeur veiled in gray.
The glowing lights through opaline globes
Illume broad avenues, that wind
And glisten, limpid as a lake,
Or gleam with mirrored, radiant orbs
Of autos fleeing from the fog.
The Library, St. Paul's twin spires,
Tech School, the Monument, the Mosque,
Block out their bulky forms, dark gray,
Mysterious, and vast—to fade
Away, beneath the dense gray veils
Which drape the city, while it sleeps.

Mrs. Daniel N. Bulford is a true Pittsburgher. She is an active worker in the women's clubs of the city, and in the State Federation of Clubs. Much of her literary work has been prose, mainly in connection with her club activities, but she also has the gift of song. She is proud to be a Pittsburgher, as these lines fully prove:

A hamlet placed by Vulcan at a point beside a hill
Where mighty rivers join to make a third that's greater still,
You have grown to such proportions that your citizens now feel
You have made the country kindred with your wondrous bands of steel.
The Car of Progress needs must halt until your wand you pass,
For you provide the motive power—the coal, the oil, the gas.
You are big among the biggest!
You are strong among the strongest!
You are great among the greatest!
Pittsburgh!

Years ago, I recall two poems by Charles E. Cornelius, published in the *Allegheny*, a newspaper long out of print. One was entitled *Life*, the other *La Belle Riviere*—musical verse that still lingers in my remembrance.

It is strange how the music of a poem will linger in the mind, when the words have passed entirely from memory.

For many years, I enjoyed the friendship of Frank Cowan, of Greensburg, a well-known writer of romance and of verse. I regret that I did not preserve some of his lines—graphic and vigorous as they were—for quotation here.

In the foregoing sketch, I have enumerated some of the writers whose work has come under my personal observation. The list is, of course, very incomplete. I am sure there are many writers here of whom I have no knowledge. It will be borne in mind that I am speaking only of writers of verse. Otherwise, I would be forced to amplify my sketch with the story of Mary Roberts Rinehart and others, whose success in the literary field has been so pronounced.

Insofar as our versifiers are concerned, it would seem that each of us works at his own desk in his little corner, blind to the work his neighbors are doing, however meritorious it may be. A wider outlook would doubtless be helpful to us all.

In these later days, I note an encouraging sign in connection with Poetry—some folks are beginning to read it. The wide-spread influence of syndicate verse may have contributed to this result.

Sonnet written for this volume by Marie Tello Phillips:

PITTSBURGH

Along the murky sky the white clouds steam
  Above the muddy river and the hills.
  The smoking chimneys top the myriad mills
Where brain and brawn are spent, as team on team
Of toilers tend the furnace-fires, that gleam
  Again on lurid skies. The signal shrills—
  Out pour the men—another shift then fills
The maw, to work, to weld the City's dream.

A dream of progress, toiling sons have wrought—
Evolved through master minds' fertility,
With marshalled labor wed to Titan thought
That bridges waves of ether, land and sea,
In this the golden age of genius, sought
By Pittsburgh, Iron City's industry.

VOICES SWEET THAT ECHO STILL

OFTENTIMES, in these more prosaic days, I catch a strain of music—mayhap, at a movie show, perhaps from the orchestra in one of our hotels—which brings back my youth and a train of stirring memories. A few notes from the opera of the *Bohemian Girl* awaken memories of our Pittsburgh Gounod Club and of Professor Tetedoux. Again, I am listening to Paul Zimmerman's soaring tenor, or the appealing soprano of Jean Wallace, Pittsburgh's well-beloved singer in a generation now almost passed away. Was there ever a sweeter, more natural voice than her's? I never hear *Annie Laurie* or *I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls*, but I think of her. And in my memory of her, I recall Josie Smith, a companion singer, whose rich contralto echoes clearly in my heart today. The Gounod Club concerts were once an event to our music lovers, and the remembrance of them is pleasant indeed. It may be I idealize them, as I hear them through the glamour of years. I am sure I do not hear any melodies quite so sweet in these later times.

At times, I catch the faint, sweet, far-off melody of Jack Irwin's violin. As with Jean Wallace, his music had a certain human quality which culture cannot give. I think our gray-haired music lovers—Pittsburghers of the olden times—will agree with me in this.

In quiet hours, the cadence of *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming* floats back to me, sung by the *Allegheny Quartette*—J. Marvin Darling, Harry Horner, Walter Slack and William Slack.

"THE OLD MOUND"

IN MY DESK, neglected, dust-covered, but not forgotten, lies a manuscript written in the copperplate penmanship of my boyhood, bearing the title shown above. Filed away in an obscure corner, this manuscript has never seen the light, but there is a little story attached to it which I would like to tell.

A half-century ago, the old mound on the summit of McKees Rocks was the main attraction in a romantic spot. The Rocks impended over the Ohio River opposite the lower end of Brunot's Island and below them the water was very deep—tradition said fully one hundred feet. The converging currents of the river, meeting below the island, moved over the pool in great sweeping circles.

About the mound grew forest trees and underbrush, and upon the tumulus itself large oaks had taken root. Nearby, was a small modern burying ground, a tangle of blackberry bushes and small trees. There were no human habitations near the mound.

I have seen rabbits and squirrels in that quiet place. One Winter day, I found a persimmon tree nearby. The fruit had dropped on a clean bed of snow, and I had a feast there on the lonely little hill.

As a young man, the mystery of the mound fascinated me. There was something impressive about its age. Whose hands had reared it, and when? I longed to tell the story. Sometimes, I visited the place alone and sat there in quiet reverie. The great Past, with its tragedies and mysteries, its human appeal, its untold tale of our American wilderness, seemed typified in that strange mound of earth.

I wrote a romance of the mound, weaving into it my own fancies and impressions. Unconsciously, I wove my own heart into it. Boy-like, I dreamed that I might catch the spirit of

the ancient sepulcher and unravel something of its mystery. It was a fascinating dream.

The romance lies in my desk today, still unread, still incomplete. Many of its pages would doubtless read strangely to me, for I have scarcely glanced at it for many years. The dream of my youth has gone the way of dreams, *but still a little of the glow of the old romance remains.* I fear if I should read it, I might find a tinge of regret clinging to some of the pages.

My greatest regret, however, relates to the mound itself. I had hoped to see it preserved as a beauty spot for Pittsburgh. All hope for that is past. The picturesque little hill has been hacked and disfigured, the mound has been explored and despoiled, all the former beauty of the river front is gone. I avoid the place and when I view it from beyond the river I am always conscious of a feeling of regret.

While the mound has practically passed out of existence, many of our older residents will recall it. Relics found in it—flint weapons, amulets, human remains—may now be seen at the Carnegie Museum. When white men first passed down the Ohio, it stood as a landmark by our great river. Doubtless, for many centuries prior to that time, it stood there, a mute witness of the mysterious story of Ancient America.

After all, this little romance has a moral, which takes the form of a query. When will Pittsburgh begin to preserve its picturesque spots? Those near the city are rapidly disappearing. Has the time not come for action?

WHEN APRIL WINDS ARE BLOWING

While we stand in groups discussing
The changeful weather and its ills,
Along come April winds a-fussing,
Bringing buds and daffodils.

In the joy of zephyrs blowing,
In the charm of leaf and bud,
Why recall December's snowing?
Why bewail the April mud?

Over all the land a glamour,
Everywhere the smile of Spring;
In the woods a pleasing clamor
Tells us birds are on the wing.

Then a real "Spring Song" ringing,
With its message glad and free;
On the heights a wren is singing
All she knows of melody.

Can there be a sweeter ballad,
In the voice of maids or men?
In any court her claim is valid:
There is no singer like the wren.

If your views are warped and narrow,
If from faith you've wandered far,
Let the wren and sweet song sparrow,
Lead you where ideals are.

If you think your special sorrow
Quite too deep for balm or cure,
Take a stroll some bright tomorrow
And hear a meadow overture.

If you're hard and unforgiving,
If you doubt that life is good,
Wander where true joy is living—
Learn the music of the wood.

Hear the happy robins chaffing,
  Singing ditties sweet and true;
All the woodland world is laughing—
  Make their song a part of you.

If from rust and long inaction,
  Life has left you sad and glum,
Let me suggest a new attraction:
  Gather buds of trillium.

Learn the ways of plant and creature,
  Ask Dame Nature all she knows;
When you know each form and feature,
  Ask her where arbutus grows.

Rare, indeed, the plant is growing—
  She may tell, or she may not;
When the April winds are blowing,
  Blessed he that finds the spot.

On the hills a happy vagrant,
  I have found this blossom fair;
Take this sprig of beauty fragrant—
  God has traced a message there.

MY HOME ON THE HEIGHTS

FOR MANY YEARS, my work in the office confined me closely. I had a living to make, and it seemed I must make it in that way. But often at my desk my thoughts wandered off to the great Open Country I loved. When the opportunity occurred, particularly of Sunday afternoons, I took long walks in the country with my boys. Then I had occasional trout fishing excursions to Mix, Dent's and Medix Runs on the old Low Grade Division of the Allegheny Valley Railway, with Frank Ashmead, Harry Williamson and Charles Gracey —glorious days in the hemlock woods of the Allegheny Mountains. Several times, I went to Northern Michigan, fishing and boating there with Henry Barnes, an old comrade.

Naturally, one grows weary of the steady grind of deskwork. Often, while pushing the pen I had my day-dreams. At times I found myself peering down into the mysteries of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, or overlooking the great expanses that spread before the vision at the Catskills or the Lookout Mountain of Tennessee. My remembrance of these places was an inspiration to me, and when I recalled them the dingy old office grew more cheerful. Some day, I felt, I would be free to breathe the air of the hills.

For always, always, in my thinking, my heart has gone back to the Ohio River hills. They are the Homeland Hills to me, where I spent my childhood. I like to think of my happy vacations at the old John Denning Farm near Sewickley Heights; of Grandma Surles' home in *Crab Holler*, near the little town of Industry on the Ohio River, and of Uncle William Dilworth's farm at Highwood. There I absorbed a knowledge not of books, but quite as important. The oak woods had stories to tell me, which in my old age they still continue to repeat.

Among these hills I still have friends to welcome me. There are many firesides where I find cheer and comfort. There are sacred spots where my well-beloved dead are lying. There the fires of my youth blazed brightly, slowly burning out in the crucible of years. There today I am writing, dreaming, hoping.

The viewpoint of life changes, but the dream moves on.

It was through my love for the countryside that I began to write verse. I began to wonder if it were possible for me to express myself in metrical form. Could I in some homely way tell the story of the apple bloom, the daisies nodding on the slopes, the wind whispering among the trees? I could feel the joy that these things brought to me, but could I master that elusive art which men call *expression.* Could I translate a little of the Song Sparrow's music into human speech?

I must leave these queries unanswered. My life at *Rosemont* is the only answer I can give. I spend my Summers among the wild things, loving them and happy to be among them. When in the mood, I use my pen, but there is work to do—corn to hoe, weeds to pull and grass to cut. Sometimes, I chop wood. There is water to carry from the spring, for ours is a primitive life. There are fruit trees to prune, and thickets to clear off. For good old Mother Nature would crowd us off our land, if we did not check her growth.

I often feel as I ramble over my place that Henry Thoreau and John Burroughs are with me in spirit. I think *Rosemont* would have pleased them. The woods are as dense as those De Celoron saw when he passed our way, in 1749. I pick up Indian arrow heads occasionally, and once I found a strange old Spanish coin. The Ohio River is not far away, but our dense woods hide it from view, except from the hilltop. Ours is a bird sanctuary. Wrens, Robins, Cardinals, Song Sparrows and Cat Birds are my neighbors—kindly, trustful, cheerful, as good neighbors should be.

Many Nature lovers are my visitors. The Audubon Society has called upon me, one hundred strong. Picnic parties

without number have wandered through our woods, admiring the waterfall in the deep ravine and scrambling up the rocky slopes. Folks come to gather flowers, to eat our fruit and to talk poetry. I find it much easier to talk poetry than to write it.

And so the days drift by. The happy sense of freedom, the joy of living near the source of things, the touch of finer natures, is mine. The mystery of life grows upon me, the wonder of it overwhelms me. At times, I sit on my piazza and look off into the glow of the sunset, feeling there in the stillness a thrill of the divine. Mayhap, a thrush among the lilacs, breathes a prayer.

I'd like to think when this good life is over,
  And I go straying past all human ken,
You'll think of me when June-time's fragrant clover
  Comes into its full bloom again.

Or when a bird among the lilacs singing,
  Mayhap, a thrush, when Summer days are long,
Sets a cadence in your heart a-swinging—
  Remember that I loved the song.

THE OLD HOSTELRIES OF THE ALLEGHENY VALLEY

OUR ITINERARY in purchasing lumber and cross-ties took us to many points along the Allegheny River and through the oil country. Many of the towns were small, as the decrease in oil production had depleted the population. Each hamlet had its so-called "hotel", and we soon began to feel the effects of the menu.

Of course, we were young and strong. Had it been otherwise, this truthful narrative would not have been written.

Even now, after the lapse of many years, the memory of the diet at certain places comes back like a dark specter. It is a memory on crutches—a memory of bread that might have served as building material, of pie that looked sad and felt sadder, of doughnuts that ruined many fine interiors. The humor of it is more apparent to me now than it was at that time.

At the "hotel" at the mouth of the Mahoning River, we were regaled with genuine Salt Horse. We never knew just what meat it was, but Salt Horse will serve. The proprietor served it. He had a playful habit of standing at the dining room door and calling out to the waiter girls—

"Give 'em all the eggs they can eat, girls; don't stint 'em."

But his large right hand was in the air, with two fingers raised. Two eggs was the limit.

At Red Bank Junction, we had our choice of sandwiches, doughnuts and pie. I usually took milk. Strangers sometimes partook of the menu, but we always suspected the death rate was high. The proprietor seemed proud of his pie, and he had a right to be, for it remained with a man like a true friend.

The Slick House at Kennerdell left a deep impression on its guests. We sometimes remained there over night. Of

course, this "hotel" had another name, but that is irrelevant. The Slick House was one inch thick. Snow drifted in on the beds, and the floor was warped and seamed in the most picturesque manner. The table left nothing to be desired. The menu consisted of pork. Simplicity marked the repast. Some of the pork was fat and some even fatter. There were no printed menus, no finger bowls, no elaborate costumes. Guests drifted in, stabbed a pig and ate it. At times, language rumbled through the dining room that raised the temperature. The complete absence of ceremony would have delighted any man that liked that sort of entertainment.

We had many a stopping-place on our itinerary like Kennerdell and Mahoning.

But there were havens where real food was served, and we soon learned where they were, often traveling far to spend the night there. My mind still goes back with pleasure to Templeton, where Robert Thompson and his good wife always had a welcome for us. The beds were spotlessly clean, and the meals seemed like feasts. Often we drifted there at night—cold, tired, hungry—finding refreshment and comradeship that I shall remember as long as I live.

At Emlenton, we never failed to stop at the Grand Central Hotel, where Mrs. Moran provided so admirably for her guests. However crowded the hotel, there always seemed to be room for us. Mrs. Moran was a fine, whole-souled woman, and my remembrance of her hospitality is still pleasant to recall. Her daughters were accomplished musicians, and we sometimes had rare concerts. Our friend, I. G. Butterfield, the railway agent at Emlenton, stopped at the *Central,* and we had his good companionship there.

Emlenton was a thriving town, with good stores and hotels. At one time (probably many years ago) it had two rival tavern keepers, of whom some classical lines were written by an unknown poet. I quote one stanza—

Dose Emlington peoples vot has big smellers,
Say Dingledine's viskey is worser as Weller's;
Dose Emlington peoples vot drinks as dey should
Say Dingledine's viskey is chust mighty good;
Emlington peoples vot sniffs mit big smellers—
Vot use has a man mit such dam foolish fellers?

Some gentle singer, probably a patron of Dingledine's, has left us this sweet spray from his garden of poetry.

Kittanning was another haven of rest for us. The Reynolds House and Steim's Hotel were hostelries where weary and hungry wanderers like ourselves found real refreshment. There we usually met W. Reynolds, the veteran agent of the A. V. R., and H. E. Bradley, a retired Supervisor.

This is a brief chronicle of the experiences of my comrade, William Stewart, and myself among the old river hostelries of the A. V. R. I record here in all kindliness my impressions, with malice toward none. The keepers of these hostelries, the pies, doughnuts and sandwiches, are now only memories.

It will always be a matter of regret with me that I did not preserve a pie, or at least a doughnut, to hand down to my dear grandchildren. Made of imperishable material, firmly cemented, they would have served admirably to illustrate the character of the cuisine in certain hostelries which at times I entered with a light heart, coming away in a gloom which seemed to center about the third button of my vest.

AN ECHO OF THE WORLD WAR

THREE of my sons were soldiers in the Great War. Earle died at Kerhuon, a suburb of Brest, and was buried in French soil with military honors. Charles served for a year in various Southern military camps, but the opportunity for overseas service did not fall to him. David, my youngest son, saw eight months' service in France, finally disappearing from our knowledge. Many letters were addressed to him, inquiries were made at Washington, but no trace of the boy came back to us. There was good reason to believe him dead.

After a long period of suspense, a postcard reached us conveying little information, but bearing his signature. A little later, he sailed for America, and on landing we were advised that he was a patient in a New Jersey hospital.

On Decoration Day, 1919, a party of friends had gathered with us at *Rosemont*. It was a beautiful day, and we were all out of doors enjoying the sunlight and flowers. It was still early in the forenoon when on glancing down the narrow pathway leading from our home to the Ohio River, we saw a stranger coming up the trail. The woods grow close around that winding path, and at first we saw only that it was a man. As he drew nearer, we saw he wore a khaki uniform, an overseas cap and a soldier's kit. Then a shout—a familiar voice—the wave of a hand—and a strange sinking sensation about my heart. It was Davie!

My soldier boy had come home!

Was there ever a happier reunion than we had at *Rosemont* on that blessed day? Davie ran up the path and kissed me—kissed boys and girls indiscriminately. He danced and sang, wandering over the old farm as one might stray through Paradise. He could not sit still. He gathered flowers, he hurried down to the spring, he commented on the familiar

landmarks, he ran over to the nearby neighbors. When we sat down to dinner—

"Grand and glorious!" he said. "Real pie, real cake—and God's own land, the U. S. A.!"

In all the memories of my seventy years of life, what more strange, more providential than this? Through the black shadows of the Great War, came this burst of sunlight. My boy came home to me!

Yet all that day an unseen Guest walked with me. In Davie's laughter I caught something of the drollery of that Guest; I heard his voice as an echo in the songs. He never left me all that happy day, the gentle boy who lay there on the heights in France, where they look off over the misty sea toward his own America.

The boy of high ideals, who had gone forth so gladly on that Great Adventure, the boy I had loved and lost, came back in spirit with Davie to the old home. Tears mingled with my laughter, but he would not have had it so.

The life we call Immortal seemed close to me that day. Are there not times when light sweeps over the barriers and we glimpse the Blessed Land?

THE STATELY HOMES OF OLD ALLEGHENY

THE GLORY of the old mansions in our neighborhood in Allegheny is departing. Factories are closing in upon them, lodging houses and boarding houses are taking their places, a new order of things is at hand. The old, familiar houses have a place in my memory, and I note these changes with regret.

I recall when *Kilbuck*, Miss Kate McKnight's former home in Western Avenue, had noble old oak trees growing near it, and a fair expanse of green. Now, a large factory has been built nearby, and *Kilbuck* has been transformed into an apartment house. A similar fate has overtaken the Hostetter mansion nearby. The old Scaife home is now occupied by a public institution. The stately home of George Black in the same street is still a private dwelling. The massive pillars along its frontage still maintain something of the ancient dignity.

In Lincoln Avenue, the George B. Logan mansion still stands there as a Grecian temple, pillared as in years gone by. The great oak trees that once grew near it have long since disappeared. The tall stone mansion of Byron Painter close by still towers as a landmark, but the neighborhood it looks down upon is very unlike the one of earlier days. The shrubbery and foliage of the rural era are gone. The factories are drawing very near. The old Forsythe home next door is now a lodging house.

Farther on, in Lincoln Avenue, the former home of Mrs. William Thaw, Jr., has been sold. Like some of her neighbors, Mrs. Thaw maintains a home on Sewickley Heights, which bears the pleasing name of *As You Like It*.

On Ridge Avenue, D. T. Watson's residence has passed into other hands, and William P. Snyder's brown stone palace

is unoccupied. The Byers and Henry W. Oliver mansions are still occupied as dwellings. B. F. Jones, Jr., continues to spend a portion of the year in the beautiful home formerly occupied by Andrew Carnegie's partner, Henry Phipps.

The old George Patterson home in Ridge Avenue is now a lodging house. I recall Mr. Patterson on our streets many years ago, a tall, picturesque figure wearing a gray shawl, after the manner of Abraham Lincoln.

On Reedsdale (formerly Rebecca) Street, the residence of William Dilworth, Jr., has degenerated into a cheap boarding house. The family removed, in 1864, to *Highwood,* an estate which has since become a cemetery. The family has scattered and gone.

The home of Andrew Smith has just been torn down, to make way for the opening of Manchester Avenue.

The residences of my nearer neighbors in the old days—George Reiter, Frederick Braun and James H. Lindsay—retain nothing of their former dignity. The families left the neighborhood years ago.

Our own less pretentious dwelling in Ridge Avenue was built in 1847, additions having been added in later years. Our family has occupied the place since February, 1854. Spring came early that year, and a family tradition says that the robins were singing in the locust trees when my father and mother moved into their new home. Five generations of our people have lived in the old dwelling.

Many of the homes in our neighborhood in old Allegheny were stately and dignified. They were occupied by families of standing in the community. In earlier years Ridge, Lincoln, Irwin and Western Avenues had a dignity of their own. All that has passed, or is passing, away. Some of the homes I have mentioned have stood there for fully three-quarters of a century. To one who knows their story, a human interest attaches to these piles of brick and stone. A romance might be woven out of this, in which many a courtly man would figure, and many a sweet and dignified woman of the olden time.

Carl J. Saupe, Photographer.

DOWNTOWN PITTSBURGH, AS SEEN FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE CITY OF FRIENDS

AND now, a word touching on a subject very near my heart —the great, restless, hill-encircled city of my birth—my well-beloved Pittsburgh. How may I, within the space of a brief paragraph or two, fitly outline my impressions of a place I know so intimately, love so well? Born under its canopy of smoke, reared where I saw the flare of its furnaces in the sky, in touch with its triumphs and vicissitudes, noting its change and growth from year to year, I have doubtless lived too close to its great heart to get the proper perspective for a fair judgment. Not as a critic then, but as a lover, I shall paint the picture formed in my mind during the swift passage of the years.

Insofar as one may humanize a city, my friends are Pittsburgh. The warm-hearted men and women I know, and have known, there, have shaped my ideal of the city, and I have come to love the place, even as I love them. Their loyalty, their kindliness, their devotion, have been my inspiration. The old friendships are my dearest possession. To me, Pittsburgh has been the City of Friends. Its best product has not been steel or glass, but honest, true-hearted men and women.

As I stroll through the city's beautiful cemeteries, I often see carved in granite the name of a dear friend. At times, I have paused to brush aside the shrubbery that I might decipher an inscription. On many of our green heights and slopes, under God's open sky, these friends rest today, another reason why I love Pittsburgh, my City of the Well-beloved Dead.

There is scarce a prospect from our commanding hill-tops which I have not scanned, a roadway through our shaded valleys which has remained unknown to me, a stream along whose bank I have not strolled. I have grown familiar with

the wild growth of our slopes, I know where the densest woods and thickets are, and in season I can lead you to the locust, laurel and crab apple bloom. To strangers, the verdureless river heights are the typical hills of Pittsburgh. Not so. Back a little way from the rivers are lovely landscapes—far-spread views, green orchards and meadows, picturesque hardwood forests, and winding driveways that have a charm of their own.

Close to the City of Workshops, lies the Land of the Locust Bloom. Poets have scarcely mentioned locust bloom, but we who live among it know it is sweeter than their rhapsodies.

MY CITY

Looking up at the hills that as giants environ,
A world of achievement within its clear ken,
There stands my city, the grim town of iron,
Master of crafts and the builder of men.

Builder of men! It has pride in the title,
Builder of workmen that ring clear and true;
Men of ideas, of strong faith and vital—
Men the world calls for to plan and to do.

It's the builder that counts—the dreamer precedes him,
Great are the builders my city has known;
We honor the seer, but the man that succeeds him
Shapes the fair dream into metal and stone.

My city's a builder and herein is its glory,
My city's a worker and herein we are proud;
In the great field of action there's life in its story—
Master and builder, stand forth from the crowd!

Cunning your hand in the shapes it can fashion—
I read by your forge-light as on a vast scroll,
The tale of your genius and your master-passion—
The face of the workman glows there as a soul!

Masculine city of courage unfearing,
  Manly the work that has come to thy ken;
Kindly old city of friendship endearing,
  Maker of steel and the builder of men.

Envoi

Builder of men! Therein is no magic,
  No mysteries dark in that process lurk;
No tale alluring, no narrative tragic—
  Just the plain gospel of thrift and of work!

THE OLD "P. R."

LET ME CONCLUDE this little volume of reminiscences with a word concerning the great railway system in whose service practically all my business life has been spent. I have always been taught to love the Pennsylvania Railroad. The officers under whom I served in earlier days, the men I looked to for counsel and guidance—David McCargo and William H. Barnes—drilled into me a high respect for that great corporation. It was *my* road. I defended it against all comers, I was loyal in my dealings with it. I watched it grow and gloried in its progress. And surely I had reason for my pride.

Much of the main line I knew intimately. I could waken at night in a Pullman berth, glance out of the window at almost any point, and soon make out the location. My service with the road became, in the highest sense, my life work. In the purchase of supplies, I came in contact with employes in all departments, finding there a comradeship and a loyalty that was admirable.

That was the spirit which made the Pennsylvania Railroad great. Only along that line, in my opinion, can any organization achieve permanent success.

More than fifty years have passed since in 1872 I started as a messenger at Duquesne Freight Station in Pittsburgh—a happy, care-free boy. The old station is gone, the freight track in Liberty Street is a memory, nearly all my Duquesne associates have passed away. Old John Marlow, with his clarion voice; Tom Farrell, with his drollery; Jacob de la Randamie, with his classical name; Samuel E. Moore, the finest penman on the line—all are gone. Through the mist of years, I look back upon my service there as a happy boyhood memory.

Shortly after my marriage, I entered, in 1880, the service of the Allegheny Valley Railway, then controlled, but not

operated by the Pennsylvania Railroad, remaining there for twenty years. There I made the enduring friendships of my life. It is pleasant to speak of the coterie of men that I came in daily contact with—sterling men I was proud to claim as friends. Our comradeship continued after our line was merged into the larger corporation.

In 1898, David McCargo, then General Superintendent of the *Valley*, was stricken with paralysis, spending his last years as a helpless, speechless invalid at Atlantic City. He died there in 1902. I have often stood beside him on the Boardwalk, as he sat in his wheel chair silently looking at the sea. In all my memories, there is nothing more pathetic than this.

Then followed a service of almost quarter of a century in the Pension Department of the Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburgh, beginning in November, 1900. They have been eventful years, marred by some vicissitudes, blessed by a good measure of happiness, and marked by new friendships. Were I to enroll the names of those to whom I am indebted for kindness, I know this page would be all too small. As the time draws near when I must sever my relations with these good comrades, I would send them a message of good cheer and wish them God-speed.

It is strange how much the initials "P. R." have meant to me. From boyhood to old age, they have been on my lips. The scenery of that great system seem a part of my life. The Horseshoe Curve, the great stone bridge across the Susquehanna, the pine woods on the way to Atlantic City, the rugged wooded slopes of the Allegheny, the Ohio, and the Juniata, are all familiar things. It is still *my* road—great in past memories, great in the personnel of its builders, great in its captains. It has been my good fortune to have some knowledge of the career of these captains—Thomas A. Scott, George B. Roberts, A. J. Cassatt, Frank Thomson, James McCrea, Samuel Rea—and I trust there are more men of that

type to take the reins. The fortunes of the Pennsylvania Railroad will always remain a subject of live interest to me.

THE P. R. R.

My train has stopped at the Union Station,
The end has come of a journey far;
May I in lieu of a long oration,
Suggest a toast to the P. R. R.?

Good old road of a record royal,
Still in my heart it has held its grip;
Now at the close of a service loyal,
Here's a toast to our comradeship!

I write these lines with a strange emotion,
My thoughts go back to the days afar;
Still in my heart is the old devotion,
I felt as a boy for the P. R. R.

Still in my heart in its high position,
Dominant road of the long ago;
Through all its course and in each transition,
I've watched its progress—I've seen it grow.

Pioneer road of a wondrous story,
Strong its captains and true and great;
I honor the men who gave it glory—
My great old road of a grand old State!

I'd like to dwell where its rails are gleaming,
To see the trains where my comrades are;
I stand aside as an old man dreaming—
Dreaming success to the P. R. R.!

Here's to the road of my youth's devotion,
Still would I follow its guiding star;
I doff my hat with a boy's emotion—
Here's God-speed to the P. R. R.!

LIFE HAS BEEN GOOD

The life I have known has been earnest and pleasant,
The grief it has held has endeared it to me;
My faith is still strong in the marvelous present,
I look, with the prophets, for wonders to be.

Good has been mine, so I write as a witness,
Men have not harmed me, nor anger, nor hate;
Only my acts and my own unfitness,
Have brought me to sorrow and paths desolate.

Love has been mine and its gifts have been many,
Friends have been gracious and Nature is good;
No tears have I, of objections not any—
Life had been finer had I understood.

Life has been good—it has still held its sweetness,
Still are its beauties uplifting to me;
I love this life with its strange incompleteness—
A vision—a promise—of the fair life to be.