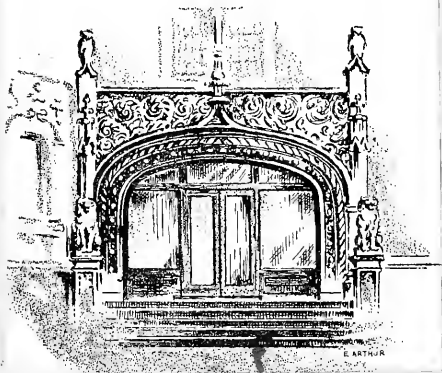




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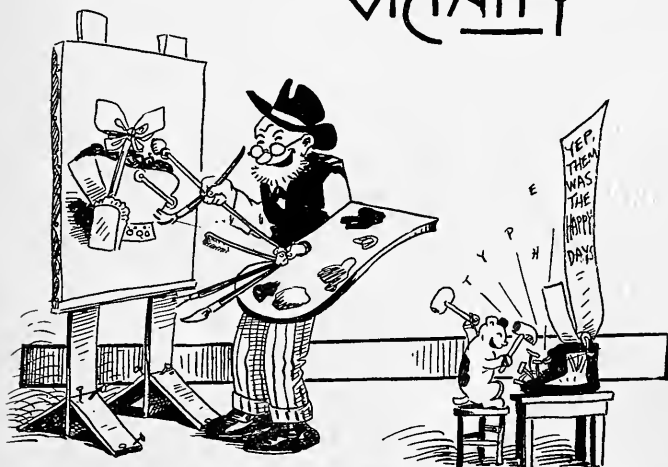


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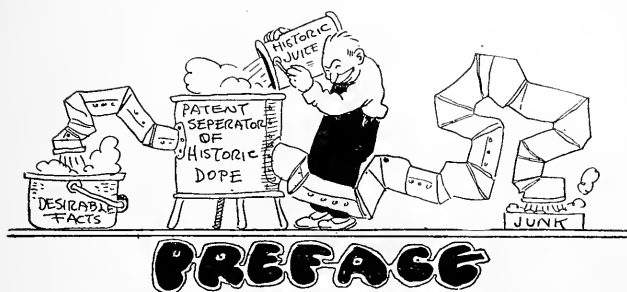
## STORY OF GRANTON

### AND VICINITY



• IN CARTOONS •





*I have two reasons for writing this book. I want to let the world know Scranton looks good to me and I want to make Scranton look good to the world. That's one reason. The other is I want to do the story in my own way and make some money. That is the main reason. Other histories of Scranton have been written and all have been read. I'm not much concerned whether this is read or not. The main issue is that it sells. If it sells I will cancel the reading obligation. But I hope it will be read. If you like it, boost. If you don't like it, boost.*

"BILL" STEINKE.

**Scranton, Pa.**  
**Story of Scranton Publishing Company**  
**Publishers**  
**1914**



1974



## PART I—OLD SCRANTON.

### CHAPTER I.

The words "to settle" mean a lot to some people, because I know. When a man settles it doesn't necessarily mean that he has settled like a newly planted rose bush, or a pan of dough, a mine cave or a scidletz powder. He simply settles and lets it go at that. Again, if he smashes his wife's best piece of imitation cut glass he may say—"well that settles that"—and so on and so forth through the long list of ways a man may settle and be happy.

However "to settle" as used in sticking to one spot and starting a town means getting anchored to a certain spot so that he cannot get loose. It may be he owes a bunch of bills and the landlord is watching for his first false move. He has to settle and be nice. Watch a fly foolishly flitting over the tanglefoot until it volplanes down into the molasses and you get my idea of settling on a permanent and fast basis.

### CHAPTER II.

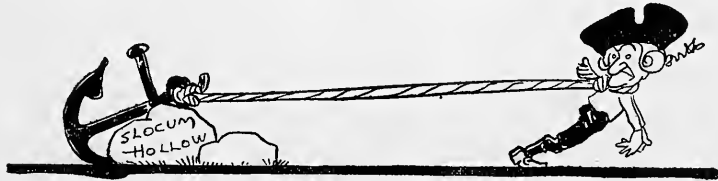
When I came to this town a year or so ago I met a lot of "old settlers."

Everywhere I went I saw an "old settler" and if I did not see him first he came up behind me and whispered: "My people were among the first settlers here." I was glad to meet him, of course, and then after we had another, I'd shoot this one at him, and it never failed to drive him to the bench:

"Well, well, you don't tell me; you are an old settler, eh? tell me something—who was the first settler here? I'd like to know that for my children's sake."

One after the other they fled in a panic when I popped that question, and after they had fled, I got to thinking about who broke into this valley first and why he was so recklessly desperate.

Therefore that is the puzzle that this masterpiece must solve. Who settled this spot and why did he do it? Why has he not owned up long ago and pleaded the statute of limitations, if he feared a Congressional investigation? What have the police to say about it? Not a word. Five or six men have been suspected but none have squealed, though their names





LARRY TETRICK & HIS TRIBE WERE THE LAST POPULAR REDS,

have been on every tongue despite efforts to silence the newspapers for the family's sake. But it is a thing that should be told and the blame placed where it belongs, I believe. Take it from me, I am going to do my best to straighten this matter out. I want the people to know all about this affair and I have gone the limit to get the stuff in proper shape. I have taken my dope from the most unreliable sources—old histories, police dockets and tombstones—so you can swear by what you read here or swear at it. Suit yourself.

\* \* \*

### CHAPTER III.

Before diving over my head into this book I ought to say that in my research work I discovered one very valuable clue to the mystery. Here it is. All authorities are agreed that before this burg was settled, it was all woods—a forest. I will go along on that proposition and admit that before we had any streets, nickettes, saloons, police or other luxuries, there was a forest on the site of the city of Scranton, Pee-Aye. Traces of forest still exist on the mountains, East and West, which prove that I know what I talk of. The place, too, was alive with Indians, even more of them than you find now on Lackawanna Avenue on a Saturday night. There were redmen everywhere, decent, sociable, neighborly savages, who attended to their pow wows, scalplings, snake dances and massacres, and to keeping taxes down

and the white-faced intruder out. They were of many tribes, and they put in their eight hours a day doing things that to see now cost five cents per see in the movie shows. Great for getting up some innocent entertainment, they were, and it was their delight to land some roving John Smith who had escaped from the stockade of civilization and watch him, tied to a mine



prop, plunge headlong over majestic Nay Aug falls. A playful, jovial people, the Indians were, and how they

could enjoy a joke! Volumes could be written about them, but space does not permit. Suffice to say, their last demonstration of any consequence was the laudable attempt of Larry Ketric's Indians to capture a pennant, and as we remember the last popular individual redskin stood for years in front of Billy Koch's tobacco shop and smokehouse on Lackawanna Avenue.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER IV.

About 1772, maybe a little earlier or later, Jonathan Slocum, William Park, familiarly called "Bill" Park; Thomas Picket, Henry Brush, "Hank" for short, and Daniel Marvin, got tangled in the briars and have been reported ever since as the first settlers. There were others also, quite a drove of them, but when they are sifted out and identified by their fingerprints the aforementioned outfit sizes up as the real first offenders. They were the boys that got in under the tent and that have hogged the spotlight to this day, especially Papa Slocum.

As a matter of fact, Slocum seems to have gradually crowded the others toward the shadow. Why, has not been explained and far be it from me to try. What would be the use of reopening the controversy? The fact is,

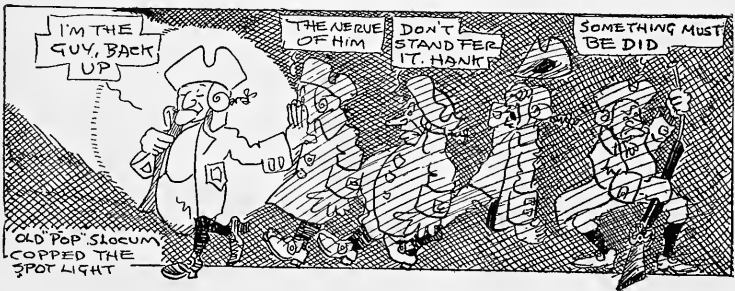
newspapers, every so often. But with all his modesty he was a very public-spirited man and took a directing hand in all the civic get-ups of his time. There was nothing tight or stingy about Jonathan. Just to show that his heart was in his work he gave his name to the "diggins" when it was in a bad way for a name. That was nice of Jonathan and he will be remembered long for his liberality.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER V.

One of the most effective advertising stunts Jonathan Slocum starred in, and one that helped a heap to perpetuate the Slocum glory was the kidnapping of his little daughter, Frances, by some of the red neighbors. The stunt was not of Jonathan's planning, but it caused a great hubbub in the community that day. If the act had been rehearsed and staged it could not have worked out better, and as I understand the story it was pulled off this way.

Old Nathan Kingsley used to live near the Slocums. Kingsley had two boys. On this eventful day the boys were out in the backyard grinding a knife so that father could cut the ticket at the next election, when a shot brought Mrs. Slocum to the door.



as I suspect, Jonathan Slocum was a little bit foxier than his confederates. He knew how to keep his name before the public even if he did not get his "cut," double or single column, in the

Three or four Indians were playing with young Nate Kingsley. They had taken the knife from the boy, and one cut-up was showing the other fellows how to remove a scalp without per-

mission. Mrs. Slocum let out a scream that for a moment terrified the playful redmen, but two of them shoed



her back into the house. There they collared little Ebenezer Slocum, a lame kid. Of course they had nothing special against young Eb and they passed him up with a nod of recognition. As they were about to return to the scalping exercise one debonnair rowdy smiled upon little Frances, who naturally was greatly interested in the cheerful callers.

"Hello, Kiddo," said Brave Wart-on-Nose, for such was not his name. "Would little kiddo like to come horse-

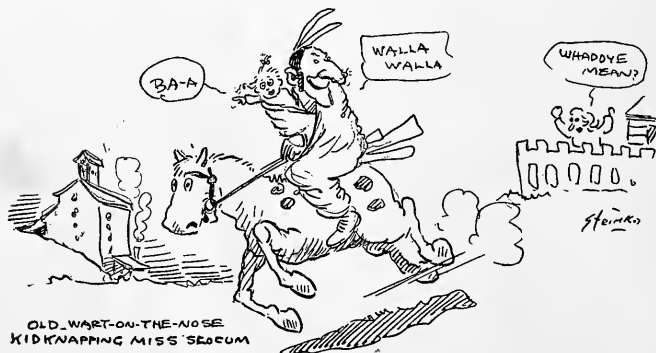
west mountains. Forty days later the gang returned and framed another little game that set everybody talking again about the Slocums. They tiptoed into the Slocum backyard, killed Mr. Slocum and tomahawked Isaac Tripp, not that they disliked either man but to show the killing way they had about them. Great folk for getting up surprises and doing things thoroughly and painstakingly were those innocent babes of the woods, although they had no education at all, to speak of. There they had played two successful engagements for the Slocums, first eloping with Frances and then laying father low, thus making secure the Slocum name.

The steal of young Frances was the talk in town circles for weeks, just as there is town talk today when some Indian beats it by train or auto with the flower of some household. Nothing new at all in this running-away-with-the-girl stuff. Doing it every day. Only difference is the Indians of the old days did it a little more dramatically.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER VI.

At that the first settlers here never



back ridey?" Whereat Brave Wart-on-Nose picked up the bashful child and bolting from the house beat it for the

lived up to their opportunities. None of them knew a good thing when he saw it. Take the whole outfit, the Slo-

cums, the Parks, the Tripps, the Murphys, the Wintermutes, the Taylors, the Knapps, the Anguishes, the Pickets and the Marvins—they all browsed around the brush with their fists clinched for the Indians. They cleared a bit of land, hunted and fished, trimmed one another in a horse deal and panned King George. Whiskey, lumber, flour and feed were manufactured and you can bet all the loose change did not go for lumber. Nights they sat around the fire headquarters, everybody whittling and fertilizing the lawn with tobacco juice, listening to old Zenas Stringer pipe by the hour about his warring and his escapes from the

plaza was the camping ground for the male species and its magnetism attracted the Indians. A grist mill was the only other shop until 1800 when a forge was built at Razorville. Three flourishing industries these, but to make this history impartial as well as accurate we must add that the "still" was the real center of commerce.

Deep Hollow was the name of the nook when the Slocum boys lost their father. It was still Deep Hollow when Henry Brush, the original Mr. Brush, blew in with an instrument that he called a razor. All hands shaved that morning. Shaving became such a fad that as long as Brush's blade held its



Indians. They all knew that Zenas was gassing, but true or untrue, Zenas Stringer could tell a story right. Thus they dilly dallied while millions lay under their moccasins and the one best opportunity of forming a coal trust went by the board. Years afterward the Scrantons, the Throops, the Von Storchs, the Griffins, the Rockwells, the Smiths, the Parkers, the Jermyns, the Connells, the Dicksons and a few others of the live wires got in on the ground floor and started things that lifted the name of the valley from the Hunters' Guide and put it on the map to stay.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER VII.

All records agree that the first permanent industry to mark the hike of progress was a "still." High grade corn whiskey, guaranteed to do the trick at forty paces, was boiled here and the plant ran day and night to capacity, boiling the natives. The "still"

edge, the settlement was called Razorville. After the razor had slipped back into the saw class and the natives re-



LAST LOOK AT THE FAMOUS RAZORVILLE RAZOR

sumed the growing of alfalfa, a deacon from Connecticut whisked into town one morning and dubbed the place New Providence. With the years people dropped the "New" and let it stand Providence, but whenever an old timer would tell of the time he used to shave, the place was still "Razorville." Meanwhile the "still" was doing a nice business and the grist mill was grinding away. There was hope for the Hollow. Corner lots were selling at fancy figures and strange as it may read, there were no coal reservations in the deeds.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER VIII.

All advance notices sent out by the early land boomers laid it on thick that the valley was made of iron, and the iron Joker stuck. Some time in 1789, Dr. William Hooker Smith, from down Pittston way, arrived all excited one May morning, loaded to the ears with the notion that he was going to get rich quick on iron. Somebody had tipped him to it. The "Doc" took a

and went out every morning to pick up ore. The picking was good enough to keep the forge burning until 1816. That year the plant shut down, because kick as he would, Doctor Smith could not pry loose any more ore. The forge was the third industry of the valley. All that remains of it today is Old Forge Borough, which is enough.

While the ore supply lasted, "Doc" Smith was evidently coining so much kale that he had the suburbs talking. In 1800, Ebenezer and William Slocum, sons of the late Jonathan, had a confidential chat with Smith. After the talk the Slocums built a forge of their own in Razorville. The thing petered out in 1822 for want of ore. Five years after the forge, in 1805, Ebenezer Slocum built the first house here. Weary of hut life and the Rip Van Winkle stunt, Ebenezer put up a fine palatial residence; it had windows, a door and a regular roof. In 1869 fire almost wiped it out and in 1875 it was torn down to make room for the steel mills.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER IX.

In digging for my data I found footprints of an old friend, James Snyder. I can't help but call him "Jim." "Jim" was here in 1816, on his way to Milwaukee from Germany. He worked at the forge for Ebenezer Slocum for a while, but threw up the job when the "Workingmen's Rest" cut out the the lunch. Good boy, Jim! Gesundheit.

The Slocums were a stay-at-home sort I guess. They ran their Still and grist mill and let it go at that. The year 1802 was a good grist year, the mill showing by tested scales a surplus of 400 pounds of flour. That year 1802, Deacon Clark, of the Abingtons, ran out of buckwheat, and a road was opened through the "Notch" to Clark's Green. It was some road too, believe me.

To make the Deacon's with the 400 pounds it took a team of horses all day, with three men. Robert Stone, Steve



ramble through the timbers under the pretense of hunting herbs for his well known family remedy, and as soon as he was sure that nobody was shadowing him, he kicked loose a few heavy stones that tasted like iron.

"I'll keep this to myself," said the "Doc."

Forgetting his patients, Smith got out his instruments and put up a forge, two miles north of the mouth of the Lackawanna. He hired a few teams



THE BIRTH OF THE COUNTY ROAD BOOM.

Parker and Rev. John Miller shoving the wagon over the rough spots and clamoring for a county road. But that was not so bad. Many a man today, with a much lighter load, cannot make it from the "Notch" to Clark's Green in a day. Still they say that with the improved processes they make it better today.

powder and a pick and forget the mill and "still" they could all be millionaires. But they could not see things that way. In 1811 Elisha Hitchcock, fine old gentleman he was, repaired the mill and when it looked as if he were making it a go, another distillery was opened. Them was the happy days. J. Fellows owned the new "still."



ZEPH CUT SOME FIGURE ALONG THE PIKE.

## CHAPTER X.

That old grist mill, it seems, had everybody's angora. If they had sense enough to get a miner's lamp, a can of

That same year, 1811, a post road from Wilkes-Barre to Abington was opened. First thing everybody was writing and getting letters—bills by mail. Ben

Slocum had enough swing with the politicians in Washington to land the postmaster job, the first of that thing here. Ben promptly appointed Zeph Knapp first mail carrier. Zeph was all right for that league but he would never hold down a bag under civil service rules. There was only one delivery a week, but when Zeph breezed up the pike he was a most imposing pageant and had only a little trouble convincing the populace that he had not read their picture post cards. The post-office snap worked so smoothly that little Old Hyde Park got an office in 1831 and William Merrifield was the P. M. Fine for Mr. Merrifield.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER XI.

Here is another very important and material bit of evidence for this indictment. Read it carefully. In Hyde Park in 1810, Philip Heermans opened a tavern "in compliance with the demand for a public house at which town meet-

If I were around in 1810, I'd have gone on Philip's application, remonstrance or no remonstrance. I wonder who his lawyer was and if he offered a photograph of the proposed house to the judge to show that the place was built originally for hotel purposes. One more word. I think there is a mistake about the demand for a public house at which elections could be held. It should be made to read, "to count the vote."

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER XII.

Long before Heermans hung out his tavern shingle, the "morning after" and the headache were known in the valley. As early as 1771 I find Dr. Joseph Sprague at work, with headquarters down the line near Wyoming. Dr. Joe always kept his old mud horse saddled, expecting to be "hurriedly summoned" at any time. He made the trip up this way a couple of times a month, and he was one great hand for



ings and elections may be held." Get that "public demand" gag? They are working it yet under the plea of "public necessity."

unarming the Grim Reaper. He collected \$1 for his trick and his pet treatment was "bleeding." He died in 1784 after standing it for fourteen years.



His wife "Granny" Sprague, had learned enough to take her husband's place and she carried on the practice for years, and got away with it too. Besides, the people would die anyway.

\* \* \*

### CHAPTER XIII.

Scranton's first doctor, the doctor that first admitted the place to be his home, was Dr. Joseph Davis. He opened house in Providence in 1800. His method of treating the ill was, like Dr. Sprague's, "bleeding." In fact all the early M. D.'s, the records tell me, were strong for the bleeding thing, just as many of our foremost physicians today, are. It was a great old system. It worked this wise.

The doctor got to the house after dark and was told, "Father is down again."

"He says he has a terrible head and he is begging for death," the doctor was told.

Going to the bedside the doctor took a slant at Zack, and had the situation in hand. Going to Zack's trousers, the doctor lifted from the hip pocket, a near empty bottle, smelled of it, and then glancing at Zack's sizzled tongue, solemnly proclaimed:

Zack had the wife give a dollar to the doctor and admitted when Mrs. Zack had paid the bill, that he felt relieved.

There were no such fangles as anti-septics, anaesthetics, green turtle serum, mock turtle soup, anti-toxine, stovaine, germicides, dandruff cures, bacteria or bacilli. Neither were there appendicitis, neurasthenia, peritonitis, acute conjunctivitis, infantile paralysis, arteriosclerosis, mitral regurgitations, cystolic murmurs or delirium tremens. It killed before it got that far in the old days. Therefore the pioneer doctor had a straight-away course. He came, he bled, he went. Between heats he dabbled in real estate, loafed around the "still" and criticised the ageing and blend. Occasionally he bought.

\* \* \*

### CHAPTER XIV.

Even then as now the preacher followed the doctor on the theory that where there is work for one there is a chance for two. Old Doctor Sprague had just about finished mapping out his route when Elder William Bishop accepted a call, making the trip overland from Connecticut. They all came



"Zack, you are in very bad shape. You got your feet wet at the Still. I think I will have to bleed you—one dollar please."

from there. The good old elder came in answer to the call and it was the call of the wild. He settled on the parsonage lot, a cozy little strip of 380

acres, in what is now the very heart of the city. He held services in a log house and there did his marrying, his burying and his funeral oratory. I find that the congregation was more respectful to the pastor than then nowadays. The men and boys were so keen for services that they set out Sunday mornings with their shoes, if they had shoes, strung around their necks, to save the wear and tear on the leather that the long walk would make. Near the cabin church they put on their shoes and entered. After a few years of preaching to the sole-saving congregation, Elder Bishop hiked it back to Connecticut, and in 1822 Rev. Cyrus Gildersleeve, of Wilkes-Barre, began holding weekly meetings here. No talk yet of the need of a revival.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER XV.

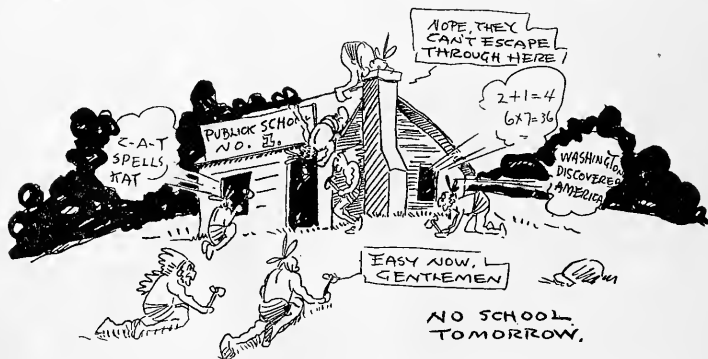
The first thing that I have come across in the fad line is the building of a school house. For what purpose, I do not know. It happened in Prov-

acquired some very useful knowledge during the day. The boys and girls fought the school idea from the jump. They argued that there was no need for schools.

"If we must go to school we will not grow up to be like Pa," said the boys. "He knows it all and he has never even seen a school."

This shot pleased father, of course, but it did not flag the innovation. They put up a ten-foot square building, an imposing structure, as the papers in the old days would say, if they had any papers. The pupils took turn and turn-about in going in and coming out. They were a bright little lot, those pupils, so bright that the first teacher surrendered to the Indians and begged to be burned at the stake. His last request was that his name be not mentioned in histories. We respect his dying wish.

But the school was a wonderful factory. While the class in "rithmetic" was at bat, the classes in "readin" and "ritin" were fleeing for their lives

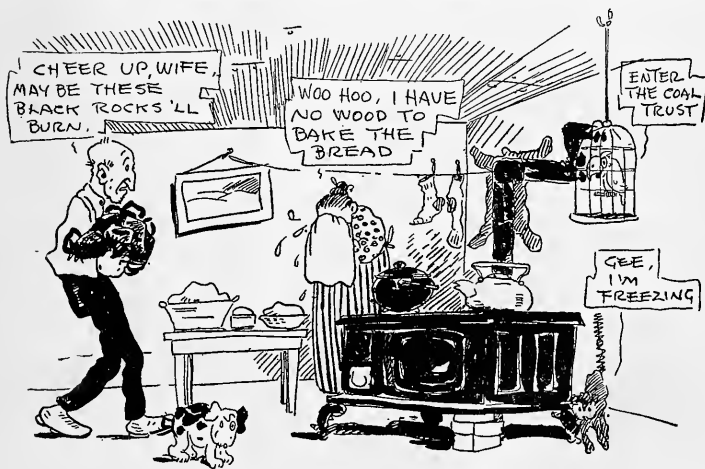


idence in 1818. Up to that stage there were no such things as school taxes, school boards or jobs for truant officers. The kids went out in the morning, scoured through the brush, dodged the knife and tomahawk of the Indian and if they showed up for supper it was a cinch that they had

from the savages. If they escaped the tomahawk there was school the next day. If the Indians won the race the teacher took a vacation until another crop of pupils grew up. Meanwhile teacher spent his time at the corn exchange, teaching chemistry to the distiller.

However the ten-foot school made such a hit that Harry Heermans, in 1834, opened up an opposition class in Hyde Park. Heermans put a bell on his building and called it the Bell School House. His was the first school bell in the valley and you all know what it led to. The bell was a fatal move. Within a few years no kid would think of going to school until he heard the bell ring, so all schools had to get bells or fire the teacher. Heermans' bell had clear ringing for four years, or until 1838 when the Whigs and Democrats on the school board got into a row over the supply contract and another school house was put up, under Democratic auspices. I guess the other place would not teach party principles and getting out the

the early history of our fair city was the discovery that coal was meant for another purpose than throwing at the red man's head. In the Winter of 1812. H. C. L. Von Storch of Providence found himself up against a hard proposition. Mrs. Von Storch in getting a baking ready for the oven, had just discovered that the woodshed was empty. Beckoning H. C. L. from his wonted spot, she bade him get busy with bucksaw and ax and provide the kindling. Mr. Von was unable to find the saw or ax and then remembered that the next door neighbor, whose place was a half mile away had borrowed the weapons. Groping in the cellar he recalled that Judge Jesse Fell, of Wilkes-Barre, had been bragging that he burned anthra-



THE DISCOVERY OF COAL.

vote. At all events the Democrats put up another school house and it was a most popular step. Ever since that time when school board members get scrapping they settle their differences by building a new school house.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER XVI.

One of the strangest incidents of

cite, but Von had never taken much stock in Fell's claim. However, when a man is out of wood and his wife is crying for kindling, he will do most anything. So, Von Storch kicked loose from the cellar wall a bucket of black rock and hiking out to the lot threw it under the oven. Then he went down to the exchange and gathered the day's whittlings. These too, he tossed under the oven and when

Mrs. Von S. had struck the flint he looked on and saw that while the black rock was not much for blazing it was a sizzler for heat.

An hour and a half was Mrs. Von's time limit for the baking over a wood fire but an hour after H. C. L. had set the black rocks glowing she looked into the oven to see how the pans were coming on. All that was left was charred and brittle crusts. H. C. L. had discovered that coal would burn but Mrs. H. C. L. had to set another sponge.

Somehow the old timers did not fall for the tip that there might be money in this coal. They went right ahead with their daily grind, when they should have been putting up breakers and washeries, sinking shafts and emptying the schools of all boys old enough to pick slate or drive a mule on the dump. They could not see coal as a fortune maker, however. They plodded forward, satisfied to get an empty box from the grocer and fish a log from the river when they wanted firewood.

Old King Coal sure had a hard time getting a hearing. Von Storch showed how in 1812, but it was eight years later before any attention was given his feat. In 1820 there were only 365 tons of coal shipped in the U. S. Nowadays the average rent payer feels that he is paying for more than that. Those early birds would not touch it, that's all, but we know they should have put up the breakers and sent the kids to work because in those days there was no holler about child labor and the minimum wage had never been heard of.

No breaker whistle was heard here until 1852, when the Lackawanna built the Diamond and even then the wise ones did not endorse the breaker idea. Old Dr. Hollister whose history of Scranton is not like this one, dubbed the Diamond "an invention of the Devil and the Greatest Conspirator of Modern Times against Economy." Somebody must have slipped some-

thing into the "doc's" coffee, that's a pipe. Meanwhile, when the breaker came, up went the insurance rates for those breakers do make pretty fires.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER XVII.

It sure was a live burg when H. C. L. Von Storch startled the neighbors with his coal fire. The boys still foregathered at the "still", built their air castles and gassed as usual. They didn't even have the benches on the Court House Square and yesterday's papers' leave behind. Wild turkeys, deer and bear snooped around and the wolf howled at the poor man's door. Occasionally the Indians dashed in and put on a first-class Buffalo Bill Show and sailed away with a new collection of scalps. Everybody owned a flintlock and a bowie knife and better still knew how to use them.

The second smash with England was going on but the folks were worked up more about Von Storch's fire than over the war. The war in fact was not keeping anybody awake nights, for war in those days was no novelty. There were no boxing clubs with six-round matches, but at the same time there was plenty of good fighting out in the alley. A few of the patriots marched away to take a second crack at J. Bull while the cracking was good, but the majority stayed at home. This thing of going a couple of hundred miles for war was nonsense, when all the folks had to do was to go into the saplings, where, if they waited a while, the red babies would come along and offer fighting worth while.

In fairness to this valuable work it should be inserted here that the Hollow did not amount to much either as a business or manufacturing center and it was no Newport socially. It just drifted along, trying its best to keep above the weeds, with everybody healthy and happy. They did start something in 1834, when work was begun on a church in Providence. The church building was not finished, a cyclone happening along meanwhile,

and flattening the studding. A great many men professed deep grief at the loss of the edifice, but—

\* \* \*

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Up to 1841 the Hollow moved along as wild as the surroundings. Not a tap had been done towards shaping out the town and keeping people from running into one another. There were no streets, no sidewalks. In 1841 Captain Stott, of Carbondale, backed his buckboard into the blacksmith shop and gave the diggins' a looking over. Stott was an engineer and a surveyor and moreover a bit of a politician and red hot rooter for William Henry Harrison, just elected president.

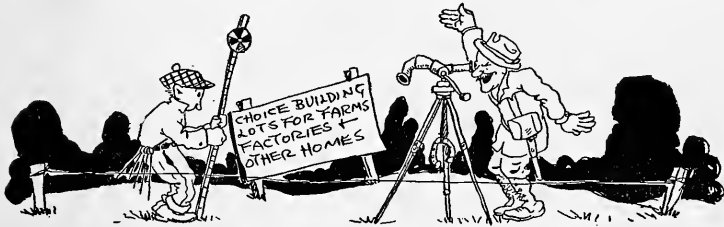
voted to call the "Hollow," Harrison.

The Hollow, or now Harrison, immediately stuck up its nose and put on great airs. Everybody wrote letters to one another just to get the swing of writing, "Harrison, Pa." So uppish they got, that along in 1845 when the population had reached the 500 mark, they demanded a postoffice. The petition was turned down and maybe it was not some staggerer to those who had been boasting around town of the swing they had with the crowd at the capital that session of Congress.

\* \* \*

### CHAPTER XIX.

Somehow folks would not give up



Whether or not Stott had an ax to grind and secretly wanted to be minister to Mexico, my data does not disclose. The fact is, Stott set up his transit, drove a few stakes into the sod, and returning to the inn drew a rough sketch of a proposed village. He described his pencil work and after buying once or twice, casually suggested that the place be named for "Tippecanoe." Stott said that Harrison was the original Progressive and was deeply concerned with the place

"Take it from me," said Stott, "William Henry will be tickled to death to have this place named for him, and if you ever reach the stage where you want to call it something besides the names I hear it called up the valley, don't forget our president."

There was a meeting of the town's professional and moneyed men that night in Odd Fellows Hall and it was

that first pipe dream that the hills here reeked with iron ore. It was a good thing that it was this way for it held them to the faith that there was something here. Eventually it made this magnificent city—yes, Magnificent City. In 1840 Col. George W. Scranton, of Oxford, N. J., heard about the iron. The Colonel got the tip that he was losing money in sticking to Oxford and not getting in on the iron Eldorado that was calling for him here. He was a great listener, the colonel, and he listened hard to the fairy tale about the east mountain being iron from base to top. He fell for the story and he fell so hard that he got a city named for him.

In those days, the Scrantons, the Colonel and his brother, Selden, were tinkering away at the iron game in Oxford when a certain William Henry, (not William Henry Harrison

but William Henry who lived in Stroudsburg), got their ears. Henry had roamed the mountains of this region and thought he had a fairly accurate line on conditions. What's more, Selden Scranton had married Henry's eldest daughter, and so it was the proper play for Henry to tip off the son-in-law if he thought he had something. He told the Scrantons that if they wanted to go into the iron game and shame Carnegie, to forget they ever tarried in Oxford and to pull right away for Harrison. Relying on Henry's judgment the Scrantons said it sounded good to them.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XX.

In those days banks were not so plentiful as they are today. The Scrantons kept their change in Easton in the branch of the Bank of North America. At the head of this branch bank was Philip H. Mattes and the Scrantons naturally talked things over with Mattes when they considered cut-

a bale of coin, and when he agreed to go along, the party comprised Colonel George W. Scranton, Selden T. Scranton, Philip H. Mattes, Sanford Grant and William Henry. Colonel Scranton was the leader; Henry was the promoter, and press agent, the one that pointed out the possibilities.

In August, 1840, this quintette pulled up on the bank of the Nay Aug creek, near where the Lackawanna station now stands, and it looked so easy when Henry pointed out the mountains that they decided there and then to plunge. They agreed to buy 503 acres at \$16.50 per, and this included iron, coal and other minerals. They were stung it they invested in iron ore only but on the coal proposition they more than cashed. A month later they started a blast furnace under the firm name of Scranton and Grant and it has never been denied that this was the first furnace in the world for smelting iron ore by hot blast with anthracite coal. Two years later, in 1842, they made iron at the furnace and in 1844 a roll-

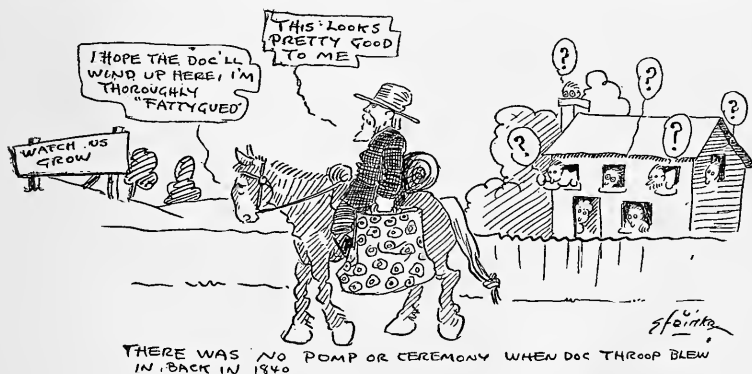


ting into the pile. Mattes, himself, had a little "ore" of his own saved up, and when the Scrantons pictured the iron deposits in Harrison, he did not demur. On the contrary he acted as if he would like to get in on the ground floor, and suggested that another old friend, Sanford Grant, of Easton, might be persuaded to loosen up. Grant had

ing mill was built where the Laurel Line power plant now stands. Lest you may not understand, a rolling mill does not make hot breakfast rolls. It makes rails, and what happened when the mill got to rolling? Its first big order for rails came from the Erie. Me for the Erie hereafter.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The same year that the Scrantons landed, 1840, another stranger with a heavy carpet bag, loomed out of the dust on the main pike. A hundred heads shot from doors and windows and mind bets were made that the newcomer was going to sell "somp tin," or was the government man coming for revenue. They were right about the revenue. The stranger was Dr. Benjamin H. Throop. As soon as he had laid his grip down and mopped his hatband, he looked around for a site for a house, and he found it. Incidentally he concluded that he might as well build a fortune while he was building a home, which he did, and he made both large and roomy. Great old man was the "Doc," one of the first live ones that the town had.



Doctor Throop saw the place needed a little "pep" and get up as its first prescription, so he started in to make the life termers step around. Two years after he arrived he told Burgess Joe Slocum a thing or two, the upshot of which was the "Burge's" sending out a proclamation. In fact the "Burge" got the editor to use it on the front page, two column leaded, gothic. "Know ye all men," it began, and then went on to acquaint the land-owners with the news that the burgess had been authorized to get a hospital

for a threatened epidemic of smallpox. Where he was to get the hospital he did not say, but he had been ordered to get it. Those on the inside knew that Dr. Throop was founding it. That's the way he did things, the doctor, made no noise over it, and never called in the reporters to "refuse to be interviewed."

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER XXII.

Burgess Slocum's proclamation announcing that smallpox was billed for a local engagement caused unusual interest. Everybody, too, was talking about the new hospital that was to be on Penn avenue, near the old St. Charles Hotel, and in connection with the curiosity over the hospital, folks were wondering when the smallpox

was to arrive. All the burgess could say was that it would positively appear and that it was then on the way, so all hands laid off work and stood for hours lining the curbs waiting for it, as folks wait nowadays for the circus parade.

"Here it comes," gleefully shouted the little children. "I can hear the band, Ma buy me a balloon," while the mounted cops waltzed their steeds up and down the avenue to keep the crowds back in line.

The smallpox came. It came in the

back way. While the throng was patiently waiting, smallpox was discovered in the home of Ignatius Zhlinger, of Franklin avenue. Mr. Zhlinger got a case of it in. Immediately Burgess Slocum ordered the home quarantined. Such an order had never before been issued in the village and the distinction of being the first family to have the honor made the Zhlingers a proud people. The quarantine did as much as anything else for the smallpox. The fact that the Zhlinger house had been roped off brought the villagers to Franklin avenue in agitated rushes, to see the quarantine in action. Franklin avenue became the most popular thoroughfare in the city, and taking advantage of the advertising, real estate sharks started a real estate boom and property values soared to the skies. Even if the epidemic was a frost all the other features were very successful, and made the smallpox engagement a big hit.

amateur minstrels and the excursion from Berwick was as yet only an idea in the brain of the railroad press agent. What is now the business section of the city was a swamp, which covered from Lackawanna avenue to Vine street and from Penn to Jefferson avenues. The court house grounds was the best part of the swamp and the only way to cross it was to wait for Winter to freeze it over. In Summer the swamp was the greatest frog pasture ever. In gangs, phalanxes and cohorts they resided there. A solid phalanx held title to the Lackawanna avenue end, and in chorus creaked their midnight lay to the Vine street clan. The Jefferson avenue set assembled on the knoll and hurled back the choral challenge of the Penn avenue bassos, while the Hollow's population fringed the swamp and cheered the singers on to greater efforts. No swamp anywhere was half as musical and the vil-



THE FIRST EISTEDDFOD

### CHAPTER XXIII.

The smallpox scare helped immeasurably to popularize the Hollow, but smallpox is not a permanent asset or industry and the Hollowites began to long for something new. There were no means of quashing the humdrum monotony. Nobody had thought of

lagers, musically inclined, hated to see it go.

But people are never satisfied. Besides the frogs the swamp held lilies and cat-o-nine-tails, but even more was wanted. There were clumps of trees skirting the swamp and in 1850 or thereabouts somebody suggested



building a hotel and making the place a summer resort. The hotel was set up in the forest and it was called the Forest House. Had it been built in the swamp, it would probably have been called the Swamp House or the Swamp Root, but the promoters were prejudiced in favor of the forest and so called it. The hotel stood at the intersection of Wyoming Avenue and Spruce Street where the always popular Hotel Jermyn now stands, and like its successor the Forest House made a lot of money and a nationwide reputation for itself and the city.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

While the swamp frogs were doing their share in lending culture to the town, and the hotel boomers were picking out the site, Franklin B. Woodward was grinding out heavy editorials



on "The End Seat Hog," "The Bumper Crop," and "Our Circulation for March." Woodward got his paper started in 1845 and called it the "Mirror and Lackawannian." It was some newspaper, "metropolitan in size and style." It had a breezy and attractive social page whereon was recorded the doings of the Hollow's smart set and full accounts of the June weddings. It ran a column of timetables and an interesting list of fire alarm stations. Its telegraph service was

A. No. 1, and its local pages, besides being newsy and spicy, covered the field in fine tooth comb style. Lastly its sporting page was complete and dependable, giving running stories and detailed scores of all the games in the quoit league, and going in strong for the horse situation, relating in detail how one David Harum put it over on the other and why. The Mirror had no competition except Horace Greeley's New York Tribune, and it ably reflected the life of the community. But the Tribune was enough of a competitor or contemporary. The people waited for the mail man, took the Tribunes away from him and delivered them next day to the subscribers. Those who did not subscribe for the Mirror borrowed the Tribune. The Mirror stood for this sort of support for two years and then, in 1847, it went into the hands of the receivers. Its failure brought keen disappointment to the Hollow because many of its readers had subscribed in a contest to help a friend, and of course they hated to see the Mirror's finish.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Back in the forties the rich man had nothing on the poor neighbor in the matter of traveling. Neither worried much about getting a lower berth on the night liner. If the prominent citizen or the poor dub wanted to take a trip, he could ride or he could walk. If he had a skate he rode. If he had none he walked and the walking was good, usually. Provided he owned a horse he stuffed an extra shirt into the saddle bag and cantered down the stretch with his head high. If the horse was working out taxes on the road, the traveler stuffed his belongings into a red bandana and hoofed it down the line like a major. There was no fussing and stewing about passenger rates and safe delivery of baggage at destination. Lucky was he that had baggage to be lost.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

It was in 1847 that the railroad microbe was discovered at work here. When Col. Scranton got his rolling mill humming and booked that order from the Erie, he figured, business-like, that if the plant was to get another order he ought to be in shape to deliver the goods. It was a little too much to expect that the men who made the rails would carry them to the Erie, and so Colonel Scranton projected a railroad from Scranton to Great Bend. An advantage he had in this road was that he could use the product of his own mills, thus satisfying the rail buying public that the goods were as represented, or money refunded. The Colonel finished his road in 1853 and it connected with the Erie at Great Bend. Otherwise the road was all right.

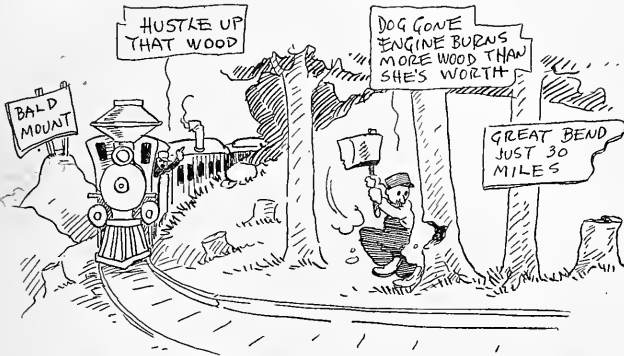
It made a great railroad that line of the Colonel's. Immediately Hollow folks began to call it a trunk line, because first day off it delivered a trunk. It ran one mail train a day each way from Scranton to Great Bend, and the train was known as the "Limited." Besides it was the limit. The engine was a woodburner and the route lay

along the mountain sides, so that whenever the fire burned low the engineer could stop, get down with his ax and saw and cut enough kindling to keep the steam up for another mile or two. That is why you still see an ax and saw in the passenger coaches, and why the railroads still run along mountains—habits of the early days.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER XXVII.

The single track line from Scranton to Great Bend was such a boomer for the town that another line was laid out from the village to the seaboard, wherever that is. The line was planned to cut over the Poconos, and for two reasons. First there was plenty of wood on the mountains, and secondly it was decided that over the Poconos was the nearest and best way to get to the seaboard. In 1858 this new division of the road was opened up, and a person in the mood could count the ties all the way from here to Hampton, N. J., where the division connected with the Central of New Jersey. It was an awful long way to go just to connect with that railroad,



THE FIREMAN WAS OBLIGED TO CHOP WOOD ALONG THE ROAD.

and looks like bad management to me, who knows nothing about such things. Of course it may have been all right if there were rails or something to deliver, but if it was built just for the fun of connecting with the Central, I repeat there was nothing to be gained. Railroads should be more careful.

while its elder sisters, Hyde Park and Providence were napping over their knitting. Providence finally got so peeved at the strides the Hollow was taking that along in 1849 it up and decided to be a borough. It might as well be that. Accordingly in 1849 the village of Providence was incorporated a borough, with J. R. Wint, bur-



OLD MAN HARRISON SAWED THE REAL STUFF WHILE H: PARK AND PROVIDENCE DID THE PHILADELPHIA-

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

In the late forties and early fifties things certainly were looking up for the Hollow. There were the small-pox, the steel mills, the railroad running two ways, the frogs and the Forest House, not to forget the forges that had gone out of business. Harrison town was apparently wide awake

gess; S. Gardner, Asa Coursen and Ira Tripp, councilmen; David Koon, justice of the peace; Francis Fuller, constable, and Theodore Von Storch, assessor. The news of this advancement of Providence spread like wild-fire, and the news that it was not only a borough but had a constable nettled the proud Hollow. Schemes were

cooked up for evening the score. It would never do to trail behind with a constable, so the Hollow settled on getting a postmaster and John W. Moore got the job. Better still there was mail for the office. J. C. Platt dropped into Moore's place one day to get the latest quotations on stamps and lo! there was a letter and a newspaper for Mr. Platt, the first mail received through the new office. Mr. Platt complimented Mr. Moore on the efficiency of the service, and that same night a letter on the postal system and its advantages was contributed to the editor. "Fair play" replied. "An Old Subscriber" answered "Fair Play." "Pro Bono Publico" advocated cheaper postage, and the habit of writing to the editor started then and there.

made a borough spread like wildfire. Hyde Park heard it as soon afterwards as 1852 and there was nothing that Providence did or had that Hyde Park could not duplicate, so the Hyde Parkers said. Consequently on May 4, 1852, Hyde Park became a borough and William Merrifield was named the burgess. The first borough election was held March 14, 1854, at James Phinney's hotel. Joseph S. Fellows was elected burgess over A. S. Crowell after a heartbreaking race. The campaign managers of both candidates gave out fine statements to the papers on the eve of the election.

Each chairman said: "The fight is over. The people know the issues and are prepared to announce their verdict. We leave the case in their hands.



#### CHAPTER XXIX.

That postoffice stirred the village to do its best striding. Harrison threatened to head off New York. To accomplish this it was suggested that the town get a new name or an alias, so that New York would not know what was going on until it was passed and taking the Hollow's dust. The idea met with favor and on April 1, 1850, folks called the place "Scrantonia." Why the April 1, I do not know. Of course the date was against success so on January 27, 1851, the town council dropped the "ia," and let it stand at "Scranton."

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#### CHAPTER XXX.

As I have already observed, in 1849, the news that Providence had been

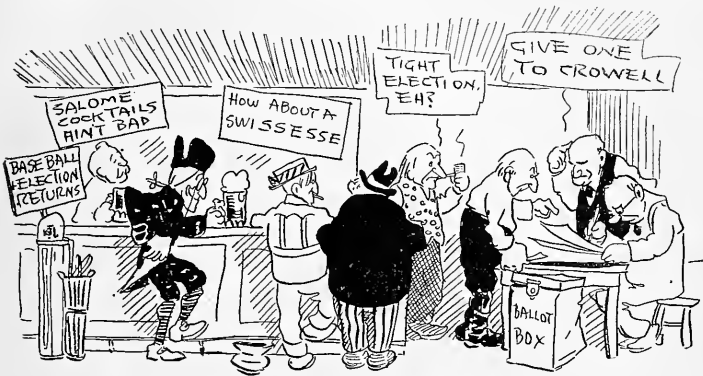
We have tried to carry on a clean campaign without entering into personalities and mud-slinging to deceive the voters or to becloud the real issues. The people cannot be fooled and you cannot throw dust into their eyes. We clearly defined the issues at stake and we will abide by the result."

When the votes were counted late that night it was announced that Fellows got seventy-two and Crowell one. Why they gave him the one has never been explained.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

In 1853 the D., L. & W. people began to take the valley seriously. With the rolling mill rolling on and the road running to Great Bend the enterprising management sat up and said: "Why not get a piece of this?"



AN ELECTION BOOTH WAS NEEDED, SO —

So that year the railroad hired Prof. H. D. Rogers, of Boston, to investigate the coal measures of the company's property. The professor measured. He reported the measures of standard size and satisfied the company that it was not being cheated. From that day to this the Lackawanna coal measures have been regarded as being too good to be abandoned. Nothing, after all, like investigating your measures and knowing just what they measure.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER XXXII.

The failure of Editor Woodward to get out his *Mirror* and *Lackawannian* after 1847, left the settlement shy of reading material for six years. In 1853 another stab at getting a newspaper started was made. C. E. Lathrope published the *Lackawanna Herald*. That's all I know about that paper. It was published. It went strong and it went fast. Two years later, in 1855, Thomas J. Allegar and John B. Adams started an esteemed contemporary and called it the *Spirit of the Valley*—Green or otherwise. The *Spirit* was the first Democratic paper here and it was a fine party organ. It did yeoman service in editorially lambasting the "Machine" and

the "Steam Roller," and it showed up the scheming and machinations of "the ring" to get hold of the distribution of the "plums." So it must have been a good paper. In 1856 it had Lathrope's *Herald* lying against the ropes with its tongue out and the up-shot was a consolidation.

They called the merged journals *The Herald of the Union*. Judged by its name, one would think the intention was to keep the *Union* intact, and that it circulated throughout the United States and territories and that its editorials swayed Congresses and governed diplomatic deals. That is an erroneous notion. It did none of those things. What it did was to struggle on and on until one day it went down in a heap and the sheriff subscribed for it bodily. That same year, 1856, Theodore Smith, of Montrose, launched the *Scranton Daily Republican*. Eleven years later, 1867, J. A. Scranton bought a half interest, and in two years more Mr. Scranton got it all. In November, 1867, he began printing the *Morning Republican*. Newspapers came and died in quick order after the *Republican* got a foothold. The *Scranton Times* was introduced in 1870 by J. A. Clarke, with Aaron Augustus Chase as editor. He held that chair down for fourteen years and Aaron was some editor.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

About the time the newspapers were having their innings, the tax problem was interesting those who could not dodge the Assessor. In 1854 the tax

1856. First of all it ceased to be a village, being incorporated into a borough on February 14, 1856. This put it once more on an equal footing with Hyde Park and Providence. Joseph



duplicate demanded \$50.50 for dogs. That seems high when you remember the character of the dog. Benjamin Fellows was the collector—of taxes, not dogs—and since every man aimed to own a dog, tax collecting was nice pie. Here and there he found a man who had to confess that he did not own a dog and such men had little standing in the community. The dog was the badge, the barking and biting badge of solid citizenship and no matter what else a man might have been forced to get along without he endeavored to keep at least one dog, just as some men today try to get along with one automobile. It meant sacrifice but they would have their dogs in those days.

Slocum was the burgess; James Harrington, J. C. Platt, John Nichelser, D. K. Kressler and W. W. Ward, councilmen, Mr. Platt being also secretary of the borough and council. The town was still feeling all dolled up in its new borough toga, when on February 25, 1857, it became noised about that folks were getting tired wading the Lackawanna river to get to Hyde Park and Providence and home again. A joint meeting of the councils of Scranton, Hyde Park and Providence was held that day and Engineer Joel Amsden was called on the rug. Amsden was ordered to get out his pencils and make a profile of a bridge and the estimate of the cost of stringing it over the river. Next day



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Heroic and earnest efforts to get on its feet were made by the village in

the citizens met in the Wyoming House and Amsden reported that a wire bridge would cost \$8,980 and a

truss bridge, \$7,500. After the meeting the citizens lingered in the hotel talking bridge but there was no playing. "Seven up" was their limit in those days.

Before this bridge question is further considered there is another thing that must get proper reference. In October, 1857, the High Constable suggested that a police force might aid in securing sleep o' nights. The H. C. put in the names of J. L. Grier, Rich-

the one made up for the shortage later on.

\* \* \*

### CHAPTER XXXV.

It has always been a question whether or not the Civil War interfered with the development of the town. I suppose it did or did not. When the war came it was understood that business was meant and the



ard Stillwell, Warren Tewksbury and Patrick Blewitt for the jobs. They were to get \$1 for each "pinch" of legal size. All hands enjoyed the new game of "Cheese It, Kelly, the Cop," and some men went so far as to say they thought the improvement should have been made years before. In fact the popularity of the force was such that in May, 1857, the contract was let for a lockup to cost \$575. Many folks thought the lockup was needed more than the bridge and it furnished an interesting topic for the debating and literary clubs of that time.

In other respects also, 1857 was a record year for the borough, the Hollow, the village, whichever it was. There were five hotels, two bankers, one brewery, one undertaker, two saloons, two liquor dealers and two barbers. How the place managed to get along with only one brewery is more than I can tell. I can understand the two barbers, the two bankers and one undertaker but only one brewery is beyond me. I guess other folks have thought the same thing for

sturdy borough folk were ready for business. They made real soldiers. When Lincoln called for volunteers, he did not have to call the second time, not this way. The Eighth, the Fifteenth, the Fifty-Second, the Seventy-Seventh and the One Hundred and Forty-Third regiments lined up and marched away to take whatever Fate placed on the menu. The 143rd got shot to pieces in the Wilderness and got another hearty dose at Gettysburg. Colonel Musser was laid low in the Wilderness and Lieut Ezra S. Griffin was mortally wounded in the same tussle.

Still with all that enlisted of their own volition the government called for more. In 1864, March 25, the borough of Hyde Park was authorized by the act of assembly to pay a bounty of \$300 for each volunteer going to the army. The soldiers could have the \$300 in seven per cent. bonds or in bulk from the sale of the bonds. Many a volunteer elected to take the roll outright, and after getting the bundle more than one man caught a freight



and headed for Canada. They called this bounty jumping and every man caught at it certainly got "his." It was all right and fine to take the \$300 but the rules of the game provided that the taker of the coin should report in Harrisburg. If a man did not report he would have to have more than a doctor's certificate of illness to squirm out of the consequences.

\* \* \*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The surrender of Lee and the end of the war brought peace to more than the North and South. Scranton, Providence and Hyde Park which had

three boroughs clasped hands and after playing ring-around-the-posy, settled down under one government as the city of Scranton. The charter was granted April 23, 1866, and the first mayor was E. S. M. Hill, elected over Godfrey by 1373 to 1185. That was the start of the run of mayors in the town. After Hill came Monies in 1869; M. W. Loftus in 1872; Robert H. McKune in 1875; T. V. Powderly in 1878, 1880 and 1882; F. A. Beamish, 1884; Ezra H. Ripple, 1886; J. H. Fellows, 1890; W. L. Connell, 1893 J. G. Bailey, 1896; James Moir, 1899.

Moir was "ousted" by the "Ripper Act" a piece of legislation designed for getting rid of mayors that the



been warring for years came together under a sort of early Erdman act and voted to bury the ax and live thereafter as one. The result was that the

Harrisburg statesmen did not want, and the title of the office was changed to "Recorder." W. L. Connell got Moir's job and when he finished the



term, Alex T. Connell was elected in 1903, and the name "Mayor" was restored. After A. T. Connell came J. Benj. Dimmick in 1906 and John Von Bergen was elected in 1909. He is still holding down the job, while this history is in preparation.

There were other events of note in 1866. The Scranton Gas and Water Company decided to stop taking its supply from the Lackawanna and to sample the Roaring Brook. The Hook and Ladder Company was organized with John W. Gregory, president. The Hook and Ladder were new things in the fighting line and the company was equipped with every-

named for him, presided and M. H. Dale acted as secretary. General Phinney was elected president of the board, and the secretary job went to Lewis Pugh. To make sure that all small business men would join the dues were made \$50 a year. That was not so high considering.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Probably no single event was more propitious to the march of prosperity than the opening of the town jail. During the early and late seventies the county jail was in Wilkes-Barre as



thing essential except a reappearing fire.

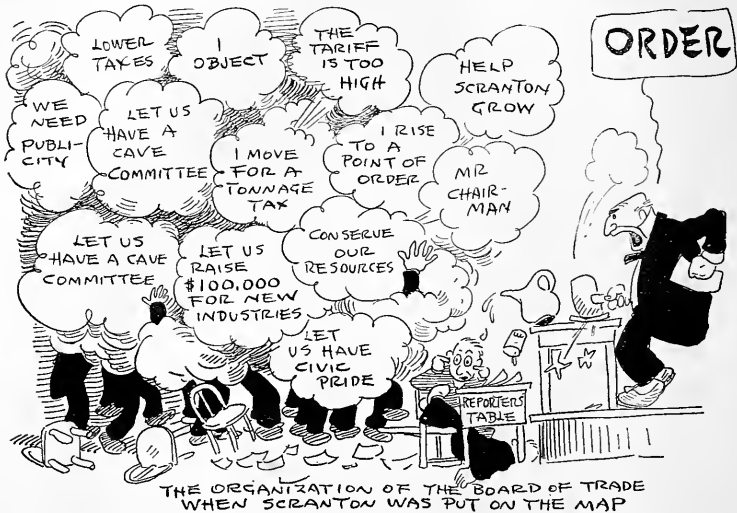
One more important event in 1866. Providence had agreed to enter the union on condition that some means were provided for getting its people into Scranton proper. They were tired of walking. A street car line was suggested and sounded so practicable that a street railway was built from Scranton to the "Square" in 1866. How would you like to be the conductor?

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#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

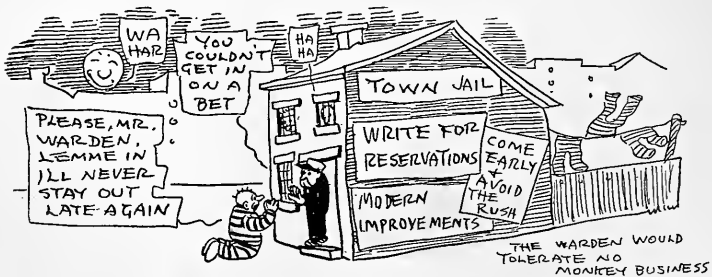
So we were a city at last and a city has to keep growing. To provide a tonic a board of trade was organized December 12, 1867. It was called the Scranton Board of Trade. At the organization meeting General Elisha Phinney, who had a hose company

Scranton was still playing at the knees of the mother county. But a few enterprising men of independent spirit figured out that we ought to have our own jail. Nobody of any account fought for the project and a jail was built and began business. The bastille stood back of the present Bell Telephone Exchange in a Court and one entered by way of Center Street. It was one of the best conducted jails in the country and one of the most popular. Its rules were rigid and ironclad. The keepers would not stand any monkey business around the place. If a prisoner managed to get in, either by pull or merit, he had to obey the rules or get out. Only prisoners of prestige were admitted, and when one got in he was togged out in a nice new horizontal barred suit with cap to match. He was up at six bells and if not wanted particularly in the place,



he went down town and boosted for the bastille. The rules provided that all prisoners should be off the streets and in their rooms at 9:30 p. m., unless they had a special permit from the dean or warden to stay out later. Once in a while some business or other would keep a prisoner out after that hour. If the warden believed the man's excuse and was satisfied that the rules and etiquette of the house

refused admittance to the jail on any account. Many men, it is said, lost good places and nice quiet rooms in the jail, by not being on the level with the warden. In the course of years the system met with so much abuse that many men who ought to be in jail could not get in, no matter what influence they had or how much they deserved reward.



had not been violated, he was admitted, but if the warden found the man to be lying and trying to deceive, that man was not allowed to enter the doors. And thereafter, that man was

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

Applications for admittance to the jail piled up so fast that in 1881 a plan was adopted for accepting candidates





contract was let in the early eighties and in December, 1886, E. L. Walter, the architect, and Conrad Schroeder, contractor, turned the building over to the county. It cost \$154,219 and was worth every cent it cost. Good jails are always worth the price paid for them. Ours is an ideal jail, and because of that fact many people form the habit of spending part of each year there, just as other people whose tastes lie in other directions favor Atlantic City.

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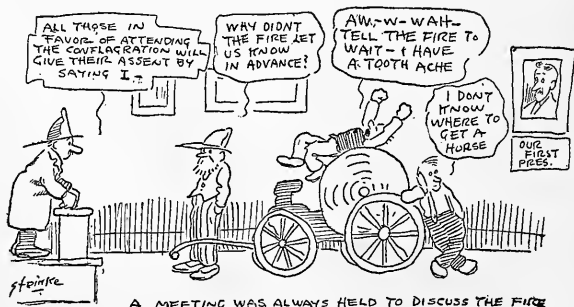
#### CHAPTER XLI.

If this document is to have any reference value at all it must embrace

Hollow, Harrison or Scranton had its Lady Washingtons. Hyde Park was proud of its Franklins and Providence money went on the Liberties. Then there were the Nay Augs and the Neptunes in the center of Scranton.

Anything that smacked of fire commanded their attention. As soon as word arrived that there was fire in a house or store, that company in whose district the blaze was, held a meeting. If it was voted to visit the conflagration some one hustled out and borrowed a horse. If a horse could not be had the firemen volunteered to drag the apparatus with ropes. Hence they were called "volunteers."

If the fire was the right sort of a



a word about the fire department. When the town was split up into clans, Hyde Park, Providence and Harrison, each had its fire company. Slocum

fire it would wait until the firemen arrived and give them a chance to put it out. Sometimes, though, the fire would be in a hurry, or maybe have

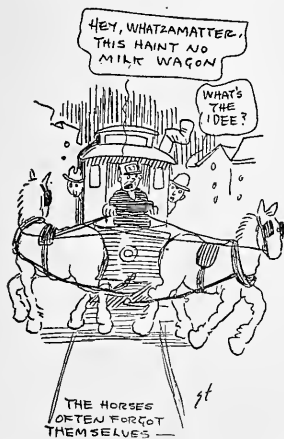
an engagement elsewhere. Then there was no waiting for the volunteers, and when the companies got on the ground the blaze was out.

In those days each company had a pipeman, an ax man and a nozzler. The pipeman did the piping to the crowd. The ax man was authorized to start swinging the ax the minute he got within range of the doomed building. A good ax man was a big asset to any company, and he could do more destruction in five minutes than the flames could do in half a day. The nozzler was the gink that held the hose and swore at the lack of water pressure. All the romance and sentiment were taken out of fire fighting when the companies were placed on a paid basis, and another thing, it was noticed that fires lost their popularity.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XLII.

It has already been said that a street car line was opened between Scranton and Providence in 1866. More like



that one came in quick order. There was a Green Ridge line, a Hyde Park line and a crosstown line to Nay Aug. The fare was five cents. The conductor never disputed that the car and

horses belonged to the company. According to the traffic rules it was up to the company to furnish the cars and the horses. It was easy to get the cars but horses were scarce. As soon as the milkmen got through with their morning routes they rented their horses to the car companies, and for a long time it was a tough game for the drivers to keep the horses from dragging the cars zig-zag through the streets and stopping at every other door. To deceive the horse into thinking that it was still delivering milk a tiny bell jangled from the car tongue. Each car held ten passengers, more or less, and made trips between points, provided the horses held up.

The passengers paid the conductor. He paid the driver, and if both admitted to the management that they had made a fair day's wages their honesty was not questioned. The horse car lasted until electricity came to the front, and with that nobody wanted to be a car conductor if he could help himself. All the fascination left the job when the horse retired from the track and went back on the milk routes.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

I am most reliably misinformed that Lackawanna Avenue once had Broadway looking like a forgotten cowpath. From the river front to the company store which stood a block or so east of the Hotel Casey, the city's principal thoroughfare in those early days was distinct, unique, in a class by itself. The buildings, the business and the street harmonized. You saw no pave holes for there was no pave. Each business house had its best line of goods in the basement and you did not have to bother with an elevator to get to it. Before each emporium was a hitching post, for many uses. You could tie the horse, the husband or the cow there. Everybody along the highway owned geese and if they had no geese they all had ducks. No other fowl could live on the street.

The natural topography made the street ideal for ducks, and the game laws for their preservation were strict. Under the penal code no man could rush more than one duck at a time, and while many men were fond of the frolic there were very few arrests for over-rushing.

For the women folks there was another diversion. It was known as "stilting." The principal stores, the big hives of commerce, joined in promoting this pastime. Full page "ads" were carried in the newspapers prior to each bargain day. Two days before the sale, each competing store dispatched a wagon, loaded down with

that will live long in the memory of the "Oldest Settlers."

Gradually "shopping on stilts" faded out as the city grew to the paved street age.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

So the place grew. Along in the eighties it began to grow an inch or more every twenty-four hours. When the humble citizen awakened of morning he found on all sides of him, building going up that he had not noticed the last time he looked their way. John Jermyn, for instance, saw all this.

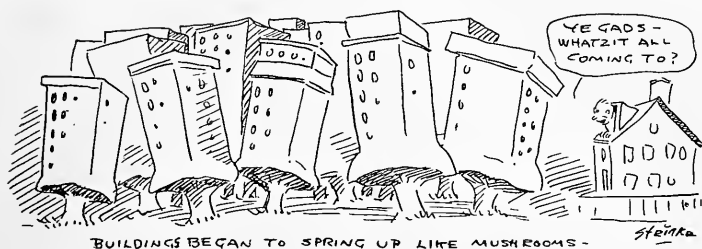


SHOPPING ON STILTS WAS THE FAD

stilts, from headquarters. The wagon distributed the stilts to the housewives and when Monday morning came they abandoned their washing.

Each good housewife adjusted her pair and pegged off the bargain cleanup. The practice was known as shopping on stilts and it was exceedingly popular. It had this advantage. The shoppers never complained of the city administration not keeping the crosswalks clean. A rush of shoppers, all on stilts, and storming an entrance to a bargain counter, made a spectacle

"I'll help it along," said he. "I'll pitch in and build up Wyoming Avenue, with a building or two, or maybe three." So Mr. Jermyn up and at it. He put up the Coal Exchange and what a hit it made? Had an elevator, too. Every lawyer and doctor wanted to get rooms in the Coal Exchange because they knew that men would sue each other hustling for a ride in the elevator, and that men, women and children would pretend illness, just to get to the "doc" via the elevator. Fine sport it was; better than the old time



excursion, that first ride on the Coal Exchange elevator.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XLV.

Down in Pottsville was a man named Thomas J. Foster. He had heard, either of the elevator or of an office building in Scranton called the Coal Exchange. Foster was editing a little paper in the interest of the miner. Hearing that the Scranton office building was called the Coal Exchange, Scranton sounded good to T. J. F.

"That for me," quoth he. "If I can land an office there, I'll switch from

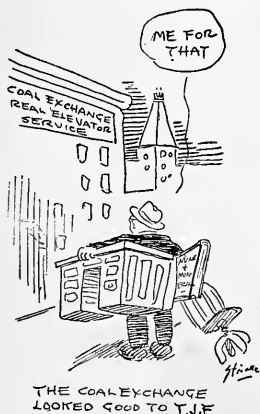
Mr. Foster was then publishing his pamphlet, "Mines and Minerals." It taught miners things miners ought to know. He taught more miners than ever, once he got planted here, and his little paper was going fine.

"Nice service for a man to be of some assistance to his fellow men" mused T. J. F. once, in a musing mood. "If I can help the miner why not let the man who is not a miner in on the other good thing too?" Whereat he mused harder than ever.

"There are a lot of men in this city who might get up a peg if they get the helping hand," the thought occurred to him. "If there are a lot in Scranton there must be a lot in every city, every town, every village, every hamlet, every spot on the globe who might get up by the same process.

The harder Mr. Foster considered the picture, the brighter was the prospect and he went to it with his best vim. Result, he figured out a scheme for every man. He had the miner down pat. His task was to prescribe for every man in every line of work and help that man along.

Thus came the International Correspondence Schools. Mr. Foster is still directing matters in this year of our Lord, A. D. 1913. He'll never stop. He used to teach a little class of miners through his little paper. He is now teaching some 1,500,000 men, boys and girls and they say that if all the I. C. S. students were to join hands in "crack-the-whip" style, the line would encircle the earth.



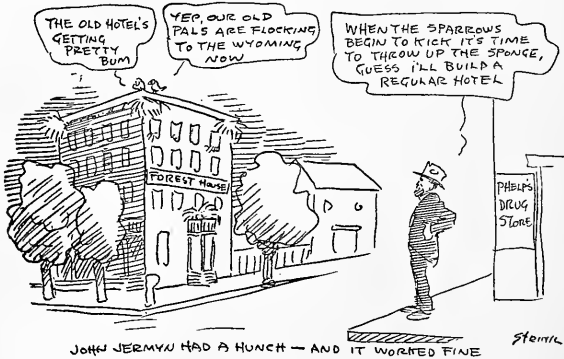
Pottsville right away." He got the office and moved his desk to the Coal Exchange, and because he did so, we landed the "I. C. S."

CHAPTER XLVI.

It would not be right to let the impression get out that all John Jermyn did was to provide an office building for T. J. Foster. Not at all. Neither Bancroft, nor myself, nor any other

place it will always hold. Fine hotel it is; a fine hotel it will always be.

While we are on this hotel subject let us finish it, and he "did." The Jermyn marked the death of the Wyoming House, too. There sure was



historian that is careful of his "rep" would let such a thing take place. I said Mr. Jermyn was there to build up the town. You bet he was. Looking over the field one morning he spotted a bevy of birds hauling their nests from the eaves of the old Forest House.

"If the sparrows are kicking on their quarters it will soon be good night guests," he reflected. At that the Forest House was about all in. It still had the shingles and the porch chairs and Merryweather, the barber, and Jack Nealis, its cab driver. But it was going down hill with age.

"I'll put up a hotel on that corner," said John Jermyn. "I'll give this town one real hotel. I won't let money stand in the way and the more it costs me, the better I'll like it. So in that John Jermynish way o' his'n he ordered his architect to get up the p'ans. Next thing the town knew, the wrecking crew was pulling down the Forest House to make way for the Hotel Jermyn.

The Jermyn jumped into a place among the best hotels in the East, a

some hotel. My, what a distinction it was for a man so fortunate as to walk down those marble stairs, and lean against the iron fence enclosing the



lawn, and nibble at a goose quill toothpick.

But even goose quill toothpicks can-



not keep a first-class hotel going. The traveling men all steered for the Jermyn, and in 1890, the Wyoming House bit the dust.

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## CHAPTER XLVII.

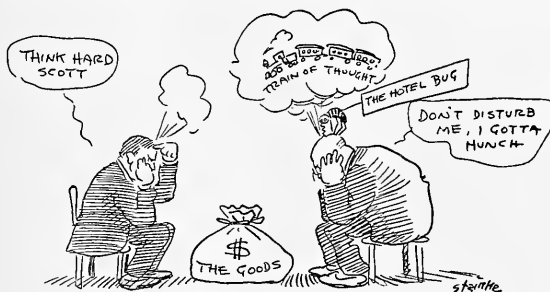
Scranton was known as a one hotel town for about twenty years. This ought not to have been but it was the case. The Jermyn was the city's only big hotel. In 1909, A. J. Casey and P. J. Casey, brothers, got to thinking, and when they began to think you

Fine hotel, too, is the Casey. Fine for the city; fine for the traveling men; fine for the builders and a fine hotel it always will be.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

The law business has been with us a long time. Away back in the 1770's our old friend Judge Rush used to hike it up from Philadelphia to Wilkes-Barre, once a month or so, and ladle out justice in honest measure. Bye and bye, Wilkes-Barre grew a crop of lawyers and set up shop for itself. Scranton



SCRANTON WAS A ONE HOTEL TOWN UNTIL THE CASEY BROTHERS GOT TO THINKING

could watch for something. They never did things by halves, quarters or fractions; only in wholes and right. They had been doing a lot of things to boost the city and there was no great surprise when it was announced that they would build a new hotel. Folks sort of settled down to the belief that if anybody would, it would be the Casey Brothers, and having settled down to this feeling folks knew, too, that when they did build, their work would stand up to any test of criticism and get by with a mark of 100 per cent.—the “perfect hotel.”

The hotel was built. It was thrown open January 21, 1911. It cost something like three-quarters of a million, maybe more. When people heard it cost that much, they said: “Worth all it cost.”

Scranton dealt exclusively in Wilkes-Barre law as long as the settlement belonged to Luzerne, but with the secession and the building and dedicating of the home court house, Scranton and Lackawanna County went in to develop lawyers to take care of the demand.

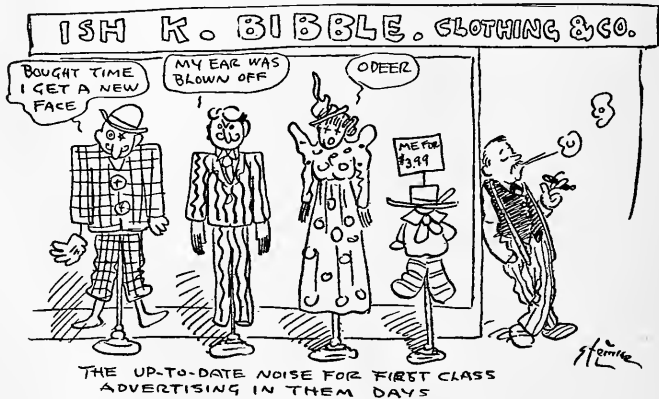
In the old days the court room was in Washington Hall—top floor of the present Samter building at Lackawanna and Penn Avenues. A session of court was a great event, but better still were the lawyers engaged in the session. In those days the lawyer's main asset was lung force. The lawyer that could talk longest and loudest was the successful Joseph Choate of those times. So the law student studied volume, wind-jamming and endurance. The idea pounded into the young man's head was that law was

incidental, the winning factor being the ability to talk loud enough to scare a jury. As soon as the lawyer had developed skill to a degree that the jurors would tremble at the turning on of the oratorical valve, that lawyer could bank on winning the verdict. So for weeks at a stretch, before the opening of court, the busy practitioner ate lemons, blew bass horns and went into the woods and shouted, "Help," with all his might. He could tell by the trembling of the leaves, when he had attained sufficient lung power to sway the "twelve men, good and true."

This style of lawyer has dropped out. There are none of them around the corner nowadays. The lawyer at the Lackawanna County bar is the

## CHAPTER XLIX.

Sartorially, the town in the old days, dressed the part. The early clothier here put Ward McAllister in the running for the championship belt for the best dressed man. Our first clothing houses were wonderful emporiums, yes indeed. The progressive outfitter never thought of making a splurge without a lineup of "dummies" to show off the clothes. Before each competing store you found a row of plaster of paris effigies, with fierce moustachios, wild shaggy eyebrows and Indian hair. They were put out front to scare the folks away, the proprietor aiming all the time, it seemed, to put the clothes on the scare crows and not on the customers. The face of the



finished, polished, thorough lawyer, the lawyer who knows his law and who has put the soft pedal on the noise feature. What's more, the Scranton lawyer gets into every branch of law known, with the possible exceptions of admiralty and international law. For every sort of question that troubles the human mind the Scranton lawyer is up on the law applicable to that question.

mannikin lasted a season or two, then crumbled like a bad job of concreting, but the clothes remained, changing shades with the seasons.

In the course of years, however, the clothing game advanced to scientific stages and the sale of clothing became an art. Now the city boasts of the best clothing houses in the United States. If you want a suit you don't have to

clip the sheep and weave a homespun garment. If you are after service, fit, style, quality and clothes that raise you to the well dressed man class you can get them at any of our Scranton Clothing Stores—Bee-leave me.

\* \* \*

#### CHAPTER L.

From a stopping place on the old north and south turnpike, Scranton has grown to be the third city in Pennsylvania. Its grist mill that employed three men, has been replaced by hundreds of industrial plants that employ 35,000 men and boys and that send their product to every part of the world. The population has grown from the few members of the Slocum family and their friends to 130,000 persons in 1910. More than 600,000 white people count the city their commercial center. Its first log cabin church was the forerunner of 125 churches, chapels and missions. Its first school that was haunted by Indians has given place to an educational system second to none in the country, a system that owns property valued at close to three million dollars, that teaches 21,800 pupils in forty-seven buildings and seventeen annexes and that employs 565 teachers. Its mines produce twenty million tons of anthracite coal every year, and the product at the mine mouth is valued at \$46,000,000. Eighteen banks and three trust companies, capitalized at close to \$5,000,000 are depositaries for the wealth of the people, and the people have in them more than \$40,000,000. Trolley tracks dot every street and bring every home into the heart of the city. The log cabins of the "first settlers" have been razed to make way for palatial residences and giant business blocks. Six theaters and a score of moving picture houses, furnish the people amusement and replace the excitement of the old Indian days. Two of the best hotels in the state provide rest and refreshment for the travelers and home folk. The biggest silk mill in the world is here, the Sauquoit. The Scranton Button

Works has the biggest plant of its kind in the world, a plant that turns out 3,000,000 buttons a day, and considers buttons only a small part of its business. The Scranton Textile Company has the biggest plant of its kind in the country. Reservoirs on the east mountain store 460 days water supply for the entire city.

The Eureka Company's plant supplies the world with trading stamps, grinding out about ten million every day.

If the "first settler" could come back and see in booming, thriving Scranton the Slocum Hollow of his day, he might well wonder. Paved streets replace the old trails and mud-rutted roads. Electric lights turn night into day. Nothing is left of the old Hollow but its history.

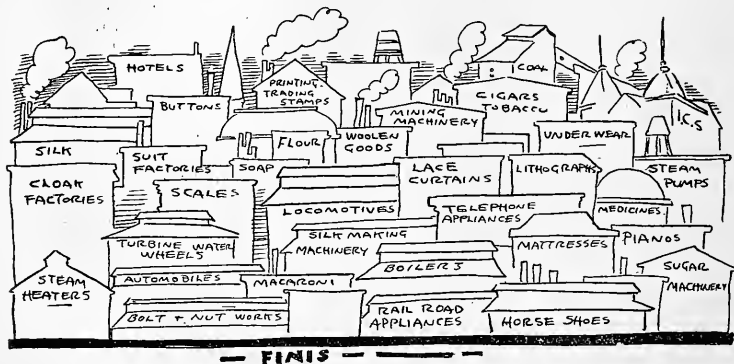
Even the pioneer miners would not know the Scranton of 1913. A half century ago mining was the only industry. Now, although the mines give employment to thousands of men, many thousands of workers find plenty to do in the hundreds of manufacturing plants whose whistles arouse the valley every morning. The heavy hardware output here is a big industry. Engines, boilers, locomotives and railroad cars are made in Scranton. Stoves, furnaces, grates, blowers, scales and screens, bolts and nuts, axles and springs, mining machinery, pumps and brass goods with the name "Scranton" chiselled in them go to all parts of the world. One-third of all the silk made in the United States is turned out in Scranton from the raw material. The Scranton Lace Mills are the biggest in the world. Piano players the world over punch Scranton made keys and get music out of our pianos. Scranton made safety lamps save lives in many mines, and are used on United States battleships in the powder magazines. Children the country over chew Scranton made candies, and men Scranton made tobacco.

Here are a few of the things turned out in Scranton shops, today, where in

the old Hollow the mill was the only industry: Abrasive wheels, advertising specialties, ale, briquettes, axles, beers, bolts and nuts, boilers, bread, brass goods, brooms and brushes, buttons, cabinet work, cars, carriages, caps and hats, cigars, cloaks and suits, coal, cut glass, doors, electrical supplies, embroidery, engraving, engines, flour, forgings, furnaces, grate bars, hides and leather, horse shoes, hydraulic machinery, iron goods, iron fences, knit goods, lace curtains, lithographs, macaroni, mattresses, mine supplies, mine lamps, mine machinery, meat packing, ostrich feathers, paper bags and boxes, pianos, plaster, plumbing

supplies, medicines, railroad supplies, rugs, scales, screens, shirts and overalls, silk, silk making machines, skirts, soap, springs, steam pumps, steam heaters, stoves, sugar machinery, telephone appliances, tobacco, toilet articles, trading stamps, turbine water wheels, underwear, wagons, whetstones and woolen goods.

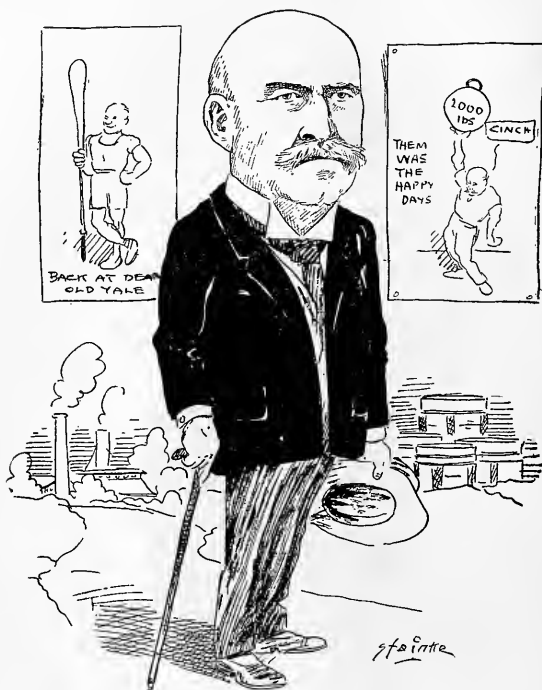
The old Hollow started small but once it got to growing it grew fast. Today Scranton is known all over the world as a mining and manufacturing city, a cool, healthy place and an ideal home community. I guess I'll stay here.





- NOW -  
- TURN OVER -  
SEE "WHO'S WHO" IN  
OUR BIG LITTLE TOWN

*Steinfle*



W. W. SCRANTON.

**W**ATER, water everywhere. Plenty of it to drink; plenty of it to bathe in; plenty of it to launder with; plenty of it to sprinkle the lawn and lay the dust in the roadway. Cold water; pure water; best water in the country. No city can live without water, and no city can get far without good water. Scranton is alive. It's going to go the limit too, and its water is going to help in the race. They talked of King Coal and King Iron, but after all the Water King is the Emperor, and W. W. Scranton is water king here. His first name stands for Water. His middle name stands for Water. He has spent the best part of his life giving Scranton good water and it is a life well spent. Everybody knows W. W. Scranton. Everybody has him figured for our leading citizen. And he delivers the goods.

The city is named after his family, and he has done more for the city than any man I have been able to meet since I came here. He keeps its thirst down; he keeps it clean; he keeps its streets free from dust. What more can you ask from any man. Yale man, 1865, bow oar of the first crew that ever beat Harvard in an university race. Strongest man that ever worked in the old Scranton steel mills, and there were some strong boys in those days. Started at the bottom and worked all the way through from barrow boy to superintendent. Went to Europe to learn the business, and been going there on and off ever since. Made the Scranton Gas and Water Company the best property of its kind in the country. Gave the town gas and electric lights, too, in the old days. Spared nothing to give Scranton good water. I'm for W. W.



HENRY BELIN, JR.

**H**ENRY BELIN, JR., is one of the big figures in the development of Scranton and of the coal industry here. For years he has supplied the powder without which coal mining is impossible. In the early days of coal mining the mine owner was confronted with one big difficulty—either he had no powder to get out the coal or the powder he might get after long delays was not as it ought to be. Henry Belin, Jr., overcame that difficulty of the operator. He made the kind of powder that was needed and wherever coal is mined the Belin powder blows it out. He is president of the Dupont Powder Company, director of the First National Bank, director of the Lackawanna Trust and Safe Deposit Company and vice-president of the Scranton Lace Curtain Company, one of the city's foremost industries. Public spirited and of a charitable disposition he has been active in Red Cross affairs and has been prominent in most movements that tended to develop the city or better the life of the community. He is a member of the Scranton Club, the Country Club and the University Club, of Philadelphia.



JAMES A. LINEN

**J**AMES A. LINEN is the dean of Scranton bankers. For close to half century he has given his time to helping make the First National Bank the biggest and most successful banking house in this end of the State. Beginning in 1865 as teller, he was made cashier three months later, at the age of twenty-five and won his way to the presidency in November, 1891. For more than twenty years president of the bank, resigning in 1913 to become Chairman of the Board of Directors. No man here has more intimate knowledge of financial conditions. Born in Greenfield township, June 23, 1840. Educated in the public schools of New York and High School and Academy of Newark. Entered Wall Street Notebroker's office at seventeen and stayed there until the call to arms. Enlisted Twenty-Sixth New Jersey Infantry, 1862. Elected second lieutenant and later first lieutenant and honorably discharged after nine months' service. Eighteen months cash clerk in quartermaster's department, Central Kentucky district. Elected to board of managers of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad in 1906. Pioneer baseball player. The real Mathewson of the old days. In the Summer of 1863, pitched for the All Nine of Newark, against Philadelphia All Nine and beat them 9 to 6. McBride and Pratt pitched for Philadelphia. No professionals those days. The same Summer went in the box for the Sixth Corps against the Third Corps for Army championship, and whipped the Third out of sight. Started first baseball nine in Scranton. Botsford, of Second National, was his catcher. Game got so exciting that Messrs. Botsford and Linen held a special extraordinary meeting to decide whether to give up banking or baseball. Baseball was the loser, and banking was a big winner.





#### HON. H. M. EDWARDS

SCRANTON honors its President-Judge of Lackawanna County—H. M. Edwards. No man in the community is more esteemed by all classes of people. No man is more honored and none is better beloved for his great kindness and mercy. For twenty years he has sat on the bench, and in the 1913 election the people of the county chose him unanimously for another term. Years ago when he was "Harry" Edwards, brilliant, forceful young attorney, he made a great record as a lawyer. For more than a generation he has been a public speaker in demand at every function, big or little. His big heart has made him to lean towards the merciful where such leaning might be just, and it has been the experience of the Bar that Judge Edwards would rather send a young man or old man to his home, with advice to make a new start, than send him to prison, unless the crime demanded prison. His broad knowledge of the law helps make the Lackawanna bench one of the best in the country.



## DR. DAVID B. HAND

EVERYBODY knows Dr. D. B. Hand. Babies in every part of the world have come to like the kindly-looking face on the medicine bottles that have soothed the infantile pains. As far back as the oldest resident can remember, he was a big man in Scranton. Big in the medical world and big in the business field as well. Years ago he was impressed in his practice by the ills of infants and he spent many nights and days perfecting a medicine that would relieve the troubles of the tots. Now he spends most of his time on a modern farm in Waverly, near Dalton, and the corn he raises is in demand on every table. He is a director of the United States Lumber Company; the Newman Lumber Company; the Mississippi Central Railroad; the Peck Lumber Company; the South Lincoln Coal Company and fifteen other corporations. He is a thirty-second degree Mason, a Shriner and is prominent in a number of fraternal organizations. He says himself that "Work, Hard Work and Sick Babies" are his hobbies and that farming is his favorite sport.



GENERAL FREDERIC W. FLEITZ.

ONCE in a while one meets a man that he wants to call friend,—a big, broad, brainy man who has the punch to his work and the get-there stuff—whose word is always good and who is never too busy to do his fellow man a favor,—that's General Frederic W. Fleitz. He is the sort of citizen that is good for any community. President of a big bank, the Anthracite Trust Company, and making it bigger every day. One of the biggest lawyers in Pennsylvania, with busy law offices in this city and Harrisburg, and clients all over the State. Absolutely square professionally, financially, politically and personally, a firm friend and a courageous foe. Born in Wellsboro, March 1, 1867. He taught school after finishing his studies at Mansfield State Normal School. Spent four years in the Rockies, Alaska and Mexico, teaching, hunting, prospecting, engineering, ranching and stage driving. Admitted to the bar in Wellsboro at twenty-one. Came to Scranton in 1891 and in 1894 associated himself in the law business with Judge J. W. Carpenter. Went in for active politics early. Clerk of the State Legislature 1887-1897, and President Republican State League 1899-1900. Chairman of the Republican State Convention in 1903 and a party leader in Lackawanna for the past fifteen years. Noted as a campaign orator and has stumped Pennsylvania and the Middle West in various campaigns. Was Deputy Attorney-General under Governors Stone, Pennypacker and Stuart, 1898-1909. Youngest man to hold that important position. Is director of the Scranton Savings & Dime Bank; the Title Guaranty & Surety Company; director and general counsel for the Scranton Life Insurance Company; director and President of the Anthracite Trust Company; trustee of the Taylor Hospital and the Scranton State Hospital. Member of the Scranton Club, Scranton Press Club, Scranton Country Club, Harrisburg Club, Masons, O'dd Fellows, Heptasophs, Woodmen of America, and many big fishing clubs. Practices law actively in Scranton and Harrisburg; does a little hunting and lots of fishing; says he is out of politics, but when anything big is doing the wise ones always drop in on the General.



JAMES A. LINEN, JR.

WHO pulled the Scranton Steam Pump Company out of a hole, and kept the works going for Scranton people? Why young James A. Linen, of course.

Best record of any Receiver in the district, they'll tell you in the Federal Court. Just took the works and put it on its feet, when everybody else had failed, is what he did. Now he's vice-president and treasurer, and making it go better than ever before.

Takes the young fellow these days. When it comes to money problems, he's his father's son, and everybody knows his father—president of the First National for years and years. Let's see what else the son does—Oh, yes! vice-president and director United Service Company—(great big concern); trustee public charities of Pennsylvania since 1912; private in the Thirteenth Regiment, Company A. Base ball fan and player, too, and terror at tennis. Williams' college, man, 1907. And all ready to go into council and straighten out the affairs of the city—Yep, and only twenty-nine years old at that, and a regular Burbank when it comes to making fancy fruits and produce grow on a farm.



### HON. EDMUND B. JERMYN

SCRANTON has had many mayors since it grew from a town to a city, but it has had none of whom it was more proud than our present executive, Mayor E. B. Jermyn. The city turned out last year and gave him the biggest majority of votes any candidate ever received here. They liked the stand he took on running a city—the stand that a city is like a business and should be run that way. He has produced results, too. The streets are cleaner, the city is safer from fire or lawlessness than ever before. Men on the city payroll are getting to work on time and doing the work they are paid to do. Results and not political influence are demanded in City Hall, which has been cleaned out by the mayor as he promised in his campaign. And that campaign—well it was the mayor's first bow in politics, but it was a whirlwind and will long stand as the most successful ever conducted in this city. Besides being Mayor, His Honor does a few men's work every day and doesn't shirk his city duties either. He is superintendent of Jermyn & Co., operators of coal mines in Old Forge. President of the Archbald bank and the Traders' Coal Company. Belongs to the Masonic bodies, the Country Club, the Scranton Club, the Engineers' Club, the Bicycle Club, the Rod and Gun Club, the Canoe Club, the United Sportsmen, the Westmoreland Club of Wilkes-Barre, and the City Club, of Oswego, N. Y. Men who know him say there is no better friend in the world than Mayor E. B. Jermyn and everybody in the city is wishing him well in the difficult job of conducting the multitudinous affairs of 150,000 people and trying to please every one of them every day of his life.



ALFRED E. CONNELL

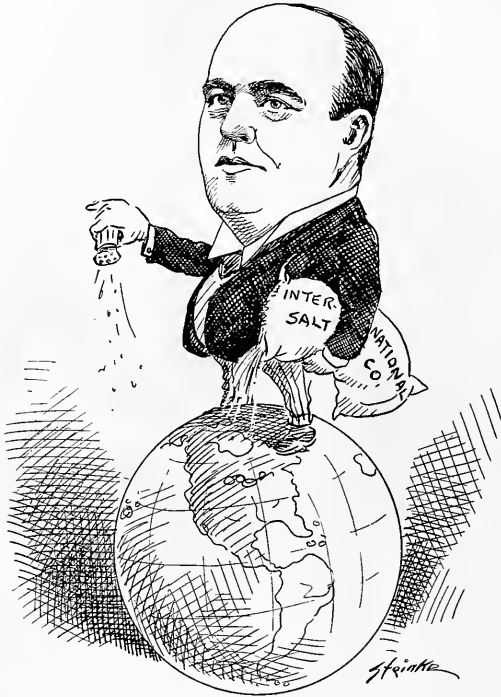
THERE'S one office in the Connell Building where the sun is always shining. No dark corners there for the smallest grouch to hide. And at the main desk Alfred E. Connell sits. Get to know him. Good nature is his middle name. Nobody ever saw him angry yet and nobody ever will, I guess. Does a lot of work, too. President of the Meadow Brook Land Co.; former President of the Board of Associated Charities and Humane Society, and most kind hearted man in that organization. Director of the Anthracite Trust Company, Lackawanna Mills and Scranton Button Company. Member of the Peter Williamson Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, and Couer de Lion Commandery, Knights Templar, Country Club, Scranton Club and Blooming Grove Club. Knows how to handle a gun and is one of the best fishermen in the county. At the baseball game, he is always with the crowd that roots for the home team, just as in everything he does he is a booster for his home town.



T. J. FOSTER.

**K**NEW T. J. Foster before I ever came here. One day a dapper young man told me all about him and his schools. Wanted me to quit my \$8 a week job, and get in the salary class. Most of the boys down home, in the place I worked those days, heeded the dapper young man, and quit the night street crowd. Soon they were foremen or bosses or superintendents or owners of the plants. Sort of stuck to me, this name, T. J. Foster, and first place I looked for when I came here was his International Correspondence Schools. Then I knew that dapper young man was on the level. He had the goods all the time.

Scranton is proud of T. J. Foster. He did more for the city than Rand and McNally ever did. He sure put the old town on the map of the world. Just an idea, he had, and he worked it out. The world needs educating, says T. J. to himself down in Pottsville one day, as he wrote an editorial for the old Colliery Engineer, a miners' paper. He came here where the most miners live and branched out. Soon he was teaching a course in mining engineering. Now he'll teach you anything no matter whether you are Caucasian, Mongolian or Slav. Has a million colleges in his head all the time, and millions of people the world over are daily thanking him for giving them the lift. Biggest employer of learned help in the state. Good business man, too, and a wonder for making friends and holding them. I'm sorry I didn't listen to that dapper young man in the old days down home.



**MORTIMER B. FULLER**

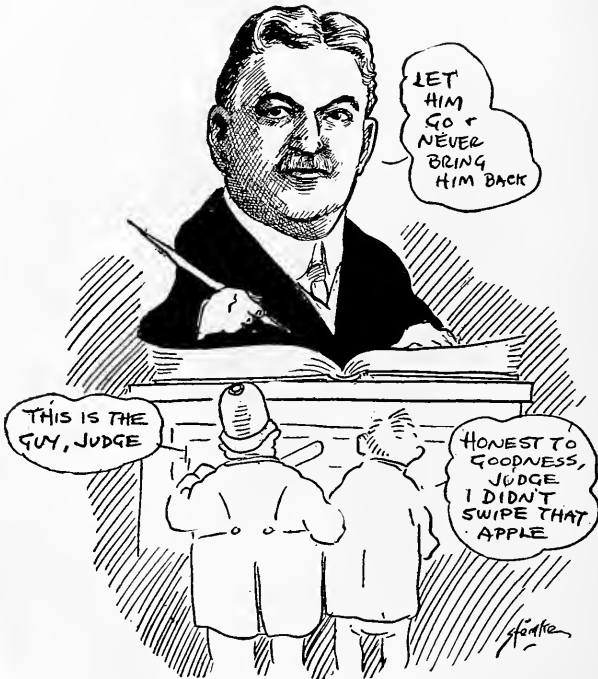
FROM his desk in the Connell Building, Mortimer B. Fuller, one of Scranton's leading young business men, directs a business that reaches everywhere in the United States—the International Salt Company. Under his guidance this organization has met with the highest success, and is going a long way towards supplying the world with one of the things without which no man may live. He is president of the International and all its subsidiary and allied corporations; president of the Empire Limestone Company; president of the Genesee and Wyoming Railroad; director of the Scranton Savings and Dime Bank; director of the Young Men's Christian Association; trustee and treasurer of the State Hospital; director of the Columbia National Bank, of Buffalo; member of the Scranton Club, Country Club, of Scranton; Union League, of New York; Railroad Club, and Princeton Club, of New York; Engineers' Club, of New York; Nassau Club, of Princeton, and the Buffalo Club. Hard work is one of the secrets of his success. But with all his work he finds time to help many a man and many men esteem him for the helping hand so kindly extended. In his few idle hours he is one of the crack tennis players of the Country Club, and he knows where to go to get the big fish and big game.





RALPH E. WEEKS

SCRANTON has many boosters. During the past year or so home-loving citizens have given their time and money to making the city grow—to being boosters, in fact. But if anybody wants to know the chief of the boosters, the leader in the fight for a bigger and better city, Ralph E. Weeks is the man. President of the Scranton Board of Trade for two terms and leader in the \$1,000,000 industrial development fund campaign. Made it a success like everything else he works for. Only a young man, too, and one of the busiest in the city. Born in Skaneateles, N. Y., February 9, 1878. Attended district school and in 1895 graduated from Skaneateles High School. Came to Scranton with his diploma and got a job assistant bookkeeper at the Foote & Shear Hardware Store. Three years later was elected treasurer of the company and in 1902 was made president. In 1908 the Weeks Hardware Company, Mr. Weeks, president, took over the business and it has been growing faster ever since. In 1905 organized the Ralph E. Weeks Company, wholesalers of plumbers' and sheet metal workers' supplies and is president of that company. Has been for years one of the leading spirits in the Young Men's Christian Association and was treasurer and hardest worker in the \$170,000 building campaign last year. Is a steward of Elm Park church and has been for years a leader in the Sunday School work there. Elected president of the Board of Trade in 1913 and again this year. The members would not hear of his quitting after his piloting the Board through the most successful year in its history. Membership today, bigger than ever before. The million dollar campaign has made Mr. Weeks a figure in Scranton history as long as history is written. Fond of outdoor sports and recreation, active in the Amateur Athletic Union and a member of the city Recreation Bureau, created under the present administration.



### HON. JAMES J. O'NEILL

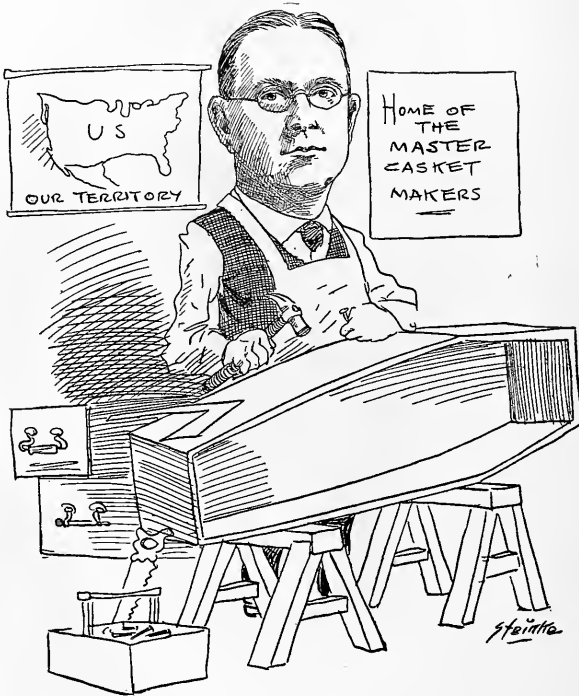
EVERY so often Carbondale selects one of her leading citizens for high honors, and the selection is always so good that the entire county goes along on it.

Several years ago James J. O'Neill was the man the Pioneer City chose to honor and with'n a few months he was elevated to the Lackawanna county bench, one of the four common pleas court judges. Judge O'Neill was born in Carbondale. Studied law and was admitted to the Wayne County bar. Lured back by Lackawanna he was admitted to the bar here in 1884. He showed his worth and was elected district attorney and later was named county solicitor. Twice Carbondale elected him mayor and in 1909 the entire county joined in making him judge. No man has more friends than Judge O'Neill. No man more deserves the name gentleman than this judge and no judge has a broader understanding of human nature.



BENJAMIN H. THROOP

BEING Scranton's richest young man has its drawbacks, but Benjamin H. Throop doesn't let them worry him very much. Goes along doing his work like other men and enjoys his recreation more than most. His money is a magnet to the stock salesmen, but they never get past his wonderful power to detect the flaws in a financial proposition. Just past his majority, too, and came into a lot of millions of currency a few years ago, but did not let it spoil his good nature and naturally likable character and disposition. Making Scranton famous the world over as a home for high bred German police dogs. Has in his kennels in this city and his Summer place at Elmhurst imported German dogs that win ribbons without trying. Fancier of cattle, too, and has a herd of prize-winning Guernseys, and one of the finest equipped dairy farms in the country. Has paid thousands of dollars for single animals in his herd and has no superior in judging the merits of Guernsey cattle. Throop dogs at Elmhurst have been taught German and refuse to learn English so the only master's voice they know must ejaculate German gutterals. When the dogs feel a little off color they have been trained to report at the steam heated dog hospital on the Elmhurst estate and stay there until they recover. But Mr. Throop does not let his hobbies interfere with his business and the way he handles his vast estate has caused amazement among older men who believe themselves financiers and predicted that the young man would not be able to handle big affairs the way he handles them. Got his ability from a sturdy stock and Scranton people still remember his grandfather, Dr. B. H. Throop, who was one of the real builders of the city.



MAURICE T. MILLER

SCRANTON has many men who are making the city known all over the country for its products and who are giving all their time to building up big, substantial business houses, but there is none who is doing his work better than Maurice T. Miller, head of the T. M. Miller Casket Company, of the immense new Miller building in the 600 block Wyoming avenue. No establishment of its kind in the country turns out better work or is conducted on a better business basis. And the good work, and the good business system, show in the steady growth of the company which is taking in more territory every day and bringing more and more money into Scranton for distribution among the employees of the house. In business circles Maurice T. Miller is conceded one of the shrewdest and fairest of the city's younger business men, and socially, few people here have more friends.



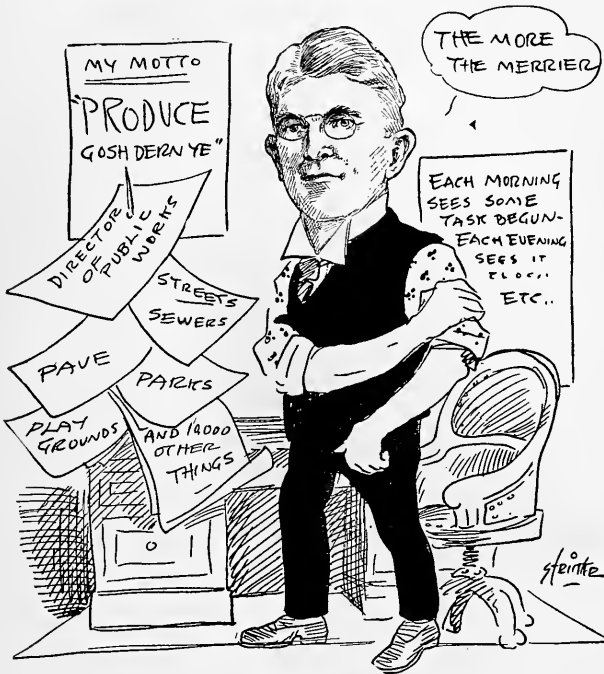
### JOHN R. EDWARDS

**J**OHAN R. EDWARDS is one of Scranton's young men who has demonstrated that there is always room for a young lawyer, and always a chance for a young man who knows the law and who keeps working to fight his way to the top. He gives his whole time to his profession and the rapidly increasing practice and uniform success at the bar is the best evidence that his time is not wasted. Be his case civil or criminal, he tackles it with all the zest that is in him and he wins his cases on his merits. A good mixer, he has more friends than most men and he is always welcome in any company, for the friendliness and good nature that make up the 100 per cent of his disposition. He's an active member of the Scranton Lodge of Elks, member of the Hyde Park Lodge of Masons, the Chapter and the Commandery. One of the all season rooters for the home baseball team, and one of few real fishermen in the community.



FRED K. DERBY

ONE thing we all know is that Scranton never had a younger Director of Public Safety, and we are all coming to know that the city never had a better man at the head of the police, fire, health and other safety bureaus. Only a few months on the job yet, but just like every other job he tackled, Director Derby made good from the start. The fire department is better equipped to put fires out, the police are a better drilled and more efficient body than ever before and the same high degree of efficiency runs all through the department. The Director was born in Plymouth in 1882 but has lived in Scranton nearly all his life. Educated in the public schools, he took up mining engineering and when sixteen years old went West to see the country, working as a surveyor in Arizona and California. Returning he went to work for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company in the mining department, and was with that company fifteen years, working his way up to ventilation inspector of the first district and mine foreman at the Brishin colliery. Did it by working 365 days a year and enjoying the work, and says himself that his training in the Lackawanna county school of hard knocks helped him a lot. Likes to hunt and fish and run an auto and made a record at football in his school days. Belongs to the Engineers' Club but gives all his time to promoting the efficiency of the Department of Public Safety and is considered one of the most efficient members of Mayor E. B. Jermy's cabinet.



JOHN G. HAYES

SCRANTON has no better type of self-made man than Director of Public Works John G. Hayes. An orphan since he was three years old he has worked his way to success and to the highest respect of the community and has the reputation of being one of the most expert mining and lumber men in the country. To the Public Works Department he has brought his knowledge of men and systematized work and the entire city is the better for it. Born in Elmira and educated in the public schools he was teaching a country school near that city in 1884. In 1885 he went with the Erie railroad as baggage master at Painted Post, N. Y., and six months later took a job as lumber scaler for Stanton, Crandall & Co., at Gang Mills, Pa. A year in the lumber business and he came to Jermyon to work for J. L. Crawford, then general superintendent for the Simpson & Watkins Coal Mining Company. Made a record on the surveying corps and in 1894 was appointed assistant to Mr. Crawford at the Wyoming Valley Coal Company's collieries in Wilkes-Barre. When the Temple Iron Company bought out the Simpson & Watkins interests in 1899, Mr. Hayes was made superintendent of the Sterrick Creek and Lackawanna collieries in Peckville and stayed there until 1891 when with Mr. Crawford and James G. Shepherd he purchased the Oxford colliery in West Scranton. General manager of that colliery of the Peoples' Coal Company until December, 1913, when a New York syndicate bought it. Mr. Hayes has done engineering work and timber cruising in nearly every state in the union and has travelled across the country a dozen times in the past four years. Is interested in timber lands in British Columbia, Washington and Oregon. On December 4, 1913, he purchased the Minooka Coal Company and is its president and general manager. Owing to the colliery being in a development state he accepted the Directorship of Public Works under Mayor Jermyon the first of January, 1914. Lives in West Scranton. The Director is a member of the Knights of Columbus, C. M. B. A., Scranton Club, Engineers' Club, and Scranton Board of Trade and a director of the Keystone Bank. Work and playing pinochle are his hobbies and he is a winner at both.



ROSWELL H. PATTERSON

IT would be hard to find a man who has a broader knowledge of civil and corporation law than Roswell H. Patterson. Since he was admitted to the Lackawanna county bar in 1885 he has taken part in many of the big civil cases originating in this county, and gained especial prominence in the Crawford will contest, one of the most famous cases ever tried in this State. His knowledge of corporation law has been invaluable in the formation of many of the city's big establishments and in the conduct of their business. Like all public-spirited men, he has taken an active interest in politics, but has never stood for office. A Republican always, without scallops of any kind, he has stood by his party and has guided more than one political campaign to success at the polls. Mr. Patterson was born in Waymart, Wayne county, Pa., in 1860. After going through the public schools he attended the Delaware Literary Institute, Delaware County, New York, and in 1883 got his degree at Cornell University. Studied law at the University of Pennsylvania and was admitted to the bar in this county. He is largely interested in the development of water companies and has big timber interests in West Virginia and the Pacific Coast. He is a great traveller and has visited very many foreign countries. Always liked a good horse and before the autos began spoiling the roads for driving, his roadsters were the best in harness. Did something at football and baseball in his college days. He is a member of the Scranton Club, Country Club, Scranton Board of Trade, New England Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania, Cornell Alumni Association, Pennsylvania Society of New York, State Bar Association, American Bar Association, Wyoming Commemorative Association, and all the Masonic bodies; director of many local institutions including the Traders' National Bank and the Scranton Trust Company.





GEORGE WOOD ANDERSON, D. D.

**R**EV. GEORGE WOOD ANDERSON, D. D., pastor of Elm Park Methodist Episcopal Church, has won the title, Scranton's fighting pastor. Wherever the devil rears his head, there you will find Dr. Anderson pitching into the king of iniquity and tying a few knots in his tail before the battle is done. It was Dr. Anderson who started and won the crusade against commercialized vice in Scranton and his work has done much towards compelling a better observance of the liquor laws of the State. Knowing he was in the right in his war on vice, he cast aside all old fangled ideas of fighting the evil and went out and got the goods, so to speak, before declaring public war. Has won fame as a lecturer, and his sermons are being syndicated. He is writing a book on social conditions and has from time to time contributed articles to the standard magazines. His sermons have the "punch" and are always eagerly listened to and heeded. Dr. Anderson is an Ohio man. He has had four churches—Lima, O., Troy, N. Y., St. Louis, Mo., and Elm Park. Came here in 1912 and has married since he came here. Member of the Country Club and finds rest and recreation in golfing, fishing and light farm work.



### DAVID PRICHARD

SOMEbody introduced me to Dave Prichard the night I was initiated into the United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania. Ever since then I've been proud to call David Prichard my friend. It's a pipe he's the best of good fellows when an organization like the Sportsmen will elect him state president. One has to be a real man to stand the test of that gang, but every member of the organization was glad to drop the vote in the box for Dave. He's the proof of that one about merit winning. Born in Glamorganshire, South Wales, in 1858, and educated at Ardwyn Academy, Aberystwyth and the University of Wales, he spent three years apprenticed to the tea business in London before he came to America in 1881. Was purser for four years on the Atlas steamship line sailing to South America and the West Indies, and went back to the tea business in 1885. Now he represents the big wholesale houses of Ross W. Weir & Co., New York, and the Baum-Jaffe Company, of Philadelphia. Scottish rite Mason and member of the Scranton Club. Has been very active in the conservation of the wild bird and animal life and was chiefly responsible for the passage of the Hunters' license law. Just to show how much the Sportsmen like Dave Prichard they unanimously re-elected him state president at the 1913 convention—had to amend the constitution to do it. At the 1914 convention, he was again elected. Mighty hard job to find a sportsman of Dave's caliber.



## JOHN R. WILLIAMS

**L**OVERS of horses all over the country thank J. R. Williams for saving the animals many a fall in icy streets. They thank him, too, for saving them many a dollar on the horse shoes he sends all over the world and the name "Scranton" with them. For the Williams Drop Forging Company is one of the manufactories that is advertising the city and bringing new factories here. The adjustable horse shoe calks and general line of forgings the company turns out are the superior of anything in their line. Mr. Williams is a big man in the Masonic bodies, a member of Keystone Consistory, the Shrine and the Temple Club, and a member and singer, too, down at the Liederkrantz. He's never more contented than when holding the reins on a horse that knows how to step, although once in a while he's about nine-tenths satisfied with motoring.



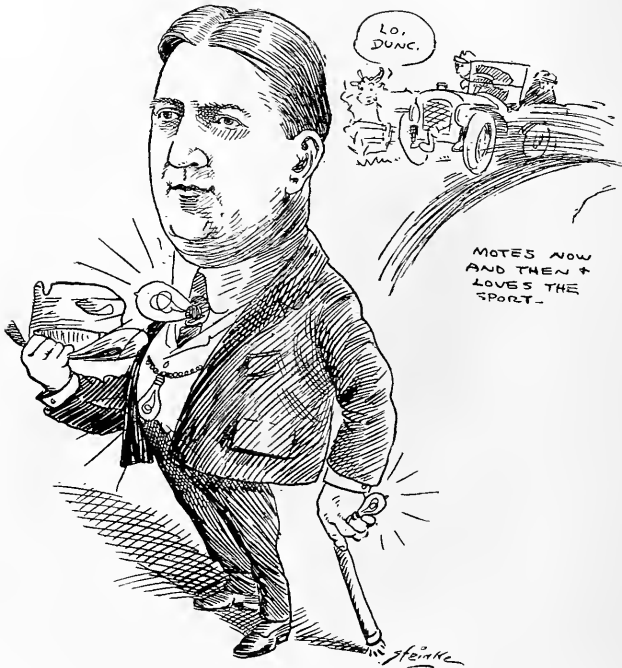
GEORGE EDWARD STEVENSON.

WHEREVER men are interested in the breeding of blooded cattle, the name George Edward Stevenson is known, for he is the only man in the world who owns a herd of Polled Holstein-Friesian cattle. Throughout Pennsylvania folks know him also for his ability as a mining and consulting engineer. Member of the firm of Stevenson & Knight, of Scranton, and lives at Waverly. Belongs to the Engineers' Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania, the American Society of Mining Engineers, the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, is president of the Pennsylvania Holstein-Friesian Association and secretary of the Pennsylvania Live Stock Breeders' Association. One of the foremost students of Darwin and Mendel and a recognized authority on the works of those scientists. Began his experiments with polled cattle in 1884 and his herds contain none but pure breeds, Registered and Advance Registered stock. One of his polled cows has the world's record for milk and butter. Mr. Stevenson is a direct descendant of Thomas Stevenson, an English Quaker, who settled in Newton, L. I., in the 1600's. He carries the strength of character of his Quaker ancestors and has definite views on most subjects. His attitude as a man who wants to serve his state was shown in an open letter published in the Scranton and Philadelphia newspapers and which did much to defeat the \$50,000,000 road bond issue proposed by the Legislature in 1913. His contributions to the leading Engineering magazines as well as to various agricultural journals, display both his literary ability and his technical knowledge.



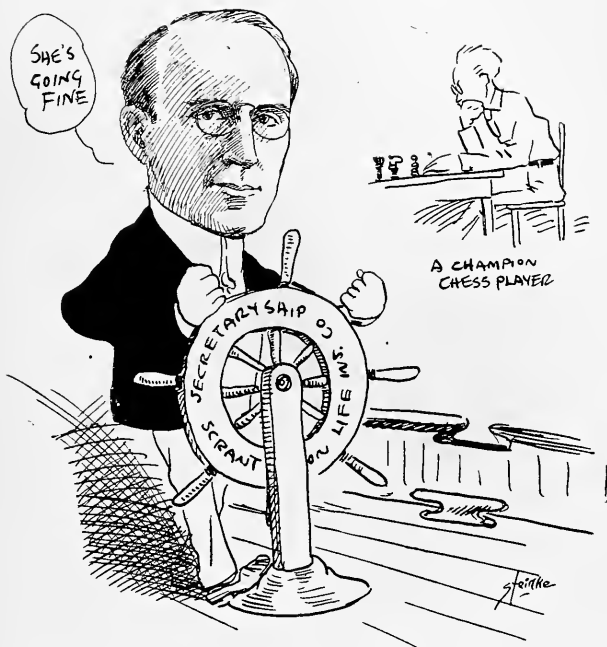
#### MADISON F. LARKIN.

SCRANTON is known the country over for many things, but for none has it a much wider fame than for being the home of Madison F. Larkin, Prohibitionist, first, last and all the time. Believes in the cause and is always willing to fight for it. Wherever men are needed on the firing line you'll find Madison F. Larkin in the thick of the fray of the cold water men and his unflinching good nature and real enthusiasm have cheered up the workers in many a fight. Candidate for United States Senate now and making votes every day. Been a candidate for Congress, for Governor, and other offices and always put up a fight that made friends for him. Outside of his politics is one of the busiest men in the city, too. Holds the big jobs of Comptroller of the International Correspondence Schools and treasurer of the Scranton Life Insurance Company. Pillar of the Elm Park Church and leader in the Sunday school work. Active in every movement for good and so much a city booster that he has for years held the position of treasurer of the Scranton Board of Trade. Spent his younger days in the West, cow-punching and roughing it and has many a story to tell of his experiences in the "wild and woolly."



#### DUNCAN T. CAMPBELL.

**L**IGHTING Scranton and making the wheels of its industries hum—that's what Duncan T. Campbell, vice-president and general manager of the Scranton Electric Company is doing. He is doing his work in two ways. Making and selling the electric current for light and power and working as hard as any man in the city for the growth and development of Scranton. Has a personality as bright as the light he sells and a business sense as live as the livest wire that carries the current. Right man in the right place is the verdict of all who know him. Born in Scotland. Came to America young. Was an electric salesman in the West and was transferred to Scranton to help build up the business. Six years ago was made manager and last year elected to the vice-presidency of the Scranton Electric Company. Is a director of the Scranton Board of Trade and morning, noon and night a booster for Scranton.



#### WILLIAM E. NAPIER.

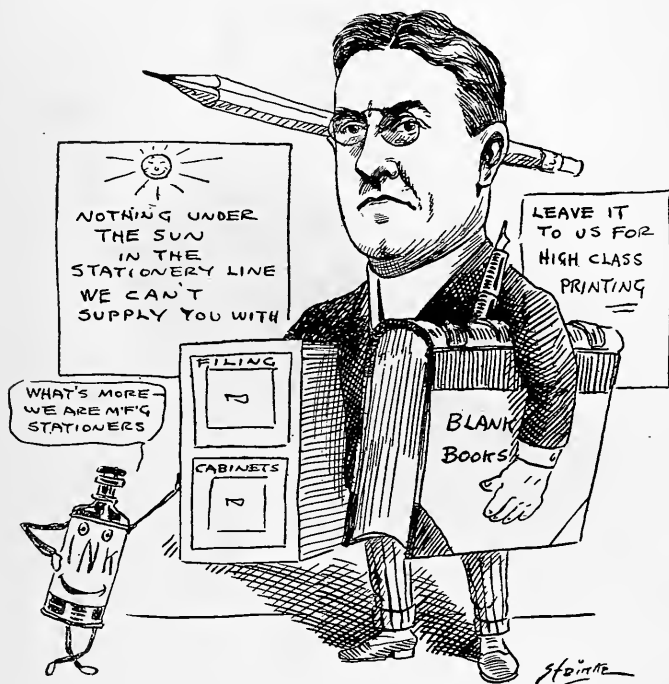
EVERY day in the year you'll find in the offices of the Scranton Life Insurance Company a hard working, competent man, his fingers always on the pulse of the company's affairs. He will talk with you and you will go away with the conviction that he is a man who knows his business and who is a big factor in the remarkable success of his company. The man is William E. Napier, secretary of the Scranton Life. Came here when the company was new and has been helping build it up ever since, devoting all his time to the work. Formerly he was secretary of the Bankers' Life Insurance Company, of New York, and before that was a crack newspaperman, writing for papers in seven different countries. He's a chess player of renown and has held the title of English champion. Several times he defeated Marshall, the word champ. Besides he is a pianist and vocalist and a very skilful pool player. Traveled all over the world and once went to Iceland to get a story for a Pittsburgh paper. Belongs to the Scranton Club, the Scranton Press Club and is a Fellow of the American Institute of Actuaries.



#### WILLIAM KELLY

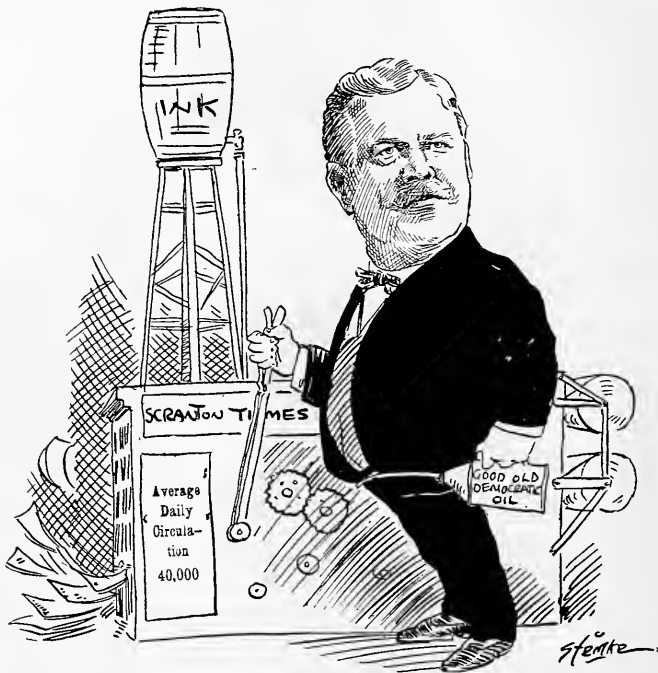
**G**ROWING with the city and helping the city grow is about the best way to describe William Kelly, brewer and real estate man, whose offices are in the Connell building. Not so many years ago, when Scranton was casting off its small city clothes and getting ready to step into the big city class, it was William Kelly who had enough foresight and faith in his home town, to build a modern apartment house, the first and the best in Northeastern Pennsylvania. Other men said the project was not feasible, that Scranton was not metropolitan enough for a model apartment building, but Mr. Kelly went ahead and the success of the Florence Apartments on Adams avenue proves that he was right, and scores of families thank him for giving them ideal places in which to live. William Kelly is one of the most substantial men in the brewing business in this end of the State. For years he was associated with the Casey & Kelly Brewing Company, selling out in the late nineties to the Pennsylvania Central Brewing company, of which he became vice-president, an office he still holds. Horses have long been his hobby and his saddle horses and roadsters have been the best blooded animals ever brought to this city.





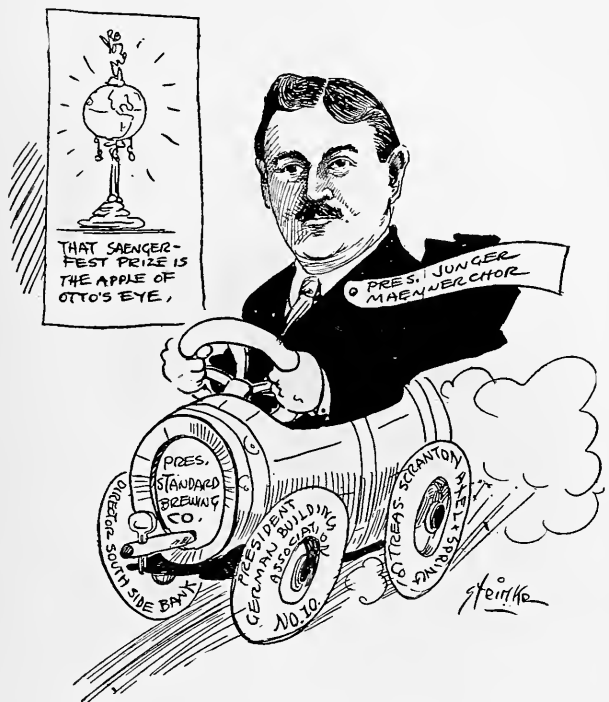
### R. E. PRENDERGAST.

**B**ACK in 1897 R. E. Prendergast saw that Scranton needed an up-to-date manufacturing stationery establishment and he proceeded to give this city what it needed. Today there is no more complete store of its kind in the country and in addition he has one of the most modern printing and engraving plants in the East. Born in Kingston, Pa., 1863. Attended Wyoming Seminary. Went to Wilkes-Barre and worked for several years but saw bigger opportunities in Scranton and came here in 1882. Bookkeeper for Levy Bros. and Company at first. Went to same position with the Scranton Republican and then to the Scranton Packing Company where he was advanced to assistant manager and to manager. Started present business October 7, 1897, and bought the Republican building for \$150,000 on July 2, 1912. Made a good record as city councilman years ago. Belongs to the Scranton Club, Bicycle Club, Scranton Board of Trade and the Masonic bodies, thirty-second degree and Shriners.



EDWARD J. LYNETT.

**O**WNER of the biggest newspaper in the State, outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg; most influential Democrat in Northeastern Pennsylvania; successful business man; good citizen and friend of the people—that's Edward J. Lynett, owner and editor of the Scranton Times. Bigger capacity for work than most men and applies his efforts where they count. His life is a story of hard work and continued success. Born in Dunmore in 1857, he was a pupil at the public schools, but like most boys of that time worked in the breaker and around the mines. Became a clerk in the Mayor's court, now defunct, and in 1876 took a short course at Miller-ville State Normal School. Entered the law offices of D. W. and J. F. Connolly, but quit there after a year to go reporting on the Sunday Free Press. Became editor and manager of that publication. Bought the Times in 1895. Then the Times had a circulation of 3,000. Now it has over 40,000 a day. It was housed in the court back of Hotel Jermyn. Today it has the handsomest newspaper home in the State. The pen of its editor has ever been at the call of the people and he has always been ready and willing to fight their battles. The circulation tells the story of the victory. Mr. Lynett was a school director, auditor and Burgess of Dunmore. He was secretary of the Scranton Poor District thirteen years; member of the first board of auditors of Lackawanna County; delegate to Democratic National conventions in 1900, 1908 and 1912, being delegate-at-large in 1912. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Anthracite Mine Cave Commission named by Governor Tener. Chairman of the National Affairs Committee of the Scranton Board of Trade; president of the Paragon Plaster Company; president of the Diamond Oil and Paint Company and vice-president of the Scranton Savings and Dime Bank.



OTTO J. ROBINSON

**F**EW corporations have had the successful career from the beginning that the Standard Brewing Company of this city has enjoyed. From the day it opened the company made a place for itself and its growth has never stopped. Not so long ago it was found necessary to double the size of the plant, so big had the business increase been. Everybody knows that the success of any concern rests entirely on the capability of its officers, and it follows that Otto J. Robinson, president and active head of the Standard deserves much of the credit for the success of the institution. He comes from a family of brewers and has made a life-long study of the business. Born in Scranton, over on the South Side, in centennial year, 1876, the son of Philip Robinson, he has spent his life here. Graduated from the public schools and business college and then entered the brewing business. Served a term on the School Board under the old ward representation system. Finds time to be a director of the South Side bank; president of the German Building Association, No. 10; treasurer Scranton Axle and Spring Company, and treasurer of the Richfield Copper Company. A born lover of music he is one of the leaders in the Junger Mannerchor of South Scranton, and has been its president for five years. Resides at 317 Arthur avenue, in a home he recently built and that is one of the handsomest in town. And a rooter for the home baseball team—well, if you go down to Athletic Park at all you know he is.



#### HON. JOHN P. KELLY.

THE ambition of a big percentage of lawyers is to be honored by a seat on the bench and spend the rest of their life there. The first part of that ambition may have been Judge John P. Kelly's but as for spending the rest of his life there, he has always been too busy and too progressive a man to be satisfied without getting farther ahead all the time. Also there are hundreds of clients of his who are satisfied with no other attorney and who wanted him to return to private practice after he became judge. It's only a first-class lawyer that has clients of that kind. Judge Kelly is an Olyphant boy and was born there in 1862. He finished in the Scranton High school in 1879 and studied law with A. H. Winton and John B. Collings. Admitted to the bar in April, 1883, and formed a partnership with Joseph O'Brien in 1888. That partnership is today considered one of the leading firms in the State. Judge Kelly was a member of the State Legislature in 1889-90 and District Attorney in 1891-2-3. On April 13, 1900, he was appointed additional law judge by Gov. Stone and elected to that office the same year. Resigned in 1908 to return to private practice. The Lackawanna County Bar has never produced a more capable lawyer than Judge Kelly. He has no peer here as a cross-examiner and lawyers who are opposed to him have every reason to fear the keen and analytical brain for which he is noted. Also Lackawanna County has never produced a man better liked for his honesty and manhood. Gives most of his time to the law but spares enough to be a director of the Scranton Trust Company.



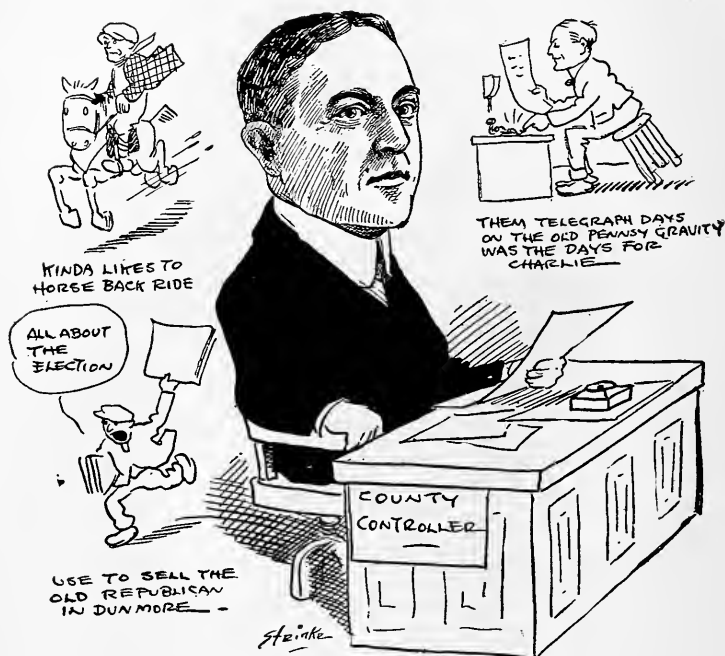
THOMAS P. DUFFY.

EVERY once in a while you will find a lawyer leading in the biggest kind of a fight—a fight for the betterment of the whole community. That's the kind of lawyer we have right here in Scranton in Thomas P. Duffy. When other lawyers were satisfied that the law provided no remedy for the mine-cave evil, Attorney Duffy sailed right into the middle of the fight, and attacked the legality of the reservation clause. He is taking the question to the Supreme Court, and thanks to his research, and knowledge of principles of law settled for more than four hundred years, and never departed from, but overlooked by others as a remedy for the mine-cave evil, the city is nearer a solution of the question than ever before, and lawyers and laymen alike are thanking Mr. Duffy.

Mr. Duffy addressed the City Council in the Summer of 1912, and declared that the Council had power under the police power to regulate the business of mining, not only under the streets, but under the whole city. Maybe it was a coincidence, but a few days later, the mining companies, for the first time, agreed to repair properties damaged by mine caves.

Just the same way it was in another case—the Johnson will case, they call it. Mr. Duffy discovered an error in the will, which affected the legality of the gift to the charity. The heirs engaged him to attack it, and the action is now on. It is one of the biggest cases ever considered hereabouts, and the heirs are thanking the lucky stars that gave them Attorney Thomas P. Duffy to make their fight.

He's only a young man yet, but is an untiring student of the law. Take it from me, Duffy's an out-and-out fighter, and he knows the law.



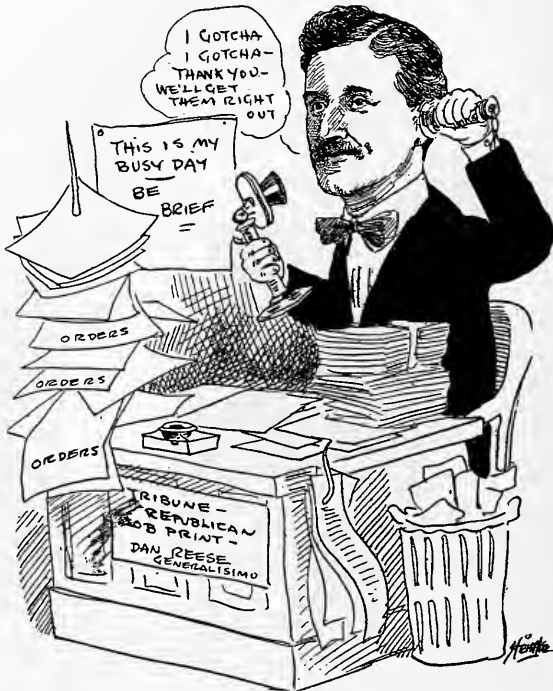
CHARLES P. SAVAGE.

IF anybody should ask me to name a man who has more friends than County Controller Charles P. Savage has in Lackawanna County, the answer would be—"It can't be done." His disposition is the farthest thing in the world from his surname. His office is the headquarters of the sunshine in the court house and always has been and always will be as long as the people keep on electing him. Born in Dunmore, November 28, 1862, but nobody believes he is more than forty. Educated at Dunmore High School and Merrill Academy and was a newsboy on the old Republican on the Gravity railroad at the age of fourteen. Telegraph operator for the Pennsylvania Coal Company for seven years and at the same time secretary and treasurer of the Dunmore Gas and Water Company. Borough clerk of Dunmore for nine years. Promoted to superintendent of telegraph for Erie and Wyoming Railroad and later made purchasing agent for the Pennsylvania Coal Company, the Erie and Wyoming Valley and the Dunmore Iron and Steel Company, holding that post until the companies were bought in by the Erie Railroad Company. Spent a short time with the Erie as assistant purchasing agent with offices in New York, and resigned to become chief clerk under County Controller E. A. Jones on July 1, 1901. Promoted to deputy controller in 1904 and in 1911 named controller by Governor Tener when Mr. Jones resigned. Elected controller by a big vote in the Fall of 1911. Secretary board of directors of Fidelity Bank of Dunmore; secretary County Prison Board, secretary and treasurer of Pennsylvania Coal Company and Delaware and Hudson Gravity Association.



#### DR. WM. ROWLAND DAVIES

ON the happenings in the Lackawanna county medical world, no man is better versed than Dr. Wm. Rowland Davies, of 221 South Main avenue. By nature a student and observer, he has utilized those gifts not for his own advancement alone but for the benefit of his fellow practitioners as well. It was Dr. Davies who founded the "Medical Society Reporter," the journal of the Lackawanna County Medical Society and the first medical journal in this end of the State. And whatever is printed in the "Reporter" can be accepted as absolute fact. He has built up one of the best practices in the city and by excellent work is making it bigger every day. He is P. W. 323, F. and A. M., Keystone Consistory, 32 degree, and a Shriner of Irem Temple.



### DANIEL J. REESE

ONE cannot read the name or think of the Tribune-Republican-Truth Printery without thinking of Daniel J. Reese. He's the whole works of the Printery when it comes to getting the business. Can walk blindfolded to any place where a printing job is open. Knows how to treat his trade too, and one job done by Reese and his men, generally means a steady customer for the Printery. Been with the Tribune for twenty-two years and years ago became a part owner of the Printery. Was born in Scranton and grew up with the people of the city and knows most of them by their first names. Belongs to the Masonic bodies, the Scranton Canoe Club, is a big man in the United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania. Member of Scranton Typothetae and Scranton Press Club, Scranton Rotary Club, Catholic Club, and an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Always leads the fishermen on the first day of the trout season, and returns from the streams pretty often in his automobile with his share of speckled beauties. Goes in for gymnastics generally, baseball fan, handball enthusiast, lover of races, and one of the luckiest hunters in the valley when it comes to bagging bird or beast.





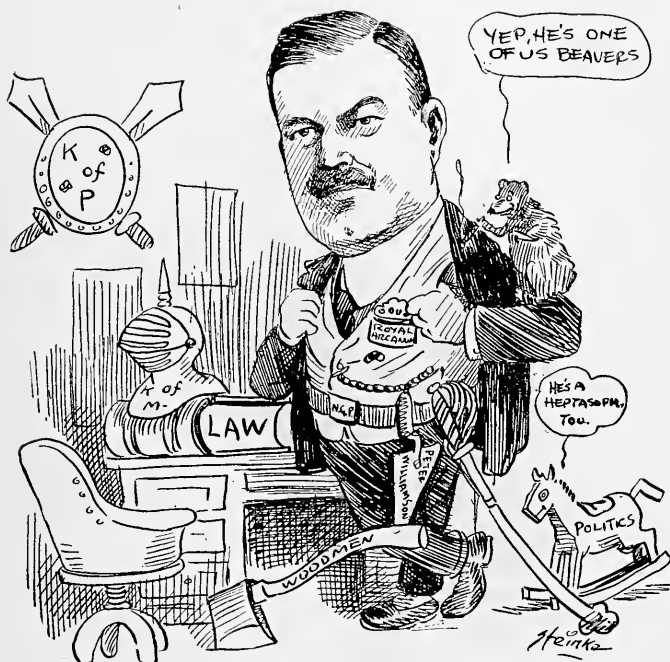
### FREDERICK LORD BROWN

WHEREVER one goes in Scranton he will see the result of the work of Architect Frederick Lord Brown. Dwellings that are among the city's show spots, business houses, churches, schools and other public buildings were designed by him, put up under his direction and stand as a monument to his skill as an architect. Served the city as Superintendent of the City Bureau of Building Inspection and erected the Central Fire Headquarters. Belongs to all the Masonic bodies represented here and is a past officer in all those of the York rite. Mushrooms is his hobby, and he is an ardent follower of and an authority on aquatic sports. Born in Sag Harbor, L. I., graduate of the College of Architecture, Cornell University, Class of 1882, has been in business here since 1885.



#### CHESTER C. SAMPSON.

**T**HERE'S no keeping a good man down. Brains and industry are bound to win. Now there's Chester C. Sampson. Everybody knows him and likes him. Only a young man yet, but he is capably filling the offices of Assistant Secretary and Agency Director of the Scranton Life Insurance Company, one of the biggest jobs in the city. Been with the company since it started business and knows every detail of the work. Born in Peckville, he had his education in the Blakely High School and his entire business life has been in Scranton. Lives at Clark's Summit now. Loves old books and is one of the best read young men in the county. Strong for baseball, too, and goes home happy when the Scranton team wins. Member of the Scranton Press Club for years and is one of the most popular men on the roster of that organization. Member also of the Temple Club, Free and Accepted Masons.



### MAJOR A. G. RUTHERFORD

WHEN a man has a disposition like Attorney A. G. Rutherford, he is bound to win out in whatever avocation he takes up. The smile that won't come off, the handshake that is real and friendly and his readiness, always, to do a favor for a fellow man, have been making him friends at the rate of one a minute all his life. I never yet heard a man say an ill word against Major Rutherford. Born in Canada on June 3, 1879, he graduated from the Carbondale High school, the School of the Lackawanna and Blair Hall in Blairstown, N. J. Gained his degree in the law department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1904 and was admitted to the bar in Lackawanna county on October 10, that year. Was captain of the La Crosse team at the university, played on the baseball nine and on the football eleven. Deputy prothonotary of Lackawanna county from 1907 to 1914. Prominent in State Guard circles for years and has a commission as major on the Third Brigade staff. Is a member of the Peter Williamson Lodge, No. 323, Free Accepted Masons; Anthracite Commandery, Knights of Malta; Farview lodge, Knights of Pythias; Lackawanna Council of the Royal Arcanum; Woodmen; Beavers; Green Ridge lodge of Odd Fellows; Green Ridge lodge of Heptasophs; Scranton Board of Trade, and Green Ridge Club. He is finding no difficulty in building up a big law practice since he retired from the deputy prothonotaryship. Politics is his hobby, but he does not let it interfere with his law work or his home life. What are his politics?. Why, everybody knows he is a Democrat.



JAMES E. BURR

IN all my rambling around this end of the State I have never found a man who had a better understanding of the legal end of the coal and railroad business than Attorney James E. Burr. The real type of gentleman lawyer, he is, and his offices in the People National Bank building have about them an air of the dignity of the law. Princeton man, Class of 1875, and always welcome in the university town. Kept pretty busy as counsel for the Scranton Coal Company, and attorney in Pennsylvania for the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad Company. Mr. Burr lives at 835 Webster avenue and is one of the best-liked members of the Lackawanna County Bar and one of Scranton's most highly respected citizens.



### WILLIAM M. CURRY

**W**ILLIAM M. CURRY is a lawyer, first, last and between times. The law is his hobby and he rides it morning, noon and night. Work is his favorite sport. If you want to find him in his office in the Connell Building, you'll have to look behind a pile of books and papers that he is using to make up his cases in the best way they can be made up by any man. That's why when he has a legal case on you'll find him there in the middle of it and knowing its every angle. An authority on everything legal from Blackstone right down to the latest decisions by the big courts and the little courts, and making a place for himself in the front rank of the lawyers of this end of the state.

Spends a little time at the Scranton club, at bowling, pool, or billiards, and the Country Club, at tennis, and is in the ranks of the members of the Peter Williamson lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, and swimming pool, and helps to wear away the ice with real skates at Rocky Glen and Lake Lincoln, during the season of steam-heat and fur caps.



RONALD P. GLEASON

**B**ACK in 1905 Scranton built a Technical High School. Big thing here in those days—so big that the School Board would not trust its destinies in the hands of any man but the best in the business. That's why they found the principal, Ronald P. Gleason. Big man in the school world. Big hearted, fair and square—just the sort of man that the growing, ambitious boy places his every confidence in and gets along with. Born in Massachusetts. Graduated from the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Taught in Washington, D. C., High School and made so good a name for himself that Oakland, California, sent East for him to be a supervisor in its schools. Then the government planned the Philippine School of Arts and Trades in Manila and insisted that Mr. Gleason take it in hand and start it towards success. Came to Scranton in 1905 and has been head of the Technical since that time. Made the school one of the best in the country. Lives at 947 Clay avenue and makes a friend of every person that is lucky enough to meet him.



### ELLSWORTH KELLY

YOU cannot hold a newspaper worker down, once he quits that game and tackles politics. If you do not believe me, look at Ellsworth Kelly. Born here; over in the Fifteenth ward. High School graduate and broke into the newspaper business. Folks used to predict a Creelman career for Ellsworth until he decided that politics was his oyster. Went into the Department of Public Works as a clerk in 1905. Chief clerk a year later. Hard worker for his party all the time over in the Fifteenth and the best liked man in the ward. Elected city clerk by council in 1912, and one of the best city clerks Scranton has ever had. Lives at 911 West Elm street. Mason—thirty-second degree; Scottish Rite and Irem Temple. Member of the P. O. S. of A.; the Scranton Athletic Club and the Knights of Pythias. Played on the High School football team, 1903-1904 and never lost his enthusiasm for the game. One of the best baseball rooters in town. And some day—who can tell—Scranton will be electing another Mayor.



JOHN R. ATHERTON

IT'S all right for folks to talk of this man and that man being the miners' best friend, but when it comes to a showdown on the Delaware and Hudson, the men will admit that their best friend for many years has been John R. Atherton. He's the man that stops at every colliery every two weeks and dishes out the rhino. Never makes a mistake and has been paymaster for a long time. Now he's president of the North Scranton Bank, and the statements of that bank show what a fine president it has. Lives at 2104 North Main avenue. Is a member of the Scranton Club and Country Club, and at golfing on the club links they say that few men can beat him. Goes in for automobiling and knows how to run a car. As a bowler, he deserves the record for North Scranton and has been the terror of all local bowlers for a long time back.





E. J. COLEMAN

MY friend ED—that's what they all say. Chairman of the "Welcome to the City" committee. King of baseball. Supreme justice of the aldermen. Owner of the biggest horseshoe diamond in the world, and he wears it, too. Long before I saw Scranton, folks used to say—"Bill if you ever get to Scranton, drop in on Eddie Coleman, he'll treat you right." And did they have the right dope? Take it from me, they did.

A good winner and a better loser—that's E. J. You couldn't knock the good humor out of him with a club. Settles more lawsuits than any ten men, and unites more families that get in bad, than the clergy. Been in council and on the bakery wagon and holding down the alderman's chair. Made baseball here, when every game was a loss, and he's keeping it made. If you don't know Eddie Coleman,—well, you don't live in this end of Pennsylvania, that's all.



JOHN J. LOFTUS

GET to know John J. Loftus. Spend a few minutes with him and you'll go away feeling better. He's a druggist down at 235 Wyoming Avenue, but he has a friendliness and congeniality about him that are better than all the medicines in his store. No one has him shaded when it comes to telling a story. No one in the city can get off a practical joke and get away with it like John Loftus. His drug store is known all over the country and when some of the national figures like John Mitchell come to town, they generally drop in on Loftus first thing. Belongs to all sorts of organizations where good fellows meet and no meeting is considered complete unless he drops in some time during the evening.

So popular is John that at the primaries last May, he secured—"handsdown"—the Democratic nomination for Congressman. There'll be something doing when Johnnie gets to Washington.



## AARON V. BOWER

**I**F you have any doubt in your mind as to whether it was Old Bill Shakespeare or Lord Bacon who wrote all about Romeo and Juliet, the Henrys, Shylock, Othello and all that crowd, drop in some afternoon on Aaron V. Bower, attorney, leader of civic movements and literature. He'll tell you all about it and prove what he says to your satisfaction. Nearly every place that folks argue the authorship of the Shakespeare books, Bower is well known and his word is listened to and heeded.

And any time you hear of a movement in this city that has for its aim the uplift of the community life and the betterment of men, you will find A. V. Bower at its head or well in the forefront. He is an authority on Sunday School work and on the work of men's clubs and is one of the prime movers in the development of the social side of the church. He has addressed meetings in forty-seven churches in this city alone, and has been heard and applauded in many churches in other cities. He has lectured in many cities on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, Michael Angelo and Pompeii, preparing the last two addresses in Europe and getting original stereopticon slides. Traveled on the route of a big lecture bureau but had to give up to take care of his law practice in this city. Been here nineteen years, is a Wesleyan man, class of '83, and a Drew Theological Seminary graduate, class of 1888.



#### JOHN SPENCER DUCKWORTH

**I**F you are ever troubled about any questions on architecture—if you want to know the latest and the best ways of going about building a home, church or business place—just have a talk with John Spencer Duckworth, in the Coal Exchange building, who continues the business established 1884 by the late John A. Duckworth. Been studying architecture all his life, and finished at Cornell, Class of 1912. Been all through Europe since, seeing how they built places there in the old days and seeing how they build them today, as well. Keeps right up to the minute in his line, and is getting the pick of the jobs that are going. Every architect in town predicts big things for Duckworth. Finds time to be a member of the Board of Trade and a hustler for the good of the city; belongs to the Country Club and the Scranton Canoe Club, and is an expert with the paddle, and with shotgun and rifle.



E. A. BURKE

**I**F I ever get any money ahead of the rent and grocery bill and the shoe bill for the kids, I'll take it to E. A. Burke in the Traders National Bank Building and have him put it where it will be safe and where it will make money for me out of itself. For if anybody hereabouts knows a good investment it's E. A. Burke. Only a young man yet, he has been for years considered an authority on Scranton securities and on the big market as well. Beginning as a boy with the I. F. Megargee banking house when that company opened here he put his time to good use, learning the business from bottom to top, and then in 1907 set out for himself as an investment banker. Now he has a staff of trained assistants, the confidence of every man in the community and the cream of the business in his line, and a host of satisfied clients.

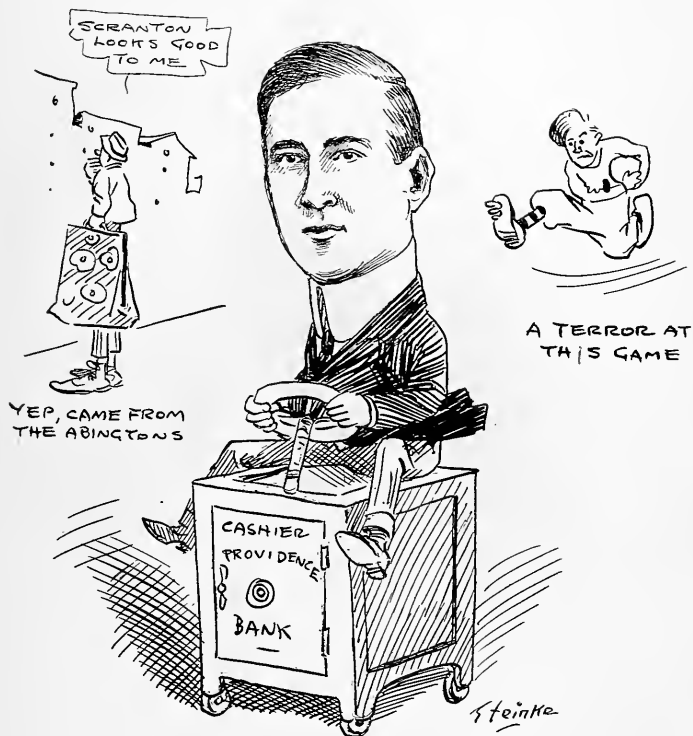
Associated with Mr. Burke in his ever growing business are Joseph A. Healey, Frank P. Burke and Walter D. Burke, all hustlers. The firm has been Fiscal Agent for the Northern Electric Street Railway since the inception of the company and now acts in same capacity for the Scranton & Binghamton R. R. Co. Specialists in Northeastern Pennsylvania securities and the Burke monthly quotation sheet is standard here.

Let's see. It isn't so long since E. A. Burke got his diploma at St. Cecella's Academy. 1900 wasn't it? They'll tell you at the Academy that he was the brightest boy in his class and a wonder at figures. Now he's one of the city's leading financial men, an expert in things financial. A member, too, of the Scranton Club and the Scranton Bicycle Club.



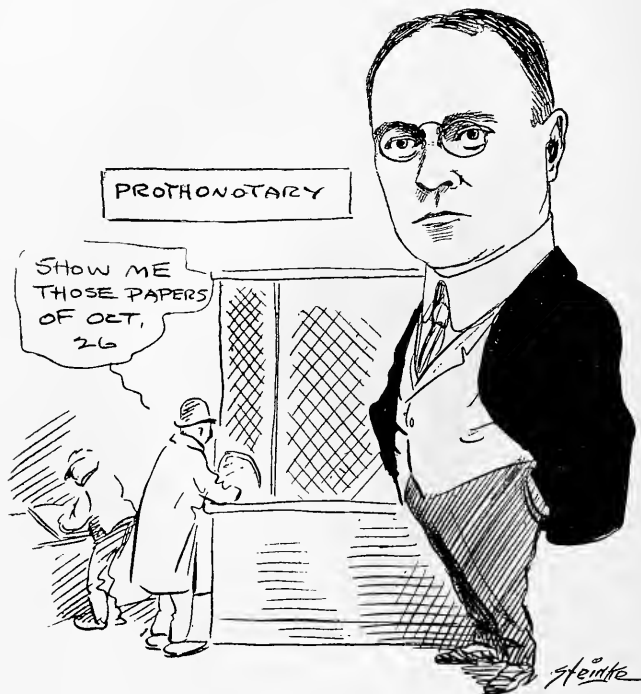
#### DR. A. J. CONNELL

NO man in Northeastern Pennsylvania is higher in the medical profession than Dr. A. J. Connell. No doctor has built up a more successful or larger practice and no man has given more of his time to the work of alleviating the ills of humanity. Big physically and mentally he has made his way to the top of his profession and his cheery, good heartedness has been medicine for the patients he treated and their families. Finds time to be Vice President and medical director of the Scranton Life Insurance Company, a member of the Board of the State Hospital and one of the hardest workers for the good of that institution. Is a member of the Scranton club, Country club and the Masonic bodies. Has an office in the Connell building and lives at 722 Vine street. His activities do not begin and end with the vice-presidential chair he occupies at the Scranton Life. He is the active President of the rapidly growing Northern Electric Railway Company, Director of the Enterprise Coal Company, Green Ridge Coal Company, also of Danville State Hospital.



FLOYD W. BEEMER

EVERY once in a while a young man from the Abingtons comes into Scranton, looks the place over, picks out a good job for a start and gets busy on making a success out of life. That's the kind of citizen we have in Floyd W. Beemer, of Clark's Summit. Son of George Beemer, superintendent of the Hillside Home, and one of the most popular men in Northeastern Pennsylvania. It isn't so long since Floyd Beemer tackled Scranton, but already he's cashier of the Providence Bank, one of the strongest suburban financial institutions in the city. His knowledge of banking and of people is a big factor in the rapid growth of the bank. Not so many years ago Beemer was a terror to eleven men on the football team that might be opposing his own eleven, and it's probably some of the old "pep" that made him a gridiron star that's making him a big figure in the banking world today.



#### JOHN B. GRIFFITHS

WHILE Scranton politicians have been losing sleep figuring out machines, combinations and fusions, up in Jermyn, a young man has been building up a clientele of friends that represent every city, town, borough and street in the county. Started out in his home town and made everybody like him. Got the postmastership when the office was vacant and has been a good postmaster. A few years ago he startled the county by breaking into the county commissionership fight and lost the nomination by only a small margin. Last year, 1913, he went in for prothonotary, landed the nomination and came in under the ribbon a winner, without turning a hair. Had a majority that taxed the adding machine. Popular in the Masonic bodies and a big Odd Fellow up and down the valley. Has a hobby for books and reads the best of them. Does a little fishing when he has time to leave work for a day, and generally goes back to Jermyn with a big catch of big fish. Started the prothonotary job on New Year's Day, 1914.





#### STANLEY EDWARD DOLPH

STANLEY EDWARD DOLPH is the type of young business man that every growing city needs. Put him up against a business proposition and the harder it is the harder he works to make it a success. When the Scranton Steam Pump Company was hard hit financially and everybody was saying the city was going to lose that industry, the Court named Stanley E. Dolph one of the Receivers. Put the business on its feet, and knows so much about making pumps and running the business end of the plant that the stockholders have elected him president of the company. Going some that—president of one of the biggest concerns in the city, because he made it big. Lives at 324 Clay avenue, is a member of the Country Club of Scranton the Scranton Club, the Waverly Country Club and the Engineers' Club. Knows all about motoring and can handle a big car with the best of them. Down Pike County way they tell stories of the deer and bears that Stanley Dolph has brought down in the hunting seasons.



#### ELMER H. LAWALL

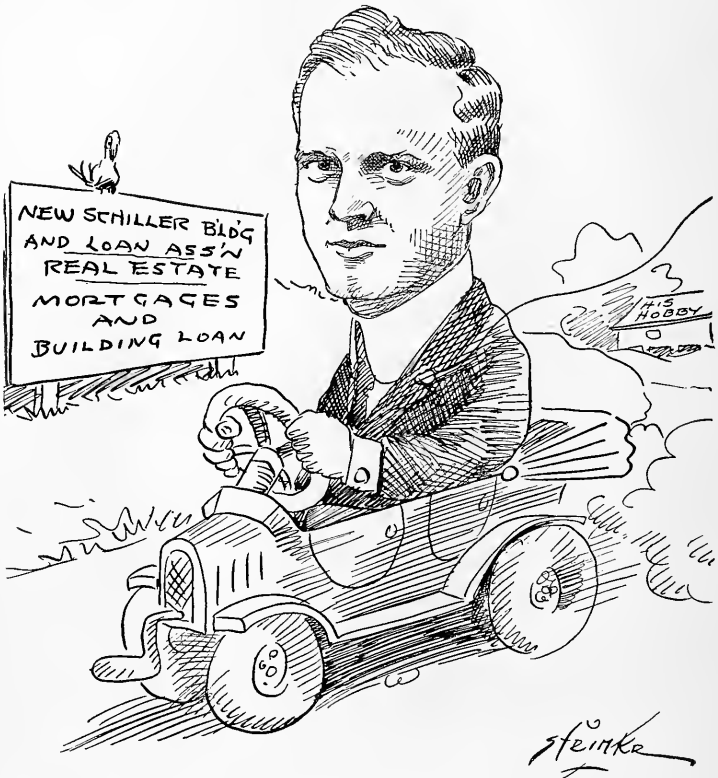
NO history of Scranton and its prominent men would be complete without Elmer H. Lawall. Holds the big job of treasurer for the International Correspondence Schools and has held it almost since the company was founded. Does the work so well that he has become as much a part of the institution as the name itself. No man is better liked by the thousands of employees of the schools and no man is fairer and squarer in his treatment of them. Prominent in Wilkes-Barre, too, where he has his home. Finds time to play golf for recreation and few men on the Country Club links here or in Wilkes-Barre play a better game.



WILLIAM P. HUESTER

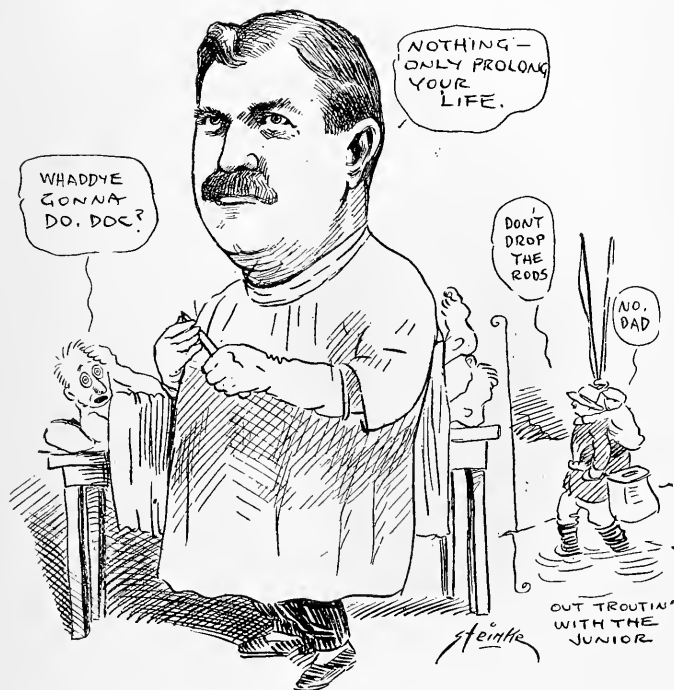
THE middle letter stands for "Prince," and every one over on the South Side will tell you that William P. Huester is a "Prince of Good Fellows"—only they all call him "Billy." Up at City Hall where he has been doing favors for everybody for years, there's no one more popular than "Billy" Huester.

And sing—well the Junger Mannerchor would not be as good as it is if "Billy's" voice was not there with the music stuff. Many's the time that same voice put the "pep" into the boys of the Scranton baseball team as it boomed away in the stand. As for ten pins—well the ten pin that can stay standing when "Billy" heaves the ball down the alley, has not been made yet. Politics is his oyster. And say Girls! "Billy's" a bachelor.



HARRY E. SCHULER

JUST like in anything else, "pep" counts a heap in business these days. The good old hustle and work and hurry will bring any young man to the top. If you doubt me look at Harry E. Schuler. Just a young man yet, but one of the most active men in the city in the real estate, mortgages and building and loan circles. He's the "whole cheese" in the New Schiller Building and Loan Association, biggest association of its kind in the city. Has the confidence of all the big men of the town. Active member of the Scranton Bicycle Club and the Masonic bodies. Knows more about chickens and how to raise them than many a man who is running the poultry shows. Automobiling is his favorite sport, and he runs his car without ever hitting anything but the speed laws. Making a study of farming and has a broad knowledge of that subject. Biggest hobby, though, is work, and as a worker he shines.



## DR. S. P. LONGSTREET

**G**OOD nature is a great asset for a doctor. Sometimes one runs across an M. D. whose smile is almost as good as any medicine, and who has about him a geniality and air of friendliness that drives pain and trouble away. That's the kind of doctor we have in Dr. S. P. Longstreet. Puts the heart in a fellow instead of driving it out with a lot of solemn gestures and long words. One of the leaders in his profession. Has time between calls to do good work for the community and for his friends. Served a term as county coroner and for years was one of the most energetic and conscientious school directors the district ever had. Thirty-second degree Mason. And sportsman—we'll leave it to the doctor to run up to the game law limit every time he hikes to the timbers for trout, rabbits, pheasants or any other game.



ALLAN LAWRENCE

**T**HERE was a band at the depot the day I hit Scranton. Thirty or forty red-coated boys were blowing and hammering that one about "Hail to the Chief." I swelled all up. Three buttons off my vest bounced from the brakeman's chest. "Sounds like the Marine band," I said to the brakeman. "Sure does," said he, as he looked at my swelling ribs. "Must be for you old top, eh?"

When I got over the daze, I found the regiment at the station just home from camp. But I never will forget the music that band made. Out it came just the same as if old Phil Sousa was banging his baton on the air. Just the kind of music to make a man fall into step and keep there. Before I left the platform I found out that the band was Al Lawrence's own, the kind of a band it takes twenty years to build up. Al has been at it since 1892. Came here from Bethany, he tells me. Fishes a lot between tunes and spends the rest of the time making friends with everybody that is fortunate enough to meet him.



## E. C. AMERMAN

EVERY time I want to hear a real orator, I go to the court house and listen to Attorney E. C. Amerman argue a case. Of all the attorneys at the local bar there is none that can compare with Ed. Amerman when it comes to the real oratory of the bar. A big man, he has a big voice that he can control perfectly at all times and that can register in the same breath, almost, the deep bass tones of denunciation or the soft pitched pleading for the cause of the right against the mighty. He's the kind of a man I like to meet and the kind of man that it does good for anybody to meet. One leaves him feeling better for the whole-souled friendliness of the man, and realizing that one has met a real man who knows how to be a friend as well as a good lawyer.

Down at the Elks rooms he's one of the big boys of the lodge, and has a high place in the councils of the Shriners. Between cases nothing suits him better than to hike off into the woods and spend hour after hour coaxing trout and other game fish out of the water.



WILLARD M. BUNNELL

**B**EST known man in this part of the State—William M. Bunnell. Makes more friends than any one I ever met. Has that smile that nothing can wear off, and the habit of making good at anything he tries. Came here as a kid, they tell me, with nothing but an ambition to make good at the law. Beat down all obstacles, made a hundred friends a day, studied hard and was admitted. Climbed straight to the top and four years ago went before the people for county prothonotary. Led the Democratic ticket in that race. Has a big law practice, spends a lot of time as vice-president and trust officer of the fast growing Anthracite Trust Company, and puts in the Summer time growing apples on a big farm up Montrose way. Belongs to the Masons, Knights Templar, is a Shriner, Elk, Odd Fellow, Knight of Pythias, Knight of the Mystic Chain, Lieutenant Colonel of the Uniformed Rank of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, member of the Green Ridge Club, crack tennis player, enthusiastic baseball fan and close personal friend of Christy Mathewson, the king of all the baseball pitchers. And a singer, too—you ought to hear him in his quartet.





GRIFFIN W. BULL, D. D.

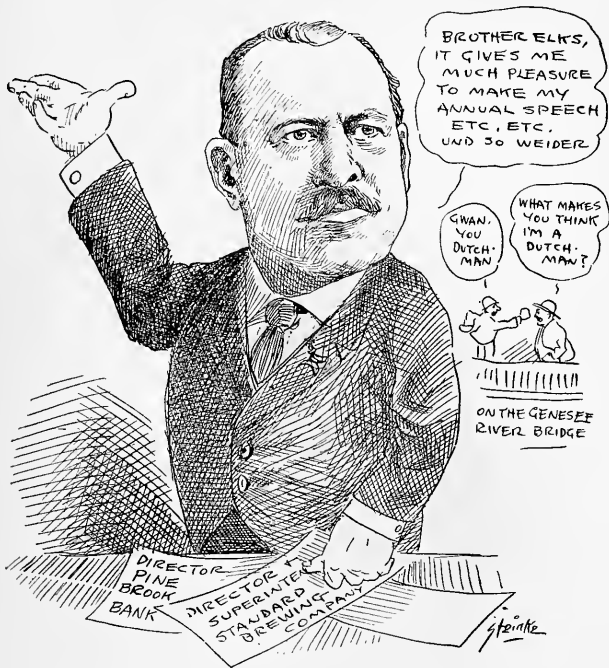
IF any one asked me who is Scranton's best liked man, about the first answer I'd make would be, Rev. Griffin W. Bull, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Whole souled, generous, of a disposition that is always sunny, a pulpit orator whose every word counts, an after dinner talker who has few equals in this end of the State, brimful of a man's humor, he makes friends wherever he goes and he keeps them, too. Born in Dixie, educated and ordained there, he brought with him to Scranton in 1906 the culture and courtesy for which the men of the South are famed. He brought, too, a nobility of purpose and a kindness of heart that makes it first, always, with him to extend the hand of brotherhood to men and to minister to their physical, as well as their spiritual, needs. His collegiate and ecclesiastical training were taken at Hampden-Sidney College and the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia, and he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Cumberland University of Tennessee. For six years he has been paragraph writer for the Association Men, the international Y. M. C. A. organ, and in this capacity is the leader of the world's largest class in the study of the Scriptures. The membership includes more than 10,000 men in every country on the globe, from the judge on the bench to the prisoner in jail. Writes a paragraph a day the year around. Dr. Bull was the first man in Scranton to successfully experiment with wireless telegraphy and has a station on the roof of his manse at 816 Olive street, that picks up news of the world every day and night. Fond of aquatic sports and spends week days in the Summer at Lake Winola, where he has one of the fastest boats on the water.



### F. H. EMERY

I'M going to tip you off to something good. Get to know Fred H. Emery. Get the feel of that handshake of his. Get the good that is in that smile of his.

Fred's the man that cured the backache for thousands of breaker boys. He did it all with his patent slate picker, that's the big thing in every coal breaker. Knows everybody in Scranton. Born here, some place up in Providence, lives at 1739 North Washington avenue. Big Elk, big man in the Engineers' Society, does a little dickering in coal mining and makes friends everywhere. Served fifteen years in the mail service, they tell me, and knew every house along the line in the dark. He's a man with the idea, though. Figured out years ago that backache for breaker boys was a thing that could be done away with, and worked, built and tinkered until he had the slate picker doing the work that was keeping boys out of school. Automobiling is his hobby these days, and he rides his hobby, as every man should. Every hunting season finds him in the brush, bringing down everything from a rabbit to a bear.



### FREDERICK GLATZ

**D**O you know Frederick Glatz? If not you're missing something, for nothing, in the world that will put more good cheer into your heart than the smile, handshake and good wishes of the genial, affable superintendent of the Standard Brewing Company. Good nature is his middle name, believe me, and good work is his record. Born in Neederschach, Baden, Germany, in 1861. Landed in New York in 1879 with exactly fifty cents in his pockets and with no friends or job. Started working in a restaurant kitchen, scrubbing floors, at \$4.00 a month. Went on a truck farm at \$9.00 a month. Left there to visit an uncle in Chicago, who was poor and had a big family. Landed a job in a lumber yard but gave it up to apprentice himself with the Conrad Seipp Brewing Company. Saved money and took a course in the Brewers' Academy in Germany. Worked in a big Berlin brewery and mastered the business. Returned to the Seipp plant in Chicago and went through all the departments. Worked a year with the Bullen Malting Company and then was advanced to brewmaster for the John S. Cook Company, Chicago. To get a wider experience he worked with the Bavarian Brewing Company and Her and Purgweiger in Kansas City, and with the Purgweiger and the Bartholomay Brewing Companies in Rochester, N. Y. After ten years in Rochester, he took a trip to Germany for his health, and when he returned to the United States decided that Scranton was the best city in the country. He worked five months as superintendent of the Pennsylvania Central Brewing Company and in 1905, when the Standard was organized, Mr. Glatz was made superintendent of the new plant. He is a director of the Standard Company and of the Pine Brook Bank, and a member of the Elks, Masonic bodies, Junger Mannerchor and the Liederkranz.



#### OTTO R. CONRAD

**M**ORE auto users in Scranton are boosters for Otto Conrad than for any other dealer, and for the simple reason that he has sold more cars than any of his competitors, and his cars, the famous Fords, have always stood up to his representations and then some. It was the same way in the days of the bicycle here—the wheel the Conrads sold were the best for covering the roads at the quickest gait and lowest cost—just like the Fords.

Mr. Conrad was born in Scranton in 1871 and has lived here all his life except two years in Philadelphia—1904-05—when he was manager of the Germania Life Insurance Company. On the death of his father, A. Conrad, he returned to Scranton in 1906 and has been one of the city's leading business men ever since. The firm of A. Conrad & Son, was established in 1894 and built up a big business in insurance and bicycles. The present firm, Conrad Brothers, was established in the old bicycle days, 1900, and in 1902 started in the auto business, getting the agency for the Pierce cars. In 1904 the firm took the Ford agency and made it the biggest hereabouts. Besides his auto business, Mr. Conrad is vice-president of the German Building Association; director of the Green Ridge Bank; charter member of the Green Ridge Club; director of the Scranton Board of Trade; member of the Scranton Commercial Association, and prominent in the affairs of Schiller Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons. Motoring and music are his hobbies, but he finds time Summer afternoons to get out to the ball games, and to play a pretty good game of tennis.



ALDERMAN ROBERT P. KOEHLER

WHEN I meet a man who is filling that hardest of all jobs, alderman, with a fairness, efficiency and kind heartedness that makes every one honor and respect him, my hat's off to him. That's the kind of man we have in Alderman Robert P. Koehler. All his life he has been making friends by being on the square. Came to Scranton from Wisconsin in 1866, at the age of two years. Seven years later he started to help fill the family larder by carrying a route on the morning Times, then edited by A. A. Chase. Two years of that work and he got a job with the Garney-Brown Cigar Manufacturing Company. Worked there twenty-six years, and was foreman fifteen years of that time. Had to quit because of ill health. Was named constable by Judge John P. Kelly, to succeed James Penman, and after twelve years as constable, was appointed alderman by Governor Tener to succeed the late John T. Howe. Has offices in the Farr building at 218 Adams avenue. Big man in the building and loan business. Was president and director of the Germania Building and Loan Association for twelve years and president for ten years. Veteran member Schiller Lodge of Masons and P. O. S. of A., and member of the German Presbyterian church on Hickory street. Married September 19, 1889, to Louisa Helm and has one daughter, Miss Lydia Koehler, a teacher in the public schools.



PATRICK C. FOLEY

THE older members of the Lackawanna county bar who have made their own mark and who have seen younger men climbing steadily to the top of the ladder of merit, predict a brilliant career for Attorney Patrick C. Foley, one of Scranton's youngest and brightest lawyers. The men who know the ways of the courts admire the efficient, unobtrusive way he goes about winning his cases and taking the best care of the interests of his clients. And the clients who trust him with their cases are his best boosters, for Mr. Foley sees to it that they get every benefit of the law. He is only a young man yet but his practice keeps him busy and his offices at 1010 Mears building are a veritable bee hive. Likes to play the big game of politics on a small scale and is one of the happiest men in the grandstand when the Scranton baseball team wins.



## EDWARD EISELE

EVERYBODY knows Edward Eisele. Everybody votes for him every time there is an election for city controller of Scranton. And every taxpayer feels that his money is safe when Edward Eisele is up in City Hall as the last say in the way it is spent. Best of all, the great mass of figures he carries in his head, the hundreds of items and appropriations and laws he must know about, do not stop him from being the most courteous and genial officeholder in the city. No one ever found Ed Eisele too busy to be courteous to a caller at his office and the few men the city pays to help him out will tell you he's the busiest man in the city. That's why we elect him every time his term runs out. Three times hand running now we voted him in and that's only a starter. Got one of the best heads for business in the State. Ask the folks over at the New Schiller Building and Loan Association where he is treasurer. Scranton boy, grew up with the city and lives at the old home, 326 New street. Belongs to the Liederkrantz, too.



### F. F. HENDRICKSON

WHEN a man is self-made you can gamble he's well-made so far as success goes. There's F. F. Hendrickson for instance. Born on a farm in Susquehanna County, in 1870. Came to Scranton at the age of twenty with nothing but an ambition to make good. Kept at it all the time and ten years ago put \$3,000 in the Eureka Specialty Company, one of the biggest specialty printing houses in the state. Had no previous knowledge of printing but knew how to make a concern go. Now there's a quarter of a million in the plant out of that \$3,000. No new money put in but plenty taken out and still the quarter million. Founded the Green Ridge Bank and is its president, and is making it grow. Owns the Green Ridge Department Store, one of the biggest suburban department stores in town. Has a number of other business interests. Belongs to the Scranton Club. Has a hobby for Franklin automobiles. Has a hobby for home, too, and spends a lot of his time with his family of nine children.





WILLIAM F. McGEE

R OCKEFELLER, himself, has nothing on William F. McGee, when it comes to knowing the oil and paint business. Been at it since he was a boy and never missed a chance to learn something now in the business. Two years ago he organized the Diamond Oil and Paint Company, and the company is now one of the largest oil and paint distributors in Northeastern Pennsylvania. Capitalized at \$100,000 and getting bigger every minute. Treasurer of the Globe Slag Roofing Company, another concern that's a credit to Scranton. Big man in the Knights of Columbus and one of the first and most prominent members of the Old Guard Club. A real baseball fan and a politician who knows how to go out and get honest votes for his party's candidate. Lives at 209 Colfax avenue.



### THOMAS BEYNON

SCRANTON'S most unique campaigner is Tom Beynon. Sang himself into the office of Register of Wills for the county. Cut loose from the old-time hackneyed election campaigns and went before the voters on his merits as a man. And wherever he went the voters made him sing and his singing made votes. Ran something like 5,000 ahead of his competitor. For years Tom Beynon has been considered one of Scranton's leading singers. Wherever a Scranton chorus went to take a prize, Beynon's tenor helped bring home the medal. Whenever Scranton audiences want to hear real singing they engage Tom Beynon to give them what they want. Music is his profession and his main hobby, but now he will have to give most of his time for the next four years to taking care of wills and issuing marriage licenses and the hundred other duties that fall to the lot of the register of wills. Lives at 1139 Bryn Mawr street, and is a real baseball fan. Not so long ago he played on the lots and his friends used to say he had the big league timber.



GEORGE W. MAXEY.

**T**HE busiest man in town—lawyer, autoist, horseman, president, past president and hardest working member in a half dozen societies and lodges—George W. Maxey. But the husier he is, the brighter the smile and the heartier the handshake. Can they stop him? Not on your life, with his record of making a friend a minute.

Folks from Forest City when they drop into town tell of the day they worked with George in the mines. Down at Mahsfield State Normal School the teachers are still talking of the marks he made. Out in Michigan, the university alumni always telegraph for Maxey when meeting time is at hand, and in the law department of the University of Pennsylvania they tell stories of Maxey's reading Blackstone backwards.

From coal miner to leading lawyer at thirty-five is his work so far. From stranger to past worthy president of the Eagles, parade marshal and leader in the P. O. S. of A., high mogul in the Junior Order United American Mechanics, big fellow in the Moose and important Odd Fellow is what he did in the past few years in Scranton. And now we see his signature on the tail end of the papers that come out of the district attorney's office. Me for George.



HAMPTON C. SHAFER .

SCRANTON'S baby bank, The Lincoln Trust Company, is breaking all records for growth and in doing so is justifying the business acumen of its founder and president, Hampton C. Shafer. He saw that Scranton needed a new bank early in 1913, and he set about giving the city what it needed. From the day it opened, June 7, 1913, the bank has been a success and every day has shown a healthy growth. President Shafer was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, Sept. 18, 1853. He worked one month in a bookstore in Trenton, N. J., and has spent the rest of his business-career in banking. For eight years he was bookkeeper and assistant cashier in a Lambertville, N. J., bank and he was cashier of the Scranton Savings Bank from January, 1881, to March, 1913. When the Scranton Savings and the Dime Banks merged, Mr. Shafer organized the Lincoln Trust Company. He lives at 915 Olive street and is a member of the Scranton Press Club and the Country Club. One of the best golfers on the Country Club links. Likes to take his rod and line and basket into the woods at the opening of every trout season and has a habit of coming home with a fine string. Finds time, too, to be vice-president of the Trout Lake Ice Company. . .



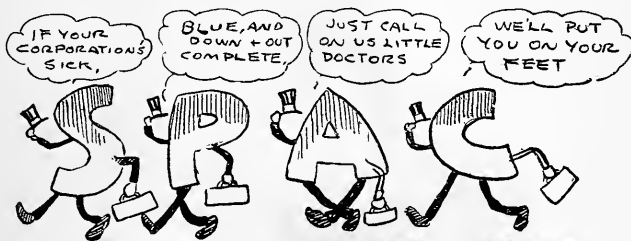
#### DR. ALBERT KOLB

THE confidence and respect of the people of Scranton for Dr. Albert Kolb had its best demonstration on November 4, 1913, when they elected him school Director by a big majority. Been a physician here ever since he got his degree. Born in Lancaster, N. Y., and moved to Scranton in 1869. Went to public school here, and began practice of medicine in 1884. Superintendent of the Bureau of Health 1903 to 1906. Sent his children to the public schools. Member of the Masonic bodies, a Shriner, a Knights of Pythias, a member of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, and a singer in the Junger Maennerchor. Does a little fishing, when he can run away from his office at 428 Cedar avenue.



CHARLES F. MILLER

FEW men have done more in the work of building up Scranton than Charles F. Miller, editor and publisher of the Board of Trade Journal. His pen has always been busy in the fight to bring new industries here and to conserve the plants now in operation. Without saying much about it he has gone on about this work and his success has been such that the people of his part of the city are now wanting to send him to the State Legislature to do more good for Scranton. In May he was given the Democratic nomination for State Representative by the voters of the Third District and he has a splendid chance to get the seat in November. Born in Brewerton, N. Y., of parents that trace their ancestry on both sides to Revolutionary War soldiers, he was educated in the public schools and studied law. Gave the law up for literary work. In 1901 he published and distributed to the miners of the district free of charge 200,000 copies of the anthracite mine laws. Started the Board of Trade Journal in 1904, the third publication of its kind in the country. Made a success of it too, and helped the city by so doing. Politically he is a Republican in national politics but an independent in state and local affairs. Member of all the Masonic bodies, past commander Camp 28, Sons of Veterans, and an enthusiastic member of the United Sportsmen and the Engineers' Club. One of the most successful hunters and fishers among the Sportsmen, too, and a lover of all forms of outdoor sports.



## SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF AILMENTS IN CORPORATIONS

— IN OTHER WORDS —

AMERICAN UNDERWRITERS, INC.,  
 UNDERWRITTEN BY  
*Steinke*

### STORY OF THE SPAC.

Folks used to say a corporation has no soul. Maybe it hasn't and maybe it has. You can't prove it by me. But whether the corporation has a soul or not, it has



a body, and, just like the human body, it's subject to all sorts of frailties. Corporations go lame. Corporations become flabby from under-digestion and over-digestion. Corporations get that "run down" feeling with age, sometimes. Corporations have a hard time finding their feet at the start out. Nowadays a sick corporation does not lie down and die. It calls in the doctor.

It's a fairly new business, this restoring run-down corporations to health, and looking after the teething and croup and colics of the baby concerns. It takes a big knowledge of business methods, a broad outlook and a countrywide acquaintance.

if the company doctor is to be a success and escape from the little liked work of writing out death certificates instead of pronouncing the patient cured and fit for every fight that may come. Right here at home we have the big man of this new school of business—V. W. B. Hedgepeth and the American Underwriters, (Inc.) that he founded not so long ago.

No Latin words muddle the prescriptions that the Underwriters write. "The punch" is a much used remedy in their pharmacopoeia. "System" is another. Expert treatment is guaranteed for every ailment of every corporation and the fame of the Underwriters is spreading across the country and into Mexico and Canada.



When a baby company is starting out the folks are getting into the habit of calling in the American Underwriters. When a going concern begins to show signs of a

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Story of the SPAC (Continued) breakdown, the Underwriters are called in to prescribe the necessary "pep" and ginger.

The Underwriters have among other powers the right to guarantee the payment of dividends and interest on stocks.

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V. W. B. HEDGEPEETH

THE bigger things come, the easier they are for V. W. B. Hedgepeth. He has tackled some of the hardest financial problems in years, and now he's at work on his biggest concern—the American Underwriters. Organized it here in Scranton and making it grow. First president and still has the job. President, too of the Red River Valley Land and Development Company. Vice-President Dupont Railway and Land Company. Director First National Bank, Factoryville, and Vice-President Red River Lumber Company. Most versatile man in town. Farmer, hunter, trapshooter. Best shot in Pennsylvania and holds State championship for trap shooting. Is a Master of Arts; civil engineer; farmer on big scale. Controls 10,000 acres of land in Louisiana that the Standard Oil Company is going to decorate with derricks and as much in Virginia. Raises hogs by the million. Grows fruit by the thousand tons. Owns and edits a weekly paper. President of the State Reading Circle Board of Education in Indiana before he came here. Held down a professor's chair for years. Hardest worker I ever met and one of the most congenial. Scranton won when he came here from Indiana.



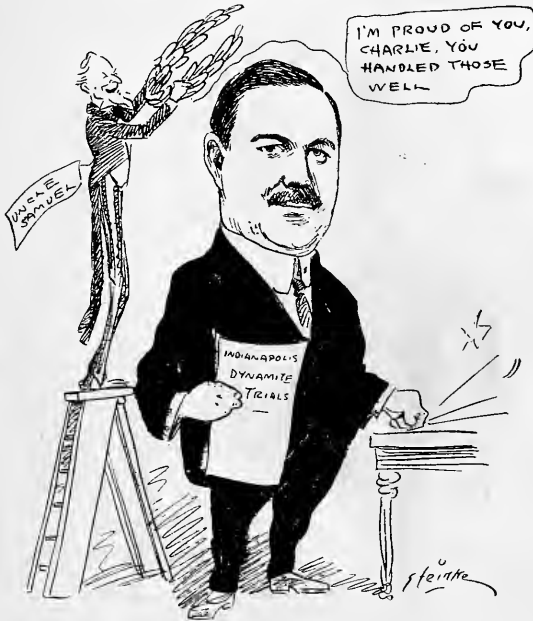
## Story of the SPAC (Continued)

bonds, debentures and securities issued by any corporation. If that treatment will not put a floundering concern on its feet, no other treatment will, and a doctor is not needed. It has the power to engage in, and carry on, any business in connection with its general power as underwriter. So that if a limping corporation cannot stride along, the Underwriters will take the burdens on their broader shoulders and

carry them out of the rut and on to the highway of success and dividends.

The same charter-powers give the Underwriters the right to buy, sell and trade in securities of every description, options, rights, real property, merchandise and personal property. They can promote and assist companies, syndicates and partnerships. They can act as brokers and agents for the sale of real property.

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HON. CHARLES W. MILLER

EVERY once in a while a good man forges to the front and next day is known all over the country for the good that is in him. That's the sort of a man Charles W. Miller is. Won his way to the United States Attorneyship of Indiana with headquarters in Indianapolis. When the famous dynamite trials were on a year ago, he was the prosecutor, and he made a record as a lawyer in that case that will stand as long as the government. President Wilson says he is a man of the highest type in the public service. Reported to have refused an enormous fortune as a bribe. Big in business, too. Director of the Home Telephone Company, a boon to Indiana. Former State Attorney-General; former president Elkhart County Trust Company of Goshen, Ind., and former president of the State Bank of Goshen. Goes in for golf as a recreation when he can find time for recreation, which is seldom.

**Story of the SPAC (Continued)**

securities of every kind and personal property. They may have offices and carry on their business of building up and restoring corporations in every city of the United States, in the colonies and in foreign countries. They may acquire the good will, rights and property of all kinds and undertake the whole or any part of

the assets of any person, firm, corporation or association.

The Underwriters, the new doctor of corporations, is well equipped for its hard work. Take a look at the directors and see how they fit into the business. There's the president, V. W. B. Hedgepeth of Scranton. If any man ever had the mag-

(Continued on Next Page)

**H. R. VAN DEUSEN**

ONE of the men that drew up the papers when the American Underwriters was founded and one of the most valued men on the Board. Lives here, and counts his friends by the thousand. Has an unlimited capacity for work, and goes at it straight. Doesn't know any roundabout ways. Has a big practice as general corporation counsel and a thorough knowledge of corporation law. Is treasurer of the DuPont Railway and Land Company; treasurer of the International Land Company, and director of both the Red River Land and Lumber Companies.

Story of the SPAC (Continued)  
 netism and the sheer physical force to make a lame corporation get into the 100-yard-dash class, he's the man. A fifteen minute talk with him will send a worried president out into the battle of business with a new courage in his heart, and many a new idea of how to bridge the chasm, in his head. Hedgepeth finds the ailment of the concern with the same unerring

finger that an allopath or homeopath finds the pulse of his patient.

There's Charles W. Miller, the vice-president. Remember the big dynamite trial in Indianapolis? Miller was the main figure in those trials. Did the prosecuting for the Federal government. Can you imagine any one trying to do anything that is barred by the statutes against a

(Continued on Next Page)



E. S. RALPH

E. S. RALPH is one of Ohio's live wires today. Made the American Seeding Machine Company famous by his method of advertising it. Now he is helping make the American Underwriters known all over the country. No one in Ohio can tell a business proposition or a story as good as E. S. Ralph. Folks used to come from miles around to hear him talk at the banquets and foregatherings of citizens of Kingston. He's Vice-President of the Corrugated Steel Nail Company and Treasurer of the National Old Trails Road Association, of Kansas City. Positively the worst golf player on record.

**Story of the SPAC (Continued)**

company that Miller is active in? Our own H. R. Van Deusen, is the secretary and treasurer. Corporation lawyer, he is, and knows more about corporation law than is written in the books. E. S. Ralph, of Springfield, Ohio, is a director. See what he is besides that. Advertising manager for the biggest seeding machine company south of Jupiter. Knows how

to place the Underwriters before the public. Vice-president of a nail company—has the stuff for nailing on a loose shingle or a sprung floor board in a sick concern, and, with all that, he's treasurer of the Old Trails Road Association, of Kansas City. Can he help point the way out? Leave it to him.

J. N. Penrod, of Kansas City, biggest  
(Continued on Next Page)



**J. N. PENROD**

**B**IGGEST man in Kansas City and doing bigger things than any man there—J. N. Penrod. Director of the American Underwriters. In the Middle West no one ever mentions the name of Kansas City unless they add something praiseworthy of Penrod. One of the best golfers west of the Atlantic Ocean. President of the Penrod Walnut and Veneer Company; President Penrod-Abbott Lumber Company; Vice-President East St. Louis Walnut Company, St. Louis; Treasurer Bennett Hardwood Lumber Company, Memphis, Tenn.; Director Goodlander-Robinson Lumber Company, Memphis; Director Standard Asphalt and Rubber Company, Chicago; Director and Member Executive Board, Central Board Coal and Coke Company, Kansas City; Director National Bank of the Republic; Director Fidelity Trust Company and Director Manufacturers and Mechanics Bank.

## Story of the SPAC (Continued)

lumber man in his state, is also on the board. If a sick concern needs support, he has timbers heavy enough to prop it up. If a lame corporation is stalled, he'll supply the crutch while the doctor is fixing up a creaky knee or a poorly oiled hip. F. W. Wollerton, of Scranton, is another director. Banking is his main business and he knows all that's to be known about

that business. And the banker is a good man to have around. Vice-president of the Scranton and Binghamton Railway and an expert on electric road financing. Director of the Scranton Life Insurance Company and has plenty of statistics on the mortality tables of men and corporations in his head.

Another big man on the board is Dr.

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F. W. WOLLERTON

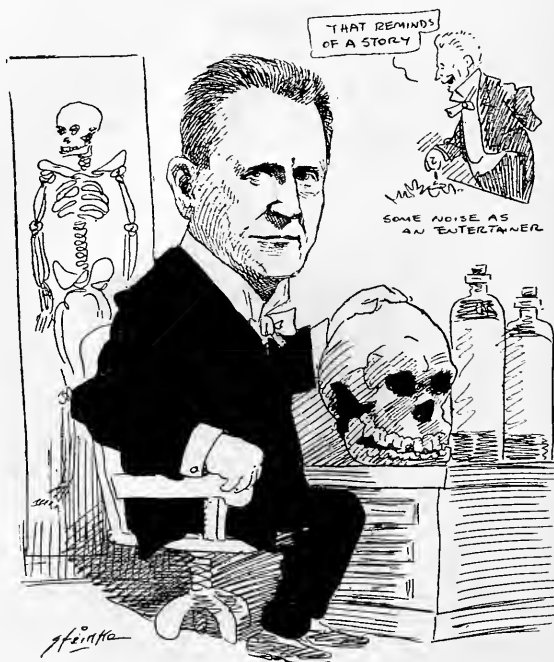
SCRANTON is known for its strong banks and its aggressive and conservative bankers, and any banker will tell you that when it comes to a combining of that rare combination of aggressiveness and conservatism, no man passes F. W. Wollerton, vice-president of the Union National. Knows financial conditions not in this city alone, but all over the country. Good man for any Board and good for the Board of the American Underwriters. Is vice-president of the Scranton and Binghamton Railroad; director of the Scranton Life Insurance Company; director of the Old Forge Discount and Deposit Bank, and director of the First National Bank of Factoryville. One of the almost best golf players on the Country Club links, too.

### Story of the SPAC (Continued)

William F. Kier, of St. Louis, but in demand all over the country for his skill as a physician and surgeon. Knows a lot about the anatomy of corporations as well as humans. Great man for advisor when the patient calls. Best board I ever ran across. Out in Indiana, Pa., they have Thomas Sutton, president of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal School, just

the man to teach the baby corporation the rudiments of business. He's a lawyer, too, and can combine the legal with the educational lore. Then there's Mr. Hall, the great classical scholar of Indiana. If he can't put the Underwriters wise to the root of any living, or dead, story put up to them, he's not the man I take him for. And to top off the list there's Thomas C

(Continued on Next Page)



DR. WILLIAM F. KIER

THOUSANDS of persons all over the Middle West and in many other parts of the country, count Dr. William F. Kier, of St. Louis, Mo., as one of the most skilled physicians and surgeons in the country. No man in his part of the United States has had a more successful practice or done more good for humanity. He is one of the best men that the Underwriters could choose for a seat on their Board and he is one of the hardest workers for the success of the Company. Autoing is his only recreation. The rest of his time is taken up with his practice and with the time he can spare to help make the American Underwriters the big success it is on the way to be.

## Story of the SPAC (Continued)

Seidel, down in Reading. A contractor and builder, he is. Give him the materials and the plans his fellow members furnish, and he can put them together as none other can.

The Underwriters are a necessity to the purchasing public as well as to the corporations offering securities and the corporations in need of the helping hand. As

a rule the purchasing public has little time or opportunity to investigate the securities it buys. The Underwriters will do that work and do it well, bringing expert knowledge and training to the job. The purchaser knows that every security offered by the Underwriters is exactly as described. The facilities of the Underwriters for getting this information are

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THOMAS SUTTON

THOMAS SUTTON is one of the big men of Indiana, Pa., and one of the big men of the State. He's proud of his seat on the directorate of the American Underwriters because he knows the Underwriters are headed towards being one of the biggest concerns of its kind in the country, and he's helping along on the job of making it a success. He's president of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal School; director of the First National Bank of his home city; President of the Keystone Printing Company, of Pittsburg; member of the Indiana Foundry Company and one of the best lawyers at the bar in Pennsylvania. His home is one of the beauty spots of Indiana. Cost all of \$75,000 to put up and worth every cent it cost.

**Story of the SPAC (Continued)**

unlimited. To the corporation, offering securities, the Underwriters offer one of the best organizations in the country. To the new concern it offers the way to the market. And for its own stockholders it sells its knowledge of business at a fair price but at a price that means big dividends on the money invested. It's a great business, this corporation doctor—great for

the patient and great for the doctor, too. Scranton is lucky to have the Underwriters on the job here.

Food, fuel and shelter are the main things dealt in by the American Underwriters. No man can get on without food. Most men would freeze during the cold spells, unless fuel were at hand. And there would not be any living at all with-

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**ROBERT HALL**

**R**IGHT in the center of the activities of the American Underwriters is Robert Hall, prominently identified with the growth of his city, and for fifteen years Professor of Greek and Latin at the Indianapolis Manual Training High School, but now the General Manager of the Indianapolis office of the American Underwriters, Inc. The right man for the big job, and everlastingly, and altogether on the job. Building up the business of the corporation just as thoroughly as he did for more than a decade, the classical knowledge of the rising generation of the Middle West.

Fluff and feathers constitute his one diversion—his fame as a chicken inspector has gone far and wide.



## Story of the SPAC (Continued)

out shelter. The proposition that the land is the source of all wealth cannot be gain-said, so the Underwriters deal in great farms, managed on scientific and business lines. Coal lands, are getting more valuable every day, but poor management has the same effect on a coal company that a draft has on the back of a person's neck. Timber, too, the shelter of the nation, is a great business, but without a little scien-

tific management and conservation a million dollar tract may be crippled by fire, or waste, or poor management. Public service corporations are another class of companies that can show a profit or loss dependent upon management. In these lines the Underwriters excel and their prescriptions are always followed by a general toning up of the whole system and a wiping out of the word "loss" from the books.

THE END



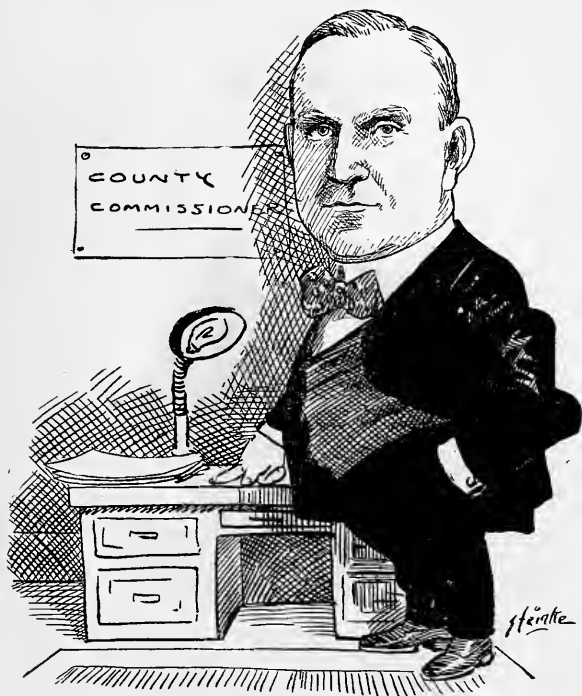
## THOMAS C. SEIDEL

DOWN in Reading they have a man who is never satisfied unless he is building something. Been in the contracting business a long time. Built most of the big buildings in his home town. Now he's trying his best to run the Republican party and build it up into a bigger and better party than it ever was in Reading. Good man for the board of the American Underwriters—good because of his experience in building things. Bound to be a big help to the fast growing concern. Head of the E. B. Beard Construction Company that can handle anything from a voting booth to a Woolworth building. Knows everybody down Reading way and everybody he knows is his firm and fast friend.



#### ROBERT W. ALLEN

COUNTY Commissioner, baseball magnate, brewer, powerful politician and all around good fellow—that's Robert W. Allen. Folks say of him that no man ever had a truer friend. Born in West Scranton, November 12, 1871, he has been making good ever since. In the old days he was about the best amateur ball player in the county and he never wavered in his love of the national game. Entered politics early and was elected register of wills on the Republican ticket in 1903. Elected minority county commissioner in 1908 and re-elected majority commissioner in 1912. President of the Anthracite Brewing Company and active member of the Eagles, Elks and P. O. S. of A. Just a few months ago he was made treasurer of the Scranton Baseball Association, and is putting a lot of life into the team. In the court house there is no more popular official than Robert W. Allen, and when big things are doing in state politics he is generally consulted.



HENRY J. BUTLER

OLD timers who worked in the steel mills when the mills were over in South Scranton still talk of young Henry Butler, the boy who did his work so well that all hands agreed he would go to the top. And when Henry meets the old timers now, gives them a real handshake and hustles along they say—"I told you so; Young Henry had it in him from a kid." County Commissioner now. High man on the Democratic side two years ago and although a minority commissioner, he is a big factor on the board. Worked in the steel mill when a small boy and grew up there. Entered the brewery business and was advanced to the post of collector for the Casey & Kelly company, and held it for more than twenty years. is high in the councils of that Company today. Organized and is president of the Hotel and Household Supply Company and was the organizer and is president of the well-known Val Verde Manufacturing Company, companies who are responsible for the elegant interiors of some of the leading stores and hotels in Lackawanna and Luzerne counties. Mr. Butler is well known and well liked in every city and town in the two counties and one of the hardest workers in this part of the State. His absorbing hobby is his home, and he spends every minute he can in his residence at 315 Locust street with his ten sons and daughters.



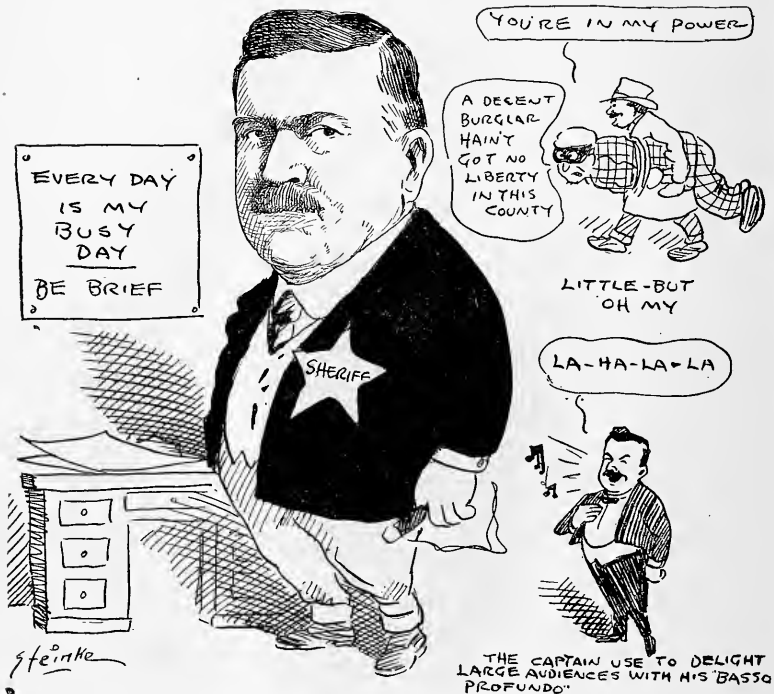
### MORGAN THOMAS

WHEN West Scranton wants to brag of the successful men in business or politics that have had their start over there, one of the first names you'll hear is Morgan Thomas. He's county commissioner now, serving his second term, and he's a big dominant factor in the Republican party here. Self-made, he is in the sense that he worked out his own success. Born in Wales in 1857, he was taken to Australia at the age of 6 by his parents. The call of the United States reached Thomas there in 1872 and in that year he located in West Scranton. Breaker boy was his first job and then miner, but he looked ahead and saved money and said good-bye to the mines in 1883. Later he mastered the commercial course in Wyoming Seminary and got a job as clerk with F. P. Price, then a merchant on Lackawanna avenue. Struck out for himself in 1890 in the location he now owns at Jackson street and Hyde Park avenue. Because he always dealt fair with the people they elected him County Commissioner in 1906 and again in 1911. A lover of music, he is the big figure and president of the Dr. Parry Male Chorus. He is a director of the Keystone Bank, and active in the Masonic bodies, the Knights of Pythias, Knights of Malta, Royal Arcanum and Woodmen.



ROBERT J. BAUER.

**MUSIC**" one of the boys in the office said to me one day, when I asked where I could hear some real melody; "Music! Well if you want to forget all your troubles and get so you cannot make your feet keep still, just break into some place where "Bob" Bauer is leading his band or orchestra. He's been king of the music makers here for years and he deserves the title." Well I've got to admit I danced until I thought I had the rheumatism, the first night I heard that orchestra of Bauer's. And when I heard his band—well I just fell in line with the parade, that's all; couldn't help it. Bauer has got about him that air of the natural musician and bandmaster. Men who play for him say they cannot help doing their best when he stands there swinging the rod. Everybody who ever went to a dance or saw a parade get the same feeling I got, when Bauer's men, with their leader at work, strike up the band. And his music doesn't stop "Bob" Bauer from being one of the best men in town to meet, and to know, neither does it scare the fish away from his hook and bait. What between playing, leading his musicians, instructing a big class of pupils in music and doing a little fishing now and then, he finds time to drop around the Masonic lodges and the Elks rooms, where he is always welcome and where everybody is glad to see him and have a talk. Bob's band was organized in 1877, and he has been playing all real jobs ever since.



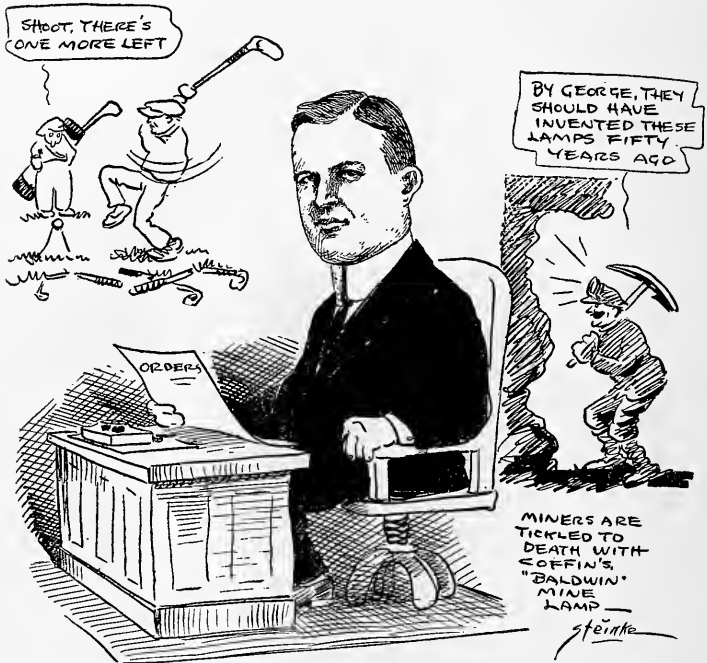
#### SHERIFF BEN S. PHILLIPS

LACKAWANNA county is so proud of one of her favorite sons, Capt. Ben S. Phillips, that last Fall the voters elected him to the highest county office by a majority that made his opponents feel they were not even running. And just to show them their confidence is in the right place, Captain Ben is starting in to make the best sheriff Lackawanna ever had. Whole-souled, hearty and fair and square in everything he does the sheriff has made a friend a minute since he was born and he never goes back on a friend. And he has made his own way in the world, hard work being the secret of his success. Born in Aberdare, South Wales, August 15, 1855. Went to the day and night schools of that country and in 1865 began working in the mines. Came to United States in 1880 and got a job in the mine. In 1888 he was elected Auditor of Lackawanna township. From 1890 to 1905 was one of the biggest rock contractors in the coal fields. Always interested in Republican party politics, his friends sent him to the State Legislature in 1908 and again in 1910. Ran ahead of the field in the county election in 1913 and Lackawanna is now proud of her Sheriff. Lives on East Parker street. Active in the Elks, Eagles and Woodmen. Happy when he has a chance to go hunting or fishing or take care of his horses, chickens, ducks and truck garden.



### PATRICK F. CONNOR

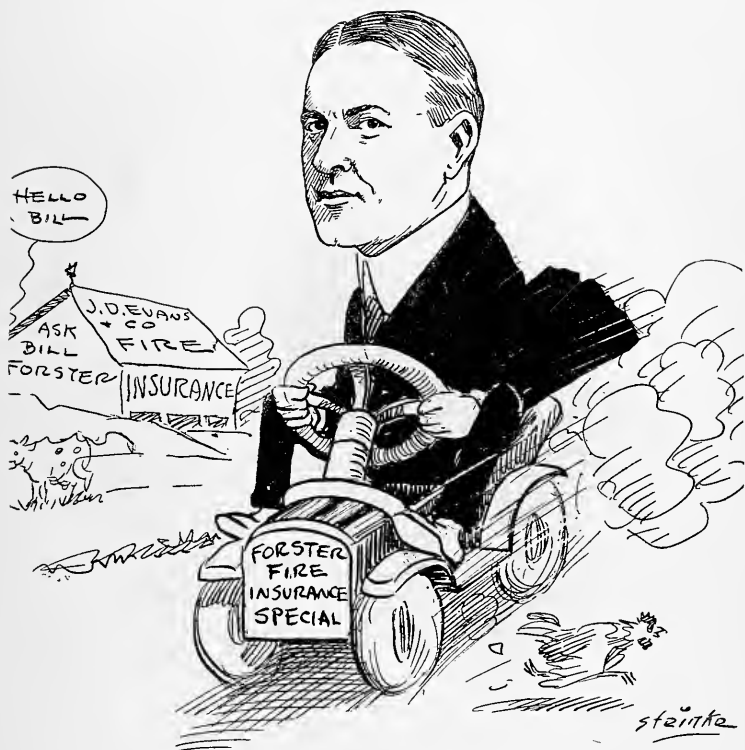
CARBONDALE is not such a big place, as cities go, but some of her sons are the biggest men in the county. Take P. F. Connor, for instance. Born there, educated there and married there. Took a hand in politics and showed his worth. From 1896 to 1904 he was treasurer of the city, and could be holding that berth yet, but he decided that Carbondale should have representation in the county government. Ran for County Treasurer and was elected by a big majority. In 1908 people called him again, this time to the county's highest office—Sheriff. Was Sheriff for four years and made a record for efficiency in that office. Made friends, too, all his life, and today there is no man in the county who stands better with the people. Natural born politician, and life long Democrat, he has been invaluable in the campaigns of that party, and his wise counsel guided many a campaign to success. Takes a hand in State and National politics, too, and is one of the few men in Northeastern Pennsylvania who are recognized as leaders by the national party. Lives in Carbondale yet, but takes a run down to Scranton pretty often to keep in touch with his friends and his affairs here.



## FRANCIS H. COFFIN

**B**ACK in 1905, Francis H. Coffin, dropped in Scranton to sell the coal companies a few carloads of goods. He looked the town over, liked it, picked out a place and settled here. He had traveled pretty well over the entire country selling goods, but Scranton was the first place he liked well enough to make his home in. Ever since 1905 Francis H. Coffin has been the biggest salesman in this end of the State. He is a selling agent first, last and all the time. From his office in the Board of Trade building he handles the lines of the Michigan Wood Pipe Company, is general sales agent for the "Baldwin" Carbide mine lamps and sales agent for the Asbestos Protected Metal Roofing Company and the Highland Chemical Co. Lives at 1528 Jefferson avenue, is a member of the Peter Williamson Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, the Scranton Club, Country Club and Engineers' Club. Likes golf, knows just where and how to fish and is an enthusiast on all outdoor sports. Princeton man, class of '99, lived in the West, New Mexico, and Utah, worked in New York a few years and spent several years on the road. Has built up a big business here and has the confidence of all the big buyers.





## WILLIAM F. FORSTER

IF any one has any doubt about hard work and plugging away paying, he ought to get acquainted with William F. Forster, member of the fire insurance firm of James D. Evans & Co., of the Burr building. On the job every minute is his method. Wherever a fire insurance risk is to be had, Forster is there first or among the first, and his salesmanship ability is a big factor in the rapidly growing business of his company. When he found that he could not get over the ground fast enough on his feet, he went out and bought an automobile and now he is doing twice as much business as before he got the machine. Business men like to see him come into their places with his genial smile and straightforward way of going about his business. And the books of his firm are showing the result of hard work of its junior member.



JAMES L. GAYNOR

LAST year when it began to look as if the trans-county road would never be finished—after all kinds of delays had heid up the work—the County Commissioners cast about for a man who could deliver the goods. James L. Gaynor was the man they selected and the contract for the upper end of the road went to the Gaynor Contracting Company. The Gaynor Company finished the stretch of pave between this city and Carbondale in record time and the pave laid is one of the best pieces of work in the country. James L. Gaynor is a Scranton man. Born here in 1876. Went through the public schools and took a graduate course in highway engineering in Columbia University. For several years he was in the Engineering Department of the Bell Telephone Company and had charge of the underground conduit construction, erection of buildings and development plans. Organized the Gaynor Contracting Company in 1906 and made it a winner from the start by making good on every contract. Street paves laid here last year by the Gaynor Company are the best in the city. And when it comes to laying underground conduits, the companies that want good work done call him in. Has laid miles of conduits for the Bell Telephone Company and now has a big contract for the same kind of work with the Scranton Electric Company. Member of the American Society of Civil Engineers; the Engineering Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania; the Permanent International Association of Road Congress of France.



PETER W. HAAS

WHEN it comes to being a courteous and affable as well as competent public official, you just gotta hand it to Peter W. Haas, Recorder of Deeds for Lackawanna County. After he takes your deed or mortgage to file on his books, you go out of his office saying—well there's one man we elected who is on the job and willing to work for his salary. Over in South Scranton there's no man better liked than "Pete" Haas, and every time he runs for office he gets the solid vote of that part of the city. Only thirty-seven years old, but has served a term in the old Common Council of the city and another as Chairman of the Select Council under the old style of municipal government, and last Fall piled up a big majority in the race for Recorder of Deeds. Worked a while in the County Commissioners office and is an authority on court house affairs. Educated in the public schools, and learned the printing trade. Member of Camp No. 430, P. O. S. of A., Scranton Athletic Club, Fraternal Order of Eagles and Masonic bodies. Hunting, fishign, boxing and all forms of manly sport are hobbies of Pete Haas.



EVAN S. JONES, JR.

GOING about the work of building up the city and not saying much about it—that's Evan S. Jones, Jr. One of the biggest lumber dealers in the State. President and General Manager of the Washburn-Willaims Company, that always has a big gang of men putting up homes and business houses. Spends most of his time at work for his firm and is one of the chief factors in the success of the company. Has a friend in every man he meets. Known the city over for his strict business. Lives at 1208 Washburn street and is one of West Scranton's most prominent citizens, always well up in the front of any movement that aims for the good of that part of the city or any part of the city. Is first vice-president of the Electric City Bank, one of the new and rapidly growing financial houses on the westerly side of the river,



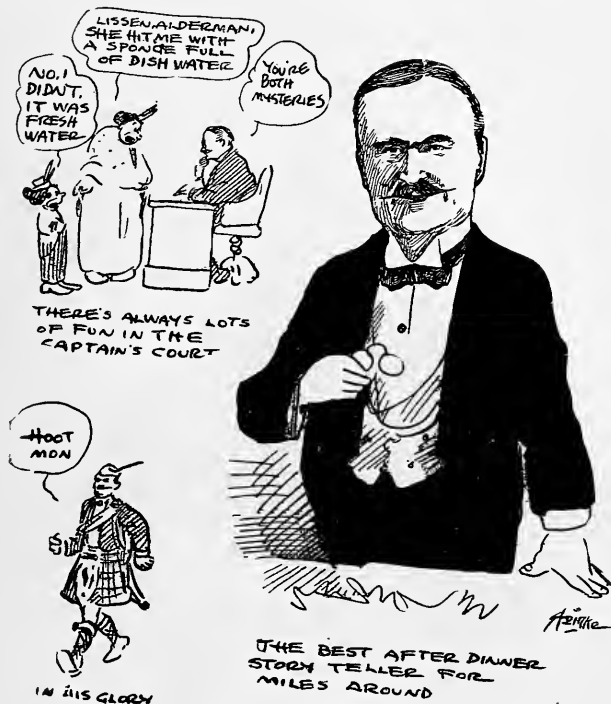
MYRON S. KNIGHT

**I**F any one wants to get a line on mining, as it is done in the anthracite regions, Myron S. Knight, of the firm of Stevenson & Knight, is the man to see. He can tell you the underground conditions in any part of the city or valley. Belongs to the leading civil and mining engineering firm of the coal regions, and does his half of the work well. Lives at 1629 Monroe avenue. Member of the Scranton Club, the Country Club, the Engineers' Club, the Temple Club, and the Green Ridge Club. Active Board of Trade man. Belongs to the King Solomon Lodge, the Keystone Consistory and the Irem Temple. Carries a map of the underground and surface conditions of the city and valley in his head all the time and is known for the accuracy of his plans, sketches and reports.



#### NORMAN G. LENINGTON

**R**IGHT here at home we have one of the world's biggest and most scientific farmers. Planting a couple of states and making the planting pay is the business of Norman G. Lenington. In the past few years he has developed thousands of acres and made homes for hundreds of families that wanted to get back to the soil, and they are glad to be back on the model Lenington farms. He is president of the Southern Land Sales Company, of Mississippi and Alabama; organized the Grand Bay Land Company; the New South Land Company; the Mississippi Pecan and Farm Lands Company; the Southern Investment Company and a few other healthy concerns. Belongs to the Masonic bodies and is a Shriner and a Knight Templar, and a member of the good clubs. Does a little automobil- ing when he can get away from the desk, from which he has directed the working of 80,000 acres of land.



ALDERMAN JAMES MOIR

EVER since he came to Scranton, forty-three years ago, Alderman James Moir has been a big figure in the life of the city. No man has been more prominent in civic, social, political or military circles. His staunch integrity and his willingness always to help his fellow man have made him countless friends who have honored him by electing him to high public office and to high places in lodges and societies. For ten years he represented the Ninth ward in Common Council, and for three years he was council president. In 1899 the people of the city chose him Mayor by a big majority. In politics he has been a Hamilton-Lincoln-Blaine Republican always. Back in 1877 he enlisted as a private in Company C, Thirteenth Regiment, and rose to the rank of Captain, serving for ten years. During that period Company C was the crack command of the militia, and the inspection report for 1893 had it that Company C had no superior in the regulars or the militia. Alderman Moir is a member of the Peter Williamson Lodge, No. 323, F. and A. M.; Robert Burns Lodge, 859, I. O. O. F.; Scranton Encampment, I. O. O. F.; president Past Grande Association, I. O. O. F.; forty-five-year veteran Odd Fellow; a member of the Knights of Malta; chief of the Scranton Caledonia Club and trustee of the City Guard Association. An enthusiastic Scotchman and a leader in the Scotch-American societies, having won prize after prize in their competitions. An expert fencer and a lover of all legitimate athletic sports. An authority on history and one of the best read men in this part of the State. Has been alderman of the Ninth ward for many years and has brought dignity to the office.



### T. W. BATES

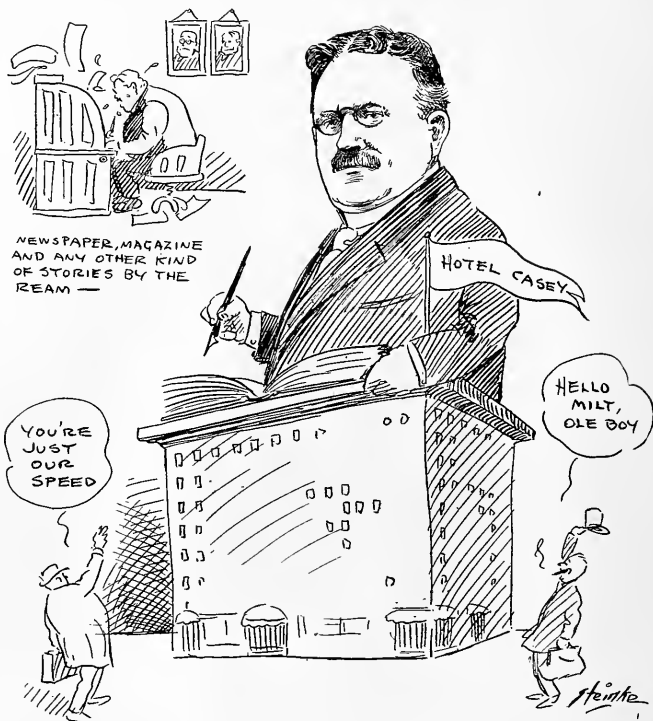
IN every big concern there is a man some place, who though perhaps he isn't getting the credit, is the real works. That's about the way T. W. Bates, office manager for the Maloney Oil and Manufacturing Company here, sizes up to me. He's on the job all the time and under his direction things move swiftly and silently and the business grows all the time. Oil men predict big things in the future for Mr. Bates, who at thirty-two years of age is farther advanced in the business than any of the big oil magnates were at the same age. Born in Wayne County he brought to the city the same strength of purpose and loyalty that many other famous sons of that county are equipped with and he brought also the power and ability to work untiringly for his firm. Business men about town are glad to know Mr. Bates and glad to deal with him, because they know they will get right treatment. Prominent socially, too, and a member of the Masonic bodies, the Odd Fellows, Modern Woodmen and Artesians. Like all Wayne county men he is fond of fishing and hunting and knows where to go for the big trout and big game.





GEORGE FELTON

MOST every one, before he goes hunting or fishing, drops in to see George Felton, at 119 Penn avenue, to get a full equipment of fishing tackle and shooting supplies, also hunting and fishing stories. George will tell you the house address of every trout in the state, and the rural free delivery number of every bear and deer, and he'll supply the exact bait and ammunition with which to bring them home. As a locksmith and cutler, he has few equals and he has a thorough knowledge of the Hardware, Cutlery, Tool and Sportsman's supply business. He is vice-president of the Barbers' Supply Dealers' Association of America; treasurer of Camp 63, United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania; member of the Scranton Bicycle Club and one of the best singers in the Scranton Liederkranz. Started in business in 1889 and succeeded in 1899 to a business established in 1868, the oldest house of its kind in this part of the State.



## MILTON ROBLEE

WHenever I get that lonesome feeling for Broadway (yes, I was there once) I drop into Hotel Casey and try to have a chat with Milton Roblee, the manager, who has made the hotel one of the most famous in the country. His stories of the big men that stopped in his New York hotels, his descriptions of the sights along the white roadway, and his big Broadway air make me see the big buildings again and hear the rattle of the cabs and cars, and the hum of the crowds. He ran the Bartholdi for years and had for guests and personal friends, such men as Mark Twain, William Jennings Bryan and "Bob" Fitzsimmons. Opened the Belleclaire, uptown, and was the pioneer in the apartment hotel. Managed the Imperial, Cadillac and Knickerbocker. Has been at the Casey since it opened and his management made it the success it is, for it takes a big man to run a "Perfect" million dollar hotel these days. Breaks into literature every once in awhile and turns stuff that makes the local writers jealous. An authority on theatricals. Spent a season or two as leading man in good sized companies, and ran the famous Actors' Fund fair in New York—the one that President Theodore Roosevelt started. Knows every big actor and actress on the stage and can tell better stories of his personal experiences and friends than any man in the State. Belongs to the Country Club and Elks. As a golfer he has most of the local devotees of the green trimmed, and he can play billiards almost as well as Hoppe, himself. And I never met a more courteous, gentlemanly man in any business than Milton Roblee. "Chesterfieldian" is the word that tells the story of the Casey's manager.



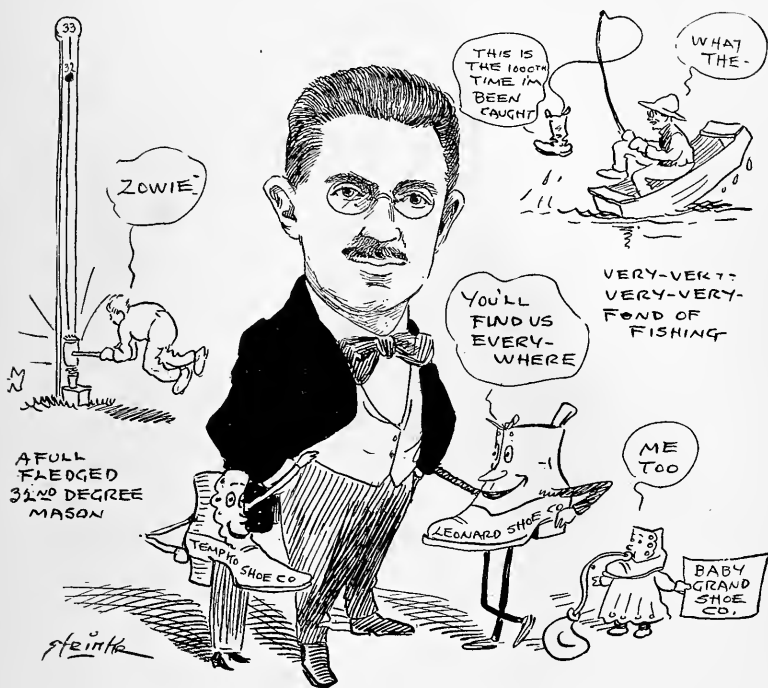
JOHN TORRINGTON WATKINS

SCRANTON is known all over the country as a center of music, and John Torrington Watkins is the man who made it known. It is said of him that if there is music in a person he will bring it out, and his wonderful success as a teacher, leader and conductor of choruses that have won world fame has a touch of music in it. He organized the choir that won the \$5,000 prize at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. His singers took first and second prizes at the Ninth Regiment armory in 1895. He won at the Chautauqua Summer School in 1902. His Scranton chorus took seven of the nine prizes at the Brooklyn Arion festival in 1902. At the St. Louis Exposition the Scranton singers under Mr. Watkins brought home the \$5,000 prize, gold medal and diploma. They took first prize at Newark in 1906, second at Madison Square Garden, New York, in 1909, and only last year, 1913, at the great Pittsburg eisteddfod, the Scranton chorus that Mr. Watkins organized and taught, won the first prize and gold medal. Now his slogan for Scranton voices is "on to San Francisco for the Panama Exposition prize." He will win it, too. World famed critics say his work is the most marvelous they have ever listened to. Has his studios at 132 Washington avenue, and is proud of Scranton, just like Scranton is proud of its peerless leader. Voice teacher and choral conductor the sign on the door reads and a welcome awaits everybody. He is conductor of the Scranton United Choral Society, the Scranton Ladies' Musical Club, the Junger Maennerchor, the Elm Park Church Choral Society, the Schubert quartette, the vocal department of Keystone Academy, the Musical Art Society and of the singing in Elm Park Church. Belongs to the Masonic bodies, the Templars and the Shrine, and is a devotee of baseball, bowling and outdoor sports. And he has the smile that never wears off. Does me good every time I meet John T.



JOHN H. WILLIAMS

THEY tell me West Scranton has always been noted for the solid, conservative and likeable business men it has given the city, and if old Hyde Park turns out many men like John H. Williams it deserves that fame. He's one of the firm of Sanker & Williams Company, big wholesale house that supplies the trade all over this part of the State, and as a wholesale grocer there are none to beat John H. Williams. And besides all the work that job entails he finds time to be a director of the West Side Bank, to run the business of Williams & Company in West Scranton and lend a helping hand in the firm of Myron Evans & Co. Like all big men, Mr. Williams finds time to serve the city and as a member of the Scranton School Board he does his share in keeping the public schools up to the highest standard and running the affairs of the district on a strictly business basis. Member of the Masons and Elks and popular in both. Lives at 229 South Main avenue, and enjoys nothing better than a spin in a motor car.



**JULIUS MILTON TEMKO**

**T**HERE are many business men in Scranton who have made their way up from the bottom of the ladder, but when it comes to the real self-made man, my hat's off to Julius Milton Temko. Came from Russia with his widowed mother when only twelve years old and lived in Jersey City. Started right into work, but went to night school when the school was open. No play times for that boy. Went to Philadelphia with A. J. Bates & Co., shoe dealers, and starting at bottom quit as manager. Came to Scranton twelve years ago, starting a wholesale and retail business at 520 Lackawanna avenue. Later he went to Brooklyn and Boston and was successful in both places, but bankered for Scranton and came back home one day, and now has the biggest shoe business in the valley. Square dealing, conservatism and real work brought success. Now he's the owner of the J. M. Temko Shoe Company, wholesale; owner of the Baby Grand Shoe Company, manufacturers and distributors, and secretary-treasurer of the Leonard Shoe Company that has stores throughout Northeastern Pennsylvania and New York State. Pretty good going for an orphan boy of twelve, not so many years ago. Belongs to the Masonic Cassia Lodge, Brooklyn, Keystone Consistory and Shrine. Fishing is his favorite sport and he told me himself his hobbies are literature, auto-mobiling, hard work and honest money making.



A. B. COHEN

AS long as my watch keeps ticking I'll remember A. B. Cohen. He sold me the watch down in his store at 207 Lackawanna avenue. And on the level, sometimes, I've wished the watch would stop—in the early morning getting-up hour when every minute means a week—but the watch ticks away and keeps good time, too. Jewelry is A. B.'s business and he puts in a day's work at it every day, but he finds time on the side for a few extra days work every twenty-four hours. He's the man who helps mark down on the city assessment book, the valuation of your property, and he knows property values. When he talks at the Board of Trade, men sit up to listen. He is president of the Linden Street Temple and was a big help in getting the new Temple building paid for. He's vice-president of the Hebrew Orphans' Home in Philadelphia, director of the United Hebrew Charities and a member of the advisory board of the Jewish Committee of Fifty of America. He ranks high in the Schiller lodge of Masons and is a former director of the Anthracite Trust Company.

A. B. Cohen is successful, but he made his own success. Born in Russia, he came to America at the age of twenty and after a year moved to Scranton. He knew the jewelry business then and got into it, and built up one of the city's leading houses. He's for clean politics, is active in organizing Jewish societies and is one of the committee of five who organized the playgrounds here.



M. S. JORDAN

**I**F I ever connect up with a bunch of regular, government approved currency, I'm going to buy some "gilt-edge" stocks and bonds to put away for the kids when they grow up. And believe me, when I do I'm going to buy some that are sure enough tried and true—no use taking chances after you've got it—the time to do that is when you "aint."

When I get that "kale", who do you suppose I'm going to go to for advice? Why to Mike Jordan, of course. M. S. Jordan is the way he signs his checks. What he don't know about stocks and bonds, hulls and bears, Wall Street and Broad street, may be of some value, but I'd rather know the things he knows than the ones he don't.

Used to spend all his time here in Scranton—in those days he had to work. Now he makes Lehighton, Pa., his place of residence, where he sits on the board of the Citizens National Bank, a prosperous institution. However, "M. S.," still has large interests in Scranton, and runs up to spend the business day here at least once a week. His chief weakness is being a baseball "fan" of the hopeless type. Mr. Jordan belongs to many social and fraternal organizations, including the K. of C., the Elks, Eagles, the Scranton Club, the Scranton Press Club and the Pennsylvania Society of New York.



JOHN D. JONES

**A**SSISTANT manager of the International Correspondence Schools and a big part of the works is John D. Jones. You must know—everybody else does. Kind of a man you like to meet. Few men in Scranton have as many friends in every State in the Union. The Elks of the nation elected him Grand Esteemed Knight at the Los Angeles convention a few years ago. He founded the Pennsylvania State Association of Elks and was its president for two terms. Big man and trustee in the Scranton Lodge of Elks. President and founder of the I. C. S. Fraternity of the World, a bigger organization than the folks at home generally know. Member of the Scranton Club, the Country Club and the Scranton Engineers' Club. Belongs to all the Masonic bodies and has been honored with the thirty-second degree. Lives at 408 North Washington avenue, and is a rooter for the Scranton baseball team and for all good baseball nines, in other leagues than our own.





## EDSON E. SMITH

**H**UNDREDS of thousands of persons in this part of the State daily hite into the wholesome and nourishing bread that Edson E. Smith, branch manager for the Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, makes it possible for them to have. And as they eat and enjoy the eating and grow fat and strong on it, they have every reason to thank the man whose energy, vim and push has made Pillsbury's flour a household necessity, and luxury as well, in Northeastern Pennsylvania. Like most of Scranton's successful men, Mr. Smith has made his own success. Born on his father's farm in Wayne county, he helped till the soil until he was twenty years old and then came to Scranton to fight his way to the top. That was fifteen years ago. To get started right he took a business course and for a while kept books. Ten years ago he went out on the road for the Pillsbury Company and he made friends and built up the business wherever he went. So great was his success on the road that four years ago he was promoted to branch manager for Northeastern Pennsylvania, and today he has the biggest business and is recognized as the leading flour man in these parts. Lives at 1007 Clay avenue. Member of the Masonic bodies and the Shrine and of the Scranton Bicycle Club. Likes to fish and spends all the few spare moments his arduous business ties permit fishing at Lake Ariel where he has a summer house.



GEORGE B. MYERS

**D**ID you ever run across a man whose "Good Morning" or "Good Afternoon" was a tonic for a grouch? That's George B. Myers, one of the owners of the H. & M. chain of cigar stores. Nobody ever dropped into one of the stores when George was around who did not go away feeling better and getting a lot more good out of his smoke than ordinarily. For he combines courtesy with good nature and square dealing and there's a trio that is bound to bring success. Born in Scranton thirty-four years ago, he grew up with the city, making friends every day. Belongs to the Green Ridge Club, the Temple club and all the Masonic bodies. Goes in for fishing and autoing and knows as much about baseball as a big league scout. Worked for Connolly & Wallace three years; Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, three years; spent six years with the International Correspondence Schools, a year with the Temple Iron Company and a year with the Bull's Head Coal Company. Has been a bookkeeper with Spruks Brothers for six years and opened up the H. & M. Cigar store at 629-631 Lackawanna avenue several years ago. Now the firm has two more stores, one in the Miller building and the other at Penn avenue and Spruce street. And Mr. Myers is a married man and the proud father of three of the finest boys in the city, who are the life of the neighborhood up around 1619 Mulberry street.



W. T. SPRUKS

PEOPLE all over this end of the State are coming to know W. T. Spruks as one of Scranton's most progressive and successful business men. Whenever they need lumber they are coming to think of him and his A. L. Major Company, of which he is secretary-treasurer and nearly the whole works, and the A. L. Major Company is away up there in the list of wholesale lumber houses. So is the Pennsylvania Realty Company some shucks in the real estate business, and it's gaining its success through the hard work of its president, Mr. Spruks. As for politics—well believe me this same Mr. Spruks sawed some wood in the mayoralty campaign of 1913. Belongs to the Shriners and Temple Club, and is an expert when it comes to running an auto and really enjoying the breeze that blows over the hood.



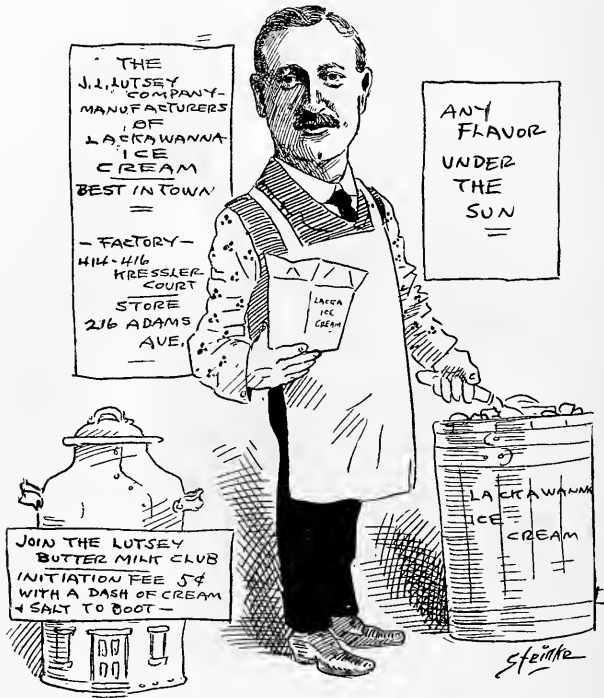
#### JOHN HENRY SCHWENKER

NO book could be complete without a bookbinder, and so I welcome John Henry Schwenker, who binds books so they stay bound. Been at it since he was thirteen years old and has worked his way up to the presidency of J. H. Schwenker & Co., one of the leading binderies in the State. General manager, too, and business-getter for the company whose plant at 222 Wyoming avenue is one of the busiest spots in the city. Born and raised in Scranton, he went to the public schools until he was thirteen years old, and then got a job at the old Tribune bindery, where he learned his trade, under his father, G. F. Schwenker, pioneer binder here. Took a course at the Scranton Business College and studied hard. In 1909, his father took over the Tribune bindery, running it under the name, G. F. Schwenker & Co. Owing to ill health, the elder Schwenker sold the business to J. H. Schwenker in 1911, and for three years the son has been making it bigger and better. He is an enthusiastic member of the Junger Mannerchor, the Knights of Malta and the Masonic bodies and enjoys nothing better than running his auto or spending a day or two in the woods during the hunting season.



#### H. J. FARRELL

**I**F music makes cheer in the house, H. J. Farrell is the great cheermaker here. For the past four years he has been making his matchless Cunningham piano as essential a part of the happy family's household outfit as are the kitchen stove and the hall rack. Four years in Scranton has been plenty of time for him to make himself one of the city's best known and most reliable young business men. Hard work and good nature and absolute faith in the goods he sells has done the trick. And H. J. Farrell likes Scranton as good as the city likes him and he made up his mind to stay here permanently. Born in Philadelphia in 1878. Started in the piano business when a young man and has stayed right on the job. Belongs to the Catholic Club and gets the best use out of the "gym". Married, too, and has a little girl three years old who is already learning to play on the Cunningham.



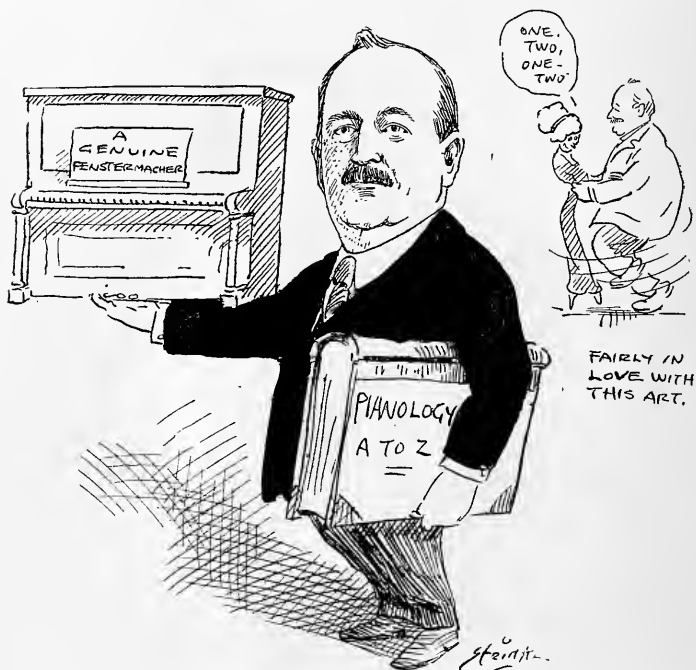
JOHN L. LUTSEY

**F**EEDING a town with ice cream and milk and other dairy products—that's what John L. Lutsey is doing and doing so well that he has hardly any real competition. Started in business here in 1902 with the Lackawanna Dairy Company. Five years and he was general manager and two more years he organized the firm of J. L. Lutsey & Co., and bought the business. Now he's president, treasurer and principal stockholder and about the whole works of the firm. Has his place in the 200 block Adams avenue, with factory in Kressler court. Is a football, baseball and horse-racing enthusiast. Active member of the Masons, the Scranton Board of Trade, the Men of Elm Park and the Odd Fellows. And knows how to make ice cream of the kind that sends the customers back for more and more.



#### HON. P. F. CALPIN

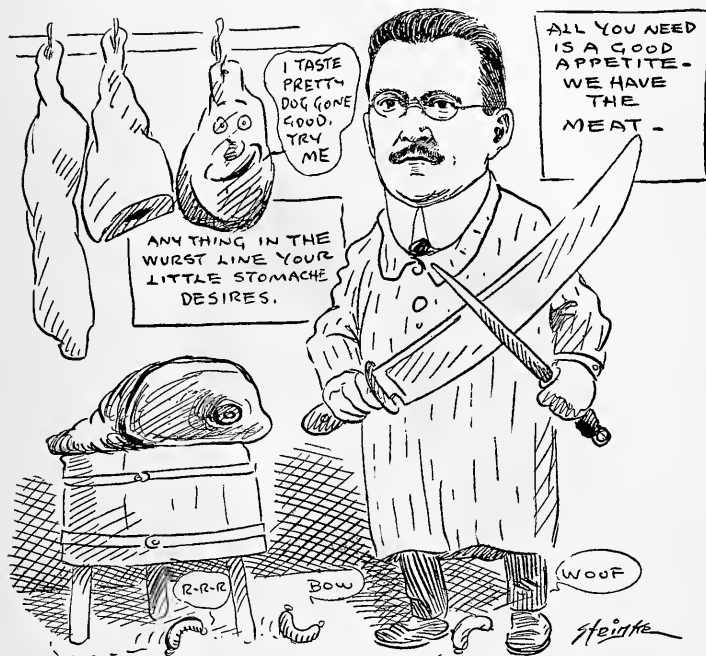
**F**EW men who have gone before the voters of Scranton and Lackawanna county have been as highly honored as Hon. P. F. Calpin, and no one has proved himself more worthy of the trust and confidence of the community. In 1902 the people sent him to the State Senate to represent Lackawanna county and he did so much there for his constituency that in 1906 he was elected high sheriff of the county by a flattering majority. Lackawanna never had a better sheriff and under his regime many needed reforms were instituted and carried out. Before going to the Senate he was a member of the City Council from 1896 to 1902 and president of Council in 1900-1901. For years he has been one of the leading Democrats in Lackawanna county and his voice and advice have carried weight in the affairs of his party in the State. For several years he has been successfully engaged as a builder and real estate operator and is known for his strict business integrity. Lives at 1616 Mulberry street and has as many real friends as any man in the city.



### E. A. FENSTERMACHER

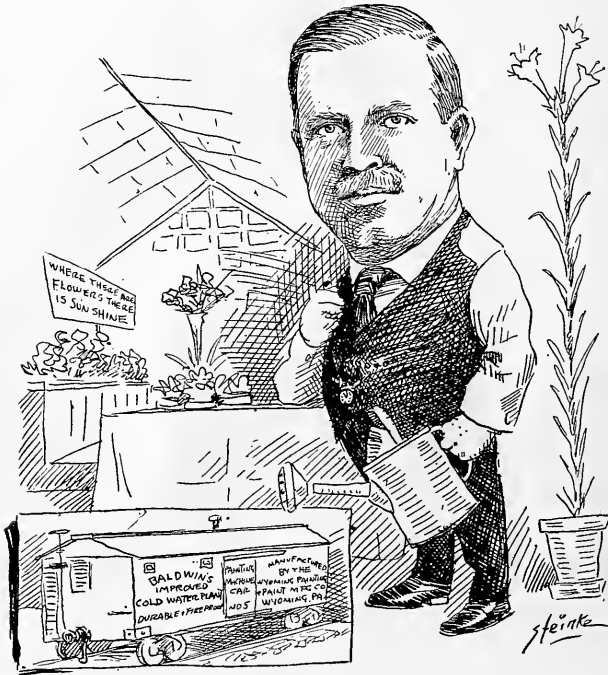
**I**F the old saying, "music hath charms to sooth, etc.," be true, then E. A. Fenstermacher is one of the biggest joy-bringers that ever came to Scranton. Hundreds of homes have been made happier by the music of the good pianos he has sold from his store at 215 Wyoming avenue. The name Fenstermacher has come to be a guarantee of perfection for all musical instruments that he handles. His high place in the musical business has been won by himself on merit and aggressiveness. Born in Wapwallopen in 1871 he left the farm when a boy and received his musical education at the Philadelphia Musical Academy. Taught music eleven years. Studied the pipe organ under Carl Schmidt, of Wilkes-Barre, and played the pipe organ at the Berwick M. E. Church from 1892 to 1900. Came to Scranton in 1900 and played in the Asbury M. E. Church from 1901 to 1911. Started in the selling business in 1907 and in 1910 organized the E. A. Fenstermacher Company of 215 Wyoming avenue. Today he has one of the biggest and most up-to-date stores in the city. He is prominent also in fraternal orders, a thirty-second degree Mason, a Shriner, an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Malta, and an Elk.





FRED J. HUG

WE must have the meat man. How is one to get along without keeping the molars in trim by sinking them into a nice, tender steak or roast. And when it comes to meat men, me for Fred J. Hug. Twenty years in the retail meat business here, and was at the trade in Germany before that. Known for keeping the best meats. Worked in all the big European cities, like Berlin, Heidelberg and the others. Lately he has been dealing a lot in real estate and has built up a big business along that line. Lives at 710 Prescott avenue and has a place at 337 Adams. Belongs to the Scranton Liederkrantz and other social organizations, and for recreation goes in for autoing, horse racing, hunting and fishing.



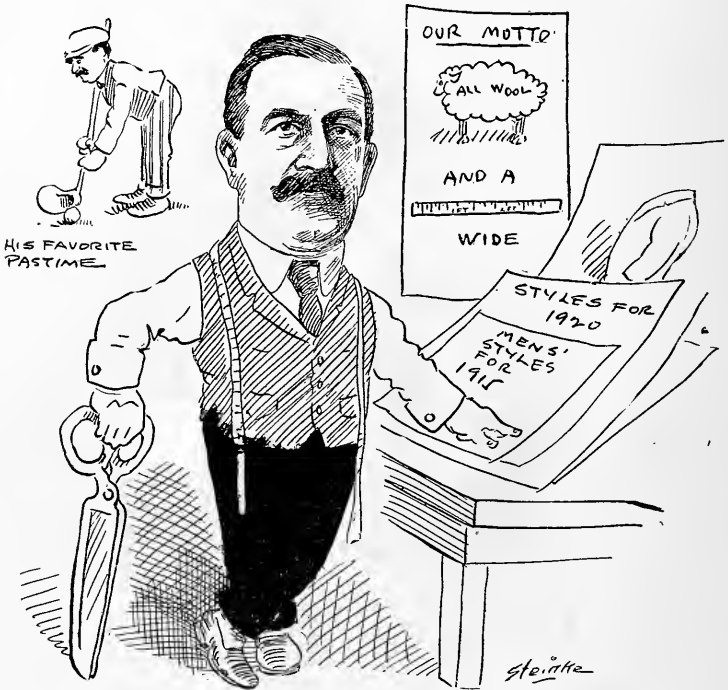
C. W. BALDWIN

SCRANTON looked good to C. W. Baldwin a little more than a year ago, so he came here from Wyoming and opened one of the finest florist houses in the State at 526 Spruce street. And from the day he came here, Mr. Baldwin looked good to Scranton. His flowers are the most beautiful and fragrant grown anywhere and lovers of flowers just naturally patronized his store. He gives the people the best and after all the best is what the people seem to want. His greenhouse at Washburn street and Filmore avenue, West Scranton, are one of the beauty spots of the city. He is a partner, too, in the Wyoming Painting and Paint Manufacturing Company, of Wyoming, makers of cold water paint, and owners of a string of painting machine cars that are hauled to every part of the country where good work is insisted upon. Born in Wyoming, forty years ago. Belongs to the Elks and Wilkes-Barre Franklin Club. He is a lover of birds, dogs and flowers. Handy man with gun and rod and an expert at the wheel of a motor car that has speed in its engines.



### MATT A. COAR

SOME folks say that the most alert class of men in the country are the brokers who deal in stocks and bonds. No laggard can keep up with the procession and unless a man is on his toes twenty-four hours a day (they say brokers work while they sleep), he never gets very far in his line. Matt A. Coar—Scranton young man, hustler since he was a kid. Opened a brokerage office when he left college a few years ago and today is one of the busiest and most successful traders in the city. His offices in the Mears building are a miniature stock exchange every business hour of the day. Born in Scranton in 1888. Graduate of the Scranton High School and the University of Pennsylvania. Got in the brokerage business as soon as he had his university degree. Prominent socially, an enthusiastic motorist and horseback rider and a lover of baseball, football, hunting and fishing. Member of the Elks and lives up to the spirit of that organization.



WILLIAM J. DAVIS

WILLIAM J. DAVIS is today the leading tailor of the county. His establishment at Adams avenue and Spruce street, on the main floor of the Davis-Bliss building, is headquarters for good fitting and modish clothes for men, and a place where the dissatisfied customer is an unknown quantity. Honest work, attention to business and keeping abreast of the times have made the house what it is and are keeping it at the highest mark of perfection. Mr. Davis was born on a farm but he didn't like any too well the early frosts and other courtesies of the weather in the country, so he shook the soil from his cowhide boots and began to get an education. Worked at figures until his brain seemed blistered, and then began teaching school. Liked the teaching well enough but the pay was too small, so he decided to quit leading the blind and begin to clothe the naked. Started a clothing store and developed it into a merchant tailoring establishment, which is now the largest in the Lackawanna Valley. If the tailor doesn't fit he doesn't survive and W. J. Davis is certainly a survival of the fittest. He has made successful excursions into real estate, banking, railroading and politics and few men have done more to make Scranton a bigger and better city. His record is clear, his word is good and his judgment is excellent. He has given college educations to four of Scranton's citizens—his own sons—who are all in business and successful. Mr. Davis is a director of the Union National Bank, an enthusiastic member of the Scranton Board of Trade and a member of the Country Club. Lives at 323 Jefferson avenue.



VALENTINE BLISS.

SCRANTON is known from one end of the country to the other as a silk manufacturing center and it is men like Valentine Bliss who have given the city that fame. Came here a pioneer in the silk business and by his knowledge of the business and his hard work, built up some of the finest mills in the country. Learned the business in Macclesfield, England, and went to Paterson, N. J., in 1879. Saw a field in Scranton and entered it in 1896. Commenced business in the old brick mill near the Providence station then owned by John Mears, John Cleland, Major Fish and others and stayed there five years when he built the Dickson mill. Bought the Cambria mill from the Cambria Silk Company but disposed of it later. Bought the Kilgour Silk mill on West Market street, built the Jessup mill and afterwards erected another in South Dickson City. Then formed the Bliss Silk Throwing Company, all of the stock of which is owned by the Bliss family. Is president and treasurer of the Bliss Company, first vice-president and director of the North Scranton Bank and a director of the Union National Bank. Is a member of the Scranton Club, the Country Club, the Green Ridge Club, the Hazleton Country Club, the Paterson Masonic lodge, the Paterson Elks, the Mecca Club of Paterson, the Silk Association of America, the Silk Throwsters Association of America and for seventeen years secretary of the Paterson Cricket Club.

Mr. Bliss is one of the best golfers in this end of the state and few men have anything on him in a cricket game. Likes baseball, too, and through thick and thin sticks to the Scranton team.

DISCOVERING things as a business, petered out in the nineties. The old timers had prospected under the ground and over the ground and cornered about everything that looked good. They named mines and streets after themselves; they built railroads and trolley lines; dug out the iron ore and built hotels and business blocks as monuments. Then they sat back to let the town grow by itself.

Along in 1907, the Columbus bee began to buzz in J. S. McNulty's bonnet. After presiding and directing a half dozen companies and running a big furniture business, he found he had a few minutes to spare each day. He put the minutes in on looking around.

"These boys that grew up with me are a healthy, rugged bunch, and are giving the undertakers plenty of time to rest," the bee buzzed. "The women folks are celebrating birthdays along in the seventies and the kids are looking as tough as nails. I wonder how many of them are mailing their money to the insurance companies?"

A look into the insurance offices satisfied Mr. McNulty that a heap of money was going out of the city and into the treasuries of the insurance companies.

"That money ought to stay at home" the bee buzzed. "It's safer right here in town and the folks can see what they are paying for."

Next day there was a meeting in the McNulty offices and that evening Scranton had its own insurance company, the Scranton Life. Just a little company it was at first, but the home folks stood by and wore out pens signing applications for good insurance right at home. Bayard C. Taylor, Weights and Measures Inspector, ran all the way to the office to get the first policy, and he has it yet.

It wasn't long before the company was crowding the big insurance concerns out of the city. In October, 1908,

the word "Mutual" was dropped out of the name, and the company reincorporated as a regular reserve company. That's only five years ago, but the books are showing more than \$17,000,000 insurance and an income of more than \$600,000 a year. The company is not only keeping a lot of Scranton money at home, but it is bringing in outside money—always a good thing for city or citizen. It has paid out some money too—\$600,000—in death claims, dividends and surrender values, and hundreds of people all over the country are thanking it every day for the good it has brought them.

Mr. McNulty has always been President of the Company. He just fits the chair and the chair was made for him. Dr. A. J. Connell is Vice-President and Medical Director, with Dr. George G. Lindsay, another Scranton man, helping out on the medical end. General Frederic W. Fleitz, is General Counsel, and Madison F. Larkin is Treasurer, Joseph F. Lavis is Assistant Treasurer, William E. Napier is Secretary of the Company, and has for his Assistant G. W. Swain. Mr. Swain comes in for the extra title of Actuary, a title that carries with it a lot of work.

C. C. Sampson is assistant secretary and superintendent of agencies, with entire charge of the field organization of the company.

Everybody knows the Directors of the Scranton Life. There's Mr. McNulty, Dr. Connell, Mr. Larkin, General Fleitz, Hon. W. L. Connell, T. J. Foster, Rufus J. Foster, Mortimer B. Fuller, Frederick W. Wollerton, Alfred E. Connell, Wm. E. Napier, all Scranton men; Seth T. McCormick, and C. La Rue Munson, of Williamsport; John B. Fassett, of Tunhannock, and J. K. Griffith, of Pittston, all doing their best to make the company bigger and better and getting away with the job.



JAMES S. McANULTY.

**B**USIEST man in town and the best to meet—James S. McNulty. I've a notion to call him "Jim." Just that kind he is—there with the hearty handshake and the real smile all the time. Too busy to grouch. He's putting Scranton on the map in bigger letters than ever before with his Scranton Life Insurance Company. President, founder and hardest worked in all the company, he is, and that's saying a lot with the other hundreds of busy men on the pay rolls. And between busy minutes he's doing the work of Secretary-Treasurer and Director of the Connell Anthracite Mining Company; Secretary of the West End Colliery Company, and Director of the Tobyhanna Ice Company. Has a big interest in the leading furniture house in this end of the state, too. First of all though he's making the Scranton Life Insurance Company bigger and better and the result of his work is seen in the figures that the Company reports to the state every once in a while. Insurance men all over the country have their eye on the Scranton Life, getting pointers from the president's policy.

First time I saw him was at a ball game, rooting away for the home team with the good old root that puts the "pep" into the boys.



HERBERT L. TAYLOR

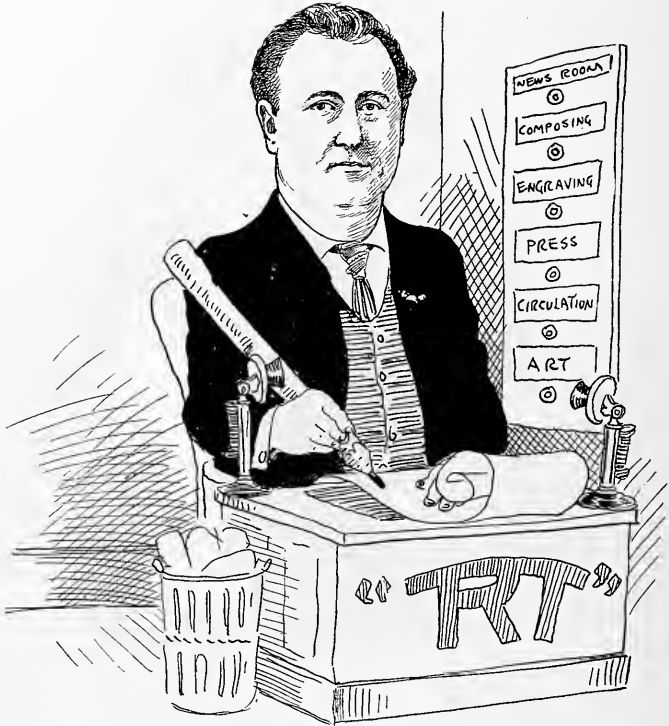
ASK me who's a good lawyer and hear me shout—Herbert L. Taylor. Hear everybody agree with me, too. For when it comes to the law there are few firms that have the ability and the confidence of the community that you will find in Taylor & Lewis' offices. Mr. Taylor was born in Lackawanna county, October 5, 1865, and grew up with the county. Studied law with Judge H. M. Edwards, and was assistant district attorney under him, before Judge Edwards was elevated to the bench. For three years he was one of the best county solicitors Lackawanna has ever had, and politicians will tell you that the Republican party never had a better chairman in this county than Mr. Taylor, and he was chairman five times. For nineteen years he has been associated with Mr. Lewis in the law firm. Lives at 222 South Hyde Park avenue, and is one of West Scranton's best-liked men. His law firm is counsel for the Merchants and Mechanics bank.





### E. M. ZEHNDER

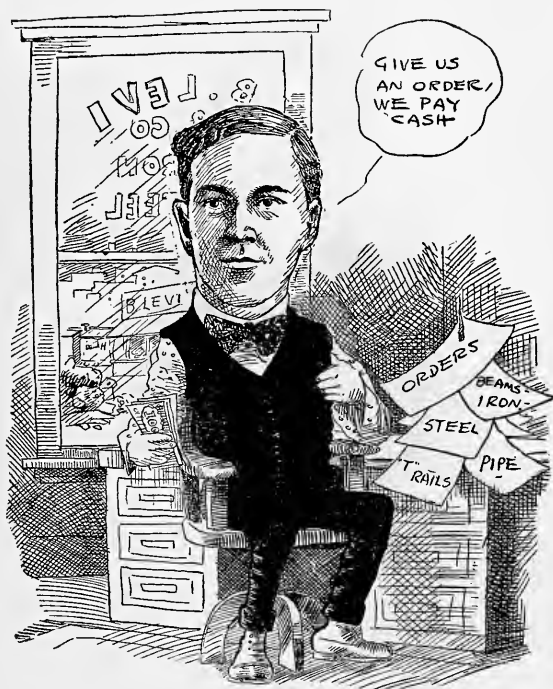
**M**AKING a big bolt and nut plant grow where nothing had been before and sending its product to every part of the world, is some of the good that E. M. Zehnder, president of the Scranton Bolt and Nut Works has done for Scranton. Came here in 1899 from Lebanon Pennsylvania, as superintendent of the Bolt and Nut Company when the plant was built, and with his brother, W. D. Zehnder, helped make it one of the biggest concerns of its kind in the country. Succeeded to the presidency on the death of his brother, April 19, 1906. Lives at 1025 Electric street. Member of the Railroad Club and Engineers' Club, of New York; the Scranton Club, the Country Club, the Engineers Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania, and the Masonic bodies.



G. A. SOMARINDYCK.

TALK to the ordinary owner of a newspaper and he will tell you that he is overworked getting out one publication, but right here with us we have George A.

Somarindyck, who is getting out two of the best papers in the country and being pleasant about it. Maybe he is too busy to complain of work. Hasn't been in Scranton very long yet, but since he came he has made history in the newspaper game. Is president and treasurer of the Lackawanna Publishing Company, publisher of the Scranton Truth and The Tribune-Republican. Belongs to the Scranton Club, the Masonic bodies, the Shriners and is an Elk, an Eagle and a Modern Woodman. Likes to see a baseball game and is an enthusiast for football and racing. Also, he is the official printer for this history.



DAVID A. LEVY

AFTER all it takes a hustler to make good, and when it comes to being a hustler you've simply got to hand it to David A. Levy, general manager for B. Levi & Company. He's only a young man yet and has been at the head of this company's big iron and steel business for only a few years, but in that time he has put through some of the largest deals ever placed in this city. One of these was the purchase of the waste output of the Allis-Chalmers Company, which moved from this city several years ago. For the past twenty years the Levi plant has been one of the most staple industries in Scranton, having continually developed under the directing hand of Barnet Levi, senior member, now deceased. Subsequently David A. Levy was taken into the firm as general manager, and the company's success and development has continued uniformly under his management. It was through the work of the general manager that the big Allis-Chalmers deal was put through, and against the hardest kind of competition. Besides being a successful business man, David A. Levy is one of the most popular young men in the city and has thousands of friends throughout this part of the State.



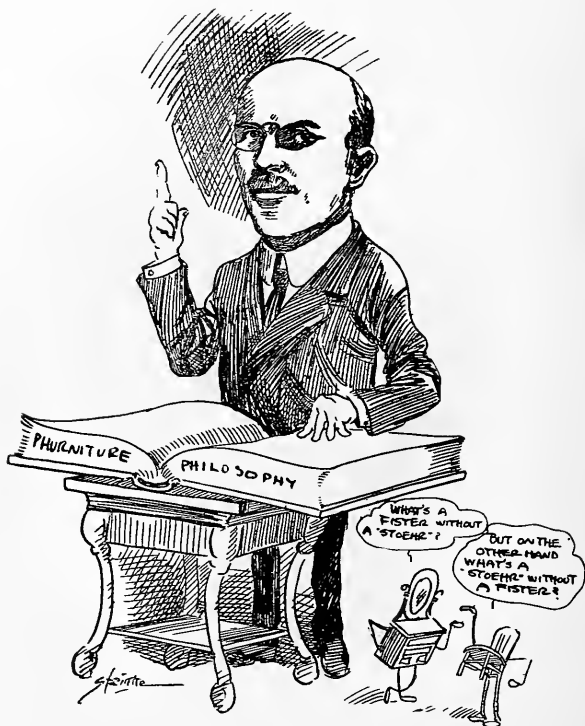
CHARLES R. CONNELL

WHEREVER men and women wear the garb of civilization, they wear buttons that are made in Scranton. Wherever electricity is used for lighting, heating or telephoning or telegraphing, insulations and rubber supplies made in Scranton guard the current. And every day in the year, Charles R. Connell, head of the Scranton Button Works, the man who made that business the biggest of its kind in the world, runs his plant, that turns out 3,000,000 buttons a day and that considers the button end only a small part of the business. No man in Scranton has shown a greater constructive ability than the head of the button works and of the Lackawanna Mills, another Connell plant, that turns out underwear that is worn wherever railroads or ships touch. From moderate size plants he has made them the foremost houses of their kind in the world. He is president of the Lackawanna Mills and Scranton Button Company; director of the Third National and South Side Banks, of this city, and director of the United Button Company, of New York. Lives at 1105 Vine street, is a member of the Masonic bodies, the Scranton Club and the Manufacturers' Club, of Philadelphia.



WILLIAM H. DAVIS

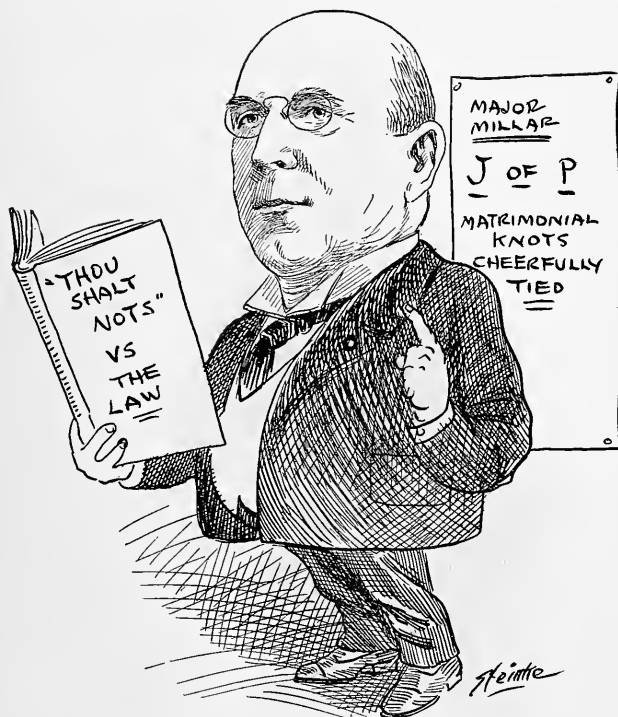
FIRST time I saw Attorney William H. Davis, (folks all call him Judge Davis), he was on top of a table telling all about "Casey at the Bat." Made me see Casey himself taking his last mighty swing at the air. They made the Judge give some of the "Bobbie Burns" stuff, and it was the best I ever heard. Beat Harry Lauder, even, if I am any judge. It does me good every time I see the Judge. Great mixer, knows everybody and everybody is glad to know him. Spends most of his time being a good lawyer, but finds a few hours a day to read poetry, old and new, and to be a good fellow. His favorite sport is sailing in a canoe at Lake Winola. They call him the water dog of the Scranton Canoe Club. He gets the hay-fever every year, and has to go fishing up in Canada to get rid of it. Has some great fish stories. Member of the Press Club, and best booster for the Club. Member of the Shriners, Elks and Scranton Canoe Club. His "Casey at the Bat," and "A Man's a Man for a' That," are the best ever heard hereabouts.



#### G. D. STOEHR.

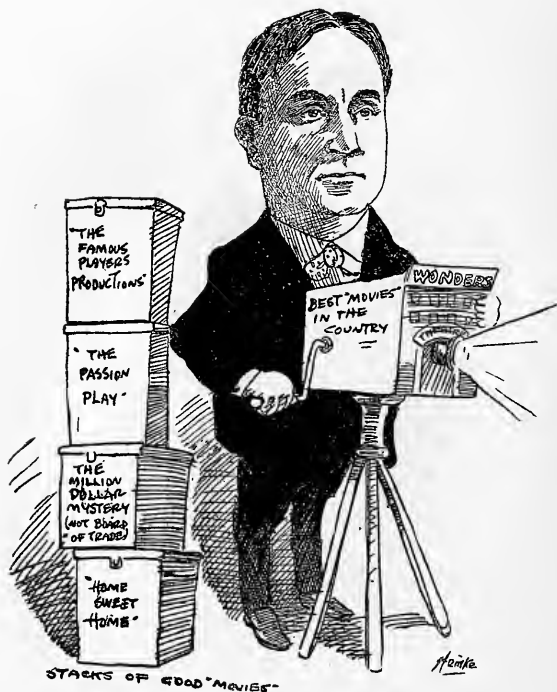
MR. G. D. STOEHR is by no means a new comer in this community. For over twenty years, he has been a resident of this city and a prominent factor in the Home Furnishing Business, throughout this valley. Since he became associated with Mr. H. Ray Fister, under the firm name of Stoehr & Fister, he has put forth every effort to give to the people of Scranton a furniture store upon which they can look with pride and with facilities unrivalled by even the largest stores in the largest cities. This firm chose for their slogan "Where Quality Is Higher Than Price" and they have adhered to this principle with a conscientious determination that has built up for them the largest home furnishing establishment in Northeastern Pennsylvania and has made the name Stoehr & Fister known throughout the length and breadth of this valley for Quality and Reliability.

Their business occupies the six floors of the building at 121 Washington avenue, which has been the location of Scranton's leading furniture store for over thirty years. The steady increase in their business is a striking example of what can be accomplished by substantial and conservative business methods and courteous attention to every detail that ensures satisfactory service.



MAJOR WILLIAM S. MILLAR.

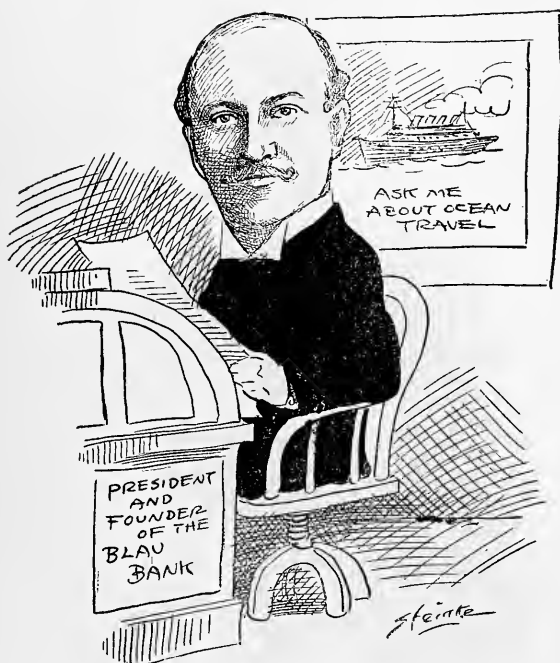
WEARING his sixty-three years as if the numbers were reversed into a thirty-six, Major William S. Millar is Scranton's youngest, happiest and friendliest man today. Been an alderman of the Eighth ward for twenty years and in that time has brought more litigants together, reunited more husbands and wives, married more happy couples and given more sound and fair judgments than could be counted on an adding machine. And with all his work he never for a minute lost the smile for which he is famous or the kindheartedness for which he is beloved. Born in Philadelphia, sixty-three years ago, he was an orphan at the age of twelve, and made a living peddling papers on the Lackawanna railroad. At twenty he entered the Scranton postoffice as a clerk and was successful there for seventeen years. Worked seven years with the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Society and in 1895 was elected alderman of the Eighth ward, an office he has since held. Served as police magistrate until the present administration, when a change in the city rules was made and one man does all the work. Was with the National Guard for thirty-three years and retired as Major with General J. P. S. Gobin. Was one of the best soldiers in the Guard, too. Chairman of the Republican City Committee when James Moir was elected mayor and was secretary of the Central Pennsylvania Republican Club for twelve years. Past exalted ruler of the Scranton Lodge of Elks; Past President Scranton Aerie of Eagles; Past Master Union Lodge of Masons; belongs to the Knights Templar, Shriners, Scranton Board of Trade, Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church and several literary circles. Premier cribbage player in the city. Known all over the city, county and state as a full-fledged stalwart Republican. Does a person good to meet him and come within the light of his smile.



M. E. COMERFORD

SCRANTON'S biggest recreation these days is the moving picture show, and Scranton's biggest moving picture man is M. E. Comerford. Pioneer in the business here. One of the firm that opened the first nickle in the city. Spent money to get the best pictures for the people and the people went to see them by the thousands. Spread out in the business building show houses in this city, Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, and always maintaining the policy of giving the people the best no matter what the cost. Recognized as the leader in his line in this part of the State. First president of the Motion Picture Exhibitors' Association of Pennsylvania, and first local man to get in the business manufacturing films. Organized a company twelve months ago to take pictures of towns and cities and is sending the fame and motion life of Scranton all over the world. Born in Plymouth in 1872 and came here twenty-five years ago. Member of the Elks and has as many friends as any man in the county. Sticks to them too and lends a helping hand when help is needed.





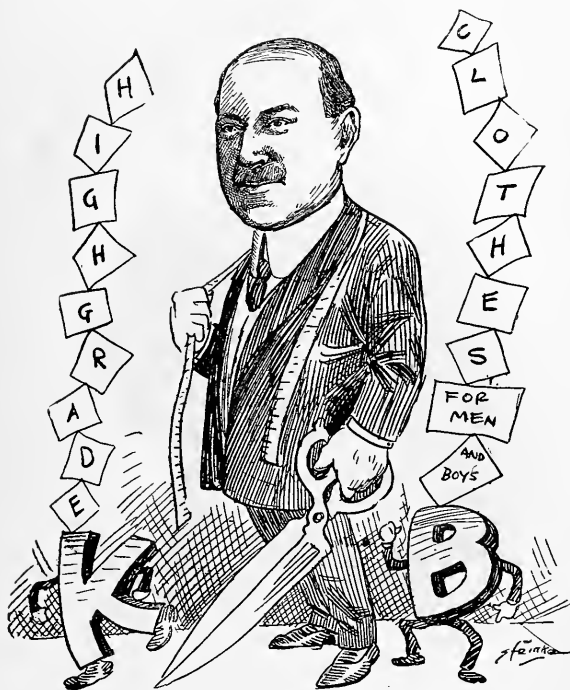
ADOLF BLAU.

LESS than thirty years ago, Adolf Blau, a boy of sixteen, left Ungvar, Hungary, where he was born and where his widowed mother lived, to seek his fortune in America. Practically penniless and alone he made his fight, but he had something more than money or friends—an indomitable courage and an unflagging industry that always spell success. Today Mr. Blau sits at the head of one of the biggest private banks in this part of the State and the biggest steamship ticket agency. He is owner of three newspapers printed in foreign languages, that have a circulation of 100,000 copies, and \$100,000 of his money is deposited with the state banking department as security for the bank. Mr. Blau's father died when he was two months old. At the age of twelve the boy left school and for four years helped his mother in Ungvar. Then he came to America and in four months had saved enough money to bring his mother here. She kept house for him until her death six years ago. Mr. Blau started in the instalment business in Wilkes-Barre and in 1887 opened a hat and cap factory in that city. Kept them going for twelve years and during that time opened a ticket agency at 111 Lackawanna avenue, this city. Built the Blau bank, one of the handsomest structures in Scranton, two years ago and the bank's business is growing every minute. First banker to keep his bank open evenings for the convenience of patrons.



#### GEORGE WYMAN SWAIN.

**G**EORGE WYMAN SWAIN, Actuary and Assistant Secretary of the Scranton Life Insurance Company, hasn't been in Scranton very many years, but he is one of the men that the city is proud to call "son." Has a better head for figures than any man I ever met. Knows all about mortality tables, rates, premiums, commissions and the hundred other tables that go with the life insurance business. Keeps posted, too, on the doings in the insurance world and is up to the minute in his business all the time. The actuary is the man the life insurance company of today cannot get along without and in Mr. Swain the Scranton Life has one of the best actuaries in the business. Had his training with the Bankers' Life Insurance Company of New York, and was assistant secretary of that company when he came here in 1908. Lives at 320 Harrison avenue and likes to raise chickens. Has a model coop in his back yard. Likes to see a baseball game and is a rooter for the Scranton nine.



ALBERT N. KRAMER.

WHO'S the friend of the young man, the middle-aged and the old man, when they want to get dolled up to make a hit with sweetheart or wife? Who knows more about clothes for men than any one in the city? Why Albert N. Kramer, of course. Al. is big in the firm of Kramer Bros., Scranton's oldest clothing store. Born here, brought up here, knows everybody by their first name, been at the clothing business since 1876 and head of the house since he was twenty-five. Big in the Masons, big in the Elks, big all the way through, and onto his job every minutes is Al Kramer. Sold me a couple of suits himself and fitted me at that—first time it ever happened.



### B. W. SCHULTE

**F**IRST time I met B. W. Schulte, I could not help thinking that the "B" stood for "Busy". Never met a busier man nor a better business man. Knows everybody and everybody knows him. Hustler in the ice business, the mail order business, church work, club work and charitable work. Owns the Heart Lake Ice Company that helps keep the whole city cool every July and August. Organizer and Secretary-Treasurer of the Eagle Extension Sales Company, with offices at 333 Adams avenue that does a big mail order business in household necessities on a new and fair profit-sharing plan. Assistant superintendent and inspiration of the Green Ridge Baptist Church Sunday School, and member of the church board of trustees. The Rotary Club of Scranton, an organization that is doing things, counts B. W. Schulte one of its most valuable members, and so does the local camp of Modern Woodmen. Baseball and autoing are his hobbies and his delight is to take friends on Summer excursions in his big auto truck. Mr. Schulte was born in Buffalo in 1871 and struck out for New York a year later. Lived in the Big Town until 1893 and in 1894 opened an ice business in Paterson, N. J. Sold to a consolidation in 1900 and came to Scranton to start the Heart Lake Company running. Hustling at his work and being fair and square with everybody, made him the success he is.



LUDWIG T. STIPP.

WHEN it comes to "Making Scranton Grow", few men have anything on Ludwig T. Stipp. He does the real work. Some of the biggest and best looking buildings in the city were put up by him, and ever since he entered the building contracting business here he has been one of Scranton's busiest citizens. Built the administration building for the School District, Public Schools Nos. 41 and 42, the Keystone bank in West Scranton, the Duryea High School and scores of other big ones. Rebuilt the Scranton Electric Company's plant on Washington avenue, one of the biggest jobs here in many years. Is president and one of the most enthusiastic members of the Scranton Liederkranz, belongs to the Masonic bodies, the Scranton Board of Trade, the Scranton Club and is a life member of the Elks. Master of the Schiller lodge of Masons. Born in Germany, October 23, 1870, and came to Scranton when sixteen years old. Became a builder right away and for years was superintendent and general foreman for his brother, Peter Stipp. Entered business for himself in 1905 and has been a leader in his line ever since.



MICHAEL FRANCIS FADDEN.

FIRST time I met Michael F. Fadden at his \$100,000 ice cream plant on Mulberry street, he told me—right off the bat—that he was once a breaker-boy.

That's the type of rich man worth knowing—one who is not ashamed of a humble beginning. His children may have known something of the proverbial silver spoon, but in 1860 when Michael first saw the light of Olyphant he came unaccompanied. Had to forge his silver spoon by forty-five years of real hard labor. Two years public school education was all his parents could afford to give Michael before they launched him into the sea of life and strife. Was only nine years old when he started at the breaker.

Educated himself amidst its roar and dust, and in course of time started climbing the ladder. First, office boy—then bookkeeper—manager—partner—proprietor—manufacturer—city treasurer (Dickson)—political leader—legislative candidate. Yes. He's proved his worth, and the huge Fadden ice cream factory—largest and most modern in Pennsylvania—where he now finds his work, and pleasure, would be a fitting climax to his forty-five years of business effort.

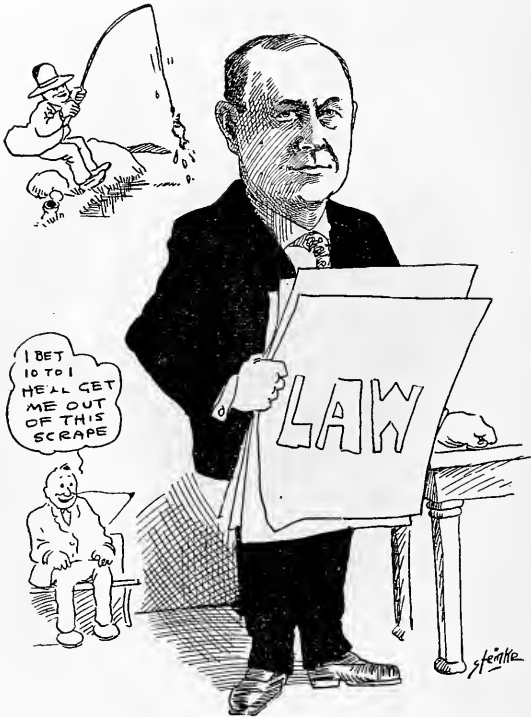
Hasn't finished yet, though. Scranton shivered three years ago when it learned that the huge Fadden plant (at 1400 block Mulberry street) just finished could turn out 3,000 gallons of cream per day. Scrantonians liked the cream though. So much so that Mr. Fadden is this Fall building an addition which will treble his output next year.

Go to it, Mike! Nothing succeeds like success.



### JAMES JAMES

WHEN a man loves his work and is satisfied the company he represents is the best in the world, he's an optimist. Now there's James James, district superintendent for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. He's big and reliable, just like his company and because he has been delivering the goods he has won his way to the superintendency. Superintendent James will tell you, and will bring the proof, too, that his company has more insurance in force than any other life insurance company in the world. That in 1911 the company's policy claims paid averaged one for each 55 seconds of each business day of eight hours and in amount \$167.32 a minute for every business day. In that year 526 claims were paid every day; 6,432 policies were issued or revived a day, or \$1,524,268 new insurance issued or revived daily. Payments to policy holders and additions to reserve amounted to \$233,386.44 daily and the increase in assets per day was \$124,468.73. Can you blame James James for being proud of his company?



WILLIAM R. LEWIS

EVERY time I think of the law, I think of William R. Lewis. His name seems to be sort of connected some way or other with every big case that comes along. And when the jury files in and slips the paper up to the judge, it's a pretty safe gamble that the side Lewis is on is the winning side. Member of the law firm of Taylor & Lewis, one of the most prominent at the bar. President of the Scranton and Big Muddy Coal Co., of Marion, Ill. Director of the West Side hospital; vice-president of the Pioneer Cut Glass Company, of Carbondale. Knows as much about Scranton real estate as any man in the city. Was district attorney of Lackawanna county for six years and made a record as public prosecutor. Over at 614 North Main avenue, where he lives, he has a garden that would make Luther Burbank jealous. Fishes and hunts a little and has luck, sometimes.





C. F. STUART.

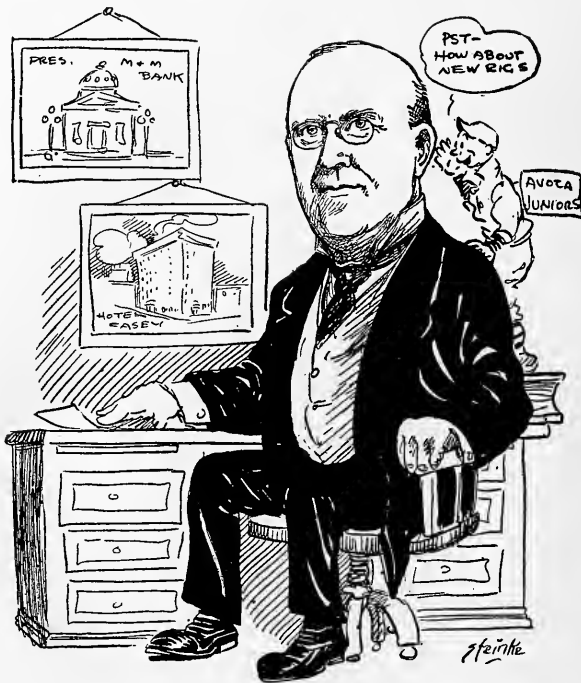
**H**ATS—Hatter—Hattest. They all stand for Stuart, right up to the superlative degree. There's nothing so well-made in hats in Scranton, as the "Stuart."

Making hats has been the hobby of Mr. Stuart ever since he was a boy, and as he makes a business of it as well, it's fifty-fifty with him, only he puts the two fifties together, and turns over to his patrons the 100 per cent. perfect production. Came to Scranton 1909, opening "The Hat Shop" at 409 Spruce street, where he has been ever since—making hats and friends all the time.

Business rapidly developing too. In March of last year, he opened the Arrow Hat Store, 109 Wyoming avenue, and the demands for his product getting beyond city limits, he branched out last summer at Wilkes-Barre also. Both new branches justify his enterprise, and today he probably has the largest retail hat business in Lackawanna and Luzerne counties. There's a reason, of course. Practical hatter. Learned trade at Paterson, N. J. Been making hats eighteen years.

In club life he's known amongst the Elks, Masons, Royal Arcanum, Modern Woodmen, United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania, and occasionally he's evident at the meetings of the Scranton Business Men's Association.

Wish I could wear out more of his hats. But I can't—they're made to wear, as well as to sell.



ANDREW J. CASEY.

IN any list of Scranton's successful and conservative business men—the men who have helped build the city and making it bigger and better—you will find the name of Andrew J. Casey at the top or near the top. Known from one end of the State to the other for his integrity as well as business acumen, and all men who have had dealings with him will tell you he is above all else, fair and square. Born near Ballaghaderin, County Sligo, Ireland, fifty-two years ago, and came here a boy to make his way in the new world. Was with his brothers Timothy and Lawrence in the wholesale liquor business, and in 1887 joined with his younger brother, Patrick J., in the ownership of the firm of Casey Brothers, one of the most substantial business houses in the State. Was one of the organizers of the Casey & Kelly Brewing Company. He is president of Casey Brothers wholesale liquor house, treasurer of the Pennsylvania Central Brewing Company, vice-president of the Hotel Casey Company, president of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank, life member of the Elks, member of the Scranton Club, and Royal Arcanum. It was the brothers A. J. and P. J. Casey who five years ago gave Scranton the Casey Hotel, one of the finest inland hotels in the country. Nowadays Mr. Casey is giving a lot of his time to making Scranton beautiful, and is the president and leading spirit in the City Planning Commission.



## PAUL CLEMENS

SCRANTON and Lackawanna county are famous the world over for their silk industry and it is to men like Paul Clemens that the credit for building up that big industry belongs. Been in the silk business most of his life and now owns the Paul Clemens Silk Manufacturing Company in Olyphant. Has operated and been interested in big mills in this valley for many years and the output of his mills has always found a ready market where sterling goods were required. Born in Germany, November 11, 1870, he came to this country when a boy and received his education in the city of Philadelphia. On May 20, 1892, married Miss Pauline Stuber. Has made countless friends in Scranton and throughout the valley and his employees are among his best friends.



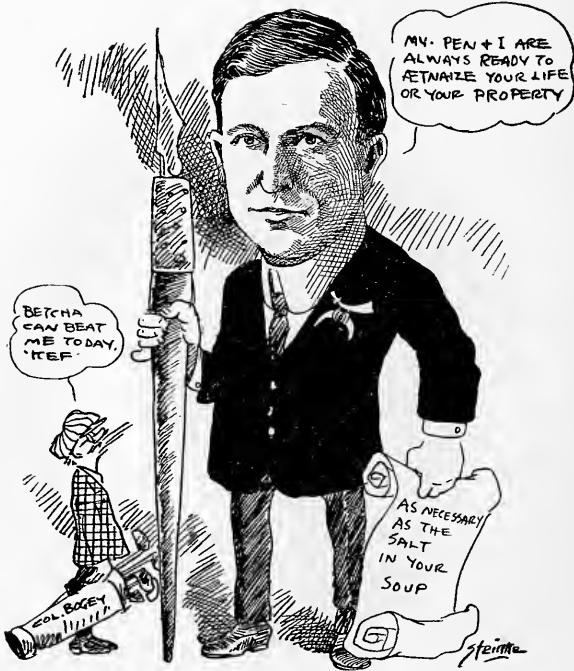
HON. J. BENJ. DIMMICK.

SCRANTON is proud of many of her citizens, but there isn't one in whom she takes more pride than J. Benj. Dimmick. A profound scholar, a linguist, a finished after-dinner speaker, a raconteur with few equals here, a world traveler, a successful banker and businessman—a cultured gentleman—that's Mr. Dimmick. On two occasions the people of Scranton have asked him to take public office, and on both occasions he made good in every sense of the word. As president of the school board years ago, he did much to raise the efficiency of the school system, and as Mayor of Scranton from 1906 to 1909 he gave the people the business administration that was wanted and needed. Born Honesdale 1858. Received early education there. Graduated 1881 from Yale University. Master of Arts. Admitted to bar Honesdale, he practiced with success there two years, then came to this city. Continued successful practice for four years. A breakdown in health necessitated residence in Switzerland. There four or five years. On returning to Scranton he entered business affairs rather than resume his profession. He has never lost his love for the Alps and still has a chalet there. Mr. Dimmick is president of Lackawanna Trust and Safe Deposit Co.; vice-president First National Bank, Scranton; president Scranton Lace Curtain Co., and trustee and director in many institutions, state and national. Was a member of the Anthracite Mine Cave Commission named by the Governor of Pennsylvania. Has been active in every movement that had for its aim the betterment of Scranton and its people and has never failed to extend a helping hand to the needy. This year after repeated solicitation from his friends in all parts of the State, he stood for the Republican nomination of United States Senator and received a large vote, especially so in his own section of the State. Mr. Dimmick was the second son of Samuel F. Dimmick, attorney general of Pennsylvania under Governor Hartranft, and in 1881 he married Louise B. Hunt, of Hartford, Conn.



#### R. C. RUTHVEN

**E**VERY time I cross a paved street in the city, I feel like thanking R. C. Ruthven for all the good streets Scranton has. For when it comes to laying a pave, building a sewer or doing any general contracting, none of them has a thing on Ruthven. The pave he lays, stands up. The sewers he builds give the best of service and never fall short of the specifications. Knows how to figure, too, and when the good contracts are going Ruthven's name is generally among those advertised as low bidders. Knowledge of the business and of men make it possible for him to get the contracts and to do the work well.



#### R. H. KEFFER

**I**F you want to meet a man that can make a talk on why you need life or accident insurance as interesting as election returns right off the wire, get introduced to R. H. Keffer, or better still let him introduce himself to you. Knows his business, that's why. Studied insurance from the time the first policy was written up to the day after tomorrow and makes his talk interesting as well as convincing. General agent here for the big Aetna Life Insurance Company and the Aetna Accident and Liability Company. Insurance is his hobby. Belongs to the Country Club, the Scranton Club, the Green Ridge Club and the Young Men's Christian Association, and is Secretary of the Temple Club, thirty-second degree Mason, and a Shriner. Booster for the city and hard working member of the Scranton Board of Trade. Born on a farm in Indiana in 1882 and came here three years ago to take charge of the Aetna. His office is on the third floor of the Connell building.



JAMES B. SCHRIEVER.

**S**CHRIEVER—We've seen the name so often, in so many places, and always representing the same unparalleled standard, that we've almost got into the way of thinking "Schriever," whenever anything in the line of high-class photographic art is mentioned.

Schriever surely has made things "buzz" since he's been in Scranton. Came here fifteen years ago from Emporium, Pa., and since then we've known what real photography is. Not content with being master of the art himself, he's been trying to impart some of his knowledge to others, being the author of the "Self-Instructive Library of Practical Photography," which is the only complete photographic encyclopedia in the world.

Born in Brookville, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, forty-six years ago, public school and business college education. Prominent in Elks, Knights of Columbus, Scranton Commercial Club, and he's indefatigable in his office as President of the Professional Photographers' Society of Pennsylvania.

Guess Scranton went up a notch when James B. Schriever became a citizen.



J. GEORGE HUFNAGEL

OVER at the Pennsylvania Central Brewing Company's offices, when they tell you of how their big men worked their way up, you'll hear many's the compliment for J. George Hufnagel. You'll hear of how he worked as messenger boy on the stock exchange floor in New York, as No. 1061. Picked up the telegraph code by keeping his ears open, and soon ran a wire of his own. Sent news for the Associated Press in the old days, and was manager of the market district telegraph business for the Western Union, and that's no small job. Worked for the telegraph company eleven years, and twenty-three years ago entered the brewery business as an apprentice. His wide knowledge of the financial district made him an invaluable man to the famous Police Inspector Byrne, for whom he worked as an operator for two years. Mastered the art of brewmaster the same as he did the science of telegraphy, and soon organized the Dickson Brewing Company at Dickson City. Was manager of that company until 1897, when the Pennsylvania Central bought it, and Mr. Hufnagle has been a managing director of the big business ever since. Lives at 815 Webster avenue and is a member of the Eagles, Elks, Scranton Press Club, Liederkrantz and Country Club. Is manager of the bottling department for E. Robinson's Sons, treasurer of the Dickson Lumber Company, director of the First National Bank of Olyphant, and one of the finest men I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.





FRANK P. CHRISTIAN

TWENTY-TWO years ago, Frank P. Christian, then a young man who had come to Scranton from Oswego, N. Y., to make his own way, got a start in the coal business. Today he is president of the People's Coal Company and the Clearview Coal Company, two of the biggest independent collieries in the county. The coal from those two mines heats most of the homes in Scranton and the president has built up a delivery system that gives satisfaction even in the busiest seasons. He secured control of the People's Company three years ago and since then has been one of the leaders in the independent coal business. Mr. Christian was about the first of the coal operators who agreed to go more than half way in protecting the surface property from mine-cave danger and the people of West Scranton deem him their friend. He is liked by his employes also and conditions at the Oxford colliery in West Scranton, owned by the Peoples Company were never better than during Mr. Christian's regime as president. The same is true of the Clearview Coal Company in North Scranton, which more recently came under the control of Mr. Christian. He is interested in the Blue Ridge Coal Company and the Wyoming Coal and Land Company, but is giving his time now to the development of the Peoples, the Clearview and the Oxford Cash Store Company. Lives at 1208 Vine street. Is a lover and promoter of general athletic sports and an enthusiastic autoist.



JOHN F. DURKAN

THERE'S always room on top in every business and profession, and you'll find the young man, the hustler, the twenty-four-hour-a-day worker, perched up there. There's always a best way of doing things, and the honest way is always the best. That's how John F. Durkan came to be a leader in the funeral directing business here. Figured it all out when he quit a good job in the railroad offices. "The Honest Way is the Best Way," he said to himself, and he nailed the phrase, "The Honest Way" to his business flag. It was easy after that, the climb to the top, but it took brains and energy and courtesy and everlasting work. Over in West Scranton folks know John Durkan and they trust him, in every line of business. He's a hard worker on the board of the Electric City Bank, a leader in the West Side Board of Trade, and active president and hardest worker in the Scranton Surface Protection Association, an organization that is delivering the goods. "Fine Outfits, is his hobby, "The Honest Way" is his motto, and "Open every minute in the year," is the sign over his door, at 125 North Main Avenue.



GEORGE B. JERMYN

IN any list of Scranton's leading financial men, the name of George B. Jermyn has a place well up on top. He is the president and active head of the Scranton Savings and Dime Bank, second largest financial house in the city, and largest state bank in Pennsylvania, director and officer in a number of other big corporations and one of the executors of the Jermyn estate, that owns extensive coal interests and millions of dollars worth of property in the business section of Scranton. Gives a lot of time to banking and is one of the leading bankers in the state. His judgment of values and credits is always taken as the standard here. Finds time to be an active member of the Masons and Scranton lodge of Elks, and of the Scranton Club, Country Club and Scranton Press Club.



PATRICK J. CASEY.

WHEN it comes to hustling business men, Scranton cannot produce a more energetic "live wire" than P. J. Casey, member of Casey Bros., banker, brewer, hotelman and family man. And no matter how hard he is working he never loses the P. J. Casey smile or the hearty word of greeting to any one who may have to break in on him. It isn't so long, either, since he was an office boy in his brothers' store, but he has covered many miles on the road to wealth since those days. Born near Ballaghederin, County Sligo, Ireland, in March, 1870, he came to Scranton in 1883 to join his brothers, Lawrence, Timothy, Andrew J. and James J. and his sister, Catherine. He went to work at once as office boy for Lawrence and Timothy, then wholesale liquor men. Four years later, 1887, he joined his brother, Andrew J., as owners of Casey Brothers, Lawrence and Timothy having died. The brothers, with William Kelly, conducted the Casey & Kelly brewery until 1891 when they sold to the Pennsylvania Central Brewing Company. P. J. Casey is now a member of the executive committee of the brewing company, manager of the Casey & Kelly Brewery, secretary and treasurer of Casey Brothers; president of the Hotel Casey Company, president of the Liberty Discount and Savings Bank, of Carbondale; life member of the Elks, member of the Scranton Club, the Royal Arcanum and the Heptasophs. He has seven sons and two daughters and is happiest when he can be with them.



JOHN T. PORTER.

JOHN T. PORTER is one of the city's biggest and most successful business men, but the office he is most proud of is the presidency of the Traders' National Bank, one of the leading financial houses in the state. Mr. Porter made fame for himself and the city as a wholesale merchant, but is making even more fame for himself and for Scranton as president of the Traders. The history of the bank is one of growth that has never stopped and that is still going on at a bigger rate than ever. Organized December 20, 1889, it secured its charter and started business at Lackawanna and Penn avenue on January 1, 1890. There was only \$22,000 to start on, but that was plenty, as the growth indicates. The quarters grew too small and a seven-story building was erected at Wyoming avenue and Spruce street, the present home of the bank. That big building was soon outgrown and a few years ago its size was double and the bank's home is now one of the finest and most modern office buildings in the city. The capital is \$500,000, surplus above \$600,000, and undivided profits above \$200,000. The deposits are around the \$4,000,000 mark and getting bigger every day. Twenty-four years young is the age of the Traders, and the motto it has adopted and lived up to is "Courtesy Our Watchword."



HUGH JENNINGS.

AMONG the numerous men of national fame Scranton possesses as residents and in whom the city manifests no little pride is Hugh Jennings, attorney, actor, baseball manager, and once noted shortstop. For years he has been in the front rank in the national pastime and through his success in that capacity has brought considerable publicity to the Electric City. "Hughey" was born at Avoca and when a boy worked in the breaker. During his spare time he took to baseball, and the result was that he soon reached professional ranks. On the famous Baltimore infield Jennings was a conspicuous member; in fact, by many experts he was called the greatest shortstop of those days. After he finished playing baseball Mr. Jennings took to managing. He piloted Baltimore to a pennant in the Eastern League and then went to Detroit, where he won three flags in a row. He is still managing Detroit, and next year, with any kind of luck, ought to romp home with another flag. "Hughey" is also a graduate of Cornell Law School. He was admitted to the Lackawanna County Bar several years ago, being associated with his brother, Attorney William Jennings. He is a member of the Elks, Knights of Columbus and several other organizations. But best of all, Mr. Jennings is a resident of Scranton. He's proud of the town and likes to live here. And, of course, Scranton is proud of "Hughey."



CHARLES H. VON STORCH.

**G**ENIALITY—that's Charles H. Von Storch. One of the biggest men in town and one of the biggest hearted. Has a disposition that neither a Kansas cyclone nor a South Pacific typhoon can ruffle. Does one good to meet him and hear him praise something or somebody. Never owned a hammer in his life, and would not use one, even if he knew how. Knows all about the law and enjoys a lucrative practice, but doesn't let the ponderous stuff in the books get into his system and cause a grouch. Been on the School Board for years and served a term as president, making friends of every teacher and pupil in the city. President of the Providence Bank, one of the thriving financial institutions of the valley, and his work has helped make it grow. Likes all kinds of outdoor sports and is a real fan when it comes to supporting and boosting the home team.



CHARLES ROBINSON

NIMROD, Isaak Walton, and all those old time hunters and fishermen were amateurs at the game, when it comes to Former Sheriff Charles Robinson, if what the folks about here tell me is true. And as for shooting, that feat of William Tell's in shooting the apple off the boy's head, is a steady job for the Sheriff. Knows every deer in the East Mountains by its family name and has all the big trout convinced that his fish basket is their Happy Hunting Grounds. Biggest brewer in these parts and other parts, too. President of the Pennsylvania Central Brewing Company that has a chain of breweries in this valley. Manager of E. Robinson's Sons brewery over in West Scranton, one of the biggest in the city. President of the Canadian Telegraph and Telephone Company, of Ottawa, Canada. President of the Northern Pacific Brewing Company, of Astoria, Ore. President of the Paradise Brook Trout Hatchery at Cresco. Member of the Pocono Deer Reserve, Maplewood. One of the city's most fervent enthusiasts for the out-of-doors life and always happy if he has rod or gun in hand. No, they do not come any better than Charlie Robinson.





JOSEPH O'BRIEN

EVERYBODY knows Joseph O'Brien, former district attorney, member of the big law firm of O'Brien and Kelly and one of the state leaders of Democracy.

In the court house they are still talking of the record he made as public prosecutor, a job he gave up because people who wanted a real lawyer insisted that he return to private practice. He was elected district attorney in 1906 and re-elected in 1909, resigning early in 1912. Chairman of the last Democratic convention in Harrisburg and one of the men who re-organized the party in this State. Big figure at state and national conventions of Democracy, and now recognized as one of the Democratic leaders. When a little ginger is needed in county campaigns he takes the stump and the party has to rent bigger halls. Born in Winton. Public school education. Read law with Judge Connolly when the judge was district attorney. Admitted to practice law in April, 1885, and has been a leader at the bar ever since. Been in some of the biggest cases in the State. Finds time to be a director and vice-president of the County Bank and the Scranton Trust Company.



### ROLLO G. JERMYN

NO town that I've ever been in turns out better fellows than Rollo Jermyn. Take him any way you will—in the morning when he's head over heels in work at his Real Estate offices; at noon when he's showing a gymnasium class how to "gym"; in the afternoon when he's running the Hotel Jermyn, one of the biggest inland hotels in the country; bank meeting day when he's sitting in with the Board of the Wilkes-Barre Dime Bank; at the wheel of his auto that has no low speed gears, or at the reel-end of a fishing rod—Rollo G. Jermyn is to my mind one of the best all round men I've ever met, and I've met a lot of good fellows. His handshake is better than any tonic, his way of boosting everybody sends a fellow on his journey with a better idea of mankind.

I never met a man that has more boosters than Rollo Jermyn. All over the city, up the valley and down the valley, the mention of his name evokes the same comment—"There's one regular fellow." He's part of the history of the city.



PATRICK F. CUSICK.

**C**ROWDING two days' work into one and smiling all the way through the grind—finding time always to say a pleasant word to everyone he meets—that's Patrick F. Cusick. Big, hearty and happy—fair, square and keen—he combines all the qualities of the successful business man who never stops, satisfied with half success, but keeps on plugging. Born 1881—that makes him about thirty-three years old, but his business experience is the envy of many a veteran of a half century. Went to school at St. Cecelia's Academy, but started to make his living at the age of thirteen, succeeding his father in the undertaking business. Made a big success of that business, but his energy and virility would not let him stand still. In 1903 he started the Scranton Distributing Company, and in a month every person in this part of the state knew he was in it and a contender for business. Made his competitors sit up and take notice of the newcomer. In 1905 he organized the Standard Brewing Company, and that plant today is one of the most modern and best equipped in the country. In 1907, when he was only twenty-six years old, he was signing his name as bank president, having organized the First National Bank of Jessup, a winner from the start. Loves to ride in a high-powered auto if he is running it himself. Takes a trip to Europe once in a while to rest up. Makes a friend a minute and keeps them forever.



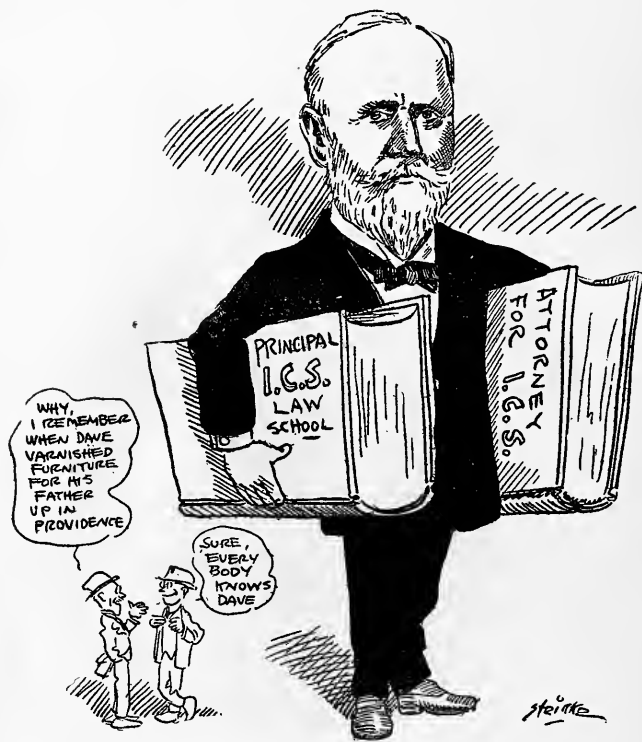
HUGH A. DAWSON.

BY THE time this book is off the press, Hugh A. Dawson will be getting ready to go to Harrisburg to take his seat in the legislature and to help frame the laws that will be beneficial to the people of Scranton. Just keep your eye on Hugh Dawson in the legislature. He will be just as big a man there as he is in the coal business—and he has few equals as a mining man—or I lose another bet. You can't find a more popular man in Scranton than Hugh Dawson, and he's not much more than thirty years old yet. The way he won the race for the legislature shows what people think of him. The voters gave him a plurality of nearly 700 votes in a field of three candidates and out of about 5,000 votes cast. It was their way of showing their confidence in him. Mr. Dawson was born in Scranton and has always lived here. Took a course in engineering at the University of Pennsylvania and for a time was draftsman for the Delaware and Hudson Company. In 1908, at the age of twenty-four, he bought a half interest in the Clearview colliery and made a success of it. Sold at a big profit to a big company and was retained as superintendent. Was the first man to grant the check-off system of collecting dues for the Miners' union, and the miners say they have no better friend. Back in 1903 he was secretary of a Mine Workers' local union, and a few years ago settled a hard strike for them. Just watch him make fame for himself in the legislature—that's what I say.



L. J. WILLIAMS.

SCRANTON has been the Mecca of many men from many places, but on few has she showered more well deserved blessings than on L. J. Williams, for years a leading furniture man in this part of the state, and member of the wholesale and retail furniture house of Williams & McAnulty. Came here from Beemersville, N. J., in 1870, when a youngster, but stayed only two years, going to Duke's Center, where he engaged in business until 1878. Returned to this city and has been here ever since. Entered business with J. S. McAnulty, and until a few years ago the partnership's store on Wyoming avenue had few peers in the state. The retail business was discontinued several years ago, but the firm maintains a store in Wilkes-Barre, and that store is the pacemaker for the Luzerne county merchants. Hard work, pluck and grit and a thorough knowledge of his business spelled success for Mr. Williams. He is a member of the Board of Trade, a Democrat all the time, and three years ago was a candidate for county commissioner, losing out by a small margin. Has been active for years in helping charitable institutions. Lives at 532 Madison avenue.



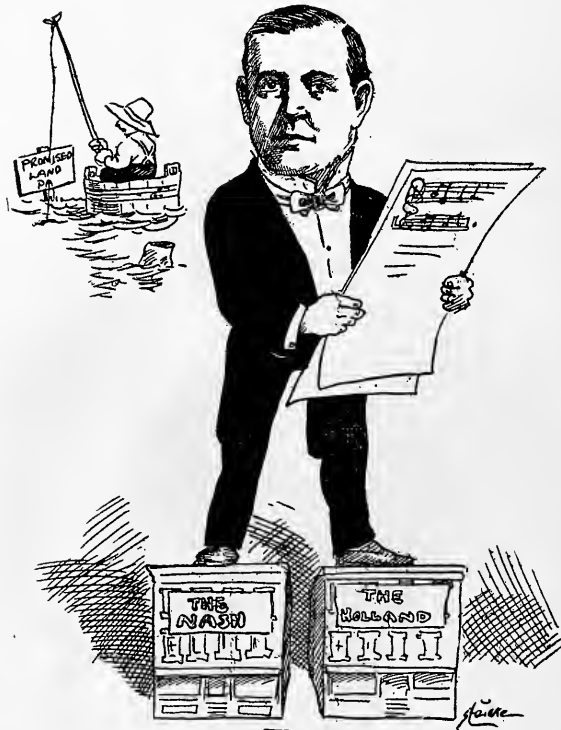
### DAVID C. HARRINGTON

SCRANTON honors David C. Harrington—the city's grand old man of the law. Nearly fourscore years ago he was born, but he's a man of fifty today when it comes to activity in the profession that he is so great a credit to. Gets away with a big day's work every day, as attorney for the International Textbook Company, and principal of the school of law in the International Correspondence Schools, biggest institution of its kind in the world. Mr. Harrington was born in Lexington, now Jewett, Green county, N. Y., December 8, 1834. In December, 1847, his family moved to Bushnellville, N. Y., and the boy began to learn the trade of painting and finishing furniture. In 1849 he started for Providence, then in Luzerne county, getting there in five days, and in 1852 he moved to Scranton. In April, 1856, he was admitted to partnership with his father in the furniture business and in 1858 began the study of law. On May 7, 1860, he was admitted to practice in the common pleas court of Luzerne county, and in 1862 moved to Wilkes-Barre. After building up a big practice he moved to Philadelphia in 1870 and returned to Scranton in 1902. No man in the law is better loved or more highly honored than David Chase Harrington.



### J. GEORGE EISELE

NO one could figure it out to be a cinch to sell all the coal mined at all the collieries of the Delaware and Hudson Company. J. George Eisele, general coal sales agent, does it though, and does it well, and keeps good natured on the job. Doles out the coal where it is needed the most—sends it by carloads, trainloads and bargefuls. Has built up one of the best and most efficient selling organizations in the country and keeps it working up to the minute all the time. Is president of the J. W. Browning Land Company; president of the Tobyhanna Ice Company and of the New Schiller Building and Loan Association, all big, prosperous concerns. Is a member of the Manhattan Club, of New York; the Traffic Club, of New York; life member of the Elks, Scranton lodge; member of the Railroad Club, of New York, and the Pennsylvania society of New York. Was city controller here 1898-1902 and installed a modern system of accounting here. And as for bowling—well the ten pins just topple over of their own accord when he starts to throw the ball at them.



HARRY T. MADDEN

**D** ID you ever meet a man who would rather sing than eat?—that's Harry Madden. And you never met a man who could put more life into a party with his singing. His high notes and low notes and medium notes drive the blues and the worries away. I know—didn't I board up at his hotel one Summer while the wife was home to see her folks. Good business man, too. Came here from the country and wasn't here very long before he bought the Hotel Nash on Adams avenue. A few years ago, business was growing so well that he just reached across lots and bought the Holland Hotel next door. His boarders always come back because he has the knack of making his hotels seem like home. Has been a member of the Anthracite Quartet for ten years and sang all over Northeastern Pennsylvania. Made a singing tour of the South a few years ago. Belongs to the Masons, Odd Fellows, Eastern Star and Knights of Malta and is a past president of the Patriotic Order Sons of America. Goes fishing in the trout season and comes home with enough big ones to feed all the boarders at the two hotels. Bags a deer every season. Runs an auto with the best of them. No banquet in Northeastern Pennsylvania is considered complete unless Harry Madden sings a solo or two between the courses.

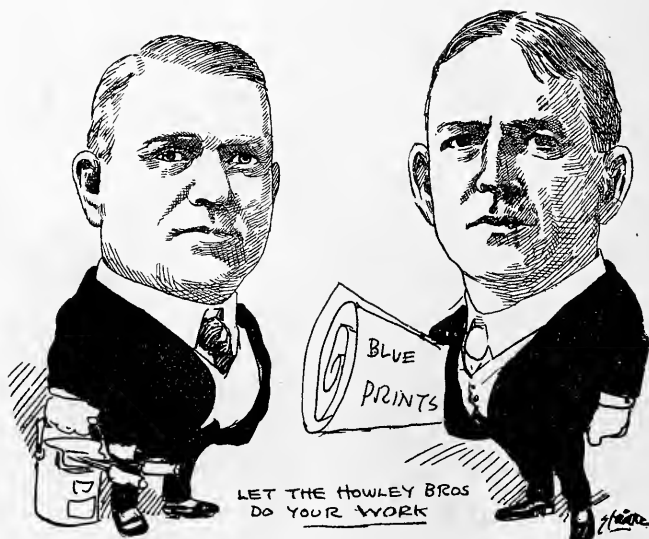
You remember the big "feeds" the five hundred "Million Dollar Fund" boosters had in the Town Hall eight days last May. Harry Madden was the caterer. That's why the million dollars were raised.





## SEYMOUR E. JONES

TWELVE years ago Seymour E. Jones began working in Sanderson's pharmacy, then and now one of the leading drug stores of the city, as a prescription clerk. Work was his hobby and he made good from the start. Doctors who were particular that their prescriptions be filled absolutely correct, got in the habit of sending the prescriptions to Seymour Jones and they never had cause to complain. From end to end he studied the business and then five years ago when his chance came, he opened the door to the knock of opportunity. He bought out the business he had worked in so long. He built it up bigger than ever before and today his drug store has no superior in the State. His prescription work, the most particular and the most important part of the drug business, is of the highest standard and his store has the confidence of every physician in the city. Member of the Blue Lodge of Masons, the Scranton Board of Trade and the Rotary Club. Likes to fish and hunt and motor. Scranton boy, too—born here in 1881.



#### M. T. HOWLEY

SCRANTON has no citizen who is better known or better liked than M. T. Howley, member of the plumbing, heating and steamfitting firm of P. F. and M. T. Howley. Been outside man for the house for a long time and his business-getting ability has been a big factor in making the business as big as it is. Has the kind of handshake and smile that makes everybody he meets his friend and can tell a story better than most men. When it comes to going out and getting the business, few men have anything on M. T. Howley. Finds time to be a member of the Knights of Columbus; the Elks; Scranton Board of Trade; United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania, Camp No. 63; the Scranton Automobile Club; the Old Guard Club; the Scranton Commercial Club and a director of the Catholic Club and the Irish-American society.

#### P. F. HOWLEY

AS an inside man in the plumbing, heating, steam fitting and sheet metal business, Scranton has no man who can pass P. F. Howley for knowledge of the business, figuring on contracts and treating customers courteously and squarely. Been at the business since boyhood and is now a member of the leading house of its kind in this part of the state, P. F. and M. T. Howley, of 233 Wyoming avenue. Known from one end of the valley to the other for his ability as a singer and an expert in choral society work. First president of the Cathedral Holy Name Society; president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society; President of the Catholic Choral Club; active member of the Irish-American society; member of the Old Guard Club, the Cathedral choir, and one of the organizers and active men in the Catholic Club, that is making a big name for itself in the athletic and social world.



## PIERCE &amp; SCOTT.

**F**RANK A. PIERCE and EDWARD SCOTT—there's a team that can't be beat in business. A few years ago, when Scranton really needed a first class, high grade haberdashery that would give to the young men who like to look well dressed, everything they desired in the sartorial line, Mr. Pierce and Mr. Scott set about giving it to them. The growth of their store on Spruce street tells how they succeeded. From a little narrow store it has grown—first to a full sized storeroom and then to double that size. It's the headquarters for haberdashery for young men and what's sold over its counters is standard goods. Mr. Pierce was born in this city and has lived here all his life. He entered the partnership with Mr. Scott four or five years ago. Of pleasing personality and address, he is the ideal business man. Belongs to the Scranton Board of Trade and Scranton Bicycle Club and has thousands of friends. Mr. Scott was born in Dunmore. Started early in life as a clerk in a clothing and gents' furnishing house. Worked in New York for a while and then came home to enter business. As a window decorator he has few equals and as a hustler and business getter it's hard to find his peer.



STORY OF  
SCRANTON  
OFFICE

MY WORTHY ASSISTANT  
COMPILED - JAMES I.  
GIBBONS & THOS. GERRITY,  
ALL OF MY PRIVATE  
SECRETARIES AND  
TREASURERS IN-  
CLUDING TOM SEKOWITZ  
MY PATIENT PUBLISHER,  
MR. G. A. SAMARINDYEN  
& DAN REESE, SEVEN  
EMPLOYEES, FIVE  
OFFICE BOYS AND  
SCHREINER THE  
BOOK BINDER, THANK  
YOU AND SO  
Humbly Yours,  
Bill G. White

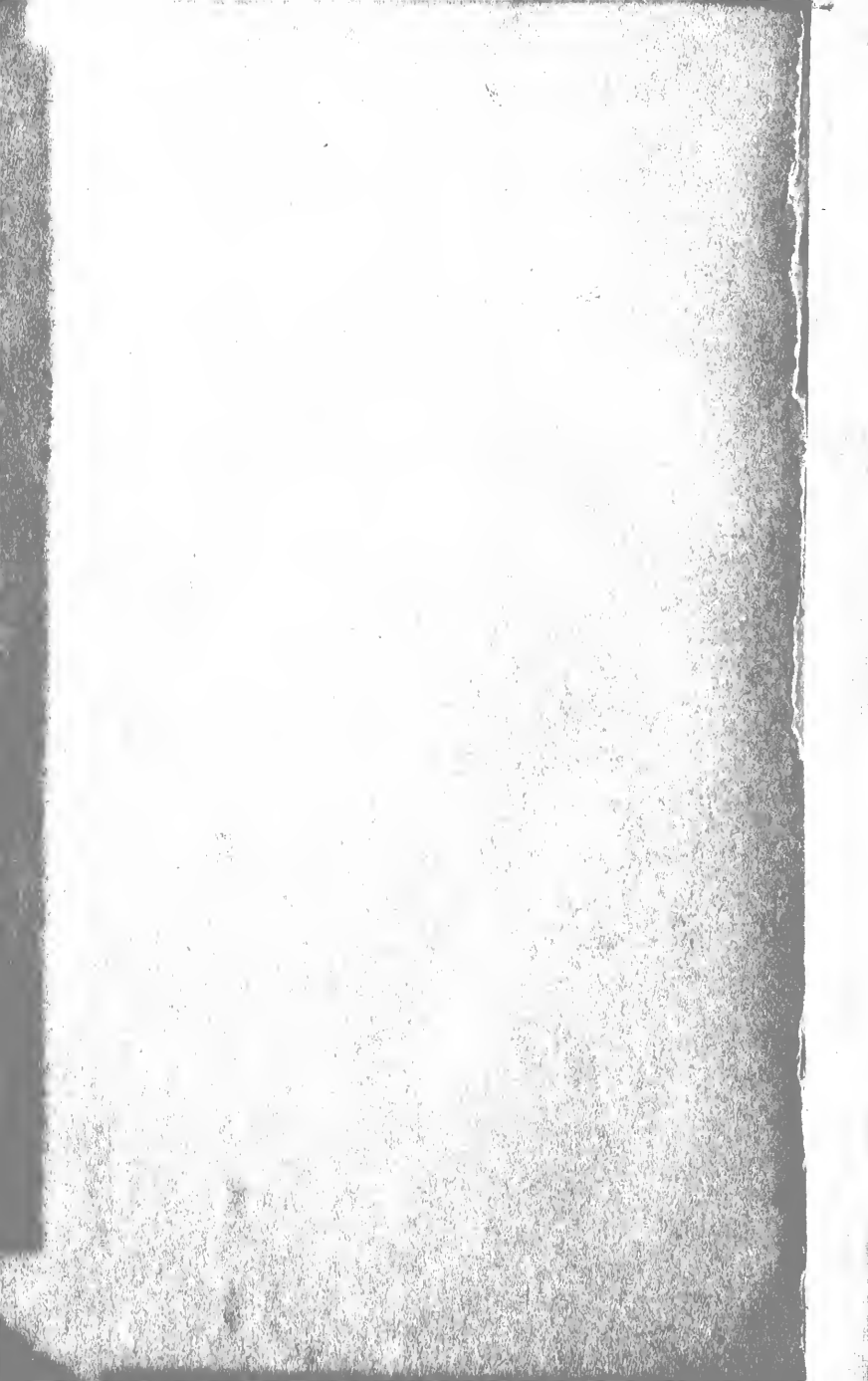
THAT FAT DUTCHMAN  
WILL NEVER LEARN  
TO KEEP HIS  
PLACE CLEAN,  
NO, NEVER

THE  
JANITOR

KICKS  
AND  
COMPLAINTS

F. H. H.





Reference Department



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Scranton, PA

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