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# 1919 VS 1894

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BLAIRSVILLE'S MARVELOUS DEVELOPMENT IN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

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By CHAS. KERLER, JR.

1894

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BLAIRSVILLE, PA.  
PRESS OF THE EVENING COURIER.  
1894.

**Exchange**  
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# 1919 VS. 1894.

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## CHAPTER I.

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AN OLD CITIZEN REVISITS HIS HOME AFTER A LONG ABSENCE—  
BLAIRSVILLE DEVELOPED INTO A CITY—EVIDENCE OF WON-  
DERFUL PROSPERITY AND GROWTH.

For a long, long time I had looked forward to this eleventh day of July, 1919, as being the one that would probably usher in for me one of the pleasantest experiences of my life. Twenty-five years before, just to the very day, I had left my old home at Blairsville and had gone to the island of Samoa to seek my fortune. During my absence I had, of course, heard frequently by letter from my friends and had constantly been in receipt of the EVENING COURIER, so that I had been kept as well informed of the great changes that had taken place in my native city as it is possible for one who has to depend altogether upon hearsay, and who is forced to rely largely upon his imagination in his attempt to picture in his mind's eye the new order of things.

To-day as I sat in a luxurious palace car on the Atlantic and Pacific Air Line, which, by the way, had been constructed during my absence, and extended from New York to San Francisco in a line as straight as the crow flies, my thoughts went back to the day on which I had left the old town. That was on the eleventh day of July, 1894, and at that time Blairsville was just about starting on its recovery from a period of several years prostration of business. Just at that time the West Penn shops had been removed to Allegheny, while all the freight runs had



been changed and the trainmen been forced to remove to either Allegheny or Conemaugh. The tin and sheet mills had also closed down, while the Asa G. Neville glass works had been idle for almost two years with no prospect of an early resumption of work. The prospect was rather a gloomy one, and about the only rift in the dark clouds that overcast the business sky were the establishment of the COURIER, Indiana county's first daily, which had occurred several months previous to my departure, and the prospective coming there of the Whitney Glass Company. I believe that at that time there was also some little talk of a large steel works that might possibly locate on a plot known as the Stouffer farm, about half a mile or so east of town.

These were about the general conditions, and many of the citizens were heartily discouraged, though there were others, mostly, however, the younger element, that seemed to possess boundless faith in a bright future for their town, and boldly prophesied that ere many years had passed Blairsville would reach the place that they seemed to think her many advantages entitled her to.

I was one of those who shared their faith and would have remained to shared my fortunes with the place of my birth, but just at this moment an opening presented itself that held out rich and assured promises, and as I preferred certainty to uncertainty, and the possession of immediate good fortune to the precarious prospects that confronted me here, I took advantage of the opportunity, and soon many thousand miles of land and water separated me from the spot where I was born, and where there clustered so many pleasant associations connected with my youth and early manhood. To-day, though, I was coming back to revisit the scene of my earlier days, to see for myself the great changes that had occurred, and to feast my eyes upon the marvelous development that had raised Blairsville from the rank of little better than a country village to one of the largest cities in the state of Pennsylvania.

Just as I was in the midst of my reveries the porter came along and said, "Get ready for Blairsville, we'll be there in



fifteen minutes." I looked out of the window and saw that we had already entered the suburbs of the city. We were now passing through the residence portion and scores upon scores of magnificent villas, and costly mansions surrounded by exquisite grounds could be seen on either side as we sped swiftly along.

Now we entered the manufacturing districts and furnaces, smoking stacks, fiery cupolas, whirling wheels and busy toilers were seen in bewildering confusion wherever the eyes might rest. There seemed to be all sorts of enterprises from a steel rail mill down to a clothes pin factory.

After passing through several miles of this district the train entered a large glass and iron shed, the conductor and brakeman called: "All out for Blairsville; Union Station, change cars for the North and South Trunk Line," and I stepped out into as elegant and extensive a passenger station as any I had ever seen in all my travels. A walk through the long waiting rooms, filled with hundreds of hustling people going to and coming from trains, brought me to the outside, where a hundred cab drivers extended invitations in urgent and vehement manner to take this or that vehicle, "for all parts of the city."

As I looked about me I could hardly realize that this was Blairsville. On the east side of the immense granite paved square that fronted the station stood a fourteen-story marble and granite hotel that the friend who had met me said was the "Conemaugh," named after the river that partly encircles the city. Just in front of us was another imposing structure, surmounted by a tower that almost pierced the sky, that my companion, who by the way, was R. W. Wehrle, told me was the new City Hall that had just been finished at a cost of several millions. On the west side of the square the First National Bank of Blairsville had its headquarters in one of the most elegant and beautifully adorned buildings that I had ever seen devoted to such a purpose. I stood there fairly bewildered and almost rooted to the pavement with astonishment as I looked upon the magnificent building, saw the rush of the countless throng hurrying along, watched the coming and going of the

electric and cable cars as they shot by with almost lightning speed, and listened to the rattle and roar of the elevated roads, the heavy wagons, the carriages and cabs rolling over the streets.

I was brought to my senses, however, by Wehrle remarking: "Come to my apartments at the Conemaugh and rest yourself a little, and then when you have satisfied your hunger and gotten rid of the dirt and dust of travel, we'll explore the city."

I must add that Wehrle was still an old bachelor, and also an immensely wealthy one. Just about the time I left Blairsville he had invested in a stone quarry at Conemaugh Furnace, a farm near Blacklick, a mineral spring at Ligonier and a gold mine in Virginia, and each one of these ventures had proven to be enormously profitable, particularly the mineral spring, the waters of which were bottled and sent all over the world.

After we had dinner I could hardly wait to get out, and Wehrle, noting my impatience, ordered out his coachman and carriage and we started to view the many wonders that as yet I had not seen.

As the coachman signaled the horses to start, Wehrle turned and said: "I suppose you are more anxious to see first what the old Blairsville boys have done than to go out into the manufacturing section, where nearly everybody is a stranger to you?" To which I, of course, made hearty assent.

In obedience to the command, "turn into Grand Avenue," the driver wheeled to the right, and as I gazed on that busy and magnificent thoroughfare my companion turned and said: "This is old Market Street and on this avenue nearly all the old Blairsville boys are doing business. Just across the street where, if your eyes are strong enough to reach to the top of the building, you will see the sign, "Grand Depot," is where John A. Graff conducts a retail dry goods establishment that is only equalled by the big ones in Philadelphia. It takes four hundred and fifty clerks to wait on the thousands of customers that throng his immense establishment, and his yearly trade amounts to millions.

"Right along side of him in that huge building fashioned in

Grecian architecture is the home of the Blairsville Safe Deposit and Trust Company, which was evolved from the Blairsville National Bank, and has a capital stock, fully paid in, of two million dollars.

“On this side of the street is F. M. Graff’s wholesale grocery, whose jobbing trade extends all over the western end of the State and Eastern Ohio, and who has a dozen or more salesmen constantly on the road.

“And, by the way, I forgot to tell you that the hotel where we are stopping is presided over by Charlie Duncan, who years ago used to run the little restaurant.

“In the next block, we’ll be there in a minute, we’ll come to a wholesale shoe store, owned and operated by R. S. Zimmers, and he, too, has a trade that is immense.”

“What’s become of George W. Crede?” I asked as one after another of the old names were pointed out or referred to in conversation. “Oh, he’s out of business long ago; made his pile, you know, and living in a big mansion out in Falling Run Park.” “And T. D. Cunningham,” I asked. “What’s become of him?” “Well,” said Wehrle, “he’s still with the same old bank. The people sent him to Congress a number of times, and after Paul Graff had retired to private life they made Cunningham president, which position he still holds, his duties, however, being principally an advisor on important matters.” “While we’re on banks and bankers,” said I, “how about John H. Devers and R. M. Wilson, who were at the head of the new bank that had been started just a little while before I left?” “Mr. Devers,” replied my friend, “is President of that Trust Company whose building you saw across from the Union Station, while Wilson quit banking about twenty years ago and returned to his first love, the law. He is now the leading corporation lawyer of the city and has a fabulous income from his practice. Then there are Howard Cunningham and Will Graff; the latter is President of our system of cable and electric roads, while Howard, balder than ever, ten or twelve years ago founded a large insurance company, the operations of which he directs. W. L. Turner, ‘Billy’ we still call him, is now one

of the coal barons of the State. He went up into the Blacklick country and opened up the coal beds there, and now 'Billy's' check is good for six figures and more than two thousand miners call him boss. J. H. Johnson, too, has been one of our lucky ones. Just before Carnegie moved his Homestead steel plant here, Johnson got a quiet tip, so he leased and bought every square foot of land in the neighborhood he could get hold of, and, of course, the result was that Johnson got big rich.

“The biggest boost that Blairsville ever got was the removal here of the Pullman Car Shops, which was accomplished mainly by George McCune and Sam McClellen. Just after the big railroad strike in 1894, George Pullman decided that his shops were too near that hot-bed of anarchy, Chicago, and concluded to move them to the East. McCune and McClellen, learning of Pullman's determination, started a movement to induce him to come here with the result that they were successful. As a mark of their appreciation, the citizens had two bronze statues of these gentlemen made and placed in one of our parks, this being all the greater honor, inasmuch as it is rarely the case that persons are so honored while they are still living.”

## CHAPTER II.

FREEMAN WILKINSON'S OPERA HOUSE—STOCK EXCHANGE AND  
 J. M. HARVEY'S POTTERY—THE CONEMAUGH MADE NAVI-  
 GABLE—THE COURIER'S WONDERFUL GROWTH.

“Do you see that beautiful building decorated in white and gold on the left hand corner there?” said my companion as we were rapidly approaching a wide boulevard that intersected the avenue upon which we were traveling. “That,” said he, “is the Grand Opera House, erected by an old citizen whom, I know, you well remember as having been one of the young men about town when you left in 1894. It's no less a person than Freeman Wilkinson, who, when the Stock Exchange here was started, became one of the heaviest and at the same time most successful operators in the pit. I have seen him many a time stand to win or lose a cool half million, but, as he always won, it's hard to say how he would stand an equally heavy loss. Be that as it may, this opera house is his plaything, and he don't regret the three quarters of a million that it cost him. That greatest of all tragedians, a worthy successor to the Edwin Booth of our younger days, and, by the way, you ought to know him, John M. Kinkaid, treads the boards to-night in the leading role in the greatest American play ever written, “The American Martyrs,” written by your old friend, James A. Woolf, who is now one of the most famous authors and playwrights of this twentieth century. Woolf, as you may recollect, had always given evidence that he possessed considerable literary genius, but it was only after the publication, some ten or twelve years ago, of his first great poem entitled, “To an Egg,” that his genius and ability were universally recognized.”

—As I leaned back against the luxurious cushions of the elegant vehicle I could hardly realize that I was really in Blairs-



ville and that these people my guide was telling me about, these men of wealth, of highest standing and the possessors of such rare ability were the Johns, Jims, Dicks and Bills of twenty-five years ago. Fellows with whom I had fished, to whom I had given many a toby and who had frequently asked me to oblige them with a bite of tobacco. I had heard a great deal of their rise and progress, but the half, no not the one-tenth, had been told, and each remark made by the friend at my side but served to astound me more and more. For a few minutes we kept silent as the carriage rolled along over the smooth granite pavement, and perhaps my reveries would have lasted longer had not the loud strains of a brass band burst upon my ears, and as I looked up to see where the music came from and what produced it, I noticed a procession of maybe a hundred plug-hatted and white-gloved men, wearing full-dress suits and headed by a large cornet band in gaudy uniforms come marching toward us. It was not an unusual sight, and I likely would have permitted the procession to pass without comment had not Wehrle turned and said: "Say, you remember Jim Gibson, don't you?" and upon my breaking out into a laugh and replying, "why, of course, I remember him. The last thing he did on me before I left was to hire an organ grinder to play in front of my office for half a day," he continued: "Well, that's Gibson's Mammoth Mastodonic Minstrel Aggregation. He organized this company a few years ago and opens the season to-night down at the Alhambra, on the corner of Vine and Walnut. I'll bet you a case of Widow Cliquot that as soon as he hears you're in town he'll send you a pass for a box."

I was still laughing over the recollection of some of Jim's old pranks when Dick nudged me and said: "Do you see that magnificent turreted building built of blue stone and trimmed with red stone, both of which, by the way, were quarried out of Chestnut ridge, not over five miles from here? That is the Stock Exchange, and in it every day there are thousands upon thousands of shares of stock bought and sold. Thomas H. Long is president of it, and has long ago given up his mercantile business to engage in the manipulation of stocks and



bonds. Tom has gotten to be quite a bright and shining light in the financial world, and his time is all taken up in presiding over the business of the Exchange and in attending the meetings of the many corporations of which he is a director." It was certainly a beautiful edifice and I would have liked to examine it more closely and to hear more of Long's career, but Wehrle was exhibiting a swiftly moving panorama, so in a minute Long and the Stock Exchange had passed out of mind as I gazed at the Masonic Temple that had been erected by Acacia Lodge, F. A. M. What a noble structure it was! The skill of the architect had been aided by the inspiration of the artist, and there it stood a poem in stone and a triumph of man's creative ability. Its front, which was of solid marble and vari-colored granite, was carved from foundation to the very tip of its beautiful tower that shot three hundred feet into the air with representations of Masonic symbols. Its windows were all of stained glass, that my friend told me had been designed by one of the most famous artists of the French school, and its whole aspect was magnificent and grand in the extreme. It stood a fitting monument of the noble order for whose local representatives it made a home and was more than worthy of the intense pride with which Wehrle told me the citizens generally regarded it.

I had hardly finished feasting my eyes upon its beauty when I happened to look up at one of the windows of an immense twenty-story office building that we were just then passing, and happened to notice on a window on the third floor the sign, "McGillick, Contractor." "Say, Wehrle," I asked, "is that Frank Gillick?—you recollect we used to call him "Flip?" "That's the very chappie," replied Richard, "only instead of taking contracts for the building of little four and six roomed frame houses, as he did when you were here, he's now, and has been for fifteen years, doing bigger jobs. He had the contract for building three hundred miles of the North and South Trunk Line and made a big pile off the job. But the biggest piece of work he ever did was on the Conemaugh river. When Congress appropriated seventy-five millions to make the Kiskimi-

nitias and Conemaugh navigable for steamboats as far as Johnstown, McGillick got the contract, in spite of the fact that some of the biggest contracting firms, in this country and Europe had put in bids. When you take a trip on the river you will see what an immense undertaking it was. There were scores of dams to build and mile after mile of stone walls, while the dredging of the channel was in itself an enormous undertaking. But the job not only paid McGillick, but it helped this town and the country all around here as nothing else could have done. When we get down to the wharves, which we will take in on our next trip, you will see anywhere from twenty-five to fifty passenger and freight steamers taking on or discharging their cargoes. You can step on board a steamer and go straight to New Orleans, and Harry White's dreams have been more than realized when almost fifty years ago he advocated this improvement. And, by the way, the finest boat on the river, one built by the Cramps, is named the 'General Harry White,' after the originator of this idea, which has made Blairsville virtually a seaport."

Will wonders never cease? When I was a boy there would be times in the summer when we could hardly find enough water to go swimming in or to float a log raft, and now on this same Conemaugh's bosom were floating monster steamers that I was told were almost large enough to brave the storms of old ocean itself.

Just then I happened to think of another of the old boys and inquired: "Dick, how about Jim Harvey? I haven't heard you mention him." "Oh," replied Wehrle, "I was just waiting until we'd pass his place of business before I'd say anything about him, but as we'll be there in a minute or two, I may as well begin now. About 1905 Jim sold out his grocery store to Robert George, who made his start in life as a newsboy selling the COURIER, and organized a company for the manufacture of porcelain ware. In his mercantile business he had become quite familiar with this line of trade, and as extensive and valuable deposits of potters clays had been discovered here in 1894, Jim quietly took options on the clay beds, and when Blairsville

had enlarged considerably and everything was on a boom, Jim sold out his business and started to develop the clay deposits. You just ought to see the potteries ; the kilns and the buildings cover twenty acres of ground and over two thousand men are employed. They make nothing but the very finest decorated ware, and at the World's Fair, held in Blairsville last year, the Harvey Art Pottery Company received the highest award over both American and European competitors. Their goods go to all parts of the world, and instead of France and Germany supplying the United States with high grade and artistic porcelain ware, we now supply them with a product they cannot equal. Jim is the old Jim ; always ready to help along in anything that's to be done for the good of the city. He believes that money is made for what it will do and buy, and though he is one of the big rich men of the city, yet he didn't become so by screwing and scrooging. Only the other day he gave his check for twenty-five thousand dollars for an electric fountain to be erected in Sloan Park."

As this generous act was told me I could not help but think that it had always been the case that Blairsville people had been liberal, sometimes even to a fault. My thoughts ran back to twenty-five years ago when subscription papers were passed around in an attempt to raise a bonus of twelve thousand dollars to be given the Whitney Glass Company as an inducement for them to locate here, and how nobly and generously almost everybody responded. Why, even the children wanted to give, and, if I recollect aright, there was a roll of honor published at that time giving the names of the subscribers, and the poor vied with the rich and the women with the men as to which should outdo the other in liberality. And now, before I am here half a day, is an evidence of the fact that the liberal and generous spirit of Blairsville's citizens has kept pace with her material growth and prosperity.

I had just about finished my reflections when Wehrle, pointing across the street, said : "There's the COURIER building, and, as you are acquainted with the management and as it's just about time for them to run off their last edition, suppose we

drop in and say 'howdy' and take a look around and maybe to-morrow they'll mention this late arrival from Samoa."

So, stopping the carriage, we jumped out in front of another "sky-scraper," and fighting our way through a crowd of two or three hundred newsboys, who were awaiting the coming out of the paper, we entered the hallway and, taking an elevator, were rapidly lifted to the seventeenth story, where the editorial offices were located, and in a minute afterward were shaking hands with the editor and founder, John D. Berry. Under his guidance we made a tour of the establishment from the editorial sanctum, where a dozen brainy men and able writers furnished the matter for the ten pages that made up the daily issue of the COURIER, to the business office, where twenty clerks were busy at their work; then on to the composing rooms, where two score compositors were standing at their cases. The next was to the stereotyping department, where the plates are made that go upon the presses, and then finally to the press rooms, where six immense Hoe perfecting presses stood ready to send forth with lightning speed their thousands of ten-page COURIERS, pasted and folded for the carriers. It was a wonderful outfit, and, oh, how different from the little baby COURIER I had left behind me a quarter of a century before! Now it had a circulation of a hundred thousand, then the one one-hundredth part; then two men edited, read proofs, collected, solicited, reported news and kept the books, in fact did all the work; now it takes fifty, and so on in that proportion all through. It would take more time and space than is at my disposal to tell of the details of management and the principal factors that assisted in placing the COURIER among the leading journals of the country. Perhaps the most important one was the fact that its policy had ever been from the day it was first founded to the present to be fearless in its criticisms of matters affecting the general welfare of the community and the people in general, and had always tried to be on the right side of each question without regard to pecuniary considerations.

After watching the mighty presses turn out a few thousand COURIERS, and putting one in my pocket hot from the press for

perusal while smoking my after-supper cigar, my companion and I turned to go, and as we got into the carriage, he remarked: "It is now six o'clock, and as the dinner hour at the Conemaugh is seven, we will have to return to the hotel. Tomorrow morning we will take a spin in another direction, and I can safely promise you even as great surprises on that portion of the trip as any that you have experienced on this." The dinner at the Conemaugh was equal in getting up and appointment to any I had ever been served with at the Waldorf in New York or the Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine, and put me into first-class humor for the stroll I afterward enjoyed along the boulevards and avenues under the thousands of electric lamps that made the whole city light as day.



## CHAPTER III.

AN HOUR OR TWO OF REMINISCENCE—A TRIP ON THE ELECTRIC BELT LINE—GRAND VIEW PARK AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN—BEAUTIFUL AND ENTRANCING SCENES.

A night's rest in the luxurious couch to which Landlord Duncan conducted me to in the Conemaugh, and in the morning a dip into the marble bath tub connected with my apartments, caused me to be entirely freed from the fatigue of my long trip by rail from San Francisco which ended yesterday morning when I left the train at the Union Station, and also served to tranquilize my mind, which had been so disturbed and excited by the many wonderful and surpassingly beautiful things I had seen in the carriage drive about the city in the afternoon. A hearty breakfast also helped to put me in good trim for the exciting experiences that my friend Wehrle had promised me would be mine on the continuation of our explorations to-day.

As I sat on one of the large verandahs in front of the hotel and watched the moving throngs hurrying to their labors, I noticed but few familiar faces, and it rather saddened me to think that on this ground now covered with all the splendor and magnificence of a metropolis there were but few, comparatively, who could love it as did those whose eyes first opened to the light of day in its precincts, who half a century or more before played in childish glee upon its quiet, grass-grown streets, who frequented the old red brick school house that stood on Walnut street, who spent their spare hours in the shoemaker shops, little corner groceries and other favorite haunts, who courted their sweethearts here and took them walking through the green carpeted meadows and along the peaceful Conemaugh's shores, who slowly developed from boyhood into manhood, and who then one by one passed out of



sight. Some of them to distant cities; others to far off lands, and still others who were carried to the top of the hill where are laid away so many for whom life ended almost as soon as its illimitable vistas had been spread out before them. Yes, and sadder than all was the thought that so many of those who had longed and worked for the prosperity that had now so abundantly come should have been called away ere even the first fruits of their labors had appeared. But so goes the world, and progress stops for none. A worker dies, another is born, and the laborer of to-day is succeeded by the laborer of to-morrow.

I was just then aroused from my rather sad and sorrowful meditations and reveries by my friend, Wehrle, with a hearty "Good morning. Are you ready to start out again to see a few more of the many things that I know you want to see?" Of course I was all eagerness and replied heartily that I considered every minute wasted that was not devoted to sight-seeing and ascertaining by personal observation how true and correct were the reports that had, during my absence, been given me by my correspondents and the COURIER as to the great improvements that had taken place.

"We'll dispense with the carriage this morning," said Richard, "and this time use an electric car and go out into the suburbs for a little spin. I would suggest, as the best thing to do to give you a general idea of the extent of the city and its surroundings, that we take a car on the Belt Line, which almost encircles the city. This electric line runs from where the old diamond used to be, out through what was formerly known as Cokeville to what you know better as Blairsville Intersection, but which is now Fifty-third street station; from thence it crosses the river on a magnificent suspension bridge, passing through the old Stouffer farm, then out the old pike on to Blacklick, and from there down by Campbell's mill and along Blacklick creek to where McCormick's bridge used to span the creek, and then in past the Hodge farm and along the road. I use the old names so that you may know the route, but the names, like the spots they designate, have under gone a wonderful transformation. Cokeville now is simply Blairsville;

the Stouffer farm is a farm no longer ; every inch of it is covered with mills, factories and furnaces, and so with all the territory adjacent to it, but there is little use in describing it. You will soon see for yourself. Here comes a car now, that yellow one there, so make haste to get on board, for they run on a regular schedule and wont wait long." We boarded a very handsome car, one, too, about twice as large as the ones that were in use before I left the States, and soon were going along at a lively rate. Cokeville's location I knew simply and only by the fact that we had crossed the river. "What's become of the coke ovens that used to be out here?" I asked. Wehrle laughed a minute and then said : "When coal plays out you have to draw the fire from the ovens, and that's what happened here. The Isabella Company, though, made a thousand times more money in dividing their land up into lots than they ever did in making coke. Lots a hundred feet deep over here are worth at least a hundred dollars a front foot, and those exceptionally located much more."

As we went speeding along we now entered what was more of a manufacturing section, and one of the things that particularly attracted my attention was a huge factory that was lettered all over with immense signs reading, "Miller's Panacea," and as I looked at it I remembered that all the way between San Francisco and Blairsville I had noticed enormous sign boards at intervals of a few miles along the railroad on which the same legend was pointed. Wehrle, noting that I seemed interested, said : "That's another concern owned and operated by one of your old friends, Milt G. Miller. One day while experimenting in his little drug store he, by accident rather than design, made a combination of drugs and chemicals that struck him was not only unique, but also just the thing for the cure of certain diseases. He gave it a practical test, and it surpassed his wildest expectations. He started to make it for sale, and also advertised it in a small way, and rapidly his business grew. You see the extent of the factory, so you will not be surprised when I tell you that his trade on it is so large that he is justified in spending a million a year on advertising

alone. He ships it to all parts of the world, and uses so many bottles in his business that he runs his own glass factories. Of course he's made money, but he has also made good use of it. One of his most magnificent gifts being half a million to the hospital that Dr. Klingensmith was talking of establishing about the time you left, and which we will see later."

Just after passing Miller's establishment another immense structure was visible, and the sign on it told me who was the presiding genius. "The Kier Shoe Manufacturing Company, in letters ten feet high, told the story as plainly as need be. This was, no doubt, D. M. Kier, who formerly ran a retail shoe store on old Market street. "There," said Wehrle, as he pointed it out, "is another illustration of the fact that you can't keep a Blairsville boy down in any other way than by hitting him on the head with an axe and then covering him up with six feet of earth. That man Kier is simply a hustler. He started in the manufacturing, or rather repairing, line with one man, John Doran, you used to call him Santa Anna, I believe, and now he runs a thousand men, maybe it's two thousand, but ten hundred more or less makes but little difference in the Blairsville of to-day, where we deal with nothing but large figures." Scores upon scores of other manufacturing establishments were then passed in quick succession, the names of the owners all being strange to me.

In a few minutes more we entered a park-like region, and as I gazed about on this beautiful scene that, lovely by nature, had a beauty enhanced a thousand fold by all the arts of the landscape gardener's profession, it seemed to me that here and there I could see familiar traces. "You surely ought to know this place if you are to recognize anything about here at all," said my guide, as he looked quizzically at me to see if he could detect whether memory was strong enough to bring to mind a definite recollection of a spot I had, no doubt, in my earlier days traveled hundreds of times. "Ah, yes I have it!" I at last exclaimed, "we are near Blacklick, just south of it by a mile or so." "Right you are," said Wehrle, "you guessed it the first time, and please to recollect that you must not say Blacklick,

for Blacklick is no more. It's all Blairsville now, and if people hear you talking about Cokeville, Blacklick, Snyder's Station, and so on, they'll think that either you're an escaped lunatic or else a modern Rip Van Winkle." "The latter charge is near the truth, my noble duke," I made answer. "for though I have not been asleep, yet I have had all these things hidden from my sight for a quarter of a century, and these old names are as dear to me as the old friends whom for so long a time I have not seen. But what means this? I see here beautiful winding drives, cool and inviting grottoes, marble monuments, magnificent groves, spraying, splashing fountains, silvery lakelets on whose placid bosoms white swans float and rest, a lawn as green as any in Emerald's Isle, exquisite summer houses and pavilions, in short, I see a fair representation of New York's Central Park."

"That's just what you see," rejoined my friend, "only instead of its being New York's Central Park, it's Blairsville's Grandview Park and Zoological Garden. The collection of animals is one of the most superb in the world. You can see everything from a ground squirrel to the monster elephant that George W. Crede, Jr., presented some few years ago. Barnum's menagerie can't touch it, and I doubt if the famous Thier Garten in Berlin has any better collection of specimens of the animal kingdom than are to be found here."

I didn't doubt his word for, as he was speaking, we were being whirled by the beautiful buildings in which the collection was housed. Over there in the distance was a deer park, in which a herd of those beautiful creatures were grazing, and down there in the hollow I saw an immense bear pit, where a score or more of shaggy representatives of Mr. Bruin and his family were growling.

And as I saw the troops of children wandering up and down I turned to my friend and said: "You have shown me before we reached this spot where millions of money were invested that yielded as return dollar for dollar and still more dollars, but so far this is the most profitable investment that Blairsville and its people have made of any that I have so far seen."



## CHAPTER IV.

MAGNIFICENT SOLDIER'S MONUMENT—BLAIRSVILLE ARTISTS THE DESIGNERS—GENERAL HOSPITAL, FOUNDED BY DR. KLINGENSMITH—BLAIRSVILLE BALL CLUB IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The zoological portion of the park was just fading into the distance when a magnificent monument that stood upon considerable of a natural elevation burst upon my view. Its situation was a most commanding one, and the contrast between the whiteness of the Carrara marble of which it was made and the living green of the trees and grass and the gorgeously colored flowers that surrounded it on all sides, was indescribably beautiful, and made one of the most attractive pictures I had yet seen in this most beautiful city so full of man's most skillful and artistic handiwork.

"That," said I, "commemorates some martial event, I suppose, for, if my eyes do not deceive me, I believe that on the top of the shaft I see a heroic figure of a United States soldier carved in marble." "Yes," replied Wehrle, "that monument was erected by the ladies of Blairsville in honor of the soldiers that fought in the war of 1861 to 1865. Some of the ladies prominent in the movement being ones whom you will know better by their old names than the ones they are known by now, namely, the Misses Della Watson, Millie Stouffer, Mary Shepley, Helen Cunningham, and a great many others who are equally worthy of mention. The thought that such a memorial would not only be a fitting tribute to the deeds of valor, the self-sacrifice and the great patriotism displayed by Blairsville's sons in that fearful struggle, of which there are now so few survivors left, but also an illustration of what women can accomplish, came to them like an inspiration, and, following the example set them by their fathers, husbands and sweethearts,

who never let the grass grow under their feet when work is to be done, they immediately set about the labor of procuring the money to erect a monument that should be equal in beauty of design and finish to any, and to make it all the more noteworthy they determined that all of the work on it should be done by women as far as it was possible.

“It took a year or more to get the money. How did they do it? Well, just as women always do when they set about raising the wind. They went to work first and solicited—not from men, remember—but from women. The bulk of the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was raised in this way, among the contributions being some large ones. The Misses Martha Sloan, Sallie Gray, Mrs. Kate Cunningham, and a number of others were handsome givers. Then they formed ‘Monument Societies’ and made by their own hands useful and ornamental articles that they sold at bazaars and fairs. The shop girls of the city gave for a year each week a certain sum out of their wages, and so in a thousand different ways they gathered together this immense sum. But the thing they are the proudest of is that the design is that of a woman, and that women with their weak hands and weaker arms carved from the marble, not only the scenes and ornaments that in bas relief adorn the shaft, but also the five heroic figures that you see.

“You may recollect that she who was Miss Ella Ray in early youth had exhibited considerable artistic talent, and when designs were asked for from women only she submitted one, which was accepted. Some years before that Miss Millie Stitt, who had shown much aptitude in modelling in clay, had gone to Rome to study sculpture, where she achieved the most wonderful success and a reputation in every art circle in the world. To her was given the commission for executing the work, and how she did it you can judge either for yourself by actual observation or by obtaining the opinions of the foremost art critics of the world.

“The monument, as you see, is devoted entirely to episodes in the career of the American Volunteer. On one corner of



the pedestal is a figure representing him bidding farewell to his family after he has determined to obey his country's call. On the corner to the left of that he is seen marching to the front. On another corner he is engaged in giving battle to the enemy, while on the fourth corner he lies dead and bleeding on the field, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. The heroic figure upon the top of the shaft is the ideal American Volunteer, and is said by those competent to judge to be the most realistic exponent of the ideal American that has yet been evolved from the brain or inspiration of the many artists that have made the attempt.

"On the side of the shaft are scenes in relief from noted battles such as Gettysburg, Chicamauga, Lookout Mountain and others."

Wehrle's description of this most beautiful and impressive work of art and the mode of its erection had so impressed me that I determined that at no late day I would come out for a closer inspection than could be given it from a flying electric car.

I had hardly time to take in the full significance of the wonderful results that had been accomplished by the women's united and persevering work, when Wehrle called my attention to a large and chaste white building standing in the midst of beautiful and extensive grounds. The structure was made up of a large main building that had wards or wings extending out from each side. Wide and cool-looking verandahs encircled it on all sides, and there was such a calm, quiet and peaceful air about it that to gaze at it was really restful.

"There," said my guide, "is another evidence of the fact that in the mad rush for gain, the fight for place and power, and the struggle to satisfy ambition's cravings we have not neglected the better part of our natures. That building is as much of a monument as the marble pile we have just left behind. A monument to Charity, to Loving Kindness, to Love and all the other Christian Graces. That is the Blairsville General Hospital, and has been evolved from the small one that Dr. I. P. Klingensmith established in 1896. To his labor is due much of

the credit for our now possessing what is universally conceded to be the finest hospital in the State. Of course the money that erected it, and that now supports it, came from a hundred different sources, but Dr. Klingensmith, who is still in general charge and chief of staff, is the originator and has given it the best years of his life.

“Within its hospitable walls a thousand patients can find room and the best attention that the best medical skill can give them. One of its chief beauties is that it is a place where all can receive the ministrations of the nurse and healer. Rich and poor, black and white, Jew and Gentile, high and low, young and old, all are alike when they reach its portals that are always standing open. But one question is asked, and that is. ‘Are you a sufferer?’ and the answer ‘yes’ is an open sesame. Every remedy that is known to the dispensatory, and every appliance that the surgeon’s art has discovered or invented is to be found within its walls. It has its fever wards, incurable wards, surgical rooms and all else that is necessary in richest profusion. Away in the rear of the grounds is the building where small-pox patient and those suffering with other malignant diseases are taken, but the attention they receive is precisely similar to that given those in the main building. Some of our old physicians are closely connected with this institute. Dr. W. R. Miller supervising the surgical department. Dr. L. S. Clagett the incurables, Dr. A. T. Rutledge and Dr. VanTrees the patients in the fever wards, and then there are, of course, a host of physicians of whom you have never heard.

“As the hospital grew a medical college was one of the fruits that naturally followed, and that is it that you see to the right there. I am told that it has five hundred or more students from all parts of the country, and I suppose it will interest you to know that several of your old friends are quite prominent in the conduct of its affairs. Dr. J. L. Harding is professor of anatomy, Dr. J. B. Carson of physiology, while Dr. R. B. Cummins is in charge of the dental department.

“Oh, by the way,” Wehrle continued, “when speaking of the hospital I forgot to say that the liberality of Mr. Samuel

Ray and Captain George Wilkinson, who years ago made some very heavy donations to the hospital fund, is largely responsible for the flourishing condition in which you see it to-day."

I grew prouder and prouder of Blairsville every minute of my stay, and why should I not be proud? for the solid portion of this wonderful city was the work of its sons. It was Blairsvillians to the manor born who began the movement to lift their town to the pinnacle they believed it deserved, and it was Blairsville people mainly who kept it there. I was feeling prouder and prouder every minute until, perhaps, had I not had my thoughts directed into another channel, the fate of the swelling frog would have been mine, when all at once loud and prolonged cheering broke upon my ears, and when I turned to see where it came from and who produced it, my eyes rested upon an extensive base ball park in which a game between two base ball nines was going on and that was being watched by ten thousand spectators. They were making vociferous and vigorous comment upon it as it progressed.

"What clubs are those playing?" I asked of Dick.

"That's a tussle between the Boston and Blairsville League teams. Yes, Blairsville is now in the League," he went on, "and she's in second place, too, and I'll just bet you ten to five she'll win the pennant," he excitedly went on as the base ball fever seized him.

"Hold on there, you crank!" I retorted, "you can't get any soft thing on me, for I have enough faith in Blairsville to believe that if she wants that precious pennant she's going to get it, and that's all there is to it. But come, tell me a little about the club—is there any one connected with it that I know?"

"Let me see," mused Dick, "O, yes there is. Why, of course, there is. You recollect Billy Kilgore, the red-headed devil of the COURIER twenty-five years ago? Well, he's the manager. And then I believe some of the COURIER's old newsboys are among the crack players. Yes, there's Dave Stanley, he's their boss pitcher, and Glynn Samuels is the first baseman; Ed. Bouchier holds down the bag at second, while Stewart Myers is short-stop."

When I heard these names mentioned I felt as though I must go out and see them, but was stopped by Wehrle telling me that he had laid out a visit to the ball park as part of to-morrow's program and that I would then have ample opportunity of seeing all about base ball that I desired.

The old-time enthusiasm was evidently not lacking, for as we sped along I could hear from the bleachers, "Strike him out, Dave," "Hit him on the nose," "Knock 'er out of sight," and scores of expressions that were once so familiar to me when thirty or more years before I attended the games in the old railroad company's field.

After a few minutes had passed we neared Blacklick Creek again, at the spot where Campbell's mill dam used to be. And where the old iron bridge once spanned the creek there was a most magnificent boulevard came in that extended from the center of the city out what was formerly known as the Indiana road; on by Smith's Station, out across the creek at the old mill site and then extending down the creek as far as where McCormick's bridge stood a quarter of a century ago. The boulevard was paved with asphalt in the roadway and the sidewalks were made of a material known as granolithic; it was a hundred feet wide, and a double row of magnificent elms and Norway maples lined either side. Perhaps the most beautiful thing about it was that right in the center ran a beautiful and sparkling stream of water that glittered in the sunlight like a broad ribbon of diamonds.

The boulevard was sacred to the use of lighter vehicles, and no heavy wagons or drays were permitted upon it, neither was it marred by car tracks. It was the favorite drive in the city, and as I gazed out upon it from the car that ran upon one side, I saw scores upon scores of beautiful turnouts speeding along. "Look, quick!" said Dick suddenly, "there goes Ed. Graff in that stylish English mail cart to which that fast pair of bays is hitched, with a tiger sitting on the rear seat. Ed. is one of the nabobs now. What made him that? you ask. Oh, a number of things, but principally tin plate. When the Blairsville Rolling Mill and Tin Plate Company was reorganized, just about



the time you left, Ed. went into the company. His fine business ability here had full sway, and he made the mill hum. That's a big concern now; they have twenty-two sheet mills; make their own steel, roll it into bars and have one of the biggest tin houses in the world. And, do you know, that Blairsville is often called the 'Tin Plate City?' Well, it is, and it deserves the title, for sixty per cent. of the tin plate manufactured in the United States is made right here. There were several things that brought this about. One was that the composition of the Conemaugh River water was such as to make it especially good for use in the manufacture of tin plate, and another because one of your old chums, Elmer H. Harn, while prospecting on Chestnut ridge one day, discovered a very extensive and rich deposit of tin ore. He quietly bought up the land on which the vein was located, interested some capitalists in developing it, and now Harn can gratify his 'collecting' hobby just as much as he may please. That he has done so to a considerable extent I can bear witness, for out at his residence on the boulevard leading to Oakes' Point, I have seen the most magnificent collection of minerals and shells that I ever laid eyes on and that must have cost him thousands upon thousands of dollars."

Nothing that I had heard pleased me more than that my old friend should have had such good fortune and been able to put his knowledge of mineralogy to such good use.

## CHAPTER V.

GENERAL J. P. KENNEDY AND THE NATIONAL GUARD—J. A. SRP AND HIS WONDERFUL ORCHESTRA—OTHER CITIZENS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED DISTINCTION.

As our electric car went speeding merrily alongside the magnificent boulevard, I had a most excellent opportunity to see the wealth and fashion of the city pass in swift review. To the right were many of the public institutions of the city, while to the left of us the roadway was crowded with carriages, landaus, drags, mail phaetons and tallyhos, each vehicle containing representatives of the wealth, the brains and the fashionable society of Blairsville. It was the city's four hundred on dress parade, and I could see in a few minutes what might otherwise have taken many weeks and even months to come within the range of my observation. Many, in fact nearly all, of this gay and moving throng were entirely unknown to me, but every once in a while my guide mentioned some familiar name or pointed out some one whom twenty-five years before in those quiet old days I had well known.

"Do you see that military looking gentleman with the heavy white mustache riding that beautiful and spirited black horse?" asked Wehrle, as he pointed out a gentleman whose face seemed quite familiar to me. "That," he continued, "is General J. P. Kennedy. When you were last in these parts he was a major of the Fifth Regiment, N. G. P. You recollect him, don't you? for I believe he and you were quite good friends before you went to Samoa. He has climbed up considerably since you left, being now in command of the entire division of the State militia. And, by the way, he has charge of a large body, for the division now numbers fifty thousand men and has the reputation of being the finest military body in the world. Major



Kennedy commenced winning his spurs in 1894, when the Anarchists in Chicago attempted a revolution. The force of United States troops not being large enough to cope with the rebels, the President called on the Pennsylvania troops and they did most effective work. After that campaign, in recognition of his meritorious services, Major Kennedy was made a brigadier general and finally he was appointed to the chief command of the division."

I recollected that we used to be quite proud of our Company D in that time so long ago, and I thought that if the city's pride in its soldier boys had increased in the same proportion that the guard had increased, not only throughout the State but more particularly in Blairsville, why then it was likely that the local military could own the city and all there was in it if they would but ask for it, for Wehrle went on to tell me that instead of the little company of a quarter of a century ago they now maintained three regiments.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "we have three of the crack regiments of the State, and we have also as fine an armory and drill and parade grounds as you'll find anywhere. Right over there," pointing to the other side of the creek from which we were on, "you will see the armory building and grounds."

I looked in the direction indicated and saw an immense two-story square building that covered five or six acres of ground, and about it, just as level as a floor, were perhaps two hundred acres that were used as drill and parade grounds. "Old Glory" was flying from a hundred flag staffs, batteries of artillery were planted at several places and a decided military air hung over the whole place.

"I see," I commented, "that you have neglected nothing in this most wonderful town, and that you have made marvelous progress along all lines. While cultivating the arts of peace you have not forgotten that sterner art, the practice of which is sometimes necessary if one would preserve what has been accomplished in times of peace."

Our flying car had by this time left General Kennedy away in the rear, and as I looked out at the never ending procession

that filled the boulevard, Dick pointed out in quick succession quite a number of others whom I had formerly known and who were now conspicuous in some way or another. Among them was Howard P. Shepley, who, I was told, had long since given up the retail drug store that had been such a favorite lounging place of mine before I had said farewell to Blairsville, and was now the president and largest owner of the Shepley Chemical Company, a concern that was engaged in the manufacture of the various fluid extracts, tinctures, pills, plasters and other similar articles sold in drug stores. "Their establishment is a mighty big one," said Wehrle, "and when you see it you'll be as much surprised at its extent as you have been at some of the other things you have seen and heard. Their factory is out at Fifty-third street and covers a whole block. It is eleven stories high, and every floor is filled with scores and scores of busy workers. I suppose they employ over a thousand persons, and they turn out pills by the car-load and plasters by the mile."

I looked at Shepley as he rolled along in a handsome carriage drawn by a fine pair of sleek and well-fed grays, driven by a coachman in full regalia, with even a "bug" on his hat, and noted that he was in appearance just about the same as when I had said good-bye to him so long ago. Of course his hair and beard were whiter, but there seemed to be just as much nervous energy about him as ever, and I would have known him among ten thousand.

The next person to whom my attention was turned by my friend was a portly gentleman, who was also reclining at ease in a handsome carriage. "That," said he, "is Joseph A. Srp, who is the leader and director of as fine an orchestra as any the world can boast of, and Srp has the reputation of being the equal of the dead and gone Theodore Thomas in his direction of an orchestra. It's impossible to describe the music they make, so I will not attempt it, but as they will give a concert in the music hall in the Chapman Library building to-night, we'll go so that you may have an opportunity of judging for yourself as to the sweetness and beauty of the 'concourse of

sweet sounds' that this company of artists can produce." The term "Chapman Library" used by Wehrle in speaking of where the concert was to be aroused my curiosity, and I asked him what it meant.

"That," he replied, "is a monument that another of your old friends has erected to himself while yet living. It's no less a person than W. L. Chapman; it used to be that some called him 'Bert,' others preferred 'Billy,' while a great many evidently labored under the impression that his name was too long and cut it down to 'Chap.' Well, 'Chap' made his pile, you know, and having made it determined that the community generally should share it with him, so he followed Andrew Carnegie's example and stuck a million and a half into a library and suitable building. It's right along the line of this road and we'll see it when we get to where the Hodge farm used to be. How did Chapman make his money, you ask? In wheat; you know he was in the flour and feed trade when you were here, and that's where he got his start, but it seemed as though he wasn't making money fast enough to suit him, so when the Grain Exchange was opened he commenced taking a little flyer in wheat every once in awhile, and had such good luck that he finally sold out his business and gave his whole time and attention to the grain market. His good fortune kept up right straight along, and it wasn't a great while before the whole country was astounded to learn that 'Chap' had cornered the wheat market just as Partridge and old Hutchison used to do. In that one transaction it is said that he made a couple of millions. He's retired now and don't do anything but amuse himself in any way that his fancy may dictate."

It was certainly most remarkable how uniformly successful Blairsvillians had been. Had I read such tales as had been told me, and had seen described in a novel the wonderful things that my own eyes had gazed upon, I would have thought that such conditions could only be evolved from the fertile brain and vivid imagination of a novelist and that real life could not possibly furnish a parallel, but here I was forced to believe, for the evidence was so plentiful, so tangible and came crowding

in on me so thick and fast that I was obliged to believe that a whole community had suddenly discovered the secret and power held by Midas of old and, like him, could convert into gold whatever they touched.

While I was indulging in these reflections the river came in sight, and its bosom was filled with steamers and tugs that went puffing up and down. Right in front of us was a large fleet of loaded coal barges being pushed to New Orleans by a powerful boat, and coming around the bend behind us was a big steamer that my friend told me was the General Harry White, just coming up from Memphis.

On the wharves all was bustle and confusion. Hundreds, yes thousands, of wagons and drays were bringing freight to the boats lying there or hauling it away to the immense warehouses that loomed up wherever the eye rested. We were now right in the center of the commercial district, and I had a most excellent opportunity of seeing just how great and immense was the trade that Blairsville enjoyed.

“These goods that you see going out,” said Wehrle, “are bound for all parts of the world. There isn’t a country on the face of the globe that we don’t send our products to, and the name of our city is as well known in Africa and other far off lands as it is in the United States.”

I readily believed this, for in Samoa, during my long residence there, I had seen many of Blairsville’s products. I had slept in a building roofed with Blairsville tin, dined at a table on which rested Blairsville china, and when sick had had prescribed for me drugs and chemicals, the labels on which told where they had been manufactured.

After passing through six or eight blocks the car turned up Grand avenue and in a few minutes we were back at the Cone-maugh, where we had started from.

“After lunch,” said Dick, “we’ll take another ride. This time we’ll take the Burrell and Oakes’ Point Line and go up to Oakes’ Point and see the wonderful improvements that have been made there.”



## CHAPTER VI.

THE WORKINGMAN IS THE CREATOR OF THESE WONDERS—  
WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION OF OAKES' POINT—A RESORT  
FOR BEAUTY, WEALTH AND FASHION.

After an elegant lunch at the Conemaugh, it ought almost be called a dinner, I strolled out to the front of the hotel and stood there for a few moments watching the coming and going of the countless throng passing up and down Grand avenue. In the morning I had seen on the boulevard the wealth and fashion of the city on dress parade as they went out for an airing, and here on this thoroughfare I saw a mighty procession of the muscle, the brawn, the bone and sinew of the city as, at what was for them the dinner hour, they went to or returned from the scene of their labors. And as I gazed upon the army of toilers with their set and determined countenances and their firm and steady step; noted the briskness of their movement and the intelligent expression upon their faces, I realized more than I had ever done before that, after all, it is the man with the dinner bucket who is king. He it is who builds; he it is who called into life and being the magnificent creations that reared their proud heads on every hand. The men with the saw, the hammer and the plane; those who fashioned the iron at the forges, who shaped it at the rolls; the ones who by the magic deftness of their skill called into being that most beautiful of all of man's products, glass; the cunning carvers of stone and workers of brass; all who toiled and labored in shop, in factory or in mine were really the ones who made this magnificent city upon whose many beauties my eyes had feasted until they were almost surfeited with visions of magnificence, elegance, beauty, splendor and all other conditions that appeal to the sense of sight and that impress the mind as being above



the ordinary. Yes, I thought, it is the workingman; not he who lolls at ease in carriages, who has a hundred to wait upon him and bring and fetch and carry; not the one who reaps the major benefits of a community's combined labor that I should apostrophize and praise when I sign the praise of this city, that is so worthy to be the theme and inspiration of the poet or the subject for a discourse by the great masters of the English tongue. Money has done much, but labor, which first made values, and therefore made money possible, is the hero of not only this twentieth century but of all the others that have preceded it. These men with the soot and smoke of the furnaces and mills upon their faces are the representatives of that which did it all, and these men of many millions whom I saw this morning are but holding in trust for a common humanity the values that the man with the dinner bucket has created.

My mind was running along in this direction when a tap upon my shoulder aroused me, and when I turned there stood Wehrle again, apparently ready for the trip to Oakes' Point. When this expedition had been first suggested this morning, I naturally thought of the old-fashioned modes of transportation that were called into requisition ever so many years ago when half a dozen or so of us would invite our best girls, hire a big spring wagon with a stout team, pack in an able-bodied lunch and then start on a three hours' drive over rough roads, up steep hills and down into valleys, and with maybe a walk up some extra heavy grade; and when we finally reached the spot we drank in the beauties of the grand panorama that lay spread out at our feet, we first congratulated each other upon the fact that the trip had been made without accident.

Now how different! We had simply to hail one of these swiftly moving electric cars that were passing every minute, step on board, sink back into a softly cushioned seat, hand the conductor a dime, and in half an hour we are there. That's just what we did, and in a minute we were speeding up Grand avenue; on past the busy stores, the banks where transactions that ran into the hundreds of thousands and millions were of daily, yes, almost hourly occurrence; the offices where the

affairs of immense corporations were handled, and on and on, past block after block of stately edifices, each one the home of some huge industrial concern that made Blairsville its home.

Could it be possible that this was the old turnpike leading out toward Armagh? Is it within the range of human possibility that on this brick, and iron, and glass, and steel, and granite burdened earth the green grass once grew, that here the ripened grain fell beneath the sharp blades of the reaper, and that on these hills once grazed herds of cattle with nothing to disturb them save the occasional rattle of a wagon as it to or came from the sleepy, quiet little town that lay hidden by the hill? Yes, it is, for there to the right is the immense plant of the Cone-maugh Iron, Steel and Tin Company, located on the Stouffer farm by the Blairsville Development Company in the summer of 1894. What an enormous establishment it is!

Look at that stately row of furnaces lining the river bank. They stand there like mighty living giants whose food is fire and who sup off iron and coal. See the mills with their mighty machinery; listen to the labored straining of the engines and gaze upon the thousands of men as they with their arms and hands, puny by contrast, control the enormous forces generated by the many batteries of boilers that supply the power to move this bewildering mass of whirling machinery! We can not stop long enough to take in all its cyclopean greatness, for the car speeds on and on, and soon the rattle and roar is left behind and the trolley line begins to climb the ascent leading to the famous point. Now the beautiful buildings with which the entire summit is almost covered are plainly visible, and, as a nearer approach reveals their beauties to my astonished vision, I do not wonder that this summer resort has become the Mecca of the health and pleasure-seeking ones of the world.

As we went along Wehrle told me of what was the cause of this most wonderful evolution. It seems that some twelve or fifteen years before the French government had sent some representatives to Blairsville to inspect and report upon some armor plate that was being made for France by the Carnegie Company, which, as I noted in a former chapter, was located

at Blairsville. While these gentlemen, among whom was the Duc d'Orleans, were here they were the recipients of a great many attentions at the hands of the citizens, and were one day taken to Oakes' Point, which still stood there in all its bare and rugged majesty. When they had gazed upon the splendid magnificence of the scene, rinsed their lungs with the air that is nowhere so fresh as there, and had taken in the splendors of the awe-inspiring view from Cedar Rock, they asked why in the name of anything, everything and all other things, was not this spot utilized as a pleasure resort. Upon being told that Blairsville people were too busy making iron, steel, glass and tin plate and building sky-scraping structures to think of that which had no other end and aim than to gratify the desire for pleasure, they replied that could the land be bought they could and would interest Paris capital in making out of Oakes' Point a most formidable rival to the most splendid resorts of the old world.

They had Berlin take numerous photographs of the most attractive and beautiful spots of all that region ; carried them back to Paris and in a week after their arrival there had formed the Franco-American Resort Company, with a capital of fifty million francs. They bought up the Point, and perhaps two or three thousand acres about it, and soon an army of laborers was at work constructing roads, cleaning out the forest, making winding drives, building electric roads, erecting the immense hotel and other buildings that were necessary to carry out their plans. The task was a herculean one, and two years of hard and faithful work were spent before a guest could be entertained, but at last a day came when all was in readiness, and on July 1, 1907, there gathered in response to invitations to attend the opening of the resort the most brilliant assemblage that has ever been seen on the American continent. All the foreign ambassadors and ministers, with their suites, were present, and not a distinguished American but was there to witness this throwing open to the world of what has never been equalled in this or any other land in the shape of a temple where the Goddess of Pleasure holds sway. All the courts of

Europe were represented, and the gay uniforms of the diplomats and the military officers, the irreproachable attire of the civilian in full dress regalia, the beautiful toilets and sparkling diamonds of the ladies, together with the splendid decorations of both the exterior and interior, made a picture that reminded one of the scenes of the Second Empire in France. But why dwell longer on what happened so long ago? In this year of our Lord 1919 we dwell in the present and have no time to linger with the past, and I will, therefore, give a brief description of but a few of the thousand wonders that are to be seen here.

The hotel, which fronted six hundred and fifty feet on the brow of the hill, was six stories in height and was built of Chestnut ridge bluestone, trimmed with marble, granite and various other colored building stones. In the center a tower rose two hundred and fifty feet into the air, and from its top, which could be reached by an electric elevator, could be obtained the most beautiful view that it is possible for the human mind to conceive. Let your imagination run wild and riot among the conceptions of what you believe Babylon of old with its hanging gardens and hundreds of other beautiful extravagances to have been. Conjure up the view to be had from the highest snow-clad peak of the towering Alps. Imagine the sweet beauty of the vale of Cashmere, and picture in your mind's eye the loveliness of the lakes of Killarney or the vale of Avoca. Draw upon the canvas of your mind with the pigment of your imagination the chiefest beauties of all the God favored spots on earth in a composite picture, and then you have the view that is yours when you gaze from the dizzy and lofty height of this tower. You have before you a smiling river, dense forests, rippling brooks, shady nooks, sylvan dells, emerald green meadows, yawning chasms, towering mountains, lowlier hills, gardens in which the gaudy flowers of the tropics mingled with their more subdued floral sisters of the temperate zone, in short, before words fail me, you see a landscape that contains within its limits all that is loveliest and best, and were old ocean to be seen tossing his angry mane in the distance the



picture would be absolutely complete. No wonder that to this spot so richly favored by both art and nature come wanderers from every clime. No wonder that poets sing its praises in a thousand songs and master artists transfer to canvas its many wondrous beauties.

I stood spell-bound as I drank in the rich and varied beauties of the picture. I might have stood there for the remainder of the day had not my guide brought me back to a sense of what I owed to one who had been so faithful in ministering to my pleasure by saying: "Wake up, wake up, you have looked for an hour, and there's too much more to see to spend any more time here."

Reluctantly I stepped into the elevator and descended to the first floor of the hotel, where we wandered through the many gorgeous halls and rooms. Here was one drawing-room, the outfit of which alone cost a hundred thousand dollars. There was another which was all plate glass mirrors; walls, ceiling, floor, all made of mirrors. We entered the large ball room where five hundred couples could at one time engage in the mazes of the waltz, and a royal room it was. No emperor's palace was ever larger or adorned with more splendid magnificence, and through them all promenaded by the hundred magnificent women and handsome men. There went a Russian prince, and the one who brushed our elbow as he passed was an English duke whose ancestors came to Albion's white shores with William, the Conqueror. That lady wearing a tiara of diamonds is heiress to a European throne, and by her side is walking the younger son of a king.

How did these people amuse themselves? you ask. In a thousand different ways that the lavish use of money could procure or the ingenuity of man devise. There were race tracks where were run races that attracted greater crowds and created more interest than the Grand Prix at Paris or the English Derby. There was an orchestra, each man an artist, with a world-wide fame. There was a theatre in which appeared the stars of both the old and new worlds, and an opera house in which the Patties of the twentieth century warbled and sang.



There were playing fountains and beautiful drives. All that could minister to man's pleasure was there in richest profusion.

I was bewildered and confused, dazed and dazzled, and felt as though I must leave before my brain had been turned by all this glare and glitter, this more than Oriental splendor and display of boundless wealth. "Come Dick," I said, "let's go into town. Duncan and his Conemaugh are quite good enough for me."

In half an hour we were within the hospitable precincts of this superb hostelry and I was leaning back in one of the divans in the smoking parlor attempting to restore tranquility of mind with the aid of a soothing and fragrant Perfecto.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC—CONCERT BY  
WORLD-FAMED ARTISTS—WHITNEY GLASS WORKS, LARGEST  
FLINT GLASS PLANT IN THE WORLD.

After finishing my cigar I glanced at my watch and, noting that it was about time to go to my apartments to prepare for dinner, I rather reluctantly arose from the comfortable seat where I had been enjoying my smoke and started in through the marble paved lobby of the Conemaugh to take the elevator for my rooms. As I passed through I stopped at the clerk's desk to inquire if any mail matter had been received for me, and in return was handed quite a bundle of papers and letters. When I had reached my room I glanced carelessly through them, not expecting to find anything particularly interesting or important, when I happened to be attracted by the elegance of an envelope that was conspicuous from the other missives that accompanied it by its stylish and bon-ton appearance. I opened it and found that it contained a personal and special invitation to attend a grand concert, or music recital, to be given that evening in the concert room of the Pennsylvania Conservatory of Music. Enclosed with the invitation was an elaborate program, the numbers on which were such as to induce almost any one who had the least love for music to set aside everything else for the purpose of embracing the opportunity of listening to the first-class program that had been arranged. I had always been fond of music, no matter whether it was the popular catchy airs of the day that are as ephemeral as a summer cloud, or the profound and mysterious compositions of a Wagner.

Some of my friends in those ante-metropolitan days of Blairsville used to say that they believed I had no appreciation for

anything else than "White Wings," "Annie Rooney," "Boom Ta-ra-ra," and a few of the other melodies that were so industriously whistled by everybody and so vigorously performed by every street musician that happened along with a grind-organ, bag-pipe, accordeon or some other of the instruments that the sons of Italy will manipulate in return for whatever a distracted audience may contribute. But this was a base slander, and I am perfectly truthful when I say that I looked eagerly forward to the rich treat that I was sure would await me at the Conservatory that evening.

The queer thing about it though was how I happened to get the invitation. The names on the invitation were not at all familiar to me, and I was sure that I am not so prominent a person as to get invitations on that account. The thought occurred to me that very likely Wehrle had requested the managers of the institution to send me it so that I might have an opportunity for inspecting the Conservatory. When we met at the dinner table afterwards I asked him if that did not account for my receiving it.

"Not at all," he replied, "that invitation simply means that another of your old friends has not forgotten you, and had she not changed her name in the same way that so many young ladies do you would have known who it is that so honored you. It is she whom you knew as Miss Sue Millhouser. This lady, like so many of Blairsville's sons and daughters, has climbed pretty well up on the ladder of fame. Indeed, she is known in the music world everywhere, and the fame of the Conservatory is not confined to the United States alone. But in a little while you can judge for yourself, so for the present we will confine our attention to this canvas-back duck that is so appetizing in appearance."

The duck and the various accompaniment that were with it soon disappeared before the vigorous appetite created by several hours' inhaling of the bracing and strengthening atmosphere breathed in on our afternoon's trip to Oakes' Point, and we started for the Conservatory, which was located on South Walnut street where Johnson's grove once stood. Indeed, as

we reached the spot I noticed some large oak trees standing in the grounds that surrounded the building, and as I looked at them I wondered if these were not some of the very trees under whose friendly shade I had so often reclined when the grove was devoted to the pasturing of cattle and horses. Wehrle evidently divined my thoughts, for, as we walked up the approach, he said: "Those big oaks over there are some more of your old friends. They haven't changed a great deal since you left, have they? And, indeed, they hadn't. There was a little thicker girth; the limbs were a little sturdier, and there was a little more moss on the massive trunks; that was all the change. I was as glad to see them as I had been to see my other old fresh and blood friends, and I wished that I could have shaken hands with these sturdy old fellows who looked strong and vigorous enough to defy the storms and lightning for an indefinitely protracted time to come.

But here we are at the open portal of the Conservatory, and as we enter the beautiful and spacious hall we hand our cards to an attendant, and in a moment afterward we were shaking hands with our hostess who had invited us and who is such a famous master of that king of musical instruments, the piano.

We had but a few minutes in which to chat and indulge in reminiscences of the long ago, when our entertainer said that it was time for the concert to open and she would have us conducted to our seats in the concert room. A touch upon an electric bell brought an usher, who showed us into a room or hall of magnificent proportions, designed by one of the leading architects of the day with special care to make certain that it possessed perfect acoustic properties. The decorations were superb. In niches along the richly frescoed walls stood statues and busts of the famous composers and artists of the last century. There stood Wagner, Verdi, Listz, Beethoven and a host of others. On the walls were painted appropriate scenes from mythology, such as Orpheus producing the magic strains that moved the trees and hills and caused brutes to dance, and many others. The hall was filled with an audience made up of the elite of the city. Many had come from the great Franco-American

hotel on Oakes' Point, so that the assemblage was really a cosmopolitan one, and high birth, beauty and wealth had hundreds of representatives. I would that I could describe the concert, but that is a literary impossibility. So long as written words do not sing, nor emit sweet and soul entrancing sounds, so long will it be impossible to give even a faint description by word or pen of the performances of a master. Of course our hostess played several selections, and as the music rose and fell, and thrilled and throbbed, I felt as did the man who wrote "How Ruby Played." During an intermission my companion whispered to me, "By the way, do you know that the world's greatest prima donna, Miss Lula Glaser, is going to sing several selections to-night?" And just as he had finished she appeared upon the stage, and amidst the profoundest stillness that an assemblage of half a thousand persons are capable of observing the great diva, fit successor to Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti, broke forth in song. As with the instrumental music, so with this. The sweet notes, the silvery chimes, the pathos, the mirth, the music of that marvelous voice must be heard, and the pen can no more do justice to it than it can to the other.

As I gazed at the songstress and listened to the charms of her voice, I thought of the long, long ago. I remembered a trip to Oakes' Point when she was a tiny, but sprightly little elf, and where, for the amusement of the rest of the party, had played Eva to my Uncle Tom. After the concert was over, I met both her and her husband. She knew me at once, and an exceedingly pleasant half hour was spent in discussing some of the memories that were invoked by this meeting after so long a separation.

As we slowly walked toward the hotel my mind was too busy for me to pay much attention to my companion, and I fear that he found my company more disagreeable than entertaining. I could not talk. I had to think. To think of Blairsville in 1894, and then in 1919. What might forces had been at work! What wonders had been wrought! How her children had made a name for themselves! How in spite of the marvelous growth and wonderful development, yet there was still so much of the



“old” Blairsville flavor about it all! When I went to bed that night I dreamed of pianos, of the big pipe organ at the Conservatory, of the hundreds upon hundreds of students who were studying within its walls, when all at once an extra loud crash upon the piano awoke me. No, it was not a piano; it was the electric bell at the head of my bed and denoted that the night was over and it was once more time to arise.

When Wehrle and I met again in the lobby, I said: “Dick, you say its not very far from here to the Whitney Glass Works. Suppose we take a little stroll out that way. As we went by them in an electric car yesterday morning I caught only a glimpse of them, and I am specially anxious to get a good view of this establishment.” Wehrle very readily accompanied me, and away we started: The reason why I was so interested in this concern was that in 1894, just before I left for Samoa, I had rendered a little assistance in the work of inducing these people to locate here. I had also become very well acquainted with Mr. Jefferis, the president of the company, and I was anxious to renew his acquaintance. A fifteen minutes’ walk brought us to the place where stood the largest flint glass plant in the world. Twenty-four stacks or furnaces stood in a row, and a mighty spectacle it made! Fifteen hundred blowers were making bottles that daily by train loads left the works. Immense packing houses that covered acres and acres of ground were filled with hundreds of packers who got the product of these factories ready for shipment. Sand and lime and other material was coming in literally by the train load. Just think of it, twenty-four factories! Why, that is five times as many as the wildest dreams of any had ever given us. When the Whitney works located at Blairsville we felt sure we had captured an industrial prize, but we didn’t know that we had landed such a whale as this. Not a particle of smoke was visible in spite of the fact that the works were in full operation, and as I knew that natural gas had long since gone the way of all things, I inquired as to why this was.

“O, that’s easily explained,” answered my friend, “the Whitney people are not only up with the times, but generally

a block or two ahead of the procession. When natural gas played out and oil got too high to be used economically as fuel, they made calculations on gas made from coal and found that, taking into consideration everything, the first cost of the coal, the freight charges, the cost of handling, and the removal of the ashes and cinders, it was just about as cheap and vastly more convenient, to make fuel gas at the place where coal is mined, and pipe it to the works. So when they had figured this out they started to carry it out in practice. They had been long-headed enough to anticipate something of this sort, and years before had bought a tract of coal up along Blacklick creek, the coal on which they opened up and made into gas, right at the place where it is mined. They pipe it to their factory here, and the result you see. Buildings both inside and out so clean that a lady with a white dress on can pass through every one of them without getting a speck of soot or dirt on her."

After Wehrle telling me that altogether about six thousand men and boys were employed here, we went to the office, where I wished to pay my respects to Mr. Jefferis. He immediately remembered my name, and was as cordial in his manner as when I met him a quarter of a century before. In the conversation he said that from the day the first bottle was blown in the one little factory they operated here in 1894 he had never for a single instant regretted that his company had located in Blairsville. "Indeed," said he, "it is possible that had we not come here and taken advantage of the many natural advantages that your town possessed I do not believe that the Whitney Glass Works would have reached the proportions it has. Your cheap fuel, low taxes, first-class shipping facilities, etc., etc., are greatly in your favor, and to them and to the hustling qualities of your citizens is due nearly all the wonderful growth of Blairsville." Blairsville had also honored Mr. Jefferis in several ways. He had been mayor of the city several times, and to be mayor of a city of almost half a million people is not a light honor. He had also been sent to Congress from this district twice, and could have remained there his lifetime had

not his love for and devotion to his business caused him at the end of his second term to decline a renomination.

As we walked back to the hotel, Wehrle and I discussed what an exceedingly fortunate thing it was that Blairsville had succeeded in securing this plant when it did. Just at that time the town was almost dead, and the notoriety it received through the Whitney Company's coming here was the means of causing several other large manufacturing concerns to locate here in quick succession. "Yes," said Wehrle, "the very best and most profitable investment that our town ever made was the giving of that \$12,000 bonus that it took such hard work to raise to give the Whitney Glass Company."

As we reached the Conemaugh he remarked: "This afternoon I want to take you to the Court House and show you something new," and then left me to go to my room and get ready for lunch.

## CHAPTER VIII.

BLAIRSVILLE A WELL GOVERNED CITY—UNITED STATES COURT OF ARBITRATION SETTLES DISPUTES BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL—BLAIRSVILLE BOYS JUDGE AND LAWYERS.

As we were seated at a table in the beautiful dining hall of the Conemaugh discussing the able-bodied lunch that we had selected from the bill of fare, my fellow-diner turned to me and said: "Well, this afternoon I propose to turn your attention in another direction. Since you came you have devoted your time principally to our achievements along commercial and industrial lines, paying but little, if any, attention to the present management of social, political and governmental affairs. In these there have been as great a change and as decided an improvement as in the others."

I replied by saying that while I had as yet seen nothing of how these affairs were managed now, and had not even made any inquiry as to their present status, yet my mind had still been busy in conjecturing as to what changes had occurred and what were the improvements that had been introduced. That the machinery was good and fulfilled its purpose I felt absolutely sure, for here was a large city that contained all the modern improvements, that was made up largely of a population composed of iron, glass and tin-plate workers, and that was filled with almost numberless public institutions that had to be taken care of and managed, and as it all went on without a hitch or a jar, and as I heard no word of dissatisfaction nor saw not even a sign that anyone had cause for complaint, I took it for granted that the control of municipal and government affairs was in wise and capable hands.

"Yes," said Wehrle, as we slowly walked through the lobby toward the Grand avenue entrance, "our city is well governed,

and so, indeed, is the State, and above it all the nation. But to-day I want to show you what will be a novelty to one who has for so long a time been a stranger to his native land. I intend this afternoon to be your guide to the government buildings, which are located but a block or two below here, and show you the United States Court of Arbitration in operation."

"That is certainly something new," I replied. "I had been somewhat familiar with the old United States Courts before I left, but this seems to be something new and different."

"Yes," said Wehrle, "this is something with which you are not at all familiar, and as we walk along I will try to explain what is meant by the term United States Court of Arbitration, so that you may better understand what you will see when we get into the room where this court is in session. You may recollect that in 1894 the country was in a fearful state of unrest. One great strike succeeded another, nearly all of them attended with scenes of violence and accompanied by bloodshed. Military had been called out in a dozen States in the Union, and even the United States troops had to take a hand. Many believed that the long looked-for war between labor and capital had actually commenced. Many feared for the safety of the government, and it did seem as though the country would be ground between two mill stones, one being the oppressions of the capitalists and large employers of labor and the other being the exactions and tyranny of labor unions.

"There was a general clamor that our Congress do something that would banish the strike and lockout system and enable those who had a grievance, real or imaginary, right or wrong, be they employers or employed, to lay them before a properly constituted tribunal, whose decision in the matter should be final, and from which there could be no appeal and a disregard of which should be treated as contempt of court and subject the offender to severe and swift punishment. A series of laws regulating the relations between employers and employed was also passed, and many provisions made for both classes. For instance, no laborer can now be discharged without at least ten days' notice. Wages cannot be lowered with-



out a previous notice of thirty days, nor can any wage-worker quit his master's employ without giving a ten days notice of his intention to leave. These are but a few of the laws made, the most important one being the establishment of this court in which all grievances are heard and argued before a judge and jury just as all legal cases were before you left the States."

Just as my friend had finished this brief but interesting description of the new order of things he pointed out a large marble structure on the other side of the avenue which he informed me was the United States government building, in one of the rooms of which the Court of Arbitration held its sessions. The building was on a par with the many fine ones with which the city was filled and a credit to the great government whose local home it furnished. It was eight stories high and built solidly of white marble. Its entrance was graced by many large columns of marble, while a flight of granite steps led from the street to the first floor, which was elevated some six or eight feet from the level of the street. A heroic statue of Liberty surmounted a massive dome that rose from the centre and the general appearance of the structure was majestic in the extreme.

After we entered the rotunda, we walked to the right and were conveyed to the fifth floor where the Arbitration Court rooms were. We entered a large hall and saw a typical court room sight. There was the judge on his bench; a jury in their places; counsel addressing the court and jury; witnesses on the stand, and all the other adjuncts of the administration of justice that I had been familiar with twenty-five years before. Some important case seemed to be engaging the attention of the participants, and, noting the curious look on my face, my guide looked over and whispered: "This is the case of the employes of the International Edge Tool and Cutlery Company's employes against the company. The employes claim that the company had made a contract with its employes in the cutlery department that they should be paid three dollars per dozen for making a particular style of knife in a particular way, and that when the company changed the design, the

change involving an increase of labor, they refused to increase the price for making, and, therefore, the employes called upon the court for a decision. Remember now, please, that at this immense establishment no strike is in progress. Every man is at work and no one will lose a day. Nor will there be a strike no matter how the question may be decided. This is the chief beauty of this system. For fifteen years there has not been a strike in the whole country. Both parties know that there is a tribunal where all such questions will be decided fairly upon their merits, and the day of the strike and lockout, with their attendant riot, disorder and loss, are a thing of the past."

Each state, my informant told me, was divided into districts and each one of these districts had one of these courts. Pennsylvania was divided into three districts, the Eastern, Middle and Western, and Blairsville, being the largest city in the latter, was selected as the place for the holding of the court. The judges were appointed by the President and held office for a period of ten years. Juries were selected as the juries for the United State courts were selected before I had left the country, and the operations were in all respects similar to the proceedings of any properly organized and conducted court of justice in the land.

I watched the proceedings with a great deal of interest, and particularly so after my friend had pointed out that some of those prominently engaged were ones whom I had formerly known in the "brave days of old."

"The presiding officer of that court," said Wehrle, "is Judge Boyd Ewing. You recollect that he graduated from Princeton the same year you went to Samoa. He commenced the study of law after his graduation and hung out his shingle right at home. He didn't have to wait long for clients, and, whether by accident or design, I don't know which, he seemed to make a specialty of those cases in which the peculiar relations of capitalists and workingmen were involved. He made in a very few years quite a reputation, and when the law establishing this court was passed he was appointed to the judgeship of this

district by President Hastings, who, by the way, is no other than General Daniel H. Hastings, who was elected Governor of Pennsylvania in 1894. And that lawyer who is so eloquently pleading the case of the employes of the cutlery department of the International Edge Tool and Cutlery Company is Ralph Davis, Esq." "What!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean to tell me that this is the little chap that used to sell the EVENING COURIER?" "The very same," he replied. "I tell you that the COURIER boys have all turned out well. Every one of them has made his mark, and before I get through showing you about the city you'll find some more of them occupying positions that almost any one would be glad to hold."

"And who is that fine looking lawyer and good talker that is now presenting the merits of the other side of the case?" I asked, as another lawyer arose after DAVIS had finished.

"That," answered Wehrle, "is another one of those who were 'kids' when you were here twenty-five years ago. That's Davis Cunningham, Esq., and he is also one of our leading lawyers."

Well, well, well! how strange, I thought, that those little fellows of what seemed to me just a few years ago should now be engaged in carrying on the affairs of the nation and this populous and teeming city. It made me feel old, very old. Of course I was pretty well up in years, but I felt as young as ever. 'Tis true that my back was a little stiffer than it used to be, and that rheumatic twinges every once in a while visited my joints, but in all other respects I felt as young as I did a quarter of a century ago, but when I looked at these men who were mere boys when I left I felt as old as I was and looked, and realized that I was almost at the end of the decline; but a few more steps and I would be there.

As we left the court room I was filled with emotions, the most pronounced one being that I had seen what I believed was the workings of the highest and best type of government that the human mind is capable of conceiving and executing, and that the functions that this branch of it was exercising was, perhaps, the most important and far reaching in its effects of

any that came within the scope of it's jurisdiction. In my former days we had been afraid of too much paternalism, and that had been the bugaboo, but my experience this afternoon had taught me that at that time the great trouble was that we hadn't quite enough.

I have devoted more space to this than many of my readers may think necessary, and can only offer as an apology the fact that an arrangement that has succeeded in banishing strikes is worthy of a ponderous tome written by a pen a thousand times abler than the feeble one I wield.

## CHAPTER IX.

WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION OF BAIRDSTOWN—BAIRD'S HILL  
AND THE BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE DISTRICT—THE VIEW FROM  
THE HILL—A MAGNIFICENT SCENE.

When we left the government building and stepped out upon the broad flag stone pavement of Grand Avenue, Wehrle suggested that as we had an hour or two to spare before it was time to return to the Conemaugh, we might as well improve it by taking a stroll down to the river and view at close range the many changes and the wonderful transformation that had been wrought on the other side. As we walked along he told me that not long after Blairsville had entered upon its career of rapid growth and unexampled prosperity a movement had been set on foot to make a county out of Derry township, in Westmoreland county, and Burrell township in Indiana county, with Blairsville as the county seat. This movement was crowned with success, and now Blairsville is the county capital of Burrell county, formed from the territory named above. He also told me that Blairsville's city lines extended for several miles on the western side of the river and warned me not to say Bairdstown for, said he, "that name now exists only in legendary lore and ancient history. Some times," he continued, "when we want to designate that portion of the city lying on the other side of the river, we say West Side or West Blairsville, but Bairdstown never."

He said this in such a cold-blooded and apparently heartless manner that I was provoked. "Now, hold on, Dick," I answered, "don't dictate to me, please, as to what I shall say. Bairdstown is for me full of pleasant associations, and each mention of the name brings up old and tender recollections. I know that you are proud of Blairsville and its greatness.



Nothing would please you better than that all the small towns in this part of the country, such as Latrobe, Greensburg, Indiana, Saltsburg, and others, should be annexed to this twentieth century wonder you call Blairsville and they be called the same, but as for me I want some little vestige or relic of that happy and quiet past to remain with me, and about the only thing I see to hold on to is the old nomenclature. Therefore, for me Bairdstown still exists. Sometimes I may say "Brooklyn," and again "over the Rhine," but when I do I mean Bairdstown."

What a host of memories that old name recalls. Bairdstown as I speak of it brings up a whole host of recollections. I can close my eyes and see William Stitt and that old veteran, James Humphrey, in hot and fierce argument. I see Stitt's little store with its assembled coterie of choice spirits as they sit day in and day out, either indulging in reminiscences of the old canal days, discussing the present or peering into that future that in this year of grace 1919 is for us the present. And then there is Daniel Murray, Corporal he was popularly called by his friends. Who could forget his drolleries and unfailing good humor, and who of all old Blairsvillians could say "Bairdstown," or even think of it, without its bringing him to mind? And there's another of the old stagers that the name recalls, Captain Eli Waugaman. If I am not to say Bairdstown, I will have to forget him and Waugaman's hole in the river, where I spent so many hours fishing, an operation, by the way, that, although quite pleasant, was always barren of more substantial results.

And then there was H. A. Torrance, the veteran storekeeper, who from time immemorial almost had held forth in a store-room just a few steps on the other side of the bridge. And I would have to forget Squire Torrance, who dispensed justice over there long before that big court house in which Burrell county's affairs are transacted was erected in Blairsville. And the old wooden bridge, too, that used to span the Conemaugh at a point just ahead of me, where that magnificent steel draw bridge is now thrown across the steamer and boat burdened

stream. Could I ever forget the picturesqueness of its weather-beaten appearance? The many dark nooks in it in which a half century ago we played hide and seek? Nor would it be possible for me to banish all recollections of how the gloom and darkness of its interior would awe me as sometimes after the shades of evening had descended I would peer into its black depths. No, none of these can be forgotten, and so long as their pictures are fresh in my mind's eye, so long will Bairdstown live in the hearts and recollections of the old citizens.

But here we are where the old wooden bridge used to stand, that was in turn succeeded by several iron structures, of which one time we were very proud. But they, too, had gone the way of their wooden predecessor and could not stand before the march of improvement. A steel bridge that opened when steamers passed up and down now spanned the Conemaugh, and there it stood a massive giant with strength to bear up an army, but so delicately balanced that the touch of a finger almost would cause it to swing to and fro. As we reached the eastern approach it had just swung open to let a steamer from New Orleans laden with fruit pass through, and when it swung back we stepped upon it and walked across to view more closely the aspect on the other side. 'Tis true that Bairdstown was no more. Not a vestige of it remained. No, not even a stick or stone. The very topography of the surface had been changed. Baird's Hill was still there, the same in altitude but different in shape and slope. From the edge of the river to the bottom of the hill the surface had been graded as level as a floor and every square foot of it paved with granite. Granite walls confined the river to its channel, and this made one of the most magnificent and substantial wharves that I had ever seen. It was covered with hundreds of teams that were bringing goods to be deposited in the holds of the boats that lined the wharf, or carrying them away as they were brought out from some steamer with a cargo of incoming freight. It was a busy scene and another striking evidence of the vastness of Blairsville's commerce and trade. The engineer, mason and landscape gardener had literally transformed Baird's Hill. It was a hill

no longer, but a succession of grass-carpeted terraces clear to the top. Each terrace was perhaps ten feet in height, and the ascent was about as pronounced as that of the pyramids. All along at equal distances to a square were inclines that transported passengers, goods, yes, even teams, to the top. We took the one that arose from the foot of Grand avenue, and in a minute were at the top looking out over the Blairsville of 1919. What a wonderful panorama lay spread out before me, and what a busy scene was being enacted there! Blairsville with its sky-scraping buildings, its sky-piercing spires, its many monuments, its miles upon miles of streets, its swiftly rolling cars, its thousands of people—Blairsville in all its greatness, might, majesty and beauty stretched out before me as far as my eyes could reach. No, the half had not been told, nor had I with all the industrious sight-seeing of the past few days been able to do more than to skip from one wonder to another, leaving between them, unnoticed and unseen, many as astonishing as the ones inspected.

And to the westward stretched what seemed another city. Here the work people largely made their homes. There were miles of streets filled with neat and substantial cottages and dwellings, in which lived the men who on the other side in the manufacturing districts rolled the iron, blew the glass and dipped the tin plates. It was, too, a beautiful residence district. The lots upon which the homes were built were all fifty feet front by a hundred and fifty feet deep, and each house stood back at least fifteen feet from the street. There were flower gardens in profusion and garden plots in abundance. A row of stately elms stood on each side of the streets and the entire aspect reminded one of some sweet and simple country village. It seems that Milt C. Kerr was the originator of the idea of making this territory the home of the working classes. When he sold out his drug store in 1897, Wehrle told me, to McKinnie Baker, he bought up all the land stretching from the brow of the hill for a mile or more to the westward. He then enlisted some New York capitalists in the scheme and they built a large number of dwellings that they sold on the easy

payment plan. As the city grew they built more, and so on until they had built and sold several thousand. One of the chief beauties of this district is that the houses of none of them are alike. Each one of them has an individuality and distinctiveness all its own, and as each is different from the other in design or finish there is absent that depressing monotony and sameness that is so common in other cities in the residence districts.

“This idea was a ten strike for Mockey,” said Wehrle. “He made a couple of fortunes out of it and has long ago retired from active business to enjoy his wealth. He has a couple of boys, though, that manage their father’s large interests, and are quite as successful at it as he was.”

I was very glad to hear of the good fortune of another of my old friends and to be once more reminded of the uniform good fortune that seemed to have attended them all.

It was now time to return to the hotel, and as we slowly strolled up the avenue Wehrle told me that this evening he would accompany me to the court house to hear a speech by Pennsylvania’s newly elected Governor, and also to hear what was universally conceded to be the finest military band in the United States.

This shall be reserved for another chapter in which you will be told who is Pennsylvania’s new Governor and who is the organizer and leader of this famous musical organization.



## CHAPTER X.

BURRELL COUNTY COURT HOUSE AND GOVERNOR WILSON—  
AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP A NECESSARY REQUISITE—BLAIRS-  
VILLE MILITARY BAND AND ITS LEADER.

As we were seated at dinner that evening Wehrle said to me :  
“I don't want to hurry you away from this elegant repast that  
mine host Duncan is serving his guests to-night, but if we are  
to get a good seat in the court house hall, where the Governor  
is to make his speech, we will have to be just a little more ex-  
peditious than we usually are when we get our feet under the  
Conemaugh's mahogany, for there s going to be a tremendous  
crowd to hear Governor Wilson, and it will be a case of first  
come, first served ; so hurry up, and if you don't satisfy your  
hunger at this sitting we'll have a lunch after the speech is  
over.”

For reasons that will be quite apparent in the further course  
of this narrative I was more than anxious to hear the Governor,  
and would have left untasted the tempting spread before us if  
I had had to choose between missing it or the speech. In a few  
minutes we had finished and were on our way to the court  
house, which by the way, was a structure which I had wished  
to examine closely and carefully ever since my return. I had  
had glimpses of it from a distance that almost entranced me,  
while its praises had been so loudly sung by all with whom I  
had come in contact during my visit that I felt as though I had  
done both it and myself an injustice in not visiting it long ere  
this. I knew that an impressive and magnificent sight would  
greet my eyes when I stood before Burrell county's home, and  
that in it I would see another evidence of Blairsville's genius  
and Blairsville's greatness. I was, however, not quite prepared  
for the grandeur of the scene that burst upon my vision when



we reached the block on Devers street, bounded on the west by Wilkinson avenue and on the east by Ray avenue. In order to have a clearer idea of its location, as per the street arrangement of Blairsville in 1894, it might be best to explain that Devers street was formerly known as Brown, while Ray avenue is the successor to Walnut street, and old Spring street is the predecessor of Wilkinson avenue. These thoroughfares were named after Messrs. J. H. Devers, Captain George Wilkinson and Samuel Ray, three gentlemen who were distinguished, not only for their wealth and prominence in public affairs, but also for the generous manner in which they aided in every work undertaken for Blairsville's upbuilding.

But to return to the court house. It was certainly the most artistic in design and beautiful in appearance of any building that I had ever laid my eyes on. It was a worthy habitation for a goddess, and Justice, when she entered here to take up her abode, must, undoubtedly, have realized and felt that a community that would provide her with so beautiful a home would also be likely to pay her homage in every other way. And this was literally true, for Wehrle told me that in this populous county, with a population of almost three quarters of a million, there had, within the past fifteen years, not a murder been committed, and that crimes against the person and robberies, thefts, arson and similar infractions of law and order were very rare. "Indeed," said he, "it is the pride and boast of every inhabitant that nowhere else in the world is there a city or community that is so free from crime and disorder as Blairsville is." I was more than surprised to learn this, and, wondering as to what contributed to bring about this most desirable state of affairs, I asked: "And, pray, what is the cause of this unusual good behavior? It would seem to me as though in a community whose population is so largely made up of toilers in shops, mines, factories and furnaces, there would be found a large rough element, very likely made up principally of foreigners, whom it would be exceedingly difficult, if not altogether impossible, to control as you have indicated must have done well, if the statement you made in regard to the lack of

crime be absolutely true and borne out by the actual conditions of affairs as they are seen in the operation of your police and other criminal courts."

"I can best gratify your very natural curiosity as to what we are indebted for this most desirable state of affairs by informing you that your supposition that our laboring class is made up of a large foreign element is not correct. The Hun, the Slav, the Italian, do not flourish here. Our manufacturers have been guided, or rather warned, by the experience of many of their brethren back in the nineties who filled up this end of the state with a class of laborers whose intelligence was hardly equal to that of some of the members of the brute creation, and whose ideas of liberty embraced the thought that it meant no master in either the domain of government, religion or society, and who were bitter enemies of all three. Our people in laying the foundation stones for Blairsville's future greatness, builded wisely. Its employers of labor made it a rule to employ in their establishments none but American citizens. By this is not meant that all foreigners were excluded. By no means; it meant simply that a man must possess the qualifications that are necessary to make him worthy of living under the protecting folds of the stars and stripes. He must be a respecter of law and a lover of peace, and have shown that he is also a lover of our American institutions by his having made himself an actual citizen by due legal process. You can readily see that the observance of this practice gave us a laboring class far superior, yes, ten thousand times so, to any that could have been obtained had our employers looked first to money cheapness of labor and second to other qualities."

Here, thought I, is the secret of how one of the perplexing social problems that confronted the land when I left it a quarter of a century before can be solved. Shut off the demand and you shut off the supply. Quit employing the dregs of Hungary and Italy and the situation will soon clarify, and this country possess what it is intended it should, a citizenship made up of individuals, each one intelligent, law-abiding and

patriotic. All this was told to me and these were my thoughts in the few minutes that I stood surveying the court house from pavement to dome. There was no question about it. It was worth all the admiration with which it was regarded, and when I was told that every brick and stone, every pound of iron and steel and every square inch of glass used in its construction was made or gotten right here in Burrell county, I had renewed cause for wonder. Another reason why it was remarkable was that not a foot of wood was used in its building. It was what might be truly termed an iron and glass building, for from its foundation to the beautiful statue of Justice that surmounted its dome, all was iron, steel and glass. What gave it most a peculiar but rich and beautiful appearance was that the walls were built of glass brick, beautifully tinted and almost transparent. The combination of colors was chaste and beautiful, even though a hundred different colors and shades were mingled. The lights in the interior shone through, so that the immense structure literally flashed and glowed and glittered like some monster diamond. I wish that I could describe its many beauties and the charming grace of its appearance, but I cannot—you must see it to appreciate—see it not only once, but a hundred times, for each view will disclose a fresh beauty and discover some hitherto unseen charm.

One of the most interesting things told me in connection with this superb structure was that, in addition to the fact that all the material of which it was built was of Blairsville production, reared by Blairsville labor, it was further noteworthy by reason of the fact that the beauty and grace of its design is the conception of an old Blairsville boy's brain. Wehrle informed me, when telling me of its construction, that Charlie Clawson, who was a COURIER carrier and just knee high to a duck when I left here, had given evidence of considerable talent in the art of designing and drawing, and some of our wealthy citizens interested themselves to see that he was given ample opportunity for its development. So they sent him to the finest schools in the land and topped a long and thorough course in this country off with a four years term of study in Paris. He

so improved his opportunities both of study and observation that now he was the leading architect in not only this state, but in all this eastern portion of the United States.

Crowds of people were surging in through the four great entrances that fronted on the streets that bounded the court house, and joining the ones that entered the Devers street side we passed into the rotunda and stood under the dome, made of the purest and most transparent glass and through which the stars were plainly visible. But we have no time to linger, so we hurry into the main hall where the speaking is to take place, and this room itself is worthy of as many rhapsodies as I have lavished upon the whole building. We are just in time to get a good seat in front of the rostrum, and while I was engaged in surveying the mighty audience that filled the immense auditorium and drinking in the many beauties of decoration, my companion turned to me and said :

“See, there at the Ray avenue side is marching in the most famous military band of the world. There’s nothing like it anywhere, nor do I believe there can be, for the United States has but one R. H. Frey, and he is the one man who can train such a band as this. Music has been his life work, and this is the crowning work of his genius.”

I turned my gaze in the direction indicated, and in there came marching what was a brass band whose name might be spelled with a big B. There were a hundred and fifty musicians with Frey, we used to call him “Bob,” but we daren’t call the leader of this company of artists, this grave, white-haired, medal bespangled director or leader. by such a familiar and undignified appellation as “Bob.” But still its the “Bob” of 1894, and as he swings his baton and the first notes of that marvellous music enter my ear I think of the little band that this superb organization was evolved from. “Blairsville City Band” they used to call themselves, and when Frey could get a dozen of them together he had a full turn out. Now, how different ! And the music they made ! Man has not yet been able to transfer the glorious tints of the setting sun to canvas, nor to reproduce the sighing and the moaning of the wind ;



neither can he make words, written or spoken, be the representative, fully understood and appreciated, of the concourse of sounds that is termed music. So I forbear, and can only say Pat Gilmore and his band in their palmiest days were far outstripped by Frey and this band of his creating.

But here is Governor Wilson and I don't want to miss a word of his speech, for he happens to be another Blairsville boy, one who is self-made, and who has climbed up unaided by aught than the promptings of ambition, indomitable will, unflinching perseverance and a goodly quantity of brains. As I listened to his matchless eloquence and convincing logic I could hardly believe that this was Harry Wilson, another of the COURIER newsboys who in 1894 had made it their business to see that the citizens were supplied with that sheet. Wehrle told me that the boy had literally made himself. He had always been frugal and industrious, and had risen from one step to another until now he was clothed with the highest honor that this great commonwealth could bestow upon its sons. Harry had just been elected, and it was freely predicted that if he was as pleasing to the people as Governor as he had been while a member of the city council, his administration would long be remembered for its excellence. By the time his superb speech was ended I was fully impressed with a sense of his ability and believed that he was the right man in the right place.

This had been one of the pleasantest evenings I had spent in a long, long time, and as Wehrle and I strolled back to the hotel I told him that I was glad that the next day was Sunday, and therefore a day in which I could get at least a little rest from the excitement and mind disturbing scenes of the past two or three days.

As Dick bade me good night he remarked: "Now, don't sleep too long in the morning, for I want you to come with me to the First Presbyterian Church to hear an old Blairsville boy preach."



## CHAPTER XI.

WHAT BLAIRSVILLE MAY BE IN 1944—FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND ITS ELOQUENT PASTOR—THE Y. M. C. A. AND UNIQUE METHODIST CHURCH.

When I opened my eyes the next morning and realized that this was Sunday and the day of rest I was more than glad, for the sight-seeing of the past few days had been filled with so much of the exciting and thrilling that my nerve forces had been largely and strongly drawn upon and I felt as though I absolutely needed a restorative, such a one as only the peace and calm of a Sabbath could bestow.

Knowing that nothing fatiguing to either mind or body confronted me, and that several hours must elapse before it would be time to repair to the First Presbyterian Church, the morning services of which my friend had the night before invited me to attend with him, I was in no hurry to arise, and lay there in a state of dreaming languor in which retrospections were mingled with present perceptions, and every once in a while would come the thought of what Blairsville would be in another quarter of a century if this wonderful rate of growth were to be steadily kept up in the same proportion. Visions of a second London came before me, and in my mind's eye I saw a city the wonder of the world. Not only was it a monster hive of industry with thousands of busy workshops where were made the many requisites of our daily life with its hundreds and hundreds of necessities, requirements and wants, but it was a centre of culture, intelligence and refinement.

Here was the veritable home of literature and art, and from Blairsville, printed in its mammoth publishing houses, were sent broadcast over the world the products of the genius and intellect of the famous authors, thinkers, poets and philoso-

phers whose homes were here, and whose inspiration was largely due to the fact that over this wonderful city, this greatest exponent of twentieth century civilization, the spirit of progress was constantly hovering and breathing into each one within its limits a portion of its own wonderful courage, temper and energy.

Here too were painters whose genius and talents were transcendental and whose glowing canvases, upon which with magic brush and colors that were nature's own they had reproduced the ideals of their minds and hearts, were hanging upon the walls of palaces where princes, kings and emperors abode.

From this hub of twentieth century life there radiated, like the spokes of a wheel, broad currents of thought that carried on their bosom to Europe, to Asia, to Africa, to the islands of the sea a thousand messages that all tended to the upbuilding of humanity and its general advancement in all that civilizes, refines, broadens and polishes.

In 1944 the material would be subordinated to the spiritual and mental, and the dweller in Blairsville would have infinitely more pride in the fact that the city where he made his home and of which he was so proud was the great centre of literature, of science, of art, than did the denizen of 1919 in the fact that from its factories and workshops were sent all over the globe locomotives, cars, engines, boilers, and iron, steel and glass in its many shapes and forms. They pointed with more pride to colleges, schools, universities, laboratories, observatories and churches than we did to workshop, furnace, cupola and factory.

But I must not dream too much nor too long of the future. The present is what most concerns me, and as to-day, even on Sunday, I will see what will prove as wonderful as the sights of 1944 would to one of the present day, I must arise and get ready to again resume, this time in another direction, the sight-seeing and explorations that under the guidance of my friend I had found so intensely interesting.

So, jumping out of bed, I soon made my toilet and hied myself to the dining hall, where in a trice I was served with a breakfast so savory and so appetizing that every bit I partook

of but created a desire for more. After having done the menu more than justice I descended to the first floor, where I found Wehrle awaiting me, who, after the usual hearty greeting, said :

“It lacks but half an hour until services begin at the First Presbyterian Church, so we had better start, for though the distance is not far, yet the attendance is always so great that frequently many are turned away for lack of room even though they may be there before the time set for the beginning of the service.”

“Why this rush?” I inquired, “you certainly have in this great city more than one Presbyterian Church, have you not?”

“O, yes,” he answered, “It’s not so much that it’s a Presbyterian Church that attracts the crowd, but the magnet is the more than thrilling and persuasive eloquence of the pastor. He is the Talmage and Spurgeon combined of this day, and enjoys a fame quite equal to either of these two. Every Monday morning his sermons are published in the principal journals of the land, and did he care to leave his work here he could make a fortune each season on the lecture platform.”

“Now that you speak of it,” I returned, “I know whom you mean, and I also recollect that this is another old Blairsville boy whom I had almost forgotten. It’s Thomas S. Evans, isn’t it?”

“The very man,” said Wehrle, “and in a very short time you’ll be able to judge for yourself as to whether or not he is justly entitled to all the fame that he has acquired.”

By this time we had reached the church building, toward which crowds of people from all quarters were streaming. Before we entered we stopped a minute or two to survey its exterior, and I could easily have spent half a day in admiring and inspecting its many architectural beauties. It was a noble structure, built in cathedral style, and was said by visitors to the old world to be in its way as handsome and inspiring in appearance as any church edifice on the continent. I wish that I could describe its varied charms, its airy grace, its perfect and symmetrical proportions and the beauty of the material of which it was made, but I must leave that for an abler pen

than mine. We stepped inside, and found an interior in keeping with the exterior. The auditorium was immense; three thousand people could be comfortably seated within its spacious precincts, while the beauty created by the carver in wood, the worker in brass, the designer of stained glass, the artist with his brush, and all the other craftsmen that had labored there was almost overpowering.

But now the services began, and as the strains of the immense pipe organ whose deep tones accompanied the voices of the choir broke upon my ear, I felt that now all the senses were satisfied and that anything more would create satiety.

After the preliminary services were finished Dr. T. S. Evans arose and began the sermon. The clear tones of his voice penetrated every nook and corner of the immense room, and he had not spoken more than five minutes before I was ready to confess that he was undisputed and righteous owner of all the plaudits that had been awarded him. His sermon was of the practical order. His reasoning and deductions were such as convinced me that he was a man who mingled actively with the world, with all sorts and conditions of men; that he was not dependent upon hearsay nor observation at long range, and perhaps through an inverted telescope, for his knowledge of the daily life of not only this great city but the whole country, yes, even the entire world. He understood the needs of men and therein lay the greater part of his power.

As we walked back to the Conemaugh my friend remarked: "After we have had a little lunch I want to take you to the Y. M. C. A. building and show you what we believe is something we have a right to be extremely proud of."

I, of course, gladly accepted the invitation, and as the term "Y. M. C. A." was mentioned I thought of the one that years and years before before, almost, if not altogether, half a century ago had been organized in Blairsville. I thought of the meetings at the "Ridge" schoolhouses; the ones that were held Sunday afternoons in the modest little hall. And then I thought of Hon. John Hill, William Battles, John I. Chapman, H. P. Shepley, J. A. and T. D. Cunningham and a score or



more of others who in those days of old had worked so hard in the establishment and continuance of a branch of this institution, and when it finally died how little did they dream that in time to come there would appear as its successor the stout and healthy institution that was to-day the city's pride.

A visit realized my expectations. The building was an ornament not only to that portion in which it was situated, but to the city as a whole. Twelve lofty stories were piled one above the other, and every square foot of room was devoted to the uses of the organization. We entered the office, where we found the general superintendent, Carl Davis, who, by the way, is another of the COURIER'S old carriers who has gone steadily along in the world, mounting higher and higher each step he took.

Under his guidance we inspected the building, and I was more than amazed at the comfortable and luxurious provisions that had been provided here for the young men of the city. There were libraries in which were to be found almost every book that would be probably called for. Reading and writing rooms provided with every requisite. Bathrooms that might have been adjuncts to a lady's boudoir. A gymnasium where five hundred could exercise, and filled with all the paraphernalia that was necessary. Assembly rooms and auditoriums where their meetings were held. Reception rooms and parlors that would have graced the magnificent residences I had seen along Oakes' Point boulevard and out at Falling Run Park. There was everything necessary to comfort and convenience; not a thing was lacking.

As we walked away I thought that this institution, when measured with the little one that had preceded it, was as wonderful an evidence of the evolution that had taken place here as anything I had yet seen, and also showed that the people of this bustling, hustling and rustling community thought too of other things than buying and selling real estate, hammering iron and steel, blowing glass, discounting notes and all the other arts that are practiced in a manufacturing and mercantile community.



In the evening we attended the Grand Avenue Methodist Church, the largest M. E. Church in the city. I was particularly anxious for a visit to this church ever since I had been told that Guy Battles, beg pardon, I mean the Rev. Guy Battles, D.D., was pastor in charge, for you must recollect that Guy was another of the COURIER's little shavers with whom I had come into intimate contact in the days of Auld Lang Syne when I used to push the pencil on the COURIER and had charge of the circulation department at the same time.

This church was the most unique building in the world, inasmuch as it was supposed to be an exact model, on a smaller scale of course, of the temple built by Solomon in the days when his fame and glory filled the world. This church building was one of the shows of the city. Not a visitor came here but went to see it, and not one but was filled with wonder, surprise and admiration as he gazed upon this reproduction of one of the grandest edifices that was ever reared by man.

It is impossible for me to describe it so that the reader may have any adequate idea of its general appearance and character. It was the sort of thing that has to be seen to be appreciated and understood, and though I had frequently read descriptions of it before my visit, I was not prepared in any degree for the sight that met my eyes. As with the outside so with the interior. Here the skill and cunning of almost all handicrafts had been exhausted, and as one gazed upon its magnificence and realized that in a place just like this, even down to the smallest detail, the children of Israel had thousands of years before worshipped their God, I felt as though merely to be within these walls without even sound of organ, strains of song or voice raised in prayer and exhortation was an act of worship, such sacred emotions were inspired.

But when the services began and the occupant of the pulpit commenced his discourse, then this feeling was intensified as I listened to the words that fell from his lips. Powerful words that reached the heart, that satisfied the hunger for truth and filled the cravings of him who was dissatisfied with earthly things and wanted spiritual refreshment and food.

I was proud of the old COURIER boys. Dr. Battles' career showed what an American boy could accomplish and what humble beginnings may lead to when energy, determination and correct principles furnish the motive power.

That evening as I went to my room I thought I had spent the most pleasant day of my visit yet. I had not only seen beautiful objects, listened to eloquent words and heard sweet music, but I had learned useful and noble lessons, taught me not so much by what I had heard as by the sight of these men who, what seemed but a few years ago, were nothing but boys with a future vague and uncertain, and whose career taught me, more forcibly than I had ever realized it, that great things may have, often do, but wee beginnings.

## CHAPTER XII.

A STROLL ON GRAND AVENUE—WALKER'S CRYSTAL PHARMACY—A VISIT TO A FAMOUS SPECIALIST—CHEAP ALUMINUM AND ITS MANY USES.

Another week day had arrived, and I felt as though I were now somewhat sated and surfeited with the wonders, magnificences, marvels, beauties and surprises that had passed before my eyes in such rapid succession for the past week, and though my yesterday's experiences had been somewhat restful, yet still they too had produced many exciting emotions and Sunday had not been productive of that rest for mind and body that the great Creator intended it should, and that I had anticipated on the Saturday evening before.

I had been too rapid in my movements and my guide had helped to crowd into a week what a month's sight-seeing would not have been too much for. I had about decided that I would go somewhere in the country for a couple of days' rest and freedom from the noise, bustle and confusion that surrounded me here at all times, when, just as I was passing into the hotel refectory for my breakfast, Wehrle appeared upon the scene and, after an exchange of howdys, told me that he had just received a telegram calling him away upon important business and that for the next day or two I would, if I wished to continue my wanderings, either have to rely upon my own resources or hunt up a new cicerone.

"Suits me exactly," I replied, "I don't mean that I am glad to be rid of your society, but I believe that while you are away I will, for to-day at least, confine myself to simply strolling about within easy reach of the Conemaugh, and, maybe, every once in a while drop in and have a chat with an old friend; there are, you know, quite a number of them located in this immediate vicinity."

"A very good idea," said Dick. "By the time I return you will again be ready to continue our wanderings and view some of the things you have not yet seen."

So bidding me farewell he left, and I went on with my breakfast. After finishing it I strolled down on the street to take a little constitutional along Grand Avenue, when, as I was passing the corner of the Conemaugh, I was struck with the magnificence of a pharmacy that occupied the corner. I looked at the sign, which read "CRYSTAL PHARMACY, JAMES R. WALKER," and as I read it flashed through my mind that this could be no other than the same J. R. Walker who in 1894 had been the owner of the neat little drug store located on the corner of old Market street and the public square. To make sure I dropped in and asked for the proprietor, and sure enough he was the man. After a hearty handshake and mutual inquiries after each other's health, he with pardonable pride showed me the extent and beauty of his establishment. It was a veritable Temple of Pharmacy. The decorations were superb. Cut-glass, silver and gold gleamed and glittered on every hand. Scores of clerks stood behind the magnificently carved counters waiting upon the hundreds of patrons. A huge soda fountain that was a dream of oriental beauty stood in the centre, and the trimmings were of solid silver. Beautiful hanging baskets filled with rarest flowers were suspended from a canopy made of plate-glass mirrors that covered the fountain, while wherever the eye roved some new vision of beauty was beheld. A dozen white-aproned attendants stood behind the marble counters and served the thirsty throngs that came surging in.

I walked back into the prescription department where skilled graduates were compounding physicians' prescriptions, and wherever I looked I saw not only signs of active business life, but also indications that only the most approved scientific methods were the order in all branches of this immense business.

As I left this handsome storeroom I could hardly realize that I had just stepped out in Blairsville's streets. It seemed that I must be in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or some one of the world's

gay capitals. Magnificent magnificence was everywhere the order. Nothing was done on a small scale. All was grand, comprehensive, beautiful, unique.

I had hardly gotten a block away from the Crystal Pharmacy when a flying cinder or grain of sand happened to get into my eye. The sharp edges of the particle became imbedded in the ball of the eye and caused me excruciating pain. A passerby soon noticed my dilemma, and stepping up he courteously inquired if he could not render me some assistance.

"Merely to show me the way to the office of the nearest physician, thank you," I replied.

"If you will let me take you by the arm and lead you I can have you at the office of one of the most famous eye specialists in the United States in but a minute or two; it's just across the street in Carnegie's big office building," he returned as, suiting the action to the word, he took my arm and started with me across the granite paved avenue. I was too much pained to give any thought as to who this famous specialist might be, but when we had reached the door and the gentleman who had so kindly assisted me said, "Here we are at Dr. Dewalt's office," I gave a start; the name was a very familiar one, and instantly the thought occurred to me that more than likely this was none other than Harry Dewalt, who used to supply the people in Cokeville with the *COURIER* in those old days a quarter of a century ago, and who at that time was himself a resident of the same place.

While I was in the midst of my cogitations an attendant stepped up who conducted us into a most beautiful and spacious reception room. After learning the nature of my errand and that I was suffering acutely from an injury that required instant relief, I was given precedence of the many patients who were awaiting their turn and ushered into one of the consulting rooms. Doctor Dewalt stepped up, made a quick examination, and then with a deftness and gentleness that I would hardly suppose could belong to masculine fingers, removed the offending particle and I was instantly relieved and, of course, exceedingly grateful that relief had come so quickly.



“Now, Doctor,” said I, “if you can give me a moment or two of your more than valuable time I would be glad to ask you a question.”

“I shall be very glad to answer it if I possibly can,” he suavely replied as he stood awaiting my query.

“My question is a brief one and not impertinent, I hope. What I wish to know is if you are Harry Dewalt who formerly lived in Cokeville, and who was one of the COURIER’s newsboys in 1894?”

“Yes, sir,” said he, “I am that very boy.”

“I thought so,” I made answer. “And now before you are completely mystified as to why one who is apparently a perfect stranger should catechize you thus, I wish to introduce myself,” and with that I disclosed my identity.

After a very hearty greeting and handshake he said: “I should never have known you. Not alone because the lapse of twenty-five years has in itself made such a wonderful change in your appearance, but because the sea breezes that sweep your island home and its hot sun have so bronzed and tanned your countenance that you might easily pass for a native South Sea Islander.”

We chatted for some little time, during which he told me of his early struggles; how fame and fortune had not easily come, but that every step upward had to be fought for; of his studies not only in the colleges and hospitals of this country, but of his crossing the ocean and making a tour of the similar institutions on the continent of Europe. He related in a modest manner of his success, so that now, so far as financial considerations were concerned, he could, if he so wished, give up the arduous labors of his profession, “but,” said he, “I love it, and nothing affords me as much pleasure as to know that I am capable of giving relief, and do give it, to the thousands of suffering ones that swarm to my offices.”

I felt that I could not trespass longer upon his valuable time, so, after accepting an invitation to dine with him at an early date, I left to continue my meanderings that had been so rudely interrupted.

As I was slowly sauntering along a feeling of loneliness seized me. I gazed upon the throngs that were hurrying so briskly and eagerly along and saw not a familiar face nor received a friendly nod from any of the hundreds and thousands who surged up and down the broad sidewalk. I thought of the days when as a boy I could stand at any corner in the old town and know every man, woman and child that passed. Yes, I could even tell the ownership of the cats and dogs as they slunk by; knew every horse that walked the streets, and could tell a stranger as soon as my eyes rested upon him, even though he were two blocks away. Now how changed! Not a familiar object within my view: Not one of these many did I know. Not even a stick or stone, a jot or tittle of the old Blairsville left. No wonder I became lonely. Just then I was surprised to hear some one call me by name. I turned to see who it could be, and instantly knew him as he advanced toward me with outstretched hand and a welcome shining from his eyes. It was J. D. Butler, one of my friends who had just become fairly established in business when I left Blairsville in 1894.

He gave me a cordial invitation to accompany him to his office and warehouse, which, he said, were but a block or two distant, and, of course, I accepted.

I was very glad indeed that I had met an old acquaintance, for soon the feeling of isolation and loneliness that had had such strong hold of me but a little while before wore off, and I once again felt that though all about me was new and the old had vanished, yet every here and there in these palatial marble, granite and steel business houses there was still an old flesh and blood friend of my former days.

When we reached Butler's place of business I found another of those immense mercantile establishments with which Blairsville was so much crowded. We entered an immense ware-room, which was literally crammed with stoves and ranges of all sizes, but instead of the sombre black iron of which it had been the custom to make them twenty-five years ago, these shown and glittered as though fashioned from burnished silver. In response to an inquiry as to what material these were made

from, Mr. Butler replied by saying: "Aluminum, my dear sir, aluminum. That is now the only metal used in the manufacture of those lighter articles of hardware that were formerly constructed or made of steel. This beautiful and useful metal, 'tis true, did not entirely fulfill the many expectations we had formed concerning it twenty or thirty years ago. It was found that its tensile strength was not sufficient to permit it to take the place of steel in heavy structural work, but that it answered admirably for the manufacture of stoves, kitchen utensils, the lighter forms of hardware and thousands of other articles which were formerly made of iron, steel and brass. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago I was led to do some experimenting with a view of endeavoring to produce the metal so cheaply that it could be used in many forms that its cost then prohibited. After several years of hard labor and the expenditure of considerable money I was finally successful. I, of course, patented the process, not only in this country but all over the civilized world. I sold the foreign rights but retained the United States, and more even than that. I established factories for the making of the metal and then put up establishments in which the product was made up into the many forms in which it could be employed to practical and profitable advantage. The company under which we operate is known as the Butler Aluminum Company, and we have establishments in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Atlanta, Chicago and San Francisco, but the largest of all and the headquarters of the concern are right here in good old Blairsville."

After he had finished this portion of the conversation he told me that his carriage would be here in just a minute or two for the purpose of conveying him to the plant where the metal was made and that he would be glad if I would accompany him. As the making of aluminum, or rather its extraction from clay, was a sight I had never beheld and knew that it would be more than interesting, I gladly got into the carriage with him, and away we started as fast as the rattling team of blacks, urged on by the colored coachman, could speed us over the road. The factory was located on the flat across the Conemaugh river,

between where the old pike used to run and the river, and as we reached that neighborhood I saw to my considerable surprise that all of that immense territory was now filled with factories of various descriptions. The largest among them, however, was the one of which my companion was president, the Butler Aluminum Company. I was told that it covered forty acres, and as we stepped into one of the principal buildings I felt, in fact knew, that here was an industrial establishment that any city in the world might be proud of. The structure which we had entered was one in which the clay was put through the first process of the many that it passed through in the intricate process of the extraction of the metal. It was filled with queer looking, ponderous machines, the peculiar uses of which I could not quite understand in spite of the fact that my companion's explanations were, no doubt, clear and lucid. As we went along I was told that electricity was one of the principal agents used, and very soon we passed into the building where dozens of huge dynamos, standing in rows and whirling and buzzing as though a million devils furnished the motive power, generated the vast quantities of electrical fluid needed. And so we passed on from one stage of the manufacture to another until we reached the storage room, where tons upon tons and still tons upon tons of the pure and shining metal were piled in rows that reminded one of the storage yards of a blast furnace.

But this was not all, for I had not yet seen the workshops where the aluminum was molded and stamped, hammered and fashioned into the many forms in which it was placed upon the market. A thousand men or more were busy, and the clatter of machinery, together with the hammering of the workmen, made the scene a veritable pandemonium, so that I was glad when we once more reached the outer air.

As we drove homeward I thought to myself that I had just seen what was as striking an exponent of the more than wonderful progress of this more than wonderful twentieth century. A metal that fifty years before was one of the semi-precious ones had, by the inventive genius of man, stimulated by the



spirit of progress with which the very atmosphere was charged, become now so cheap that it had forced old King Iron to bend the knee and had robbed him of half his kingdom.

By the time my friend let me out at the portals of the Cone-maugh I was quite ready to take another rest, and had also a very vigorous appetite for the elegant and substantial dinner that I knew was awaiting me.

The evening I spent quietly in one of the pleasant parlors of the hotel, reading the ten-page COURIER that I had purchased from a newsboy, and by eleven o'clock, while the city was still alive and its roar and bustle filled the air, I was snugly ensconced in my couch vigorously wooing the drowsy god, who readily responded to my blandishments.



## CHAPTER XIII.

A RESUME OF THE COMPLETE CHANGE OF SCENE—AN INSPECTION OF ABATTOIRS, STOCK YARDS, SEWERAGE SYSTEM, ETC—MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL AND EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE.

Another morning dawned bright and clear, and as I arose at a somewhat early hour and looked out over that part of the city that was embraced within the range of my view I felt sorry, very sorry indeed, that soon I would look at it for the last time. For when I turned my back upon it, it would in all human probability be never to return. I would leave behind forever the scenes that had within the past week so strongly impressed me and filled me with so much wonder and awe, and would possess of all this wealth, elegance, magnificence, thrift and splendor, when I reached my island home that is washed by the rippling waves of the smiling Pacific, but simple recollections that would be somewhat confused by the hurly burly through which I had passed. Before my mind's eye would no longer appear the Blairsville of 1894, nor its appearance in the years that lay between that date and thirty odd years before. Instead of the modest little town with its quiet people there would appear upon the panorama of my memory a vision of a huge, overpowering leviathan, filled with rushing crowds of people. Instead of green grass there would be granite pavements. In place of the pleasant little homes that lined the streets there would be towering stone, marble and granite giants, whose lofty tops are almost hidden in the clouds. Should I attempt to recall the spot of my birth, instead of the little frame structure in which that event occurred I would see a veritable palace, and so on all through. All would be changed and the empty name alone remain. The thought was somewhat saddening, but my sadness was tempered with rejoicing.

I rejoiced that all this evolution and transformation had brought with it for so many of my old friends wealth and fame. That it had fulfilled their wildest dreams, realized their fondest hopes and become the summum bonum of their entire existence. I rejoiced, too, for myself. I was proud that I could claim this queen among cities as the place of my nativity, and that when I said, "I come from Blairsville," the term conveyed as much meaning as to locality as though I had said, "I hail from London."

Just as I was in the midst of these wanderings of the mind a rap at the door somewhat startled me, but when I opened it I found that it was simply a bell boy with a note from Wehrle informing me that he had returned and asking me to get ready for a carriage ride after breakfast.

I, therefore, quickly dressed myself and proceeded to the dining hall, where again I met my friend, and where once more we satisfied the cravings of the inner man as can only be done by appropriate selections from the menu provided by mine host Duncan of the Conemaugh.

After we had finished the meal we descended to the street, and while we were whirling along in the carriage Wehrle told me that on this trip he proposed to take me to a district that, while not so beautiful as were many of those I had seen, were yet worthy of careful inspection. We were bound for that portion of the city which covered that part of the region where Blacklick creek emptied into the Conemaugh; that territory stretching south from the old West Penn Railroad and that in 1894 and before had been given over entirely to farming purposes.

As we drew near the place Wehrle remarked: "It was at one time prophesied by some of the land owners here that this was bound, in case the town grew, to become a park; that here a famous and beautiful summer resort would be founded, and that all these many acres would be used as play and picnic grounds. But as the city grew it was seen that it was a district where should be confined the abattoirs or slaughter-houses, the glue and fertilizer factories, the place where the sewerage of a

great city could be concentrated and utilized, and where all those manufactures and pursuits could be carried on whose proximity to more pretentious districts would be in many ways offensive. Besides, civil engineers had easily discovered that the trend of the land and its formation were such that this was the natural place for the location of all these establishments."

While scenes of beauty were lacking, and instead of beautiful buildings, elegant driveways and adornments of architecture, there were to be seen low, long, rambling structures, out of which came odors that certainly had no origin in "Araby the blest," yet the sight was an interesting one and revealed another phase of the city's life and being. Away in the distance yonder were immense stock yards, in which were unloaded the cattle, sheep and swine that were needed to feed the teeming multitudes that made Blairsville their home. Yonder were the abattoirs where these were slaughtered. Right beside the slaughter-houses and all around were glue factories, curled hair factories, fertilizer establishments, bone mills, and a hundred different others where were made up into useful commodities the offal from the abattoirs.

As we drove on my guide pointed out an enormous establishment located near the river's edge.

"There," said he, "is where all the main sewers of the city converge, and in that big structure every particle of the sewage is utilized in the making of fertilizers. Not a bit of it is lost, but all of it is again restored to the soil from whence it came."

It would take much more time and space than is at my disposal to give a description in detail of what was to be seen in this busy district. I would like to enlarge upon the utilization of the waste products. How everything was put to use. How wealth was created out of what we had formerly thrown away, buried out of sight or let our rivers and streams carry off. But time is precious and I must hurry on to other scenes that, while perhaps more pleasing to the eye, are yet not any more important in the economical system of the world and to the general prosperity than are the operations just witnessed.

As the coachman turned the horses toward the centre of the city my companion turned to me and said: "We will take another route in returning. I want to stop and show you the Catholic cathedral, of which you had, no doubt, heard before your visit."

This was true, for often in letters received from friends had they spoken of the magnificence of this structure and the ornateness of its appearance. I had not intended to leave the city without inspecting it, and I was very glad indeed that today in this most convenient, in fact luxurious, manner I could visit it.

As we rolled along over the asphalt driveway Wehrle told me that along about 1905 a new diocese had been created and that Blairsville was made the seat of the bishopric, and this, of course, brought about the building of the cathedral. He also reminded me of what I had forgotten, and that was that the little curly-headed Ralph Wilson, who was still wearing knickerbockers when I left, was nothing less than the grave and reverend bishop in charge of this diocese. He had been consecrated but a year or two before, but had already given evidence of the fact that he was fully equipped for the grave and responsible duties of his holy office. Many predictions as to his future advancement were freely made, and Wehrle had not yet finished telling me of him when a turn in the road revealed the cathedral looming up before us in all its wondrous beauty. It had been my good fortune to travel through the old world, and I had wandered into many of the cathedral cities, but never had I seen a similar structure surpass in beauty this noble pile that arose before us. Though but an infant in age, it being the most recently built of all, yet the skill of the artist had been so great in the origination of the design and the selection of the building material that it, in spite of its newness, yet presented a venerable appearance and looked as though for centuries it had bidden defiance to rain and wind and storm. In its decoration the art of the sculptor had been verily exhausted, and from corner stone to the foot of the great golden cross that surmounted the lofty spire there were statues, arabesques and



beautiful tracings worked in stone. After a long survey of the outside, in which I drank in all the beauty that my vision could comprehend and take in, we stepped inside to behold the glories of the interior. In the pages of this little volume I have already described so many scenes of beauty and splendor that my vocabulary is exhausted and I can but say: "Go see for yourselves." You will leave as did I, feeling that here the perfection of art had been reached; that its every adjunct had been brought into requisition so that the acme had been attained.

The episcopal residence that stood to the right and a little back of the cathedral is also worthy of more than mere mention, but space fails and I must carry my reader hurriedly on.

After we left the cathedral and were once more speeding toward the centre of the city, we passed in quick succession many notable buildings and public institutions, all of which are worthy of special mention by an abler pen, but were I to give a detailed description of them all, or even one-tenth of them, this volume would be swelled into a ponderous tome.

There is one institution, however, that I feel as though I must devote a little of my space and time to, and that is the steel tower, on the top of which was placed what was said to be the best equipped astronomical observatory in the world. The tower was built upon the same plan as the one erected by Eiffel at the Paris exposition away back in the nineties, and was famed and wonderful, not so much for its height, but for the fact that it was devoted entirely to scientific purposes, and was a gift to the city of a generous citizen. I, of course, inquired who this large hearted person was, and was surprised to learn that it was another of my old friends and schoolmates, M. D. Maher by name. That appellation is a little too stiff, however, and I prefer to say "Mike," as we used to in the days of the old Blairsville Academy when he and a company of choice spirits, including myself, were making a somewhat feeble attempt to struggle through with *amo*, *amas*, *amat*, and acquire some understanding as to what was meant by an equation of the first degree.



When Blairsville commenced to grow "Mike" opened his eyes to see what was lying around loose that if taken hold of would cause the golden stream to flow his way. It didn't take him long to find it, either, in the shape of the business of manufacturing artificial ice. He started in on rather a small scale, but as the city grew so did his business. He was fortunate enough to invent some improved machinery that wonderfully cheapened the cost of production, and which gave him a monopoly of the entire business of supplying this vast city with an article that is so largely used and that is so much of a necessity as is ice. His plant is an immense one, I am told, and quite in keeping with the other mammoth enterprises with which the city was filled and the fame of which covered the world. A hundred teams were busy in distributing the crystal product, and "Mike" had by this business become several times a millionaire.

Like so many of the other old residents this acquisition of wealth had but served to increase and intensify the liberality of which he had always possessed a goodly portion, and a million dollars of his wealth was given toward the building of this tower and its astronomical equipment.

He had also largely endowed it and placed in charge as director another old Blairsville boy in the person of Professor Norman Lewis, whose inclinations when a student at college had led him to pay special attention to the study of the heavens. He had gone on and on in this direction until finally he made it his life work, and acquired world-wide fame. He had made many important discoveries, and even now, the greatest one of all was daily, yes hourly, expected, namely that of being able to understand, or rather decipher, what the inhabitants of Mars mean by the signals they had for years been making to the people of old Earth. Professor Lewis had been able several years before to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that not only was Mars inhabited, but also that its people were engaged in endeavoring to attract our attention, and as soon as these two facts were established he started in to learn what these signals meant and what the Marsians were saying. He fully

expected to succeed, and, as I said a moment ago, the scientific world fully expected that at any hour he would be able to solve the mystery.

After another long and lingering look at the tower that shot so majestically in the air, and a last glance at the monster telescope that stood pointing upward ready for the master who, in a few hours, would peer through it at the mysteries of the sky, we once more started toward the Conemaugh, reaching there just in time to prepare for dinner.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## SHORT DESCRIPTION OF A FEW OTHER ENTERPRISES—HOW THE CHURCHES HAVE PROSPERED—BLAIRSVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY IN 1919—A LAST FAREWELL TO BLAIRSVILLE.

And now, dear reader, the time and space at my disposal for telling you of the Blairsville of 1919 is almost at an end. Not that I have told you all, nor even the one-tenth part of it. Had it been my purpose to give you a full and detailed description of all that excited my wonder and astonishment, I would still be telling you of what I saw simply on the first day's sight-seeing. I have passed without word of comment or description scores, yes hundreds, of enterprises and concerns that are equally as mighty and vast as are the ones a feeble account of which appears in these pages. The few that I have named I did so, not alone because they were vaster, more magnificent and grander than the others, but principally because old friends and acquaintances were identified with them and I was, therefore, knowing the humble beginnings that most of them had, better able to make a suitable comparison with the then and now, so that the reader might the better understand how complete has been the change and transformation.

Neither have I been able to do justice to even that phase of my theme, for many of my old friends have been passed by unnoticed. In bringing my narrative to a close, I will name but a few of whom up until this time nothing has been said, even though a chapter would not have sufficed to do each of them justice. For instance, there is Blairsville's magnificent public school system. When I left the foundation for it had already been laid and our public schools were the pride of every citizen. If we were proud of them then, how much more reason for pardonable pride now! Fifty school buildings,

each one a palace. A High School with a curriculum equal to that of a college. Instead of a dozen teachers a thousand. In place of half a thousand pupils a hundred times that many. But, what is better than all, the results are such as to justify the immense outlay of money and time devoted to this purpose. To be a graduate of Blairsville's public schools has a peculiar significance. It means that for all practical purposes one's education is finished and that it has given what a quarter of a century before it took public school, academy and college to complete. Professor W. C. McKee, A. M., L. L. D., is the superintendent, and to his unremitting application and toil, coupled with love for the profession, is due much of the superiority of Blairsville's free educational system.

And then there are some of the other churches. Our United Presbyterian friends have not lagged behind in the procession, as a visit to several of their most beautiful church buildings revealed. I wish that I had time to tell you of the noble grandeur of their First church, that stands on the very spot where stood the one in 1894. Perhaps as perfect an illustration of the completeness of the change that has everywhere taken place would be to present two pictures: one the U. P. Church building of 1894; the other the superb specimen of architecture denominated the First United Presbyterian Church of 1919.

Then I might tell of Rev. R. E. McClure, who was pastor when I left and who is still in the harness with, if anything, more vigor and eloquence than he had in those days. I could speak of how he had become a national leader of religious thought so that his utterances upon any theological subject were regarded as the final and decisive deliverance.

And the Lutherans, too. They had grown and flourished like a green bay tree. Not a whit behind any of the other denominations in any respect. Their houses of worship perfect gems of beauty, and their pastors dignified, eloquent and scholarly. In my wanderings one day I inquired as to what had become of Rev. F. H. Crissman, who was in charge of the single Lutheran Church in 1894, and was told that he had become the head of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.

The Episcopalians had also wonderfully increased, and one of the chief pleasures of my visit was the inspection of some of the structures in which they worshipped. There were quite a number of them, and many of the leaders of the wealthy and fashionable set of the city were among the membership. Rev. J. A. Vance, the rector of the little St. Peter's Church of 1894, was still in Blairsville and had become one of the leading divines of his denomination. Indeed, it was commonly said that he was about ready for a bishop's seat, and that he would, without doubt, be the next spiritual head of the diocese.

And so I could go on with the others, but even for cataloguing there is neither room nor time. There are still some other matters that claim my attention, and in the few more pages that are allotted me I must crowd what only a bulky volume should contain.

I must, even though I provoke the impatience of the reader whom I have promised to be brief, make mention, if but briefly, of Blairsville Female Seminary. This institution had been long established when I left and at just about that time taken on a new lease of life. If I mistake not it was in 1893 or '94 that Rev. J. W. Crisswell put his shoulder to the wheel, and it was not long before the fruits of his labor began to appear. At first the momentous question was, "How shall we fill the school?" This was not for long their bete noir, and the next perplexing question that arose was, "Where shall we put all the pupils that come?"

"We must have a new seminary," said Dr. Crisswell to the board of directors. A new one was built, and the directors builded wisely. They built both for the present and for the future, and when the immense structure was finished and stood there a beautiful creation of a skilled architect's genius, they had a home for a thousand young women. A home, too, in every sense of the word, and it was this making of the institution home-like in its character and adding to it the best instructors and methods that the educational world afforded that made Blairsville Female Seminary what it is to-day. A school where young women from all over this broad land come, to be "finished



off" they used to say in 1894, but in this enlightened day and generation we say "to be made a woman." Dr. Crisswell is still in charge and will, no doubt, remain until his days on earth are done.

Then to turn to the mercantile world. Not a word have I said of R. C. Graff's beautiful jewelry store. He had become Blairsville's Tiffany, and in his storeroom, which is a veritable palace, there shone and glittered, and glowed and gleamed enough diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and other precious stones for an emperor's ransom.

And Charles L. Clarke, who in the days of '94 was the owner of a neat little jewelry store alongside of the old COURIER office. He had long since given up the cleaning and repairing of watches and clocks, and was now a manufacturer of silverware, and the stamp "Clarke" upon that sort of ware is in 1919 as familiar as "Rogers" or "Gorham" used to be in 1894. I went through his factory, and I wish that I could tell you of the many beautiful and wonderful things I saw; of the artists sitting at their tables designing some new fanciful creation; of the hundreds of workmen hammering, fashioning, etching and engraving, and then the product of their skill and genius; how I saw literally car load after car load of silver in the most beautiful forms and shapes that it was possible for the inspiration of an artist to conceive.

But I must hurry along with rapid step, for soon I leave these scenes. I soon will be at the end of the last chapter and then I must be forever silent.

I believe that I have not described any of the palatial mansions that line the magnificent boulevards and that I saw in the numerous rides I took about the city. Many of the men who were in business when I was a former resident had long since retired from active business life and were now enjoying their ease and their wealth in the handsome residences they had built. Worthy of special mention among the hundreds of palace-like homes would be George W. Crede, Jr.'s, S. D. Stiffey's, J. G. Long's, E. M. Evans', C. L. Tittle's, Dr. R. B. Cummins', E. H. Thompson's, and dozens upon dozens of others.

I ought to describe them, but it is impossible. In the first place the lack of space confronts me, and in the second place my stock of adjectives and superlatives is entirely exhausted. Were I to begin a description I would be forced to use the expressions that are so dear to the feminine heart, such as "awfully nice," "perfectly lovely," "just too sweet for anything," and the many others they use when they wish to express their wonder, surprise, admiration or kindred emotions. I can only say that all styles of architecture were represented. The much abused Queen Anne was neighbor to a structure built in Moorish style. One modeled after the Colonial period almost touched elbows with a fantastic, but beautiful, structure of composite order. But why this bald enumeration? 'Twill serve no useful purpose, for the eye, and it alone, must be used if one would realize what a pleasing experience it is to take a survey of the homes in which Blairsville's wealthy live. Not alone is there beauty in the residences, but the grounds that surround them are, if that were possible, even more entrancing to the vision. But who can describe green grass, gorgeous flowers, tinkling fountains, tropic plants, spreading trees, marble statues, creeping vines and all the other adornments of these park-like surroundings? Nearly all my readers have gazed upon the charms of Central Park in New York or feasted their eyes upon Philadelphia's beautiful Fairmount. Combine the charms of the two and you will have a faint conception of the beauty of the scenes that greet one's vision as he rides or walks along Oakes' Point Boulevard, strolls through Falling Run Park, or along any of the other avenues, boulevards and parks that are given up to the dominion of "home, sweet home."

But the time has arrived when I must bid farewell not only to the reader, but to the scenes that have occupied my attention for the past few weeks. Regretfully, sorrowfully, yes, I am not ashamed to confess it, tearfully, I at last bid farewell to Wehrle, who has been such a kind and faithful guide. To all my other friends who have vied with each other to make my visit pleasant, I bid a sad adieu. I say good-bye to even the inani-

mate objects that surround me, and as in company with a party of friends I walked to the Grand Central Station, I muttered as I passed it, "Good-bye, City Hall," and so with many others of Blairsville's beautiful buildings. As I pass through the grand metropolitan station I whisper another farewell. But even an end comes to the saying of adieux. The caller announces that "cars for the San Francisco Express are now ready," and I pass through the gate to enter the sleeper, which I will not leave until the Golden Gate is reached. My last act just before I step aboard is to buy a copy of the *COURIER*, and by the time I am comfortably settled in the luxurious seat the train moves slowly off and I am really and actually leaving dear old Blairsville. "Good-bye," I whisper again and again as I am whirled by some object with which I had become familiar in the wanderings of the past two weeks. And now we are entering the thinly settled districts; soon Blairsville will fade from view. I go to the end of the car so that I can look back and obtain the last glimpse. Now all has disappeared except the top of the Observatory tower, and it, too, is beginning to fade away. Just as it is faintly outlined against the sky, just before it fades into nothingness, I say my last farewell: Good-bye Blairsville, good-bye."

I return to my seat, and after a little while spent in endeavoring to control my emotion, I pick up the *COURIER* to see what has been going on. The first item that greets my eye is one displayed in bold headlines: "WE ARE NOW TALKING WITH THE MARSAINS—PROF. LEWIS HAS SOLVED THEIR SIGNALS—THEY ASK ABOUT OUR MANNER OF LIFE—THEY WANT TO LEARN HOW WE LIVE AND WHAT WE KNOW."

You, however, know the particulars of this as well as I do, for it was more than a nine days' wonder, and I only mention it as curious that the discovery should be made just at my departure and I should be able to bear with me another recollection of Blairsville that was not only wonderful, but awe-inspiring. Just think of it! In Blairsville and by a Blairsville boy we first talked with the people of Mars and solved the great mystery that had so long confronted us.

And now I have reached the Pacific's smiling and sunny shores and soon am sailing toward Samoa upon its broad and heaving bosom. I stand upon the deck of the noble steamer and gaze at the fast receding land, and just when I have had the last glimpse of California's vine-clad hills, her golden slopes and flowery plains, I say good-bye again. This time it's "Good-bye, my fatherland, good-bye."

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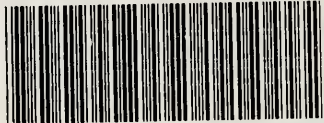








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