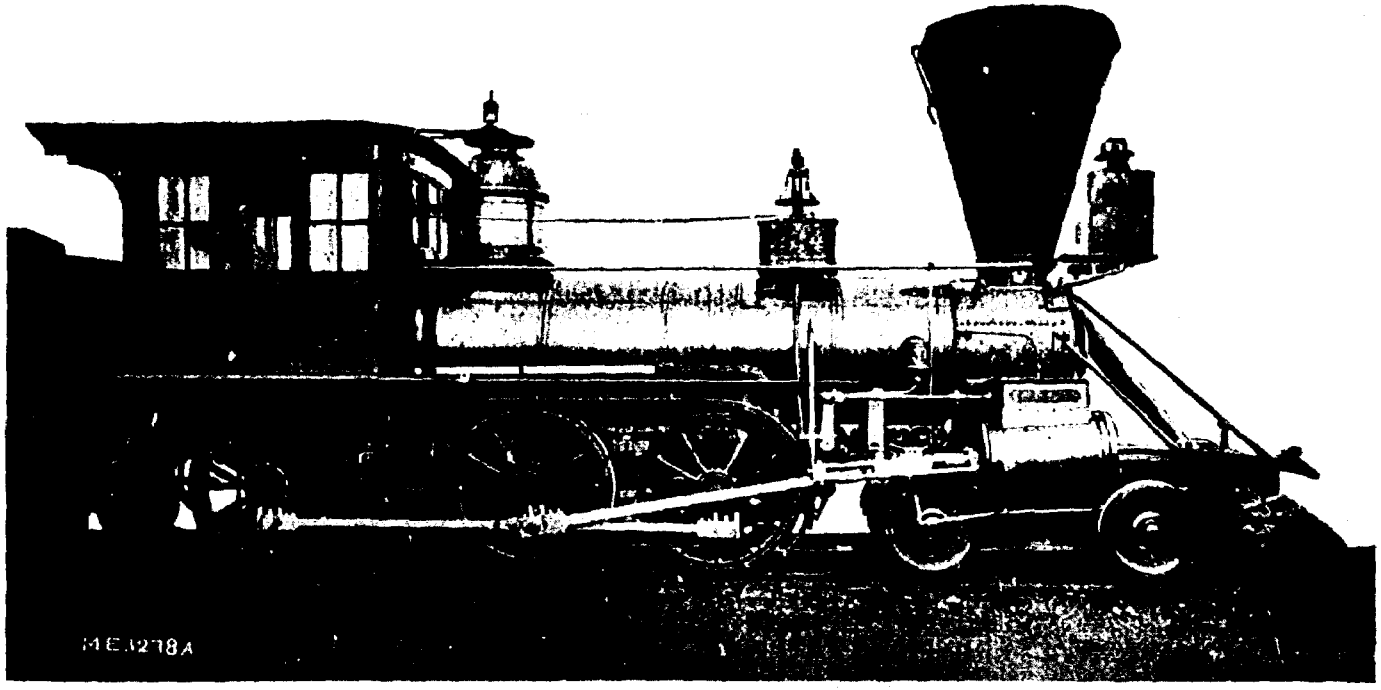
THE OLD "MAIN LINE"

BY

J. W. TOWNSEND

Things that were and are not, and are and were not;
and friends that were and some are, while
most are not.

1922



A LOCOMOTIVE OF THE SIXTIES

PREFACE

The first edition of this book was printed in pamphlet form. Many corrections have been made and much new matter has been added in this edition, making it more of a book. It was originally only a personal history of the Main Line, the additions have covered more of a comparison between general conditions of fifty years ago with those of today.

October, 1922.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

These meanderings of an old man's memories were jotted down for his amusement; they do not pretend to accuracy, in which memory often fails, but a wide margin will allow the reader to make corrections as desired.

A. N. ONYMOUS.

August, 1919.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE "MAIN LINE," PRINCIPALLY IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES

What is now called the "Main Line," was not so designated fifty years ago, as the Pennsylvania Railroad had only *one* line then and comparatively few city families lived on it, even for the summer months. The country it serves was called by the first settlers "The Welsh Barony," which consisted of 30,000 acres, and some of the present residents have their deeds signed by William Penn, while their country places are called by Welsh names of places from which their ancestors migrated and some railroad stations have been given these names. Philadelphians who craved country air and more room to breathe, first went northward, because the journey by horse or foot to the city from the west and back again involved the sun in the traveler's eyes both ways. Philadelphia thus acquired a large suburban population to the northward within its own political boundaries, and its main north and south street stretches for

ten miles. In this district, Germantown dates back to the Revolutionary battles, while Chestnut Hill and other well-known northern suburbs have long been favorite places for country residences, but about fifty years ago a new migration began beyond the *western* "City Line" and a few city people began to locate along the "Pennsylvania Central Railroad" soon after it took over the old Columbia State Road in the late fifties. There was first "Mantua Station" and then "Hestonville" (now Fifty-second Street Station), a small village in the midst of a farming country. Then came "City Line Station," where the tracks crossed a creek and when later a culvert was built for it, the new station was appropriately called "Overbrook."

Unfortunately for the city this western movement has taken many prominent and helpful citizens out of its civic life, and some day the city's boundaries may expand to gather these wanderers, with their descendants and their dependents, back again into citizenship, as has been done in New York and Chicago. These Philadelphia emigrants pay no taxes to the city where they earn their living, but when they travel they register from "Philadelphia." Such an expansion, including a southwestern and a northwestern territory, would make a city of about two million inhabitants.

It is curious to note that the railroad does not cross any sizable stream until far into Chester Valley, showing that it was laid out on a ridge, from which the waters flow in both directions.

County Families

Among the families that had large but unostentatious country places near "City Line" were the Hazlehursts, Marstons, Simpsons, Morgans, Yarnalls, Copes, Hartshornes, Woods and the Joseph B. Townsends, while a mile south of the station was the fountain head of the family that has peopled the "Main Line" more than any other.

Fifty years ago, *Israel Morris* lived, at 90 years of age, in his beautiful country place now in part the Overbrook Golf Club and in part Cobbs Creek Park. He was the "Presiding Elder" of the Friends' Meeting House on the north side of the railway and the boys used to say that they could set their watches at the minute of the noon hour on "First Day," when he put out his hand to the next "Friend" on the top bench, to "break meeting," as it was called; notwithstanding the fact that his head had been bowed and his eyes closed for one silent hour—and a long hour it was for boys.

One Sunday, a boy stayed out of meeting to watch whether Mr. Morris' coachman might signal him the time by throwing a pebble at the

window back of the Elders' bench, as had been suggested, but no such solution of the mystery was discovered.

Old Israel has left a numerous trail of worthy men and women, in five succeeding generations, stretching for miles out along the Main Line, as well as many in the city. A list of his prominent descendants will be found in an Addendum.

There is no "Moses" among them, though the parents of one of them were urged to so name their first born. The story is told that one of Israel's sons planned a tour around the world for a wedding trip, nearly a hundred years ago. Traveling was slow then and after the bridal couple had reached Egypt, and spent some time in that fascinating land, they considered it was best to return home by the shortest route.

Soon after arrival in America, their child was born and the family wanted him called "Moses," because he brought the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt.

Israel's son Levi was much interested in the "Coal Oil" discoveries in western Pennsylvania and he once said to a friend: "I believe that we shall some day pour a cup full of this oil into our carriage and make it go without a horse." He died in the sixties, thirty years before his nephew, Henry G. Morris, drove Philadelphia's

first automobile down Broad street. Some men only think things, while others also *do* them; still others develop what others think. Again, some turn their doings or others' doings into substantial cash while many have not that faculty and as the Good Book says, they only sow for others to reap.

The next two large country places along the Railroad were at Wynnewood; that of Owen Jones, which the Tolands inherited and made a village out of, and that of Parker Shortridge on the other side of the railway; both of these men were prominent and popular in their day, but have left no descendants. Owen Jones also owned the part of West Philadelphia covered by the old Stock Yards, and his favorite saying was that he always purchased by the acre and sold by the foot, to which he added a characteristic grunt of satisfaction.

Next to Owen Jones lived old Lewis Wistar, wealthy and blue blooded, but he used to shock his neighbors by appearing at their dinner parties in a red flannel shirt. Some of the best people then had primitive habits. He married a Randolph, but he was so eccentric that she could not live with him and went back to her mother's to live, though keeping on good terms with him. His companions were ponies and cats and dogs by the score.

Next beyond Wynnewood came "Athensville," now called Ardmore. The Post Office in Stadelman's grocery store on the "Pike" was called "The Cabinet," and all the country people for two or three miles around came there for their mail.

On the other side of the railway at the crossing of the "Old Lancaster Road" (now Montgomery avenue) and the Mill Creek road, lived the country doctor, Joe Anderson, and his sister Corona. He was a good physician and a fine character and would have made a good husband, but his sister did not want to lose him and he never married.

It was said that he wanted a neighboring maiden and that she wanted him, but Corona's wishes prevailed, and they both "died in single blessedness;" they might or might not have been more blessed otherwise.

The Anderson family had lived in the old house since the Revolution, and there were fifteen children in the Doctor's generation. When the seventh arrived, the scholarly father had run out of family names and called him "Septimus." The next was thought to be the last, so he was called "Ultimus Adjutor"—the last helper (children were considered assets then, not liabilities, even among the best people);

when the *last* one came, she was called "Corona" the *crown* of the family. Would that families of the best stock had now the most children, instead of the populating of the country being left to a lower type, only a few of whom make good.

The "Old Lancaster Road" was originally an Indian trail from the Delaware to the Susquehanna River, while "The Lancaster Turnpike," now Lancaster avenue, was laid out late in the eighteenth century. It had 67 taverns or "inns" on it between Philadelphia and Lancaster, about one a mile, so the teamsters *rested* (?) frequently. Prohibition has just closed the last one—"The Red Lion," at Ardmore.

A mile to the north of the Andersons, on the Mill Creek road, old Dr. Dodd lived in a large house. He was fond of children and gave delightful parties to them; near him lived the country Parson, the Rev. Edward Lycett, though his church, "The Redeemer," was two miles away, near Haverford College, where Stewart avenue now is. It was a very small church, with a few graves around it. To allay the fears of those who now dwell there, it should be stated that the bodies were all removed to the new church yard on the Gulph Road. But there was a ghost the children were afraid of when they drove through the woods to Dr. Dodd's parties.

Jonathan Roberts, whose house was occupied by the Lycetts, and still stands in Mill Creek village, was a rich old Quaker Tory and was hung by General Washington's orders, being falsely accused of putting glass into the soldiers' flour. He was said to have had an underground passage to a store house in the woods (now part of Effingham Morris' place), where he kept his valuables.

Many of the old families of the Sixties are still represented in the life of today's Main Line. Among the boys of those days were Rowland and Allen Evans, who became men of sterling character, and their children are now well-known men and women. Then there was the genial Ned Sayres and his brothers, the Thayers, the Ewings, Jim Rawle, a fine fellow; Righter Fisher (a son of one of the Anderson sisters) and many more, who have become energetic citizens, instrumental in fostering the prosperity and healthy growth of the neighborhood.

Among these, the Montgomerys should be mentioned. Some of them still live in the old house, while others of the eleven children have intermarried with county families and settled along the Line; another instance of a typical family of the times, being both large and good. The oldest son William, in conjunction with

Maskell Ewing, started the Merion Cricket Club in 1865. Ewing was always an athlete, and still is, at three score and ten. When Archie Montgomery was a University boy he was firing off a cannon on Broad street, as President Lincoln's body was passing through the city. A fresh charge of powder, rammed into the too hot cannon, went off prematurely and nearly blew Archie to pieces. The result would have been an unlivable handicap to most boys, but Archie's fine spirit ignored his infirmities and he has lived an active, happy, useful life, beloved by all his associates. May the wounded boys of the late war acquire his philosophic spirit.

The Thomas family, who had nine children, still live next to the Montgomerys as they did fifty years ago.

Dr. Peace had a beautiful old place near what is now Bryn Mawr avenue, and Will Struthers afterwards occupied it. Dr. Peace's step-daughter, Charlotte Parker, a popular girl, married Jim Rawle, and they lived for many years in a large house they built near the old place; the younger Peace girls were great belles in their day. They became Mrs. Harry Brown (the mother of Coleman Brown), Mrs. Robert Smith (the mother of Mrs. Bob Torrey and Godfrey Smith), and Mrs. John Watts. Three large gravestones are back of the new Church

of the Redeemer, where rests old Mrs. Peace with a husband on each side of her.

Old Churches

The churches then were small and few and far between. In addition to the Episcopal Church at Haverford, was the Roman Catholic "St. Denis" back of Ardmore and the Chapel at Villa Nova College, the old Baptist on the Gulph Road, the old Methodist back of Villa Nova and the Lutheran at Ardmore. The Roman Catholic churches have since increased most in numbers and members, and the growing neighborhood owes them a debt of gratitude for keeping so many thousands of the inflowing foreign population in the paths of right living.

One of the Episcopal Vestrymen, John R. Whitney, thought his church ought to have a Sunday School, but Mr. Lycett, a typical old English Parson, said it was not necessary, as "Sunday Schools were only for the poor," and there were none then. Mr. Whitney, however, started a small school on his own account, in the Hall opposite the "Old Buck," and Archie Montgomery was one of the teachers. It flourished for a few years until Mr. Lycett's daughters became old enough to start one at the church, of which John Townsend was the first Superintendent, but Mary Lycett ran the school as she ran most of the church work for many years, doing more good for the church and the neigh-

borhood than the average clergyman does, and her work among the mill people at Mill Creek will long be remembered. Mary was also the whole church choir, leading the singing of the small congregation, while her sister Emily played the little melodeon and all sang. It was real worship. She married a son of an old neighborhood family, Sam Curwen, who succeeded Jim Rawle as President of the Brill Car Company. Emily, the beauty and belle of the whole neighborhood, became Mrs. Dennie Meredith and later Mrs. Jim Rawle, and her place at the melodeon was taken by the third sister, now Mrs. Albert Baily, of Haverford. The three sisters were the life of the church for many years.

As stated, Mr. Whitney differed radically from his rector, who was a strict churchman, and the latter told him one day that he was "no better than a Presbyterian." So he sensibly concluded that he had better be a good Presbyterian than be considered a poor Episcopalian, and joined John Converse and others in starting a little church when the new Bryn Mawr settlement was formed. It still stands on Montgomery avenue alongside of its big successor.

The Whitney family thus grew up in the Presbyterian faith, except the oldest daughter—now Mrs. Van Harlingen, who is one of the most

earnest workers in the new Episcopal Church at Rosemont, as well as doing much good in other ways, such as a community garden organizer, mission lecturer, etc.

Mr. Whitney built the first modern "palatial residence" on the Main Line, though it does not seem so palatial now, compared with the hundreds that have followed it. Its social life was predominated by the characteristics of its owner, its functions being principally for Bible study and prayer meetings. It is now occupied by the Stanley Flaggs.

Harry Wharton, now the well-known Philadelphia surgeon, his sister Anne, the charming narrator of Colonial times, and their numerous sisters and brothers, were girls and boys then, living in a real old-fashioned country place on the Conestoga Road just beyond the West Haverford store, and the numerous fruit trees on their lawn were next in attraction to the cordial residents.

Haverford College

In the Sixties, Haverford College was not young and had already attained quite a wide reputation, its students coming principally from the families of Quakers, by whom it was founded and by whom it has always been well conducted. Old Jacob Jones, who lived near "City Avenue," left it in his will, about a million dollars, but

subject to his wife's life interest. The College waited many long years of financial weariness for Mary's interest to stop, but at last, when she had lived to about ninety, it came into its own, and was able to put up some modern buildings and take a front rank among our moderate-sized institutions of learning. It is to its credit that it has not tried to expand too much, but has made itself solidly substantial on intellectual lines. A youth, who wants it, can generally get a better education at such a college than he can at an "omnium gatherum" university, where individuality is lost sight of and often neglected.

Haverford College with its Quaker settlement, still averages up in between the gayeties of the Merion Cricket Club on one side and the Golf Clubhouse on the other side of it. It is the *meat* of the "Club Sandwich," and it is *well done.*

Quakers

Mingled with the young Haverford Quakers of the Sixties, was an occasional youth of "the world's people" from the neighboring city, sent there for "Friendly" influences. Such a Haverfordian, back in the Sixties, had an altercation with a strictly non-combatant Quaker boy; hauling back his fist to hit him, his opponent quickly folded his arms and said: "Hit away, Frank, thou knowest that I do not approve of fighting." The city boy was too good a sport to

take advantage of the situation and dropped his arm.

The recent "conscientious objectors" among the Quakers hold firmly to this theoretical doctrine, but if all America had folded its arms in 1776 we would still be a few small British Colonies; or if in 1860, slavery would still be a blot on our country, not only in the South, but in any other section where a community might want it; or if in 1917 (when the world's aggressors were not good sports) we would all be now under the heel of Teutonic lust and brutality; New York and other coast cities would be in ruins and—well, it is hard to imagine what might now be the state of those of us, who lived through it.

Some others also preach this too good to fight doctrine.

The early settlers of Pennsylvania discovered the impracticability of the Quaker doctrine for civil government. The Quakers do not seem to appreciate that as long as evilly disposed people exist, they *must* be combatted with *force* or they will destroy those who are endeavoring to establish the maximum amount of righteousness in living conditions. Wild beasts, human or otherwise, must be caged or destroyed when civilization advances to subdue and cultivate their wilderness or when they come out of the wilderness to assault a civilized community.

The Pennsylvania Railroad did not cater much to commuters in the Sixties. There were only six trains a day each way. If the 6 P. M. was missed there was nothing till "the Emigrant" at midnight, which was a through train for arriving foreigners and it stopped at each destination they were booked for. It was unpleasantly odoriferous. There was naturally no going to the city for theatres, evening entertainments or club attractions; old rounders could not wander out on any old train, asking for the "Laoli Pocal" gate. The cars were lighted by oil lamps and in cold weather, red hot coal stoves stood at each end. A brakeman at each car turned a wheel like the present freight cars have. The city terminal was a small square brick building near the present West Philadelphia Station. There was only a short frame shed, so there was no herding behind iron bars, like animals in a Zoo, and no gate slammed in one's face when the time to go has come, whether the train goes or not. How often one feels now like the young Quaker, arriving just too late and hearing a fellow-sufferer say, "Damn," was heard to murmur, "Thank Thee."

Summer Boarders

Notwithstanding the meagre transportation facilities, a good many Philadelphians began to move out on the Line for two or three months

in summer and their social life centered around a few "Boarding Houses."

The old Turnpike Taverns of Revolutionary days were first thus utilized. "The General Wayne," near Merion; the "Old Buck," at Haverford; "The Eagle," the Paoli Inn and the "Old Ship" further up the road, were all popular with the city's best people, but the largest aggregation "summered" in "The White Hall Hotel," whose site is now occupied by a row of two-story brick houses, opposite the Bryn Mawr Hospital. Its disreputable looking old ruins were only recently torn down and they did not look as if they had ever housed a gay crowd of Philadelphia's elite, but it was the place for large dances for both city and country people. The railway then went by it and the trains stopped at its door, though later a station was built a few yards further west and is still there. The hotel held about eighty people, while about thirty were crowded every summer into the Wildgoss Boarding House, near Haverford College, which was kept by an old lady of that name; while in winter, her talented daughters had a children's school in the house. Ten acres of woods in the rear made a pleasant playground for boarders and school children, but they have given place to handsome residences and the old house has been enlarged and modernized by its present owner, Mr. Felton.

The Wildgosses

Before it was "Wildgosses," it was the famous Dr. Lyons' School, presided over by a brother of Lord Lyons. He later moved the school to Rosemont, what is now the Roberts' house.

In these hygienic, sanitary days, it is curious to consider that the most refined and well-to-do people spent long hot summers in these old boarding houses, without a bath tub or running water of any kind, all water being carried from the pump to the rooms. Only fifty years ago, while today such conditions are considered civically unmoral for the poorest and the "Boarders" were really fine people, spiritually, mentally and physically. It would seem as if bathing is more of an aesthetic pleasure than a sanitary necessity, modern theories notwithstanding. Our sturdy old colonial ancestors probably never bathed all winter; how could they, with no heat in their houses except an open wood fire and an occasional iron stove in the living room?

Fifty years ago the best city houses had only one tin-lined bath tub and part of the spring housecleaning was to have its insides painted, especially to obliterate what "Mrs. Gump" alludes to as the "high water marks;" they were certainly not sanitary, but porcelain tubs were as yet unknown.*

*The first bath tub in an American house was in 1842, and porcelain tubs came nearly half a century later.

The Wildgoss Boarders were a jolly, good-natured crowd, living all summer like one large happy family. Rooms could be engaged only for the entire summer and were in such demand that there was always a waiting list. Among the jolliest and best of company was Edmund Smith, Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His youngest child, a baby then, lives still in the neighborhood, as Mrs. William McCawley. Others who spent several summers at the house were the agreeable Quakers, *David Scull* and wife and their small boy, who is now well known as the father of the proposed Episcopal Cathedral on the Parkway. *Mr. and Mrs. William Dayton,* of New Jersey, who had a wonderful collection of autograph letters written to the Dayton ancestors by all the Generals and Presidents of Revolutionary times. *Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wheeler* and their small boy, who is best known as "Andy" among his musical friends. One night there was a costume party at a neighbor's, and the Wheelers posed as George and Martha Washington. They certainly fit the part in their Colonial attire. Mr. Wheeler was large and pompous and Mrs. Wheeler was a beautiful woman with fully as charming manners as those of old Martha, probably more so.

Among the young men were *Henry Pettit,* a talented musician, who helped much in entertaining, as did also *John Converse,* who was a ring leader in the escapades of the young set. He was then only a private secretary of Mr. Williams, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and his old violin was his chief amusement. Many of the boarders enjoyed visiting him and his violin during winter evenings in the city, in his little third-story room in a boarding house on Chestnut near Seventeenth street.

Randall Williams was another jolly fellow. He bore his mother's name, who was a sister of Samuel J. Randall, the great Democratic statesman and Speaker of the House of Representatives. You never could tell what Randall and his young brother Charlie were going to do next. Charlie would sing a comic song and following the last word, would go down head foremost on to the floor, with a complete somersault.

One dark evening a poor beggar woman came in from the lane and begged from the boarders on the porch. As she was bent double with age and could scarcely walk, some one took hold of her arm to help her off the porch and her arm was found to be of pugilistic quality—it was Randall's.

A few years later, at a fancy dress ball in the Bryn Mawr Hotel, Charlie appeared in the role of a somnambulist, gowned in a white night shirt, reaching to the floor (pajamas were then unknown), with closed eyes and carrying a lighted candle. He created a sensation among the girls. When he finally opened his eyes, blew out the candle and began to pull his night shirt over his head, everyone was relieved to find there was a full evening attire underneath.

The butt of the house was nervous *George Bacon,* the private secretary of Mr. Wistar Morris, and nothing was left undone to exercise his nerves, especially on the Fourth of July—one long and unhappy day for him. It began at 4 A. M. by cannon crackers exploding opposite his window, being lowered from the window above, and, during the day, they went off under his porch chair and in other unsupected places.

Fire crackers have disappeared from young life, in the evolution of civilization. It is curious how quickly and completely "The Fourth" has become "Safe and Sane," without any Constitutional amendment. It used to be one bangety-bang! bang!! bang!!! from midnight to midnight all over the United States. Boy life is no doubt safer than it was. There is an old proverb: "Be virtuous and you'll be happy" (but you won't have as good a time). Some

think that the passing of the firecracker was effected by the fire insurance companies quietly conducting a well-planned propaganda, in which fire risks were carefully kept secondary to the safety of the dear children. However, both objects appealed naturally and successfully to the reason of the adult public and consequently the first pages of July 5th newspapers have ceased to be half filled with the destruction of dwellings and the slaughter of the "innocents."*

Practical jokes are now also unconventional and unrefined. The meanest joke at Wildgosses was played upon recently married Malcolm Lloyd, as he came out from the city one afternoon. "Haverford College Station," like most

---

*PHILADELPHIA'S FOURTH OF JULY RECORD

Year	Killed	Injured
1908	6	426
1909	9	508
1910	4	405
1911	0	294
1912	2	127
1913	1	250
1914	4	237
1915	0	280
1916	0	230
1917	0	76
1918	0	58
1919	0	145
1920	1	111
1921	0	2

other stations on the Line, was then only a dirty frame box, about six feet square and ten feet high, just opposite the Wildgoss lawn, and the two railway tracks were in a shallow cut between. As the husbands arrived on the late afternoon trains, their wives lined up on the opposite bank to greet them, and it became known to the riders, further up the road, as "The Kissing Station." Public conjugal osculation was quite conventional then among refined people, nor was it considered unhygienic. Perhaps the reason that this "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," does not now obtain much among married people is an indication that the "inward grace" is less prevalent than of old and this in turn may partially account for the increase of the divorce rate.

But to return to Malcolm Lloyd, his fascinating young bride was invited out to a neighbor's one afternoon, and there was no telephone then to send him word that she could not meet him at the station. The Boarders thought it was a shame for him not to have his usual greeting, so they persuaded a tall boy to don his mother's gown (gowns then covered large feet), then they decked him with the bride's large "picture hat," purloined from her room, and with her parasol over his face, the boy was quite camouflaged.

The train arrived about dusk, and as Lloyd climbed up the little slope at the corner of the lawn, he saw the usual figure awaiting him, threw both arms around it and a loud report resounded. He was instantly conscious of an awful mistake and stammered out, "I beg your pardon, madam, but you've kissed the wrong man" (so Adam like, to blame it on the woman (?) who had been only a passive object). Boarders suddenly appeared from behind every tree on the lawn and poor Lloyd was greeted with derisive shouts. Fortunately, he was one of the most good-natured of men and his usual hearty laugh quickly joined with the others. The bride was not so easily placated, when she heard of it on her return, as she rightly felt that a sacred prerogative had been encroached upon and she had missed something that belonged to her.

The young boarders planned some excitement for nearly every evening.

The most interesting of the Wildgoss boarders were three women, nearly, if not quite, in their nineties. They had all been active participants in the public life of the early part of the last century. There was the widow of Senator Bell, who ran for President against Lincoln on the "Bell and Everett" ticket. Second, the widow of Senator Wilkins, whose brother was Vice President Dallas, and whose father was

Secretary of the Treasury under Madison. She had therefore lived in Washington most of her life. Third, there was the widow of old Dr. Nathaniel Chapman. These women were all bright and active for their years, and the young people enjoyed listening to their stories of social life that went back more than a century from today. They talked familiarly about their friends Webster, Calhoun, Clay and all the Presidents of their day, names that were simply historical to the listeners. Mrs. Bell related many a story of Webster's hilariousness, such as his leering up to her one night at a Washington function, with his champagne glass raised and stammering out:

"Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Bell,
No one can tell,
How well—
I love you."

His portraits do not look it.

Mrs. Bell was looked after by her daughters, Miss Jennie and Mrs. Comegys, who had the well-known school at Chestnut Hill. Mrs. Wilkins had her daughter—Miss Hetty—with her, and Mrs. Chapman had her devoted daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Chapman, the mother of Dr. Henry Chapman, Mrs. William Winsor, Mrs. James Winsor and Mrs. John B. Thayer, senior,

all of whom were neighborhood families and frequent visitors to their grandmother.

Among the young girls at Wildgosses were Sallie Williams, the mother of Dr. Harry Dillard, who has lately distinguished himself in war service; Mary Deland, who married Randall Williams; Lily and Katie Wistar, of Germantown; Carrie and Mary Brooks, who were with their older brother Charlie Brooks and his wife, a sister of Adam Everly; Nora Coale, of Baltimore, and Carrie Hibler, who became Mrs. Rhodes.

Pastimes

The summer life of the young people of the Sixties was very different from that of today. There were practically no "sports" in the modern sense. Football, basketball, hockey, golf, squash, rackets, bicycling, were all unknown. In the late Sixties, a so-called bicycle appeared; the rider sat on top of a wheel about five feet high, with a little wheel behind to steady it. Woe to him if he struck a stone, he took a high header, and a man was killed in this way on Lancaster Pike. Therefore when the present form of bicycle came in, ten years later, with low wheels and rubber tires, they were called "Safeties."

Tennis did not appear until the late Seventies. Baseball was played in some places, but

was not generally known in the country life. Its forerunner, Town Ball, was a poor game and seldom played. The small boys played "Shinney," and a few older ones played cricket; the Merion Club had just been started and played on the Owen Jones' place; later in the Seventies it acquired small grounds south of Ardmore and had a small frame club house, where Cricket avenue now is. Quoits were played occasionally, but in the Sixties the now despised Croquet became the universal game for nearly all men and women and girls and boys; hours were devoted to it. There was little exercise in it, but it at least kept people out of doors. John Converse was the Wildgoss champion.

Billiards, chess and cards were the indoor sports, but "Playing Cards" were frowned upon by the Quaker and Presbyterian elements, which largely predominated in Philadelphia's social life. The young played Checkers, Back-Gammon, Parchesi, Jack Straws and Lotto. The boys played billiards, principally at the Continental Hotel and Chess was played then, as it still is, in the same rooms, in the Mercantile Library and college boys enjoyed playing it there, where only elders are now seen.

It was an education that trained the mind for the moves of active future life, whether in "big business," court practice, or world diplomacy.

The present generation has no time for Chess, it would be better equipped if it had.

Football

In 1871 several Main Line boys participated in a so-called game of Football, while they were students at the University of Pennsylvania, then at Ninth and Chestnut streets. The game was played between the Seniors and the other three classes.

The following is a copy of the challenge:

"The eighteen undersigned members of the Senior Class hereby do challenge an equal number—to be chosen six from each of the remaining class—to play a match game of football on Saturday, December 9. The two sides will meet at the Philadelphia Cricket Grounds at 10 o'clock, each provided with a football. The side winning three mounts out of five will retain the two balls. Should this challenge be accepted, you will please return with its acceptance the names of your 18 players, after which no substitutes will be allowed. (Signed):

1. W. M. Meigs
2. E. Hopkinson
3. Robt. P. Field
4. Bonsall Taylor
5. L. K. Lewis
6. Geo. T. Purves
7. R. C. Dale
8. Hood Gilpin
9. Horace Castle
10. E. G. Hirsch
11. Wm. P. Huston
12. C. Elvin Houpt
13. W. H. Washington
14. H. Murphy
15. Sutherland Law
16. J. Murray
17. Louis M. Childs
18. A. Burt

"To Messrs. H. Carleton Adams, William H. Addicks and John W. Townsend, Presidents of Junior, Sophomore and Freshman Classes."

Of the above-named, George T. Purves became a prominent Presbyterian divine and a professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary; R. C. Dale became one of the most prominent members of the Philadelphia Bar; E. G. Hirsch is the well-known Rabbi of Chicago; Louis W. Childs is the Norristown lawyer; L. K. Lewis, the Athenaeum Librarian, and other names will be recognized as well known in Philadelphia affairs past and present.

As to those who played from the other three classes, all that have been consulted have very hazy recollections, after half a century. As far as can be ascertained or surmised, they were: Samuel T. Bodine (of Villa Nova), President of the United Gas Improvement Company; Randal Morgan, Vice President of the same company; Walter George Smith, prominent Lawyer, Churchman and Orator; Coleman Sellers, late President of the Chamber of Commerce; Lawrence T. Paul, Electrical Engineer; Judge Bernard Gilpin, Judge William W. Porter, Effingham B. Morris, of Ardmore, President of the Girard Trust Company; William T. Elliott, late of Ardmore, and President of the Central National Bank; William R. Philler, of Haverford,

and Secretary of the Real Estate Trust Company, and Lindley Johnson (of Villa Nova), the Architect.

A Princeton lad came down to umpire the game: J. Madison Taylor, who is now the well-known healer of nervous Philadelphians, also in summer looking after the *wrecks* that are cast ashore at Bar Harbor from all the nerve-racking social centres of the world.

Nothing much is remembered of the game, except that it was very crude and primitive compared with modern Football; probably something like an "Association" game. There were no football suits, just any old clothes, and no girls for audience. The following reference is made to it in the "University Record" of the Class of '72: "Football, which has been greatly in abeyance for some time, took a vigorous start last fall in two games; one between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, in which the latter were victorious, and the other between the Seniors and the rest of the College. The last contest was a most exciting one. After three to four hours of continual kicking, the Seniors obtained the best out of 5 'homers' and were declared victors."

In vacation times, the boys read a great deal, almost a forgotten pastime now among most of **Reading**

the young. Great authors were then writing great books that fascinated young as well as old. Compared with the present dearth of great writers, it is curious to consider that the people of the Sixties were contemporaries with Longfellow, Whittier, Whitman, Lowell, Bryant, Bret Harte, Saxe, Emerson, Holmes, Bancroft, Motley, Parkman, Parton, Hawthorne, Higginson, Phelps, Stowe, Ik. Marvel, Warner, Willis, Howells, Aldrich, Mark Twain, Alcott, Hale, Holland, Lossing, Taylor, Agassiz, Greeley, Garrison, Henry C. Lea, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Phillips Brooks and a host of lesser lights, whose persons could be seen as well as their minds absorbed. Many of them were seen and heard on the lecture platform in Philadelphia, which added interest to their readers. Cooper, Poe and Irving were also still popular and best sellers.

Then there were the contemporary English writers, Dickens, Thackeray and others, who were read by all American boys and girls. All of this class of reading is now almost a lost art among the young, as athletics and social functions absorb their time. With the former there is no fault to find, as it has made, and is still making, stronger men and women than those of a generation ago. It certainly is responsible for the vigor of both mind and body that

characterized the two million youths who have just fought the fight and won the recent war against national and individual brutality.

The general absence of athletics in the middle of the last century did not mean, however, that young Americans of that day were weaklings, for a large portion of them, among whom our country families were well represented, fought and bled in as holy a cause in the early Sixties. They wiped out a disgrace that had gradually grown upon a large section of our land, by abolishing forever human slavery.

To return to the pleasures of Main Line life in the Sixties, today's youth would probably say, there were none. In addition to there being no sports, there were no victrolas and no "movies," and even in the city there were only two or three theatres, with neither comic operas, musical plays nor spectaculars, and, if there had been, there were no trains for the country people to go and come by.

There was no electric light, nor even gas, in most country houses, only coal oil and candles, so country evenings, made short by an early bed time, were spent on the porch or lawn, when weather permitted. On bad nights the "boarders" were crowded into a little parlor for music or games. Among the latter was one of "Fam-

iliar Quotations," played like the game of "Authors." It consisted of cards having about 100 quotations from both ancient and modern authors and was a liberal education in itself to those who played it, making a lasting impression of the best thoughts of the best authors. It was issued and sold for the benefit of the great "Sanitary Fair," held in Logan Square during the war, and the selections were made by a well-known Philadelphia woman—Mrs. Lydia Hunn, the grandmother of Mrs. Charles Baily, of Strafford. She must have read everything and remembered the best of it.

Favorite evening entertainments in the Boarding Houses were "Charades," "Rebuses" and "Conundrums." A word, for instance, like "Matrimony" would be chosen by three or four actors. There would be a scene with a *mat,* as a conspicuous feature, then some "Rye" (whiskey or otherwise) and thirdly a scene in which "money" was much shown or spoken of. It was then announced that the last scene would portray the whole word and was "one of the United States." The audience tried to guess that an elaborate *wedding scene* represented the State and most of the audience did not get on to what kind of a *state* was meant.

Again there would be shown, on a table, a large piece of cheese, with a piece of a broken

bone laid across it, and the audience were asked to guess what historical event this represented: —"Bonaparte crossing the Rhine." Furtive brains spent days thinking up such things for the evening entertainments.

The conundrums offered were frequently from the Bible, as most people were familiar with it then. Bildad, the "Shoe height" would be guessed as the *shortest* man and "Knee high Mia" as the next shortest, but when the *shortest* man mentioned in the New Testament was asked for, very few guessed it was *Peter*, when he said, "silver and gold have I none."

Most of the minds of fifty years ago were saturated with the words, truths and incidents of the Bible. Even irreligious people, hearing it in family reading, were continually quoting from it, while religious people, reading it continually, knew large portions of it by heart.

Entirely outside of its religious or moral influence, its wonderful storehouse of literature, history, poetry, ethics and other educational features, is much missed in the culture of today. The average educated mind of today would be the better, if it possessed this culture of our grandfathers, most of whom had the large family Bible frequently open before them; daily, but especially on Sundays.

Spirit mysteries were much in vogue then as now; the Ouija Board's predecessor was called "Planchette." It was a small, thin heart-shaped piece of wood standing on little revolving rollers and one leg was a short lead pencil. A large piece of paper was placed on a table, with the Planchette board on top of it and one or more participants placed the tip of their fingers on it. It soon began to move, and the pencil naturally traced on the paper the semblance of words that were in an operator's mind. This might be often effected designedly, but sometimes unconsciously.

As to practical jokes, the writer remembers a gruesome experience at a White Hall party. As a preliminary, the perpetrator had filled a glove with wet flour, tightly sewing up the opening and keeping it on ice for some hours. During the evening the young people were asked to sit on the floor, in two long rows, facing each other. Then a long table cloth was spread over their laps and it was announced that the participants would in turn clasp a mysterious hand. The cold clammy glove was then secretly introduced under the cloth into the hand of the end girl, with a request to pass it on. The feeling in grasping such a suggestive hand may be imagined and the supposed fun consisted in hearing the shrieks of one nervous girl after

another. Girls were more nervous then than now, having little exercise.

Boys and a few girls of the Sixties spent much of their time in walking, riding and driving. They rode for pleasure, for health or for companionship. Horses were not drilled to do the German goose step and there were no competitive stunts before paying assemblies of beautiful gowns. Horse shows and polo matches had not been heard of since the days of mediaeval jousts, or at least since our English visitors during the Revolution showed our Tory ladies a good time at the "Meschianza" in South Philadelphia.

Driving was principally in "buggies," little carriages built for two. Every youth who could afford it, had one with its accompanying "trotter," and the cautious young man asked a different maiden each afternoon, until he had settled in his mind which one was the best. Some found the best one already pre-empted and had to be content with a second best, while one despondent youth said that *none* of the girls that *he* would have, would have *him*, and such as *would* have him, the Devil himself wouldn't have, so he purchased a single seat "buggy." Buggy driving was more sociable than modern motoring, as the horse did not require constant or undivided attention, having sense enough to

turn when the road turned, which the motor car has not. The horse could also be guided with one hand, when the driver's "intentions" were serious and reciprocated. On long drives, the horse had to be rested frequently and roadside berries with which the Main Line then abounded, were an agreeable accompaniment.

Occasionally large parties were made up for a picnic to Valley Forge, though it was a long, tiresome drive. Nearer picnics were enjoyed at "Morris Dam," a large body of water on the Roberts Road, between the Gulph Road and the Big Stone Dam, where Merion avenue now crosses the old site. The "Boarders" and neighbors all joined in these, some coming as far as from Overbrook, as the Yarnall girls did—now Mrs. Alfred Cope and Mrs. Edward Casey.

Moonlight hay wagon rides were also a frequent amusement, even among the grown-ups. All of these pastimes seem childish to the modern life, but it must be remembered as stated that there was nothing else to do, and it must be said to the credit of modern athletics, that youthful time is now much better occupied and the present generation is consequently an improvement on its predecessors. Boys of the past, who were not inclined to reading, music or other elevating pursuits, frequently indulged in foolish or devilish occupations or in loafing,

with its usual unprofitable or hurtful conversation. It is fortunate that cigarettes had not been invented then or the boys would have probably occupied more of their time with them than boys do today. Dry corn silk was used, but it was not very seductive.

There was also then no S. P. C. A. to instill a spirit of humane treatment of animals into the minds of young and old. The small boys at Wildgosses used to sling toads on to the slow moving coal empties, that passed before the lawn, with a "bon voyage" for Pittsburgh; and Haverford College boys were said to stand on the nearby foot bridge, over the tracks, and drop cats into the large old-style screenless smokestacks of passing locomotives, which was bad for the draft of the engines, as well as unpleasant for the cats. Such things now would be punished severely by the laws, thanks to the "S. P. C. A."

Sunday

Sunday in the Sixties was very different from that of today. No games were played of any kind, even the gentle croquet mallets rested peacefully in their box; the children of Presbyterian families at Wildgosses were not even allowed their indoor toys; church going, walking and visiting, were the principal occupations; some took long drives, while some considered even that wrong and stayed home to read good books.

Sunday evenings at Wildgosses were spent principally in singing hymns, and this was also much more of a family function than it is now. People generally were more religious than now or more people proportionately were religious. Non-religious people had a hard time to pass the day and there were no opportunities for their betterment, physical or otherwise. There were no Sunday *news*papers, only one or two publications with little or no news and filled principally with stories. In the city, there were no street cars running and on the Pennsylvania Railroad only one train out (at 8 A. M.) and none in. An early report of a committee of the railway company's stockholders, signed by J. R. Ingersoll, John M. Kennedy, J. Fisher Leaming and R. M. Lewis, gives five printed pages on the iniquity of the company doing any business on Sunday and they heartily approve of a resolution of the Board: "that the General Superintendent be instructed to discontinue all operations on the road on the Sabbath and the Directors are entitled to the thanks of their constiuents for having vindicated the law of the land and the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath." In the same report, Mr. James Magee, a "Whitehall" boarder, wanted a resolution that "the Directors should not pay more than $3000 per annum for the services of President, unless he possesses the qualifications of an Engineer."

Currency

Among the many changes in living conditions that came about in the middle of the Seventies was the "resumption of specie payments," which meant silver instead of paper for spending money. Since early in the Civil War, silver had disappeared from sight; there was only paper currency of 3, 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50-cent notes, and they were hard to get fresh, so that the small scraps of paper, about one-quarter the size of our dollar notes, became frayed and filthy beyond description; the present generation would view with horror their germ-laden surfaces, to say nothing of the odor. One indeed had to sometimes turn up one's nose at money. Of course many notes died a natural death from disintegration and other causes, which inured to the Government's advantage.

Food

As to food conditions between then and now, there has not been as much change as in other things, except that numerous "cereals," good, bad and indifferent, have been invented and introduced; also, increased transportation facilities bring to the present generation, numerous fruits and vegetables from southern and far western climes, making the seasons for their enjoyment much longer.

Catering and hotel cooking fifty years ago, was in the hands of the colored race, and was

superior to that of today; labor scarcity may bring the colored cook back to us.

Augustine was the great Philadelphia colored caterer and nothing today equals his creations. The writer remembers starting from Bryn Mawr on a trip in a Pennsylvania Railroad private car, which was stocked as usual with Augustine's viands and a noted Englishman, who had just landed to visit the Centennial Exhibition of '76, was one of the party that sat down to the first luncheon in the little dining-room of the car; one delicacy after another tickled his Anglican palate as never before and turning around, he whispered: "If this is what you Americans have on a railway car, I wonder what you have at home." We did not tell him we did not always have Augustine at home. Dining cars were then unknown in either England or America; passengers on all through trains had to get out and dine at railway restaurants en route; "ten minutes for refreshments" or "twenty minutes for dinner," was called three times a day. In praising the food on the trip, Robert Lenox Kennedy, President of the New York Bank of Commerce, remarked that whenever he wanted to ask his Board for a European vacation, he first sent a luncheon order to the Philadelphia caterer, to regale them with.

Speaking of the return of silver circulation, an amusing incident of the trip, was when an old countryman came to the rear platform showing a pocketful of curious minerals he had collected. They were much admired by old John Jacob Astor, and he took from his pocket a handful of bright new dimes and offered them in exchange. These were more rare objects to the farmer than the minerals, as none had been seen since before the war, fifteen years back. So he declined to take them, saying he had plenty more of his specimens at home, to which old "Uncle Sam" Welsh responded, "Take 'em! Take 'em! This gentleman can get plenty more of his specimens at home, too." "Uncle Sam" in his 70's was the life of the party, waving his handkerchief whenever a bevy of girls appeared at a station.

Clothes

As to a comparison of clothes, fashions of course always change greatly in every fifty years. In the Sixties, both young and old men wore long tail coats and stiff starched shirt bosoms in the morning as well as evening. At college, the Sophs forbid the Fresh to wear high silk hats. Imagine a youth today of any class at college wearing this doubtful ornament, now only seen on funeral directors, millionaires and colored society paraders. Now, starched collars are going fast (though they are really

cooler than clinging soft ones), and even open necks have appeared on men abroad on dressy occasions. The vest has also been gradually disappearing in recent years. As a matter of difference in the American language, it shocks our English friends to hear us speak of "vests," as they only wear theirs next to nature and call our vests, "wescuts," and spell them "waistcoats."

Many well-dressed men wore high leather "boots" (to their knees) and tucked their trousers into them on stormy days. They had to have "boot jacks" to remove them, and for an evening at home, wore canvas slippers, with flowers worked on their tops by devoted wives or best girls. Glazed paper collars were much worn. William E. Lockwood made a fortune in their manufacture and built a magnificent house at Glen Loch, at least it was magnificent in those days, but paper collars soon went out of fashion.

Young men used to give much more time and thought to clothes. One of the few good results of the recent war, has been the almost elimination of the "dude" in the best circles. One is occasionally seen around Haverford or they sometimes blow in to other railway stations, when the limousine is not available for a town trip.

You know the species: a gay ribboned hat on the back of a bent forward head; a cane hanging

on the left arm; loud silk shirt, speaking for itself; tail coat and freshly creased trousers (they used to be called "pants"), ending in light colored pointed shoes; a cigarette drooping languidly from the corner of the mouth when closed, or else a "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," and a facial expression ditto. It is said that God has made everything for some purpose and as one cannot help smiling at the object described, anything that makes one smile in this unhappy world is worth while.

As to women's dress, if one should have appeared on the streets in the Sixties with as short a skirt and as low a neck as now, she might have been arrested for indecent exposure. What will they not wear next? However, her train is not now stepped on by awkward man, nor does it now carry into the home the bacteria laden sweepings of the streets, as it did of yore. Now that we have become inured to it, it really seems more sensible, while after all, it is only a matter of convention; it takes but a short time for even a considered impropriety to become proper, by our becoming accustomed to it; even the central African costume is perfectly proper *there*. Vice versa, a propriety may by change of custom, become an impropriety; as some one has said, if a Czar could issue and enforce an edict that no one should appear in public without gloves, it

would only be a few years until bare hands would be indecent.

The jolly little African explorer—Du Chaillou, who was a frequent visitor to Bryn Mawr homes, told the college girls once that he had been offered 100 wives at one time and that the whole lot would not have cost him as much to clothe as one college girl; notwithstanding this, he declined the proposal.

Lightning Rods

In the middle of the last century, the Lightning Rod man was a feature in country life. He went up and down the breadth of the land, persuading every one that life depended on having rods on every house, barn and stable. He was succeeded in his ubiquity by the life insurance man and later by the bond salesman.

There were several theories about Lightning Rods; the salesman's argument was, that every building was sure to be struck some time and would be set on fire, if there was not an iron rod to conduct the stroke safely from the top of the building into the ground. The scientist's theory was, that the reason a building was struck was because of its being charged with one kind of electricity (positive or negative) while the low clouds of a passing thunderstorm, might have the opposite kind. Therefore the function of a rod was to gradually neutralize the electricity of

the house with that of the clouds, in which case, no stroke could take place. It was said that in a storm, one standing near the point of a rod, could see the electricity scintillating from it, in this process of neutralization. Another theory was that the rods did no good whatever and still another theory, that they were worse than useless, endangering the house, by attracting a stroke to it.

The Birth of Bryn Mawr

At the end of the Sixties, a radical change began in the Haverford neighborhood. The railway, as originally laid out, took the easiest courses around hills, or swerved here and there to suit some politician's pleasure, having been built by the State. The Pennsylvania wishing to eliminate a long detour past the old White Hall Hotel, found it necessary to make a deep cut through the high ground covering the proposed cut-off. This was considered to be injurious to the neighboring farms and heavy damages were claimed for the right of way, so it was found to be cheaper to buy a large farm with some adjoining tracts and utilize it for a real estate operation. This property, which was the beginning of Bryn Mawr, included nearly all the land between what is now Penn street, the Gulph Road, Roberts Road and the present railway tracks. The Railway Company plotted it out into building lots and to make it exclusively

residential, all the deeds of sale prohibited all manufactures, stores, shops, livery stables or "buildings for any offensive occupation." The houses to be erected on Montgomery avenue had to cost not less than $8000 and on other avenues $5000, and to be set back a fixed distance, and these restrictions were made to govern the sales of the properties for all time.

The Railway Company first built a double frame house on the northwest corner of Morris and Montgomery avenues, with the idea of its being occupied by purchasers of lots, while their new houses were being built. The Baldwin School started in this building, which later was doubled in size and became the "Lancaster Inn." The Railway Company also erected the "Bryn Mawr Hotel" in order to attract settlers to the neighborhood.

The Bryn Mawr Hotel

The hotel soon became a favorite resort for men who could not leave their business for more than the conventional two weeks in summer, and wives were content then to stay with their husbands near the source of their revenue. It was not usual for husbandless families to spend months in Maine or Canada, though husbands then did not have golf for a substitute, which some of them now find quite compensating. Thus the hotel in its early days was full all summer, while in later years it had to be given

up, because it was practically empty in July and August, though crowded in June and September. Other similar hotels around Philadelphia failed, for the same reason.

Among those at the Bryn Mawr Hotel were P. R. R.'s Vice President, Mr. Du Barry, and his family, and Vice President Cassatt's parents and artist sister, the elder Mr. Cassatt was a "gentleman of the old school," tall and dignified, dressed in summer in an immaculately clean white linen suit; Richard Brinton, now living at Overbrook; Mr. and Mrs. George L. Harrison and Mr. Oliver Landreth and family. Then there were the four fine-looking sons of Townsend Whelen. Henry, the father of Billy Whelen, was considered the handsomest man in Philadelphia, but his long waving whiskers would look queer now on a young man. Charlie married one of the Violett girls, who were also at the hotel. They came from the South, and their parents evidently thought that their floral surname should have euphonious Christian names, so one was "Mignonette" and the other "Lily," while their brother was Wood Violett. No woman in years so charmed Philadelphia's social life, as Mrs. Charlie Whelen, while she was also an indefatigable church and social service worker, especially in uplifting fallen women.

The writer was doing some little service for her once and she said: "I don't know why all you men are so kind to me." The answer was the same as to "What makes the lamb love Mary so?"—"Because Mary loves the lamb, you know." She indeed loved every one—rich and poor, good and bad, young and old, men and women. What a heaven this world would be, if all were like her. She, however, loved her husband most of all and well she might, for he was one of the very best of men, though he appeared to the gay set, rather dull, compared with his more brilliant wife.

Other young girls at the hotel were Mary Taggart (Mrs. Frank Rogers), Marion Durborow (the first Mrs. Frank Wirgman), Maggie French (Mrs. Rulon Miller) Ella Bullock (Mrs. Michener), Bessie Horstmann (Mrs. Walter Lippincott), Hattie Bucknell (Mrs. Harry Hopper), Laura Baker (Mrs. Henry Whelen, now Mrs. Kuhn) and the Pearson girls, one of whom became Mrs. John Pearce, the mother of Mrs. Andy Wheeler.

Among the boys were Will and George Philler, Percival Roberts, who now has a large country place back of Narberth; Charlie Williams, who later lived at Haverford, and many others.

Isaiah V. Williamson, a lovable, little, dried-up, old bachelor, was a familiar figure at the hotel. He had piled up a large fortune by means of not spending anything, at least nothing that he could help spending. He rode to and from the station in the hotel bus, until he discovered at the end of the week that it was charged on his bill at a nickel per, when he indignantly refused to ride in it again. His best friend, E. Y. Townsend, then took him to and fro in his carriage, which the old gentleman enjoyed and felt that he had put one over on the hotel. Mr. Williamson also enjoyed buying cheap bonds, say $100,000 at 80 per cent., giving them to a hospital or other charity at par on his books, thus showing a profit (?) at the end of the year of $20,000. It made him feel good and there was no excess profit tax then. He started the "Williamson Trade School" with an endowment of two millions. His friends urged him to make it larger (he was worth about twenty millions), but he said he felt it was an *experiment* and he wanted to wait a few years to see if the plan was a success; if so, he would give it more—he was about 85 then. He died before he considered it a success, though it surely was and still is. Many young men owe their success in life to it.

Mr. Williamson had a new will drawn up and waited some time to sign it, while he tried to persuade Mr. Townsend to be an executor. He died before it was signed, and his millions were divided according to an old will, made before he was so rich, most of his wealth going to distant relatives, whom he knew little of. The only surviving executor of the old will was Daniel B. Cummins. Mr. Williamson had refused to make him an executor of the new will, as he said, "Dan is too old to be an executor."

Old John M. Kennedy was another hotel "Character," as he came over from his house every evening with his tin lantern, for a game of cards with his hotel cronies. He was a kind-hearted man and a favorite companion, but he did love a row. It was said that he would obtain a pew in a church, if he heard that it had a fight on, such as unfortunately many *Christian* churches indulged in then and now.

The first hotel was burned to the ground in a few years and a new one, erected on its site by a neighborhood syndicate, is now rented to the Baldwin School. The new hotel, of which Allen Evans was the architect, cost its promoters half a million dollars, half being in stock and half in bonds; the stock never paid a cent of income and when the bonds finally could not pay their interest, the mortgage was foreclosed and now

even the capital that represents the old bonds, does not earn anything; many large summer resorts have had the same history.

The surroundings of the first hotel were quite unattractive, compared with what the Baldwin School now enjoys. In front, were two large unsightly ice ponds, which became mud ponds in dry weather, being fed only by a small stream that is now in a culvert. The country then had to depend on ponds for ice, as there were no artificial ice plants, so a warm winter meant no ice for the next summer, except what might be brought from Maine in boats that carried coal the other way.

There were few or no trees then in the Bryn Mawr tract; the Railway Company planted young maples along the avenues, but they did not look like real trees for many years. Some one said they looked like the toy trees that came in children's "Noah's Arks." The hotel attracted many of the old-time neighborhood "Boarders," who reveled in the luxuries of gas light and bath tubs; there was at least one bath room to each hotel floor, for about fifty people; but the old boarding houses also kept full and increased in numbers, as country summering was fast becoming a habit for Philadelphians who could afford it. As the "Red City" increased in size, its brick pavements and house

walls made hot summers unendurable, the bricks absorbing heat all day and radiating it all night. A small prospectus published by the Railway Company, in 1874, listed 54 boarding houses from Overbrook to Downingtown, with accommodations for 1330 "guests," exclusive of the Bryn Mawr Hotel, which held 250. The largest of these houses was the "Summit Grove," a frame building erected on the south side of the Bryn Mawr Station, holding about 80 people. It has since been torn down and "Summit Grove Avenue" preserves its memory. The altitude of the new Bryn Mawr, being 400 feet above that of the city, helped much to make it attractive for the summer. Chestnut Hill had always bragged of its high air, but when the Government published its official list, based on the height of the rails at the respective railway stations, it was found that Bryn Mawr was listed as *four inches* higher than Chestnut Hill, and the former crowed over the latter accordingly. The stations in each place are, however, both considerably below other nearby ground.

The Main Line showed the first symptoms of getting gay, when the hotel got well under way in its second summer of 1873. "The Bryn Mawr Assemblies" were the events of the season and were run by George Kimball, who is still an active officer of the Fidelity Trust Com-

pany. He was assisted by Henry Whelen, Jr., E. Dunbar Lockwood, Charlie Williams and H. C. Spackman and about 500 people attended each of the "Assemblies." Other entertainments of the summer were a magic lantern exhibition by Will Struthers, a comic talk by Benjamin Franklin Duane, a Mock Trial, and an Orpheus Club concert. This was soon after the club started, forty-six years ago, and one of its original members is still singing in its public concerts. It is curious to consider that these hotel functions continued through the whole of hot summers; as stated, Philadelphia had not yet acquired the expensive and unnatural habit of seeking distant climes, for cold in summer as well as for heat in winter. It is an evident fact that climates having great extremes of alternate heat and cold, produce the highest type of human beings, while those having continuous extremes of either heat or cold produce much lower types. So let us be thankful for the land we live in and not grumble at our hot summers and cold winters.

The hotel life was quite similar to that of the old boarding houses, only it was gayer and more formal, as was natural with so much larger a population. In the afternoon nearly everyone drove or rode. Cavalcades of perhaps twenty-five riders would go out together and explore

the country roads for miles around. Women and girls used only side saddles; bifurcated riding would have been looked upon with horror. The Radnor Hunt had not started and little hunting or jumping was indulged in. The roads were all "dirt roads" except the "Lancaster Pike," which was very rough and ridgey, without any smooth surfacing. The dirt roads were fine for horseback, but became a foot deep in mud when it rained, and in winter almost impassable.

Roads

The old "Haverford Road" that ran through the White Hall district, was then a "Plank Road," that is one-half of it had heavy boards laid close together, unpleasant to ride on, but a great boon in muddy weather.

When the Bryn Mawr tract was laid out, its avenues were covered with a coarse gravel from pea to chestnut size and progress through it was a slow crunch, but it was a slow age and its inhabitants seemed to take inconveniences for granted.

There was one man, however, who didn't. The Railroad's Vice President, Mr. Cassatt, was very fond of driving, especially a four-in-hand coach, and the roads exasperated him. So notwithstanding his arduous railway duties, he accepted the position of Township Road Super-

visor and commenced a slow but sure improvement in the principal roads, instituting macadamized roadbeds, which were hard and smooth for driving and lasted many years, until the speeding automobiles came along and tore them all to pieces, though most of the owners coming from the city and elsewhere paid no township taxes for the upkeep.

Mr. Cassatt also got up a company of his friends to buy the Lancaster Pike as far as Paoli and made a first-class macadamized road of it. Toll was charged to keep it in order, and it was a great boon to the driving public for many years.

In time the growing automobility, who seemed to think they owned the roads, and chafing at Toll Gate stopping, called its owners "robber barons" and finally compelled the State to buy it and put the cost of its upkeep on the taxes of the general public, whether the latter used it or not. Now that motor traveling and transportation on the public highways have become so general, it would seem more fair that the latter should be entirely financed by taxes on the vehicles in proportion to their destructiveness. Perhaps by the next fifty years, travel and transportation will be principally through the air and roads will not be needed much. It has begun.

The automobile speeders not only thought they had the right to tear up the township roads by their fast driving, but they were recklessly regardless of carriages and pedestrians; as some one has well said, they put the latter into either of the creed divisions of the "quick and the dead." Experience of time and punishment for serious accidents have made most of the motor drivers now more careful; their eyes are now generally over their wheels, though some girls frequently have theirs elsewhere when passing friends and especially in the city when passing such attractions as the gown and hat shops on Walnut street.

The so-called "automobility" was the bane of the horse driver. It took a long time for horses to get used to a thing that had no visible means of propulsion, as the Chinese described it "no pushee, no pullee, go like hellee." Most horses arose on their hind legs as soon as they saw the thing coming and should they be slowly wending their way up a hill on a narrow road while the devilish thing appeared descending, it was alarming both to horse and man, especially when the motor driver was an inexperienced reckless youth and the machine swerved violently from one side of the road to the other, it seemed an even chance of hit or miss to the ascending horseman. Motoring was looked upon

then as a sporting proposition by irresponsible youths.

Mr. Wayne McVeagh, who was very fond of driving his horses, threatened to shoot at sight one such youth, who was utterly regardless of every one, as he plied his new sport; some others, old enough to know better, were similar offenders.

Some old-fashioned people could not get used to the new invention and did not imagine that its use would ever relegate the horse to oblivion and some put signs on their gates forbidding its entrance. Now, when they have found how comparatively harmless it has become under proper management and its cleanliness is so greatly to be desired over the horse, they feel like changing the sign to "no horses allowed."

The neighborhood owed more to Mr. Cassatt than to any other man in the matter of general improvements and in all the details of roadbuilding, his invaluable assistant was a young lad—John Dunne, who after all these years is still efficiently on the same job. Of course, as a young man, he made mistakes and naturally heard from his boss about them. Once when Mr. Cassatt was going to Europe he tried to persuade his wealthy friend, Mr. Gillingham, of Villa Nova, to act in his absence; the latter said

he could not possibly give the time to it, to which Mr. Cassatt made one of his characteristic quick replies, "Why, Joe, there's nothing at all to do but *damn Dunne.*" Dunne did all the rest, and the damning meant only the essential overhead advice. The road beds of today have to be of very different character and made as hard as iron to stand the grinding of the machines that tear over them and into them without money and without price, except a comparatively small State license fee. Large motor trucks now compete with regular freight traffic by using the free public highways, against the old railway carriers, whose roadways have cost millions to purchase, equip and maintain. It is the order of the day now, to get things for nothing. In old times you had to pay for what you got and work for what you paid for it with.

The name the Railway Company gave to its new village, was taken from the home of Rowland Ellis, who in colonial times settled the tract on the Gulph Road opposite where the college now is and he in turn, brought the name from his old home in Wales. As the new railway station was called Bryn Mawr, the old town of Humphreysville, consisting of a few dwellings on the Lancaster Pike, also acquired the new name and there are now several thousand residents using the station, from the Schuylkill

hills on the north to "Newtown Square" on the south. All of this territory calls itself Bryn Mawr, while the girls' college which soon started in the new settlement, seems to think the name belongs to it exclusively and so uses it; just as "Princeton" means to most people, the college and not the town of that name.

Civil Government

Bryn Mawr and its neighboring villages, are not political entities or boroughs, but are only names of communities that use the respective railway stations bearing these names; and they moreover have the political misfortune to be divided almost in half by the "County Line," which runs south of the main part of Ardmore through the Haverford College grounds, past the hospital then between Rosemont and Garrett Hill to Villa Nova. All citizens south of this line, live and vote in Delaware County and therefore have to go to Media for court and political transactions; while all north of the line being in Montgomery County, must go way over to Norristown in the other direction, and before the days of trolleys and automobiles, either way was an expensive and tiresome trip. These civic conditions make less interest in politics.

A Main Line village has, however, grown into a borough; soon after Bryn Mawr started, a settlement sprang up between Merion and Ardmore. It is now called "Narberth," but started

life as "Elm," brakemen called it "El-lum." It had the same infantile diseases that early Bryn Mawr suffered with—ponds and sloppy places, so that commuters beyond dubbed one side "Pond's Extract" and the other side "Slippery Elm," but boys today do not know the latter name and the past delights associated with it.

Chewing

In the Sixties, chewing gum had not been invented, and boys carried either "Licorice Root" or "Slippery Elm Bark" in their dirty pockets and chewed them at frequent intervals; while it may shock the present youth to know, that many of their grandfathers habitually chewed "the filthy weed," which, fortunately, is now only used for smoking—at least in polite circles. Cuspidors were then necessary furniture throughout the best houses, and their elimination shows one of the many improved conditions of modern life. Some men had a hard time to give it up. It was told of a well-known Southern clergyman, who came to Philadelphia to take charge of a large Episcopal church, that a friend made bold to say to him: "Your people are criticising you for expectorating tobacco *left and right,* as you walk down Chestnut street." The divine replied in apparent anger: "It is an infamous lie, sir; a true Southern gentleman spits *straight in front of him.*" He had a sense of humor, if not of refinement. Of course all

this chewing by old and young was very unsanitary compared with the nicely wrapped chewing gum that now seems to be pleasing to many people and is also recommended as a digestion aid when used in moderation after meals, but there were then no pieces of chewing gum on the pavements to stick to your shoes and some consider the new habit rather disgusting, especially in public places. The boys of the Sixties also indulged in frequent cent's worth of molasses candy or "yaller jack," generally wrapped in newspaper and causing their pockets to be in a chronic state of stickiness, calculated to invite and hold fast any microbes that drifted in. Some of the old boys still live, but many were good and died young. Lolly-pops or "suckers" had not been invented.

Flies

Speaking of sanitary matters, flies flourished in the Sixties. Nearly every country house had its horse stable nearby, which is now happily superseded by a cement floored garage, and stables, of course, bred flies by the millions. Wire fly screens were unknown; a few houses had flimsy pink mosquito netting over a few windows. Some had canopies of such netting over their beds, some had wire cages to cover each dish on the table, some had a mechanical fly fan in the middle of the table; if the table was long, it drove the flies down to the diners

at the far ends. In hotels, the colored waiters with large palm leaf fans kept the flies off a part of the time. Incidentally typhoid fever has practically disappeared from the disease list. It was not a healthy age and the Bryn Mawr Hospital, which has done so much to relieve suffering on the Main Line, had not yet been started and trained nurses had not been invented, there were only a few wild ones.

Medicine

Fifty years ago, Homeopathy was being experimented with by many, but its small pellets were laughed at by the "Old School," which was then wedded to its searching draughts. Some of the curing claims for the little pills were amusing, as when old John M. Kennedy used to brag of eradicating corns from his horse's hoofs by the administration of an occasional pellet, as recommended in his "Book of Family Cures." Think of the chances of the tiny pill getting lost on the way down from a horse's mouth. However, the "Old School" has learned something from Homeopathy's small doses, as one finds today in the offices of Old School practitioners, little bottles of tiny tenths and hundredths of a grain of curatives, and they have been found to have much more chance of doing good or at least less chance of doing harm than the old doses. Professional massage and its more educated outgrowth—Osteopathy, had not

come into vogue. Many sane people now have faith in the virtues of the latter profession and crowd its offices, though of course like all new treatments, some of its practitioners claim too much. It cannot cure everything and its more honest practitioners do not so claim. Its treatment of congested portions of the human nervous system, certainly seems to assist nature's forces to resume their normal state. Of course faith in favorable results is part of the cure, as it is with medical treatment.

Nearly all such innovations have some grains of truth in them, sometimes many grains and time's crucible separates the useful truths from the mass of raw and fruitless theories.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Mr. Pepys recorded that he carried a hare's foot in his pocket and took a turpentine pill every morning and he never felt better in his life, but he wondered which remedy was responsible for his good health.

One hundred years ago, bleeding was considered a cure for many ills.

The writer has an old book titled, "The Physitians' Library." It has several hundred prescriptions, some of which are still in use; among those that have been abandoned (no doubt from lack of efficiency) are the following: "Mille-

pedes and Hog-lice being bruised and mixed with wine, help the yellow jaundice;" "Earthworms are an admirable remedy for cut nerves;" "To draw a tooth without pain, fill a crucible full of ants and when you have burned them, keep the ashes with which, if you touch a tooth, it will fall out." "Crab fish burnt to ashes, and a dram of it taken every morning, helps the bitings of mad dogs and all other venemous beast." "The brain of an Hare being roasted, helps trembling, makes children breed teeth easily, their gums being rubbed with it; it also helps the falling off of hair;" "the head of a coal black cat being burnt to ashes and some of the ashes blown into the eye every day, help such as have a skin growing over their sight." And so on, for several hundred pages. Will some of today's remedies seem as funny, some hundreds of years from now? Some of the most used family medicines of even fifty years ago, are little heard of today, Jamaica Ginger, Ipecac, Paregoric, Squills, Nitre and even Quinine are comparatively little used now, but efficient old Castor Oil still holds its own and Aspirin is now the sovereign remedy. We did not used to know what our blood pressures were. Surgeons had not then discovered the Appendix. No one had to have it out, or Mastoids, or Adenoids, or Thyroids, as no one knew they had them. If any of these things went wrong, you were blissfully ignorant of it and

there was a good chance of getting well or at least of dying a natural death; neither did you have to have your teeth X-rayed and yanked out.

Telephone

When the Telephone was introduced in the late 70's and early eighties, many refused to have it installed, for one reason or another. One prominent Main Line matron would not have one with her stable, as she said she was not going to have James (the coachman) whispering in her ear.

We wonder now how we ever got along without it—commercially and socially, but the frequency and length of the calls are often a nuisance. Many women and some men, seem to consider its use a function similar to an "Afternoon Tea," their lips glued to the transmitter with a stage kiss persistency and an unletgoable grasp of the receiver, like the hold of an electric battery handle; they talk of wind and weather and things beneath and heaven above (principally the former), while important business of other would-be users, often waits upon their pleasure. Why does not the Telephone Company put some time limit on local, as well as long distance calls and thus control the "wire hogs."

Township Government

To return to political matters, when the neighborhood began to get thickly settled, Mr. Cassatt foresaw that some form of local govern-

ment would become necessary, especially as to police protection. So he was instrumental in having the State legislature enact a law for the government of "Townships of the First Class" having a certain number of inhabitants. Lower Merion Township of Montgomery County was the first one in the State qualified to take advantage of the new law and its neighbor to the south, Haverford Township of Delaware County, followed in a few years. The governing body is a small number of elected "Commissioners" like a City Council and their powers of legislation and enforcing authority in all local matters is autocratic. They order sewers, sidewalks, street lights or anything they consider to be for the good of the community and property owners must pay for them. They assess the taxpayers whatever they consider adequate for road upkeep, police supervision, etc. School Directors are equally autocratic and some criticise their elaborate iron fences and that the children are unnecessarily carried to and from school in fine motor buses, etc., while taxes are increased proportionately, but it is easier to find fault than it is to govern and the position of Commissioner or school director has no pay, little thanks and plenty of fault finding.

So far the townships have been fortunate, with very few exceptions, in getting good,

public-spirited men to serve. Their functions are especially necessary as to policing the fast-growing neighborhood and neither life nor property would now be safe without this control. This fact is especially appreciated by those who can remember the conditions that existed along the Main Line in the Seventies.

Strikes and Tramps

In 1873, the Jay Cooke failure was the last straw that broke the period of inflation resulting from the Civil War. The business world seemed to stop, thousands were thrown into idleness, and lawlessness spread over the whole country, culminating finally in the great railway strikes of '77.

Mr. Cassatt went to Pittsburgh to take charge there and was besieged one Sunday in the Round House by a howling mob surrounding it, while his anxious wife spent most of the day in the railway tower at Bryn Mawr trying to ascertain as to his safety. The First City Troop was ordered to Pittsburgh and had a hard experience. Similar scenes were enacted at the Pennsylvania's Terminal, in West Philadelphia; Vice President Thomson was shut up for days in his office on the second floor of the small station, while a mob surrounded it on all sides and a rope was hanging over a limb of a nearby tree ready for him, if they got him. The city had a Mayor of the plain kind, but a forcible man,

determined to enforce authority. Stokley gathered his police force together one day and led them out to the railroad yards; his instructions to them were, not to fire a shot, but to charge the mob with uplifted clubs and to "mark every man so you'll know him the next day." The backbone of the disorder was broken and a regiment of "regulars" was sent by the Government to take charge, which was a great relief to the commuters, who had been for days obliged to pass through the mob to get to their trains. Faces in the crowd reminded one of Cruikshank's drawings in "Barnaby Rudge," for the lowest dregs of the city's slums had taken advantage of the disorder to indulge their appetite for violence, having nothing to lose and possibly something to gain.

Along the Main Line roads, tramps roamed day and night during all the strike summer and to a lessening degree during subsequent summers. Cooks in large houses fed a dozen or more of the hoboes every day at the kitchen door, for the place was apt to suffer some depredation, if meals were refused. The "Knights of the Road" made private chalk marks on gate posts, indicating the quality of the fare or the character of the dog. A few Bryn Mawr young men organized a "Protective Association," choosing John Converse for their President;

Walter Bevan, John Townsend, Hugh Barratt and Samuel Garrigues were the most active in it. Three or four police officers were engaged and the community breathed more freely, while at Rosemont, a "Relief Association" was started by John B. Garrett, who is now one of the grand old men of the Main Line, in his eighties. They opened a soup house and fed the deserving hungry, perhaps also some undeserving ones. In 1888, the two organizations combined into the "Bryn Mawr Citizens' Association," which was later expanded and incorporated as the "Main Line Citizens' Association and is still doing good work for the welfare of the community. One of the old Association policemen—Powers—is still on the job as a Township officer as active and as good looking as ever.

In 1879, a business revival came and the tramp guild ceased to acquire new members, but many old ones had become so enamoured of the free and easy roaming life that they never could return to work and it was several years before they all died off. Some of them were the result of the Civil War life and had never worked since '65.

These tramps wintered in the County Poor Houses and with the first robin, would begin their summer wanderings, sleeping in barns and empty houses and feeding at the kitchen doors,

some were quite well educated. One Bryn Mawr habitue used to swap poems dedicated to the mistresses of the house where he received good meals.

The old Tilghman ruins which stood for many years where Henry Tatnall's house now stands, was filled every summer night with a large number of tramps and their singing could be heard until the small hours. At that time there were neither public nor private street lights and no sidewalks, except an occasional boardwalk with an occasional board missing. So between the singing tramps, the pitchy darkness and the unsure footways, it required a very attractive girl to lure a young man to an evening call, while social functions were few and far between.

Cattle also then roamed the roads at will; fortunately, women then wore skirts that they could run in, when necessary. Trying to navigate two walkers inside of one leg of a pair of trousers, like the present one-legged girls do, would have been fatal to a cow met maiden.

The Tilghman ruins were the most conspicuous feature on the hill in the middle of the new treeless village. Mr. Tilghman's place extended over to what is now the Shipley School, and his large mansion was provided with a gas machine

in the cellar. One winter night, the extreme cold made the gas sluggish, so that the man in charge put a candle under the main pipe to accelerate the action and *it did;* the family left the house soon afterwards, without the formality of dressing.

Mr. Tilghman did not want to sell his land to the railway, and for some years it was the only piece in the new village that the company did not own. Finally, however, in the late Seventies it was sold to E. Y. Townsend, who lived on the adjoining place fronting on Merion avenue. Mr. Townsend sold the portion south of Montgomery avenue to the railway, which incidentally allowed it to widen the cut for the much-needed additional tracks for freight use. North of Montgomery avenue was a deep ice pond, made by damming a small stream, which later was put into a large pipe and the hollow filled in with the earth from the widened railway cut. The College Skating Pond is now formed from this same stream.

About the first city resident of the new Bryn Mawr, was Mr. Charles Wheeler, who rented the old Humphreys homestead, while he was building his new house beyond the Gulph Road, where his family still lives. The summer the Wheelers had the old house, their eldest son Charles was born and he was therefore the first

inhabitant born in the new "Bryn Mawr;" later the house was purchased by old John M. Kennedy and still later by Theo. N. Ely, of the Pennsylvania Railway. Mr. Andrew Wheeler—the Wildgoss boarder—built a house opposite his brother's, which is now occupied by Mr. Walter Lippincott.

The Growth of Bryn Mawr and Its Early Families

The population of Bryn Mawr and its neighborhood soon began to grow by leaps and bounds. The hotel had made it socially popular and the railroad had added many more trains when it began to run over its new cut-off. Philadelphians also began to appreciate the charms of country life and purchased tracts of several acres, some ten and some a hundred. P. R. R.'s Vice President Mr. Edmund Smith, considered land near the present Haverford Station and thought that $300 per acre was too much, so purchased up at Villa Nova, where Samuel Bodine now lives. It is now worth $20,000 an acre. Vice President Thomson had a beautiful place at Merion and entertained extensively there. Vice President Cassatt bought at Haverford, where his family still lives, and Vice President Pugh bought the old Peter McCall place at Overbrook. Vice President Du Barry's young assistant, Sam Rea, bought Addison Hutton's house at the corner of Montgomery and Morris avenues, and continued to

live in the modest abode for many years after he became President. Addison Hutton, a Quaker and an architect, was responsible for the style of many old Main Line houses. He was fond of high peaked roofs, and when he essayed the new Presbyterian Church, he followed the same inclination. Later on the church people had to put in a false ceiling to keep the preacher's voice from getting lost in the peak. Between the Hutton house and the station, his brother-in-law, Dr. Savery, built a frame house. He had most of the practice of the new neighborhood and was a good old-fashioned family physician, but he used to make young mothers nervous by remarking that he *hoped* a child's sore throat would not develop into diphtheria. Later Dr. Chrystie took his house and his practice, both of which he still holds, but both much increased in size.

Among early builders in the new tract were Mr. Goff at the Penn street corner, where two daughters still live, while a third one is now Mrs. Alba Johnson; Mr. R. D. Barclay, of the P. R. R., whose grandchildren—the Sculls—still live in the house on Roberts Road; Mr. George Allen, whose daughter, Mrs. Kerbaugh, lives in the old place at the Merion avenue corner. Mr. Kerbaugh gives much of his time to civic matters, as head of the Township Commission,

a position of great responsibility and hard work. Such service is not sufficiently appreciated by the community that profits by it. It is remarkable how many of the houses of nearly half a century ago, are still occupied by the original families.

Mr. Henry Whelen, Senior, built one of the first houses at the Merion avenue corner, where the Marvin house now stands, and it was a great event among the young people of the new Bryn Mawr when the western Whelens came to town. While Townsend Whelen and his brother Edward, had long been prominent in financial and social Philadelphia, their younger brother Henry had gone west in early life, to seek his fortune and, like many others, had not found it to any great extent. So he and his New England wife becoming homesick, came back east in the early Seventies, bringing six pretty and attractive daughters, and the west had not changed the agreeable manners of the inborn gentleman. His daughters soon made their house the social rendezvous of the whole neighborhood; the oldest, Minnie, was sedate like her father; the second, Lizzie, a statuesque beauty, with perfect Grecian features, married a wealthy Baltimore man—Clr y Miller—and her daughter Elsie (Mrs. Large) later became prominent in Philadelphia society. The third Whelen daughter—

Hannah—was the most vivacious of the family, attractive to both old and young, and it could be truly said of her what a noted Bishop once said of her cousin Charlie Whelen's wife, that "she pleased both God and man." What better can be said of any one? It was a surprise one day to her young friends to hear of her engagement to an older man—Hunter Ewing; she chose a man of fine character and settled ways and drew a prize and so did he. Her daughter married the well-known artist Thorton Oakley. The three younger Whelen girls married respectively Will Lycett, Walter Eustis and Guy Johnson.

Another early settler on Merion avenue near Montgomery avenue was Mr. E. Y. Townsend, who had been at "Wildgosses" for several years and later at the Bryn Mawr Hotel. He was foremost in every public movement and a friend of all his neighbors, not only the affluent ones, but just as much with all the mechanics and laboring men of the neighborhood, with whom he came in contact and many a Bryn Mawr artisan owed his start in life to him. One incident of his life out of many, will show his character. A friend related that he once saw him in a street car on a cold winter day, when an old woman entered, carrying a large basket and her gloveless hands were chafed and bleeding.

When Mr. Townsend left the car, he was seen to pull off a pair of new fur gloves and drop them into the old woman's lap, as he hurriedly left the car.

As memorial trees have become a praiseworthy fad, it might be mentioned that Mr. Townsend's uncle, Mr. Eli K. Price, sent him in 1876 a little Turk oak tree to keep his memory literally green. It still stands at the front gate on Merion avenue, a fine large specimen of nearly half a century's growth. Mr. Price's grandson, of the same name, is now also interested in trees, as head of the Park Commission of Philadelphia.

Large Outlying Country Places

Many farms outside of the Bryn Mawr tract were early bought by Philadelphians for country homes. Among the first to purchase was Mr. George W. Childs, Editor of the Public Ledger, who took up a large property on the new road that had just been laid out, southward from White Hall, called "Bryn Mawr Avenue." Mr. Childs built a large house and called his place "Wootton" and his heart was as big as his house. It was "Welcome Hall" for all distinguished as well as undistinguished visitors. He made a point of inviting many prominent people to stay with him and as he was a man that tried to

share everything he had with every one he knew, he invited all his neighborhood friends to meet the celebrities, while Mrs. Childs ably assisted him in receiving all comers. Any stranger was welcome to enter the place and enjoy its beauties, there were no signboards to the contrary. General Grant was an occasional visitor among others at Wootton, and Mr. Childs' friends had an opportunity of meeting him personally, finding the otherwise taciturn man, quite an agreeable conversationalist when alone with him. General Grant planted a memorial tree on the Wootton lawn, as did also General Sherman, President Hayes, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, A. J. Drexel and many other noted people.

In these same early days, Mr. Childs and his inseparable friend, Mr. Drexel, founded the town of Wayne, as a real estate operation. These two men were a mutual admiration society and were generally seen together. Mr. Childs, taking the leading part in their many joint operations, was like the hands on the face of a clock; while Mr. Drexel supplied the funds and was the mainspring and balance wheel, both equally important and interdependent for a useful and efficient mechanism; neither a man nor a clock

being of much use without hands, or hands without the power behind them.*

Mr. Childs was too generous to pile up a large fortune; while Mr. Drexel, notwithstanding a generous and noble heart, was such a natural money maker, that it piled up faster than he could give it away. He named a son after his friend and this son now lives on the old Childs' place.

Mr. Childs was asked one day, why they built their new town so far up the road, when there were numerous properties, just as available nearer the city; he quickly replied with his characteristic humor, that it was in order to give the new settlers more time to read the "Ledger" on the trains. He gave a clock to every bride he knew; when the writer's bride got her's, Caldwells told him, Mr. Childs had ordered six bridal clocks that day.

---

*Newspaper extract: "In the proprietory affairs of 'The Public Ledger,' when George W. Childs was alive, for nearly thirty years the senior Anthony J. Drexel and his brothers had three-fourths of the ownership of that newspaper, Mr. Childs having a life interest in one-fourth, although most of the public believed he was the sole proprietor. The manner in which the Drexels guarded their identity as the controlling proprietors was hardly known to one Philadelphian in a hundred during the greater part of the time, although among professional men it finally came to be an open secret."

Another neighbor who welcomed distinguished visitors, was Garfield's Attorney General, Mr. Wayne MacVeagh. His place, overlooking the Schuylkill Valley, was a "show farm" and his cattle were worth as much as diamonds. He liked to get off the old joke to his dinner guests, that they were equally welcome to champagne or milk, as they cost him the same. His witticisms were apt to have a sting in them, but his friends understood him and accepted them good naturedly. At one time, he was dining a large company of distinguished jurists and lawyers and in welcoming them, began by saying: "I see before me a great many lawyers, who will never be judges and a great many judges who will never be lawyers." He, however, met his match, when Archbishop Ryan came to the Roman Catholic Diocese. At the first formal dinner they met, Mr. Roberts, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was present and Mr. MacVeagh, the Attorney of the road, in a welcoming speech to the new Archbishop stated that the latter should know that it was usual for railway presidents to exchange passes, and understanding that the Archbishop could assure any one a passage to the better world, he suggested that he and Mr. Roberts exchange passes over their respective lines. The Archbishop in reply, said that he understood Mr. Roberts never went anywhere without his

Attorney with him, which fact rendered it impossible for him to exchange passes with him, otherwise he should be very glad to do so.

Near Mr. MacVeagh's place was, and still is, the old Crawford farm and the present representative of the family is well known in Philadelphia, as the father of the Parkway and other progressive city matters.

The Main Line has been indebted to the Baldwin Locomotive Works for many of its most helpful citizens and their show places. First, Mr. Henzey, an old Wildgoss boarder, laid out his large place at Wynnewood, where his daughter, Mrs. Ashton, still lives. Mr. Williams followed with his place on the hill opposite "Wootton," the outlines of the house resembling a locomotive, and it is still occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Dreer. Then John Converse, Bryn Mawr's greatest all-around citizen—the former young Wildgoss boarder—built his mansion on the "Pike" at Rosemont. Alba Johnson then bought and enlarged the Joyce place on Montgomery avenue, making it a super-show place. Mr. Austin built a large place on the south side of the railroad at Rosemont but finding it too close to the trains, built a still more magnificent place on part of the Morris property on the Gulph Road. Mr. Vauclain, also a Baldwin president, had in the meantime erected a

large comfortable home near Mr. Converse's. Seven large places, all the result of brains and energy applied to locomotives.

The members of the firm of Strawbridge & Clothier built almost as many large homes, beginning in the early days with that of Mr. Isaac Clothier, Senior, at Wynnewood. Two other large places of the first settlers should be noted, those of Clement A. Griscom, at Haverford, and T. Wistar Brown at Villa Nova, both Quaker families, who lived without ostentation, but enjoyed the good things of life, which their respective heads had worked hard to provide and they deserved all they enjoyed. Mr. Brown accumulated a fortune and had the pleasure during his lifetime of spending a large portion of it for the good of his fellowmen. Hundreds who have had their sufferings relieved at the Bryn Mawr Hospital can bless his memory, and his gifts to it were only part of his many benefactions. The concentration of wealth is a blessing to the community, when it is expended as his was. Institutions founded and endowed by our many American millionaires of his kind, would never exist, if they depended on men of smaller means or waited for government action.

It is quite wonderful what beautiful country places have been made on the Main Line land, for the farming predecessors had a hard time to

raise their crops on it. The old Chester County farmers, who drove their produce down to the city markets in the small hours of the summer mornings, used to laugh at the efforts of the Montgomery County agriculturists and told them that there was no use trying to raise anything on clay or stones. What was not clay was "rotten rock" or schist, which lets all the farmers' fertilizers sink through to China. But city-made money bought the brains of landscape gardeners and fertilizers ad libitum, and the whole territory has blossomed out with beautiful flowers and choice imported shrubbery, while the new families enjoy their fresh vegetables, even if their cultivation does cost more than they can be bought for.

A card of Mrs. Lydia Hunn's game stated that, "whoso maketh two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is truly a benefactor," but old Swift in his "Gulliver's Travels" said more fully, that such men "do more essential service to the country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

Some of the creators of the show places are nature lovers and get real enjoyment out of them, but many value them only for their showiness. They have their cement curbed pools and "Formal Gardens," "Sunken Gardens," "Italian Gardens," "Japanese Gardens," or anything to

be as unlike nature as landscape architects can make them. Natural growth does not cost anything, so they must improve on nature, just as some modern girls and even some women of a certain type, think they can improve on the complexions God gave them. There were no painted cheeks and porcelain noses in the Sixties in respectable families, so that no vanity mirrors were needed or if they were, they were never used in public. The fair sex was contented then with "ready-made"—God-made complexions; "made to order" ones had not come into vogue. Score one for old times.

A flower lover likes to see flowers grow more as nature grows them, here and there and everywhere. As a book lover has more interest in individual books than in a row of uniform bindings, so a flower lover is more interested in individual specimens he chances across, rather than in a general chromatic effect of large well-ordered flower beds. He likes to browse here and there among his treasures, as a book lover browses among his dusty volumes, coming unexpectedly upon some forgotten friend.

The flower beds in some of the show places, resemble the books in their libraries, ordered by the yard, rows of blue and red and yellow, beautiful as color schemes and resplendent in their unsulliedness.

The grandparents that have gone before, doubtless enjoyed more real pleasure and contentment in their unpretentious dwellings and more natural gardens, than their descendants derive from the formality and grandeur of their modern life. The former residents also all knew each other and there were no great distinctions of luxurious living. Now there are many grades of social status. As an illustration, when Grape Fruit was first introduced to the table, it could only be indulged in by the affluent. When the wife of a prominent Haverfordian was endeavoring to ascertain the "parts of speech" of a new neighbor, through the medium of the garbage collector, he replied, "Madam, the'r not yer kind 'tall, 'cause I haint fetched a piece of Grape Fruit from the'r kitchen, sence they 'come." After all what is aristocracy? The war has emphasized that a life of service should be esteemed over the aristocracy of wealth or even of culture. What one has done for others, what one has done to make the world better, should be the test of excellency.

Haverford, around the Merion Cricket Club, was considered at one time the center of the Gold Belt, but now streaks of gold (and some of gilt) radiate from the whole Main Line axis, while certain sections, have acquired more special characteristics. High-brow centers have

grown around the colleges in South Haverford and North Bryn Mawr. In the latter, within a radius of 600 yards, at least 1000 girls congregate for mental culture; there being within the literary district five large schools in addition to the college. Many of the pupils are of raw western material, who come to acquire mental culture, but they must also be taught the fact of our university's motto, that "learning without manners, is an empty thing." (Literae sine moribus vanae). Some seem slow in acquiring the manners.

The Business Community

On the south side of Ardmore, Bryn Mawr and Rosemont, live today the principal business communities of the Main Line. These districts have become large attractive villages with populations of a high order of usefulness, respectability, and happiness, who are really doing things. The Bolsheviki, who labor only with their mouths, would blot such people out of existence and have about done so, in poor Russia.

The business communities of the Main Line in the Sixties were like the sports, there were none. An occasional small country store and a blacksmith shop, constituted the business outside of farming and they were all that were necessary. There was this combination at "Academyville" north of the present Merion

Station and another such at Libertyville on the "Old Lancaster Road" (now Montgomery avenue) north of Wynnewood. It was a station on the old Columbia railroad, the line of which can still be traced by rows of trees near where the toll house was and the square stone blocks to which the small rails were bolted, can occasionally be seen along the road side. "Athensville" (now Ardmore) had a store or two and "Humphreysville," now the centre of Bryn Mawr village, was only a few old stone dwellings, strong along the Lancaster Pike, with McClellan's blacksmith shop at the east end, opposite the old Buck Tavern, and at the west end (now Rosemont), the "West Haverford Store," now occupied by Lippincott and Eadie.

Most of the land between Whitehall and Humphreysville, was owned by the Lindsays, whose daughter married Samuel Black, the Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and he built the large house near Bryn Mawr Station, where his daughters recently lived, now the Memorial Community House. Mr. Black, a fine type of old style railroad man, amused himself, in his retiring years, by starting a creditable little local newspaper, "The Home News," which has grown and improved itself, and still fulfills a useful service in the community after forty-five years of journalistic life.

The business man in the Sixties of what is now the Bryn Mawr district, was old Charley Arthur. He ran the White Hall Hotel and many other things. His son Warner graduated as an engineer from the University of Pennsylvania, where the boys called him Ike, which is his front name. When his father died, he had to relinquish his profession to look after the family interests; later he became prominent as Postmaster and political leader and is now the Magistrate.

The Irish

Another all-round man and a good representative of the Irish race, was Michael Gallagher on Buck Lane. He used to boast that as a boy, he "borrowed without permission," from his father in the old country, $50 to pay his passage and that he returned it to the old folks many times over, as a result of American opportunity combined with hard work and typical Irish sagacity. In the same row with the Gallaghers lived little Jim Dougherty, a bright boy, who has become a prominent citizen, especially identified with ice manufacturing.

The Harts were another family whose children have made good. Enos became Superintendent of the Springfield Water Company. Phil is the President of the Bryn Mawr Trust Company, and Jim is a partner of the energetic and prosperous Joe Derham, who married a Hart

sister, while another sister married a well-to-do Wayne man. A fine example of an ideal Irish foundation and American superstructure family; their success due primarily to sensible parents teaching their children decent living and the dignity of labor. This is only one instance of many such Main Line families who have contributed to the high character of the community as a whole.

An Irish boy—A. J. County, who came over considerably less than fifty years ago, has also risen, by his own exertions, to next to the highest office in the great Pennsylvania Railroad and is now one of the rich men of the Main Line.

A fine old man in "out-of-door work" or "Landscape Gardening," as it is now called, was Edward Connelly, whose family is still prominent in the neighborhood as florists, and his daughter-in-law, known among her friends when a young girl as the village beauty, is one of the many Main Line wives, who have been indispensable to their husbands' business. Many such wives, in addition to their household and maternal cares, have kept their husbands' books, made out bills and checks and generally run the office end of the business, while the bread-winner was away at work. Certainly a noble type of woman from the standpoint of usefulness in the world, compared with the in-

creasing modern type that thinks she was principally made to expend the results of her husband's labor; or the type that prefers to labor in easier singleness, missing the pleasures and avoiding the duties of household and maternal life.

A new type of womanhood has now curiously arisen out of an educated and refined heredity and environment. The newspapers call them "Parlor Bolshevists," which include also some addle-brained youths.

To return to the Irish, in the middle of the last century they came in great numbers and were then our "foreigners," but many of their children and grandchildren are now the best of Americans. Even then, they resented the foreign term, since they had come to stay. One of their typical wits jumped to his feet, when the term had been applied to him at a political meeting, and shouted: "Wats the matter wid bein' a furriner, shure an' wasn't C'lumbus hisself a furriner?" True, so once was all our heredity. The English as they came up the Delaware were *foreigners* to the Indians and even to the Swedes who preceded them; even the Indians in the prehistoric past, came across what is now Behring Straits into this land of promise for all races. The Irish have been followed by Italians, Huns,

Poles, Slavs and other races, many of whose children are likewise making good.

Ancestry Americans should not boast much of ancestry, but be thankful when they can claim a healthy and intellectual heritage from clean living and sound-minded forefathers. The service and achievements of one's own life, is a better subject of pride than that of one's ancestors, but unfortunately such pride sometimes generates self boastfulness, which is really worse than boasting of one's ancestors. Why should one boast of one or a few ancestors, who may have been great in war or public service, but had perhaps other undesirable traits and qualities to transmit to their posterity. Then consider that in five generations one has sixty-two forebears to inherit good or evil from and conversely one ancestor of a few generations back may have a thousand descendants to spread his glory over, which makes it rather thin. Notwithstanding this, many consider that one illustrious ancestor creates a social distinction and a bond of union for social activities with others thus illustriously descended. Many women spend hours at the Historical Society tables, in person or by proxy, to find some name upon which to hang a membership in a society of ancestral requirements. Some years hence the descendants of the heroes of the late war will

number countless millions, if not most of the country's population; it will not be much distinction to be their descendants.

Some one has said, that some people have their eyes in the back of their heads, living only in the past; and some breeds seem to have "done shrunk up," as a darkie remarked when he first saw a "Toy Spaniel." *"Noblesse Oblige"*—sometimes, but not often and there is a great diversity of opinion as to what constitutes nobleness in America.

Americanism

There is also another fallacy indulged in by our English friends and their American worshippers that we are mostly an *Anglo-Saxon* people and they love to orate of the "Mother Country" and "blood thicker than water" and "the Anglo-Saxon race shall rule the world;" it *may*, but it is bad taste and worse policy to brag about it; it must sound irritating to those of other nationalities and it fosters unhealthy racial animosities. We of course were once principally of English stock and it was the foundation of our government, but from early times large portions of our country were settled by Swedes, Spaniards, French, Dutch, Irish and Germans, while during the last half century there has been such an enormous influx of other nationalities that probably half of our population has not much English blood and it is getting

gradually thinner. We are indeed a melting pot's product or like a thick vegetable soup, in which the stock is Anglo-Saxon—the strength of the soup; but the rest of it is the mixture that we see, taste and chew on.*

Even our language is gradually growing quite different from the English, and it certainly sounds very different, except as spoken by a few of the old stock in New England and by some a little further west, who think it sounds "cultured" to affect the English tone. A large portion of the pupils in our Bryn Mawr boarding schools come from the far West and some return to their old environment with broad a's and a general culture of English intonation, which must sound foolishly affected and irritating to their home associates; however, it probably soon wears off. Let us call our speech

---

*WHERE OUR IMMIGRANTS COME FROM

From the Columbus Dispatch.

"During the last 100 years something like 33,000,000 people have come to these shores. Nearly one-fourth of them have come from the United Kingdom—8,205,675 to be exact, or 24.7 per cent.

"The German migration to this country comes second, with 5,494,539, or 16.6 per cent. Italy has sent us 4,000,000; Austria-Hungary, the same number; Russia, 3,300,000; Scandinavia, 2,100,000, and all other countries combined, nearly 6,000,000."

"The *American* language," be proud of it and have it universally enforced among all comers, that we may be one speech and one people, neither Anglo-Saxon, Irish-American, German-American, nor any other hyphenated—half American, but just *American* and *all* American, and have no "Transatlantic" or other racial Societies that emphasize the hyphen or differentiate the lineage of some Americans from others.

Remember also as to any Anglo-Saxon heredity, that Saxons were and still are Germans—nothing to be proud of.

Plumbers

To return to the business of the Main Line, there were few or no plumbers in the Sixties, because few houses contained any plumbing. The few water rams, or windmills were looked after by a young man at Mill Creek named Greaves. He was a good fellow and a bright mechanic, but he had not the financial ability of the modern plumber. He never sent a bill and if you tried to pay him, he said, "What's the use, I owe it all and will have to pay it right out again, it won't do me any good." When Bryn Mawr started, William Love was the early plumber, as William Gray was its carpenter, both good men who started by carrying their kits around to their jobs and by hard, honest work, built up a large business. Big jobs were

done by city firms and the early gas machines in a few residences were generally put in by the Elkins firm of Philadelphia, and one of its young mechanics was Martin Maloney, who sometimes sat up all night with a Main Line machine that got a cranky spell. His brains and hard work in course of years, made him a millionaire and the altruistic expenditure of his earnings, caused the Pope to make him a Marquis.

Very few country houses had running water through them and newcomers into the neighborhood do not appreciate what they owe to the present water supply and other public utilities; without them, modern life would be unlivable and the price of land would revert to almost farm values. Many have a Bolsheviki idea of getting such service for little or nothing or having it furnished by the State, which is always more costly than private operation. It does not seem unreasonable that enterprising capital should have the saving thus effected, as interest on the investment and save the people that much charge on taxes.

Bryn Mawr College

When Bryn Mawr was about 10 years old, an institution was started there, that has spread its name widely.

A New Jersey Quaker—Dr. Taylor—contemplated building in his home State, a college for

girls that would give them a more useful and more broadening education than the fashionable boarding schools of the day provided, and he stated that his object in founding the school was that mothers might have better trained minds, in order to rear a higher grade of children. With this in view, he stipulated that the School should be conducted under Quaker control, as the people of that church are noted for their purity, sagacity and efficiency, especially in the rearing and education of the young. Dr. Taylor's friends persuaded him to locate his enterprise in Bryn Mawr instead of in New Jersey, and he was partly induced to do this, because he found there was good brick clay on the land that was offered. However when building was commenced, the Quaker architect of Bryn Mawr, Addison Hutton, persuaded the use of stone instead of brick for the original building, now called Taylor Hall. It is rather Quakerish looking, especially when compared with the more aesthetic buildings that have grown up around it. The latter conform to the University type of architecture and the primitive building looks out of keeping with them.

A dear old Quaker—Dr. Rhodes, presided over the early days of the college. He was loved and honored by his faculty, his students and the community and his administration was very

successful for the character of work the college was intended. His son Charles, a man of high character, like his father, has become one of Philadelphia's big financial men, and also did fine reconstruction work in France.

The later college management has made the institution more of a great university for the *highest* education of *superwomen* and has been active in fostering the endeavors of the "coming sex" to enter into the politics of the country, instead of being content to remain the power at home behind the throne, filling the *more important* function of molding and ruling the family. Now some timid men are fearful that it is only a question of time when their sex may lose its franchise entirely, as the colored race has in the South. The "new woman" is indeed doing many good things, but it is a question as to what effect the change will have upon the family life, upon the coming generation and upon civilization in general.

Young men are again growing moustaches, as they crave to do something girls can't do, but they may get fooled, for professional investigators have discovered indications of an increase of hirsute growth, breaking through the paint of the complexions of the former "fair sex" and it is conjectured that it is caused by the entry of the sex into hard avocations and hard sports,

heretofore called "manly." Pleasure seekers need not hereafter spend good money in dime museums to see the "Bearded Lady."

It is curious that after fifty millions or more of years, the woman whom God is said to have made for man's personal helpmeet, has, in our life time, become his competitor and co-equal in nearly all his sports and business.

The Present

This little book has sketched the *old* Main line; today its communities, designated by the Railroad Stations they use, now all run into one another, so that there is no definite line between them.

Beyond Bryn Mawr, there follows a succession of small villages with country places interspersed and spreading out for two or three miles on each side of the railroad. Rosemont, Villa Nova, Radnor, Wayne, Devon and other well-known names, follow 30 miles out from the city, covering a beautiful rolling country with high hills and deep valleys, of which city wealth has made a vast garden. Millionaires find that "gentleman farming" is the easiest way of spending money, even easier than a yacht. They enjoy the expensive luxury and incidentally they beautify the country, improve the strain of live stock, and subjectively improve themselves by the exercise and the fresh air they obtain in

overseeing their wide acres. They are thus made more fit for their struggles in the city marts, and it is much more wholesome for them than the card and billiard tables of the city clubs that used to engross their spare time. The dagoes, bless them, getting any price they choose to ask for their labor, when it is scarce; for the same reason, however, the old Main Liners have looked upon the advent of the millionaire as somewhat of a nuisance, as their smaller places have suffered for lack of labor, the price of which went out of sight during the war and stays there. Some of the objectionable type are regardless of their neighbor's interests in many other respects, though of course there are many families of large wealth, who do not flaunt it, but use it with discretion and regard for all, making just as desirable and agreeable citizens as the refined and conservative dwellers of more moderate means.

All of these features of recent suburban life, doubtless obtain around other large cities, and the Main Line has no more than its share of the extreme and objectionable type of millionaire, but the older Philadelphia suburbanites to the northward, have a way of alluding to the Main Line as if it had principally the "nouveau riche" characteristics. Unfortunately, the comparatively few of this kind are cultivated by the

social editors and the reading public judge the whole by the few, so that the Main Line seems to some to be largely a land of dinners and dances, of hunts and horse shows. The latter especially advertises the gay side, attracting hundreds from all parts of the city, who come to see, to be seen and to be thrilled with the exploits of those who seem to enjoy risking their bones to make a Main Line holiday. But a very large majority of the community are very much like other plain American people who live the simple life, unknown to the social columns. They use the trains and trolleys, and have no limousines to block the city's narrow streets or to require a wide Parkway for the journey to and fro. Lincoln said God shows he likes that kind best, by making so many more of them.

The most and best of the social pudding is always in the middle, but the hard crust on top is more conspicuous, and there is generally an unattractive sediment at the bottom.

Now as to the why of the Main Line progress. Better air to breathe and a craving for the open life, has appealed to many; ten miles out, the dwellers are four hundred feet in the air above the warm blanket that covers the city. Though in winter this condition makes ten degrees difference in the thermometer, the clear country

cold is generally more agreeable than the warmer city dampness.

More of the district's development has, however, resulted from the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, assisted by the Philadelphia & Western trolley, which parallels it nearby. The latter has trains every ten minutes, and half of them are expresses, which take ten minutes from South Bryn Mawr to Sixty-ninth Street, and the Elevated takes about twenty minutes more to Broad street. The Pennsylvania Railroad trains for an hour or two in the morning in and in the afternoon out, run, on an average, every ten minutes, and many of them are expresses, taking only twenty minutes from Bryn Mawr to Broad street, less time than the city trolleys take from outlying West Philadelphia districts. Forty minutes a day is not too long to spend on the trains, as a man who wants to keep up with these history-making times should spend at least that much on the current journals. For that purpose he is furnished a comfortable seat in a steady restful vehicle, with a breezy window in summer and warmth (generally too much) in winter. The poor, big rich man, however, has to roll and wobble and bounce to and fro in his limousine, so that he cannot read with comfort, but no doubt has plenty to think about and time to read his newspaper elsewhere.

Of course the city man when he first moves out, misses the city's night life. The gay boys miss the gayeties and the high-brows miss the intellectual treats that obtain in a large city, and it must be a very attractive evening entertainment to induce the average man of mature years, to make a second trip cityward; the country's advantages are, however, sufficiently compensating. The ideal life is a summer country house and a winter city one, but comparatively few can afford this, and for an all-the-year-house, the country one is certainly far preferable, especially when children are involved. The country is certainly the life for them, even in winter.

The apartment life, which is gradually reaching out along the Main line, is an easy one and fine for grown-ups, but it is no life for small children or dogs. The apartment managers are railed at when they rule out these two objects of care and affection, but they are unwittingly philanthropic, when they make such rules, for the life is hard on the children and the dogs are hard on the life.

A real house in the country, no matter how small, is indeed the life for those who still feel that it is a human and a civic duty to raise a family.

All of these considerations show why the Main Line has grown and keeps growing. Suburban life is the ideal life, and the Main Line is an ideal suburb.

The Future

It is well for us that we cannot see into the future, but we cannot help wondering what the next half century may have in store. Is it possible that there will be as many changes in public utilities and the general modus vivendi, as we have experienced in the last half century?

As a resume of this rambling recital, what more useful or enjoyable innovations will our children and grandchildren experience compared with trolleys, bicycles, automobiles, telephones, electric lighting, Welsbach burners, typewriters (human and mechanical), wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes, dirigibles, submarines, public water supply, running water and plumbing throughout small as well as large houses, public sewer systems, fountain pens, celluloid products, gas cooking, safety razors (a great boon to half the adult community), wire fly screens, victrolas, wrist watches, pure artificial ice, cold storage, trained nurses (even for your finger nails), porcelain bath tubs, vacuum cleaners, township government, hard smooth roads, cement sidewalks, concrete bridges, street lights, breakfast cereals, railway dining cars, 30 P. R. R. trains a day operated by air brakes and driven, heated and

lighted by electricity compared with six smoky trains heated by coal stoves and lighted by oil lamps; all these things have come into our life within fifty years and what we spend for them, accounts for a great deal of the high cost of living.*

What greater benefit will there be to the physique of old as well as young, girls as well as boys, than that produced by the now almost universal participation in athletic sports? What new games will be better than baseball, football, tennis and golf? What will future multitudes enjoy more than chewing gum and "movies?" What will the miscalled "leisure class" enjoy more than Horse Shows, Country Clubs, Hunt Clubs and Polo Matches? Some political economists think that the idealistic future will have no leisure class, but all workers rich and poor must have some time and place to play and the fact is, that the fathers of the "leisure class" families generally work like slaves most of their lives and the mothers, when they are real mothers, as many are, have plenty of work, too.

The war has shown also that most women can work when necessity and opportunity arises;

*Some of the innovations named existed in a crude or unserviceable condition before the Sixties. See addendum B.

perhaps now, women will seek opportunities for altruistic work more than before and now many of them have to do more of their own household labor, which may be "a blessing in disguise."

Finally, what greater solace will be found than cigarettes, though they have unfortunately evolved the new smoking girl, who is usually also the painted and powdered nose girl; then with her has come the half-clothed girl of the stage and ball-room and there is talk now of even a stockingless girl. (In some social sets, the smoking girls have become so numerous, that the young men are giving up the habit, as too effeminate.) Will the next half century produce anything worse than these? What next, good or bad, shall we have?

ADDENDUM.

SONS OF OLD ISRAEL MORRIS

I. *Stephen,* of Morris, Tasker & Co., giving name to "Morris Street" in South Philadelphia.

II. *Wistar,* who lived near his father and was for many years the financial director of the Pennsylvania Railroad; his daughter married the Rev. Charles Wood, of the Twenty-first and Walnut Street Church, and his granddaughter is Mrs. Logan McCoy and his grandson Morris Wood.

III. *Caspar* was one of the best known and most beloved family physicians of the city, one of the old-fashioned kind, whose personality cured as much as his medicines. He frequently spent his summers at his father's house and his grandsons are Effingham, of the Girard Trust Co.; Dr. Caspar, of the Reading Railway; Dr. Elliston, Herbert, Tyson, Cheston, Galloway, Lawrence, Wistar, William, and others.

IV. *Henry,* lived two or three miles west of his father's place, near Wynnewood. He was a kindly, eccentric man and in old age looked like a real farmer, generally appearing with a red bandanna handkerchief around his neck. His gate post bore a large printed sign: "Strangers welcome, pass through, but be sure to shut the gate." There was no "Trespassing Forbidden" sign. He was the father of Henry G. Morris, the President of the Southwark Foundry, who drove the first automobile on Broad street, about twenty-five years ago, a curious looking, high-wheeled affair. Henry G.'s sons, Saunders, Stephen and Hollingsworth, now live on the Main Line.

V. *Levi,* lived north of Villa Nova. His wife inherited a large tract of land stretching for two or three miles on the north side of the Gulph Road. Their daughter, Miss Catherine, still lives on the old place and their grandson, George Vaux, and a married granddaughter live near by; the rest of the land has been sold to the Pottses, Wainwrights, Austins, Wheelers and many others. Levi was killed at Haverford College Station on the old Railway, as he was trying to get on a moving train,

one slippery morning, just opposite where Edgar Felton now lives.

VI. *Israel,* settled near Villa Nova Station and his three sons, Theodore, William and Frederick, have built numerous houses there. Theodore had sixteen children; among them are William P., George, Dr. Harold, Christie and the Rev. Joseph; William's sons are Alfred, Reginald and the Rev. Richard; Frederick's sons are Frederick and Samuel (of the Girard Trust Co.) and his daughters married John B. Thayer, Walter Janney and Tom Baird.

The Morris family is a great typical American family, that America is the better for.

ADDENDUM B.

The National Cash Register publishes this list of 100 Things Not Known when it was Invented in 1879.

1. X Rays
2. Radium
3. Pianolas
4. Asbestos (Coverings)
5. Turbines
6. Liquid air
7. Harvesters
8. Antiseptics
9. Submarines
10. Gas engines
11. Skyscrapers
12. Parcels post
13. Ball bearings
14. Reflectoscopes
15. Vacuum brakes
16. Power elevators
17. High-speed steel
18. Fireless cookers
19. Vacuum bottles
20. Canning factory
21. Vacuum cleaners
22. Electric furnaces
23. Industrial hygiene
24. Steel construction
25. Department stores
26. Color photography
27. Smokeless powder
28. Telephotography
29. Electric locomotives
30. Telegraph tape printers
31. Rotary printing presses
32. Electric street railway cars
33. Automatic shoe machinery
34. Industrial physical education
35. Aluminum
36. Aeroplanes
37. Air brushes
38. Seismograph
39. Motorcycles
40. Gas mantles
41. Stereopticon
42. Pasteurization
43. Automobiles
44. Block signals
45. Carpet sweepers
46. Tube railways
47. Bertillon system
48. Asphalt paving
49. Addressographs
50. Janney couplers
51. Safety matches
52. Pneumatic tires
53. Industrial education.
54. Electric heating
55. Pneumatic appliances
56. Moving pictures
57. Electric welding
58. Hot dining plates
59. Pneumatic tubes
60. Automatic typewriters
61. Adding machines
62. Wireless telegraphy
63. Pneumatic mailing tubes
64. Picture post cards
65. Electric cooking utensils
66. Minimum wage scale
67. Industrial welfare work
68. Automobile fire equipment
69. Monorail
70. Acetylene
71. Dictagraph
72. Mailometer
73. Hydroplanes
74. Kinetophone
75. Air purifiers
76. Paper towels
77. Kinemacolor
78. Mertens press
79. School gardens
80. Cash registers
81. Boys' gardens
82. Photo-engraving
83. Telautography
84. Paper milk bottles
85. Maxim silencer
86. Smoke consumers
87. Hydro-aeroplanes
88. Fireless locomotives
89. Electric lighting
90. Measuring pumps
91. Typecasting machines
92. Wireless telephony
93. Edison storage batteries
94. Offset printing presses
95. Household heating plants
96. Commission government
97. Re-enforced concrete
98. Industrial safety appliances
99. Miners' electric safety lamps
100. Sanitary drinking fountains