

ALONG THE STREETS OF OLD LANCASTER

Vast changes in customs, manner and mode of living among the people residing along these streets of this colonial inland city of Lancaster have occurred over the passing years.

There was music in the air — not from phonograph or radio — but from the street organ-grinder who in most cases had with him a comical monkey that would go through the amused crowd, extended his hat for coins from the delighted people and the hurdy-gurdy with two attendants who alternated as the cranker and the collector; the little German band — little in numbers but large in volume — who “umph-pah-pahed” on the streets, especially in the vicinity of saloons. Here the mischievous city urchin would come up with a juicy lemon, sucking earnestly upon it directly before the player of the big bass horn whose salivary glands were activated so excessively that playing became very difficult; his patience exhausted, he would chase the urchin down the street until he realized pursuit was futile. Then there was the trained dancing bear whose master would hum out a tune to which the animal would do a side-step waltz, catching a huge club which would be thrown to him intermittently. There was the home-grown variety of harmonizers, of the barber shop class, who would gather on the street corner with guitars and mandolins, and regale the neighborhood with their kind of entertainment; however, no tincup was passed then. They were not singing in those days, “Love me tender,” but the popular songs were “Two little girls in blue,” “A bicycle built for two,” “I wonder what’s become of Sally,” “She may have seen better days,” “Just tell them that you saw me,” “The baggage coach ahead,” “A hot time in the old town tonight,” “Sweet Rosy O’Grady,” and “Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde.”

For a complicated contraption take a look at Reilly’s One-man Band. He was so versatile he could play a mouth-organ, play cymbals by a cord attached to his left foot, beat the huge bass drum on his back by sticks extended from his arms, operate an accordion with his hands, jingle small bells hanging from the rim of his hat. How it would please the children!

Those were the days with streets of cobble stones, if the streets were paved at all, and of dust and ruts. But even so, owners of fast steeds would start a race with a rival that could vie with the “hot-rods” of today. With snow on the ground Lime Street would resemble a race course with flying sleighs, jingling their strings of bells, and going like old Jehu. Often, on Saturday nights, an inebriated gentleman from the country would recklessly drive up North Queen Street to display the mettle of his mare, and just as regularly he would be apprehended at Chestnut Street, then taken to the call box on the south wall of the old depot. On arrival of the ancient horse-drawn Black Maria he would be hauled to the Grant Street police station.

Before the era of good roads, and when automobiles and motorcycles were a rarity, bicycling was in vogue and many cycling clubs were formed, and their "century runs" were a distinct social affair. Their occasional parades were interesting and attractive. But more attractive still was the innovation of the bloomer girl astride a bike. An organization of Lancaster boys traveled one summer to Boston and returned. Delighted with the experience, and forgetting the strenuous pedaling, they arranged a trip the following year to Cleveland, Buffalo and Niagara Falls. A customary sight on these streets was the barouche driven for the Steinman women who lived on West Orange Street at Market, and the business men, like J. Fred Sener and Thomas Baumgardner, who drove to their offices, not in Packards, but in a single-seat buggy. Another vehicular sight not easily erased from the memory, was the huge wagon drawn by four or at times by six horses, reminiscent of the Conestoga wagon, which traveled back and forth between the Eden paper mill and the



Eastern side of Penn (or Centre) Square showing first block of East King Street, about 1878. Notice wagon behind Monument, and Indian atop Heiss Tobacco Shop.
(John Ward Willson Loose Archives)

freight depots. The old style ice wagon has melted away. The modern boy gets ice cubes from the electric refrigerator; boys of an earlier time, sun-parched and thirsty, jumped on the rear foot-board, avoided the suspended dangling scales, and reached into the recesses of the wagon for chips of the refreshing ice. How much better they tasted than the artificial ice cubes!

You would have to be almost a centenarian to recall any rides on the horse cars along these streets and to the school at Millersville, but in our time the trolley came into and has gone out of existence. Can you hear the cabbies, endeavoring to boost their trade, calling out at the Prince Street station of the Reading Railroad, "Cab for the Stevens House; mahogany wheels and cushion tires! Stevens House!" No more can be found the threat that the big brewers' horses will run over you. They are gone, and whether you liked or disliked the product in kegs arranged in sloping racks on their wagons, you could not refrain from admiring the sleek, ponderous horses, of the Percheron type, which drew the wagons. At least it was a better sight than to see a promising young man struggling along the street with a keg of beer upon his shoulder on the way to his neighborhood club house on a Saturday night!

There are no more wheelbarrows from which fish were peddled, after a catch in the Susquehanna. Mr. Kahley has long since ceased his trips from Columbia. Now, cattle ride in state in large motor trucks; then, they were driven through the streets, and the regular drover had no trouble in securing the assistance of urchins who deemed it an honor to act as cowboys. Wagons and their curb markets have disappeared; Dobbin is no longer in a livery stable, for the latter has been converted into a garage or torn away to be replaced by a parking lot. Watering troughs apparently have dried up; they were located before the city hall, hotels and even churches. What a consideration for man's faithful friend, the horse! Now we give autos anti-freeze.

The modern boy or girl knows not the delight of an old-time circus parade with caged wild animals, riders of all nations on gaily caparisoned steeds, elephants and clowns, and at the end a calliope whose wail is no longer heard in the land. Buffalo Bill and his Wild West of cowboys and Indians is now part of a Passing America. Even the wooden Indian no longer blows smoke rings before Kasper's Cigar Store. He is reposing somewhere in a museum after bringing a fancy price of several hundreds of dollars.

Lancaster could lay claim to a home-grown variety of circus, owned and operated by the Welsh Bros., Michael, George and John, during the years 1890 to 1915. It was an outfit of the smaller type, and showed on lots of limited size, at Lime and Juniata, Rockland and Locust, New and Prince, and Rodney and Third streets, but to the youngster of those days it appeared to be an immense affair. With them Professor Harry Mohn of Lancaster had a good troupe of trained dogs.

At times on these same lots you would find a mountebank peddling snake oil, elixir of life or some other cure-all, holding his audience with a glib tongue and a program of magic, music and mirth. The credulous bought while others were attracted only by the show.

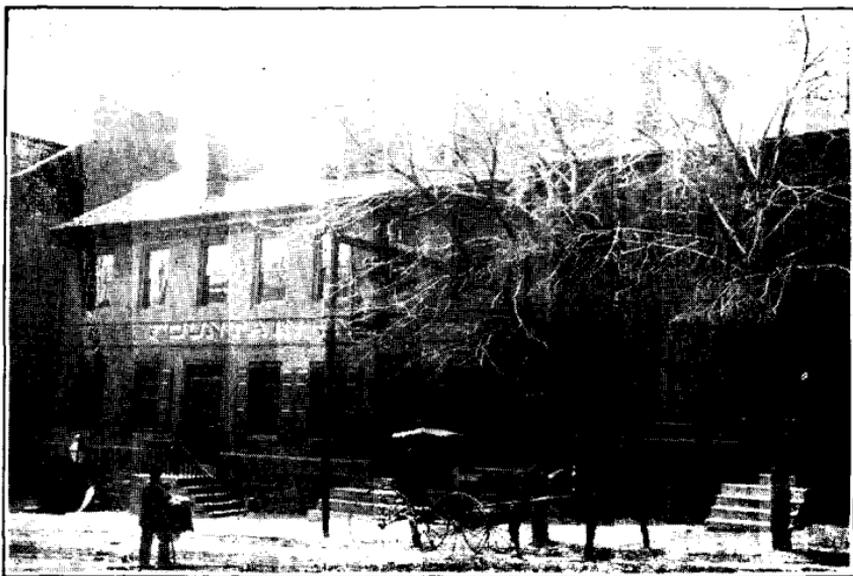
Years ago, A. Reese Stamy was principal of the Lemon (and Lime) Street school, now Haupt School, teaching the grammar grade. One day "the greatest show on earth" arrived at McGrann's Park. Now "Dad" Stamy did not wish the boys to miss more time from their studies than necessary to view the stupendous street parade, so he delegated six boys to station themselves at wide intervals from the entrance to the circus grounds, along New Holland Avenue to East Lemon Street, and transmit a signal at the time the parade would start. Leon Heller was the boy at the entrance, and he, mistaking a large oncoming wagon (which later proved to be a

brewery truck) for the first one of the parade, gave the proper signal. It was rapidly relayed that the parade was on the move.

The boy stationed at the old brick chapel of the Lancaster Cemetery was William Frederic Worner (who later became the librarian of the Lancaster County Historical Society), and he signaled to the lookout at the window of the third-floor classroom. Immediately the boys were dismissed, but the parade did not move until an hour or two later. When the true state of affairs was learned, an irate schoolmaster greeted them at the afternoon session, unreasonably provoked at the loss of such valuable time.

The guilty squad of signal boys were reprimanded for their delinquency and given memory tasks of such selections as "The Village Blacksmith," "Breathes There a Man With Soul So Dead," or portions of the Constitution of the United States.

Long will Dad Stamy be remembered for his severity and for his ability to cram a boy's mind full of knowledge. Yes, long after the noise of the final calliope has died away!



Fountain Inn established in 1758 by Christopher Reigart. County Court met here 1781 to 1784 while Court House in Penn Square was under construction. Note organ grinder in the street.

There were no motion picture theaters in those days, but the Fulton Opera House, with Christ Burger as orchestra leader, provided cheap stock companies playing popular repertoires for 10, 20 and 30 cents. Among such companies were the Kennedy Players, Corse Peyton Big Stock Company, Palmer Opera Company, and many others. Atop the old Woolworth Building the Roof Garden entertained patrons with choice vaudeville for a charge of 15 cents. Beyond the streets of Lancaster, at Conestoga Park Pavilion, light opera, such as Pinafore, Mikado, Fra Diavola, Olive, etc., were played. Let us give you a sample of the jokes told by the company's comedian. Looking out of the open pavilion, across the Conestoga, to the fields

beyond, he inquired, "What are those over there?" "They're heifers." "Do they heifer (ever) come over here?" "Hardly heifer." So you see, then and now, it doesn't take much to make some people laugh.

STORIES ABOUT STORES

There were no fancy, gaudy store fronts in those days; no company, department or corporation stores, but familiar family stores conducted by people well-known to their fellow townsmen. A doorway to the side of these central stores led to the family quarters on the top floors. On summer days the family would delight to sit on the front steps, greeting their numerous friends as they passed by.



Lancaster's first "fancy front" stores, about 1880, on south side of East King Street between Christian Street (left) and Centre Square (right). Sign behind ornate pole advertises Watt & Shand Company, Dry Goods.

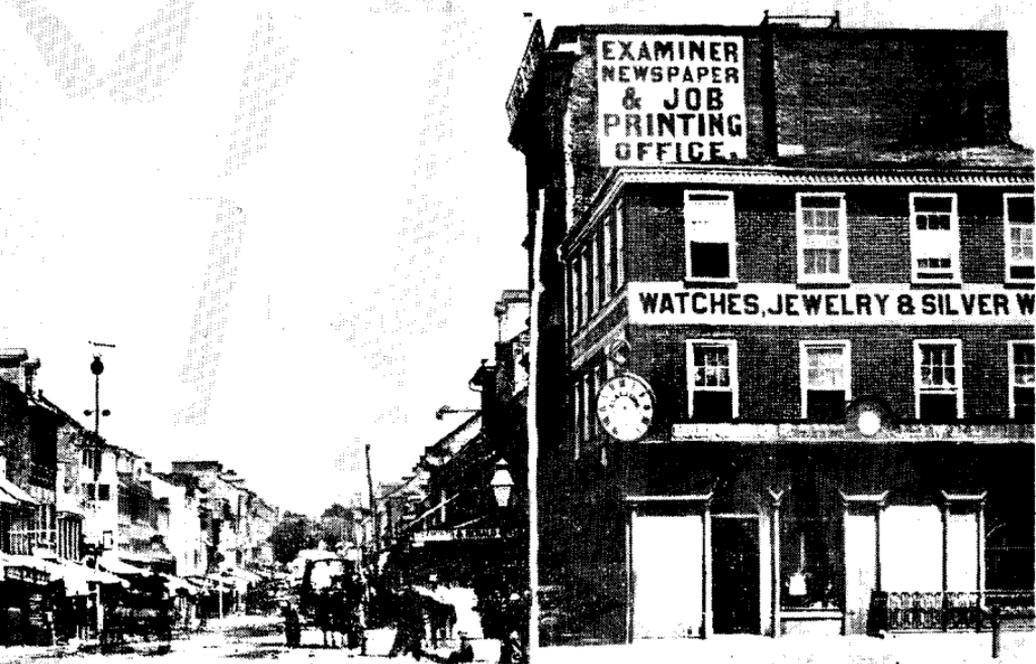
(John Ward Willson Loose Archives)

The 5- and 10-cent stores in those days sold nothing at a higher price; there was even a 3- and 9-cent store; a 99-cent one; and racket stores. How the latter obtained their name is a mystery of the past, unless we assume that the rattle of the tinware caused the "racket."

If you wished to be "rough-shod," then go with me in memory to Heimenz's Store on North Queen Street, and there, along the sidewalk, in a bushel basket, which was lined with oilcloth, you could take your pick of shoes for 19 to 23 cents a pair. If the shoes pinched, you could stop next door at Frailey's Drug Store for

corn plasters. This pharmacy did not have the usual mark of such a store — large, lighted red and green jars — but outside there always stood long bamboo fishing poles, which reached to the second story. That was a mark of Frailey's. Pirosh had a clock (as did T. Wilson Dubbs), mounted upon a pole, along the curb, and while this clock of three feet in diameter did not give the time of day, it did attract one to his jewelry and pawn shop; farther up North Queen Street, Apple's jewelry store, quite naturally, used for their sign an apple, almost as large as a "smokehouse."

Large lions or dogs, of stone or cast iron, stood by the entrance of a few stores, not to frighten you away, but as a mark of unforgettable identity. To add to your



First block of North Queen Street from Centre Square, about 1880. Notice clock on top of pole at left side.

(John Ward Willson Loose Archives)

comfort and to assist in keeping the town dry, there were awnings of wood reaching to the curb before most of the stores. You could skip from one awning to another between the raindrops. While it kept people from getting wet, it did not help the trade of our several large umbrella factories. Yet with the poor lighting of those days, the awnings tended to darken the storerooms. Stores and homes were then lighted by gas. Poor as it now seems in comparison with modern lighting, the children of that day were so charmed with the innovation of gas into their homes that they would lie on the floor to better enjoy the brilliant illumination above them.

As much has been written about them, we need not tell of such characters as blind Johnny Pastor and his accordion, Jackey Parks and his decrepit wheelbarrow,

Hiram Croome and his freshly-honed carving knife, Baltimore Joe waving the American flag as he rooted for the home team at the Tri-state ball game. Who could resist the urge to attend those games when two or three drummers of Clement's Band paraded on the downtown sidewalks, lustily beating their instruments to attract attention to the banner announcing the afternoon game at Rossmere: Lancaster versus Trenton! Baer's Almanac goes on forever, but it is not the same since the original salesman, Baker Young, has passed for all time.

Changing modes of transportation have all but cancelled out the glorious old-time church picnics to such points as Penryn Park, Lititz Springs, Mount Gretna and Hershey Park by trolley cars or by railroad. The famous, or infamous as you may look at it, Sunday May Day walks, usually to Tell's Hain or Gable's Park, are passe. The accompanying band played delightful music as liquid refreshments flowed faster than the nearby Conestoga.

The old days brought into vogue the wearing of the celluloid button, showing popular characters or poignant remarks. Wags made poor use of them. On one occasion a distressed parishioner, confiding to her pastor, rushed suddenly from the room, for she had spied on the lapel of his coat a button, "I have troubles of my own, don't tell me yours." One of the children had pinned it there. Then imagine the consternation of the tee-totaler when she removed her coat and found pinned to the back this button, "Rieker's Star Brewery."

With the passing of the large umbrella factories has gone the umbrella mender, with a pack upon his back. He is no longer found on the front steps of our homes, replacing ribs or tacking on a new cover. So with the itinerant scissors grinder and his small grindstone. As we cannot find him, we go to a shop.

We now can take our political instructions by radio and television in an easy chair in our homes. But wasn't it fun to gather at a street corner and listen to the harangue of the orators standing on a hastily improvised platform, and perhaps at the time witness a pole-raising. If it was the name of your candidate at the top of the 80-foot hickory pole, what a cheer went up. And the parades!

Don't you remember the time when the Republican employees of the Conestoga Traction Company marched with full ranks, followed by the greatest feature of the parade — the American flag composed of lighted red, white and blue bulbs which received power from the overhead electric wire. Where there was no trolley line on the street the effect was less brilliant. And how imposing the companies of country cavalry were; in the line were carriage horses, work horses, plow horses, and even mules. They came as they were to the county seat. If they didn't have a horse, then, it seemed the rest of the rural male population played in cornet bands. While at times this music was unbalanced and discordant, it at least provided enthusiasm and noise.

Some groups wore oil-cloth capes and carried flaming coal-oil torches. You could identify the Follmer Clogg group by their red, white and blue umbrellas. On some occasions the Young Republicans stepped jauntily decked out with high silk hats and gold-headed canes.

But there was one place where Republican parades were not welcome — in the sacred citadel of defiant Democracy, the old Eighth Ward or "Cabbage Hill." Their slogan was, "They shall not pass," and none ever did, south of the West King Street line. Shades of B. F. Davis and Dave Magee, how times have changed!

In the old days we had space in Center Square for daily sales of articles of every description. We rested recently in a large Boston rocker which was toted home from just such a sale, and it is now none the worse for wear. The grand old monument and traffic did not interfere then. Now modern motor charioteers find the monument an obstruction in their mad, senseless rush.

We would be considered anti-progressive if we wished the old Model T Ford back. But they took little space, didn't travel like a rocket, and afforded the poor man cheap transportation. These cars were so popular that weekly shipments by the dozens were unloaded from the cars at the old freight depot on North Queen Street. The "tin Lizzies" cost but \$285.

When you are tempted to criticize the taste and odor of the water which you draw from the spigot, but nevertheless crystal clear and filtered, remember the days when what you drew from the pipes was one-third disintegrated clay, bunches of bacteria, with a trace of H₂O. The water condition made this a city of pumps, which were to be found in all directions, numbering more than a half hundred. No wonder the housewives despised the roily Conestoga after a heavy rain, which forced them to send the neighborhood boys to the pumps for clearer water to be used in the family washing. Many homes had rain barrels or cisterns at the back of the house, and these provided clear soft water.

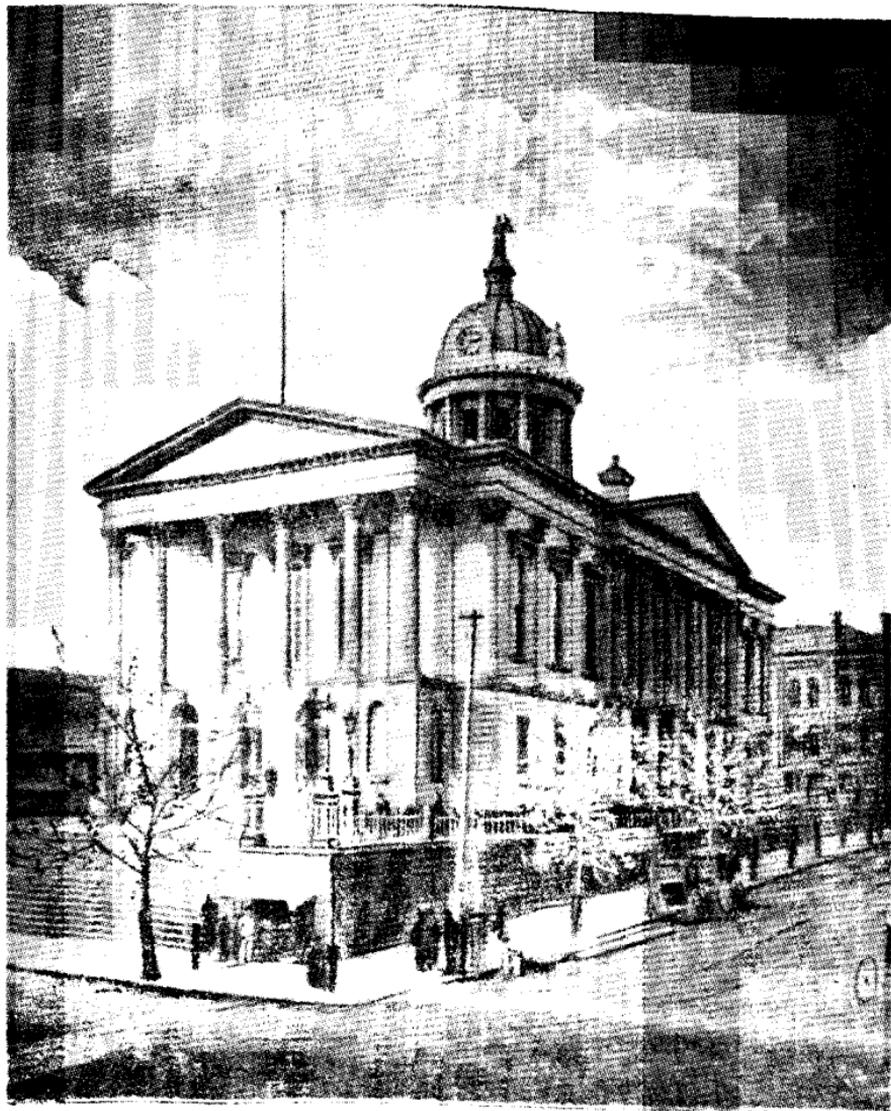
People then were less concerned with germs and sanitation measures. The farmer-dairyman came to the door with milk in large cans, which he ladled into your container at five cents a quart. The baker sold eight square loaves, unwrapped, for twenty-five cents, or you could purchase eight tickets for the same price, and use them when needed. The peddling butcher and ice man are almost gone from the streets.

Business customs are "decentralized." No longer does the merchant and farmer transact a year's account on April 1 or thereabouts, to the clattering and consternation of bank and courthouse. The streets are not now jammed on that day as formerly by "flittings," for people now move anytime of the year, or on order of the landlord.

Venders of all kinds had fixed stands or trod the streets, calling out their wares. The peanut man's business was "an institution," really a shell game. Hard by the courthouse, at either corner on East King Street, stood a stand. Mickey McGuire sold goobers at the corner while Frank Kendig held forth near Garvin's. Here witness and juryman, plaintiff and defendant, felt in a more charitable mood after munching on a bag of ground nuts, and forthwith exercised "a quality of mercy" unstrained and unroasted. Manny Huber was another familiar figure at his stand before Rengier's Harness Store on North Queen Street. Before the introduction of vending machines, newsboys sold their papers on every downtown street corner; prominent among them was the elder salesman, Henry Marshall, "King of the Newsboys."

Nor can we forget the extra large soft pretzels which sold two for a cent. The skimpy little ones they sell now cannot be compared to the generous pretzels of past days, yet they cost four times as much. The small hard pretzels sold four for a cent, and if you weren't particular you could buy at the bakery a large bag of "brokers" for a penny. Another delight for the youngsters were "caramel scraps," which could be bought by the bag for a few cents at Milton Hershey's caramel factory on Church

Street. The taste lingers of that genuine rich milky confection. And don't forget the old Metzger's Cracker Store on West King Street, with a central doorway and bulging windows on either side. The flat "Metzger crackers" with serrated edges were popular with everyone.



Court House, about 1900, with peanut stand on corner.

There was the colored man calling, "Here comes the crab man, crabbies, crabbies." His genial personality didn't lessen the sales, either. There was the man in white, bearing a tin tray which was suspended with tapes over his shoulders, and on which he had chewing candy for sale, as he paced before the movie houses. Snow balls were sold by boys and men from small express wagons, and were made by scraping flakes from a block of ice, pressing them into a form, and squirting a small quan-

tity of flavor on the same. This made a refreshing article for parched summer throats at a cost of one cent. Water ice and ice cream daisies could be bought for the same price. For quantity we went to Huber's "bucket shop" on Orange Street at Charlotte, but for quality ice cream we visited Gibbs' on the same street, who also sold cones at six for a quarter.

Molasses cakes and paddy cakes, made by neighborhood women, sold two or three for a cent. They were enjoyed until the time when one's teeth had destructible fillings. And now to a sour note, as we watch the youth insert a lemon stick into the lemon and draw through it the juice which is somewhat neutralized by the sweetness of the candy stick. Not so with the large sour pickles enjoyed by the younger girls. Grapefruit was an almost unknown article then.

Snow and wintertime had their attractions — for those who knew not when to come indoors from out of the cold. The river at Columbia, the Conestoga at Engleside, Herr's, Haverstick's and other ponds were crowded with happy skaters. Those who preferred sledding were found on the hilly streets of town; the most daring took their "modocs" and "double deckers" to Dinah's Hill (West Vine Street, between Strawberry and Water) for a swift descent. Accidents, sometimes fatal, happened there. Whether you can believe it or not, the story is told of a sled going down Dinah's at such speed that it was impossible to stop or turn aside as a freight train approached on the Water Street tracks directly in their path. They lived to tell the tale because their helmsman directed the "modoc" under the passing box car. One year the snow was so plentiful that a group of winter enthusiasts constructed a high and steep toboggan run at McGrann's Park within the race track. My, how those flat sleds with turned up fronts sped down the incline!

These "snow birds" were doubtless the persons who opened wide the windows of their bed rooms to admit plenty of fresh air. How times and theories have changed! Now we are satisfied with pent-up warm air as we secure double protection through the use of storm windows. If a cold or a virus catches us we use wonder drugs — then wonder what the results will be.

In 1931 we had a "depression" in business; in former days we had "panics," but the effect was the same even though a less fearsome name was used later. In the panic of the 1890's, without benefit of social security, old age assistance, and other modern measures of relief, the poor and unemployed had only one bright spot to repair to — and that was the "public soup house," maintained by the city government in the Grant Street police station, where pails of hot soup were ladled out to the needy.

The ordinary workingman of the earlier days received low wages and as a rule lived near his place of employment, which gave him the opportunity to return home for the noontime dinner. There were few restaurants and little need for them. Workingmen, at some distance from home, had children carry hot meals in butter kettles to them; there were no thermos bottles then to keep food and drink warm. Workers in seasonal occupations, such as bricklaying, needed additional employment and wages. Most of the bricklayers in winter time resorted to the expediency of converting their parlors into oyster saloons, where oysters were served in every style — raw, stewed, fried.



An old advertisement printed from the original woodblock cut.

Some business men subjected the old-timers to advertisements extolling their wares in verse form, but they were spared from the silly, insipient offerings in verse and capers which the present generation must endure from radio and television. Poetry was used mostly by purveyors of food. Two that we know of did not stoop to it. There was Wenditz's Restaurant on North Queen Street, distinguished by long, shallow tanks along the sidewalk, covered with wire screen, in which turtles were displayed, and which were destined for extinction in their famous turtle soup.

carried a drawing of two men. The fat one, munching on a huge sandwich, said, "I eat at Joe Kautz's"; the lean one said, "You do, well I don't." And he looked the part.

But now to the poetry of those days.

Want a nice big watermelon?
That's the kind that we are sellin';
On our sandy, sunny slopes
Grow our fine sweet cantaloupes
And our peaches white and yellow;
Just the kind to please a fellow.
Sure — any one can eat a mess;
See below my own address —

Amos B. Denlinger, Iva, Pa.

If you wish to have it better
You need not become a "fretter,"
Just ask your grocer why
He does not have you try
The Peanut Butter that's got the flavor,
Takes you captive by its pleasant savor,

It's Mosemann's.

The Teacher's Institute will soon
Make use of that familiar tune;
With one accord they all agree
And sing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
There always is a large supply
Of music, for all those who try,
But then before they do proceed
The majority of them will need

Nissley's Lunch
and Dining Rooms.

The scrapple season now is here,
Made from a real pig;
And when your order does appear
It will be fresh and big.
Buckwheat cakes, new and brown,
Are on the bill of fare.
We know there's nothing in the town
That ever will compare

With Nissley's.

OF HISTORIANS AND HISTORIES

JAMES LOGAN AND THE CULTURE OF PROVINCIAL AMERICA. By Frederick B. Tolles. 228 pages. Boston: Little Brown. \$3.50

The most powerful single individual in Pennsylvania from the time William Penn returned to England in 1701 until the Treaty of Lancaster 1744 was James Logan, left by Penn as Secretary of the colony and supervisor of any lieutenant-governor whom Penn might send to America. Pennsylvania history during the first half of the eighteenth century will never be clearly understood until a definitive biography of this significant figure has been written. As Mr. Tolles says, James Logan was "one of the three or four most considerable men in colonial America." The wonder is that so little has heretofore been heard about this extraordinary person.

Mr. Tolles' biography of James Logan is a much needed introduction to an almost unknown period of Pennsylvania colonial history, a much needed introduction to the man who, more than any other, directed Pennsylvania politics and policy in that period, the man who fought bitterly throughout his life to cancel the political effect of the 1701 Charter of Privileges which William Penn had granted to his colonists.

Mr. Tolles has been very courageous in undertaking even this brief biography of a man whose interests were so intricately woven into every aspect of Pennsylvania colonial life. As secretary of the province, land agent, trustee of the Penn estates, Indian agent, fur merchant, land speculator, iron master, Logan wrote detailed accounts of every happening in Pennsylvania. For over thirty years his tireless pen never ceased inditing lengthy letters to the Penn family, to his business associates in the English port cities, to his learned friends of the Royal Society, as well as letters to many American colonial governors, most of whom realized that James Logan was the power in Pennsylvania, no matter who the titular governor might be. Even business with his partners in Philadelphia and with neighbors Logan carried on by correspondence, using a note where a man today might use the telephone. Thus an incredible hour by hour record of life in colonial Pennsylvania survives in thousands of documents written by James Logan's own hand. An assiduous scholar could spend a lifetime studying the evidence and bringing into focus the business, political, and social life of the time.

James Logan, in corresponding with the Penns, pictured himself as the underpaid, overworked, faithful servant, a person of fragile health and scholarly inclination, forced into an unwelcome position of power and authority by his devotion to the interests of his master. James Logans' Pennsylvania contemporaries saw him in an altogether different light. But Mr. Tolles' inclination to accept Logan's self-evaluation has been shared by other Pennsylvania historians.

James Logan was a man of steel. He was a Quaker by birth, not by conviction: he remained a Quaker because he knew where his bread was buttered. Mr. Tolles believes that Logan decided to become wealthy after having been scorned by the families of ladies whom he aspired to wed at a time he was slaving for a mere pittance in the Penn interests. It seems probable though, that his determination to thrive possessed him many years earlier, when he sold his first library in order to enter the dry goods business . . . this some time before the job in Pennsylvania had presented itself.

It is naive to assume that Logan's position as the Penn's representative was not deliberately used to benefit his private business. In conference with the Indians, James Logan constantly reminded them that William Penn had left him in charge of Indian affairs . . . although the proprietor never mentioned such a charge in any written instructions sent to Logan. A careful study of James Logan as a fur merchant, combined with a careful study of his Indian policy, will bring to light, I believe, that his position as Indian agent was of inestimable value to his fur trade. And, as land agent and trustee of the Penn estates, he deliberately placed his fur traders upon land of superior quality or location, and as deliberately over-charged them for goods until he was able to foreclose and obtain possession of their land. Through the fur trade Logan became one of the wealthiest merchants in Philadelphia, and obtained title to some thousands of acres of the best land east of Susquehanna: Logan's integrity in financial dealings with the Penns has never been questioned: not for a moment did he fail to realize that his power and wealth derived from his position as Penn's representative.

Mr. Tolles is at his best in his chapter on James Logan as a virtuoso — a gentleman scholar. These cultural hobbies, literature and scientific experiment, were the lighter aspects of Logan's life: power over men was the breath of his nostrils. Logan's own papers reveal him to have been a man of intellectual gifts, of great agility of mind, a skillful and artful diplomat, but a man of no compassion.

Some day the definitive biography of James Logan will be written, but before that day more than one person will study the rich records of the period to reconstruct and evaluate James Logan's relationship to, and influence upon, many persons and policies of his time . . . William Penn, David Lloyd, Andrew Hamilton, Sir William Keith, even Benjamin Franklin . . . the land policy, the Indian policy, the boundary dispute, the fur trade . . . to name a few. There is material in the records for a book on each of these topics. Until that time, the story of Logan's life, however excellently the details may be given, leaves one with a feeling of having read unrelated anecdote, lacking the thread of intelligible motivation.

Lancaster, Penna.

EVELYN A. BENSON

About The Reviewer

Mrs. Benson has read most of the original Logan papers and letter books, as well as many other documents of the times, from which she has collected material for future work on **James Logan's Fur Traders**. She is the author of a paper, **James Logan as the First Political Boss of Lancaster County**, printed by this Society. (Vol. 59 No. 3)