

# THEY'RE REVISING PITTSBURG

**"MUD and Dirt Up to the Knees, Money the Rest of the Way," Says a Native, and Then He Proceeds to Point Out the New Idea and Its Progress.**

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

(Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.)

A MAN slipped into a strange city for the first time at eventide. In the morning he awoke in his hotel room. It was very dark and he fumbled across the room to the electric switch. In the sudden radiance that followed he sputtered at himself for having awakened so early—for he was a man fond of his lazy sleep in the morning. He fumbled in his pockets and found his watch. Ten minutes to nine, it said to him.

"Stopped," said the man, half aloud. "I forgot to wind it once again."

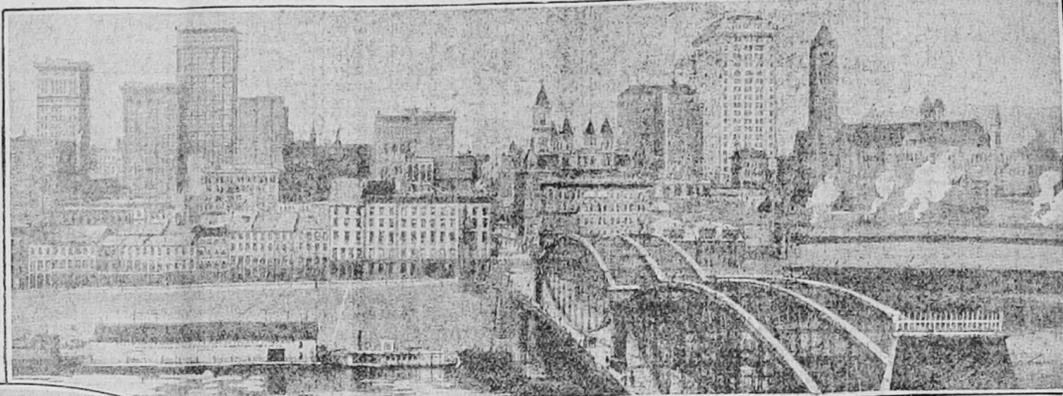
But the watch had not stopped. Insecure in his own mind, he lifted it to his ear. It was ticking briskly. The man was perplexed. He went to the window and peeped out from it. A great office building was gayly alight—a strange performance for before dawn of a September morning. He looked down into the street. Two long files of brightly lighted cars were passing through the street, one up, the other down. The glistening pavements were peopled, the stores were brightly lighted—the man glanced at his watch again. Three minutes of nine it told him this time.

He smiled as he gazed down into that busy street. "This is Pittsburg," he said.

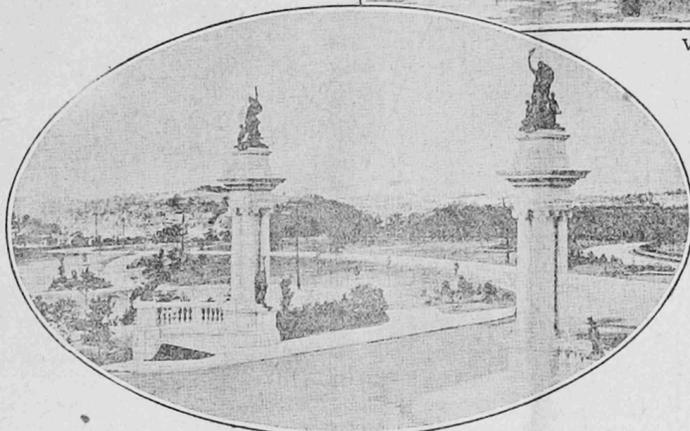
Later that day that same man stood in another window—of a tall skyscraper this time—and again gazed down. In the hollow below him there was a seeming chaos. There were smoke and fog and dirt there, through these—showing ever and ever so faintly—tall, artificial cliffs, punctured with row upon row of windows brightly lighted at midday. From the narrow gorges between these towering cliffs came the rattle and the rattle of much traffic. It came to the man in waves of indefinite sound.

The man lifted his gaze and saw beyond these artificial cliffs, mountains—real mountains—towering, with houses upon their crests, and steep inclined railways slanting their precipitous sides. In these houses there

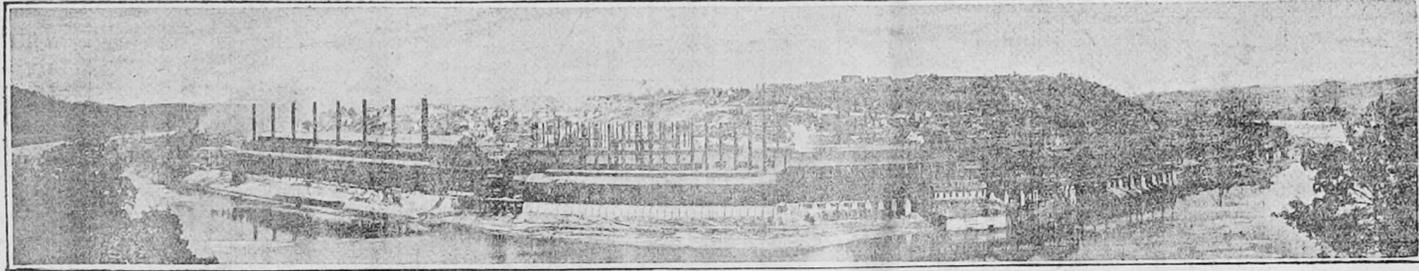
So it has come to pass that no one lives in Pittsburg itself, unless under absolute compulsion. The suburbs present housing facilities for the better part of its folk—Sewickley and East Liberty vie in favor—and there are dozens of smaller communities that crowd close upon those two social successes. "We can never get a decent census figure," growls the Pittsburg man, as he contemplates the size of these outlying boroughs that go to make his city strong in everything save in the popular competitive feature of population.



Varied, Striking and Picturesque Sky-Line of the Heart of Pittsburg. Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly.



Entrance to Highland Park.



Panoramic View Showing Great Steel Mills. Photo by R. W. Johnston.

were more lights burning at midday. Below them were great stacks—row upon row upon row of them, too—and the black smoke that poured up was pierced now and then again by bright tongues of flames—the radiance of furnaces that glowed throughout the night and day.

"We're mud and dirt up to the knees—and money all the rest of the way," said the owner of that office. He was a native of the city. He came to the window and pointed to one of the rivers—a yellow brown mirrored surface, scarcely glistening under leaden clouds, but bearing long tows by the dozen—coal barges, conveyed by dirty stern wheeled steamboats.

"There is one of the busiest harbors in the world," said the townsman. "A harbor that in tonnage compares with Liverpool and even your own blessed New York."

The New York man laughed at the harbor. It reminded him quite definitely of Newtown Creek—that slimy waterway along which the trains used to pass in the days when Thirty-fourth street ferry was the gateway to Long Island.

"We have tonnage—in this district," said the man who was not ashamed of his city, "and that is no idle dream. You won't believe it when I tell you that the freight tonnage of this pipkin of a town equals that of New York, Chicago and San Francisco put together—while you can put in one or two foreign capitals for good measure. It's solemn truth. If you don't believe it and if you won't believe our harbormaster, look at the lines of freight cars for forty miles out on every trunk line railroad that gets in here. This is the real gathering ground for all the freight rolling stock of this big land."

But the New York man only looked out again upon the city in semi-darkness at the middle of the day. "This is Pittsburg," he said once again.

### Not Unlike New York.

In a general way Pittsburg has a situation not unlike that of the great metropolis of the continent. For New York's East River substitute the Monongahela, for the Hudson the Allegheny, and let the Ohio, beginning its long course at the Point—Pittsburg's Battery—represent the two harbors of New York. Then you begin to get the rough resemblance. To the south of the Monongahela, Pittsburg's Brooklyn is Birmingham, set under the half day shadows of the towering cliffs of Mount Washington, Allegheny—now a part of Greater Pittsburg and semi-officially known as the north side—corresponds in location with Jersey City.

And the problems that have beset Pittsburg in her growth have been almost the very problems that from the first have hampered the growth of metropolitan New York. If her rivers have been no such stupendous affairs as have been those of this city, the over-arching hills and mountains that close in upon her on every side have presented barriers of equal magnitude. To conquer them has been the labor of many tunnels, of steel, inclined railroads, the like of which is not to be seen in any other great city in America. It has been no easy conquest.

As a result of all this, the growth of the city has been uneven and erratic. Down on the narrow spit of flat land at the junction of the two rivers that go to make the Ohio—a location exactly corresponding with Manhattan Island below the City Hall and of even less area—is the business centre of the place—wholesale and retail stores, banks, office buildings, railroad passenger terminals, hotels, theatres and the like. The same causes that made the skyscraper a necessity in New York city have worked a like necessity in Pittsburg.

The fact that Pittsburg men live outside of Pittsburg goes to give to her the fourth largest commutation service in the country. Only New York, Boston and Philadelphia surpass her in this wise. One hundred and fifty miles to the northwest is Cleveland, the sixth city of the country and ranking higher than Pittsburg in population. There is not a single distinctive suburban train run in or out of Cleveland. From one single terminal in Pittsburg four hundred passenger trains arrive and depart in the course of a single business day, and ninety-five per cent of these are run for the sole benefit of the suburbanite.

So congested have even these railroad facilities become that the city cries bitterly for a transit relief and experts are now at work planning a subway system to add both the steam roads and the over-worked surface trolley lines. At best it is no sinecure to operate the trolley cars of Pittsburg. Combined with narrow streets, uptown and downtown, are the fearful slopes of the great hills. It takes big cars to climb those slopes, and when the New York man sees those big cars for the first time he looks twice. They are chariots of steel, not much smaller than those that daily thread our own blessed subway, and when they come to you they make you think of locomotives. The trucks are equipped with heavy driving rods, precisely like those of a locomotive. The heavy car itself gives a sense of strength and hill capability. But the company staggers twice daily under a traffic that is far beyond its facilities—and it staggers under its political burdens.

For it is as much as your very life is worth to "talk back" to a Pittsburg car conductor. The conductor is an arm of the big political machine that holds that Western Pennsylvania town in the very hollow of its ample hand. The conductors get their jobs through their Aldermen, and they hold them through their Aldermen. So if a New York man forgets that he is 440 miles from Broadway and gets to asserting his mind to the man that runs the car let him look out for trouble. Chances are nine to one that he will be hauled up before a Magistrate for breaking the peace, and that another arm of the political machine will come down hard upon him.

### A Man Who Got Angry.

A man, born in Pittsburg, once made a protest to a conductor of a car coming across from Allegheny. The passenger was in the right and the conductor knew it. But the conductor answered that protest with a volley of profanity. If that thing had happened in New York the conductor's job would not have been worth the formality of a resignation. In Pittsburg a bystander warned—the passenger—and he saved himself arrest by keeping his mouth shut and getting off the car.

But the Pittsburg man had not lost quite his sense of justice, and he hurried to a certain high officer of the street railroad company. When he came to the company's offices he was ushered in in high state, for it so happened that the born Pittsburg man was a director of that very corporation. It so happens that street railroad directors do not ride—like their steam railroad brethren—on passes, and the conductor did not know that he was playing flip-flop with his job.

"You'll have to fire that man," said the director in ending his complaint. "If that had happened at the Duquesne I'd a punched him in the head."

The big operating man looked at his director and smiled what the lady novelists call a sweet, sad smile. "Sorry, Ben," said he, "but I know that man. He's one of Alderman X's men, and if we fired him X would hang us up on a half a dozen things."

umbrellas, experimenting with that strange metal which men called steel. In the day dreams Philadelphia enjoyed in 1876 Pittsburg was forgotten.

### The Philadelphia Lady.

"I suppose the Pennsylvania Railroad must have some place to end at," said a lady from Bittenhouse square, when her attention was called to the city at the junction of the three rivers. And in the next year that lady and many other ladies of the staid old Quaker town were holding up their hands in holy horror at the news from Pittsburg. Great riots, the bloodiest that had ever been known, were marking the railroad strike there—why, in a single day the rioters had burned the great Union Station, every other railroad structure and every car in the place. That was bad advertising for a town that had none too many friends.

But Pittsburg was finding herself—she is still in that fascinating process of development. For word was eking out from the rough mountains of Western Pennsylvania that a little group of Scotchmen—led

finest baseball park in all this land—a wizardry of steel and glass and concrete—is a distinctive feature of this improvement.

### The New Pittsburg.

The freight trains are gone from the downtown shopping streets, and the two wicked grade crossings disappeared when the Pennsylvania built its splendid new Union Station. They are railroads terminals and new hotels have added to the comfort of the stranger. They are beginning in a faint way to give transfers on the trolley cars, and there is promise that some day wayfarers will not be taxed a penny every time they walk across the bridges that bind the heart of the city.

The bridge companies are private affairs, paying from fifteen to twenty per cent in annual dividends, and they hang pretty tightly on to their bonanzas. But the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce is after them, and that chamber is a fairly energetic body. It has already sought the devil in his lair and tried to abolish the smoke nuisance, with some definite results.

A New York girl who has been living in Pittsburg for the last four years complained that she never had seen but two sunsets there. There is hope for that girl. If the Chamber of Commerce keeps hard at its anti-smoke campaign she may yet stand on the Point and down the muddy Ohio see something that dimly resembles the glorious dawning of the day, as one sees it from the heights of New York city's Riverside Drive.

A keen eyed man sat in an easy chair in the luxury of the Duquesne Club and faced the New York man. "Are we so bad?" he demanded. "You New York men like to paint us that way. You judge us falsely. You think that when you come out here you are going to see a sort of a modern Sodom, bowing to all the gods of money and the gods of the high tariff. You think you are going to fairly revel in a wide open town, in the full significance of that phrase, and what do you see?"

"You see a pretty solid sort of a Scotch Presbyterian town, where you can't even get shaved in your hotel on Sunday, to say nothing of buying a drink. And as for shows, you can't buy your way into a concert here on Sunday. Why, some of the elders at my kirk have even looked askance at Mr. Carnegie for the free recitals that he gives Sabbath afternoons in that splendid hall of the Institute."

"There's your real Pittsburg, and if some of the boys have cramped a bit under all the restraint that they've had here and gone to the wicked city for a little fling and a little advertising, is that any just reason why it all should be charged against Pittsburg? Pittsburg has enough troubles of her own, without borrowing any additional ones."

"The trouble is we've been making too much money to notice much about the boys, or give it proper attention to some pretty vital civic problems—that's why the rottenness cropped out in the city councils. It's the taint of the almighty dollar. New Yorker—why Mr. Carnegie made about a hundred of us millionaires within a single twenty-four hours—can you think of any worse blow for an average town?"

"He took some of us, who had been working for him a long time and got us into the business—some for an eighth interest, others for a sixteenth or even a thirty-second. That was great and we appreciated it, but it kept us fairly tight on ready money for a while, even though Frick and Mellon were standing pat with an offer of a hundred million dollars for the bonds of the steel company. I tell you I was short on ready money myself, and wondering if I couldn't cut down on my house rent of \$1,200 a year and get my wife to keep two hired girls instead of three. Then you know what happened. Carnegie lifted me over the bonds at a cold two hundred million dollars. Within a week I was in New York talking with an architect about building a new house for the missus and getting passage tickets through to Europe."

The ironmaster called his automobile and banded the New York man within it.

### Into the Slums.

"We're going down into the slums," he said. "I can show you a single block where thirteen different languages are spoken. That's the new Pittsburg—taking up one another's burdens of something of that sort they call it. It's queer until you get used to it, and when you do get used to it it makes you feel like getting up on the roof and yelling that Pittsburg's going to be the greatest city on earth, and not just greatest in tonnage or in dollars."

"That's why we are cottoning to that idea of a civic centre out by Schenley Park; that's why we put Andrew Carnegie on the back when we know that he is giving us the best in pictures and in music in America; that's why Frick is holding back with his horse pasture there in front of Carnegie's Institute to build something bigger and better. Don't you get the idea now of the bigger and the better Pittsburg?"

The limousine stopped and the ironmaster beckoned a much whiskered Russian to it.

"Here's a real anarchist," he said, "but he's one of my protégés. He speaks down in a dirty hall in Liberty avenue, near the Wabash terminal, and he rather roasts us directors, but he's for the new Pittsburg and he's for it strong—so we come together after a fashion."

The Russian, who was a teacher, came close to the big automobile and pointed to a woman of his own people—a woman wretchedly poor, who dwelt in one of the hovels which to-day are Pittsburg's greatest shame.

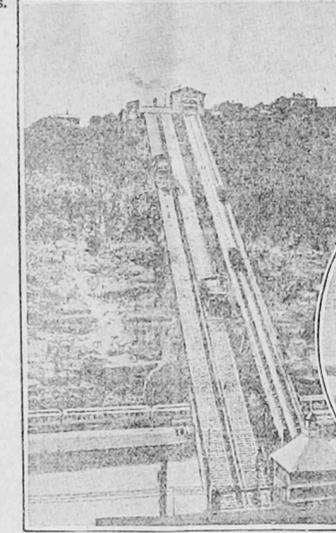
"She's reading Byron," he said, quietly, "and she has been in America less than six months. She says that there is a magnificent comparison between Byron and Tolstoy."

That reminded the ironmaster of an incident. "After that bad time in 1907," he said, "I chanced into one of Mr. Carnegie's libraries and the librarian complained to me of the way the books were being ruined. Their pages were being scratched and filled with rust and fine shavings. I had an idea on that myself. I went back to my own mill—it was pretty dull there, and I was dodging the fortune place as much as I could. But we were sitting out a gang from the men who were beating at our doors every morning for work, and even then we were carrying around back of the furnace, and there were the library books—the men were reading them in the long shifts."

"They weren't reading fiction?" asked the New Yorker.

"One of them spoke to me. He was only getting three days a week. Mr. Carnegie gave the books, but he was quiet observation, and the money with which to buy them. But we need more than money. Can't he ever give us the leisure to read them without it costing us the money for our food?"

"That, New Yorker, that from the month of one of those of the new Pittsburg, is the answer to your question."



Monongahela Incline, Pittsburg.

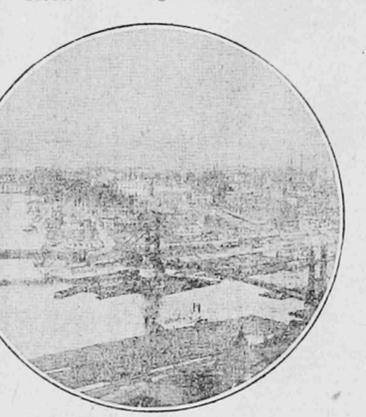
Do you wonder in face of such a state of things that transit relief comes rather slowly to Pittsburg? Pittsburg men have been trying to worm their way out of their difficulties for about a century and a half now, for it was 1758 that saw a permanent settlement started there at the junction of the three great rivers. Before that had been the memorable fight and defeat of Braddock—not far from where more recently Mr. Frick and Mr. Carnegie have been engaged in a rivalry as to which could erect the higher skyscraper and most effectively block out the front facade of the exquisitely beautiful Allegheny county Court House that H. H. Richardson designed a score of years ago. At Braddock's defeat George Washington fought, and it was no less a prophetic mind than that of the Father of His Country which foresaw and prophesied that Pittsburg, with proper transportation facilities, would become one of the master cities of the country.

To-day, when Pittsburg men grow nervous in one of their chronic fits of agitation—generally started by some upstart city such as Chicago or Duluth proclaiming herself the future centre of the steel industry—she gains comfort from the sayings of two Presidents—General Washington, as just quoted, and Judge E. H. Gary, at the head of the United States Steel Corporation—who went out there within the month with the foreign guests of the Iron and Steel Institute and told the Pittsburg men to be of good cheer—the centre of the steel industry was irrevocably fixed within their community. After that they breathed more easily, and fell to a new pride in the contemplation of a traffic in a twelvemonth that reached to the enormous total of 100,000,000 tons.

Philadelphia stands at the extreme east end of the Keystone State. Yet two peas in a pod were never half as different. Philadelphia stands for conservatism, Pittsburg for progress. While Philadelphia was climbing to the zenith of her power and influence through the first three-quarters of the last century and reaching her apotheosis in the great Centennial, Pittsburg was quiet under her smoke

a shrewd ironmaster whom politic folk were already calling "Mr. Carnegie"—had made steel an economic structural possibility. In this day, when wood has become a luxury, steel is coming into its own, and Pittsburg is to-day the most metropolitan city between New York and Chicago.

But she is still finding herself. The Survey, financed



Forks of the Ohio.

by Mrs. Russell Sage and equipped with some of the ablest and fairest minded social workers in America, has called sharp attention to her shortcomings. The Survey did its work thoroughly, and it was not the work of a minute or a day or a week or a month. When its report was ready Pittsburg smarted. It was the sort of smarting that goes before a cure.

Much has been done already. The man who went to Pittsburg as recently as ten years ago carried away some pretty definite memories of antiquated railroad stations and inferior hotel facilities. He remembered that in Liberty and in Penn avenues—two of the chief shopping streets in the city—long trails of freight cars were constantly being shifted by dirty switch engines in among the trolley cars, while further up those same avenues the Fort Wayne railroad tracks formed two of the nastiest grade crossings in America. When a fine new hotel was finally built away out Fifth avenue he could sit on his porch and face Pittsburg's famous farm. The Schenley farm stretched over the hill and far away. Its barns were sharply silhouetted upon the horizon, rail zig-zag fences ran up and down the slopes and sometimes one could see cattle outlined against the sky edge.

The farm was a sore point in Pittsburg's development. It occupied a tract somewhat similar in location to that of Central Park in Manhattan, and the struggling, growing town crawled its way around the obstacle slowly—then grew many miles east once again. Resentment gathered against the farm, and finally a bill was slipped through at Harrisburg imposing double taxes on property held by persons residing out of the United States—a distinct slap at the Schenley estate. When the estate protested word was carried overseas to it that if a good part of the farm were dedicated to the city as a park that bill would be withdrawn.

So Pittsburg gained its splendid new park, and a site for one of the finest civic centres in America. The farm has begun to disappear—the University of Pittsburgh is absorbing its last undeveloped slope for an American Acropolis that shall put Athens to the pale. The new athletic club, the Ritz-Carlton development of the Hotel Schenley, the great Soldiers' Memorial Hall which Allegheny county has just finished, the even greater Carnegie Institute, the graceful, twin spired Cathedral, are all going toward the making of this fine, new civic centre, and Pittsburg being Pittsburg and the Pirates social heroes, Forbes Field the