

Worcester [1900]

[fragmentary first page]

We left Mt. Sunapee on the  
for Worcester, reached Nashua at 11:15 and left at 11:55 and reached Worcester by way of  
Ayer Junction at 2:10. The train was a little late  
is a large brick building  
running into the station

Several electric cars run up to the side of the depot.

We missed the first [five?] Normal School car, it passed as we came out from the station  
and so we missed it but took another. The route taken was very round about, going several  
times as far as when we went apart afterward. The Normal School line stops at the head of  
Shelby St. and we found Aunt Sadie's to be a white house, the second on the left hand side  
going down. It was a

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tenement house and Aunt Sadie's was an upstairs tenement. Atho came home to supper but  
went back to the store. About 9 Alice and we went down onto the street, up to the Boston  
Store on Main St. Otho got away and I got me a suit at Sytles Modern Merchandise on Front  
St. and a coat [cap?] at another place near by. Worcester seems larger the more we see of it.  
A great many of the business blocks are 4 to 6 stories high and some more.

Sunday, February 4.

At 10:30 we all went to meeting at the First Baptist Salem Sq. near the city hall. It is not one  
of the most stylish, being one of the oldest, but is influential, being supported by many of  
the prominent business men of the city. Mr. Meeser is the pastor. The quartette was good  
especially the bass and alto. After meeting we went into S.S. downstairs. There were several  
hundred scholars divided into numerous classes. Our class room could be separated from  
the rest by sliding doors and dropping wooden screens. At 3:45 we went to the YMCA  
rooms on Elm St. Miss Eastman sang two solos, she is from Boston and is hired by one of  
the city churches. She used to live in Worcester. Mr. Plumb [?], a Boston man, spoke. The  
hall is a good sized one and there were probably several hundred members present. After  
these services we went up on Chandler St. to hunt up Frank George but failed. From there  
we went by the city hospital, the State Mutual, and some fine tenement blocks. We then  
went to C.E. [?] and evening service at the 1<sup>st</sup> Baptist. The C.E. meeting was not very  
enthusiastic. The evening service was good. At the day service they had communion service  
and the individual cups were used. It was fine. Every time we have been out we have gone a  
different way so we don't know much better where to go than at first.

Monday, February 5.

Was rainy in the morning changing to squalls toward noon. Probably had a snowstorm at  
home. Did not go out on the street until after dinner when Alice took us out. We went by

Senator Hoar's residence on Oak Avenue, he has large grounds filled with shade trees as is all Worcester. The buildings looked old but showed money supported them. We went by the Memorial Hospital and down to Lincoln Square where there is a RR station. A little way from the station on Prescott St. were the numerous works of the Washburn and Moen Steel Wire Company. The Worcester Buckeye Mower is made on this street opposite the wire works. On Main St. a little way from Lincoln Sq. is the new Court House. It is of light colored stone, low and long but grand broad stone steps lead from the street onto a terrace in front of the Court House. The Natural History Rooms pleased us the most of anything we saw in the afternoon. The rooms are on State St. and are open for three hours both forenoon and afternoon. We went in and looked both up and down stairs. The local animals and birds are well represented. There were woodchucks, skunks, squirrels, coons, mink, muskrat, weasels, etc. An American otter, panther, and wolf. Wild geese and ducks and smaller birds. In another room were a quantity of sea shells, and a display of stones from Worcester vicinity. We then went upstairs, a large buffalo head looked at us from the wall at the head of the stairs. Along one side of the hall upstairs was a display of sponge and coral, some of the specimens were beautiful, delicate in color and form. Another case here displayed more shells and here we saw a pearl oyster shell but no pearl. Many varieties of coral were in a glass case near. In a room opening out from the hall was a fine collection of birds. Here we saw a large moose horns and all. It was as large as a large cow, what an animal it would be to shoot, and if it should charge. Our native birds as shown here looked as natural as life, partridges, woodcock, crows, hawks, owls, and small birds. Two American bald eagles were in with the other birds. They looked powerful, a large golden eagle was with them. What we saw here was worth the whole afternoon's trip. The Classical High and English High School buildings were the largest school buildings we had seen. Both were built of stone and Newport High school wouldn't make any impression at all. The Union Church Congregational was the prettiest church we saw. Nearly all the buildings of prominence are of stone here. The Union Church was of granite, two large stone towers in front with a steeple back and a little stone chapel at one side, several others large churches were near.

Tuesday, Feb. 6.

Went over the same route today that Alice took us and took same views. Found our way without much difficulty. This evening we went with Otho and Alice to the YMCA to see our first game of basketball. It was played down in the gymnasium. The gym is in the basement, a balcony surrounds the floor, and the only chance for visitors is in the balcony. When we came in the fellows were going through sword drill with their trainers. It was fun to watch them thrusting and guarding and going through their different movements. When this was over the basketball teams came in and began to practice. There were five men on a side. They were dressed in athletic costume, knee pants, sleeveless shirts, long stockings and tennis shoes. At each end of the floor, about nine feet or so from the floor was a basket of netting held open at the top by a hoop and cut open at the bottom, though they said the bottom was closed last year. The ball used in the game was as large as a football, but was round instead of being long and the object was to throw the ball up so as to have it come down through the baskets and when that is done it counts one. The two teams are paired off, one of each team keeping together throughout the game and dogging each other all round. One side tries to rush the ball down across the other's ground and throw it into the

basket. When that is done, the ball is taken back and they start again. There is a referee in this game and in case of a foul a whistle is blown and the playing instantly stops. A foul happens when one of those who are following an opponent puts both arms around him in attempting to stop the ball or two fellows get hold of the same opponent. Only one arm is allowed to be used at a time and it was fun to watch them when the ball was moving toward a goal, using first one arm and then another to stop the progress of the other team. When the game started the ball is tossed up by the referee on a middle line, and the two teams try to knock it toward the other's goal or basket. They cannot run with it but must keep it in motion by rolling or bouncing it on the floor or some way. In case of a foul, the side on which the foul was committed has a chance to try and throw the ball into the basket from a given line. It seemed to be no easy job to throw it in as it was missed oftener a good deal than not [?]. There were two halves to the game as in foot-ball of about 15 minutes each. One side was dressed in blue and the other black. The blue won by 12 to 10. It was a very pretty game. It was not as rough as football and called for quickness more of the time than baseball.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.

Arthur and I went down onto the street and took the Court House, City Hall and Main St. The Main St. picture was taken from the corner of Main and Front, next the square and took in the State Mutual Insurance building, the tallest block in the city, built of light stone. In the afternoon Aunt Sadie took us to Elm Park. We took the Normal School car to city hall, then the Elm Park car to the park. It is quite a large park. In one part of the park are six deer fenced in, three buck and three doe. They were at first in one enclosure but they fought so that the buck and does had to be separated. The deer were our native deer. Since a pretty little pond runs through the park, it is rather narrow, the banks are covered with trees and shrubs, one or two little islands covered with shrubs break the surface of the pond. The park itself is covered with trees of every description. The pond was covered with skaters when we were there, boys and girls, men and women. There were many good skaters and it was a pretty scene. What ice there is on the streets is going, it is pretty walking.

Thursday, Feb. 8.

It has been a rainy day here. It hasn't rained but little, but it was rain and the ice has gone from the street a good deal, no ice or snow to be seen except in some places in the street.

Friday, Feb. 9.

About noon we went down on Front Street and sold a Jew (M. Schlesinger) a picture that we took of he and his team Wednesday. In the afternoon Aunt Sadie took us up by the Art Museum to Institute Park on Salisbury St. It is quite a park and contains Salisbury Pond, McAdamized roads run all through the park making a great place for bicycles in summer. But few trees are in Institute but there are several little summer houses and a club house. Settees and benches are in all directions and a stone tower overlooks the pond, it is nicknamed "the old stone mill," as it was modeled after that noted structure in Rhode Island. A stairway leads to the top and is open to the public in the summer but was boarded up now. A bridge connects a wooded island with the mainland. The Grove St. [?] of the the

Washburn & Moen wire works is near the park. Only a little way from the park is the Polytechnic Institute having its own electric works and machine shops. Tonight we went up to the Grace M.E. Church on Walnut St. They are holding revival services there and the niece of Sec. Sing was to sing. Miss Sing's singing was very good though her face was most to [sic] expressive to be real entertaining. Mr. J. Boyd Brady is the minister there. He was formerly a minister in Boston. He is a sensational speaker, having given a sermon on "Mr. Moody's first Sunday in Heaven" on the Sunday following his death, and other sermons along the same line.

Saturday, February 10.

Arthur and I took the Normal School and County Jail this forenoon. The County Jail has several buildings connected with it and is surrounded by a high stone wall. After dinner Aunt Sadie took us up to the Art Museum which is free to the public Sat. and Sun. afternoon from 1 to 4:30 and is open to the public on other days at a slight entrance fee. The building is said to be only one of four of the same shape which will be built as needed. The basement was not open but on the first floor above was the statuary. The different trades, etc. of the city were many of them represented by statues. Apollo, Hermes. The Wrestlers and many others were represented, also a bronze statue of Moses. Many of the statues were nearly nude, some wonderful muscle and form. In the hall at the head of the stairway were Chinese needlework pictures, music instruments, earthenware, etc. On the second floor under the glass roof was the picture gallery, divided into two rooms, one each side of the stairway. In one room was the Davis [?] pictures, pictures of local fame and by old artists I should judge by the looks of them. They did not interest us as those in the other room did. The picture there that most struck our fancy was an ocean scene where a lot of carrier pigeons were being liberated from a vessel. The waves and all looked as real as life. There were two splendid moonlight scenes on the water, two or three nature scenes with [cow ?] feeding, also sheep, and one or two of general scenery. Some of them close to looked dainty but when we sat in the seats placed in the middle of the room, we could see their beauty.

Sunday, Feb. 11.

Hunted up Frank George at 173 Chandler St. today and took him down to YMCA. After staying awhile we went out and walked around so as to talk and found our way up to Institute Park and went down to the pond. Hundreds of skaters were on the pond skating, both boys and girls, though the ice had got rotten around the shore so that a party of boys were skating across the weakest place, causing waves in the ice of a foot or more in height.

Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 12 & 13.

It has rained both days and Tuesday it was a downpour most all day. The streets have been flooded, rivers have risen and considerable damage has been done. The electric cars have scarcely any of them run on time, because of water and sand on the tracks. Boats had to be used in one place to get to and from the cars. Water has run into cellars and several factories and mills have had to stop, the fires in the furnaces being put out by the water. Tuesday night we went to see another basket ball game at the YMCA gymnasium. It was not as closely fought as the other one we saw. There was splendid team work by the lighter

team who won by some 20 to 6. We saw some of the quickest plays and prettiest dodging we ever saw.

Wednesday, Feb. 14 BOSTON

Arthur, Otho, and I took the 8 o'clock train for Boston this morning. It was a through express and we only stopped at three or four stations during the 43-mile ride. It was a pretty ride. The straight level track and rapid motion of the train was exhilarating. The country itself was not specially interesting as a whole, the country being level and a good deal of it covered by brush, scrub oak and pine. We passed through several pretty little villages at which we did not stop. At a little after nine we came into the suburbs of Boston and were soon passing under the streets, first in darkness, then in light, while the streets above us were busy with life.

Soon we pulled into the station, the new Southern Terminal. We rolled into the great train shed and as we stepped out of the car we could hardly hear ourselves think, engines were puffing on every side, trains were coming and going all the time. Either way we could look across track after track, probably 20 or 30 in all. The tracks all came to a terminus here. Over each track was the track number and the time at which the next train left and its destinations. The waiting room was fine, finished with pretty woods and [?] with a tall ceiling, in ornamental figures. Fruit and flower stands were prominent.

From the station we went on to the street and onto Atlantic Avenue. We went along Atlantic Ave. quite a piece going down onto the numerous wharves. At one wharf the dock was filled with fishing boats both great and small. From one boat several men were passing out fish which had been dressed and cured and were loading them on a wagon. On the other side fish were being taken out from the hold as they had been caught. Two men were drawing them up by the basketful while a third man gave the basket a swing to other men who stood on the wharf. From here they were taken up with pitchforks and thrown into carts. Some of the boats looked as though they had seen about all service they would, dark weather-beaten hulls and discolored sails.

From the end of the wharf we looked out over the harbor, but little was stirring. Occasional tugs were steaming back and forth and we could see the great ferries moving back and forth. The air and water was thick with gulls, wheeling and diving, picking up an occasional fish and the time keeping up their peculiar cry, almost a whistle. We saw several of the large liners, the Prince Arthur of the Dominion Line, and the City of Macon of the Savannah Line. At the Savannah Line wharf we large quantities of cotton.

Upon leaving Atlantic Ave., which we were loathe to do, we passed up Commercial St. and were soon in an interesting part of the city. Short streets ran in all directions. Carts and drays filled the ways. Wholesale houses of every description were all around us and one wholesale liquor house especially attracted our attention. It was covered to the whole extent of its four stories with advertisements.

From here we caught our first glimpse of the Ames Building, the tallest building of Boston. It is 14 stories high, but does not cover a large ground area. Faneuil Hall Market we found interesting. It was a long building with a wide walk through the center, seeming almost like

a street for as we passed along we saw stalls on either hand where was sold all kinds of produce, meats, vegetables, fish, groceries, fruits, everything one could wish for. An interesting sight it was. Faneuil Hall was near at hand as we came out of the market. Otho at first was uncertain as to whether it were Faneuil or not until he had seen the gilt grasshopper on the weathervane.

Toward noon we had got onto Washington St. and passed the Old South Church, the old historic church where the lights were hung at the time of Paul Revere's ride. We ate our dinner at a little restaurant opposite the Columbia Theatre. We called for Boston's favorite dish, baked beans and brown bread and ate it with a relish.

We had now hardly begun our sightseeing. In the early part of the afternoon we went up to Copley Square one of the prettiest parts of the city. A large open green is surrounded by several public buildings. Trinity Church and New Old South Church, the Public Library after which the Worcester Art Museum was partly modelled, the Fine Arts Building which, if as handsomely finished inside as out, must surely have been fine.

Soon after this we found our way onto Columbus Ave., but a short time before this we passed Dr. McElveen on the street, the pastor of the Shawmut St. Church. We saw him at the C.E. Convention at Newport and though we did not speak to him here we know it must be him as no other man could counterfeit him.

After finding Columbus Ave., we went to the Youth's Companion Building, one of Boston's large buildings. We had little time to spend here but we wished to see the amateur photo exhibit which the Companion conducts here, so we went in and took the elevator to the fourth floor. This was our second ride on an elevator. A room on this floor was given over entirely to the exhibition of photographs sent in by the thousands of contributors to the amateur contest. We should have liked to have spent the rest of the day here if we could have spared the time. The walls were lined with the best pictures while the tables were covered with thousands more and some of them were just elegant. We saw the pictures taken by the several prize winners. The collection by Edgar Fellows, one of which won the Grand Prize, were all character sketches. Nearly all the pictures which won distinction were finished on platinotype, platinum, aristo-platino or some paper giving a similar effect. It repaid us many times over for the time spent in looking over the photos.

Soon we took a Bunker Hill electric, crossing the Charles River into Charlestown. Bunker Hill is quite a sharp rise and acquires quite an eminence. From the top of this, Bunker Hill Monument rises 221 feet and commands a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country for miles. We did not go up as the admission was 20 cents and there were 297 steps to climb. Near the monument was the statue of Warren who was the first to fall in that memorial battle on this hill, while little slabs notified the public that here the redoubt was thrown up, etc.

We next went back to the Charlestown Bridge and thought some of going down to the Navy Yard but gave it up. We walked across the bridge. On the Charlestown side and to the Boston side of the bridge an elevated road has been put up. It is to extend into Boston but has only been begun.

We were anxious to take a ride in the subway so at Haymarket Sq. we entered one of those little square buildings that stand in the middle of the streets and purchased our tickets. We walked down the steps and there we were in an underground room lighted by electric lights. On one side were paper and fruit stands while on the other ran the tracks, while you could look along the tunnel, a dark hole in ground lighted by incandescent lamps looking like stars shining out of the darkness. Whizz! Up came an electric and we stepped on board and were soon going swiftly through this tunnel. On looking back we saw the little lights fading away in the distance while on either hand and overhead were the swiftly flying walls of the subway. We boys stood on the rear platform and enjoyed the whole trip. Two or three stations we passed on our way, brightly lighted and seemingly as busy and gay as an ordinary railway station in the evening. Once we seemed to dive down into the earth and upon looking up a second track ran at right angles with us over our heads and all this beneath the busy streets of the city, beneath the rattle and bang of traffic on the paving, and yet down here we heard nothing of all this, simply the rush of our car through the subway. But soon out of the ground we rushed and were at Castle Sq.

During the afternoon we passed by the Public Garden which must be lovely with its trees and grass here in the midst of this great city and crossed Boston Common to the State Capitol, going by the Soldiers Monument [unveiled May 31, 1897]. Here we noticed many of the trees were marked with the name of the species. The Capitol building is fine with its dome of gold leaf shining in the sunlight. From here we went down onto Tremont St. again and passed by the Old Granary burying ground where many of the noted men lie buried. Tremont Temple is a fine building with its white front and artistic designs but it seems almost overshadowed by the Tremont Building which has been put up on the other side of the street within 3 or 4 years.

We were now getting tired of tramping all day so found our way back to the station and rested until our train left at 6 o'clock. While in the city we saw several electric carriages. They were not like the locomotives around Worcester with their trail of steam behind them for these had no show of steam whatever. There were hacks as well as ordinary carriages among these electric carriages and they seemed to be having the full share of patronage.

At 6 o'clock we found our car on track 14 and were soon spinning on our way to Worcester. One by one the lights of the city were left behind and the train was left to speed its way through the night alone and I turned my eyes to the light and warmth within and settled back to enjoy the hour's ride home in memories of the day just past. We reached Worcester soon after 7 and reached Aunt Sadie's tired but happy with the satisfaction of having seen something worth seeing.