

# THE "MONUMENTAL CITY"

Baltimore so Called for its Many Monuments.

POPULATION OVER 500,000

The Flame-Swept City Is One of the Six Largest Municipalities of the United States.—Originally Laid Out in Half Acre Lots.—Named After Lord Baltimore.

Baltimore is one of the six cities of the United States having a population in excess of half a million. The census of 1900 gave its population as 508,857. The city occupies a hilly tract of about thirty-two square miles, at the head of navigation of the Patuxent River. Its harbor consists of an inner basin and a larger bay, having a minimum depth of twenty-four feet. It is a port of entry, and since the middle of the eighteenth century has been the chief city of Maryland.

Originally named after Lord Baltimore it has long been popularly known as "The Monumental City," because of the number and interest of its monuments. The Washington Monument, in Mount Vernon place, was finished in 1830. It is 180 feet high, and supports a colossal figure of Washington. Among the other monuments in the city are the statue of George Peabody, the work of W. W. Story, a statue of Chief Justice Taney, and Wilkey and Rigely monuments, in honor of distinguished members of the Order of Odd Fellows; the Battle Monument, in memory of citizens who fell in defense of the city against the British, in 1814, and the Wells and McComas monument, in memory of two heroes of the War of 1812.

Baltimore was originally laid out in half acre lots, and its streets are mostly on the rectangular plan. Jones's Falls, a small stream, traverses the city. In the residence section the houses, standing in solid rows, seldom exceed three stories in height, and are mostly of red brick. In the last twenty years there have been many changes in the character of houses in the more prominent streets.

Baltimore, Charles and Lexington streets are the most important thoroughfares in the city, and contain most of the shops. Charles street being also a residence street. Baltimore street is the leading business thoroughfare. That section of the city bounded by Biddle, Calvert and Franklin streets and Park avenue, contains the finest residences. The city has nearly 6,000 manufactories, employing nearly \$100,000,000 of capital, and nearly 100,000 hands, paying wages amounting to over \$35,000,000 annually, and turning out products of the value of over \$150,000,000 annually.

The annual values of the chief products of the city are clothing, about \$16,000,000; tobacco, \$6,000,000; foundries and machine shops' output, \$5,000,000; canned meats, \$4,000,000; breweries' output, \$4,000,000; fertilizers, \$4,000,000; whisky, \$2,000,000; patent medicines, \$2,000,000; canned fruits and vegetables, \$8,000,000, and brass castings, \$2,000,000.

Until 1881 the water supply of the city came from Jones's Falls, the reservoir being seven miles outside the city, but a further supply was obtained from the Gunpowder River through a large aqueduct which cost \$4,000,000. The daily supply of water for the city is about 200,000,000 gallons. This is distributed through mains in all the streets, and there are 1,000 fire hydrants in the city. The fire department has had a good record for efficiency, and has been supplied with the best apparatus obtainable. The city has a fire alarm service, working with a police signal service. The fire department ten years ago had twenty-three steam fire engines and nine hook and ladder trucks.

First among the public buildings of Baltimore is the City Hall, built of white marble, occupying public square and costing \$3,000,000. Prominent among the other public buildings are the Maryland Institute, the Custom House, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Court House, Odd Fellows' Hall, the Masonic Temple, the Maryland Institution for the blind, the Peabody Institute, the Sheppard-Pratt Institute for the insane, the County Jail, the Johns Hopkins Hospital, the Enoch Pratt Free Library and the Spring Grove Asylum, a state institution. The Continental Trust Equitable and Fidelity buildings are large office structures which are noticeable, while the Maryland Club House, a Romanesque edifice of white marble, and the Mount Royal Station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad are noteworthy buildings.

The principal railroads pass through the city by a system of tunnels or subways, and through the Baltimore and Ohio tunnel the trains are operated by electric motors. In the extent of its public markets, Baltimore is hardly equaled by any city of the United States. The largest—Lexington Market—has long been one of the interesting sights of the city. The bridges spanning Jones's Falls in the city are interesting features.

Baltimore has 1,250 acres of public parks, including several fine public squares in the city. The public parks in order of their size are: Druid Hill, 671 acres; Clifton Park, 255 acres; Patterson Park, 106 acres, and Carroll Park, 64 acres. Carroll Park contains the historic Carroll mansion. Patterson Park has fine conservatories. Clifton Park was formed in 1895 from the Clifton estate of Johns Hopkins, Druid Hill, named from the grand oaks which are among its greatest natural attractions, is one of the finest public parks in the United States. It was acquired by the city in 1860.

## TO FIX ON DANTE'S BIRTHPLACE.

The Question Undecided at the Present Moment.

High and low, rich and poor, have now but one thought, that of locating the houses of the Alighieri. This has been attempted on various occasions, and some time ago it was established, to the satisfaction of the time, that Dante was born in a certain house, even the room being pointed out. To this almost the whole traveling public has come in pilgrimage; but alas! a doubt has arisen, and it is now said that Dante did not live there at all.

The documents which should establish the right of the matter are few, but sufficiently plain to show that, if not just there, the Alighieri could not have been far off. One states that in 1180 the family were living in the parish of San Martino, and near the church, as there was a heated question about a fig tree which Dante's ancestors had planted and which they were obliged to root up. In 1277, after Dante's birth, they were again in trouble, this time with the abbot of the Church of the Badia, so that they were evidently still in the same neighborhood, and, in fact, there is another document which seems to say that Dante's father lived among the people of San Martino, while others show that after the poet's death they were still there. Thus the neighborhood is established, but the house is a more difficult matter. Several buildings have been demolished, but the only thing which has come to light is a wall with a coat of arms, the same as that found on several other houses of the district and on the Church of the Badia. But that proves nothing for or against, as they may have been added later when the property changed hands. There are documents, they say, tracing the different ownerships of the houses from 1332, at which time they were owned by an uncle of Dante's, to 1869. Thus the question stands at the present moment.—Pitt-Mall Gazette.

## Million Dollar Caterpillars.

A few years ago a scientific person in Massachusetts imported some caterpillars that interested him, and kept them in a bottle. But one day the bottle tipped over and some of the caterpillars escaped into the scientist's garden and presently stocked it with gypsy moths. To catch them and their descendants the Bay State has since spent about a million dollars of public money. They have cost it many million dollars besides in damages. The old method of fighting them was to find and destroy the cocoons. The State finally gave that up, much to the regret of many of its citizens. The bugs have since increased very much and carried destruction into the woods. It is now proposed to fight these pests in the latest fashion by breeding parasites which will attack them. That method is recommended by Mr. Koebele, of Alameda, Cal., who tried it successfully in that State for white scale. The Massachusetts Forestry Association favors the experiment, which will not cost much, and Mr. Koebele will doubtless be invited to bring his parasites to Massachusetts and set them on. The whole country is concerned in this experiment, because a Massachusetts Congressman has invited Congress to declare the gypsy moth a national enemy and to appropriate \$250,000 to fight him. The parasite cure is a modern wonder and has been effective in cases of great moment. Mr. Koebele says it will not wipe out the gypsy moths, but will keep them down. The boll weevil may presently be restrained by the same methods.—Harper's Weekly.

## The Pace.

"There can be no question about one thing," said a man who does not take kindly to the hurry-up, strenuous tendency of the time, "and that is the fact that we hurry our children along the highway of life at a too rapid pace. In your day and mine children were not so wise. They did not push them so much at school. As you know, they did not begin the serious studies of life so soon. But now—well, the idea is aptly put in a bit of verse which I found recently in a South African paper. Here is the way it runs:

"Hurry the baby as fast as you can. Hurry him, worry him, make him a man; Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants. Feed him on brain foods and make him advance; Huddle him, soon as he's able to walk, into a grammar school, cram him with talk; Fill his poor head full of figures and facts, Keep on jamming them in till it cracks." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Fair Titled Americans.

Forty years ago Lord Palmerston predicted that "before the century is over these clever and pretty women from the States will pull the strings in half the chancelleries of Europe."

A review of the world to-day bears witness to the truth of the prophecy. Lady Curzon, in India; Mrs. Chamberlain, in England; Mme. Jusserand, Baroness Moncheur, the Baroness von Sternberg, wives respectively of the French Ambassador, the Belgian Ambassador and the German Ambassador to the United States, are all of American descent or birth.

Lady Herbert, widow of Sir Michael Henry Herbert, formerly Britain's Ambassador, was an American, and to-day some of the most influential houses on the other side look to their American wives to maintain their prestige.

## THE SHREWD DETECTIVE.

Charlock Holmes Not in It With This Wonderful Man.

The shrewd detective looked the ground over carefully. "This is the third time you have been robbed?" said he, inquiringly. "Yes," replied the woman. "And this room is the one that has been most disturbed?"

"Yes." The shrewd detective examined a comb that lay on the bureau. "Is there any one here with red hair?" he asked.

"No." "Ha!" he cried. "A clew! She could not resist the temptation to arrange her hair."

"She! Who?" "The burglar. It is a woman, which simplifies matters very much. She has red hair." He sank into an arm chair and rested his throbbing temple on his hand. The throb was due to great mental activity. He could not think clearly without throbs. "The ordinary police method," he said at last, "would be to put out the dragnet and arrest every red-headed woman in town and indict the one who had



just combed her hair, but that is unsatisfactory to a great detective. I prefer to be subtle. Have you a full-length mirror?"

"Yes." "And a folding glass that enables you to see your head from three sides at once?"

"Yes." "And some costly millinery?"

"Yes." "And a ball gown?"

"Yes." "Bring them all to me." Wondering, she obeyed, and he arranged them all to his satisfaction.

"What next?" she asked. "Leave them all here tonight," he instructed, "and come up any time tomorrow. You will find the woman still here. But do not send your husband, for she may be trying on the gown."

"What a wonderful man!" she exclaimed. "Nothing wonderful about it," he returned. "I am merely a married man who is reasonably observing."

Investigation the next day revealed a note which read: "I have taken the gown home to try it on."

"I told you it was a woman!" cried the detective jubilantly. "You can't disconcert a true detective."

The Polite Baboo. Here is a characteristic bit of baboo English written by one who wanted a holiday:

"Most Exalted Sir—It is with most habitually devout expressions of my most sensitive respect that I approach the clemency of your masterful position with the self-dispraising utterance of my esteemed, and the also forgotten-by-myself assurance that, in my own mind I shall be freed from the assumption that I am asking unpardonable donations if I assert that I desire a short respite from my exertions—indeed, a fortnight's holiday, as I am suffering from three boils, as per margin. I have the honorable delight of subscribing myself your exalted reverence's servitor. X."

Apparently the young man feared that his humble and touching epistle would not suffice. In the margin he had drawn a rough but graphic picture, showing the location of the three boils upon his own person.—Tit-Bits.

Lucid. Ebenezer—Say, Gawge, whar wuz yo' gwine tudder day when I saw yo' gwine ter mill? George—Gwine ter mill, ob 'course. Whar wuz yo' at? I didn't see yo'?

Ebenezer—I neber seed yo' nudder till yo' got clean outen sight, an' den, ef I hadn't aseed yo', I wouldn't 'a' node yo'—Judge.

Both Disgusted. Aren't you ashamed to be seen with a whiskey bottle in your hand?" exclaimed the Rev. Goodman. "Faugh! It's disgusting!"

"It is so," replied Weary Willie, "I thought dey wuz a drink in it, but it's empty."—Philadelphia Press.

A Way She Has. Norton—Is Mrs. Styles much of a talker? Norton—Much of a talker? I should say so! It is impossible for her to play solitaire intelligently—she has so much to say to herself, you know.—Boston Transcript.

No Gossip. They went out sailing, lass and lad, Who liked each other well. He hugged the shore, and I might add, But pahaw! I musn't tell! —Philadelphia Press.

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