

HEART OF BALTIMORE BURNT OUT

Business Section Swept by Awful Fire.

75 BLOCKS DESTROYED

Flames Raged Unchecked Until They Burned Out.

THE LOSS IS OVER \$100,000,000

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 9.—Baltimore is staggering under the fire loss which no one has the temerity to put into figures. The important commercial district is blackened ruins, laid bare by a conflagration which raged without a momentary check from 10:45 a. m. Sunday until late yesterday afternoon. At 3 o'clock the city officials again breathed. It was agreed the flames were under control. They had raged for 28 hours, in spite of almost superhuman efforts put forth by the best fighting forces which more than half a dozen cities were able to muster.

The city is overcast with gloom. The stores are closed in nearly every street. Apparently there is but one cause for gladness, and that is that there are no homeless. The residence section of the city escaped. This phase of the situation relieved the officials from any thought other than the saving of property.

Throughout the terrible contest in which firemen and fire waged for supremacy, humanity was handicapped by a gale which carried burning brands far over the heads of the workers and beyond the reach of the hundreds of streams of water poured into the raging furnaces. But for the work of volunteers in seeking out and extinguishing these embers it is almost certain that the burned area would have been twice larger than it is. About 75 squares or about 140 acres are in ashes, extending from Lexington street, on the north, to Pratt street, on the south, and from Liberty street, on the west, to Jones' Falls, on the east.

Insurance companies have opened temporary offices in the Lexington hotel, but their representatives decline to estimate the loss. The answer of one is typical of all: "It's too big. We have not figures to describe it. Make it above \$100,000,000. That's the best we can do."

The same indecision was true in regard to estimates concerning insurance.

Colonel J. Frank Supplee, a competent authority on factory statistics, estimates that the number of persons thrown out of employment will reach 50,000. Others have estimated the enforced idleness at greatly more.

Inspector of Buildings Preston, after making a careful study of the burned district, placed the building loss alone at \$150,000,000.

Not a single life has been lost, and not a human being has been even dangerously injured. The hospital lists consist of minor burns, with the exception of Jacob Igenfritz, a fireman from York, Pa. He has a fractured leg and is badly burned.

City Under Martial Law.
The city was early placed under martial law, and thus all danger of looting in the doomed district was eliminated. General Corbin, of New York, arrived here today to take command of the federal troops. The presence of two regiments of militia, as an adjunct to the police, which were augmented by details from Philadelphia and Washington, resulted in the maintenance of the best of order.

No one dares to guess what would have happened if the flames had jumped Jones' Falls. The struggle yesterday was to confine the fire to the west side of the muddy little stream. That this effort was successful is merely the result of the fire burning itself out and coming in contact in front with the concentrated labors of nearly 100 fire companies, aided by the powerful fire tug, the Cataract. Again and again the terrible heat, driven from the burning district across Jones' Falls ignited buildings and lumber piles. Furious hand-to-hand fights occurred, which, fortunately for the residents of East Baltimore, were won by the firemen. For several hours in the lumber district of the east side, volunteers watched every ember. Bucket brigades were formed to prevent the destructive leap of the flames across the narrow stream. Had the fire gained a foothold in the east side lumber yards, it is conceded that nothing could have stopped the onslaught, and the departments would have been powerless to prevent damage as great as, if not greater, than that of the Chicago fire.

Many Buildings Blown Up.
Dynamite explosions were constant. The program adopted Sunday night of blowing up buildings in an attempt to stay the progress of the flames was continued until the fire was under control. Then the dynamites turned their attention to razing tottering walls which threatened to collapse. The result was almost constant cannonading, and the detonating was heard in all parts of the city.

With the fire under control, the blackened waste which lies in the wake of the sea of flames presents a view, terrible in its pyrotechnic grandeur. It can be likened best to oceans of great coke ovens, each shooting out its thousand tongues of flame from pyramids of brick, stone and cement.

Where the fire has died out nothing remains but waste, from which rise hundreds of towering, insecure shafts of the same color. These are all that is left of what were once handsome office buildings, storage, wholesale and business houses of all kinds.

The loss will not be accurately estimated for weeks, for business men, prosperous Sunday morning, are poor today. Expressions heard among these men as they peer into their collapsed properties reveal an astounding number who were only poorly protected.

Few persons explored fully even such portions of the burned district as the cooling ruins would permit. The high wind made it nearly impossible for any one to pass through the streets bordered by crumbling walls without grave danger to personal safety. Tangled masses of wires cross and recross the streets, and these were lashed so furiously by the wind that they could have proved no more dangerous had they been alive. Some of these wires are strung from charred wooden poles which strangely are left standing in a section where buildings supposed to have been fireproof did not escape, and some hang from the side walls or corners of what had once been office buildings.

These ruins could be seen swaying back and forth, apparently ready to collapse any minute. Many did fall during the morning, carrying upward clouds of brick and mortar dirt so dense that even the smoke was obscured for the moment. Flying glass, dust and gravel, sparks and embers filled the air. In this fearful district men prominent in the commercial life were found. Many with heat blistered and smoke begrimed faces had been up all night, and as the morning broke were taking their first inventory of losses. And that was only the trail of the fire fiend. The heat and the flames were then raging beyond, extending square by square until the very water's edge was reached.

LAST STAND TO CHECK FLAMES

Firemen Won Desperate Fight at the River Front.

As the day wore on the forefront of the fire neared Jones' Falls, a small stream that trends north and south and divides Baltimore from that portion of the city known as East Baltimore. This little stream was the last stand. If the conflagration leaped it, if by flying embers or a rush of flame the fire could cross and gain a foothold its extent could not be foretold. Tremendous efforts were made to block it. Dynamite was used freely. The fire apparatus was centered and all the skill of the fire fighters called into play to defeat the element that had eaten up millions of dollars worth of property. And human skill and pluck and grit and unflinching courage won. The fire was checked. But behind it lay a great gutted waste of more than 140 acres in extent.

Every street that led to the fire area was crowded with awe-stricken spectators. Down the narrow gulch-like streets the black smoke hung densely, split now and then by a red glare of flame. The crash of falling buildings was lost in the roar of exploding dynamite as it was used to demolish structures as yet untouched by fire.

The city was under the strictest military control. All around the burned area was stretched a cordon of soldiers, who held up all comers at the point of the bayonet. Police brought from the neighboring cities patrolled the district, and on every street near the limits of the fire area paced armed sentinels.

Scene of Complete Devastation.

The burned area is a scene of complete devastation. Numberless buildings that were the pride of Baltimore, costly and stately, and occupied for divers purposes, were gutted, and only smoldering debris or walls or remnants of walls remain to mark the sites. The Baltimore American building, one of the finest, is now but a mass of smoldering debris, save for remnants and front and side walls. Across South street, where stood the Baltimore Sun building, only the pillars that marked the front remain. Entire blocks just below there are wiped out without, in some cases, a wall left standing. From Fayette street down Holliday street, as far as German street, there is no building left save the Corn and Flour Exchange, at the corner of German street. That building, whose walls tower above the crumbling debris of what were adjoining structures, was gutted, and the standing walls formed a cauldron, the flames of which burst at times through the windows, but could cause no further damage. In numerous other wrecked buildings the flames played about the debris and threatened to weaken the foundations of the few walls that were left standing.

Like a grim tower in the ruins stands the walls of the 15-story Continental Trust company's building. The walls of the Baltimore and Ohio building are also standing, but the Pennsylvania railroad building, directly across Calvert street, is razed. Only the walls remain of the once stately Equitable building. Only remnants of one wall are left of what was the National hotel, at Holliday and Fayette streets. No buildings are left standing as far as the eye can see down Baltimore street from this point. All along South Gay street there is the same picture of complete destruction. A broken sign and a tottering front wall show where the Maryland W. C. T. U. building once stood. Adjoining this was the building occupied by the Iron Ship company and by the British consulate, whose building is a complete loss. The building used by the German consulate, on this square, is also in ruins.

Custom House Ruined.

The costly United States custom house, in course of construction, is said to be ruined. The marble blocks are badly damaged, the cornices on the

north side are destroyed, and the marble is cracked in a number of places. The only other federal building damaged was the United States storehouse, No. 1, diagonally opposite. Here the interior sustained serious damage, but the outer walls are intact, the only building in that section whose outer structure was preserved. Westward along Pratt street is early debris from which flames leap and play.

Down Pratt street, west from Gay for several blocks, the oil in the wreck of the Standard Oil company's buildings ignited and there was a succession of explosions, with the bursting out of flames. At times the smoke rolled up and threw great black clouds over the ruins. Pratt street for many squares is almost impassable by reason of huge piles of masonry and the water with which the fire companies flooded that section. The electric wires are a tangled network, and the trolley wires are down in every direction. At O'Donnell's wharf, where a freight station of the Northern Central railroad is located, the flames fell all day on the inflammable trimmings of the annex to the power house of the United Street railroads. The walls of both buildings remain intact.

Many of the occupants of ill-fated Pratt street were saloonkeepers and dealers in second-hand goods. There is nothing today to indicate that these places ever existed save for brick piles. All the buildings at Dugan's wharf, nearby, were destroyed. Stretching from here down East and West Falls avenue were a number of business establishments. Among these the Lime and Cement company's plant and the Cockran ice house were burned. The large four-story building of the McCormick Drug company, at East Falls avenue and Pratt street, was ruined. The William Tell house, a saloon and hotel, at East Falls avenue and Pratt street; the Hoffman house, another hotel nearby; the T. J. Myers large five-story packing plant and the W. W. Boyer packing plant were destroyed.

The Commercial building, a six-story building at the corner of Lombard and Gay streets, stretching over half a block, is destroyed, but the vaults are safe.

Buildings sprang into living flame before fire touched them, and brick and mortar crumbled like chalk. The atmosphere quivered, and in it, surrounded by fire, the firemen of this and other cities fought doggedly.

The Fayette Street Episcopal church, one of the oldest buildings in the city, has nothing but the outside walls left. On Gay street, between Lombard and Water streets, two wholesale liquor establishments, the Jarrett Williams company, a five-story building, and the Wilson Distilling company, also a five-story structure, are reduced to ashes, while a front wall is all that is left of the five-story wholesale liquor plant of Kuhl & Son. The inflammable character of the contents of these buildings will give an idea of the fierceness of the blaze. Spirits fed the wood, and the heat was terrible.

There were hundreds of other buildings destroyed, including many of considerable commercial importance, but their complete list would be but a business directory of the burned area.

Many Daring Feats.

While there were no casualties to speak of, the great army of fire fighters performed many daring feats in their desperate attempt to stay the onward march of the flames. Many times they were driven out of close and hot places just as walls came toppling down. The last large building to fall a prey to the flames down along Jones' Falls nearly caught five men. They were on the roof and directing their efforts to an adjoining structure, when a warning shout was sent up that the interior of the building on which they were standing was a mass of flames. They found their way to a tin gutter, where one by one they hung on and then stretched out their arms and grasped a telegraph pole which was slanted close to the structure. They slid down and had not reached the ground when the roof fell in with a roar. This was only one instance. Columns could be written of hairbreadth escapes made during the 27-hours' battle with the flames.

All the out-of-town fire companies, because of the utter exhaustion of the local men, were given a free hand during the morning and early afternoon. More than a score of companies were here from New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington and small towns within a radius of 50 miles of Baltimore. Their duty was to check the flames in their onward march to the southward. This was a rather difficult task, as both sides of Jones' Falls are lined with lumber yards and old buildings, which proved to be no better than tinder boxes. At every street the stream is spanned by a small bridge, and on each bridge two and sometimes three engines were standing taking water from the creek. Stationed at various points in the lumber yards were other steamers also taking water from the stream. In this manner the travelling fire fighters stood side by side and strove to check the flames. The lumber yards on the east side of the creek were saved by the companies stationed in them throwing great quantities of water on the piles of lumber, while the companies on the west side of the narrow creek poured water into the burning buildings. The engines on the bridges also rendered valuable aid.

The burned district, comprising 140 acres of a roughly drawn right angle triangle, is piled with heaps and masses of brick, stone and twisted iron, from which occasional walls of the more substantial structures tower, some of them seemingly ready to fall at any instant. Others retain the semblance of entire and unharmed buildings until closer inspections reveal the fire swept interiors.

The New York firemen, who were the last to arrive, owing to the long

Summer Will Bring Freedom to Mrs. Maybrick.

Replying to a question in the House of Commons Friday, Home Secretary Akers-Douglas confirmed the reports that Mrs. Florence Maybrick has been removed from Aylesbury prison to a convalescent home, where she will remain until summer, when she will be allowed her freedom, and said that she had been granted a license under the penal servitude act.

"In accordance with the wishes of the authorities of the home and with Mrs. Maybrick's own earnest desire, which is, I think, entitled to consideration," added Mr. Akers-Douglas, "I do not propose to make public any further details as to the time or place of her release."

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. J. Green of Lancaster, N. H. "No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicines I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak run-down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Green's.

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Bears the Signature of
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FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD

THE INFORMATION CONTAINED IN THE CITIZEN'S STATEMENT IS INVALUABLE TO BELLEFONTE PEOPLE

When a resident of Bellefonte whose statement appears here has no monetary or other interest in the article which he endorses who is anxious to do his acquaintances and fellow residents a good turn who publishes in this paper his experience with Doan's Kidney Pills that persons must have good and sufficient reason for doing so. The following should dispel any doubts which may have existed in the reader's mind on this subject:

William Valence, 226 High Street, Night watchman says: "For 2 years or more and on I had trouble with my back and pain in the upper part of my spine accompanied by a disagreeable feeling in my head and acute lameness right over my kidneys. At first I thought it was my liver but later found it arose from the kidneys not acting properly. I read of the many cures that had been made in Bellefonte by Doan's Kidney Pills and I got them at F. Potts Green's drug store. They stopped the annoyance from the kidney's and removed the lameness and aching in my back. They did me any amount of good and I do not hesitate to recommend them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co. Buffalo, N. Y., sole agent for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

New Advertisements.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned executor of the last will and testament of Rose McCalmont Shortidge, deceased, late of the borough of Bellefonte, requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to her estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against said estate to present them, properly authenticated for payment.

JOHN S. WALKER, Executor.
Bellefonte, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Katie Murray, late of Patton township, deceased, having been granted the undersigned all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement and those having claims against her estate to present them, properly authenticated, for payment.

D. L. MEER, Administrator.
Waddles, Pa.

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A glance at our Store
Window will show where
the Borax we sell comes
from and because it comes
from the right place is
the reason it is unexcelled.

GREEN'S PHARMACY
Bush House Block,
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DO YOU ASK?
The answer is easy, and your duty is plain.....
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DUSTERS, WHIPS, PADS, COLLARS,
AXEL GREASE

and everything you want at
SCHOFIELD'S.

SCHOFIELD has the largest stock of everything in his line, in the town or county.
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Building Business on Cheap John Goods is an impossibility—that's why we believe it is to your best interest to buy from us. Over thirty-two years in business ought to convince you that our goods and prices have been right.

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as you choose your doctor—for effectiveness of work rather than for lowness of price. Judge of our ability as you judge of his—by the work already done.

Many very particular people have judged us in this way, and have chosen us as their plumbers.

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Pittsburg, Johnstown, Ebensburg & Eastern R.R.

Trains leave Philadelphia 6:32, 7:10, 11:00 a. m., 2:30, 4:52 and 8:10 p. m. for Onco, Houtzdale, Remy and Fernwood (16 miles). Returning leave Fernwood 8:05, 8:45 a. m., 1:00, 3:40, 5:50 p. m., arriving Philadelphia 7:25, 9:45 a. m., 2:00, 4:37 and 6:45 p. m.

Connections.—With N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. and Penna. R. R. at Philadelphia and Penna. R. R. at Onco, Houtzdale and Remy.
C. T. HALL, J. O. KEMP,
Gen. Pass'g' Agt. Superintendent
Philadelphia.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Condensed Time Table.

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