

Trips Awheel: Where to Go and How to Get There

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Cycle Route 46 (1897-1898 series).

A Ramble Up and Down Broad Street, Philadelphia's Just Pride

"Why, I always had an idea that Broad street was twenty miles long," remarked a visitor from Pittsburg to the present writer, last Tuesday.

No, sir; we Philadelphians are entirely too slow to make such unsupported claims. Some of us who have admired the Prater, in Vienna; the world-known Under-der-Linden, of Berlin; that long series of boulevards that stretch out from the Bastille to the Place de la Concorde, in Paris; Regent street, in London – and why not Sackville street, in Dublin, be jabbers! – were somewhat amused at the statement recently made in a New York paper that Fifth avenue, in that city, is, or will presently be, the greatest, the longest, the everything-est boulevard "in the world;" but we are not the least little bit inclined to emulate such hyperbolic phraseology (not to use a shorter and blunter expression), and we prefer to let facts speak for themselves.

As to length, facts tell us that poor little Manhattan Island could no more hold our Broad street, as at present laid out, than it could hold the City of Philadelphia, unless, indeed, its street plan was remodeled especially for the performance, and room was made for our thoroughfare cornerwise.

From the City Hall (marked 1 in the diagram herewith) to where it is intended to strike the City Line near old Camptown, about half a mile west of Melrose, Broad street is a little less than seven and a half miles; and from the City Hall to where it comes to an abrupt termination on the bank of the Delaware, at League Island, it is slightly under four and a half miles, say in all twelve miles. In reality, however, the road is made, northward, only as far as Logan Station, and this reduces its actual length for all practical purposes to less than ten miles, seven and a half of which are asphalted.

Its width is 113 feet. As regards the incentives it may offer to our local pride, or to your curious interest, come and see for yourself what jottings we shall be able to take down, as we go along, by the light of facts, and that alone – unpretentious notes for our local use, of course.

NORTHWARD FROM CITY HALL.

Describing this city such as he had created it on paper, Surveyor-General Thomas Holme wrote in 1683: "The city consists of a large Front street on each river, and a High street near the middle, of one hundred feet broad; and a Broad street, in the middle of the city, from side to side, of like breadth. In the centre of the city is a square of ten acres; at each angle to build houses for public affairs."

Front street we still have under its old denomination; High street has become Market street, and the square in the centre of the city is the familiar starting point of our Trips Awheel, as well as of this present ramble. Let us keep to the right side of the street first, please; we shall come down the west side by and by.

How does this very first building on our right strike you? Never saw a finer Masonic Temple in your travels, did you? Glad to hear it. It was completed in 1873, after five years' labor and at a cost of \$1,400,000. Superintendent W. T. Colley estimates that nothing short of two million dollars has been expended upon it up to the present date; how it is appreciated is, perhaps, best shown by the fact that about one hundred different bodies meet under its roof every twenty days.

Its neighbor, the Arch Street Methodist Church, has cost its congregation a quarter of a million.

Yonder imposing nine-storied building, with its 120-foot front and the unmistakable three links over its doorway, is the Temple of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; you remember when it was dedicated, two years ago last May, after two and a half years' labor. That noble pile represents an outlay of a million dollars.

WAR AND RELIGION.

Above Cherry street is the popular Arena, which was used last summer as the headquarters of the L. A. W. meet; and a little farther, the armory of the State Fencibles; yet a few years and the latter will celebrate their hundredth anniversary. It was the War of 1812 that called them into existence, and their reputation for accurate military training has kept pace with their increasing numbers ever since.

The Roman Catholic High School, above Vine, is the outcome of a bequest of our late fellow-citizen, Thomas E. Cahill, of the Knickerbocker Ice Company. It has now had eight years of useful and prosperous existence.

Yonder is the armory of the First Regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, the noted "Gray Reserves" of the War of the Rebellion. Their vast drill hall, 139 feet by 55, is admirably suited to the requirements alike of a ball room or a bicycle school, as some of us know.

IMPROVEMENTS GALORE.

At Callowhill street crossing, the works you now see in progress are those of the long-looked-for Reading Railroad subway; as soon as they are completed we shall have the whole width of the street asphalted, instead of the narrow strip now provided on each side (nominally) for our use.

By the kind courtesy of team drivers and others we safely steer our course along the said cycle paths and reach Spring Garden street, where the Spring Garden Institute offers day and night to some 800 students instruction in drawing, painting and mechanical handiwork of various kinds.

Into the church property of the Spring Garden Unitarian Society, next door, the Apprentices' Library was moved last March from Fifth and Arch, where it had been located since 1841. A ready-made building more admirably adapted to the purpose of a library could hardly have been selected by the Apprentices' Library Company, and its subsequent arrangement and equipment reflect the highest credit upon them.

Next to the library, our old-time Central High School looks as though it realized the fact that the last blow of the hammer in the construction of its more pretentious successor across the way will be its death knoll. See the date 1853 over its doors?

North of Green street, the North Broad Presbyterian Church stands side by side with the Rodef Shalom Synagogue, the latter a good specimen of Saracenic architecture.

WE CAN BUILD THEM, TOO.

Philadelphia has been styles the "City of Homes," times out of number; all the same, when we set our hands to building apartment houses, I guess we manage to score some. How about the Lorraine, right here at the corner of Ridge avenue?

The Park Theatre is not in Fairmount Park, but on Fairmount avenue, leading to the Park; that's near enough to justify its name; in any case it has been so general a favorite since it first opened its doors in 1889 that its location is familiar to all.

A NOTABLE MANSION.

We should protract our ride indefinitely were we to notice the many palatial dwellings intermixed with the public edifices along Broad street; here is one, however, on the northeast corner of Girard avenue, which no stranger would pass by without an inquiry. It is the town residence of W. L. Elkins, of the Philadelphia Traction Company. The north wing of the building, so long unfinished, has now fallen into line with the remainder of the lordly structure. The waste land on which it looked, toward the northeast, is now added to the goodly roll of our city parks, and the six-thousand dollar fountain which adorns its centre is the gift of the owner of this mansion.

Three more churches attract our attention as we pass Master, Jefferson and Oxford streets, the Memorial Baptist Church, noted for its amphitheatral auditorium, the Gothic styled Episcopalian Church of the Incarnation and the lofty-steepled Oxford Presbyterian Church.

HAPPILY GONE BY!

And, friends, have you forgotten yet the horrible crossing that used to disfigure this thoroughfare at the Columbia avenue intersection? That others may speedily follow it to the realms of the departed is the fervent prayer of many a local horseman and wheelman alike.

Above Columbia avenue, conspicuous by its Italian Renaissance style, its Indiana limestone and Oriental towers, is the handsome synagogue, Keneseth Israel. Its lyceum and library are open to all visitors of any creed or color, and adjoining them is the highly ornate Church of the Messiah.

At 1811 the Columbia Photographic Society has its cozy home and its studio, than which it were hard to find a more fully equipped. Time was when the sole property of this now prosperous and efficient club was one large washtub; ask to see it when you pay our friends a visit; it is preserved as a cherished relic.

In close vicinity we now have Temple College and the Temple itself, or Grace Baptist Church, with its harmonious blending of Avondale and Indiana limestone. Over 3000 people, as you may possibly know, can be seated in its precincts.

IT WAS A SALOON ONCE.

No. 2013 is the home of the Americus Wheelmen. Not so long ago this house stood by itself in the midst of vacant lots vaguely known as lying east of North Broad street. It was used as a saloon; and it would appear from its traditional records that there were other States than Maine in which hidden traps and secret doors were put to uses "manifold and various." Be that as it may, in the course of time it was occupied by the Park Avenue Wheelmen, and when their club disbanded, it was taken by the Americus

Wheelmen who have, since then, displayed in feathering their nest the same tact and judgment as they have shown in a securing it.

The Bethlehem Presbyterian Church at the corner of Diamond street is no mean specimen of its type, nor will the imposing R. C. church of Our Lady of Mercy, corner of Susquehanna avenue, be, when completed.

TO THE END OF THE ASPHALT.

And you surely recollect Forepaugh Park along Broad and Dauphin? See the elegant houses that have sprung up on its former site.

To the welcome transformation of this end of Rising Sun lane we have alluded in one of our recent trips. And now we pedal way past the rustic looking Masonic Home of Pennsylvania founded in 1884, and since then supported by voluntary contributions from individual Masons and lodges; past the home-like Samaritan Hospital, started five years ago by Dr. Conwell, of the Temple, and open to all who may need its timely assistance, even cyclists. Please stick a pin in this.

At 3561 notice the pleasant location of the Tioga Wheelmen's club house. Just two years ago a handful of them met in Captain Voights' parlor; now they have over 100 members, and the cry is "still they come."

Further on we ride by St. Stephen's new Catholic Church and its parochial schools; and presently we reach the "Ultima Thule" of the built-up portion of Broad street. Yonder, the asphalt ceases, as we know, at Cayuga street; beyond it, the street is hardly more than laid out as far as Logan, although even now buildings are being erected along its course; let us wheel round and follow the western side of the way homeward.

SOUTHWARD ON BROAD STREET.

Somewhat unattractive is the Asa Packer public school, save for that patriotic flagstaff in front of it.

This red-brick, semi-charcoal-fronted edifice is the Tioga Baptist Church, and there, at the Germantown avenue crossing, was the site of the old-time Rising Sun Inn, now covered with brand-new houses.

And who does not know the grounds on our right as we cross over the tracks at Huntingdon Street Station? Our Philadelphia Base Ball Grounds have been copied in many a city; that they have been equaled anywhere is an open question. That new brick inclosure, by the way, proves a sad disappointment to "peeping Tom," but is a decided improvement on the former wooden paling.

OLD "SIDNEY PLACE" FARM.

Monument Cemetery is one of the first ever organized in this country. The monument erected in its centre to Washington and Lafayette in 1869 suggested its name, and it occupies the land of what was the old "Sidney Place" farm until it was laid out for its present usage in 1838.

The new armory of the Second Regiment of Infantry, N. G. P., between Susquehanna avenue and Diamond street, made a crowd of new acquaintances among our wheeling community at the time of the recent cycle show.

Are you fond of operatic music? Our Grand Opera House, here at Broad street and Montgomery avenue, hardly needs to be introduced to you.

THE FAD OF A SEASON.

And who, that rides a wheel, is not aware that No. 1606 is the headquarters of the Century Wheelmen? It used to be the largest cycling organization in this city or section until the League Cycling Club left it considerably behind in point of membership. Still their roll of 455 members is at the present date and their unique club house, on the embellishment of which they expended \$10,000, are eloquent testimonials of the pluck and grit and the business ability that have shaped their destinies for the past ten years. And there are people still alive on this planet who talk of wheeling as the fad of a season, and of the bicycle as a childish play-toy! Fiddlesticks!

THERE ARE OTHERS.

That large house at the corner of Oxford street is that of the Columbia (Democratic) Club and the elegant apartment house recently erected on the opposite corner is one more example of what we can do in this line.

The Quaker City Wheelmen are not "on" Broad street exactly, but the breadth of one house would hardly justify their exclusion from our present roadside observations. It must be a pleasure to them while enjoying the many comforts of their well-appointed home, to recall the time (not so far gone either), when their Sunday runs used to start from this or that street corner, and that memorable day when it was first suggested with bated breath that they should run the perilous risk of hiring one room. One more instance in which the "fad of a season" is displaying to the unprejudiced eye every sign and token of a lasting institution!

THE MERCANTILE CLUB.

Below Jefferson street, who can help noticing the elegant new home of the Mercantile Club, an association which, although primarily intended for the literary and social entertainment of its members, and distinctively Hebrew in character, has ever been found to the fore whenever works of charity and benevolence have been in question, regardless of the creed or race of the sufferers. Nor have the opportunities for such been "few and far between," unfortunately, since that November day in 1853 when thirty-four gentlemen first inscribed themselves on a roster which now contains over 500 names, some of them among the most prominent in our commercial circles.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS.

And here at the corner of Master street you can show to any visiting friend from other cities the oldest school of applied art in these States, and the only one, for many years, in which wood engraving was taught. The Philadelphia School of Design for Women was founded in 1847 and incorporated in 1863. When the site of its first home on Broad and Filbert streets became absorbed into the new Broad Street Station, the school was moved here into what was then the Edwin Forrest mansion. Its three-storied range of studios, its large and varied collection of casts and its library are well worth a visit.

No. 1240 was another early homestead, the Bouvier mansion. It has been occupied since 1883 by the La Salle College, an institution carried on by the "Christian Brothers," and named after the founder of their order.

And at the corner of Girard avenue, stands the noble mansion which P. A. B. Widener donated the other day to our city for the purposes of a public library.

HARD CENTURY RIDERS HERE.

It seems hardly necessary to point out to you No. 816, through the window of which a gigantic Christmas tree recently displayed its load of treasures to the public eye. It is the abode of those live hustlers, the Time Wheelmen, who plucked some of the Century Wheelmen's laurels in the matter of century runs. They were only seven years old the other day, but it is universally agreed that for all practical purposes they are considerably "over seven."

The quiet, unpretentious appearance of its next-door neighbor, the headquarters of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, is no criterion of the amplex or comforts of its internal arrangements. The first castle of the K. G. E. in Philadelphia does not go farther back than October, 1875; all the same, they have some 500 in Pennsylvania, and a membership of over 65,000 scattered throughout the States.

The Central Presbyterian Church, with its massive brownstone front and its Aberdeen granite pillars, stands at the corner of Fairmount avenue; St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, at the Corner of Mt. Vernon street, and below the latter the new Central High school is rapidly nearing completion.

A PHENOMENAL GROWTH.

For being a thrice-told tale, the history of Mathias Baldwin is worth repeating. He was a New Jersey man by the accident of birth, a jeweler by trade and a general mechanic by instinct. Having tried his luck at the manufacturing of bookbinders' tools and cylinders for calico printing in 1825, and being unable one day to procure a certain steam engine that would comply exactly with this ideas and his requirements, he set about constructing one himself, and this was the first step in the development of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the products of which are now known the world over and do honor to Philadelphia wherever they go.

The Industrial Hall, there at No. 312, is one of the early pioneers of its kind on this thoroughfare; it was erected two years after the Centennial, and before its appearance hardly a soul would you have seen along this portion of the street after 6 o'clock in the evening. It was in this hall, 100 feet by 163, that we held one of our early cycle shows a few years ago.

The Hahnemann Medical College, now forty-nine years old, is one of Philadelphia's most widely-known institutions.

THE ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

Are you aware that our Academy of the Fine Arts is the oldest institution of its kind in the country? It was removed to this building from Chestnut street now more than thirty years ago, but it was chartered as far back as 1805, and has existed in embryo, in a kind of intermittent way, ever since Charles Wilson Peale endeavored to organize a school for fine arts in this city in 1791. One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and one of the most prominent of our public men from that famous Fourth of July until he died in 1813, George Clymer, was its first president.

Next to the Academy is the new twelve-storied building of the Fidelity Mutual Life Association, one of the premonitory symptoms of the approaching transformation of lower North Broad street. Would you

be surprised to hear that the structural work behind that elegant casing of New Hampshire pink granite and of cream-colored steel used up over 2200 tons of steel?

Notice that lofty spire corner of Arch street. The First Baptist Church is 200 years old; the green-stoned and battle-mented edifice on the opposite corner is the Lutheran Church of the Holy Communion; and here we are back at our starting point, on Penn Square, formerly Centre Square.

OUR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

“Way out of town,” as it was considered for a long time, this Centre Square had grown to be quite a lively place by the middle of last century. “After dinner,” wrote a visitor from Maryland, on May 31, 1744, “we took a turn to the Centre House, where is a billiard table and bowling green; where we Amus’d ourselves the Afternoon;” and then, as though tickled at the idea of this “centre” in the middle of a wilderness, he added: “this place is so call’d the Centre as it ly’s in the middle, between the Rivers Delaware and Schooklill, and, according to the Plann of the city . . . is laid off for the middle of the town.”

In 1825 its name was altered to Penn Square. In 1871 we began to erect “houses for public affairs,” not “at each angle,” as Holme had intended doing, but in the middle of it; how much over \$15,000,000 has been spent upon the site since then is more than I can tell you; as to the probable date of its future completion, The Inquirer has a special editor for “Quaint Queries for Quick Wits,” who might possibly make a guess at it for you.

We wheel westward, and with a friendly nod to Reynolds and “Little Mac” on their prancing steeds, we face the monumental terminus of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. That building, sir, and the train shed behind it cover five acres of ground. By the way, the iron arch of that shed has a clear span of 304 feet; have you ever heard of a larger single span anywhere?

ABOUT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

To the left around the Public Buildings (or “City Hall,” if you choose); then R again and we are on South Broad street.

At the southeast corner of Chestnut street the new Land Title building looks as though it hurled defiance at sky-scrapers near and far. And south of Sansom street we have our Union League Club.

In November, 1862, thirty-eight citizens impressed with the danger of the hour, founded “The Union Club.” Hardly three months elapsed ere they had found sufficient support to justify their purchase of this property, and the imposing \$300,000 club-house now before you was opened in 1868. The record of the Union League of Philadelphia in its energetic support of the government during the war is without an equal in the annals of any country; since the passing of that dark cloud it has been more a social than a political organization, in close touch though it has ever remained with every public movement of national or local import.

The ailanthus trees in front of the elegant Bellevue Hotel, or the “nine muses,” as they were called when their number justified the title, are remnants of the glory of the “Summer road” alluded to in one of our former trips.

For a better specimen of pure renaissance architecture than the Pompeian brick and Indiana limestone home of the Philadelphia Art Club, here at the corner of Brighton street, you will have to travel far. Its internal ornamentation is worthy of the treasures that have been gathered within its walls since the club's organization this very month ten years ago.

The imposing front of the old St. George, now the Stratford Hotel, merits more than a passing glance.

THE HISTORIC ACADEMY.

And what operatic singer, for the past forty years, has not extolled our Academy of Music as possessing unsurpassed acoustic properties and being intrinsically the finest music hall in the country? That it was opened in February, 1857; that it can seat 3100 people. That the stage covers 90 by 92 square feet; that some 220 performances take place within its walls in the course of a year; all these facts are generally known; others, the manager says, may be learnt within.

Its neighbor, the Horticultural Hall, recalls another of Philadelphia's "firsts." No such organization existed in this country when the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society was formed in 1827. Its exhibitions were held for a number of years in a variety of sites; the first, for instance, took place in the hall of the American Philosophical Society, while two of the subsequent ones (1855 and 1856) were held under a tent on Penn Square. The first hall erected by the society in 1867 was destroyed by fire in 1881, and you probably recollect the burning of its successor three and one-half years ago. The noble structure that had risen from their ashes deserves a better fate, if "desert" enters into the question at all.

The greenstoned and ivy-clad Beth Eden Church (corner of Spruce street), another of the several churches now for sale in this city, was a Baptist place of worship.

MORE PHILANTHOPY.

Did you ever see the Pennsylvania Museum of Industrial Art at Memorial Hall? The school connected with it is here at the corner of Pine. Both are the outcome of that increased interest in the application of art to industry, which was awakened by our Centennial Exhibition. The school was held on Spring Garden street until a couple of years ago, when Mr. William Weightman's munificent gift of \$100,000 made it possible to acquire this property for its use. This building had been erected in 1825 at a cost of \$80,000, as the Pennsylvania Institute for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, and had been used as such until occupied for its present purpose.

Below South street, we notice the Church of the Ascension; below Fitzwater, the double-towered Westminster Presbyterian Church; at 736, the home of the Acme Wheelmen, and at 762, that of the Meteor Wheelman.

EARLY-DAY RAILROADING.

When the Broad Street Methodist Episcopal Church was built here on Carpenter street, in 1854, the march of modern improvements in this section had already been marked by the erection of that railroad building that you see labeled "Southern and Western Railroad Station," beyond the freight depot of the P., W. & B. R. R., on Washington avenue.

In its twelfth annual report, issued in 1849, the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company announced that, in view of the fact that the company had "no building of

any description, either for passengers or freight, at its terminus in Philadelphia," the purchase had been made of "the greater portion of the two squares of ground lying between Broad street and Schuylkill Seventh, and between Prime and Tidemarsch or Carpenter streets."

Three years later the stockholders were informed of the completion of the new "Southern and Western Railroad Station," at an expenditure of about \$65,000; the superintendent speaking of it as possessing "all the requisites which a building of that character should afford;" and the directors pronouncing its "accommodations for passengers" to be "as ample as any in the country." This was 44 short years ago.

The South Branch Y. M. C. A., corner of Federal street, must not be judged altogether by its external appearance. Its various educational and industrial departments, its ample gymnasium and its swimming pool (22 feet by 82) must be known to be appreciated as they deserve. Organized in April, 1890, it has at the present date a paid-up membership of over 600, and the necessity of securing larger quarters is the pressing problem of the day.

THE LARGEST AT THIS DATE.

No. 1226 is the not overpretentious headquarters of the League Cycling Club, at present the largest in our cycledom, numbering as it does close on 600 members. Let them who can beat that record, for a 1-year-old youngster, do so and welcome!

We next ride by the South Broad Baptist Church (corner of Reed street) and the Southern Home for Destitute Children (corner of Morris). The latter is now 48 years old, and was the first of its kind established in this city.

No. 1726 is the home of the Castle Wheelmen, a lively organization, though only two years old at this date. Within five months of their formation, they were in a position to take this commodious house, a lesson for young clubs.

St. Agnes' Hospital (corner of Mifflin street) has just completed its eighth year of useful existence and stands second to none in the public appreciation.

The balance of Broad street to the very southern shore of League Island is familiar to readers of our preceding trips. Let us follow it only as far as the asphalt pavement goes, and there veer around northward again.

A CLUSTER OF HOSPITALS.

Don't you think Philadelphia has come to be proud of her hospitals? St. Agnes', that we saw a while ago, was the gift of some of our wealthy Roman Catholic families; the extensive buildings of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital, corner of Wolf street on our right, are the outcome of a bequest left by Dr. Scott Stewart, a local physician of repute, who died in 1881. The hospital was opened in 1892 for the reception of patients, "without distinction of color, race or creed," and it is distinctly stated among its rules and regulations that "no one will ever be refused admission on account of his poverty."

At 2007 the Embree Wheelers are located for the present.

A new lofty church has recently sprung up at the corner of Snyder avenue; and a veteran congregation worships at Scot's Presbyterian Church, corner of Castle avenue, the original edifice having been founded in 1771.

OLD CYCLERS, THESE.

And apropos of veterans, how about the status of the South End Wheelmen in our local cycledom?

They have been eleven years in existence, and half a score of years is quite an age at this period of the cycling era. The six members who originated the club in December, 1886, have now increased to nearly 200, and a more thorough-going cycling or social club it were hard to find. They have owned that house for six years, and you should see its latest improvements. It lays no claim to elaborate external architectural or decorative display, but for neatness and comfort it will stand comparison with any.

After several squares of elegant residential houses we pass by the fine armory of the Third Regiment, where a select bicycle riding school has been carried on a few seasons, no fewer than 2000 beginners having graduated here last year. By the way, are beginners sufficiently impressed with the advisability of being "taught" to ride, either at a school or else where, and properly taught, at that? Appearances don't look that way in many an instance.

Yonder imposing edifice at the corner of Federal street is the Hollond Memorial Church. Further we come to the Washington street railroad crossing again; and a few whirls of our wheels bring us to another of Philadelphia's noted edifices.

THE RIDGWAY LIBRARY.

The Ridgway branch of the Philadelphia Library stands in solitary grandeur between Carpenter and Christian streets, its priceless treasures unknown to the majority of passers-by. Like the mother library, on Locust and Juniper, it is free of access to the public, and for this boon we are indebted to the liberality of Dr. James Rush, who bequeathed one million dollars to it and bestowed upon it the maiden name of his wife, nee Ridgway.

The Howard Hospital and Infirmary for Incurables, below Catherine street, has carried on its humane work for forty-four years.

On the opposite corner stand the large church and school of St. Theresa.

The Wylie Memorial Church, between Pine and Spruce streets, was erected in 1854 to the memory of Dr. Samuel Wylie, who had been the pastor of this congregation for half a century.

The Walton and the Stenton, above Spruce street, would be an ornament to any city. The Broad Street Theatre, flanked on each side by these two hotels, is too great a favorite to need more than a passing mention. It was first started, as the Alhambra, and the year of the Centennial, and its many improvements have kept apace with the liberal patronage that has been bestowed upon it ever since.

OLD VAUXHALL GARDEN.

Here, on the northeast corner of Walnut street, is the Dundas property, with its far-famed trees, the only living relics of the Vauxhall Garden so popular with our ancestors, as we observed the other day.

The founders of the Chambers Presbyterian Church, in all probability, never foresaw its modern surroundings.

Just as far from the brightest dreams of the company's first promoters was the splendid building of the Girard Life Insurance, Annuity and Trust Company, when they made their first start in 1836. They had

not a surplus in hand of a couple of million dollars at that date, and those were the days when honest John F. Watson felt very miserable indeed over the growing tendency of his contemporaries to erect houses of three, and "even four" stories!

What would the poor man have said of this giant, the Betz Building, or of its rival across the way?

And now we have returned to our starting point. Broad street may not be the longest and the everything-est boulevard "in the world," but say, is it not worthy of the little survey we have just made of it? And in what more befitting manner could we conclude the present series of The Philadelphia Inquirer's Trips Awheel?

A.E.