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Valentine's

CITY OF NEW YORK \$1.00

GUIDE BOOK

By

MARY COLLINS BROWN



Fraunces' Tavern

The most *Famous* Building in *New York*
where Washington
Took *Farewell* of his *Officers* 1783
corner Pearl and Broad Streets

VALENTINE'S
CITY OF NEW YORK
A GUIDE BOOK

1157
1311

WITH SIX MAPS AND ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FULL
PAGE PICTURES

By
Henry Collins Brown
Editor of
"Valentine's Manual of Old New York"

NEW YORK
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New York

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New York City

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BESIDES

over ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY Views of the City covering every section and made recently for this Guide.

FOREWORD

"I PRAY YOU LET US SATISFY OUR EYES
WITH THE MEMORIALS AND THE THINGS OF FAME
THAT DO RENOWN THIS CITY."

Shakespeare.

MANY, many years ago our city rejoiced in a series of Guide Books of exquisite taste and scholarly attainment. For even in those days travellers from far-away lands were constantly within her hospitable gates. She was the belle of the New World and her admirers were legion. "New York is a beautiful city," writes one, "and the grateful shade of the trees on Broadway is delightful."

Some of these books had dainty little steel engravings portraying our principal buildings—City Hall, The Battery, Castle Garden, etc., and were generally written by "A Gentleman Residing in the City." Though small in size they were bravely finished with cloth covers and gilt tops. Today these diminutive volumes are the idol of the collector and the despair of the dealer.

As a lover of New York it has seemed to me that something in the line of these half-forgotten Guide Books was due this old city of ours.

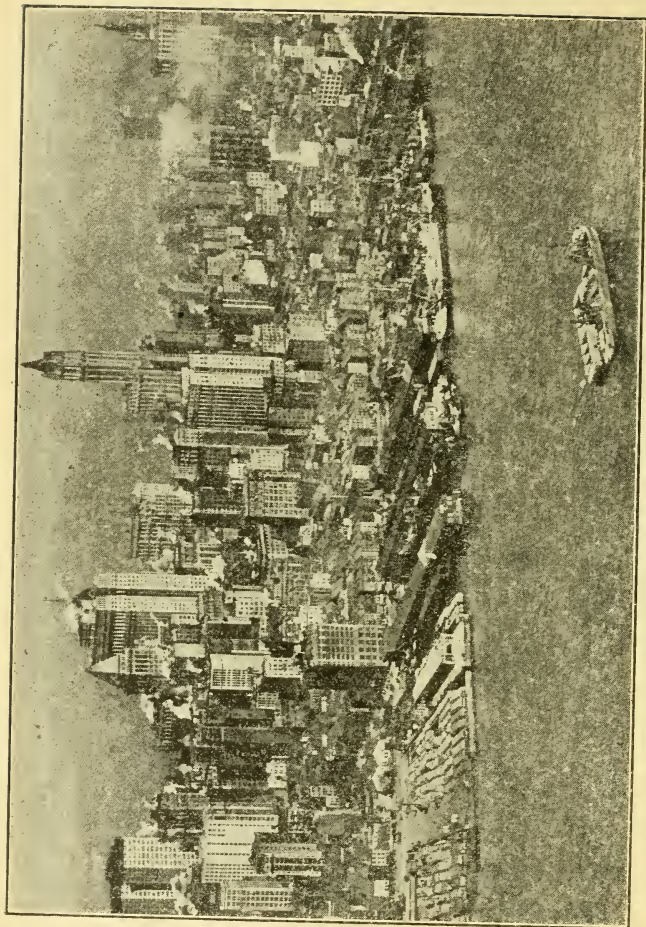
The little homes of red brick and dormer windows have long ago disappeared. The days of lavender and old lace seem never to have been, in this city of Sub-

ways and Skyscrapers. Perhaps a Guide Book should be all figures and numbers and maps. Yet I fain would revive the loving personal touch of "the gentleman who resided in the city." How successful the attempt is, courteous reader, I shall leave you to decide.

A work of this kind is naturally the product of many minds. I have occasionally quoted from fugitive items in our daily papers, notably the *Sun*, *World*, *Evening Post*, *Evening Sun* and *Tribune*. My lecture on *Old New York* has also been drawn upon. If I have failed in every instance to credit the source of information I do so of necessity, and cheerfully make this acknowledgment. The City History Club; Mr. A. J. Wall, the learned assistant librarian of the New York Historical Society, and Mr. Sturges S. Dunham, a member of the bar, are entitled to special mention.

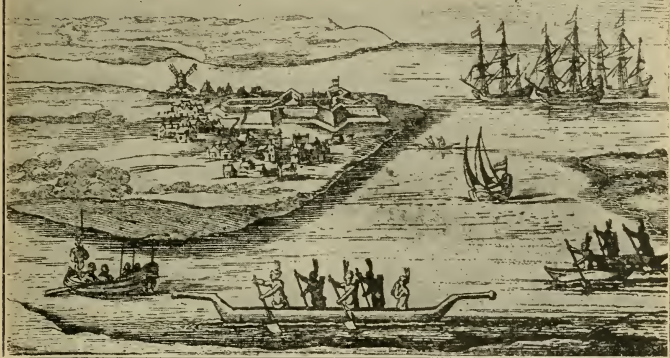
Corrections and additions to this Guide are cordially invited. A perfect Guide is the product of evolution and cannot be made at the first attempt; and its improvement to a great extent lies in the coöperation of the public.

THE AUTHOR.



New York to-day. An aeroplane view of lower New York, showing same section as on opposite page three hundred years later.

t' Fort nieuw Amsterdam op de Manhattan



The very first view of New York ever shown to the world. About 1642.
Courtesy N. Y. Historical Society.

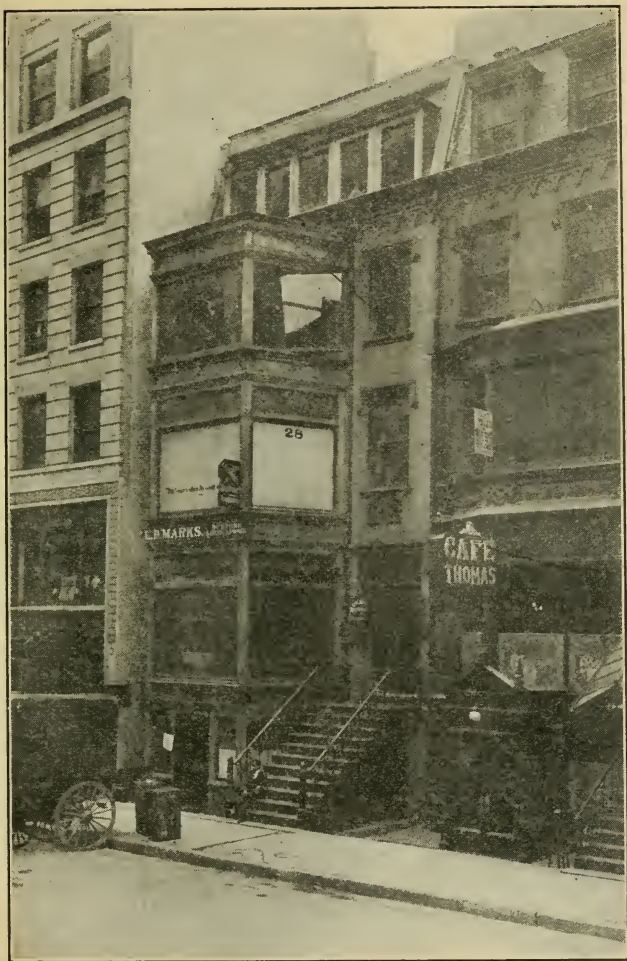
HOW TO SEE THE CITY INEXPENSIVELY

THERE is no other city in the world in which it is so easy to get around, as New York. If you will get the points of the compass fixed in your mind at the start, it will help you greatly. Standing in front of the Library on Fifth Avenue, at 42nd Street, and looking toward Madison Square you face *South*; your back is to the *North*. On your right is *West*, and on the left is *East*. Traffic police are stationed at congested points. Stop until they signal you to cross. The ninety-four on horseback and the five hundred and nineteen on foot are out in all weathers, quick to see the movements of every kind of vehicle and alert to adjust every condition that arises to facilitate the travel of foot passengers as well as the saving of time of cars and carriages and all kinds of wagons on wheels.

The woman in the car and the man on foot must exercise patience when held up at certain hours of the morning and evening by the over-rush of automobiles or of people hurrying to work or to their homes.

Almost every location in New York is either "Uptown" or "Downtown." Occasionally you hear "Crosstown" but not often. There is no actual dividing line between up and downtown. If you go South you are going downtown; if North, uptown. Between East and West the case is different. Broadway to 23rd Street and from 23rd Street up Fifth Avenue, is the popular dividing line. To be technically exact, Broadway to 7th Street and Fifth Avenue up from 8th Street, is the map division. All streets are East or West, as they happen to lie on the right or left of this line. It is against the law to cross a street in the middle of a block. Use regular crossings only.

No city excels us in the frequency or rapidity of our local transportation. We have surface cars on almost every thoroughfare; a Subway and Elevated System on the West Side and the same on the East. At 42nd Street there is a short line on which passengers may change from the East Side to the West, or *vice versa*, and continue their journey without extra fare. There is also a Subway line on Broadway to which you can also transfer from the same connecting line. Other Subway trains, using these same tunnels, take you to Brooklyn, Long Island City and all the little towns in Brooklyn, as far as Coney Island. The fare to the latter point is only 10 cents and the time about 40 minutes. On each Elevated and Subway station there is a colored map showing the different stations on the route you are going to take. Consult those maps for the station you wish to get off at or ask the guard on the train. He always calls out the name of the next station as the car approaches. Stations are about six blocks apart



The house where Theodore Roosevelt was born—No. 28 East Twentieth Street. To be restored and kept as a memorial of the Great American

in local trains and a mile and a half on Expresses. All subway entrances on the street are plainly marked "Uptown" or "Downtown."

There are separate tracks for *Express* and *Local* trains on the Subways, so look for the sign which points to the different tracks. Except on the Sixth Avenue Elevated, the same system applies to the Third and Ninth Avenues. Avoid travel between 7.00 and 9.30 A. M. and between 4.30 and 6.30 P. M. These are the rush hours when the trains are packed to the limit.

In all probability the average visitor who does not intend to go outside of New York will use one of the two main Subway lines—the East or the West. They practically cover every foot of the entire island and will get you anywhere. Assuming therefore that you are staying in the hotel section, you will find the West Side Subway the most convenient if you are located West of Fifth Avenue; and the East Side Subway if you are East of the Avenue. The group of hotels adjoining the Grand Central Terminal are directly in touch with both systems, as the connecting railway runs past their entrance on 42nd Street. Trains run on about a two minute schedule.

The street cars stop only at *corners* and never in the middle of the block; downtown corners going up, and uptown corners coming down. The Fifth Avenue buses stop on the far side. Bus fare is 10 cents.

Taxis have succeeded hackmen. Charge per mile regulated by the city. Inside each taxi the rate card is prominently displayed. Each cab carries a meter which counts the mileage. There is no chance for argument with the driver, as the charge must agree with the distance travelled as shown by the meter. In case of dispute, order the driver to take you to the nearest police station.



"LET US HAVE PEACE"

Grant's Monument on Riverside Drive at 122nd Street

© American Studios

Four great bridges also connect with Brooklyn. They afford fine views and are worth a visit. But the underground is much better if you need to save time. Ferries still ply between the city and its neighbors, but they are seldom used for passenger traffic, except in the case of Staten Island and one or two other instances not likely to be used by the tourist.

A popular and much more comfortable way to see the city is by means of one of the numerous sightseeing buses. This has grown to be quite a business.

There are several companies with starting points at convenient places, and the points of interest they have selected are the result of close acquaintance with the city. The cost is from one to two dollars.

Your hotel clerk can tell you the nearest one to take or consult the list at the back of this book. They have intelligent lecturers, who describe the different points as they go along, which adds much to the interest of the trip.

There are two routes generally selected—one through the lower part of the city below 23rd Street, and the other north, or uptown. That through the lower part of the city gives a comprehensive view from Madison Square down Fifth Avenue and Broadway to Bowling Green, from which point a fine view is had of the Bay, the Statue of Liberty, the Aquarium, and the Battery. The financial district, Stock Exchange, the Bowery, Chinatown, the Italian and Hebrew quarters and Brooklyn Bridge are seen on the way. The lecturer will call out the different buildings as the car rolls along, giving a brief history of each, which adds much to the interest of the trip.

There is also a trip around Manhattan Island by the sight-seeing yachts *Observation* and *Tourist*, which is of extreme interest and well worth making. The boats start

from Battery Park Pier at 10.30 A. M. and 2.30 P. M. daily, from May 1st to November 1st. They sail up the East River, around the island, through the Harlem Ship Canal, down the Hudson, past the Palisades, Fort Washington, Grant's Tomb and Riverside Park, revealing an unexpected number of interesting features of the shipping and commerce of New York as well as the gigantic Atlantic liners.

Another trip starts from the above-mentioned pier at 1.15 P. M. daily, going down the Bay to Staten Island, past the Quarantine Station, Forts Hamilton, Wadsworth and Lafayette, through the Narrows to the Lower Bay, past Sandy Hook Lightship and Fort Hancock. The yacht rounds the Sandy Hook Lightship (25 miles from Battery Pier), presenting an unequalled view of the entrance to New York Harbor. On the way back to the city a good view is given of famous Coney Island, Brighton and Manhattan beaches. As in the case of the motor buses, here again the lecturer adds greatly to the interest of the trip by his intelligent descriptions.

The very latest and up-to-the-minute method of Seeing New York is undoubtedly by the new hourly Aeroplane route. For a genuine thrill, this is highly recommended to the tourist in New York. Elsewhere in these pages we have shown a photograph of this Limousine Airboat and call attention to its luxurious appointments. Do not miss this very novel experience. It does not fly in Winter. Fifty mile flight, hourly service, weather permitting. Comfort and safety considered first. \$50 per passenger.

WOMEN TRAVELLING ALONE.

Notwithstanding the lurid posters that dot the country landscape depicting the perils of the beautiful girl alone in our great city, it still remains a fact that New York is the best village in the Union for women travelling



Statue of Nathan Hale in City Hall Park. "I regret that I have
but one life to give for my country"

© Brown Bros.

alone. And there is absolutely no comparison in this respect between it and Continental cities.

New York is not perfect, but any woman who encounters unpleasant situations in our city has, to a very large extent, her own self to blame for it. Nevertheless, a certain amount of caution is necessary; common sense is still a valuable possession and should not be left at home while travelling. Experience shows that two women together are practically immune from embarrassing experiences, while the solitary visitor is more exposed, especially if the hour is late and you happen to be in certain localities.

Abundant protection is afforded the lone young woman on every hand. Almost immediately upon arrival representatives of the Travellers' Aid Society will direct her to a suitable and respectable hotel or boarding house. In spite of all these precautions, however, some sad happenings are matters of frequent record, most of which are mainly preventable. A very good rule is to pursue about the same line of conduct you would at home. You do not permit strangers to become familiar, and when you want information you ask a policeman. Do the same here. It is useless to provide bureaus of information, uniformed attendants and other conveniences if the stranger will calmly ignore them.

SPECIAL HOTELS FOR WOMEN.

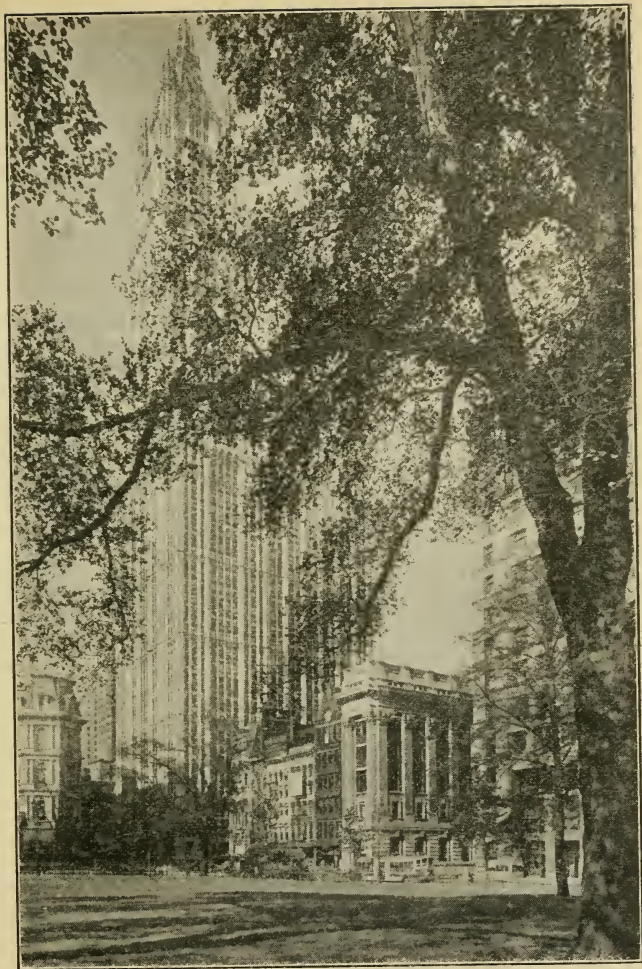
It is not enough to pick out a hotel in advance by name only. You must also know the exact street number. There are frequently two places of the same name or very similar, but of an entirely different character. Also some hotels do not care to receive women unescorted at a late hour unless reservation has been made in advance. None of the first-class hotels in the vicinity of the Grand Central or Pennsylvania Terminals would think of such a discourtesy, and one of them has an entire floor reserved exclusively for women. The Martha

Washington is wholly patronized by women and is open all night. This is the one hotel which was especially built and is meant for women exclusively. Men cannot stop here nor visit above the first floor.

New York has 140 hotels of the first class, with 50,000 rooms for guests. They represent an investment of \$300,000,000 and employ 75,000 persons. There are as many more smaller hotels. The oldest is Fraunces' Tavern, at Broad and Pearl Streets, opened in 1762. The newest are the Pennsylvania and the Commodore, opened in 1919, with more than 4,000 guest rooms. The Commodore has served an entire regiment of 3,000 men in one room. At the same time 4,000 other guests were being served in the various restaurants and dining rooms of the hotel. The Biltmore, with 1,000 rooms and many restaurants, serves more than 2,000,000 meals a year, and uses nearly 600 tons of meat and poultry, 2,500 barrels of flour, and all the milk that 300 cows furnish.

There are other accommodations at all sorts of prices, and if the length of your stay is at all dependent upon your pocketbook you can arrange accordingly. Very few hotels include meals with the price of the room. You are expected to eat where you choose. This is much the better, as you need not return to the hotel till bedtime, if you so desire. You are very apt to be quite a distance from it at luncheon, for instance, and the time lost returning would be considerable.

A room with bath in a good hotel centrally located can be had from \$3 to \$4 a day. Without bath \$2.50 to \$3.50. The hotels of international reputation, like the Biltmore, Waldorf, Commodore, Astor, etc., are about double those figures for an ordinary room; but, of course, there is practically no limit to what you may pay for a special suite. Dining at these hotels is on an equally expensive scale; but the service is good, the surroundings



"A CATHEDRAL OF COMMERCE"

The famous Woolworth Building on Broadway just south of
City Hall Park.

are enjoyable, the music and dancing very entertaining. All this adds to the expense of the food, and your share is included in the check which is handed you at the conclusion of your repast.

Life in these wonderful hotels is as much a source of amusement as any other attraction in New York, and to those to whom it is unfamiliar the indulgence is well worth the cost. It certainly permits a glimpse of cosmopolitan New York at its best, and to many persons is far more interesting than the average theatre.

But you can hire a furnished room in a good neighborhood for about \$10 a week, dine at a cafeteria, or any one of a hundred good reasonably priced restaurants, and then walk through the big hotels afterwards. You can even go into the writing room and send a letter home on the hotel's richly crested stationery if you wish, and no one will object. You can also buy a two-cent stamp for two cents, but a two-cent evening paper will cost you three cents, so watch your step.

Yet there is no necessity for reckless extravagance simply because you happen to be in New York. There are lots of other people here, too, and they live in it all the time, and manage to get along quite comfortable on moderate incomes. Taxis, while comfortable, are not absolutely necessary. The subway will take you within a few blocks of anywhere, and the fare is only a few cents, even if you ride to the end of its fifteen miles. There is no city in the world where transportation is so good, and between ten and four the cars are not uncomfortably crowded. With a little care the rush hours—between 7.30 and 9.30 A. M. and 4.30 to 7 in the evening—can be avoided.

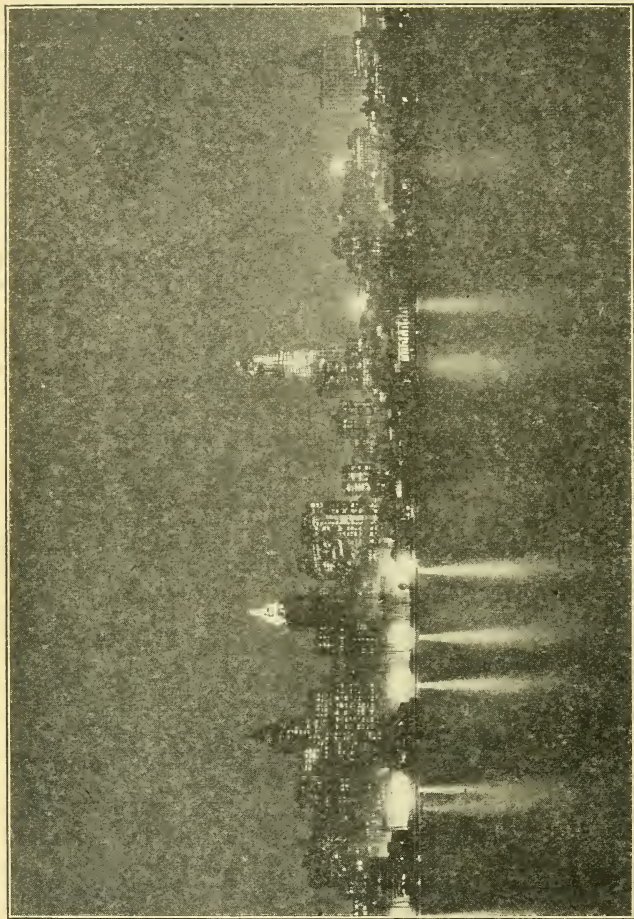
Another very delightful and inexpensive way of seeing the city is from the top of a Fifth Avenue Bus. This line traverses our most noted thoroughfare through its busiest and most interesting length. The fare is ten

cents, and is about the best ten cents' worth you will get during your stay. The routes vary in direction from Millionaires' Row, east of Central Park, to Grant's Tomb, on Riverside Drive and the upper part of the city, which is worth seeing. It is a comfortable ride and not a dull moment in it. Seeing New York from a bus top is equally as popular as seeing London in the same way.

THE FRICK COLLECTION.

Announcement has just been made that the valuable Art collection made by the late Henry C. Frick has been left to the city as a public museum.

This new museum is located on 5th Ave., between 72nd and 73rd Streets. At the present moment of writing it cannot be definitely stated just when this collection will be open to the public but reference to the daily papers will supply the information.



Night view from the East River. New York's electric blaze. The Municipal Building on the extreme right

© Edison Co.



THE CITY ITSELF

LEGALLY speaking, the City of New York consists of five separate Boroughs. What was formerly known as New York is now called the Borough of Manhattan. It occupies the whole of Manhattan Island. The average person speaking of New York has in mind this particular place. He doesn't even know that it is a Borough and cares less. To him it has always been New York and always will be.

The Island lies at the mouth of the Hudson River and is about two miles wide at its widest part and about thirteen long. It contains a little more than 22,000 acres. Including, however, the adjoining Boroughs, the size of Greater New York is about 327 square miles. The total assessed valuation of real estate is \$8,271,157,608.

The population (1920) is very close to six millions. It seems to increase at the rate of about a hundred and fifty thousand a year. The vast number of returning soldiers and their friends have greatly added to the transient population and though the city has more and larger hotels than any other in the world, it has of late found increasing difficulty in caring for its visitors. Even in normal times it is estimated that a hundred thousand strangers are within its hospitable gates every night.

No city in the world rivals New York in the magnitude and rapidity of its growth. It costs over five hun-

dred and forty-three millions to run New York, as against two hundred and twenty millions to run Chicago and only seventy-six millions to run Philadelphia. Public schools alone cost over eighty-seven millions.

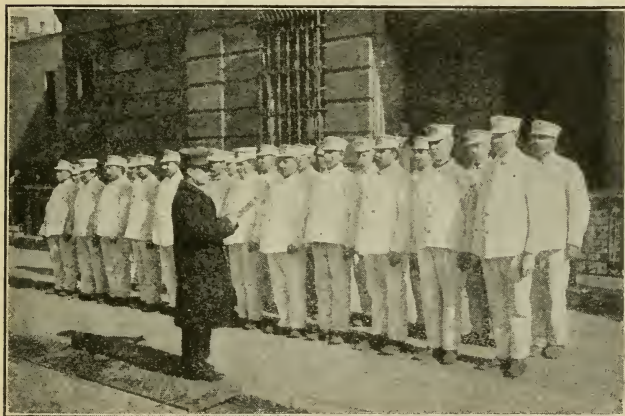
In an international sense, it has also grown greatly since the war. Its imports and exports have increased tremendously; there is no comparison between today's figures and those of 1914. In a financial sense it shows corresponding growth. In this one particular it is now perhaps the most important city in the world. London is still great and so is Paris. But the huge expenditures for the late war, the immense loans raised by our own and Allied Governments were largely financed in New York and this will for some time to come make New York a tremendous factor in the world's affairs.

In the case of a man grown suddenly great, every little scrap of information regarding his early life is eagerly sought for and treasured. Every detail, no matter how trifling, is of absorbing interest. And so it is with a city. New York, being so young and yet so old, is a fruitful topic for the man in the street, as well as the antiquarian. For you who visit the metropolis for the first time, nothing can be amiss that will add to your knowledge of the city and to a better understanding of its origin, its rise and its progress. In the pages which follow, therefore, an attempt has been made to set forth some of its most important characteristics and to explain, if possible, the fascination it possesses for so many different types of people, and its all embracing popularity.

"That New York has accepted without protest her role as Siren City cannot be denied," remarks Harrison J. Rhodes. "Indeed, she rather expects writers and dramatists to portray the dangers which lurk within her bosom for the pure young men and women from the country. Boston and Philadelphia are not free from evil, Heaven



Beginning of New York's Street Cleaning Department. Calling the roll, 1868



This shows the great improvements made by Colonel Waring as Street Commissioner. Calling the roll in 1920

knows, but there is something faintly ridiculous in the idea of their luring a man to destruction." And so the great mass of literature produced outside of the city for rural consumption must necessarily feature this phase of city life or be forever eschewed by its bucolic constituency.

Nevertheless, there is so much that is attractive, so much that is uplifting and inspiring, that it is a matter of regret to the real New Yorker that such misinformation and drivel is so generally distributed. There is also much, no doubt, over which a veil could be drawn. But that is inevitable in a city so large. The unbiased chronicler of Manhattan, nevertheless, has a vast storehouse of facts from which to draw, and needs no help from his imagination.

ITS DISCOVERY

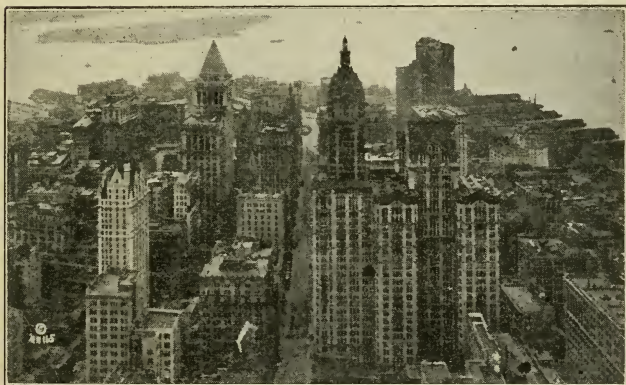
"He was born—no one knows where or when. He died—no one knows when or how. He comes into our view on the quarterdeck of a little shallop of scarcely ninety tons burden. He goes out of it in a crazy boat manned by seven sick sailors, cast adrift in the Arctic seas to perish miserably, the victim of a cruel mutiny."

So writes one historian of Henry Hudson, whose name is first identified with New York. He appears to have vanished into nothingness when his great work was done. Even his likeness and autograph are not generally believed to be genuine. No one knows his age at the time he made his discoveries. That he was of mature years is shown by his having an eighteen-year-old son. But whether he was a hale mariner of forty or a grizzled veteran of seventy, has never been guessed.

For his perilous journey, in the frailest of frail crafts, Hudson received the munificent sum of \$320. In case he never came back the directors of the company agreed to pay his widow a further sum of \$80 in cash.



Pastoral scene of the extreme north end of Manhattan Island,
Inwood Heights

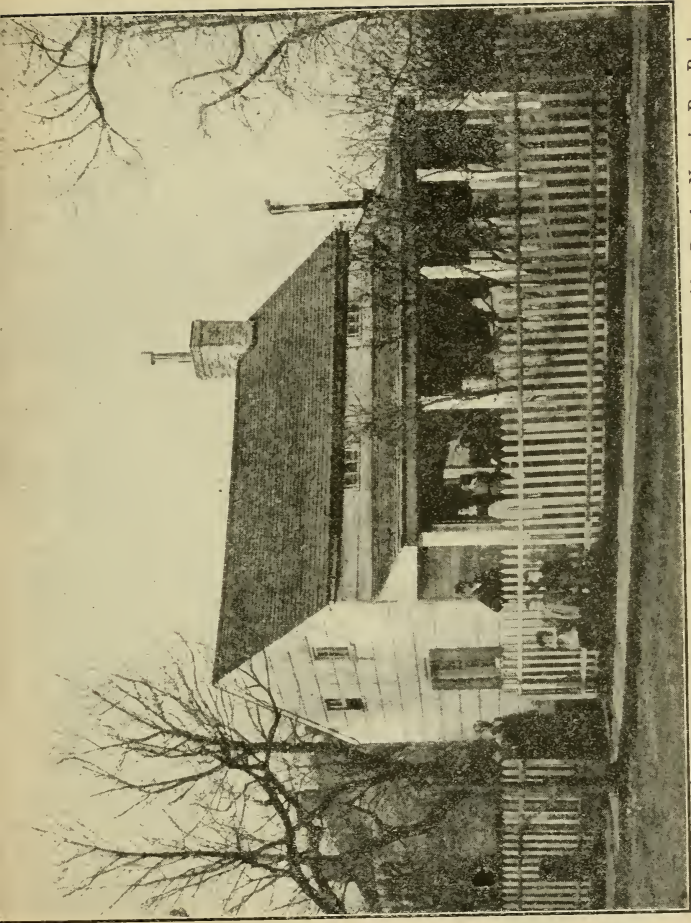


Anything but a pastoral scene—the extreme southern end of the
same island

“Hudson,” John Fiske tells us, “was a notable instance of the irony of human destiny. In all that he attempted he failed; yet he achieved great results that were not contemplated in his original plans. He started two immense industries—the Spitzenbergen whale fisheries and the Hudson Bay fur trade, now the world renowned Hudson’s Bay Company; and he brought the Dutch to Manhattan Island. No realization of his dreams, however, could have approached the astonishing reality which would have greeted him could he have looked through the coming centuries and caught a glimpse of what the voyager now beholds in sailing up the bay of New York.

“But what perhaps would have surprised him most of all would have been to learn that his name was to become part of the folk lore of the beautiful river to which it is attached; that he was to figure as a Dutchman instead of an Englishman in both legend and story; that when it is thunder weather in the Catskills, children would say it is “Hendrik Hudson” playing at skittles with his goblin crew. Perhaps it is not an unkindly fate. Even as Milton wished for his dead friend Lycidas that he might become the genius of the shore, so the memory of the great Arctic navigator will remain a familiar presence among the hillsides which the gentle fancy of Washington Irving has clothed with undying romance.”

In one important respect our city has been particularly fortunate. The records of its early days are singularly full and complete. This applies not only to its documentary records, but also and more particularly, to its pictorial records. It is an inestimable privilege to know that what we see is an exact and contemporary drawing of what our city looked like at that time. In one respect at least its original settlement by a private corporation was of exceeding value from an historic point of view. The Dutch West India Company, under



The old home of Edgar Allan Poe, as it originally stood on Kingsbridge Road. Now in Poe Park.
Restored and cared for by the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences

whose charter the city was established, left nothing to the discretion of its subordinates. Minute instructions concerning the most trivial details were received by every packet ship. Full directions regarding the construction of the first fort and the location of the surrounding houses accompanied Peter Minuit, the first Governor General, on his voyage of settlement.

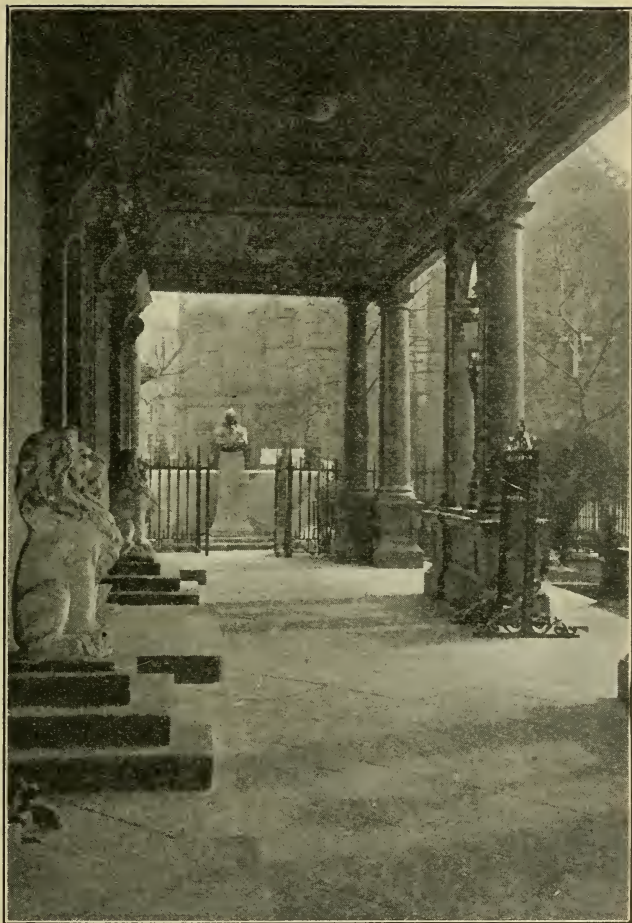
The island was purchased from the Indians in 1626 for some trinkets, valued at \$24, and Fort Amsterdam was erected on the site of the present Custom House facing Bowling Green. At this time the island ended there. The streets to South Ferry and Battery Park have since been added. The same is true of both the entire East and West sides of the downtown section. Pearl Street marked the extreme shore on the east and Greenwich Street on the west.

It is narrowest in the downtown section below Fulton Street. It is widest at Grand Street.

Certain popular errors of these early days have remained uncorrected. We call the Hudson River the North River, although every one knows that it lies directly west; and the body of water lying between New York and Brooklyn is called the East River, although it is not a river at all, but an arm of the sea. Both of these errors are inherited from the Dutch, who spoke of Hudson's river as forming the north boundary of their possessions, of which the Delaware River marked the south boundary—or South River, as they called it.

THE CITY OF THE DUTCH.

The region below Wall Street relates almost entirely to the city of the Dutch. New Street, a few steps from Broadway, is particularly redolent of these cradle days. It was the last street opened in this vicinity and although it is now nearly three hundred years old, it is still called "New" Street.



The fine portico of St. Mark's Church, Eleventh Street and Second Avenue. Governor Stuyvesant is buried here, and also A. T. Stewart

At the beginning of things during the Dutch Occupation, the northern limit of this little hamlet, then on the edge of a wilderness, was fixed at Wall Street; and for half a century the settlement was hemmed in by a wooden wall or palisade, which extended from river to river. That's how the street got its name—Wall Street.

There was first a cattle guard built along this road by felling trees and piling them, roots out, in a row along the path. A few years later the inhabitants were ordered by Stuyvesant to erect a substantial barrier in place of the guard. This answered the same purpose and in addition protected the settlers from the depredations of bears, wolves, foxes and other animals, but principally against Indians and nearby settlers. The Dutch were continually in danger of a quarrel with the English on account of European politics, and feared an attack at any time. This structure stood until about 1699, when it was torn down. Meanwhile, it had confined the growth of the city to a very small section and retarded an orderly arrangement of streets. That is why the city below Wall Street is so irregular and confusing. Many of the streets follow the old cow paths. Yet the visitor, with a soul for the past, would do well to begin his pilgrimage in the footsteps of the first settlers. This section contains the earliest pages of New York's history and witnessed the little fur trading post become a hardy pioneer city of almost twenty-five thousand inhabitants, ere the dark days of the Revolution all but encompassed its destruction.

Unlike other historic American cities, New York has preserved few buildings erected prior to the Revolution, a neglect which has since been keenly regretted. Consequently, while there are many interesting locations in the neighborhood below Wall Street, all of the original buildings have disappeared, and the best we can offer the tourist is a tablet placed on the site of some of

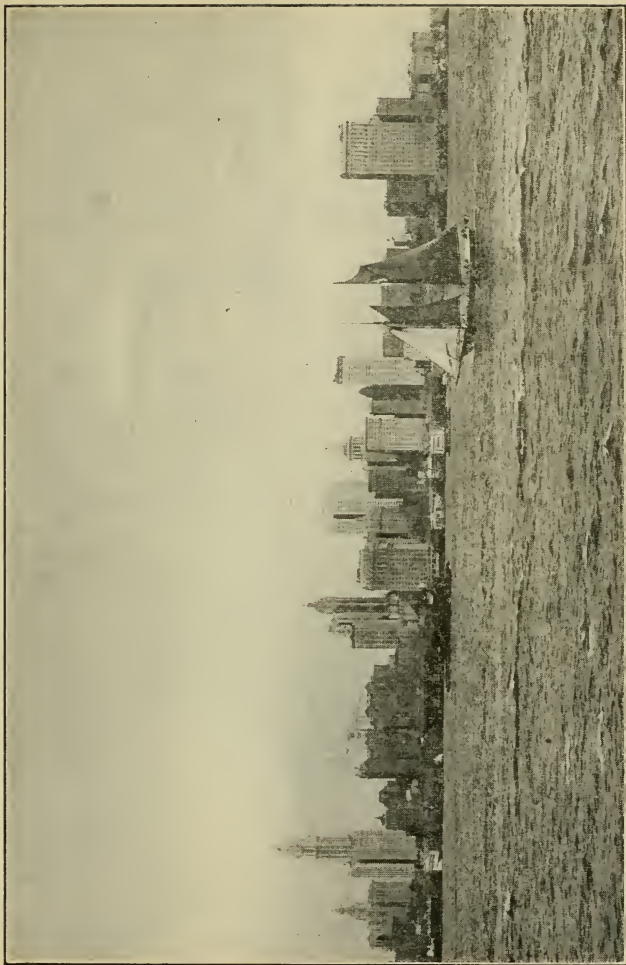


Music in the Mall, Central Park. Ten to fifteen thousand are
in the audience.

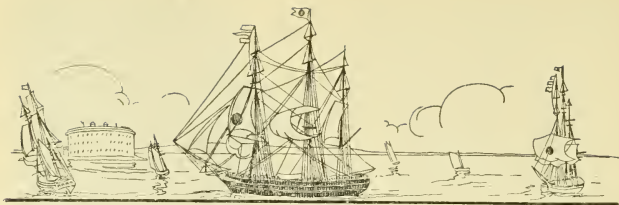
the most interesting ones, recalling the former building which stood there. For example, in the corridor of the Customs House will be found a tablet containing the history of this site from its inception as Fort Amsterdam.

With these few explanatory remarks we will now begin our tour through New York, which we hope will enlighten and entertain our visitor. In order to present the various sections consecutively and in the order of their development, we shall start where the Dutch started, and travel uptown, following the march of the city itself and recording its history as we proceed.

Assuming that you are in the hotel district at 42nd Street, we will take a Subway Express downtown, or the Elevated, it doesn't matter which, and get out at Bowling Green Station. Time, 12 minutes.



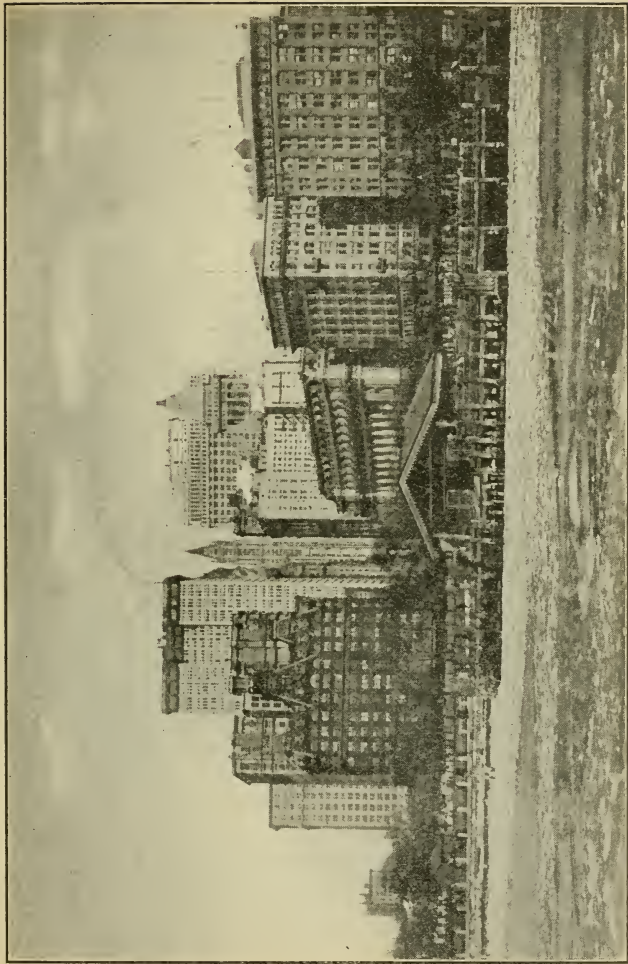
A view of the sky-line near the Battery.



WHERE THE CITY BEGAN

FORT AMSTERDAM; BATTERY PARK; THE CUSTOM HOUSE;
THE AQUARIUM; SHIPPING; STATUE OF LIBERTY;
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND; ELLIS ISLAND; ETC.

COMING out of the Subway you will find the great Federal Custom House where the Fort used to be. Among other things in the old Fort was a small but somewhat pretentious building called the "Governor's House," and a very small church, used by the Dutch in the morning and the English in the afternoon, called the Church of St. Nicholas, or "Church in the Fort." It was the mother of all the Collegiate Dutch Churches in New York, and its direct descendant today is located at Fifth Avenue and 29th Street, which is very proud of its ancestry and calls attention to it by a large sign. When the Fort was finally demolished (in 1790), the city erected a handsome building on this site, in which to provide a residence for the President, as New York was then the Capitol of the United States. But New York suffered a grievous disappointment; the Government moved to Philadelphia and the "Government House," as it was called, was used as a Custom House. In 1812 it was demolished and the ground sold by the



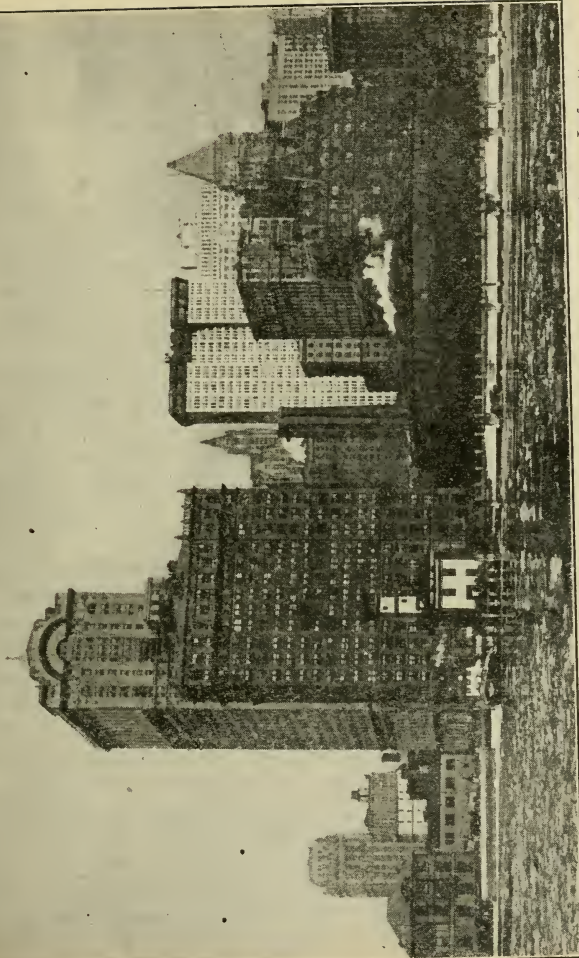
The Battery-end of New York. A view off shore, showing Liberty Island boat landing and Sea Wall. Washington Building and Custom House in centre.

city to private persons for three hundred thousand dollars. Handsome houses then were built, and Bowling Green (its new name,) became a very fashionable street.

STEAMSHIP ROW.

These splendid houses were the wonder of their day. In point of grandeur they far exceeded anything that had yet appeared. They were occupied by families of the first social importance. Stephen Whitney, inventor of the famous cotton gin and counted the richest man of his day, lived in the second house from Broadway; Peter Remsen, John Guion, David Austin, Elisha Riggs and Ferdinand Suydam completed the sextette. At a later date, Commodore Vanderbilt lived in the house at the State Street corner. In spite of all their magnificence, however, these houses for the greater part of their existence were without running water, gas or steam heat. Open fireplaces furnished all the warmth obtainable. The pump that supplied the water was still standing late in the seventies on the southwest corner. Smoke from the great fire of 1835 which prostrated the city, ruined the draperies in these houses and tarnished the silver.

During the Civil War the Battery was naturally the scene of bustle and confusion early and late; and when the park was used as a detention camp for Southern prisoners the combination effectually destroyed the quiet dignity of the neighborhood and its fall from social grace was rapid and complete. In the late '60's, the great Cunard Line moved its offices into one of these abandoned houses, to be followed soon afterward by all the other foreign steamship companies—the White Star, Anchor, Inman, Guion, Transatlantique, Holland and others, and the street became known the world over as "Steamship Row." About 1900 the Government finally decided to buy back the old location for the



The famous Landing Stage at the Battery (at extreme left), in front of a small house, Lafayette stepped ashore here. Whitehall Building in centre. The low circular building at right is old Castle Garden, now the Aquarium.

Custom House, which it did, paying three million dollars for what had been sold for a tenth of that sum. Nevertheless the land which belonged to the Government in its very earliest days, three hundred years ago, has now reverted to its original owner and probably will never again be permitted to go out of its possession.

These foreign companies evidently liked this part of town and clung to it even after the demolition of the "Row." The various offices filtered into the nearby streets, where they are today—State Street, Battery Place and lower Broadway. With the purchase of the Washington Building at No. 1 Broadway by the International Mercantile Marine Co. and the completion of site at No. 25, to be largely occupied by the Cunard Line, this vicinity may be safely regarded as the headquarters of the Transatlantic trade for some years to come.

The magnificent statuary on the Custom House is the work of the noted sculptor Daniel Chester French. They represent the great trading nations of the world. During the late war the statue of Germania was changed to represent Belgium, so that no honor would be done to a state guilty of sinking helpless merchant ships and drowning women and children. The allegorical figures represent the four great continents, Europe, Africa, Asia and America. Inside the building are ten decorative paintings of great excellence, depicting the old maritime parts of the Seventeenth Century, including New Amsterdam (New York) and Fort Orange (Albany).

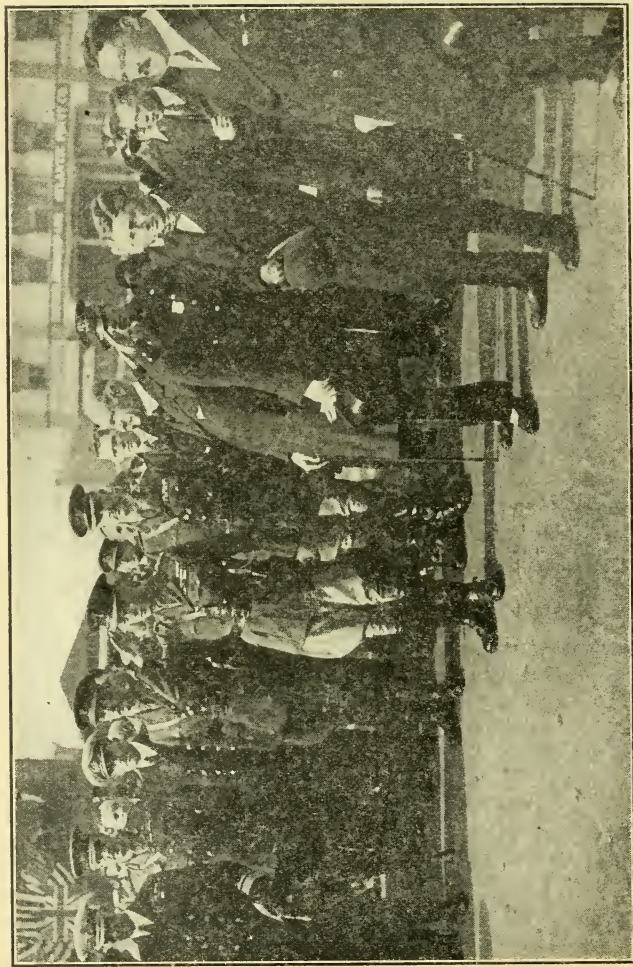
Leaving the Custom House, we come out upon Battery Park.

I walked with my wife for an hour before dinner at the Battery. What a beautiful spot it is! The grounds are in fine order. The noble bay with the opposite shores of Brooklyn and Staten Island, vessels of every description, from the well-appointed Liverpool packets to the little market craft, give life and animation to a prospect unexcelled by any city in the world.—Philip Hone, 1845.

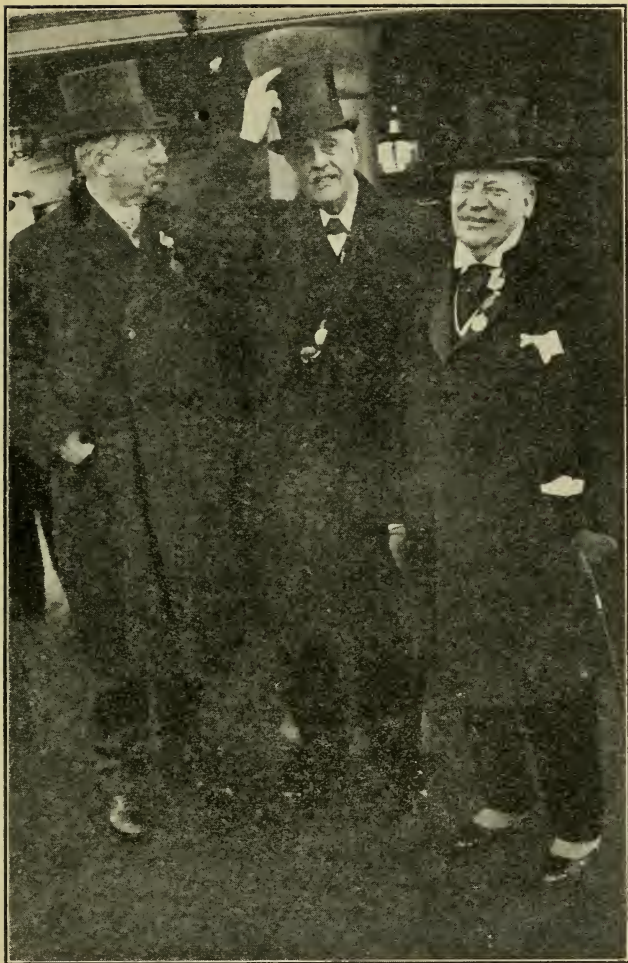
The scene is just as entrancing now as it was then. If anything, it is even more interesting. The shipping is more picturesque. There are new and stranger types of ships. War ships, merchant ships, iron ships, steel ships, wooden ships, air ships, and every known description of sailing craft dot the waters in every direction. The bustle of the harbor; the saucy little tug hauling huge strings of loaded barges; the arriving and departing liners; the ferries to Brooklyn, Staten Island, New Jersey, excursions to Coney Island, Rockaway Beach, the Highlands, superb million dollar private yachts, launches and odds and ends of maritime life—all combine to make a memorable scene and one never to be forgotten.

Opposite the West side of the Custom House is a rather interesting antique—the monument erected by the city in 1818 to mark the South-west bastion of Fort George. It disappeared in some mysterious manner, probably during the filling in of the Battery in 1851. At all events, it was unearthed during the excavations for the subway, and was replaced near the sidewalk in the grounds of the park in 1907.

After a stroll along the sea wall we enter a circular-shaped building, one of the most popular in all New York, the Aquarium. This is also one of our most important historical possessions and said to be one of the best known single structures in the whole United States, not even excepting the Statue of Liberty. It was formerly old Castle Garden and through its portals millions of emigrants passed in the years gone by. That is why it is so well known. All their descendants have heard of it. It was originally built as a fort in 1812 and named after DeWitt Clinton, then Governor of the State. It later became a place of entertainment. It seated 8,000 persons. It is the Nation's great landing place for distinguished foreign visitors. Lafayette came



The famous Landing Stage at the Battery. A long line of distinguished visitors have begun their pilgrimage here, beginning with Lafayette. Here we welcome the young Prince of Wales who stands exactly where his Grandfather stood when he arrived here sixty years ago.



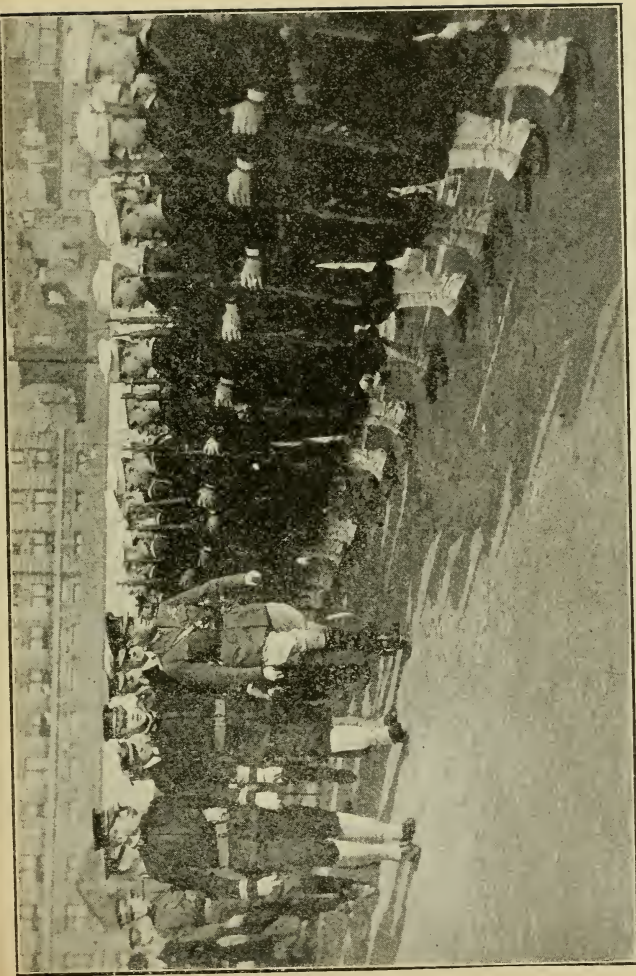
Arrival of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, head of the British Mission. Dock Commissioner R. A. C. Smith is on the left, George T. Wilson on right.

here on his first visit to America in 1824; "Papa" Joffre, that other beloved Frenchman; the Belgian king, Gen'l Pershing and the Prince of Wales followed. Jenny Lind sang here under P. T. Barnum. It is now under the care of the New York Zoological Society, a private organization, and used as an Aquarium. Its collection of fishes, especially from nearby tropical waters, is wonderful. Seals and sea lions are here, besides huge alligators, turtles and all kinds of aquatic curiosities. It is one of the most popular attractions in the city and is visited every year by nearly two million persons. See tablets.

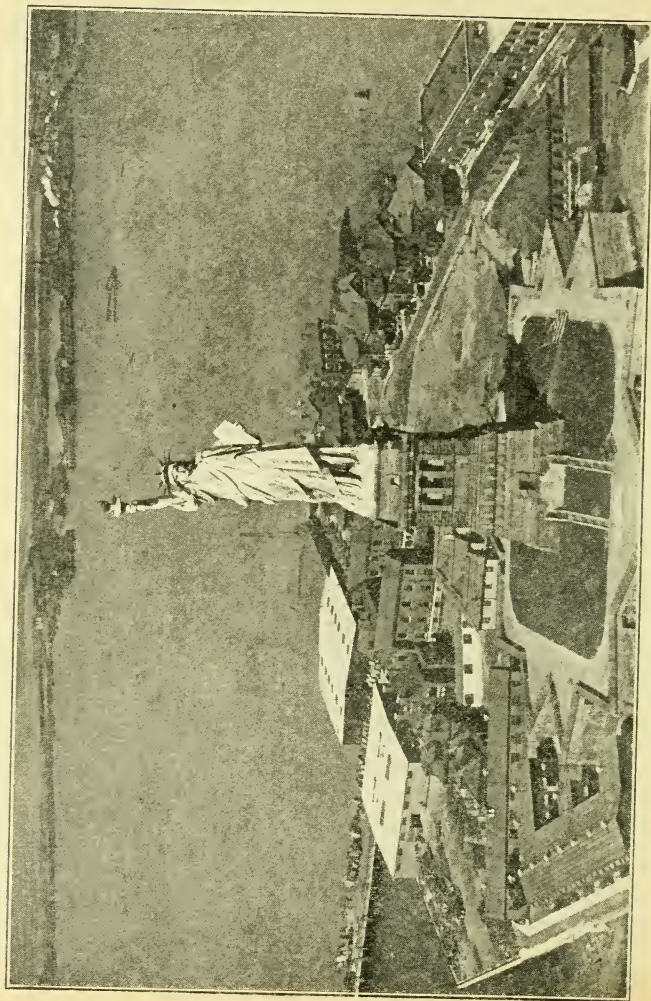
Leaving the Aquarium we turn to the left and see the statue erected to Ericsson, the inventor of the *Monitor*, and the man who consigned all unarmored ships at once to the scrap heap by his wonderful idea. The *Monitor* undoubtedly saved New York from bombardment during the Civil War and Ericsson's fame is something of which New York is justly proud. No wholly wooden ships were ever built by the great navies of the world after the performance of the *Monitor* at Hampton Roads.

A little further along is a statue of Verrazzano, an Italian navigator, who visited New York Harbor in 1524, and next to it a steel flag pole to mark a similar pole standing near there when the British evacuated New York. They greased the pole but left the British flag flying. An American soldier, Van Arsdale, successfully climbed the pole and lowered the flag before the British departed and raised the Stars and Stripes in its place. On every Evacuation Day since, a descendant of this Van Arsdale hoists the American Flag on this pole at sunrise. The present pole is a steel mast belonging to the yacht *Constitution*, one of the preliminary defenders of America's Cup.

The large building on the left is the Barge Office or



The Young Prince of Wales inspects his marine guard at the Battery upon his arrival, November, 1919.
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A close-up view of the Statue of Liberty taken by a...

landing stage for immigrants from Ellis Island. The ferry boat for Ellis Island also leaves here, which makes an interesting side trip and affords an intimate glance of the process through which all immigrants must pass before reaching the "Melting Pot" proper. A short distance from the barge office is the ferry which takes you to the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island. On arrival at the island the visitor may ascend a staircase inside of the statue and look out upon the harbor of New York and the city from a point just below the head. Both of these trips are well worth the short time spent upon them.

State Street, facing the Battery, was in the early years of the last century perhaps the most fashionable and exclusive residential quarter of the city. Here lived the Livingstons, Gracies, Lenoxes, Rogers, Coles, Ludlows, Mortons, Suydams, and other prominent New York families. The building at No. 7, the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, is about the only one left in its original condition. There are a few others, but greatly altered. Most of them will also soon disappear. It was a beautiful location, commanding superb marine views, combined with the green lawn and handsome shade trees of the park. The adjoining streets, Broadway, Greenwich and Washington, just off the Battery on the north, were also residences of well-to-do families. At one time Washington Irving lived at No. 16 Broadway, with his friend Henry Brevoort. He often strolled up to the corner of Cortland Street to visit the Widow Jane Renwick, whose son became afterwards a professor at Columbia College. His son in turn become one of the foremost architects in the city, chief among his works being St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue and the first of the Grand Central Stations—a marvel in its day.

The Municipal Ferry to Staten Island also leaves in this immediate neighborhood at the foot of Whitehall

Street. This street was named for Stuyvesant's town house, "White Hall." Washington also departed from this point on his return to Annapolis (1783). Tablet marks the site. If you can afford an hour to make the run over and back, it is well worth the trouble. Boats leave every twenty minutes and you may return on the same ferry that takes you over. A good view of Governor's Island, Fort Lafayette, Fort Hamilton, Fort Schuyler and Castle William and the Narrows is thus enjoyed. Numerous outgoing and incoming steamers will be passed on the way. The famous Sailor's Snug Harbar may be visited while at the island, and a splendid view enjoyed of the Statute of Liberty on Bedloe's Island.

Bedloe's Island was bought by the city from Captain Kennedy as far back as 1758. It was ceded to the Federal Government in 1800, who made it one of the outer defenses of the city by erecting a small fort upon it, known as Fort Wood. There is still the suggestion of a fort in the star shaped walls which surround the base of the Statue of Liberty, which, by the way, was a gift from France in 1883. The pedestal of the statue was erected by popular subscription.

Governor's Island, in sight of the Battery, is now military headquarters for the Department of the East and a special permit is required to visit the island. Old "Castle Bill," as Castle William is called, is a huge military prison. The island has a large aviation field, besides other interesting features, and a very interesting museum of war relics.

The three streets at the west, running north from the Battery, are quite interesting; West Street, facing the river, for its immense shipping; Washington Street for its polyglot population, and Greenwich Street because of its one time splendor. In fact, Greenwich Street in 1825 was called Millionaire's Row and had for residents



Bowling Green in front of the Custom House.



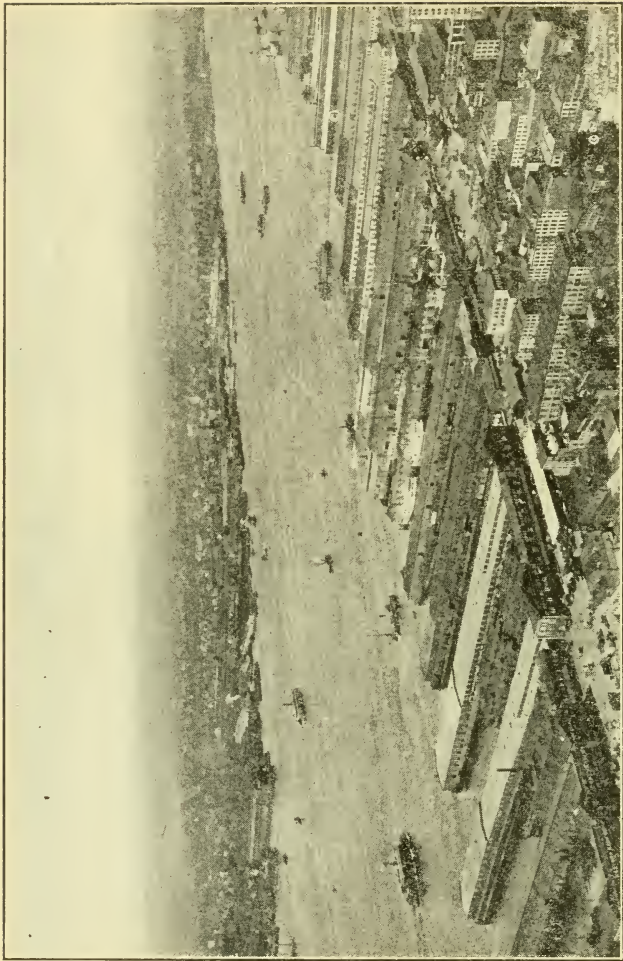
Battery Park. View of incoming liner. Whitehall Building on right



A few members of the Bowling Green Neighborhood Association, West Street near the Battery

such families as Brockholst Livingston, John Johnston, James Lenox—the same type, in fact, as occupied exclusive State Street. Many of these old Greenwich Street buildings are still standing and this section is today a very curious quarter of New York, inasmuch as it remains a residential section with, however, a great difference socially. From the Battery to Vesey Street and from Greenwich to West Street there is a population of about ten thousand. They are crowded into tenements made out of old warehouses and former fashionable houses now fallen into decay. It is estimated that more than twenty-seven nationalities are represented. The Irish used to dominate, but they have given way to the Poles. Next come Syrians, then Greeks, Armenians and peoples from Palestine and Mesopotamia. Quite a business is carried on in needlework and some of the lace work is quite interesting, and their merchandise is sold wholesale and retail throughout the United States. Some modern loft buildings have lately made their appearance, all tenanted by firms with unpronounceable names. One enterprising dealer announces branch offices in Athens, Pereus, Salonica, Bagdad, Cairo, Rhodes and Alexandria—quite a brave showing for a little shop in New York.

Naturally the presence of so many families brings with it a corresponding number of children. Both the children and the mothers have found a great friend in the Bowling Green Neighborhood Association, an organization which has voluntarily taken up settlement work. They have provided a playground, a little hall where dances and social affairs can be had; a modest little library; a babies' clinic and other desirable attributes. The infant mortality, from an abnormally high rate, has been reduced to correspond with the average of the city at large, and in other ways the Neighborhood Association has made for itself a warm spot in the heart of these friendless foreigners.

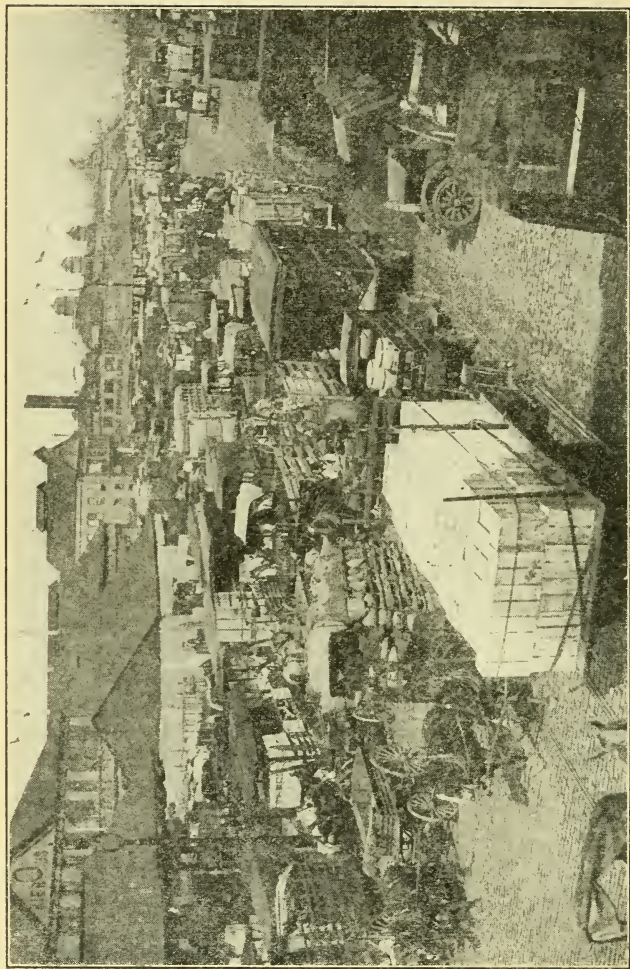


West Street, showing "The Farm" from about Murray to Desbrosses Street, the docks, the river and the Jersey shore opposite.

The magnificent office building on Battery Place, just west of Greenwich Street, is the Whitehall Building and houses the Government Weather Bureau. In very hot weather it is always very much cooler up in the tower of this high building, where the temperature is recorded, and the New Yorker sweltering on the parched sidewalks six hundred feet below, always adds ten degrees to what the official figures report. The Whitehall Building is headquarters for shipping, export, coal and oil businesses. Important firms are located here and on the top floor is one of the numerous lunch clubs that abound downtown. The view from the dining room windows presents what is said to be the most perfect marine picture to be found on the whole coast. On clear days it is possible to see far beyond Long Branch on the Jersey Coast and to Rockaway on the East. Incoming liners can be seen hours before they arrive.

West Street which begins off Battery Park and skirts the city, facing the Hudson, is the great shipping section. It is one long succession of steamers, ships, piers, docks and ferries. Thousands of wagons, motor trucks and every description of moving vehicle are constantly coming and going. A diminutive street car traverses practically the whole waterfront. Those interested in shipping will find this mode of conveyance a good way of viewing the scene. The car moves leisurely along and stops frequently. You need plenty of time for a trip on the Belt line, as interruptions are frequent and congestion is so great. But this affords opportunity for study and reflection and to jot down a few thoughts on the Traffic of a Great City. New York is now one of the great Ports in the world. Some say it is the greatest, but London still leads slightly.

The section along West Street from about Chambers Street to Desbrosses is known as "The Farm." It is the receiving station for all our huge food supplies and



A close-up view of the traffic on West Street.

to accommodate the bulky merchandise the street has been widened an extra hundred feet. Here all the Coast line steamships discharge their Southern produce and the great railroads, tapping the rich farming states adjacent to New York bring their huge contributions to the breakfast table of the metropolis. Apples, potatoes, garden truck by the thousands of barrels and hundreds of tons, are received almost hourly. The manner in which these goods disappear almost instantly is a caution. They are sold right on the pier, moved outside to the "Farm" and then removed by their new owners. The new style motor trucks carry off as much as ten tons at a time and as the cars themselves weigh six tons, some idea of the wear and tear on the streets of New York is apparent.

But the most amazing thing of all is the tremendous amount of goods continually arriving and departing. Something over eight thousand men are engaged in the work of handling alone. Everything is more or less perishable and must be gotten out of the way at once. No wonder a longshoremen's strike is so serious.

The Fruit Exchange is located in Franklin Street. Here come all the fruits, foreign and domestic. One can hardly realize that lemons in lots of twenty-five thousand boxes are frequently disposed of in a few moments. Who in the world has use for so many lemons at one time? Oranges and grape fruit from Florida, Porto Rico and California; apples from Oregon, pines from Hawaii, and the enormous products of the great fruit ranches of the Pacific Coast, here find an outlet. The New York market has an insatiable appetite. It is seemingly a bottomless pit. Every nation in the known world contributes. Cargoes arrive in endless procession. All the fruit sales are by auction and for cash. It is perhaps the last remaining business in which the old custom of selling to the highest bidder still prevails. And it is on a stupendous scale. Practically

the entire foreign fruit trade of the country is conducted in the few blocks comprised in the "Farm" we are looking at, with the exception of bananas. These are brought in by the ships of the great White Fleet of the United Fruit Company and unloaded directly onto lighters alongside the steamers at their docks, located just a little south of the Farm, and from there shipped direct to all parts of the country. Thousands of bunches are handled daily.

Just beyond the "Farm" begins the famous old Gansevoort Market. There used to be a fort of the same name here in olden days. It resembles closely Covent Garden in London. All the Long Island farmers with their garden truck piled way up high and covered with canvas like a hay wagon, occupy one side of the square. They sell direct to the green grocers who come from all parts of the city. Across from the market gardeners are the dealers in all kinds of Live Poultry: chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea-hens, quail, partridge and every conceivable kind of bird.

The New York Central tracks come in here from the West and on their sidings stand the newly arrived refrigerating cars with dressed meats. Armour, Swift, Hammond, Cudahy, Wilson and all the great packers are represented. It is the great wholesale meat section and supplies the mammoth hotels, butchers, delicatessen shops, etc.

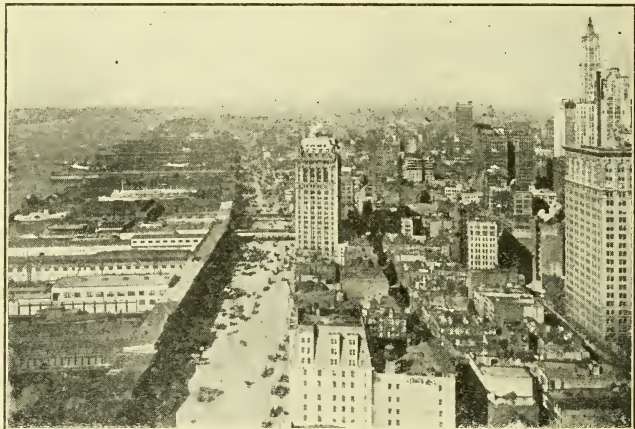
Leaving the market we come into the Chelsea Improvement Section, one of the most notable triumphs of a municipality in the reclamation of a water front. This was formerly a region of antiquated wooden piers, dropping away piecemeal from sheer rottenness. The old 13th Street dock in particular was to the New York boy forty years ago what the old swimmin' hole is to the country boy today. The head of that old dock is now far inland. Delamater's old Iron Works were here in those days and Ericsson, who lived on Beach Street,

nearby, superintended the building of his famous iron clad *Monitor* at these yards. Holland bought his idea for an undersea boat here also and the first practical Submarine was launched from the same yard that produced the Iron Clad. Both these ideas revolutionized naval architecture the world over, and to little old New York belongs the credit of their origin.

Something of this prophetic vision appears to be indigenous to this neighborhood. When the project of reclaiming this run down water front by a series of docks of such immensity that private capital demurred at the undertaking, perhaps the success of the *Monitor* and the Submarine gave the authorities the needed courage to embark on the enterprise as a municipal work. Too much cannot be said of the success of what is now known the world over as the Chelsea Docks, headquarters of the great Transatlantic lines, White Star, Cunard, American, etc. They are a thousand feet long. Their massive concrete flooring resists all attempts at wear and tear and will remain after the Appian Way is forgotten. The architect of these docks has also recognized the value of beauty in their construction. Maritime mythological figures ornament the exterior. The lines of the buildings are impressive. It is somewhat difficult to describe exactly the solid satisfaction which perspective gives the beholder. Massiveness and strength are blended with the refining influence of chastity in design. The broad plazas in front, the generous approaches from the street, make this Improvement, one of which the city can well afford to boast. Nor is the beneficent result of this superior architecture confined to the Docks themselves. The surrounding buildings are fast being brought into harmony with the dignified lines of the Chelsea Improvement, the splendid



The great thousand-foot Chelsea piers on North River, owned by the City



West Side shipping centre. Looking up West Street from Battery Park
© American Studios

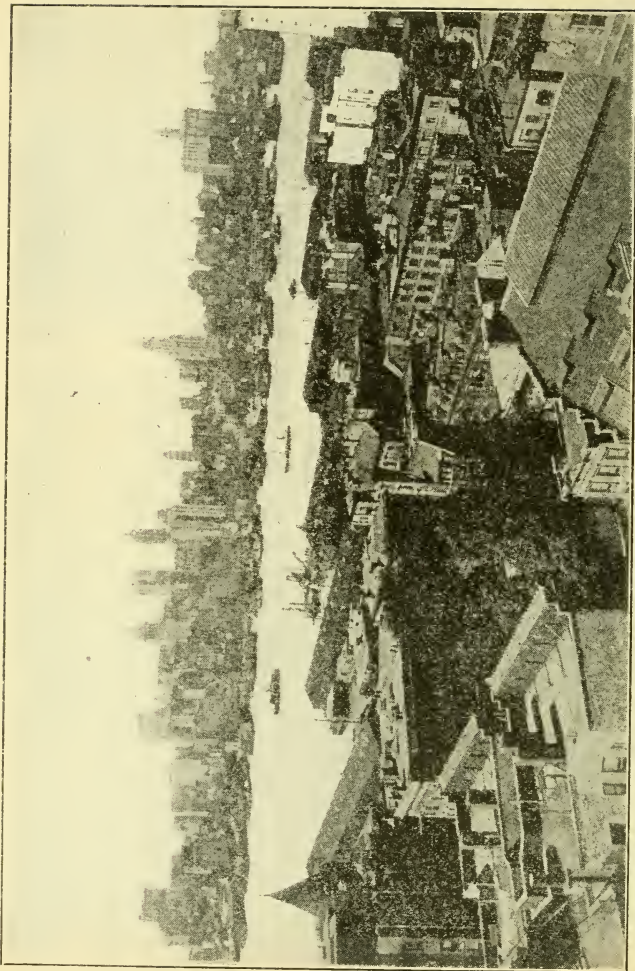
structures of the National Biscuit Company being a case in point. The success of this experiment has been so great that the city is extending the system between 44th and 59th Streets.

Directly opposite these docks, on the Hoboken side, is the former home of the great North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines. Their once proud fleets now fly the American flag after the most ignominious and contemptible surrender in the history of sea power. These docks have witnessed many stirring scenes during the last two years. Nearly four million American boys sailed to and returned from France from this point of embarkation. The property now belongs to the Federal Government.

On this side also are miles and miles of railroad cars bearing another of the city's prime necessities—coal. Trainload after trainload follows each other continuously up a trestle to a towering coal heap containing thousands of other tons and are emptied automatically. This huge pile never seems to change. Notwithstanding the constant additions by the never-ending line of fresh supplies there is a counter effect in the deliveries to boats, lighters, etc., at the water edge which equalizes things.

Resuming our interrupted walk, we come to the 23rd Street Ferries just above the Chelsea docks. Most of the boats are still running except the Pennsylvania. Here you connect with the Central, Erie and Lackawanna roads to Jersey City.

The passenger traffic, however, now goes by the Hudson Tubes, the ferries being mostly for vehicles. It remains, nevertheless, an important transit point though robbed of much of its former bustle and would hardly be recognized by the old New Yorker who recalls the days of its bygone glory when it was one of the busiest parts of town, especially in summer at week ends. Just beyond 23rd Street are more Atlantic steamships—the

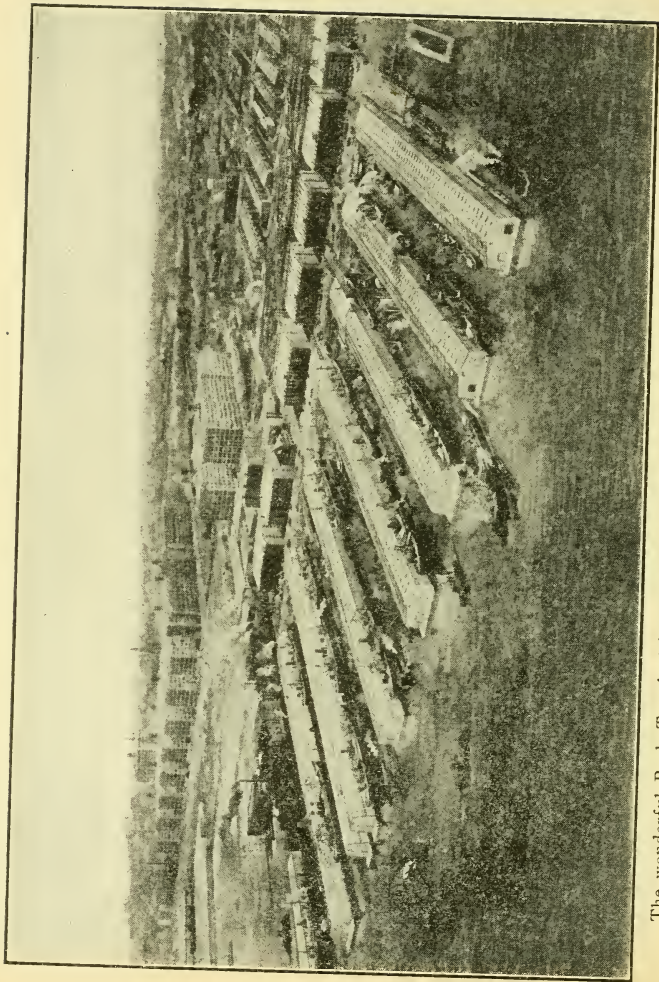


Splendid view of New York from Brooklyn Heights, and scene of Ernest Poole's novel, "The Harbor." The dock on the right is the scene of the novel.

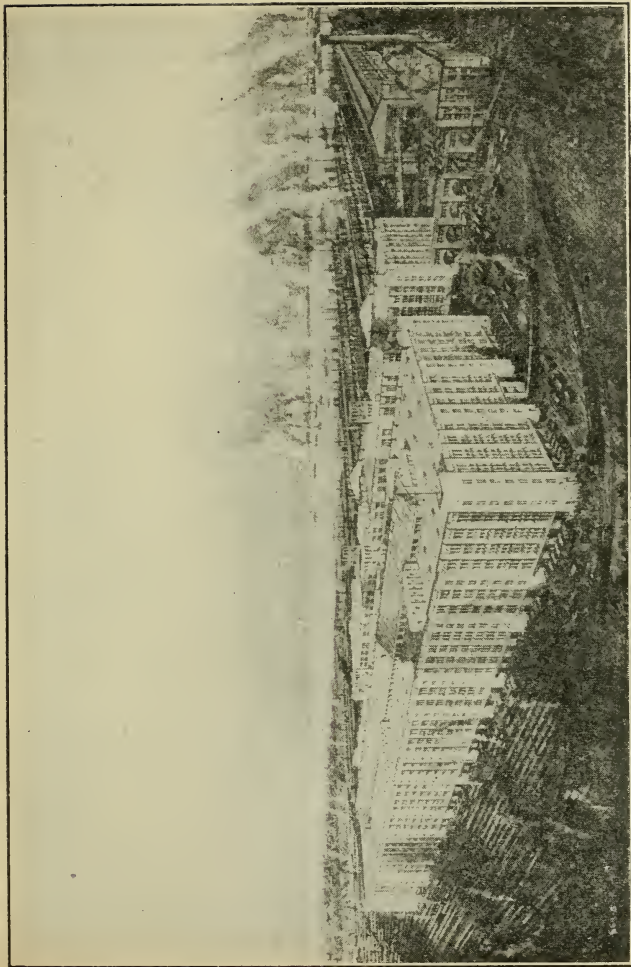
Anchor Line, the Southern Pacific, the French and Italian lines, the Pacific Mail and Panama Steamers; the principal pier of the beautiful Albany Day Line boats and the swift steamers to Atlantic Highlands, Long Branch and Jersey Coast resorts.

Here ends that stretch of the marginal street called West, paralleling the river called North, which isn't north at all, as we have explained. Beyond this, the street becomes Tenth Avenue. As if to recall its old days as "the shore road to Greenwich," it meanders off as all good shore roads do, into the heart of town, forsaking the turmoil and commercialism of the waterfront. It reappears, resplendent in new asphalt and handsome architecture as Amsterdam Avenue—again reminiscent of Colonial days—and makes a glorious exit in the sanctity of the classic atmosphere of Columbia University and Cathedral Heights.

There is also considerable shipping on the opposite shore of the city—the East River. This locality during the reign of the clipper was a veritable forest of masts. There are signs of a rejuvenation of American Merchant Marine and perhaps before long we will again see the white sails of ocean beauties and hear the song of the Chanty man. The South American trade docks largely in South Brooklyn, where an immense terminal development called the Bush Stores has been in process of completion for several years. This now embraces miles and miles of piers, all equipped with the most modern appliances for the mechanical handling of freight. A lesson from Europe has evidently been learned by the American shipper and some of the ingenuity hitherto monopolized by the ore handlers of the great lakes has finally been adopted in the East. Huge factories are now located on these docks and an immense saving of unnecessary handling of freight is achieved. The old shipping quarter of Brooklyn, which formerly began at Pierrepont



The wonderful Bush Terminal in South Brooklyn. Three ocean steamships.



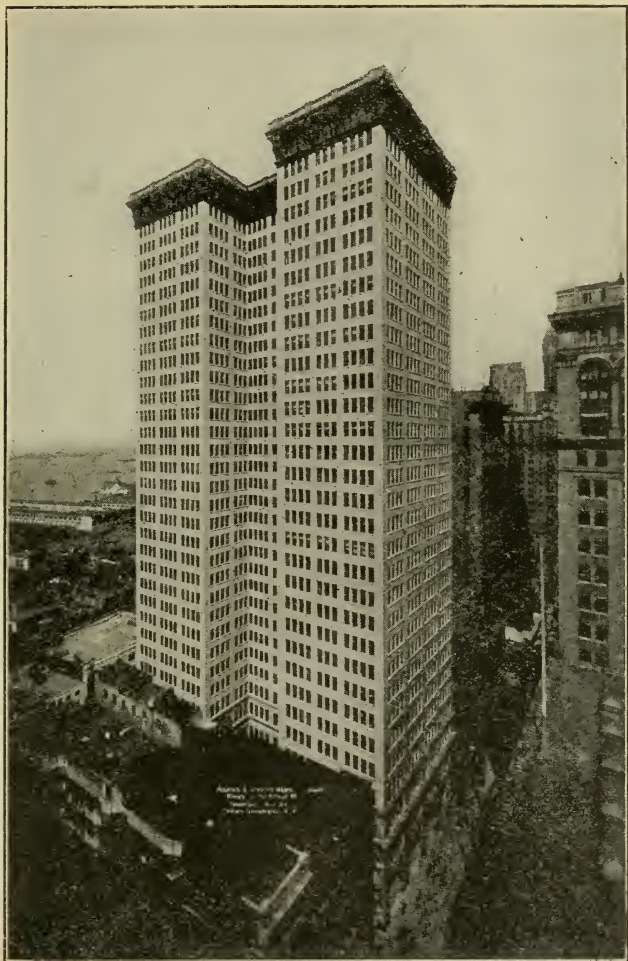
Great Army Supply Base in South Brooklyn. Comprises 57 acres, 4 piers 1,350 x 150. The rail-road tracks, 18 miles; storage yard for 1,300 cars; 96 elevators.

Stores, just below the "Heights" in the days of the China tea trade, has gradually extended along the waterfront and forms an unbroken line till it meets the Bush improvement, which we have just described. The South American ships still favor this locality, as do the steamers for the Antipodes. From present indications there will soon be great and far reaching developments in everything pertaining to docks and ships. There is no telling what the result will be when the Government finally announces its plans regarding its new ships, but in any event, New York is bound to be greatly affected.

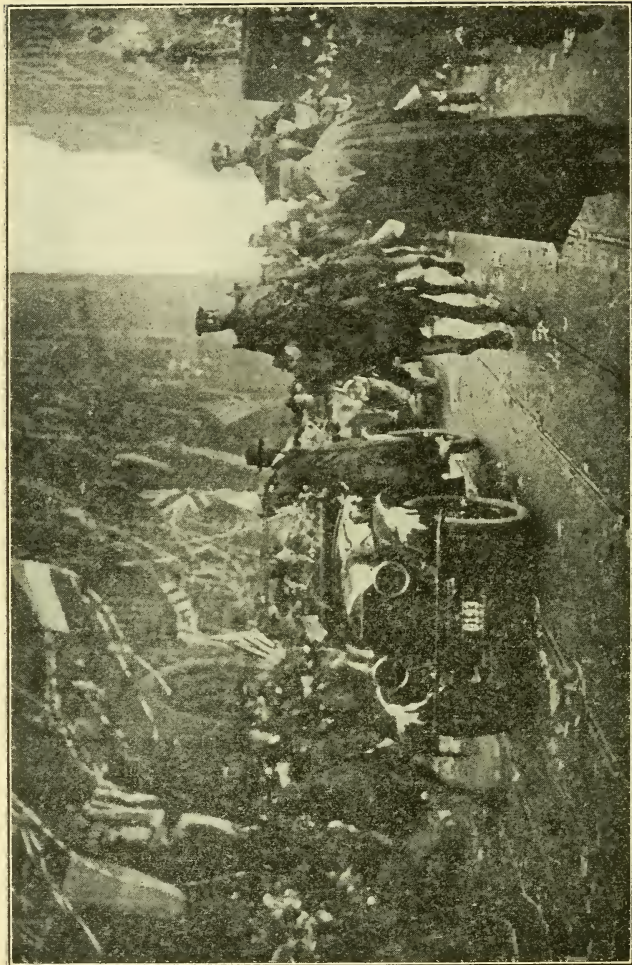
The Government has recently established an enormous Army Supply Base in this section. It is on a scale of magnitude never before approached. Elsewhere we give a picture of the splendid structure.

This maritime side of New York is very interesting. On account of the congestion that usually exists on the waterfront streets, the best way to see it is by a sail around the island. There is a boat that makes this trip twice daily—morning and afternoon. It leaves foot of 42nd Street at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., and the cost is \$2.00.

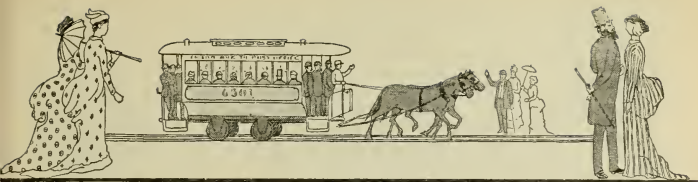
We will now retrace our steps to the Custom House and proceed up Broadway.



The Adams Express Building at 65 Broadway.



France's great soldier, Field Marshal Joffre, and Minister Viviani are welcomed with ticker tape and torn paper in their drive up Broadway, much to their amusement and delight.



THE MAIN STREET IN OUR VILLAGE—BROADWAY

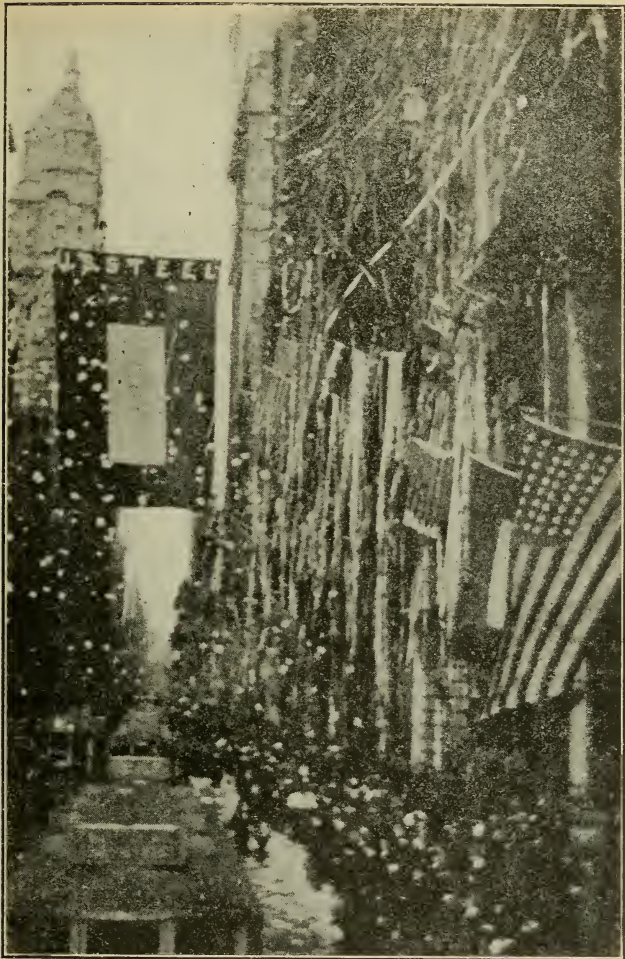
FROM BOWLING GREEN TO WALL STREET AND
TRINITY CHURCH

BENEDICT ARNOLD AND THE BOWLING GREEN BUILDING. THE
HOMES OF STANDARD OIL AND "STEEL". THE MOST
FAMOUS CHURCH IN AMERICA.

WE have now quite thoroughly explored Battery Park and vicinity and will resume our tour up Broadway, starting at Bowling Green in front of the Custom House. It marks the beginning of the Main Street of our village. This ancient Colonial Park was once the heart of New Amsterdam and the resort of its leisure class when bowling was the baseball of that day. It is popularly believed that this is the exact site on which Peter Minuit purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians. It looms large in the history of these early days, being first used as a parade ground and afterwards as the weekly market place and annual fair. During the sessions of the last named function all persons were exempt from arrest for debt; so this celebration was highly popular. In 1732 it was ordered to be fenced in by the common council and was leased at one pepper-corn a year to three citizens for a private bowling green, the lease being renewed a second term for 20 shillings per annum. It subsequently became our first public park.

The Stamp Act Riot centered here in 1765, when Governor Colden's coach containing his effigy was burned. A leaden statue of George III. on horesback, also erected here, was torn down during the Revolution and sent to Gov. Wolcott of Litchfield, Conn., whose wife and daughter melted it into 42,000 bullets for the patriots. The tail and parts of the flank of the horse were spared, and can be seen in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. The iron fence around the green was made in England and originally had iron crowns ornamenting the posts. Most of these were broken off during the Revolution. Washington reviewed the great Federal procession to commemorate the ratification by New York State of the Federal Constitution from this point in 1787. Conspicuous in the parade was a huge float drawn by six horses carrying a replica of a 32-gun frigate named the Ship of State, and made by the ship carpenters of New York. In 1794 another riot occurred here to protest against the Jay treaty; altogether Bowling Green has had quite a busy existence. It is now for the time being, in repose. There is an effective bronze statue of Abraham De Peyster facing south, one of the original Dutch settlers who was Mayor in 1691.

The Washington Building, No. 1 Broadway, stands on the site which is notable in this city of frequent changes for a record of stability rare in its annals. Since the first grant of land was made of this plot of ground in 1643 to the present, only three buildings have stood upon it; first a little Dutch tavern, much frequented by the soldiers in the fort opposite; then the Kennedy House, 1760-1882, and now the Washington Building—at one time the tallest building in the city. It was from the Kennedy House that Andre set out upon his ill-fated journey to meet Arnold. As British Headquarters during the Revolution it sheltered Clinton, Howe, Carlton and others. It was never occupied by the Americans though



Armistice Day on Broadway

Cyrus W. Field, projector of the Atlantic Cable, who erected the building now standing, named it after Washington in the mistaken idea that he once made the old house his headquarters. Robert Fulton died in a house in the rear of this site. When New York was the capital, this house was the residence of the Spanish Minister Don Drego de Gardoqui. This gentleman evidently had a unique experience with a New York crowd as the following item clipped from the *New York Gazette*, 1786, would indicate:

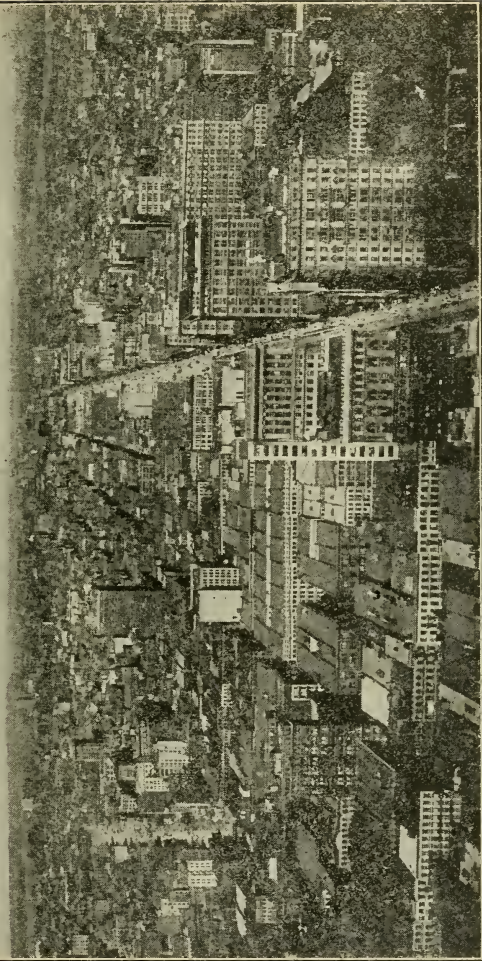
“The Spanish Ministser returns thanks to the citizens for their alacrity in extinguishing the fire that happened at his house. He observed many persons of the first distinction actively employed and although the doors were open to all and the house filled with people, none of his effects were missing; everything carried out having been restored.”

In later years it became a hotel. The building bids fair to remain in its present condition for some time to come.

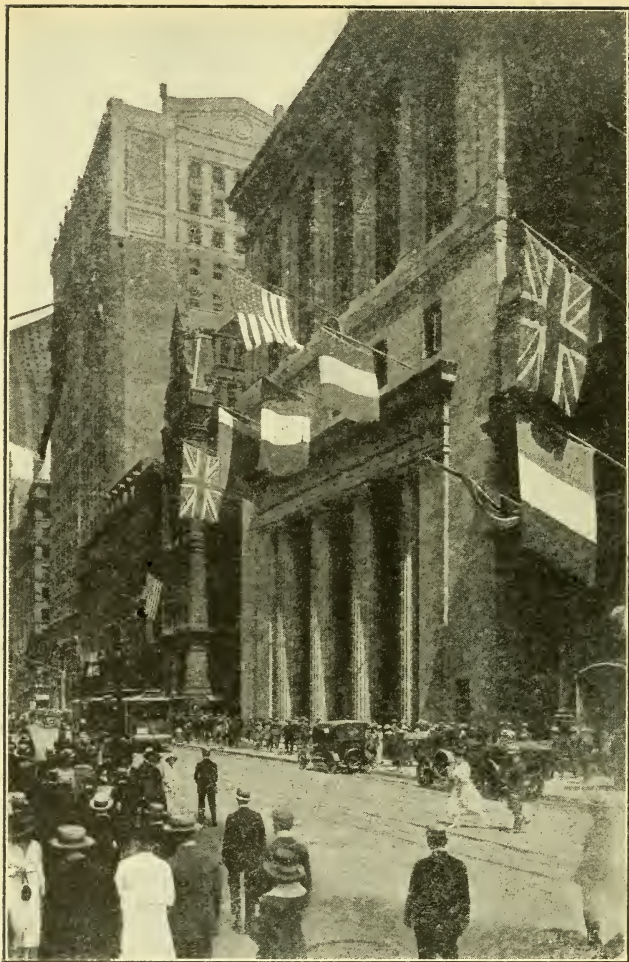
The Bowling Green Building at No. 9, now owned by the Goulds, is quite closely connected with a dramatic incident of the Revolution.

After Arnold at Tarrytown had delivered to Major Andre the papers that were to betray West Point into the hands of the British, he repaired to the house of his friend, Beverly Robinson nearby. There he met his bride of a little more than a year, Peggy Chew, one of the belles of Philadelphia. He had hardly embraced his wife when Robinson entered with the exciting news that a British spy had been captured, and that the plan of the defenses of West Point had been found upon him.

Arnold alone of the three knew what the fateful news portended. With a face blanched with fear he made the excuse of being obliged to return to look after the spy. He clasped his wife in his arms, looked upon the face of his sleeping baby for an instant, and was gone. He never saw them again.



Looking north from the Tower of the Woolworth Building. Broadway is street at right.
Metropolitan Tower in far distance.



Broadway looking north from the Guarantee Trust Building at Liberty Street.

He escaped on the man-of-war *Vulture* and joined the British in New York. It is at this point that the Bowling Green Building comes in. He was quartered at the King's Arms, a tavern which formerly occupied this site, and it was here that a daring plan was made by Sargent Champe of "Light Horse" Harry Lee's Dragoons. This intrepid soldier decided to join Arnold's "American Legion" (?) as a deserter from the patriots. He observed that Arnold walked in the gardens of the Tavern every evening, and planned to kidnap him with the help of confederates and make off before assistance could arrive. Sudden orders compelled both Arnold and Champe to proceed South before the evening agreed upon and the attempt came to nothing. Champe finally succeeded in rejoining the American forces. It was a bold attempt and worthy of a better fate. A beautiful stained glass window by Edwin A. Abbey, representing the Dutch playing ninepins is one of the sights of this building and worth a visit.

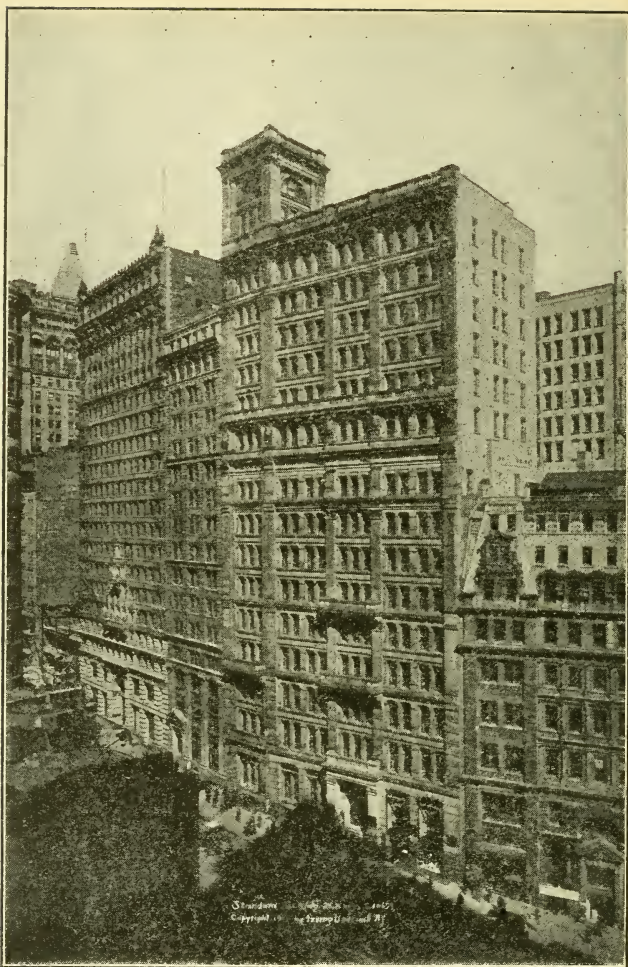
Numbers 17 and 19 were once the British Consulate, and here for a time lived Daniel Webster. At 21 and 27 stood the Steven's House, a noted hotel, where Jenny Lind and P. T. Barnum stopped, besides other well known personages.

And he stopped at an inn that is known very well,
"Delmonico's" once—now "Stevens Hotel";
And, to venture a pun which I think rather witty,
There's no better inn in that inn-famous city.

—J. G. Saxe.

It is now the site of the splendid offices of the Cunard Steamship Co. It was originally the site of the first Delmonico restaurant.

Almost directly across the street is that Holy of Holies, the Standard Oil Building, at No. 26. Whole chapters could be written about this one building, perhaps the best known, certainly the most talked of, on Broadway.



"26 Broadway"—Home of the Great Standard Oil Company.

As a practical demonstration in the gentle art of making money No. 26 Broadway is surely entitled to all the plaudits it receives.

Notwithstanding the dislike of the family for public notoriety, it remains a fact that young John D. frequently, in fact almost daily, weather permitting, drives to his office in a light gig drawn by two spirited horses. He seems to prefer it to a motor car. Nobody pays any attention except to mention his name as he goes prancing by.

At No. 39 is the site of McComb's Mansion, where Washington lived in 1790, just before the removal of the capital from New York to Philadelphia. A Tablet at No. 41 Broadway marks the site of the first white men's dwellings in Manhattan, built in 1613. They were erected by Adrian Block, a Dutch explorer, and his crew, who had reached the island, but whose ship the *Tiger*, burned to the water's edge just off the Battery. Block managed in some miraculous manner, from what little material he saved from the *Tiger*, to construct another vessel, the *Onrest*. This site, therefore, marks also the beginning of ship building in New York, an industry which later grew to imposing proportions.

At No. 52 Broadway, below Wall Street, stood until recently a building of more than ordinary interest—the first successful skyscraper erected in New York (1884). It was only eight stories high, but will tower historically higher than any building that will ever stand on the island; it demonstrated the feasibility of skeleton steel construction and caused Manhattan to develop up into the air instead of along the ground. The effect of this invention has been truly remarkable. No other development in the progress of New York begins to approach it in the magnitude of the tremendous change it wrought, and of the altered conditions it created. Buildings on

hundred foot lots now contain the population of a good sized village, and at five o'clock a few blocks will give forth enough residents for a good sized city.

Bradford Lee Gilbert, the architect whose genius gave to New York and the world this remarkable type of building, in telling the story to friends, said that the idea of an iron building had come to him in a dream. He is also remembered for his great interest in Jerry McAuley's Mission, a famous rescue institution, the forerunner of the present Salvation Army. The history of this wonderful mission forms the one bright chapter in the sordid story of Water Street in the days when it was the resort of sailors and the abode of unspeakable crime and wretchedness.

When Jerry McAuley died in 1884 his wife determined to carry on the work alone and for eight years served as superintendent of the mission. Then her health failed and for a time it seemed she must die. Bradford Lee Gilbert married her at this time when her health was poor and took care of her. After her marriage she and Mr. Gilbert lived for a time at his country home on the Beaverkill River in Sullivan County.

At No. 56 Broadway are statues by J. Massey Rhind of Clinton, Wolf, Stuyvesant and Hudson, which are of more than passing interest.

Morris Street marks the original public burying ground of New York, and Exchange Place was formerly Tin Pot Alley. It runs into Edgar Street, one of the shortest streets in the City, where from the steps of the Edgar Mansion on Greenwich Street, Daniel Webster made an address to the people on the occasion of the election of the first Mayor of New York, Cornelius Lawrence. This marked an important political change and a further extension of the peoples rights, as before this, Mayors were appointed by the common council.



Broadway, looking north from Wall Street. Old Trinity in centre.

Just beyond Exchange Place and West of Broadway stood the land occupied by the West India Company as an orchard and farm. Huge office buildings, owned and occupied by the two great Express Companies, Adams and the American, are now on this site. The great Empire Building, which extends from the corner of Broadway along Rector to Church Street, now belongs to the United States Steel Corporation, having been recently purchased by them for office headquarters. It stands directly opposite Trinity Church and is, therefore, to enjoy good light for all time. The price paid for the building and land was \$5,000,000, which is considerable money to pay for a place in which merely to keep books and have efficiency conferences.

The next building is by far the most historic and interesting edifice of a religious denomination in our city.

TRINITY CHURCH

Trinity is not only old in historic association, but its monuments and memorials are of an unusually interesting character. Beautiful stained-glass windows ornament the interior, together with several memorial tablets, including one to a party of Scotchmen who were shipwrecked off the coast of Sandy Hook in 1783.

The charm of this church is not hard to understand. In the midst of the city's roar it still stands quiet and serene. It is a welcome relief to enter its hospitable doors for a few moments respite from the strain of the days work.

This memorable building as you will notice, stands opposite the head of Wall Street. The present building is the third to be erected (1846). The first (1696) was destroyed in the great fire of 1776, the second (1789) was declared unsafe (1839) and torn down. For more than two hundred years the spire of Trinity was the most noted landmark in the city of New York. For many

years visitors were allowed to climb the many steps up its steeple, and their energy was well rewarded by the magnificent view of the city and harbor spread out before their eyes.

To-day it is hard to find the steeple, so closely is it guarded by the surrounding skyscrapers, and it barely reaches to half the height of the buildings directly around it. It is about one-third the height of the Woolworth Building, a few blocks north of it on Broadway. Trinity Church has played a great part in the social and religious life of our city, and enjoys a large place in the affections of the people. Many persons wonder why Washington selected St. Paul's Chapel instead of the much more noted parent church for his devotional attendance, forgetting that during Washington's residence in New York Trinity was still in ruins and was not rebuilt till after his departure.

The first objects of interest which attract the visitor are the three pairs of memorial doors in bronze with the allegorical figures in bold relief. They are at the front, North and South entrances. They are the gift of William Waldorf Astor in memory of his father, John Jacob Astor, 2nd.

In the centre of the North half of the cemetery stands a beautiful marble church yard cross, another Astor memorial, given by Caroline Astor Wilson, in memory of her mother, Mrs. William Astor. The panels illustrate the life of Christ according to St. Luke.

Entering the church yard directly from Broadway we stand in front of the monument erected to that gallant sailor, Captain James Lawrence, of "Don't give up the ship" fame. On the south side directly opposite is the monument of the Martyrs of the Revolution—those who died in prisons. Facing Rector Street is the memorial to Robert Fulton, who is buried beneath in the Livingston family vault, and near him is that of William Bradford,

the first printer in New York. The pathetic story of Charlotte Temple is recalled by the beautiful monument to her memory, as is also the tragic death of Alexander Hamilton by his imposing cenotaph. The grave of M. L. Davis, Aaron Burr's second in the duel, is also here. Marinus Willett, General Phil Kearney, Samuel Johnson, president of King's College (now Columbia); Albert Gallatin, Augustus Van Horne, Sidney Breese, Lady Cornbury, Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling; General Clarkson, Rev. Dr. Barclay, the second of Trinity's rectors; the Laights, Bronsons, Ogdens, Lispenards, Bleeckers, Livingstons, Apthorps, Hoffmans, to mention only a few, all suggest prominent families still living in the city and whose members maintain the social importance of their forebears.

Facing Broadway is a memorial drinking fountain, the gift of Henry C. Swords in memory of his mother.

The sexton, Mr. William J. Boyd, is splendidly enthusiastic about old Trinity, and can tell you of many things which lack of space prevents a mention here.

We are now opposite Wall Street. We shall start our trip through the financial district at this point, crossing Broadway, going down Wall Street to the River on the North side and returning on the South.

But first let us refresh ourselves with a little lunch. And with that end in view we will hunt up some unusual eating place for the sake of novelty.



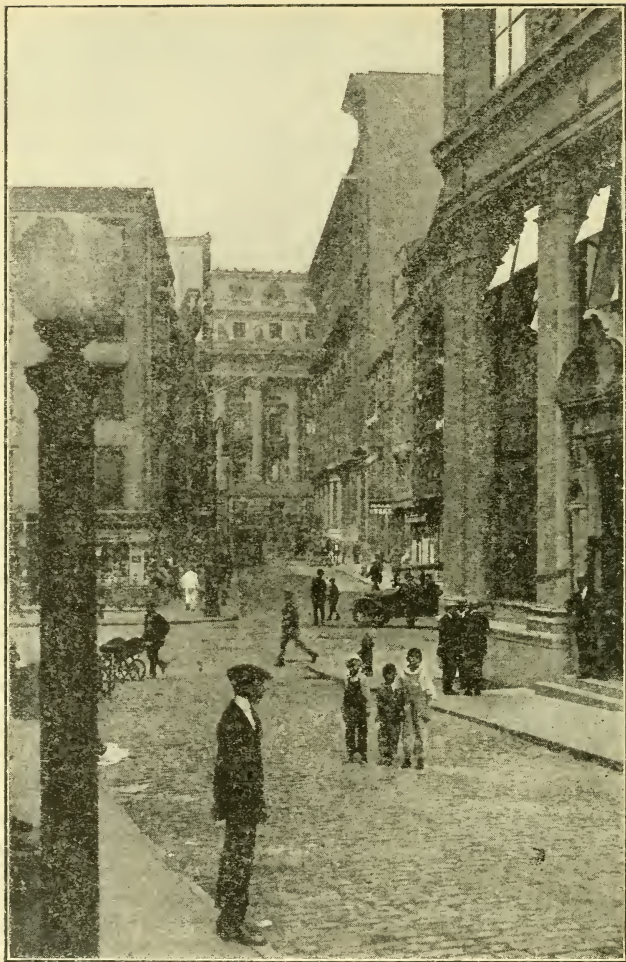
THE INNER MAN

OUT OF THE ORDINARY EATING PLACES IN NEW YORK

THE tourist no doubt would like to see some of the real foreign places. As a matter of fact, the best of these are on the lower East Side on Second Avenue, between 1st and 14th Streets.

A great many of the emigrants from Russia and Rumania, even after years of alienation, have an intense craving for the dishes of their native province. It is, therefore, the practice of one of the inhabitants of a particular province to convert her front parlor (usually located on the ground floor of a tenement) into a miniature dining room, where she caters to a limited number of her home town folk. Her shingle announces the name of her province, such as "Pinsker," "Dwinsker," "Mnis-ker," "Saraslover," "Bialystokter," etc., as the case may be. Here the aliens meet their friends from the Old Country and lose their homesickness in the midst of familiar faces and dialects and in the odors from the kitchen, which evoke for them images of their home and surroundings.

Near by are the famous Bohemian cafés, crowded every night to dawn with Yiddish artists, musicians, actors and littérateurs, all industriously and vehemently engaged in gesticulating and creating a sophisticated hubbub. These places are more like clubs, because the patrons are all habitués and known to each other. The cafés have added a Parisian touch with their open-air dining, and the guests lend an air of cosmopolitanism with their conversations and faces.



© Underhill

Stone Street, the first street in our city to be paved with stones.

Around the corner, in a wide street, are a group of Italian spaghetti houses, where the serpentine food rules in all its tortuous forms and draws the innocent and unwary diner into its maze of intricacies.

Further down is an Hungarian restaurant, serving its native menu in all its dressings and odors, and, cheek by jowl, is a Rumanian "casino," displaying its bill of fare au naturel—an array of uncooked dishes in a showcase in the window—to tempt the eyes and snare the stomach of the passersby. Here, too, the steaks are broiled and served, bloody and hot, right off the grill, on circular wooden platters.

In the upper reaches of this section are the French pastry parlors, which cater to the élite of the younger set. The sumptuous surroundings of thick green carpets, artificial palms and little glass-topped mahogany tables are reflected in the high prices charged. But the East Side beaux disregard the extravagance if they can bask a little while with a pretty girl in the atmosphere of this fictitious affluence.

The most interesting, however, are the vegetarian restaurants. These places were started by Russian refugees who were disciples of Tolstoy. Flesh, fish and fowl are utterly taboo here. For a time the patrons were confined to the rigid adherents of vegetarianism, but the creed spread, and they are now doing a flourishing business. In all, there are four such places on the East Side. Monotony has been banished from the diet by the invention of ingenious dishes that stimulate in name, taste and form the forbidden meat dishes, but the substance remains faithfully vegetarian.

While these places are interesting to read about, it must be borne in mind that some of them are not attractive; but of course they are novel and malodorous. They are quite thick along Second Avenue, sometimes as many as three on a block.

French cooking is a feature of nearly every first class hotel, and there is no difficulty in obtaining strictly French dishes, even to snails, prepared by a French chef in any of the de luxe hotels or restaurants, like the Biltmore or the Vanderbilt. The Cafe Lafayette, Brevoort and Mouquin's are three leading French restaurants.

Italian restaurants are everywhere in evidence. Guffanti's, on Seventh Avenue near the Pennsylvania Station; Gonfarone's, on Waverly Place; Enrico's, on 12th Street. See back of book for more complete list.

The most famous of the Hungarian restaurants is, of course, "Little Hungary," quite a favorite with the late Colonel Roosevelt and brought into great notoriety by the dinner he attended there after his first election in payment of a promise to the proprietor. It is the proper place to go for the tourist, and although there are many others, such as Café Boheme and Barth's, Little Hungary leads them all.

The Americain Hotel, on 14th Street near Sixth Avenue, is a good Spanish restaurant. The portions are numerous and generous and price medium. There are others on the same block. They are small places, however, for local trade only. Uptown in the neighborhood of 72nd Street and Riverside Drive, is another Spanish section.

A typical Russian restaurant is the Russian Inn, at 57 West 37th Street. It is much frequented by Russians and here the conversation is all about Russia. The waitresses are in peasant costume; embroidered blouses with puffed sleeves, white aprons over colored skirts, strings of tinted beads wound about the throat several times. At the Sunday dinner there is Russian music. This is an attractive place, slightly artificial.

The fad for Chop Suey and for Chinese restaurants still persists. The Tokio and Peking, in the White Light district, being the most prominent and most expensive.



Parade of the Striking Actors on Broadway.

There are five quite orthodox Chinese restaurants in Chinatown. They are ostensibly Chinese owned and managed by Chinese. The real proprietors, however, are Cohen and Rosenthal, so you can draw your own conclusions. Few homegrown Chinese take nourishment in these places, because they feel kind of out of place and they hate to break in on the nice white people from uptown and Brooklyn. But the waiters are all Chinese, for the same reason that the walls have Chinese dragon tapestry. The lights are shrouded in fantastic shades, and the place is redolent with the perfume of fire cracker punk, which exhales a not unpleasant odor. The prices are not moderate.

The Armenian restaurant, 323 Fourth Avenue, serves lamb in the forty orthodox ways demanded by this race, also vine leaves, rice and wheat, pilat, etc.—a very good restaurant, moderate in price and worth while going to see if you care for a real, genuine Armenian meal such as the native demands.

Mendel's restaurant, in the Grand Central Terminal, serves an Oyster Stew that is famous throughout the country, many strangers as well as New Yorkers, having partaken of the delectable dish.

On Lexington Avenue near 23rd Street there is a good typical native Bulgarian restaurant.

There are many other novel places in which the stranger can dine and experience complete change from the ordinary hotel or restaurants. You also get acquainted with the "local color." In most of these "out of the usual haunts" there is some special quality about the cooking that attracts. Two sisters from Detroit, for instance, serve a Sunday night buffet supper in an old house they have rented at 20 East 54th Street. After the price per head has been paid each guest helps himself to the croquettes, patties, salads, cold cuts, cheese sandwiches. The furnishings are unique and a visit is rather a novelty.

At the *Blue Plate*, 56 West 50th Street, a 50 cent

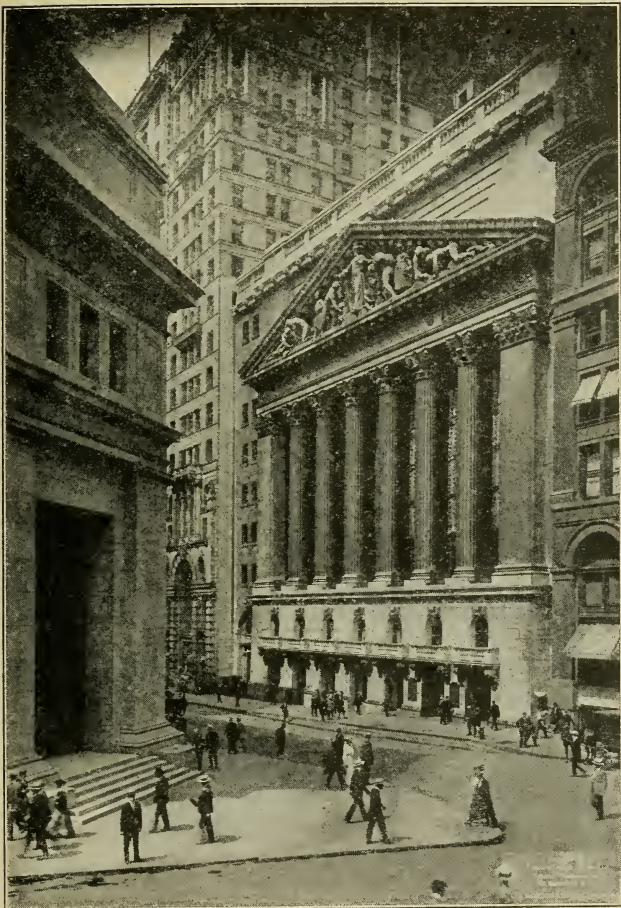
luncheon is served, and dinner at 75 cents. Meals are served from blue plate old English willow ware. The proprietor came from the West, where he turned away disappointed crowds every evening. The steaks, baked Virginia ham and other dishes made his reputation.

Marie Antoinette's Tea Room, at 128 West 72nd Street, makes a specialty of tea and waffles. There is a table d'hote luncheon for 75 cents and a dinner for \$1.25, consisting of Creole soup, braised chicken, ham and eggs, ice cream, pie, and demi-tasse. Southern cooking is the attraction here. The Desire, at 17 West 39th Street, serves a nice luncheon for 55 cents and dinner for 65 cents. The French pastry of their own cooking is famous. The Samovar, at 6 East 36th Street, specializes in New England cooking and serves Boston baked beans, baked ham, waffles, and its famous pumpkin pie, standing at least an inch high in its crispy browned crust. Luncheon is 60 cents and 75c and dinner \$1.00. The People's House Cafeteria, at 7 East 15th Street, with its green stained chairs and tables, is quite a peculiar place. It is modeled after some of the famous People's houses abroad. Any profit that comes from the food is turned back for the good of the place and the people frequenting it. The very reasonableness of the prices in these days makes one gasp. Tea, 7 cents a pot, vegetables, 8 cents, ice cream, 12 cents. One can eat here at reasonable expense. The California Kitchen, at 28 East 61st Street, with its scarlet high backed benches, Chinese scarlet hangings against the restful gray of the walls, is a nice place to dine. The light falls from great lanterns in a soft pleasing glow. A meat with vegetables, a salad with dressing, cherry pie, and demi-tasse for 50 cents is the luncheon. Dinner is 90 cents. As a bit from our Far West, this nook is interesting. Aunt Clemmy's, at 1 University Place, in the "Village," gives us sure enough Virginia cooking. Fruit pies, pumpkin pies, mince pies, made to order.

For some time, the old-fashioned dinner with its social and intimate conversation has been a thing of the past. Nowadays when you have finished your oysters your partner grabs you and shimmies around till he sees that soup is served. In the meantime, all the wicky-wicky boys and girls in grass skirts cavort around the open space you have just abandoned to the tune of countless ukuleles, tom-toms and clanking castanets. In a few moments the performers disappear, your soup has been served, and there is time for another whirl before the fish comes, and you whirl. All of which is vastly different from the good old days we formerly sighed for and which we are now likely to get back, just as we have become accustomed to the other. It must be conceded that the lights, the music, the brilliancy all go to make up a rather enjoyable scene. It is certainly different from what one sees at home and the novelty charms. Quite a competition has grown up among the various cabarets, and very elaborate programmes are now nightly given in most of the more pretentious places.

All kinds of attractive names are selected for the various rooms in which these performances are given, and many of them are most luxuriously and lavishly designed. It would be hard to find a more artistic creation than the Crystal Cascade at the Biltmore, the Cocoon at the Century Theatre, Murray's Roman Gardens or the Orange Glades at Healey's, to say nothing of a dozen others. Dining at restaurants is a custom much more largely the vogue in New York than in other cities, and naturally many inducements are held out to attract business, hence the ornate furnishings, delightful music

Having refreshed the inner man, we will now resume our trip where we left off and cross Broadway from Trinity Church and proceed through the Financial District.



New York Stock Exchange, Broad Street, at left entrance to the great banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co.



THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT

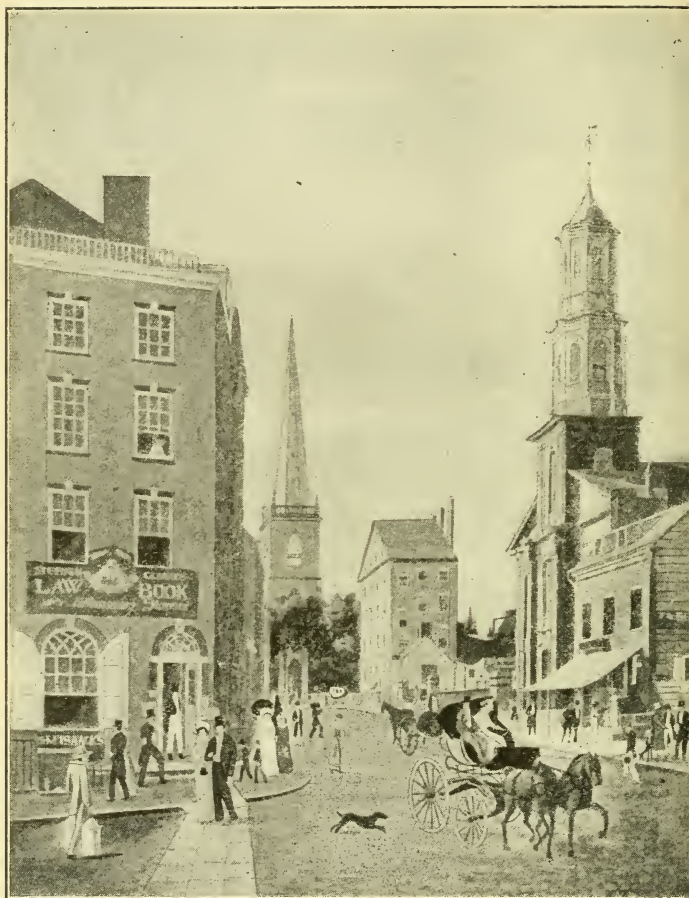
WALL STREET, THE BEST KNOWN HALF MILE IN THE WORLD

THE VARIOUS EXCHANGES; WHERE WASHINGTON TOOK LEAVE OF HIS OFFICERS; SONS OF THE REVOLUTION; PETTICOAT LANE; THE CURB; THE PIT; KING COTTON; FOUR CENTURY OLD BANKS; ALEXANDER HAMILTON; NEW YORK, THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES, (1789); INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON AS FIRST PRESIDENT.

OF the four streets in New York known the world over—Broadway, Fifth Avenue, the Bowery and Wall Street—the latter is by far the most famous. Newspapers in every section of civilization print its name in every issue, and the Wall Street column has a larger number of daily readers than any other item printed. For a street less than half a mile long and but little more than thirty feet wide, its importance is altogether disproportionate to its mere physical size. It does not lack dignity, however, both sides being lined with buildings of the most costly and imposing character. Aside from its fame as the greatest of all financial centres, the street derives piquancy and zest from the thrills and excitement of meeting face to face most of the men whose names are familiar to the reading public.

All the great captains of industry; the capitalists whose every move is recorded by the press; distinguished visitors from foreign countries; railroad presidents, various dignitaries in the shape of steel kings, rubber kings, sugar kings, oil kings and lesser members of the royal families of commerce and manufacture may all be seen here. The comings and goings of J. P. Morgan are always moments of delightful excitement to the visitor and something to speak about when he gets back home. Mr. Morgan's photograph is so frequently printed that he is easily recognized. The same is true of Mr. Rockefeller. With these two exceptions, most of the big men, though well known by name to the average reader, cannot very well be identified from the occasional portraits that appear. Business, however, brings them constantly on the street, and they are everywhere in evidence.

But to begin our trip in an orderly fashion. At number one is the First National Bank, known in financial circles as "Fort Sherman," because of the important part played by it during the resumption of specie payments when John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury. The office building adjoining, the Schermerhorn, is an Astor building. At number ten stood a very noted church in its day, the old First Presbyterian Meeting House, where Jonathan Edwards preached, as did also George Whitfield. It was used as a hospital by the British in the Revolution. It was called a meeting house, we are told, because when it was built, in 1719, only the Dutch Reformed and the established Church of England were permitted to have churches. Other places of worship were houses, and to keep up this legal fiction they had to be provided with fireplaces. We are also told that the fireplaces were never used, since in those primitive days anything conducive to comfort in the sanctuary was considered a contrivance of the devil.



Rare view of Wall Street from Broad Street, 1825. Simmons' Tavern and the old Presbyterian Church on the right. Trinity Church at head.
From Stokes' Iconography of New York.

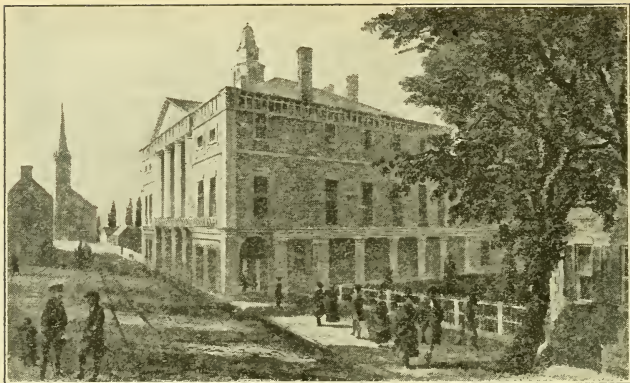
The next building, a magnificent 40-story structure, which extends to the corner, is the well known Bankers' Trust Company. It occupies the site on which stood the modest wooden building kept by John Simmons as a tavern, and a famous one, too, as Simmons was a friend of both Henry Brevoort and Washington Irving. But of much greater importance is the fact that to Simmons' Tavern came the Common Council of New York in 1784 to elect James Duane the first Mayor of the newly organized city.

Across Nassau Street, directly opposite the Bankers' Trust Company, is the United States Sub-Treasury—easily recognized by the massive bronze statue of Washington in the centre of the steps.

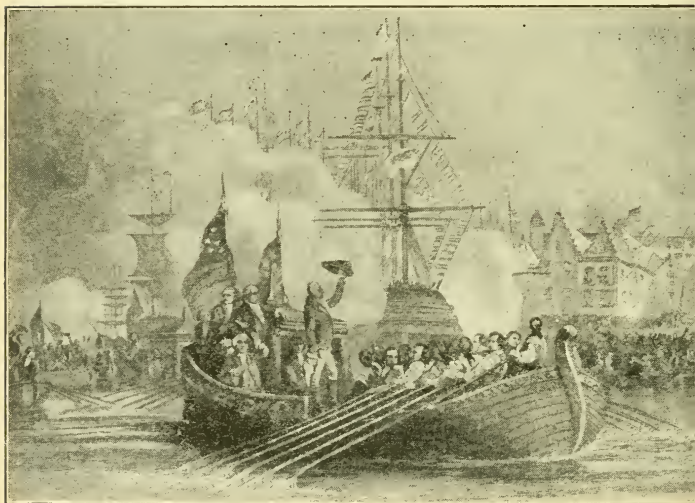
This is easily one of the most interesting sites in all New York, and the loss of the original building is now recognized to be one of the most deplorable occurrences in local history, for here stood the first City Hall (1699), built by the English. Eighty-nine years later this same building, but greatly altered, became the first Capitol of the United States of America.

In its Colonial days, the Cage, Pillory, Stocks and Whipping Post stood in front of the entrance. The interior contained a Court Room, the Common Council's Chamber, the jail, a volunteer fire department, a debtors' prison and a small public library. Many of the books in this collection were lost or destroyed during the Revolution, but the remainder were saved and a society formed to preserve and add to the balance. Out of this effort grew our present Society Library on University Place, the oldest institution of its kind in New York.

Many historical and epoch making events occurred in this old building during its lifetime. Here was won Peter Zenger's celebrated victory over the Royal Government insuring ever after the freedom of the press; a trial which



Where Washington was inaugurated 1789. Federal Hall, corner Wall and Nassau Streets, present site Sub-Treasury Building



Washington arriving at New York for his Inauguration, April, 1789.

was closely followed by Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams and other Revolutionary leaders. It marked a tremendously forward step in the struggle for Independence. The Stamp Act Congress also convened within these walls and armed resistance to the Crown was only avoided by the prompt compliance of the government to the demand of this Congress for the surrender of the obnoxious stamps forthwith. Truly a storm was approaching, but the German King on an English throne had eyes that saw not and ears that heard not. In 1785 it was used as the State Capitol and here the Continental Congress met. Every day in the corridors could be seen such men as John Hancock, James Monroe, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton and other distinguished citizens.

When it was seen that the Continental Congress would shortly begin the formation of a permanent national government, New York, under the guidance of Alexander Hamilton, began at once a campaign to secure the location of the Federal capitol in this city.

Extensive alterations in the City Hall were made under plans prepared by Major L'Enfant (who afterwards gained fame as the designer of the present capitol at Washington), and a practically new building was the result. It was then offered to the Continental Congress as a permanent home for the capitol. This offer was accepted. Congress and the Senate convened here to elect the first president. Their choice fell upon General Washington, who was accordingly inaugurated here in April, 1789.

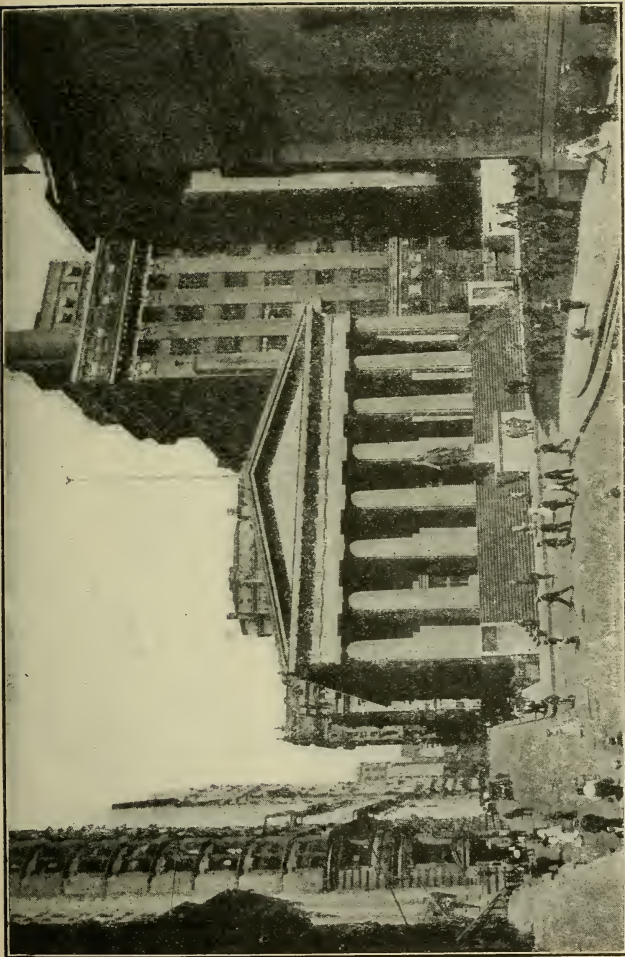
"In a few minutes Washington stepped upon the balcony fronting on Wall Street. For an instant he stood in full sight of the assembled multitude but the wild outburst of cheering which greeted his appearance drove him a step backward visibly affected. He was dressed in a suit of dark brown cloth with metal buttons ornamented with eagles, his stockings were white silk and his shoebuckles silver. At his side he carried a simple steel hilted

dress sword; his powdered hair was worn in a queue, the fashion of the times. Close behind him stood Chancellor Robert Livingston wearing his official robe. Grouped about these two men stood John Adams, George Clinton, Roger Sherman, Baron Steuben, Samuel Otis, Richard Henry Lee, General Arthur St. Clair and General Knox. Behind them but not visible from the street stood members of Congress and distinguished witnesses. Alexander Hamilton witnessed the scene from the window of his house opposite (now part of the Morgan Bank).

There was a moment's pause as the company took their positions and then Samuel Otis, the Secretary of State, carrying a crimson cushion on which rested the Bible, presented it to the Chancellor, who administered the oath, whereupon Washington kissed the book and the official proclamation, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States" ended with a crash of artillery and a renewed burst of cheering. Such was the day of glory which made New York the capital of the nation."—Trevor Hill.

The statue on the steps of the present Sub-Treasury building represents Washington in the exact position in which he stood when repeating the oath of office. Part of the railing on which his hand rested during the ceremony is to be seen in the rooms of the New York Historical Society and a section of the brown stone slab on which he stood has been fortunately preserved and is enclosed in a bronze glass frame. It is inside the building and can be seen on the south wall.

The Government did not long remain in New York, but before it was removed, Washington enacted several important measures which would have distinguished this building above all others in the country had it been preserved. He signed the bill creating the Supreme Court of the United States. He issued to Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, his commission as Minister to France. Aaron Burr was elected to the Senate in this hall, and all the extremely important creative measures attending the birth of the new Republic here first saw the light of day. Apparently the importance of the building was never understood or appreciated, for after a short period during which it was



The Sub-Treasury at Wall and Nassau on site of old Federal Hall, where Washington was inaugurated as President.

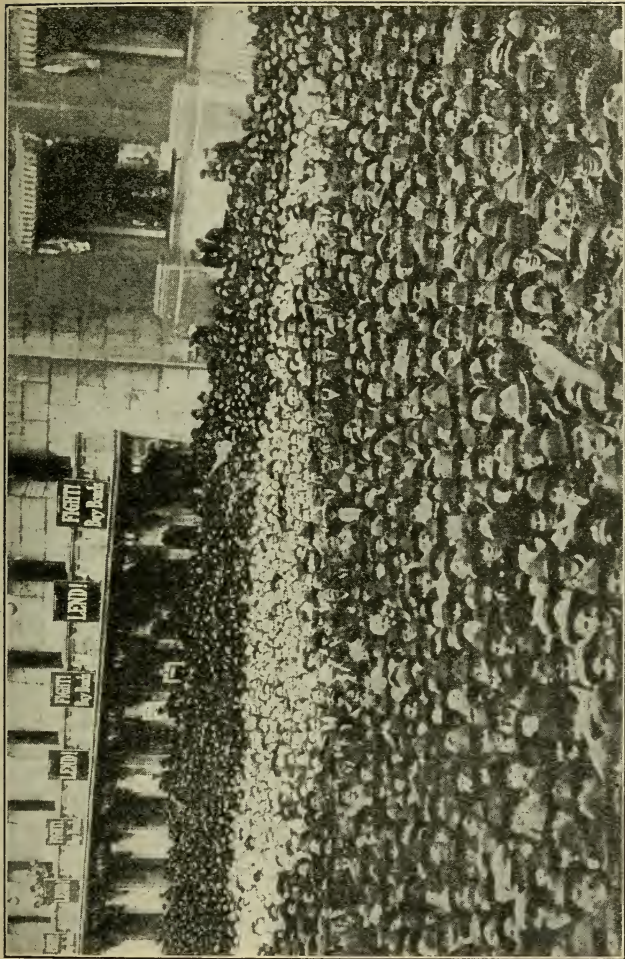
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occupied as the State capitol, the structure was allowed to fall into disrepair. It was shorn of its interesting portico and arcade and turned into a general utility building, containing the Custom House, brokers' offices and other tenants. Its ancient glory had departed. The new Government House on Bowling Green, completed about this time, served to detract public interest from this fine old Colonial relic and in a few years it was demolished. So disappeared this most romantic and historical building in all New York and the Sub-Treasury you now see, rose in its place.

Two other events are worth recording before the curtain is rung down on the final scene. In 1804 John Pintard and his friends organized within its walls the New York Historical Society which today occupies a million dollar building of its own in Central Park West; and the Chamber of Commerce, now our most influential business organization, used it as a meeting place.

The Sub-Treasury is one of the buildings which will provide a most interesting item in the day's record. Startling scenes are frequently witnessed. It is not at all unusual to see a dozen heavily guarded express wagons drive up loaded with many millions in gold from London or Paris. Untold wealth is always in evidence, either going out or coming in, and the half hour spent looking it over is sure to be a pleasant experience. It is open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. In order to see the vaults wherein is stored bullion amounting to many hundred millions, it is desirable to obtain a card of introduction from a New York bank.

Adjoining the Sub-Treasury until recently stood the building well remembered as the old Assay Office. It was originally erected to house the New York Branch of the Bank of the United States. After President Jackson had succeeded in killing "The Bank" and had also ruined half the country in the process, the building



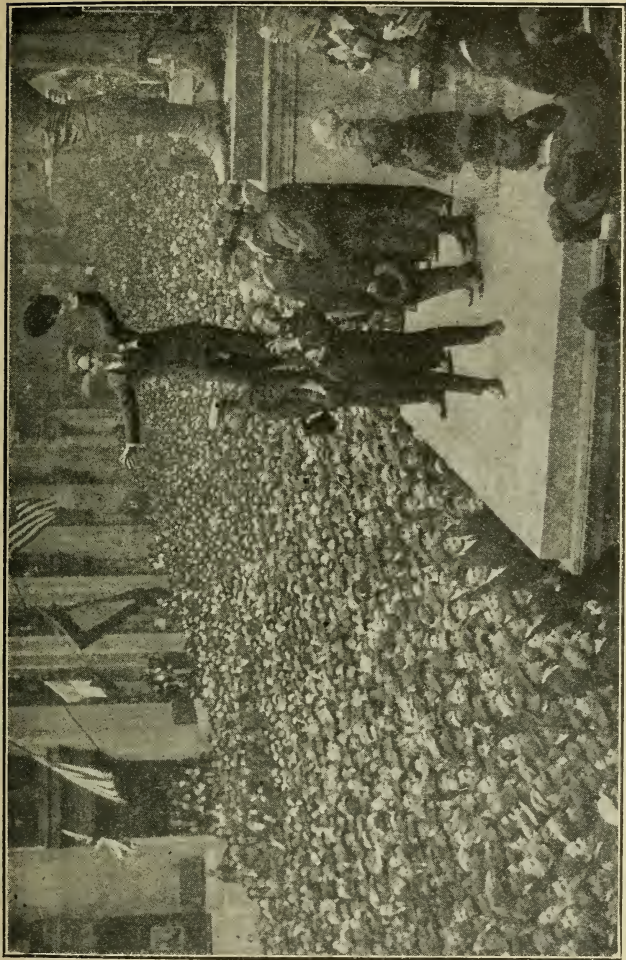
Crowd in Broad Street opposite J. P. Morgan & Co.'s office watching Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford during a mid-day Liberty Loan meeting.

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was let to private parties. At one time it was occupied by Henry Clews and Company and others. Then it became the Assay Office. The facade of this building, a rare piece of classical design, has fortunately been preserved by a public spirited New Yorker, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, the well known architect. At some future time it may again adorn some appropriate building and recall the story days of "Old Hickory" in finance.

The site of the next building, the fifth west of William Street, has been occupied for a hundred and twenty years by the Manhattan Company, which purchased the plot in 1799. This bank was originally organized as a water company and for years rejoiced in the possession of a statue which gazed complacently at the passers-by from a perch on the roof. It was supposed to represent Oceanus (not Bacchus) reclining in a comfortable position and pouring water out of a jar, probably intended to be symbolic of the blessings so generously bestowed by the company upon the thirsty populace. When the Croton project was being agitated Recorder Riker opposed the enterprise, contending that the water furnished by the Manhattan Company was good enough for anyone and in proof of the assertion adduced the fact that he drank a tumbler of it every morning. The rest of those present, while applauding the reckless courage of Mr. Riker, decided to protect the good man from himself and unanimously voted to build the Croton Aqueduct.

Going along the street to the corner of William Street, we pass four century old banks in a row. No. 46, on the corner of William Street, was leased by the Bank of New York about 1798 as the residence of its cashier, whose son, Charles Wilkes, junior, as Commander Wilkes of the U. S. Navy, became famous in the Civil War for the seizure of Mason and Slidell, Confederate Commissioners to Great Britain. The same site, some years



Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks entertain the crowd at the steps of the sub-Treasury, opposite Morgan's, during a Liberty Loan meeting.

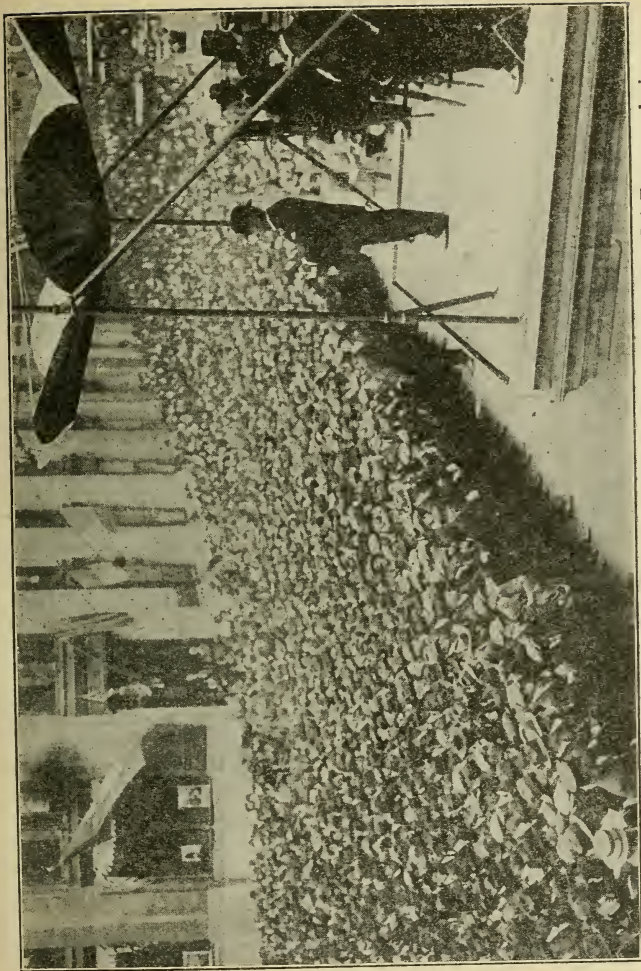
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previous, was the residence of Major Nathaniel Pendleton of the Continental Army, who was one of General Hamilton's seconds at the fatal duel with Burr.

On the northeast corner of William and Wall, near where once stood a marble statue of William Pitt, now in the Historical Society's custody, is the oldest one of them all, the Bank of New York. The second oldest is the Bank of Manhattan. The third is the Merchants' Bank, and the fourth the Bank of America. The first was organized by Alexander Hamilton and the second by Aaron Burr, and recalls the rivalry between the two men. At 48 Wall Street is a tablet to mark the site of one of the bastions that stood in the wall at this point.

Down Wall Street as far as Pearl Street, the financial and banking houses continue in evidence, one having a tablet to mark the first office devoted to the business of life insurance in this country. This business was introduced by Morris Robinson, a Scotchman from Canada. A few doors below the insurance company once stood the house in which Captain Kidd resided for some time. Just before Pearl is the Seaman's Bank for Savings. Beyond Pearl Street is the Tontine Building, which recalls the Tontine Coffee House, a famous meeting place of the merchants of Old New York and where the Stock Exchange originated. The first meeting place of the latter was under a now famous buttonwood tree in front of No. 70. A few exporters still occupy the remaining buildings of the street, but these are of no historical importance, beyond the fact that they face what was at one time a slave market, as the extra width of the street at this point will serve to indicate.

The East River and South Street are just in front of us and across the river can be seen Brooklyn Heights, at one time a very fashionable residential section, but now largely abandoned by its old families and given over to hotels and boarding houses.



Jacob H. Schiff addressing a crowd on Wall Street from the steps of the Sub-Treasury during a Liberty Loan campaign.

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Crossing to the South side of Wall Street and retracing our steps to Broadway, we come upon the offices of the American Sugar Refining Company. Office buildings of the great coffee and sugar interests now succeed each other up to the corner of Pearl Street, where a tablet erected by the Lower Wall Street Patriotic Association marks the location of another famous pre-Revolutionary building—the old Merchants' Coffee House. Many famous conferences were held here by the patriots before the breaking out of actual hostilities, and plans perfected which had important results. Hamilton organized the Bank of New York here. Murray's Wharf came up to the Coffee House in olden days and it was here that Washington landed when he came from Mt. Vernon to be inaugurated. The tablet gives a full history of the Coffee House, which was a remarkably important building historically. A painting of it has fortunately been preserved and may be seen at the New York Historical Society.

Important financial institutions, including the old Baltimore firm of Brown Bros. & Co., succeed each other, till we come to one of the most prominent banks in the country, the National City Bank, occupying what is probably the largest and costliest premises in the country devoted to financial business. The building was formerly the United States Custom House, and was erected on the site of the original Merchants' Exchange, destroyed in the Great Fire of 1835. The building is impressive by its massive proportions and dominates the section on which it stands. Adjoining the City Bank is the old Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, one of our pioneer marine insurance companies; the United States Trust Company, the Equitable Trust; O. G. Orr, insurance, and other well known institutions. Part of the site of the next building is associated with one of the greatest of all New Yorkers, General Alexander

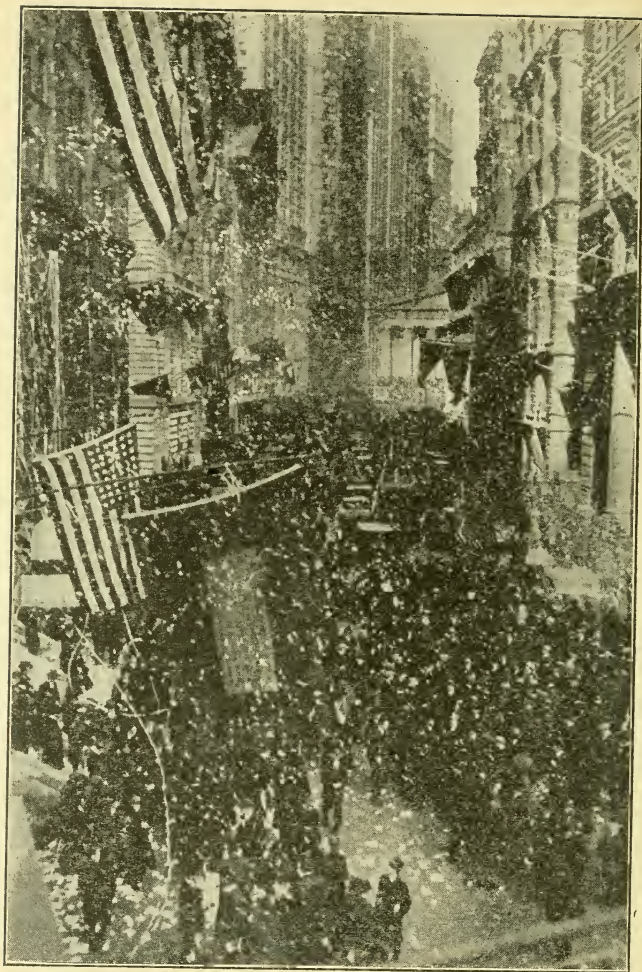
Hamilton. He owned an L-shaped piece of land extending from No. 35 Wall Street around into Broad Street. There is some dispute as to which street his residence fronted, but the General's grandson and biographer, Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, says Wall Street. About 1792 he sold the property, or at least the Wall Street part of it, to Gulian Verplank, who resided there till his death in 1799. At that time he was president of the Bank of New York.

Next comes perhaps the most widely known bank in the world—that of J. P. Morgan & Co., housed in a low, impressive, classic looking structure on the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, the last 30 feet of which is on the Hamilton site just mentioned.

This corner later became police headquarters, with Mr. Jacob Hays as High Constable, the title corresponding with that of Police Commissioner today.

From the prominence of his position and the remarkable vigor and judgment with which he discharged the duties of his office, High Constable Hays became the best known citizen in New York. He is often portrayed as a comic figure, but such characterization is unjust, for not only did he enjoy universal respect, from the law-abiding and from the criminal as well, but he also possessed (and deserved) an international reputation as the ablest police officer in America and the equal of any in Europe. Appointed by Mayor Livingston in 1802, he was reappointed by each succeeding Mayor until his death in 1850, at the advanced age of seventy-eight.

The first building on the Kidder Peabody corner opposite was a Dutch house with a gable toward the street, from the stoop of which in 1795 Alexander Hamilton made a speech advocating the Jay treaty with England. He evidently spoke with less persuasiveness than usual, for the applause he received was a shower of stones.



Armistice Day among the Bankers and Brokers in Broad Street.
Ticker tape and snow storms of torn paper filled the
air all day long. The crowds were enormous.

It is not generally known that Washington Irving was a lawyer, but a full-fledged attorney he was, having received his training in the office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. He and his brother, John T. Irving, had an office in the building on the east corner of New Street, and it was here that Irving received a generous offer from Mr. George P. Putnam to become his publisher. In his delight at this good turn in his fortunes, Irving kicked over the desk in front of him and cried: "There is no necessity, John, of my bothering any further with the law. Here is a fool publisher willing to give me a thousand dollars a year for doing nothing." The connection thus formed continued till Irving's death in 1859 and proved much more remunerative than the sum quoted. To this day the Putnams have been the logical publishers for everything connected with Irving.

At the same address is found another brother, Dr. Peter Irving, M. D. This was in 1807, '09 and '10. A few years later on one of the New Street corners, probably the same building, was the bookstore of Charles Wiley and Company, a favorite resort of Halleck, Bryant, Paulding, Irving, Drake and other literary men of the time.

Just below the New Street corner is the Wall Street entrance to the Stock Exchange, easily the most talked of institution in the financial district. It is fully described in the pages relating to Broad Street, which is its official location and principal entrance.

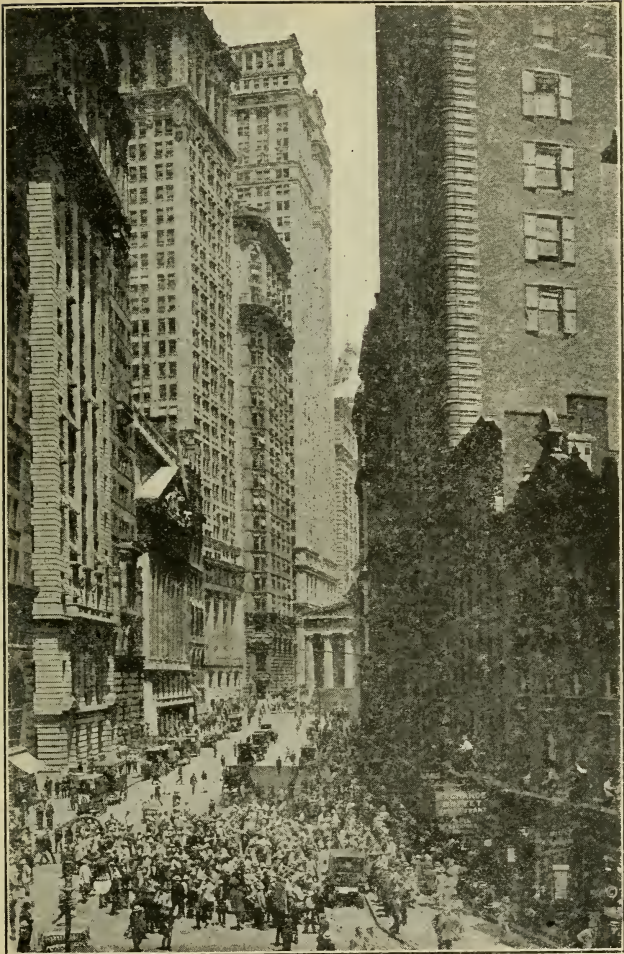
The lure of the Stock Exchange, the marvellous tales of enormous riches acquired in the twinkling of an eye, are as you see, not the only things that invest Wall Street with its absorbing interest for the general public. Some of these yarns are palpable inventions, but they

make good stories and will continue to be printed, but Wall Street as the world's financial centre has a serious role to enact and performs its part with commendable sincerity and undoubted ability.

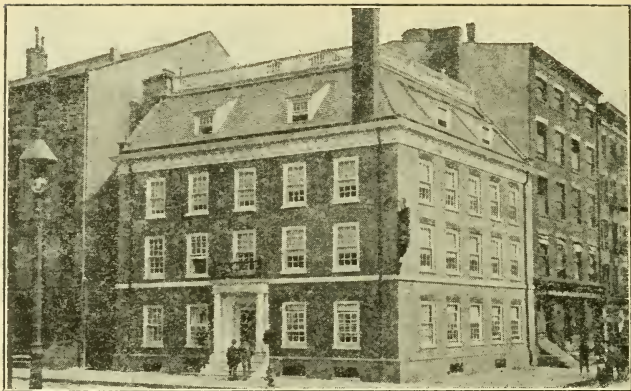
Wall Street is so short that one can walk down one side and up the other in less than twenty minutes. Make a few notes of the places you particularly wish to see and it will add greatly to your pleasure, as you can go about with a definite plan in view. Admission to the Stock Exchange and the Sub-Treasury is by ticket, but almost any banker or broker will provide you with that upon request. There is nothing particular to see in private places like the National City Bank or Morgan's, but you can step inside and polite attention will be paid you and part of the interior shown.

Everywhere in New York, if a stranger expresses a desire to see more or know more of a certain building, he will find an attendant who will try to meet his wishes as far as consistent with business. As one of the most talked-of thoroughfares in the world "the Street," as Wall Street is colloquially known, will more than repay the time spent within its romantic and interesting bounds. It is an express station on the subways and easily reached from all parts of town.

The utter desertion of downtown streets after six o'clock is something unbelievable. In the financial district, especially along lower Broadway, one's footsteps echo and re-echo among the tall buildings. Nor is the lonely pedestrian so much alone as he thinks. Countless prying eyes keep the wayfarer under close surveillance till he proves his harmlessness by boarding a subway or street-car bound for Brooklyn or the Bronx.



Broad Street, north to U. S. Sub-Treasury in Wall Street. The crowd on the street is the "Curb" Market



Fraunces' Tavern, Broad and Pearl Streets, where Washington took farewell of his officers 1784

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON

FRAUNCES' TAVERN; BROAD STREET; "THE CURB"; THE "PIT", ETC. THE STOCK EXCHANGE; COTTON EXCHANGE, ETC., ETC.

LOOKING down Broad Street to Pearl from the steps of the Sub-Treasury, stands what is regarded by many as easily the most interesting building in all New York, Fraunces' Tavern. At all events it is one of those most intimately connected with Washington. Here on December 4th, 1783, the Commander-in-Chief of the American armies met his old comrades in the field. The War was over. "Swords must now be turned into plowshares and knives into pruning hooks." Washington, like Cincinnatus must go back to his farm.

Forty-four officers were present on this memorable occasion, including, Generals Greene, Knox, Wayne, Steuben, Carroll, Lincoln, Kosciusko, Moultrie and Hamilton, Governor Clinton, Colonel Tallmadge and others.

By rare good fortune we are able to describe this wonderful event by one who was present at the ceremony in person and who afterwards recorded it in his journal. This interesting account in its original form is still in possession of the Tavern and can be seen upon application to the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. It is by Colonel Tallmadge who was on the staff of Washington. It was a descendant of this Revolutionary officer who presented the building to the Sons, as will be told later on.

Col. Tallmadge thus describes the Farewell meeting:

"We had been assembled but a few minutes when His Excellency entered the room. His emotion, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reciprocated by every officer present. After partaking of a slight refreshment amid almost breathless silence, the General filled his glass with wine and turning to his officers said: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude I must now take my leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' After the officers had taken a glass of wine, the General added: 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, being nearest to him, turned to the Commander-in-Chief, who, suffused in tears, was incapable of utterance, but grasped his hand, when they embraced each other in silence. In the same affectionate manner every officer in the room marched up to, kissed and parted with his General-in-Chief. Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed, and hope I may never be called upon to witness again. Not a word was uttered to break the solemn silence that prevailed, or to interrupt the tenderness of the occasion."

Upon the conclusion of the leave taking General Washington slowly walked down the room, descended the stairs and was soon embarked on a barge at Whitehall Ferry on his way to Annapolis to resign his commission. The "Long Room," in which this affecting scene occurred, occupies the second floor of the Tavern and has been lovingly restored to look exactly the same today as it

appeared upon that memorable occasion. In addition to its own interest as an historic shrine, it contains many interesting relics pertaining to the "time that tried men's souls."

The building is owned by the Sons of the Revolution. The original structure was built in 1719 as a private dwelling house for Etienne de Lancey, a prominent merchant of old New York, early in the eighteenth century.

It finally passed through the usual experience of the old New York house after its youth is spent. Business creeps in and the respectability of the neighborhood in a social sense, departs. Col. Joseph Robinson leased the place in 1757 and in 1759 it was bought by de Lancey Robinson & Company (James Parker) and used as a general store.

Some years later, 1762, Samuel Fraunces, who afterwards became steward for Washington while President, bought the place and turned it into an "ordinary" which he named after the young consort of George III., "Queen's Head Tavern," hanging out doubtless a swinging sign with an impossible portrait, as was the custom in those days. During the war the roof was struck by a shot from the British man-of-war *Asia*.

In 1768 in the same room in which Washington parted from his officers was again the scene of a notable occurrence. A number of merchants met here and organized the present New York Chamber of Commerce. They elected Mr. John Cruger, President. This is the only public body now in New York which existed before the Revolution. During the troublesome days that preceded the war for Independence the old tavern was very busy. The Sons of Liberty and the Vigilance Committee met here at various times; notably when the ship *London* docked at the wharf with tea on board, in defiance of the Non-Importation agreement. The meeting resulted in the members boarding the vessel at the dock and throw-

ing the tea overboard. This was New York's tea party and preceded the Boston Tea Party by quite a little while.

The Continental Congress was virtually the outgrowth of the work of the Committee on Correspondence which met and conducted its labors from this building. Governor Clinton gave a banquet on Evacuation Day to General Washington and many of his military staff. In 1844 the last important event occurred but one—the founding of the New York Yacht Club.

After 1844 it fell upon evil days and became a saloon patronized by teamsters and longshoremen. It seemed well on the way to an ignominious ending when a renaissance of the Revolutionary spirit was suddenly aroused in 1883 by the celebration of the 100th Anniversary of Washington's Farewell. As a result a new society was formed—and in the same identical room in which the event occurred which they were celebrating. This was the *Sons of the Revolution*, a patriotic organization, devoted to the purpose of keeping alive the best traditions of the spirit of '76, now having members in every city and known all over the union.

The Society had not been long in existence before it began to agitate for the preservation by the city of this historic building and to plead for its restoration to its former state of grandeur. The City was still considering the subject when the Sons of the Revolution, through a generous bequest left by Mr. Frederick Samuel Tallmadge, one of its members, and a descendant of Col. Tallmadge, was enabled to secure the building for itself.

With this importation consummation achieved the Society at once prepared plans for a complete restoration of the building. In this it has been fully successful; the tavern today is exactly as it was in Washington's time.

It is quite popular as a resort for "Honeymooners". The Society gladly welcomes visitors and a restaurant

has been provided so that strangers may dine there while inspecting the famous old Tavern. An attendant in powdered wig, knee breeches, silk stockings and slippers imparts quite a Colonial atmosphere which is much enjoyed by the visitor. Prices at the restaurant are no higher than elsewhere and a lunch or dinner here provides an additional pleasant experience that will long be remembered in your red letter day of your visit to New York.

Coming out of the Tavern and its memories of bygone days, we are almost startled by the sudden transition into modern life. This is emphasized by the appearance of the famous "Curb" market, that curious assemblage of outdoor brokers whose market place is not far from the old Tavern. Day in and day out, rain or shine, business proceeds without interruption in the open air by this novel organization. Costumes change, according to the vagaries of the weather, but nothing interferes with business. The buildings on both sides of the street directly opposite the crowd are filled with clerks signalling orders or receiving messages from the Curb. Dozens of telephones with an attendant at each can be plainly seen from the sidewalk and the frantic motions of the operators trying to deliver urgent orders form one of the illuminating features of life on the Curb.

The first phenomenon that piques the curiosity of the innocent wayfarer is the meaning and purpose of the finger signs. For the most part, they denote price. They do not convey the full prices. That is supposed to be known. If a stock is selling at 89 1/8, all that will be indicated by the hands will be the eighth. The hand turned up means "bid" or what somebody is willing to pay for the stock; the hand turned down means "offered," or what somebody is willing to sell it for. The index finger, pointing up, means one-eighth of a point bid; two fingers a quarter; three fingers, three-



Looking down Broad Street from Wall. Stock Exchange on right.
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eights, and so on to more complicated signals. Pointing down, the fingers indicate the fraction of a point offered.

The multi-colored hats worn by these people are not adopted as a mark of eccentricity, but for the severely practical purpose of making recognition easy by any individual in the windows of the firm whom he represents.

Romance is thick these days on the Curb. Men have gone there poor, wrecks, failures, borrowing quarters and dimes for lunch; have bought some engraved certificates that nobody else wanted, have prospered, put on good clothes, worn diamonds, driven automobiles, dined in the finest hotels, kept chauffeurs and country estates and yachts, kept on trading and gone back again to borrowing quarters and dimes for lunch.

Leaving the Curb we are soon in front of the imposing, many pillared building of the Stock Exchange. All the sightseeing buses stop here, as well as at other interesting points in this section. Admission to the Stock Exchange is now restricted; a card of introduction may, however, be easily obtained either from your own banker or by request from most of the larger brokerage houses in the neighborhood. The interior of the building is like a large theatre without seats. Visitors view the "floor" from a gallery. Scattered throughout the floor are various posts labelled "Steel," "Union Pacific," "Sugar," "Tobacco," etc., etc. Around these posts gather the brokers who specialize in these particular stocks. Nowadays the number of securities listed on 'Change, as they call it, is so great that no one broker professes to know them all intimately. The tendency is to make a study of one or two stocks and follow their movements closely. On the wall is a huge blackboard on which numbers appear and disappear continually. These are signals indicating that a telephone or telegram has been received for such and such a mem-

ber whose number corresponds with the one flashed on the board. The member at once repairs to his telephone booth or looks for the appearance of the messenger who is sure to be looking for him on the floor. Seconds are precious in the Stock Exchange and none are lost needlessly.

Except in times of great financial excitement, the scene in the Exchange is that of an orderly, well conducted organization. Members move about from post to post, stop to chat with each other or sit down on the sofas that encircle the posts. Ever and anon the Chairman raps for order, reads some announcement, and the routine is resumed. Save for this occasional interruption the steady hum of conversation continues till the sound of the bell at 3 o'clock, ending the day's session.

At other times, when some tragic happening has occurred to upset the financial world, like the late war or the assassination of a President, the scene beggars description. Pandemonium is let loose and the scene of confusion and excitement is something that will remain in the spectator's mind for a lifetime. The galleries are soon filled to capacity. There seems to be something irresistibly fascinating in watching the wiping out of a fortune. You are aware that the millionaire of the morning is the pauper of the night. You almost see great wealth in the very act of dissolution. Ruin and misery will follow in its train. Great families will go down in despair. Yet you hang on and cannot tear yourself away from the frightful spectacle. It is a singular trait in human nature.

The other exchanges are also in the immediate neighborhood. The Produce Exchange, in which is located "the Pit," that singular name for the trading of wheat, is located on Pearl Street. William E. Norris has tried to tell us something of the tragedy and heartbreaks that have sprung from "the Pit," but the wildest dreams

of the imagination fail to equal the stern realities of fact. Back of the Produce Exchange is Marketfield Street, the short thoroughfare down which Stuyvesant led his soldiers out of Fort Amsterdam to a ship in the harbor after his capitulation to the English. They changed the name to Petticoat Lane. On the building itself is a tablet marking the site of the first French Huguenot Church. The members of this church came every Sunday from New Rochelle, walking all the way in their bare feet in order to save their shoes. Fancy a congregation today trudging twenty-five miles for a Sunday service! In the courtyard of the Exchange is also a tablet erected by the New York Schoolmasters' Club to mark the site of the first school on Manhattan Island—Adam Roelandtsen (1638).

The Cotton Exchange is on Beaver Street, about three minutes east from the Produce. This is the seat of King Cotton, whose rule there is none to dispute. About nine-tenths of all the world's supply is grown in our Southern States and hither come the world's consumers for supplies. Although this building is far removed from any plantation and many of its members, so it is said, have never even seen one, still the price of cotton is fixed here and the sources of supply and demand brought together. As in that other great staple, wheat, there exists also in cotton that fatal fascination that lures men to destruction. A corner in cotton has proved the undoing of many a man that might have been a huge success could he have resisted the blandishments of that seductive siren. On the walls of this exchange is a tablet erected by the New York Historical Society to mark the site of the first weekly newspaper published in New York—Bradford's Gazette (1725). Bradford's grave is in Trinity Church and is almost the first one on the right as you enter the sacred enclosure. Every year on his birthday the members of Big Six Typo-

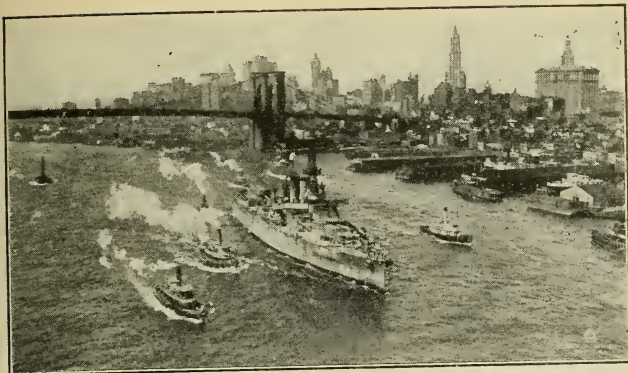


A militant member of the Striking Actors.

graphical Union repair to the resting place of the first printer in New York and bedeck his grave with flowers. Hanover Square, in front of the exchange, is named after George I. of Hanover, and was a fashionable centre of English New York. The India House, a private club modeled after a similar organization that flourished in New York a century ago, faces the square and is well worth a visit. It has a wonderful collection of ship models and old prints of ships and steamers, besides many other recollections of the Asiatic trade which was formerly a great factor in the port of New York. The India House might be said to be a memorial of the late Major Willard Straight, a young financier who died in France during war service, and who was mainly responsible for its organization.

The last of the great exchanges is the Consolidated, on the corner of Pearl and Beaver. It is essentially similar to the regular exchange, except that it deals more largely in small and odd lots—a sort of retail annex, as it were. The building derives additional interest from the fact that it stands on the site of the residence of Lord Sterling, who commanded the American troops at the disastrous battle of Long Island, but saved them from capture by brilliant manoueuering. He is buried in Trinity.

There are a number of tablets in this vicinity which we might look at before returning to Wall Street and starting uptown. At Broad and Beaver is one to Marinus Willet, which marks the site of the seizure of arms by the Sons of Liberty from the British in 1775. At 73 Pearl Street is one to mark the site of the first City Hall erected by the Dutch under Governor Kieft, known as the Stadt Huys (1653). The weather vane on this old building was saved at its destruction in 1699 and finally came into the possession of Washington Irving, who kindly bequeathed it on his death to the Society



The East River. Pennsylvania on way to Brooklyn Navy Yard.



The Seaman's Church Institute. Memorial Fountain to brave Jack Binns and other heroes of the saddest of sea tragedies, the sinking of the "Titanic"

of St. Nicholas, in whose custody it now is. This old Dutch City Hall was succeeded by the one already described on the corner of Wall Street and Nassau.

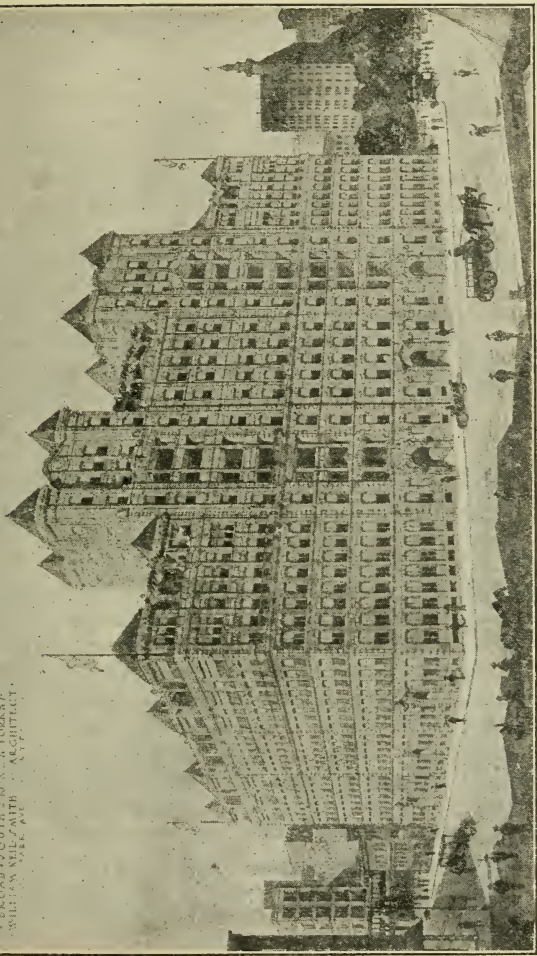
At No. 90 is a tablet commemorating one of the most destructive fires that ever visited any city—the great fire of 1835, which destroyed over twenty million dollars worth of property, an almost unbelievable sum for these days. How New York ever survived such a calamity is hard to understand. This fire, however, did much to hasten the construction of the Croton Aqueduct, whereby running water in houses became possible, a public benefit which ultimately proved of greater value in many ways than the huge loss caused by this fire.

The rather wide street at Coenties Slip is now a small public park—the Jeanette, named after the Herald's Arctic Expedition ship. In the filling-in process of this slip, part of the original fleet of canal boats lie buried, that came from Buffalo to New York Harbor bringing casks of Lake Erie water to mingle with the Atlantic. The magnificent building on the corner of South Street is the far famed Seaman's Institute, which looks after the welfare of Jack ashore. It has been of inestimable benefit to this element, and its admonition to "WRITE HOME," which greets you on almost every floor of the splendid building, is only one of the really practical good things it has done. A magnificent lantern, on a tower of the roof, discernable thirty miles from shore, is a tribute to the fidelity of the officers and crew of the ill fated *Titanic*. A tablet records the main incidents of this saddest of all sea tragedies.

THE BROAD STREET HOSPITAL AND ITS WONDERFUL NEW ADDITIONS

Near the heart of the financial district and counted a distinct part of it is the Broad Street Hospital, a stone's throw from the imposing building of the Seaman's In-

PERSPECTIVE SHOWING
PROPOSED ADDITION
TO THE BROAD STREET HOSPITAL
BROAD STREET, NEW YORK
WILLIAM HILL & MITCHELL ARCHITECTS
NEW YORK, N.Y.



Proposed New Building for the Broad Street Hospital.

stitute. This institution overlooks the East River and its rapid growth has been marvellous. Starting as a small receiving hospital in 1914, it had its own building only two years later. Its extended service now compels the construction of additional units and by 1920 it will occupy an imposing edifice, second only to Bellevue Hospital. Although most of its cases come from the financial district, there are a great many from along the waterfront, so that the financier and the longshoreman are treated side by side.

The first of these new units is to be dedicated to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt; the last to the late Mr. Harry S. Harkness. The first, or original, unit has been named after Herbert Barber, brother of James Barber, of whom Dr. A. J. Barber Savage, superintendent, recently wrote, in dedicating a treatise on group medicine:

“This work is respectfully inscribed as a token of affectionate esteem and in acknowledgment of that generous financial and moral support prompted by his interest in medical science and that far-sighted vision which made possible the Broad Street Hospital.”

In the matter of its sponsors the Broad Street Hospital is exceedingly fortunate. While the completed list is not yet ready for publication, it is certain that the future board of governors will contain the names of many men celebrated in the world of finance and production. That Henry L. Doherty, Charles E. Danforth, Elisha Walker, James Barber, Oakley Wood, Dr. William H. Dieffenbach, William Hamlin Childs, Col. Walter Scott, Edward L. Wemple, George C. Luebbers, Hon. Charles Strauss, Julien Stevens Ulman, and Dr. Robert T. Morris are already, and have been, associated with the Broad Street Hospital is suggestive of the list as it will appear when finished. No hospital in this respect will be so richly endowed.

The Eastern Hotel, a block from the Seaman's Institute, is one of our oldest buildings and the oldest hotel in town. The beams are of solid mahogany, brought from South America as ballast. In former years it was a notable hostelry and entertained Daniel Webster, Robert Fulton, Jenny Lind, Commodore Vanderbilt and other notables.

There are quite a few interesting things still to be seen in this neighborhood, but I have covered the most important. In front of the building at the corner of South William and Beaver Streets are four ancient marble columns brought from Pompeii by the late Lorenzo Delmonico in 1840, whose downtown restaurant occupied this building. At No. 13 South William Street is a house built in imitation of the old Dutch style. This is the real estate office of the Amos R. Eno Estate, whose father built the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

At 51 Whitehall Street is a tablet to mark the old Whitehall Ferry, where Washington sailed for Mt. Vernon after taking leave of his officers at Fraunces' Tavern, as already described. Whitehall Street was named after Stuyvesant's town house "White Hall," which stood near the corner of Pearl and Whitehall Streets. At 23 another tablet marks the site of the home of the most noted preacher in the early days of the Dutch Church, Dominie Bogardus. His wife, Anneke Jans, owned the celebrated farm which ultimately became the property of Trinity Church. One of Anneke's sisters was not quite competent mentally, and was not present at the time the will was read disposing of the farm to Trinity Church. It is on this alleged circumstance that all this litigation against Trinity arose. For nearly a century unscrupulous lawyers have fattened on the credulity of the heirs of Anneke Jans by claiming that this fact rendered the will null and void. The prospect of owning a couple of miles of property in the heart of New

York is very alluring and no wonder the poor wretches succumbed to the temptation. Notwithstanding that a law has been passed by the State of New York to prohibit any further suits being brought against Trinity on this, or any other ground so far as their property is concerned, the nuisance has not yet wholly abated.

We have now quite thoroughly explored the financial district and will continue our trip up Broadway to the City Hall.



A view on Fulton Street, named after the inventor of the steamship. Looking east, St. Paul's churchyard on left.



OUR CIVIC CENTER

BROADWAY NORTH FROM TRINITY CHURCH TO THE CITY HALL

OLD ST. PAUL'S, THE POST OFFICE, THE ASTOR HOUSE, THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING, TAMMANY HALL, NEWSPAPER ROW, PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING, HALL OF RECORDS, THE TOMBS, ETC., ETC.

NORTH of Trinity is a magnificent building named after the church. It is in gothic architecture and one of the most notable in appearance on Broadway. Adjoining it is the Realty Building and beyond that at Thames Street is a tablet marking the site of a famous tavern in Revolutionary days, Burns' Coffee House, headquarters of the Sons of Liberty of whom, more hereafter. Then comes the well-known Singer Building, the first to possess a tower of important height.

Years ago on Broadway, about opposite the great Singer Building, stood a cluster of buildings which recalls another curious feature of old Broadway—the markets. This one became known as “Oswego Market.” It became a great nuisance and finally the Common Council ordered its removal to the river front near Cortlandt Street, where it changed its name to Washington Market. By that name every New Yorker knows it, but



Unique view near the municipal centre of New York. The Post Office, Municipal Building in the middle distance. Park Row Building and old Astor House, Woolworth Building on the left and St. Paul's Building on the right. Note how small St. Paul's Church appears in the centre

few realize that it has an ancestry almost as ancient and honorable as any institution in New York.

The Hudson Terminal Buildings, the City Investing Building, the Title Guarantee Trust Company, the Broadway Maiden Lane Building, the Lawyers' Title Insurance Company, old St. John's Church, the father of Methodism in America, just off Broadway on John Street, the wonderful new building of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company on the site of the old Western Union structure, the great National Park Bank and the St. Paul Building, complete the notable structures between Trinity and St. Paul's Chapel. St. Paul's Chapel is our oldest church edifice now standing. Built in 1766, it ranks high among our few colonial treasures.

OLD ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

Curiously enough, the Broadway end of the building is the rear, for the church was built fronting on the river; and in the old days a pleasant lawn sloped down to the water's edge, which was then on the line of Greenwich Street. One effect of St. Paul's thus looking away from Broadway, is to give us at the portal an increased sense of remoteness from the great thoroughfare and of isolation from its strenuous life, so that all the more readily we yield to the pervading spell of the churchyard's peaceful calm. It is modeled after St. Martin's in the Fields, London.

After the burning of Trinity in 1776, St. Paul's became the parish church; here worshipped Lord Howe and Major André and the English midshipman who was afterward King George IV. After his inauguration at Federal Hall in Wall Street, President Washington and both houses of Congress came in solemn procession to

St. Paul's, where service was conducted by Bishop Provost, Chaplain of the Senate, and a *Te Deum* was sung. Thereafter, so long as New York remained the capital, the President was a regular attendant here; his diary for Sunday after Sunday contains the entry: "Went to St. Paul's Chapel in the forenoon." Washington's pew remains today as it was then; it is midway of the church on the left aisle, and is marked by the Arms of the United States on the wall. Across the church is the pew which was reserved for the Governor of the State, and was occupied by Governor Clinton; above it are the State Arms. The pulpit canopy is ornamented with the gilded crest of the Prince of Wales, a crown surmounted by three ostrich feathers. It is the only emblem of royalty that escaped destruction at the hands of the Patriots when they came into possession of the city in 1784.

In the wall of the Broadway portico, where it is seen from the street and is observed by innumerable eyes daily, is the Montgomery Monument, in memory of Major-General Richard Montgomery, who commanded the expedition against Canada in 1775, and on December 31st of that year, in company with Colonel Benedict Arnold (afterwards the traitor), led the assault upon Quebec, where he fell, mortally wounded. Aaron Burr bore his body from the field, and the Englishmen gave it a soldier's burial in the city. Forty-three years later, in 1818, Canada surrendered the remains to the United States. At that time Mrs. Montgomery, in the forty-third year of her widowhood, was living near Tarrytown on the Hudson. Governor Clinton had told her of the day when the steamboat *Richmond*, bearing her husband's remains, would pass down the river; and sitting alone on the piazza of her home she watched for its coming. With what emotions she saw the pageant is told in a letter written to her niece:



St. Paul's Chapel and American Telephone & Telegraph Co. building
on Broadway and Dey Street.

"At length they came by with all that remained of a beloved husband, who left me in the bloom of manhood, a perfect being. Alas! how did he return? However gratifying to my heart, yet to my feelings every pang I felt was renewed. The pomp with which it was conducted added to my woe; when the steamboat passed with slow and solemn movement, stopping before my house, the troops under arms, the Dead March from the muffled drums, the mournful music, the splendid coffin canopied with crepe and crowned with plumes, you may conceive my anguish. I cannot describe it."

Curiously enough, Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Hamilton each survived the deaths of their husbands nearly fifty years. And what changes they witnessed!

St. Peter's Church, corner Church Street and Barclay, is the oldest Roman Catholic church building in Manhattan, established 1786. It has a tablet to Governor Dongan, who obtained the first charter for New York, giving the people a voice in the general government.

Next comes the post-office, which is directly opposite the Woolworth Building. Inside the street corridor is a bronze bust and memorial to Postmaster Pearson, who did much to remove this branch of the public business from political spoilsmen. Near the Western entrance is a tablet to commemorate the site of the old Liberty Pole, erected by the Sons of Liberty in 1765. It stood just North of the post-office. The present building was completed in 1876, but is already superseded by an up-to-the-minute structure opposite the Pennsylvania Station on Eighth Avenue, and the building you are now looking at may soon be a thing of the past.

A movement to remove the post office and to re-erect the old Liberty Pole which stood in the park in Revolutionary days, as a war memorial to the Liberty Boys of 1918 is also underway. A group of old New Yorkers has the project in charge. A more detailed account of this important undertaking is given in a special chapter.

Emerging from the post-office and continuing up Broadway, we pass the old Astor House, for more than

half a century the wonder of New York and the best-known hotel in this part of the world. It is now an office building. Across the street is perhaps the most beautiful and impressive building ever erected for purely commercial purposes, the Woolworth Building. No greater tribute to the worth of small things could be devised, for all the world knows that it was built out of the profits of the five-and-ten-cent stores, and that within thirty days after completion it was free and clear of all debts or liabilities of any kind. It is supposed to have cost between seven and eight millions.

While we are in this building we might speak of the genuine pleasure that the tourist may derive from a visit to any of the numerous towers in certain high buildings which are now available. Constructed originally for ornament, these towers have turned out to be the best revenue producers contained in the building. Some are said to earn a hundred thousand dollars a year. The individual fee, however, is very slight, fifty cents, and the visitor can nowhere receive so much for his money as in a visit to either the Singer, Metropolitan or Woolworth Towers.

It is a veritable aeroplane trip with none of the dangers of the real thing. We are many hundred feet up in the air, and it will give you something really interesting to talk about for the rest of your days. This ascent is made in regular passenger elevators part way, from which point you change for another set of elevators that carry you the remaining distance to the top. What happens when you step out on to the balcony of the tower and gaze at the city in the distance below is something that is not easily described. If the weather happens to be one of those wonderfully beautiful days, clear and without a cloud in the sky, as so frequently happens in New York, the scene is bewildering. There is first an uncanny quietness all about you—the roar

and the noise of the street completely disappear. Roads that seemed packed with people now seem to have quite considerable patches of space between the crowds, and the figures are dwarfed till they look like little ants running hither and thither. It is quite a thrilling experience.

Opposite the Post Office on the East side is the huge 30-story Park Row Building, which stands on the site of one of New York's oldest theatres—the Park. An alley at the rear, still called Theatre Alley, was originally the stage passage to the theatre. Junius Brutus Booth, Edmund Kean, Edwin Forrest, Fanny Elssler, Fanny Kemble, and other noted stars were seen here. A grand ball was given to Charles Dickens during his visit in 1842. Its memory is still kept green in New York.

Opposite the City Hall is the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, the first and most famous of all the bridges spanning the East River. A very excellent view of the city may be had from the tower on the New York side. It is a short walk on the promenade. Both trolleys and elevated trains cross the bridge, but so many pillars and posts are in the way that any attempt to obtain a good sight of the river and bay is foredoomed to failure. Do not attempt to make use of the bridge during the rush hours. That is sacred to the mob.

The fountain that stands in the park is located a little north of where the first fountain stood, which was erected in 1842, when running water was first introduced into New York.

The building corner of Frankfort Street and Park Row, occupied for sixty years by the "Sun" is on the site of the original Tammany Hall headquarters. This was their first permanent location. As this is rather a famous organization, both outside of New York as well as in it, perhaps some details regarding its origin may not be amiss. It came into existence in 1789. Colonel



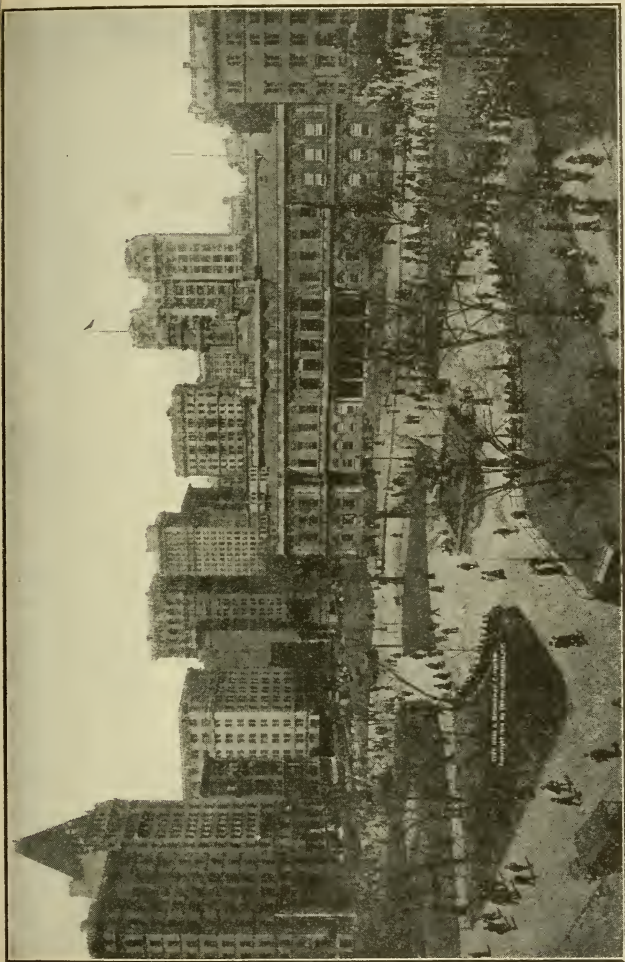
Striking effect of the Woolworth Building at night.

Marinus Willett, one of our earliest Mayors, had been in the South negotiating a treaty with the Creek Indians and returned to New York with one of their chiefs and twenty-eight warriors of the tribe. They were received with much enthusiasm all along the route and when they reached New York imagine their surprise to be met and welcomed apparently by a brother tribe. At all events, a delegation greeted them dressed in full Indian costume, bucktails and all, which assumed entire charge of the proceedings and conducted the puzzled Creeks to Federal Hall and into the presence of the Great White Father! Such was the first appearance of Tammany Hall in the annals of New York. It was a clever piece of advertising and proclaimed the existence of the long expected rival Democratic organization to the rather aristocratic Society of Cincinnati, presided over by Washington, Hamilton and others.

Opposite the *Sun* is the *World* Building, from whose tower a magnificent view of lower New York and the Harbor may be had. This section is known as "Newspaper Row," most of the large dailies having their publication offices here. Frankfort Street, going East from this corner, was named after the birthplace of Jacob Leisler, the only man to meet death for a purely political offense in all the history of this city. Jacob Street, just below William, is named after his son-in-law, who perished with him. This occurred in 1691 and the State later acknowledged its error by restoring the family's property. A statue of Benjamin Franklin, patron saint of the printers, stands in the middle of the open space fronting the *Tribune* Building and which is known as Printing House Square.

In Duane Street, just east of Park Row, is another related branch of the great dailies—the Newsboys' Lodging House—a most worthy organization. Besides caring for many homeless waifs and providing warmth and

shelter in the winter months, it affords comfortable, clean rooms all through the year. At Christmas they have a Christmas dinner that long ago became famous. This is quite an old institution for New York, as it was founded by J. Loring Brace in 1853. It is now administered by the Children's Aid Society.



The City Hall and Park, Broadway at left.



The Crush at Brooklyn Bridge Every Night Opposite City Hall.

OUR CITY HALL

HAVING explored the surrounding environment, we will now enter the City Hall itself. It is open to visitors from 10 to 4 on week days and 10 to 12 on Saturdays.

Ascending the steps, the visitor finds himself in a central rotunda, with curving stairs leading to a circular gallery on the second floor. In this gallery, on the north side stands a statue of Thomas Jefferson. On the south side, opposite the stairs, is the entrance to the Governor's Room, now held ready for the Governor of the State when he visits New York.

The furniture in these rooms, of solid mahogany, consists of the original chairs and tables used in the old Federal Building at Wall and Nassau Streets. Through a donation of Mrs. Russell Sage in 1909 and Mr. George McAneny, with subsequent gifts amounting altogether to \$65,000, these rooms have been restored to their original serene and simple dignity. The few ornaments, clocks, candlesticks, etc., on the mantel shelves, while not historically associated with City Hall, have been sought

out with much pains and are strictly of the correct period and appropriate in style. One of the valued relics here shown is a portion of a limb of Peter Stuyvesant's pear tree.

The building possesses two desks used by Washington in Federal Hall and is filled with a large number of portraits by Trumbull, Inman, Weir and other well known artists. They are mostly of persons connected with the City or State of New York, Mayors of New York, Governors, etc., also a goodly representation of historic characters not necessarily New Yorkers. The attendant in the Governor's room has been in charge many years and takes great pleasure in explaining all the attractions of the building to those who express an interest in them.

The present City Hall is the third building erected by the city (1812) for the administration of the municipal affairs. The first was the Stadt Huys, at the corner of Pearl Street and Coenties Slip, erected by the Dutch originally and continued by the English. It was demolished in 1700 and the new building at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets took its place. It was succeeded by the one we are now visiting (1812).

Almost every important happening of an official character takes place at the City Hall and the list of its famous receptions is a very long one. Nearly every big visitor to the United States lands here first, from Lafayette to the distinguished returning soldiers, who are here decorated by the Mayor in the presence of notables and the public; so it makes history all the time. Gen'l Pershing and King Albert were among the latest.

The offices of the Mayor and the Borough President are still maintained in the City Hall, but the great army of clerks required to conduct the city's business are housed in an entirely different building. When it is remembered that eighty-five thousand persons are on the

city's permanent pay roll and that this number sometimes is increased to one hundred and twenty thousand temporarily, it will be readily seen that the city's needs have tremendously outgrown the office facilities provided for it in 1812.

There are many other interesting things to see in the City Hall which, for lack of space, we are unable to enumerate here, such as the punch bowl used at the Erie Canal celebration and various other old mementoes of the city's past.

Outside the building is a tablet recording the fact that the Declaration of Independence was read to the Continental Army here, July 9th, 1776, General Washington being present. Another tablet brings us sharply to more prosaic things by marking the spot where ground was first broken in the construction of the subway. The statue of Nathan Hale by MacMonnies is one of our most cherished possessions and is well worth a visit by any one at all interested in that splendid character.

THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING

Leaving the City Hall we walk a short distance to Chambers Street, where stands the workshop of the city, to which we have just referred, and which is officially known as the Municipal Building. Some 7,500 city clerks are employed here.

It is a huge structure, 450 by 300 feet. It is 40 stories high, or 564 feet. It cost about twelve million dollars. A wide vaulted passage allows for the continuation of Chambers Street through the building. It is striking architecturally, and its massive sculpture is very impressive.

It has not much attraction for the sightseer, as it is strictly a business office building and devotes all its time to the work of the day. The Marriage License Bureau and the marrying facilities are all that is out of the usual.



Mayor Hylan greets the young Prince on the steps of the City Hall and presents him with the freedom of the City, thereby making him a New Yorker.

Beyond the great Municipal Building is another quaint little bit of the city's oddities—the little red brick Catholic Church of St. Andrews, the rector of which is also Chaplain of the City Prison. Every morning at 2 A. M. mass is said here for the benefit of night workers in this neighborhood and a goodly attendance is the general rule. To those unacquainted with this phase of metropolitan existence, the great number of persons who work at night and sleep in the day is a matter of great surprise. Bryan once made a speech to this class of our population and was surprised to find an audience that filled Printing House Square and extended well back into City Hall Park. St. Andrew's is a land mark downtown and greatly beloved. The residence of Governor Alfred E. Smith is within a short distance from St. Andrew's, which he occasionally attends.

At present a large clear space extends from St. Andrew's back several blocks. This is the site chosen for the new County Court House. The accepted design shows a building modeled after the Coliseum at Rome. and when carried out New York will have a civic centre of great beauty. Nothing can be done, however, to carry out this scheme till the ugly post office is removed.

Toward the bridge entrance is another tablet to mark the former site of another of New York's famous Revolutionary buildings, removed to make room for the subway—the old Register's Office, built in 1758 as a debtors' prison. During the Revolution this building was used as a military prison by the British, among whom was no less a personage than Ethan Allen, conquerer of Ticonderago. It was torn down in 1903 and thus disappeared another old landmark.

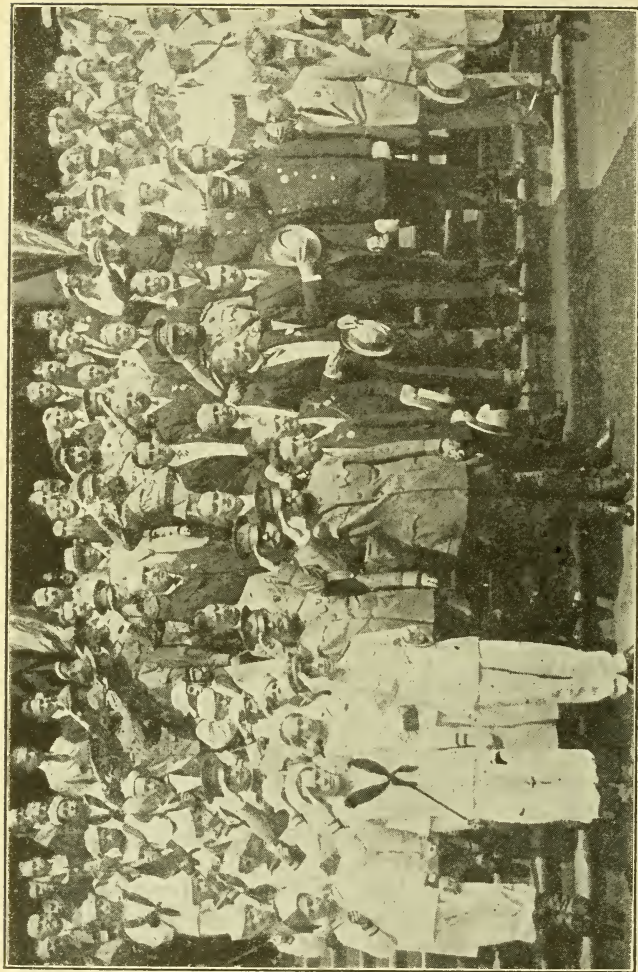
Back of the City Hall still stands Bill Tweed's six million dollar Court House. A meaner looking building for the money was never built. It ought to come down. The room is needed and surely if we can afford

to dispense with a historic structure like the Register's Office we can afford to be without a reminder of the swindling activities of the Tweed Ring. With this building and the Post Office removed, the park would be restored to its graceful proportions of Colonial days.

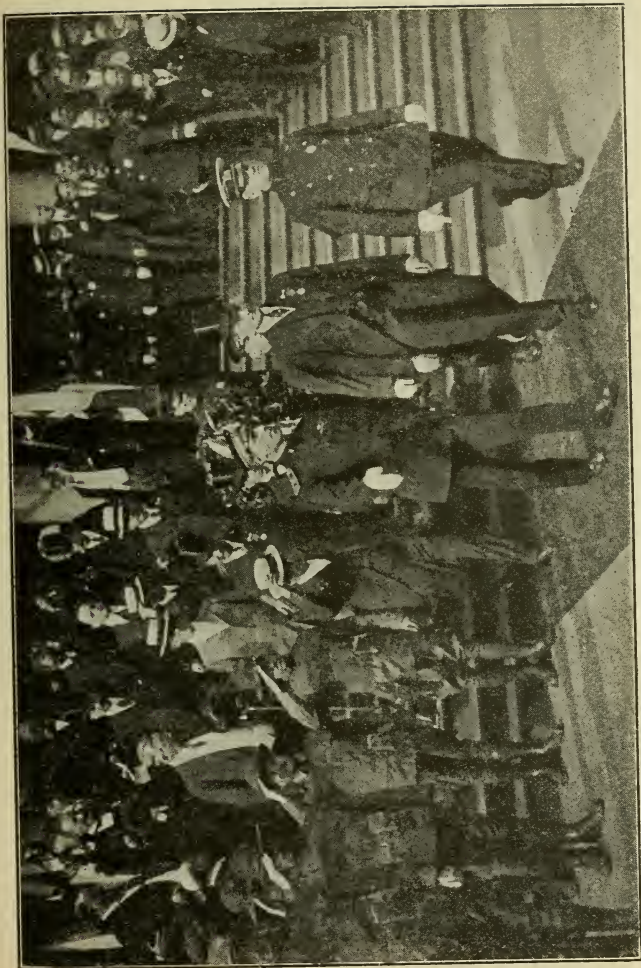
Another municipal structure, the new Hall of Records, on Chambers Street, opposite the City Hall, is conspicuous by the statues of Duane, Colden, Hine, Heathcote, Stuyvesant, De Vries and Clinton—all eminent New Yorkers of bygone days. The allegorical groups represent the purchase of Manhattan in 1626 and consolidation of the greater city in 1898. The interior of the building is of great interest. The records cover practically every phase of the city's history since the beginning. Its collection of old Dutch maps and other items of earliest days is very complete. Inspection of these old documents is readily permitted.

The large building west of the Hall of Records is the old store of New York's first Merchant Prince, A. T. Stewart. In the 40's this was the retail store, but later the establishment at Broadway and Ninth Street was erected. In its day the Stewart business was unique for size and earning capacity. Stewart is buried in old St. Mark's Church. His body was stolen shortly after it was interred and the crime was the sensation of the day. The building was recently purchased by Mr. Frank A. Munsey, the publisher, who will soon erect upon it a building to house the *Sun* and his other publications. The Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, east of the Stewart Building, is a very rich and conservative institution. The Martin B. Brown Co., a famous city printer, who prints election ballots, etc., has the adjoining establishment.

North of the City Hall along Centre Street are some important public buildings that are worth a visit. In the block facing Centre, Leonard, Lafayette and Frank-



Mayor Mitchel and the Belgian Mission at the City Hall. Almost twenty-five foreign nations sent delegations to America upon the breaking out of the War



Mayor Mitchel with Prince of Udine and Signor Marconi, of the Italian Mission, leaving the City Hall for the Avenue.

lin Streets is the Tombs or City Prison. The span connecting the buildings is popularly known as the "Bridge of Sighs," as prisoners after receiving sentence return over this bridge and get their last glimpse of freedom from here. A permit to visit the prison may be obtained upon application to the Department of Correction, 224 Leonard Street. Some interesting mural decorations are contained in the rooms of the Supreme Court.

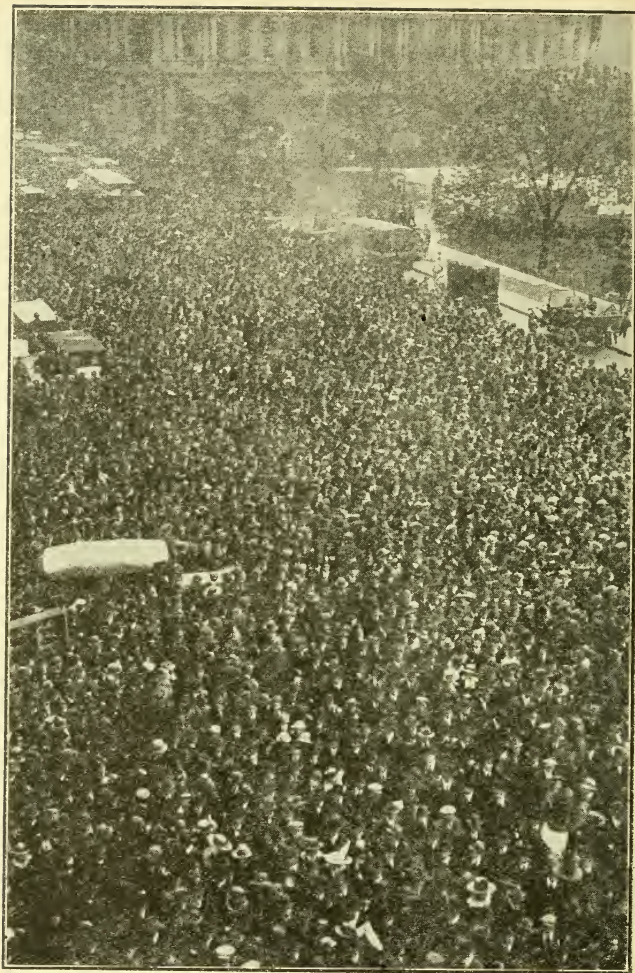
Just above the Tombs is the Headquarters of the Police Department, which contains the famous Rogues' Gallery and the room where the daily lineup of criminals takes place so that the detectives may scan their features for future reference. Other rooms are for the usual requirements of such a department. A large mural painting over the judge's desk in the trial room portrays the same site in early times.

This building stands on the site of what was formerly a miniature lake—the Collect Pond. It was 60 feet deep and on it John Fitch sailed the first model of a steamboat while Fulton and Livingston viewed the trial from the bank. Fulton's attempt succeeded while Fitch's failed, but many persons believed that the idea was the latter's originally, but he did not secure the financial backing necessary to develop his plans, while Fulton did.

East of this group of buildings is an Italian section and the much vaunted Chinatown. The civilizing influence of Columbus Park, in conjunction with adequate police supervision, has made this region much less criminal than formerly. Baxter Street, too, is now eminently respectable, while the Five Points is perfectly harmless.



The French Mission Arrives—The late Joseph Choate escorting Minister Viviani and Marshal Joffre from the famous landing stage on the Battery to their reception by Mayor Mitchel at the City Hall.



Tremendous crowd that showed Field Marshal Joffre how much New York admired the great French General. Scene outside the City Hall when the French Mission arrived.

New-York, May 20, 1766.

Joy to AMERICA!

At 3 this Day arrived here an Exprefs from *Boston* with the following most glorious News, on which *H. Gaine* congratulates the Friends of *America*.

Boston, Friday 11 o'Clock, 16th May, 1766.

This Day arrived here the Brig *Harrison*, belonging to *John Hancock*, Esq; *Capt. Shubael Coffin*, in 6 Weeks and 2 Days from *London*, with the following most agreeable Intelligence, *viz.*

BROADSIDE ANNOUNCING REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT

THE FAMOUS OLD LIBERTY POLE IN CITY HALL PARK

WHEN the present-day New Yorker regards the seething bustle of people and traffic with City Hall Park as a center, and the diminutive cupola of City Hall completely overshadowed by the towering Woolworth Building and the other neighboring skyscrapers, it is somewhat difficult to realize that our city was for over a hundred years a little less than a rude hamlet on the outskirts of a howling wilderness. Pigs were the main reliance for keeping the streets clean, and as a result yellow fever devastated the village at regular intervals. In 1723, almost a century after its settlement, the white population was only 5,886, with about 1,500 slaves—considerably less than is housed in our Municipal Building of today. Pumps were in the middle of the street. The Fire Department consisted of a number of leather buckets kept by each citizen in the front hall.



To the Inhabitants of this City.

WHEREAS some unhappy Differences have lately happened between the Inhabitants and the Soldiers: I am authorized to inform the Publick, That to avoid the like for the future, Orders are issued by the GENERAL, That no Soldiers are to go out of their Barracks, off Duty, unless under the Command of a Non-commillioned officer, who is to be answerable for the orderly Behaviour of the Soldiers, and take Care that they offer no Insult to the Inhabitants; and this Order will be strictly observed till the Amity and Friendship that should subsist among the King's Subjects, is restored; and in Case the Citizens abuse them, they are to endeavour to discover the Offenders, and report them to a Magistrate, that they may be proceeded against according to Law: Therefore when Soldiers are seen marching about in Numbers, the Inhabitants are not to be alarmed, as it will be in Consequence of the above-mentioned Orders. This Precaution it is hoped, will prevent further Evils, restore Peace, and quiet the Minds of the People; and it is expected, that the Inhabitants, on their Parts, will promote every good Intention to preserve Peace and good Order.

*City of New-York,
J^{an}. 22, 1770.*

W. HICKS, Major.

Broadside, apologizing for the assaults committed by the soldiers on the Sons of Liberty in defense of the Liberty Pole.

While the "palisade" stretched across the city through what is now Wall Street, the settlers used to drive their cattle through the Land Gate just above Trinity Church up Broadway to City Hall Park, then called the Common Lands, or public pasture. The city owned the land and any one could use it who wished. After a while, the jail was built upon it and the poor house and what there was of a hospital. Other city buildings like those on Randall's Island were added later.

There were no newspapers, and current events travelled by word of mouth or by "Broad-sides" pasted up in taverns or on the trees of the "Common" or "Fields." It was exactly a whole century after the settlement before the first weekly paper was started—the *Gazette*, in 1725, by William Bradford. It was subsidized by the Crown and not till the appearance of John Peter Zenger's *Journal*, some years later, was there a real "people's" paper.

The *Journal* had the assurance, several times, to criticize what the authorities did and was promptly suppressed for its temerity. Finally its editor was thrown into jail. This caused great excitement through all the Colonies, and Andrew Hamilton, the greatest lawyer of his day, came from Philadelphia to defend the *Journal*. He succeeded in clearing Zenger, and thus was won a tremendous victory for liberty, as it established the Freedom of the Press.

In the meantime, the City Hall Park became by common consent, the rallying place for all public meetings. The passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 caused intense anger from one end of the Colonies to the other, and the repeal of this obnoxious measure was everywhere demanded. Public indignation found expression in numerous meetings in the "Fields."

During the course of the debate in Parliament, a friendly member used the term "Sons of Liberty" in

referring to the American Colonists. This name was immediately adopted by numerous secret organizations which sprang at once into existence while the fate of the repeal was in doubt. When the King finally surrendered and a peaceful settlement ensued, the grateful people of New York held a huge Thanksgiving meeting on the Commons and, amid great enthusiasm, erected a high pole bearing the inscription, "*The King, Pitt and Liberty*"—the first *Liberty Pole*, around which for some time to come the people rallied at the first sign of any attempt to again impose Taxation without Representation.

This being the outward and visible sign of inward hostility to autocracy, the Liberty Pole met with much disfavor by the authorities. In a few days this pole was cut down by soldiers attached to the 28th Regiment, then stationed here in the local barracks. The next day, while the citizens were preparing to erect another pole, they were attacked by the soldiers and several of the Sons of Liberty were severely hurt. A second pole was erected, but it suffered the fate of the first. Within two days a third arose and this time it was allowed to stand, as public opinion was again assuming a dangerous aspect.

A year later when the citizens gathered to celebrate the anniversary of the repeal of the Stamp Act, the meeting aroused the anger of the authorities, and the soldiers again leveled the pole to the ground. And another pole—this time more substantial and bound with iron rings—rose in its place. It stood for three years. On January 13, 1770, an attempt to destroy this pole led to very serious consequences. The soldiers were driven off but returned with reinforcements and attacked a party of Liberty Boys in front of their Headquarters opposite the Commons. They were ordered back to their barracks, but renewed the fight two days later. This

encounter suddenly assumed alarming proportions and the conflict lasted two days, in which several lives were lost. Thus was spilled the first blood of the Revolution, and it occurred two months before the Boston massacre. New York rarely speaks of it as an event of the first importance, yet such it really was.

This pole, too, ultimately met the fate of its predecessors. Matters had now reached such a stage that something had to be done. In order to furnish no further excuse for interference by the authorities, it was decided to erect the pole on private ground just outside the limits of the Common, but for all practical purposes still on public land. The pole was outside the "Fields," but the crowd stood on the Common. By reference to the various Broad-sides printed herewith by courtesy of the New York Historical Society, you will be able to see just how the people resented this interference with the Liberty Pole and how they finally bought their own plot of ground and erected a new pole on private property.

The last pole was a substantial structure and stood till after the Revolution. It was a huge mast, 44 feet high, with a topmast 22 feet additional, and sunk twelve feet in the ground. It was encased for two-thirds of its length in iron bands and hoops firmly riveted together. It was surmounted by a gilt vane bearing the words—"Liberty and Prosperity," but with no reference to the King, or loyalty, as in the first instance. The temper of the people had radically changed.

An attempt to destroy this pole a few weeks later precipitated another situation that threatened to rival in seriousness the affair in which lives had already been lost, and brought the authorities to a realization of consequences which they were illy prepared to face. British officers drove the soldiers back to their barracks and a guard was placed about the pole. The soldiers involved

were sent South to Pensacola and the pole remained unmolested until 1776, when the British took possession of the city. It was then immediately destroyed. Before this happened, however, Washington had the pleasure of reading the Declaration of Independence to the assembled citizens, almost at the base of the Liberty Pole. A bronze tablet on the City Hall commemorates this event.

From this brief chronology we see how closely the Liberty Pole is identified with the stirring events that led up to the destruction of Autocracy in the new world (also under a German King, though on an English throne). It has been suggested that the old post office be removed and the historic Liberty Pole re-erected on its site as a memorial to our heroes in the great World War. What a magnificent tribute it would be to our splendid boys, if we were able to erect to their memories this simple monument that means so much. It stands for all our dear country stands for. It is the Soul of America and the symbol of our great Republic. It is the Gettysburg Speech visualized! Nor is it within the power of marble or bronze to create a structure that would approach it in spiritual beauty and meaning.

It seems only yesterday that we saw them marching to camp, mothers, wives and sweethearts clinging to their arms. And when they sailed away, three months later, that inspiring toast, written by one of their number from old Kentucky, Morrow Mayo, comes to mind:

“Here’s to the Blue of the windswept North
When we meet on the Fields of France
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the Sons of the North advance!

Here’s to the Gray of the sunkissed South
When we meet on the Fields of France
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the Sons of the South advance!

And here’s to the Blue and the Gray as one
When we meet on the Fields of France,
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the Sons of the Flag advance!” *

On the base of the monument let there be inscribed these words:

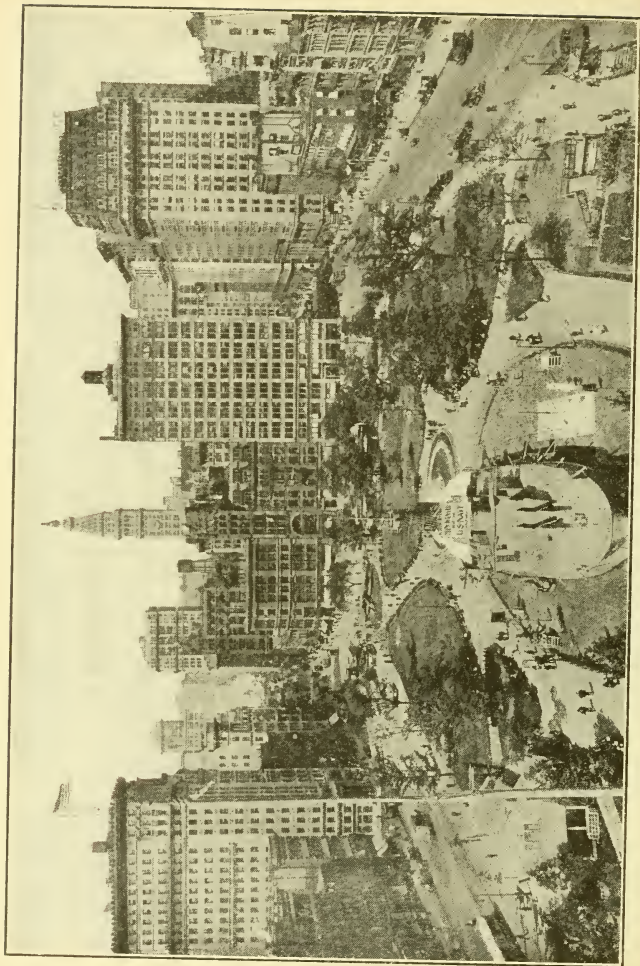
IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE
LIBERTY BOYS OF 1918
WHO DIED THAT THE WORK OF THE LIBERTY BOYS
OF 1776 MIGHT NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH
:: ::
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED AND THE PARK RESTORED
TO ITS ORIGINAL COLONIAL CONDITION BY THE GRATEFUL
PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Will the citizens of New York arise to this glorious opportunity? The old City Hall Park restored to its ancient grandeur! An obsolete and out of date building removed, light, air and generous space taking its place in a congested section!

This movement is now under way. Any citizen can help with his approval and his moral support. Talk about it to your neighbors. Bring it up in your schools, your clubs, your societies and your churches. If you are a member of a patriotic society bring it to the attention of your officers. Agitate! agitate! agitate! The Federal Government, heretofore deaf to all entreaties to remove the Post Office, will heed the demand of *all* the people for so obvious and so appropriate a monument to its heroic dead!

Every week we should have some good speaker preaching the Gospel of Sound, Patriotic, Americanism at the foot of the Liberty Pole. We need some rallying place—some fountain head of inspiration to counteract the mischievous talk of the Bolshevik.

The New York Historical Society and the Sons of the Revolution have assumed charge of this movement to erect the Pole and eliminate the Post Office and reports of their progress will be seen in the daily press from time to time.



Union Square and the land battleship for navy recruits. The Metropolitan Tower in the centre.
(c) American studios

BROADWAY FROM CHAMBERS STREET NORTH TO FORTY-SECOND

From a tourist's point of view there is practically nothing of interest in this section beyond the usual run of building devoted to wholesale business. Aside from its being our most notable street there is little else to say about it. Not till you come to 34th Street, which marks the beginning of the Great White Way, is there anything except Grace Church worthy of special mention. It is simply a long and busy street, just like dozens of other similar thoroughfares.

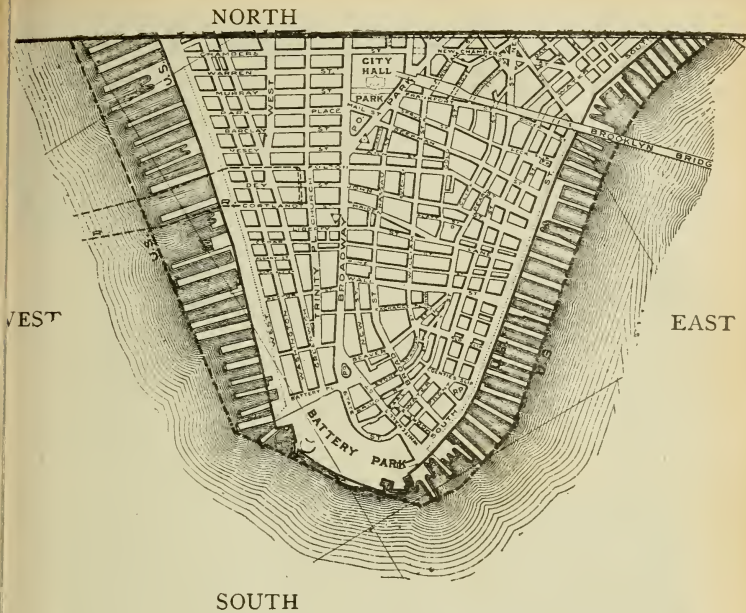
There are rows and rows of monotonous buildings, with many a derelict in between. There is nothing to relieve the dull drab of existence, as the best sellers say, except the sight of an occasional Christian firm name on a sign. This startling phenomena is readily recognized by the silent gaping throng that gathers in front of it, rooted to the spot, as it were, by the fascination of the novelty.

There is a Broadway Association that looks after the welfare of this street and does what it can to wake up some of the mediaeval landlords and bring this noted thoroughfare into the position it rightly holds as the premier street of the Western World. Its present collection of worn-out dwelling houses, run-down "iron fronts" and motley array of taxpayers is far from creditable.

West of Broadway opposite the City Hall, to the River, and North to 14th Street, is now wholly given over to business and shipping. The side streets are the headquarters of various important industries and about a dozen blocks are given over to the Dry Goods District. At Hudson Street and to the river, Groceries, Canned Goods, Produce, Poultry and other kindred lines congregate. Large loft buildings for manufacturing purposes of a heavy nature are frequent, and as you ap-

proach nearer to the Village, signs of persons living here are discernible. Most of them have been driven out, but some remain, and lately they have been joined by others. There is little, however, of interest except perhaps the site of old St. John's Church, which the cutting through of Seventh Avenue, recently, has obliterated, till you strike Greenwich Village and the beginning of Fifth Avenue, at Washington Square.

We have now covered the principal points in the downtown section. To get our exact bearing see map. We have drawn a straight line at Chambers Street from East to West, clear across the island. All the territory *South* of this line is what we have just been over. We shall now go *East* from the City Hall to the great East Side, Chinatown and the Bowery.

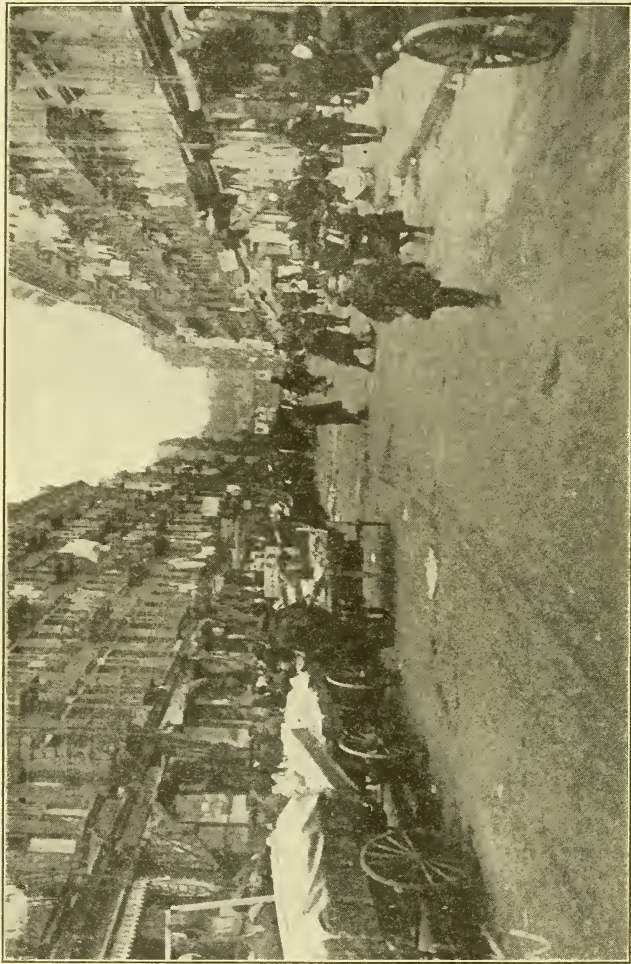


MAP SHOWING DOWNTOWN SECTION OF NEW YORK FROM
 CHAMBERS STREET, (NORTHERN LINE); TO BATTERY
 PARK, (SOUTHERN).

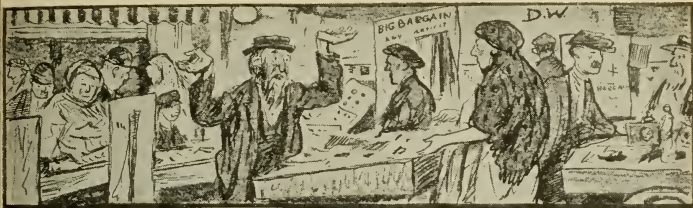
NOTE. Broadway divides the city into two sections: Standing anywhere on Broadway and looking *North* all the side streets on the right are referred to as the *East* side; on the left all the streets are on the *West* side. Bear this in mind and it will help you to locate yourself very easily.

Looking *North* on Broadway is *uptown*; looking *South* is *downtown*.

The description begins at Battery Park and the Custom House, takes in the River front both East and West, goes up Broadway to Wall Street, through Wall and the whole financial district; then back to Broadway and up to City Hall, ending at Chambers Street.



A typical street in the Italian quarter of the Great East Side. Push carts are always in sight.
© U. & U.

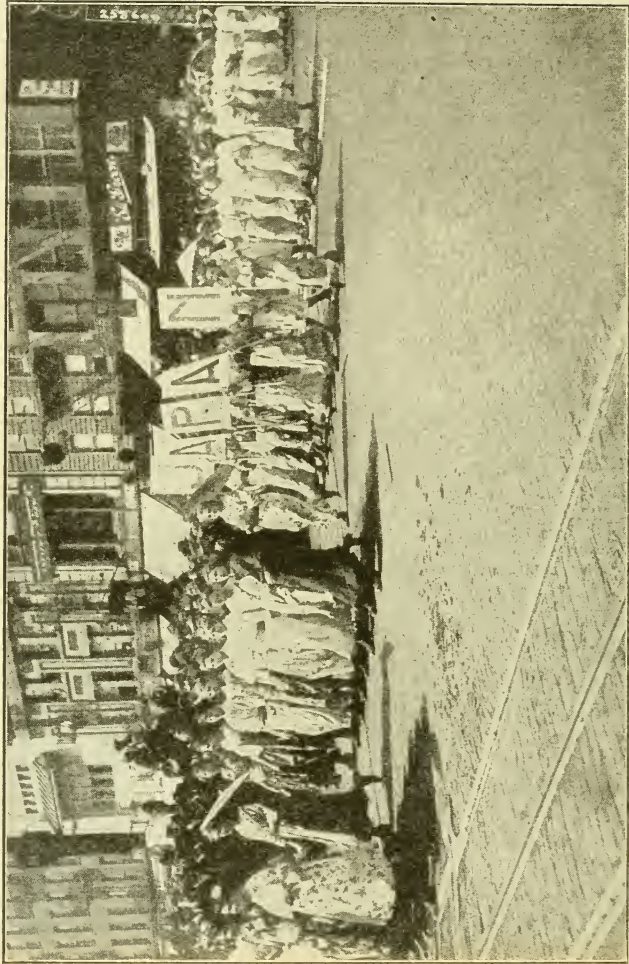


THE GREAT EAST SIDE

THE GHETTO, THE BOWERY, CHINATOWN, THE ITALIAN QUARTERS,
THE BLACK BELT, ETC., ETC.

THE "Great East Side" that you read so much about in the papers, begins just a little East of the Municipal Building and extends from about Chatham Square and the Bowery, north to 14th Street and east to the river in the downtown section. This is where the "seething masses" live.

To those ethnologically inclined, a stroll through these congested neighborhoods is no doubt interesting, but for the average sightseer there is nothing beyond endless crowds, more crowds, and still more crowds. For the greater part they are Italians intermixed with Russian Jews, Chinese, Greeks, Swedes, Turks, Hunks, Bulgars, Austrians, Serbs, Armenians, Slavs and Irish. These make up the "East Side" of the novelist, and includes the much talked of Ghetto. Open air pushcarts and kindred sights are much in evidence. It is, of course, interesting to see bits of ancient Europe so completely transplanted into a modern, up-to-the-minute city as New York, and the quaint customs and the still quaint garments affected by the more orthodox of these aliens has a certain amount of interest.



Fifteen thousand marchers, representing nearly every nation under the sun, marched on the East Side to help the Liberty Loan campaigns.

In this part of the city largely lives the species known as Garment Workers. It is only natural, therefore, that cloaks, suits, dresses and hats originally designed for more aristocratic quarters should here appear in cheap imitations. Division Street does quite a business in cloaks and suits and—(tell it not in Gath)—the customers do not all reside in the East Side.

Millinery Row is on Clinton Street, and extends from Houston to Grand Street. The millinery shops here are as thick as berries on a bush. There are as many as sixteen stores on a single block, and so close to each other that it seems like a continuous show window. It also appears as if all the ladies' headgear had been called in convention.

All the shops are styled either "French" or "Artistic." The show windows are fitted out to imitate the Fifth Avenue shops—parquet flooring, hats cocked at a coquetish angle on carved stands, ivory-tinted backgrounds, a blinding radiance of electric lights. They look very impressive to the shop girl.

The priestesses who preside at these temples of style are saleswomen of a very shrewd and "talky" type. They flatter the looks of the customer. They have little exclamations of admiration and gestures of wonderment to deceive the unwary buyer. Their sales talk is a constant repetition of "French imported, "chic," "charming," "it fits you beautiful," "awful nice" and other words to beguile the uncertain in their choice.

In the matter of fixing a price, these saleswomen, under the subtle tuition of the proprietress, become adepts at "gouging." They will ask you two and three times the normal value of the hat in the hopes of netting a "sucker," and sometimes succeed. But those who are accustomed to the wolfish greed of these milliners drive a hard bargain, cutting the price asked in half or one-third. The saleswoman, will then commence a song



THE GREAT EAST SIDE

The push carts under the Manhattan Bridge. The great outdoor market of the Ghetto.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

of honeyed pleadings and try to wheedle a dollar or more from the obdurate purchaser. The wise, little buyer, however, presents a stony stubbornness to all her persuasions, and just as she makes up her mind to leave, the saleswoman capitulates, after a last-minute-make-believe conference with the owner.

The remainder of "Millinery Row" is mainly taken up with stores catering to feminine needs in other departments—corsetieres, dressmakers, booteries, glove stores, toilette supplies, "wedding-dresses-to-hire" establishments—in short, an elongated Vanity Fair.

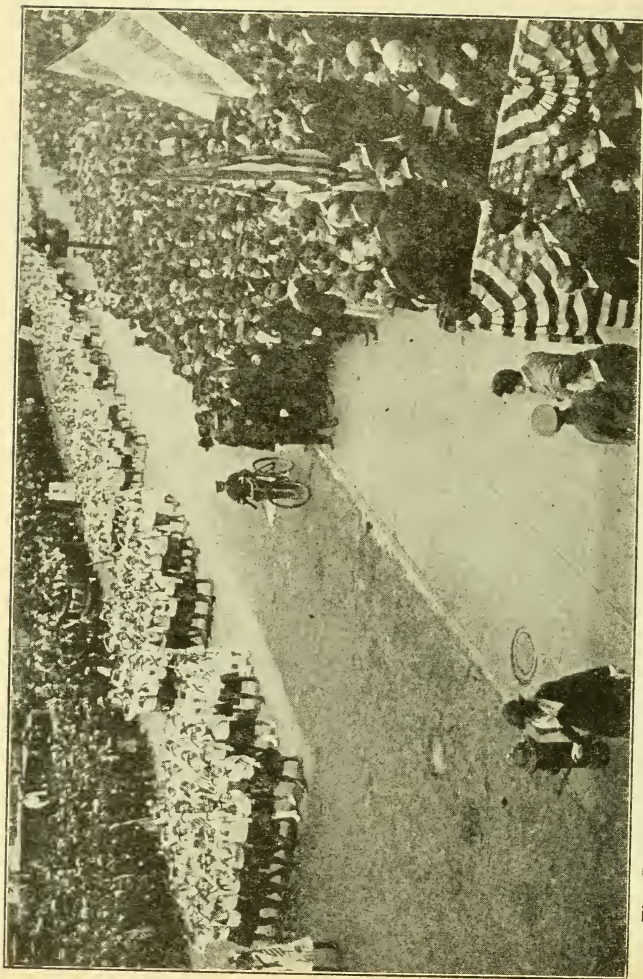
Every evening the East Side girl promenades with the throngs up and down Millinery Row, indulging in an orgy of window shopping, just like her sister on Fifth Avenue.

The Colonel's lady and Judith O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin.

The open air markets are by long odds the most picturesque feature of the street scenes. They are scattered everywhere—the spaces under the Williamsburg Bridge being particularly active. Certain sections are also known for "bargains."

The mecca of the East Side bargain hunter is a strip of Orchard Street between Rivington and Delancey. Its curbs are forever lined with pushcarts laden with a thousand and one variegated wares, piled high in colorful profusion and vividly reminiscent of an Oriental bazaar in an "Arabian Nights" episode. Jostling and boisterous crowds are feverishly ranging up and down the row of pushcarts, and attracted to the wares by the hue and cry raised by the howling hawkers, women mill around the pushcarts like whirlpools.

From morning until late into the night the turgid air resounds with a loud and confused clamor of buying and selling, with the stentorian voices of the peddlers rising like war cries above the babel.



The Great East Side had parades of its own to help the Liberty Loans. A division of school girls in line.

Each cart is a separate entity in this conglomerate mart and gathers about its wheels a motley collection of people. Some are collarless and flannel shirted; some are millinered and gowned in taffeta or broadcloth; others wear shawls on their heads and skirts of calico.

"Orchard Street" has become proverbial for cheapness, supplanting even "Hester Street," which was once popularly employed in this connection. If one wants to cast a reflection on an article of apparel it is sneeringly referred to as having been purchased in "Orchard Street." Merchants who keep shops of the better class use an effective method for despoiling customers who want a thing much below the stipulated price. They contemptuously advise them to go to "Orchard Street."

Contrary to the general impression that the East Side is the abode of want and poverty, it is just possible that conditions are not quite so bad as we are led to believe.

"It drives me off my bean," Patrolman Levine said on the corner of Rivington and Eldridge Streets, "to hear a million people in The Bronx and other places go around telling how they pity the poor on the East Side. Some of them get their pity from the Sunday stories of fellows who get their information over the telephone. The other people once lived on the East Side themselves, but they ain't keen about advertising it, so they go tut-tuttin' and pityin' like the rest."

In further proof of his contention, the policeman said that out of thirty-six families in the house opposite, not three would be found at home. He rapped at many doors and only one responded.

"What did I say?" he asked triumphantly. "Was any one home? Nix, they all beat it as soon as their husbands go to work. These houses are almost empty."

They are out in the air—down at Coney Island or Rock-away or Central Park. They go early, about 8 or 9 o'clock. They come home late."

"The women are bigger than the men," he explained. "That is, mostly. The men can't complain with any results. The women aren't perfect housekeepers, but they sure do like their kids. I guess that is what sends them outdoors. People in other neighborhoods don't get the air half as much. I wish I could show this to some of those la-de-da writing guys."

It is doubtful if any city does so much in the direction of Welfare Work as New York for its poorer citizens. Free sterilized milk for the children, free clinics of all sorts, free classes where mothers are taught how to properly care for their children, evening classes for men, day nurseries and places where babies may be kept under competent care while their mothers go to work, free illustrated lectures for everybody. Lectures on preventable diseases and a hundred and one other aids are constantly at the service of these helpless persons. The famous Henry Street Settlement House is here; its methods and practices are copied in every city in the Union, and is only one of the many such similar institutions all over the city.

While we are not particularly keen about the East side as a show section, we realize that it is full of strange sights for the tourist and no doubt will yield a mild sensation of novelty and entertainment. Yet if omitted, you are quite sure sooner or later to see these same streets and same neighborhoods in your local movies. This section of our City seems to have an irresistible fascination for the managers who decide what shall be shown in these popular places of entertainment and so we invariably have shown the sordid and squalid side of New York instead of the beautiful. If in a lucid interval (if such

a boon is ever vouchsafed a movie producer) they would at the same time show the perfectly splendid humanitarian work going on here, it would not be so bad.

In Public School 64, near Ninth Street and Avenue B, are three select classes for exceptionally bright, almost precocious children. On the theory that it is as necessary to separate the backward children into ungraded classes, so is it equally necessary to segregate the distinctly gifted. Selection is by means of the Terman mental test, which shows how smart you are. This is a revision of the famous Binet-Simon scale used to detect feeble minded in the courts, school and army.

These children are not necessarily the product of some gem of purest ray serene, hidden by the dark, unfathomed caves of life in the tenement district of a great city. Yet one of them gave a clue to his unconscious source of power.

"My father," he said, "makes all the jokes in the funny column in the Jewish paper. A man comes from the paper every night and listens what my papa says, because my papa can't write."

This is a most important step in the direction of public school education and its working is being watched with great interest. The development of the super intelligence of these children is not confined to art, literature or music, but is applied also to practical vocational instruction. So there is no danger of raising a class of "prigs" to augment the numbers ground out of fashionable seminaries. In fact the West Side is also advertising special private instruction for the gifted among the rich.

To stroll leisurely through Grand, Eldridge, Essex, Clinton, Hester, Division, Henry or Forsyth Streets; Avenue A, B or C, or any of the side streets from the City Hall to 14th Street, is not without interest. Some of the Sight Seeing Buses include part of this neigh-

borhood and that is the best way to see it. The names of many of these East Side streets recall a time when this section was the abode of Colonial Nobility. Hester Street is named after Hester Bayard, wife of a nephew of Gov. Stuyvesant, whose farm covered a portion of this region. Delancey Street after James de Lancey, whose ancestors built Fraunces Tavern. Division Street marks the line between the great Rutgers and de Lancey farms. Oliver and James Streets are named for other members of the latter family. Clinton, for De Witt Clinton, creator of the Erie Canal, Mayor and Governor.

But there is little now to suggest the days of lace and old lavender, yet the modest home of Alfred E. Smith, Governor of the great State of New York, is at 25 Oliver Street, opposite Henry Street, within less than half a minute's walk of Chinatown. Almost back of Gov. Smith's house extending from Oliver Street to New Bowery, is a very small burial ground, but rather important. It is the first Jewish cemetery, the land for which was granted as far back as 1656. It is about a city lot in size, and almost hidden by the Elevated road. A dead wall which looks into it covered by brilliant theatrical posters serves to emphasize the striking difference between the Quick and the Dead.

CHINATOWN.

With the famous "East Side" thus disposed of, let us retrace our steps to the City Hall, pass over to Chatham Square and walk uptown a few short blocks, to Dover and Pell Streets. This is the celebrated Chinese Quarter, and presents quite an Oriental aspect with its curious architecture, glaring colors and huge laundry tickets for signs. The iniquity of Chinatown is simulated solely for the credulous tourist on the sight seeing buses. The old feuds between the rival Tonges are a thing of the past. Chinatown of to-day is no longer the

hot-bed of opium dens, vice and crime of former times, and is only mildly interesting to the visitor. So much however has been written concerning its wickedness that it seems a pity to describe it as a perfectly harmless locality depending upon legitimate patronage for its daily existence. To give but one instance of its modern and commercial aspect—the latest project under way is the erection of a large clubroom for an association of Chinese merchants. This building, when completed, will cost about \$100,000 and be six stories of the finest Chinese architecture, coloring and furnishings. The Joss House and the Theatre are still there and the discordant orchestra still continues to compete with the elevated. But in other respects it is a perfectly respectable neighborhood compared with its former reputation. It is worth the visit.

And "Hell's Kitchen," another gang rendezvous, has likewise lost interest in crime.

"The neighborhood has all gone t' hell," said the flagman, as he soulfully waved a freight train past Thirty-ninth Street on its way down Eleventh Avenue.

"Yip," he reflected, "there ain't much to this neighborhood any more. We had one killin' last year, and that was a mistake.

"Take a look at this avenoo," he continued. "It looks like a bums' alley. There ain't nothin' doin' at all, exceptin' maybe a few kids get fresh and throw rocks from the roof. Patrolman Nolan was killed that way on the block last year, but they weren't aimin' for him. He just happened to be in the way, and from what I hear they were sorry they did it. Wouldn't that kill yuh? Sorry for murderin' a cop! I wonder wot the old bunch would t'ink about feelin' sorry for crownin' a bull!

We have now seen two of the most talked of sections in the city. We will now proceed to another and perhaps the most famous of them all—the Bowery. In a short time we have come from the most opulent part of town to the most sordid. And that is typical of New York and sometimes of its citizens—one day rich, the next day poor.

In going through the wealthy sections, one of the sights which must have puzzled the stranger—it is something of a problem to the home folks as well—is the almost vanishing toilettes affected by the young business women in the great office buildings.

Undoubtedly the furnishings and appointments in the average office in our newest buildings are neat, clean and very attractive; there is little to suggest the old time cubby hole with its dingy windows, Baltimore heater, water pitcher, basin and bare, wooden floors carpeted only with velvety layers of dust. And perhaps the agreeable conditions interiorally are reflected in the beauty of the display exteriorally.

Shimmery silks, fluffy laces, white kid boots with French heels of the most altitudenous height, silk stockings, low cut waists, short sleeves, shorter skirts, manicured nails and marcelled hair with occasional elbow length gloves and picture hats complete the costume of many a secretary or stenographer I have encountered in my myriad journeying up and down the elevators of the great financial buildings. The faint odor of some delicious perfume is seldom lacking and one is sometimes at a loss to know whether he is on business bent or has accidentally stumbled into an afternoon tea or an evening reception.

Personally I am glad of this cheerful change. I am utterly indifferent as to whether it is good taste or bad.

Delmonico's Restaurant was the first business place to employ a woman in New York. The "lady cashier" excited comment for many a long day.



THE BOWERY

Leaving Chinatown, we emerge under a sombre shadow cast by many elevated trains converging at the junction of Chatham Square, Worth and Oliver Streets, and find ourselves on the Bowery.

What a change has come over this erstwhile "hot bed of carnival and crime," as the reporters used to call it!

Like many another far famed criminal locality the poor Bowery has lost even that doubtful distinction. McGurk's "Suicide Hall," "The Morgue," and the "Tub of Blood," have all disappeared. It became so penitent a while ago that it wanted to bury its dead past under a new name—Central Broadway. Fortunately the craze soon died out and the old lane which led to Stuyvesant's farm is still preserved under its Dutch name and let us hope will never be changed.

The noisy L reels by its dingy windows—

The "Lodging House for Men"—

And careless eyes may look upon its inmates

(They seldom look again).

Only a bunch of "has-beens," frayed and seedy,

Wanting a bath and shave;

Wastrels, who whistled down the wind of Fortune

The gifts that Nature gave.

Now, drawn together by the fatal current

Of life's Sargasso Sea,

Helpless they drift along, like human wreckage,

Yet dream that they are free;

Each morning sees them bent above a paper,

Their eyes intent and wide;

Each has a "hunch" that he will make "a killing"

Before the day has died.

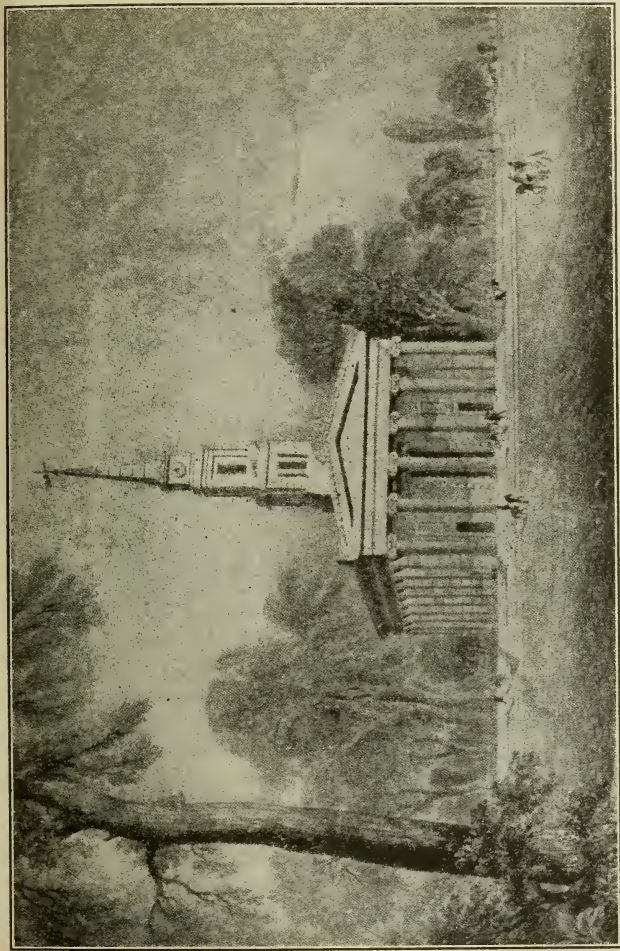
Though startling stories deck the outer pages,
Their flaming headlines pale
Beside the interest of those fateful columns
That say: "Help Wanted—Male";
"Young"—"Strong"—"Ambitious"—"Full of pep
and ginger"—
(They scan them, one by one)
"Wanted: a man who is Alive—Aggressive";
(How much alike they run!)

The noisy L reels by its dingy windows—
The "Lodging House for Men"—
And those who rushed this morning to the City
Go rushing home again;
But there they sit, in apathetic quiet,
As evening twilight falls,
While, cynically near their dingy lodging,
Shine out—the Three Gilt Balls!

Florence Van Cleve.

The Bowery extends from Chatham Square to Cooper Square. Washington rested at the Bull's Head Tavern on his entrance into New York in 1783. This site afterwards became the famous Bowery Theatre. Aside from the old theatre, there is little in it today to attract the tourist. The entire character of the street has changed. Even the old theatre has so long been the home of alien tongues that it is difficult to imagine that it was once one of the most fashionable play houses in town, and that Forrest, Booth the elder; Charlotte Cushman, and other eminent performers of another day held its boards. Another theatre in the same neighborhood, the National, where Cowperthwait's store now stands, divided honors with the Bowery in those days. Here was first played Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Geo. L. Fox in Humpty Dumpty, delighted our grandparents, as nothing else has ever seemed to do since.

The Bowery of history has its chief distinction in that it was part of the old Boston Post Road, and led to Governor Stuyvesant's farm "Petersfield," which stood about the corner of Third Avenue and 12th Street. The



New York's oldest church. St. Marks in the Bowwerie—where the first English Governor and the last and greatest Dutch Governor are buried—as it appeared in 1853, at the corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street

first mile stone which marked the distance to Boston, is still standing opposite Rivington Street. There is little else, however, to interest the reader till you come to the neighborhood of Stuyvesant's old home, and to the church founded by his widow.

St. Mark's Church, at Second Avenue and 11th Street, stands on the site of a private chapel built by Governor Stuyvesant. The land was given (1687) to the Dutch Church by Judith Stuyvesant, upon condition that the vault be preserved. The old governor's tomb is beneath the tablet erected to his memory. From time to time his descendants are laid beside him. In the wall of the Second Avenue side of this sacred edifice can be seen the stone tablet marking his last resting place which reads as follows:

"In this vault lies buried

Petrus Stuyvesant

Late Captain-General and Governor in
Chief of Amsterdam in New Netherland,
now called New York, and the Dutch West
India Islands. Died February A. D. 1672,
aged 80 years."

There are also the graves of Governor Stoughton (1691), Governor Tompkins, Mayor Philip Hone, whose famous Diary is a mirror of New York Society in the '40's and '50's. Dr. Harris, one of the earliest presidents of Columbia College; Thomas Addis Emmett, a brother of the great Irish patriot and founder of the great wealth of the Emmett family in New York today, and A. T. Stewart, the great dry goods merchant whose body was stolen. There are interesting memorial windows in the old church, erected by the Holland Dames in honor of Stuyvesant, Nicholas Fish, and Col. Tallmadge, whose generosity secured old Fraunces' Tavern to the city.

The Friends Meeting House and School face St. George's on the South. Occasionally there is still a fashionable wedding solemnized here, after the custom of the Friends. There is no minister or other religious ceremony. The bride and groom simply proclaim before their friends their intention hereafter to live together as man and wife and sign a declaration to that effect.

The section around old St. Mark's—Second Avenue, Stuyvesant Square, etc., was at one time an exceedingly exclusive residential district. Hamilton Fish, a member of Grant's Cabinet, Wm. M. Evarts, Sec'y of State under Hayes, and a very eminent lawyer, besides many prominent families, lived here. Most of these old houses have disappeared—some have been torn down, others remodeled into tenements, and two of them into moving picture houses. Nowhere in the city has a neighborhood changed so completely.

There is another of the old milestones on Third Avenue near 16th Street, and in the corner of 13th Street is a tablet marking the site of a Pear Tree brought over from Holland by Stuyvesant himself. It bore fruit and survived the storms of over two centuries, but finally succumbed to old age in 1868. Stuyvesant Square, once a private park and part of the Stuyvesant estate, is now a public possession. St. George's Church, facing the Square, is the one in which the late J. Pierpont Morgan served as vestryman for over fifty years, and is the successor of St. George's Chapel in Beekman Street, the first Chapel erected by Trinity. The Middle Dutch Church nearby, corner Second Avenue and 7th Street, is worth a visit. It is the successor of old Rip Van Dam's Church on Nassau Street, where the Mutual Life Building now stands. It has interesting tablets to old Dutch officials. Peter Minuit, first Director General and Elder in the original church then in the

Fort; to Rev. Jonas Michaelius, first minister, and to J. C. Lamphier, founder of the famous Fulton Street daily noonday prayer meeting. A tablet to the victims of the sad Slocum disaster is also here. Most of the children in that tragedy lived in this neighborhood, and a thousand families were plunged into mourning. There is another church nearly at 7th Street, the Seventh Street M. E. Church, recalling early days. It was formerly the Bowery village church, built in 1795. Two very old and very respectable cemeteries are hard by. The New York Marble Cemetery now almost forgotten, (41 Second Avenue) but containing the graves of many prominent families—Judsons, Bloodgoods, Lorillards, Grosvenor, Wyckoff and Hollands. The New York City Marble Cemetery on 2nd Street, east of Second Avenue (note the similarity of names), is another half forgotten God's Acre. In it lie James Lenox, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Preserved Fish. President Monroe and John Ericsson were here for a while, but Monroe was removed to his native State and Ericsson to Sweden. There is an interesting old sun dial in the yard; and a scarcely decipherable tablet which records that it was intended as a "place of interment for gentlemen."

The good old days of this part of town are still interesting to read about, but as in much else historical in New York, the imagination must play an important part, as there is nothing tangible left to look at.

Coming up Ninth Street, we reach Lafayette Place, where part of La Grange's famous house old "Colonnade Row" still stands. President Tyler married Julia Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, here. John Jacob Astor lived where the old library is; Washington Irving, FitzGreene Hallock and other celebrities lived in this "Row." The Episcopal Diocesan House is also on this street. The whole section stretching from Broadway to the Bowery was formerly Vauxhall Gardens' a fashionable resort,

and frequently mentioned in old stories of New York.

Opposite Colonnade Row still stands the old Astor Library. This building was abandoned when the consolidation with the New York Public Library was formed and the books of the old Astor are now housed in the beautiful building at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street.

COOPER UNION.

The hall of Cooper Union has witnessed many famous gatherings and to this day it maintains its popularity. In the days before the Civil War its walls echoed to the plaudits of the Abolitionists like Beecher, Garrison and Wendell Philips. Abraham Lincoln made his first appearance before an Eastern audience in this place. It is said that his speech here made him President. At all events, Peter Cooper conferred a lasting good on New York when he bequeathed her this noble gift. Some Annex buildings have recently been added by the family, greatly enlarging its usefulness.

From Pike Street to Tenth Street, along the East River in the old days were to be seen splendid sailing ships in every stage of construction. There were also rigging lofts, sail lofts, block and pump makers, painters, carvers and gilders, iron, brass and copper workers; mast and spar makers, and ship stores of all kinds. The fresh odor of rough hewn lumber, seething Carolina pitch and Stockholm tar, filled the air with healthful fragrance. For this was the day of the famous Yankee Clipper, and New York was in the lead of ship builders. The *Flying Cloud*, *Sweepstakes*, *Andrew Jackson*, *N. B. Palmer* and *Surprise* are only a few of the many famous square rigged beauties hailing from this port.

WOODEN SHIPS

They are remembering forests where they grew:
The midnight quiet and the giant dance;
And all the singing summers that they knew
Are haunting still their altered circumstance.

Leaves they have lost, and robins in the nest,
Tug of the friendly earth denied to ships,
These, and the rooted certainties, and rest—
To gain a watery girdle at the hips.

Only the wind that follows ever aft,
They greet not as a stranger on their ways;
But this old friend, with whom they drank and laughed,
Sits in the stern and talks of other days,
When they had held high bacchanalias still,
Or dreamed among the stars on some tall hill.

—David Morton.

The famous yacht *America*, for whose cup there is still a continual contest, was designed and built by Henry Steers, whose yard was at the foot of about 12th Street. All this section is now hum drum and prosaic to an inordinate degree from a tourist's point of view, and not worth a visit, unless you are absorbingly interested in big breweries, piano factories and lumber yards. So we will resume our trip back to Union Square, where Broadway and 14th Street commingle.

Going north from Cooper Institute we see two mammoth buildings occupied by John Wanamaker. The building between 9th and 10th Streets is the old Stewart store. Grace Church adjoins Wanamaker's on the north, and at one time stood at the head of Broadway. It is one of our oldest churches, and its supporters are real old New Yorkers. It is the proper thing to be married from Grace Church at high noon. An open air pulpit in memory of Dr. Huntington is interesting.

There is nothing particular beyond Grace Church until you come to 14th Street. Here is the building occupied by that famous political organization, Tammany Hall. This is the home of the present "braves". We have given an account of their origin elsewhere in these pages.

Adjoining Tammany is the old Academy of Music, where Grand Opera was first given in New York, and where the famous Ball to the Prince of Wales was given in 1860. The grandson of that Prince, recently in this country, was taken to view this old scene of his ancestor's visit to New York. The old decorations were restored and the Academy made to look once again as it did on that memorable occasion; the chair which was used by the grandfather was also brought out for the grandson's benefit. Some of the guests at that first ball were also present. It was an interesting incident in the visit of young Edward and one that he enjoyed.

ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE

AT OYSTER BAY, FORTY MINUTES FROM THE CITY

Already the great affection in which Roosevelt's memory is held by the American people is finding outward and visible expression in the multitudes that make the pilgrimage to his last resting place at the foot of Sagamore Hill.

From the day of his death this demonstration has been steadily growing. It is estimated that on regular Sundays the crowds number upwards of five thousand, while on special occasions this number is more than doubled. Wreaths, memorial offerings and remembrances of all sorts arrive daily. The insatiable desire to possess some souvenir of the grave has already caused the erection of a ten foot iron railing around the lowly mound.

The grave is in Young's Cemetery and Roosevelt's old home at the top of Sagamore Hill is plainly in sight. All the familiar scenes which the Colonel loved and the places most closely identified with his home life are before you. It is a picture not easily forgotten and will prove one of the most lasting and satisfactory experiences you will receive on your whole trip.



BIG IDEAS IN LITTLE PLACES

THE INTIMATE SHOP. THE UNPRETENTIOUS PLACE OF ORIGINAL IDEAS, PERSONAL SERVICE AND HAND MADE ARTICLES. INDIVIDUAL SCHEMES CARRIED OUT. WINIFRED HOLT'S WORLD-FAMOUS "LIGHTHOUSE" SHOP FOR THE BLIND.

IN a great city like New York there is always room for a man or woman with a new idea and the courage to try it out. There is a constant demand for new ideas in almost every direction, wearing apparel, house decoration and knick knacks of all kinds. The great desire for novelties in birthday, wedding and Christmas gifts alone creates a large market, and women especially with a talent for creating original schemes are reasonably certain of a ready sale for all they can produce. We have been at pains to look over a few of these little specialty shops and the results of our investigations are set forth in this chapter. Most of these shops are quite diminutive; the proprietors themselves in most cases superintend their own places, and there is a certain quietness and freedom from hurry about them that is not without its charm.

The Little Gallery at 4 East 48th Street is managed by a woman whose excellent taste in silver ware for wedding gifts has resulted in the creation of quite a business. Her taste is evidently correct as her business is con-

stantly expanding and her little ground floor shop on so important a retail street shows that she is succeeding.

At the "Lighthouse," 111 East 59th Street, can be seen a truly remarkable collection of baskets. Baskets for sewing, for flowers, for desks and studies; clothes baskets, Indian baskets in triangle design and colored borders; baskets with glass containers inside and handles, to hold sweet peas, garden flowers, etc. Some also have covers to hold bread and rolls. Then there are charming reed mats in green, blue and yellow for luncheon sets. Then there are wonderful old fashioned colonial rag rugs in all sorts of pretty colors, most appropriate for bungalows, camps, etc. Bungalow and garden aprons and bags; hemmed towels, home spun for men's suits and many other delightful novelties. You will be amazed at the excellence of the workmanship of these goods. And still more so when you are told that all this is the product of the blind! For this shop is the famous "Lighthouse" that you have read so much about in the papers and the goods are the product of these poor unfortunates whose hard lot has been so greatly lightened by the intelligent self help so skillfully planned and brilliantly carried to success by Miss Winifred Holt. You are not expected to patronize this shop as a school of charity nor is the business conducted in a spirit of mendicancy. The goods are priced in open competition with the work of the world. Many large orders by the most prominent firms in New York are placed with the workers of the "Lighthouse" solely on the basis of price and merit. The "Lighthouse" is indeed a shining mark in the busy streets of old New York. It is well worth a visit and many other things that we cannot speak of here at length will be cheerfully shown you.

To those who would make an intensive shopping tour of the city we would suggest the engagement of one of

those service shoppers, a number of whom there are. They are thoroughly acquainted with all the stores, big and little, know every nook and cranny of the retail district and can pilot you around in less than half the time you could do it yourself and much more thoroughly besides. They receive a slight commission on any purchases you may make through them and that is all the compensation expected.

At 14th Street we shall walk a few blocks west of the old Academy and turn at Fifth Avenue, going south to the Washington Arch. This brings us directly into another well-known quarter of the city — Greenwich Village.



GREENWICH VILLAGE

THE LATIN QUARTER OF NEW YORK. ITS QUAINT OLD HOUSES ;
ITS SHORT HAURED WOMEN AND LONG HAURED MEN. A
PICTURESQUE QUARTER LYING BETWEEN WASH-
INGTON SQUARE AND THE RIVER.

THIS is one of the best advertised sections of ~~our~~ little *old New York* community and displays much skill in getting on the front page. To the New Yorker it is rather a pleasant retreat, altogether too far downtown for residential purposes, hence abandoned to those queer people who like to go around in sculptors' aprons, long hair and bobbed hair and soft slouch hats, or none at all. It prides itself upon its Bohemianism, its art and its general superiority to the average citizen. To the credit of Greenwich Village, however, let it be said that it does not take itself half so seriously as the rest of the city thinks it does.

You know this Bohemian part of New York is made up of old houses which is so picturesque through not having much plumbing and so forth and heat being furnished principally by the talk of the tenants on Bolshevism, etc. These inconveniences makes an atmosphere of freedom and all that and furnishes a district where the shoe clerk can go and be his true self among the many wild, free spirits from Chicago and all points west. Well, this neighborhood could stand a lot of repairs, not alone in the personal sense, but in a good many of the buildings, but these are seldom made until interfered with by the police or building departments.—Nina Putnam.

There are quite a number of creditable performers in the art line in their midst, and publicity never did an artist any harm in the world. So the succession of "fakirs"

balls," "costume parties," etc., are to a certain extent strictly business. The "Festa" given by the villagers in MacDougal Alley for the Red Cross fund during the War was an event which attracted attention the country over. No such artistic achievement was ever before recorded, even by those doughty villagers themselves, and the amount of public interest was shown by the attendance, which was so great as to call for a force of police reserves to keep the crowd in line.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Guinness, Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Delano and a host of nation-wide-known women in society headed the affair, and many thousands of dollars were raised for the fund. It is the backing of such names as these that creates the spell which fascinates the outside world.

Several notable locations are in the Village. The home of Washington Irving's sister at 15 Commerce street. General Mortons house at 95 Morton street opposite "Mr. Williamson's Garden" mentioned in Washington's Diary. The residence of Mme. Bonneville, 309 Bleecker street where Tom Paine, author of the *Age of Reason*, lived. He died in a small wooden house at 50 Grove Street. At 82 Jane Street is the site of William Bayard's house, where Alexander Hamilton was taken to die after being mortally wounded by Burr in the duel; Richmond Hill, Aaron Burr's residence. The old Grove Street school, visited by Lafayette, and the three-story brick house still standing, occupied by W. B. Astor, brother of the original John Jacob.

The night life of the Village centres for the most part around the innumerable small restaurants and tea rooms. The limit of originality has been reached in selecting names for these various resorts. *The Pig and Whistle* affects a Dickens atmosphere, and the decorations recall Tony Weller, Wilkins Micawber, Little Nell, and Dombey & Son. For this little inn is modeled after one of his

books and the famous one in London. Even the little square-paned curtained windows and old Dickens prints are there to complete the picture and atmosphere. Not much attention is paid to the napery in these places; paper napkins, plain wooden tables and chairs with benches running along the walls, make up the general run of furnishings. Pipe racks, gaudily painted nooks and corners with more or less clever wood carving here and there; Chinese lanterns, old English lanterns and odd conceits in lighting effects, impart more or less of a novel effect to the visitor. The food is all well cooked, and nicely served and in some places even daintily.

“Puss-in-Boots,” “The Dragon Fly,” “The Pirate’s Den,” “The Mad Hatter,” “The Black Parrott,” “Little Sea Maid,” “The Wigwam,” “The Garrett,” “Treasure Island,” “Little Russia,” “Paul and Joe’s,” “The Samovar,” “Three Steps Down,” “Aunt Clemmy’s” and a dozen others, provide amusement and attraction for the visitor. Most of these little places are tastefully painted on the outside in some cheeful bright colors; vivid greens, brilliant carmine, jet blacks, Mediterranean Blues, Spanish yellows, and other startling combinations used with artistic and successful results. The very pretty custom of having flower boxes on the window sills with brilliant flowering plants is also a feature of Village decoration, and adds a lot of freshness, decidedly enjoyable. Many of the old tenement houses are now being remodelled, and to the credit of the owners be it said they have employed clever designers who understand and interpret the spirit of the Village architecture, and some of these altered buildings are fascinating in their appearance. In the meantime rents have greatly increased as a result and the tenure of the bobhaired bohemian is likely to be curtailed in consequence.

To many readers who have regaled themselves only with the “Tickle Toe” philosophy, the “Soul light

Shrines" and frivolous sides of life in Greenwich Village, it may come as a surprise to learn that there is also a very serious and dignified side to it as well. Many old families of large wealth formerly lived in the Village, and their interest in it is still keen and piously cherished. They have been mainly responsible for the erection of a beautiful building for the local Theatre. This structure is no cheap affair, but compares favorably with the best in town. It is admirably located on Sheridan Square, and faces on three streets, and well worth a visit. Some of the plays presented have won wide commendation, and special efforts are made to produce works of genuine merit by unknown authors. The Provincetown Players at 139 MacDougal Street, have also scored importantly in recent successes and altogether the stage has no reason to be ashamed of the product of Greenwich Village. But perhaps the institution of which the genuine Villager is most proud is the Greenwich House, at 27 Barrow Street, which under the leadership of Mrs. V. G. Simkhovitch, (born a Kingsbury, but married a Greek professor in Columbia,) and a Villager, has become a notable influence for good. As an example of what settlement work should be, Greenwich House is a splendid illustration.

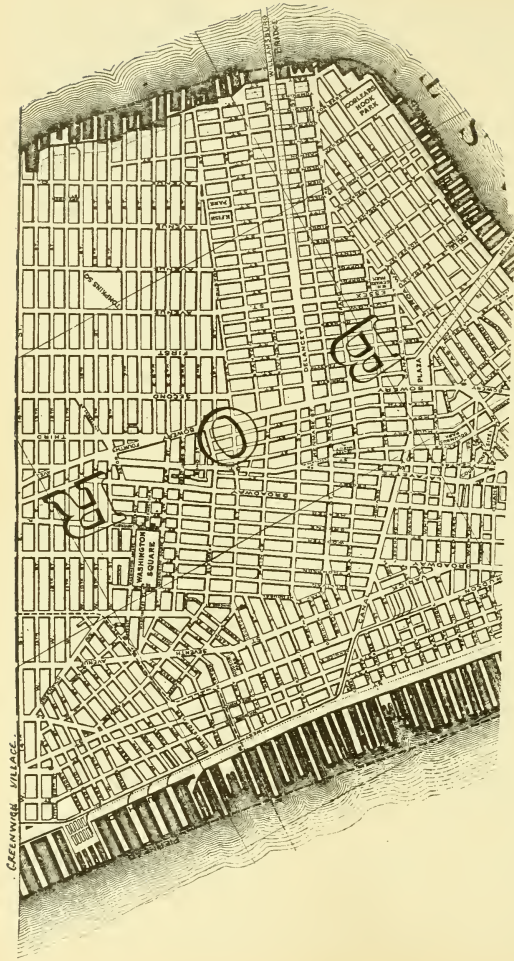
Something like twenty-two hundred persons are in attendance every week at the various meetings held in the House. There are babies' Clinics, Health and Hygiene Clinics, First Aid, Kindergarten and Montessori Classes. There are clubs for boys, girls, and grown-ups. Topics of interest on daily affairs are discussed, lectures given and classes are held in the evening for self improvement. Nor is everything confined to such sober work. There is plenty of recreation. Social meetings, dances, gatherings of informal characters, Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, a summer centre for children, and a place to care for babies during the day time. An

assembly hall for general meetings, a gymnasium for basket ball and other games. Music, pottery, and industrial art is taught. In short the program of the work done in a year at the Greenwich House is a credit to the splendid band of men and women who have so unselfishly devoted their time and their money to the work of making themselves neighborly. That they have gone about their work in the right spirit is best evidenced by the popularity of the institution and the wonderful weekly attendance.

Mrs. Simkhovitch is not alone in her glory. She has gathered around her a group of co-workers whose fame is nation wide. Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney, Miss Ida Tarbell, Mrs. A. Gordon Norrie, Miss Cornelia Gallatin, Mr. Ogden Mills, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, Mr. George Gordon Battle, Judge Learned Harned, and at least twenty others. With so talented a board of managers it is not so difficult to account for the huge success of the Greenwich House.

Mrs. Simkhovitch was also first president of the United Neighborhood Houses of New York, an organization lately formed by a federation of forty-five different associations, all working toward the goal of social betterment in developing community life and higher neighborhood standards.

The map which you will find at the end of this chapter, includes all that you have seen from City Hall to 14th Street, on both East and West sides. By adding it to the first map you will see that you have already covered a third of the Island.



MIDDLE SECTION, DOWN TOWN.

Lower New York, from Chambers Street to Union Square and 14th Street. Just West and North of Washington Square lies Greenwich Village. The "Ghetto" of the East Side is where the letter "B" is. From the Bowery north to 14th Street and East to the river is the most densely populated section of the city.

Grace Church is at Broadway and 10th Street. St. Marks Church, 2nd Avenue and 11th Street. Washington Square is at the beginning of Fifth Avenue, which starts from the Arch on the North side of the Square.

FROM 14TH STREET TO 59TH

OLD 23RD STREET HOME OF CLEMENT MOORE, AUTHOR OF "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS." JAMES FISKE, ED STOKES, LOUISE MANSFIELD, LILY LANGTRY, ALL RESIDENTS OF THIS STREET. ST. PETER'S CHURCH, THE PAULIST FATHERS, SLOANE MATERNITY, VANDERBILT CLINICS. CENTRAL PARK.

Leaving Greenwich Village the next interesting section of New York extends from 19th to 24th and from Eighth Avenue to the river. It was formerly a region of highly respectable homes and is locally known as "Chelsea Village," so named by Captain Clarke, after the famous old soldiers' home near London. Clarke was a veteran of the early Colonial wars and settled here about 1750, on the land that is now between Ninth Avenue, 22nd and 23rd Streets and the river. There are still quite a number of residences in this neighborhood, but to a very great extent business has practically wiped out the old social atmosphere. The grounds of the General Theological Seminary, covering the block between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, 20th and 21st Streets, still connects it with scholastic days of the past. Clement C. Moore, whose home was on the corner of Ninth Avenue and 23rd Street, has brought fame to this village by his little poem familiar to children the world over—"The Night Before Christmas." Mr. Moore was famous as a theologian and a scholar of great attainments, but his great achievements in the realm of higher thought have been practically forgotten in the fame which came to him as the author of these simple lines. They were first published anonymously in an obscure country paper at Troy, N. Y., in 1822.

St. Peter's Church, in this neighborhood, celebrated its 80th Anniversary not long ago and has some interesting historical associations. It stands on land donated by Mr. Moore, as does also the Theological Seminary.

On the block between Ninth and Tenth Avenues on 23rd Street, the visitor is still pointed out the house built for Josie Mansfield, a notorious woman, by "Jim" Fiske, one time President of the Erie, whose partner Stokes killed him in the Broadway Hotel in a quarrel over her favor. His residence was on the same street. Lily Langtry also sojourned here during her first visit to New York. Her home is now occupied by the Pasteur Institute. Edwin Forrest lived at 436.

On Eighth Avenue, between 23rd and 26th Streets, occurred the famous Orange riots in 1873, in which over 200 lives were lost. It was the last clash between the Protestant and Catholic factions in the Irish population of New York.

In older days this region was much given over to target companies and parades of exempt firemen. The custom of parading on Thanksgiving Day in grotesque costumes was also more prevalent in Chelsea Village than in most other parts of town. Generally speaking, however, there is little of interest for the visitor from out-of-town, although the old New Yorkers still find interest in London Terrace, Scotch Row, Inspector William's Residence, Pike's Old Opera House and recollections of the Erie Railroad. A purely local celebrity was the Rev. Dr. Campbell, whose successors now conduct an institution peculiar to New York, known as the Funeral Church. Strange as it may seem, very little attention is paid by the modern apartment house builder to the fact that we must all pass away, whether we live in flats or not. Consequently, from lack of accommodations, the custom of resorting to an institution like this Funeral Church has become quite general. The latter is nicely equipped with all accessories for a decorous and well managed funeral, and it is a decided convenience to life in a great city—or, more strictly speaking, death.

The further up we go on the West Side the more families we encounter. Business has not yet driven the home builder wholly out of this region, yet it must be confessed that the number of single house dwellers grows fewer each year. Some are still left, but apartment houses are the rule.

At 59th Street is the Church of St. Paul, the Apostle, seat of the Paulist Fathers. It is a very important church and from the number of art works it contains is well worth a visit. Saint-Gaudens, Stanford White and John La Farge, were intimately connected with its artistic development. Some of White's best work is seen here. MacMonnies, Martigny, Harris, Pratt, Kelly, Wentwood and others are well represented. In many respects artistically, it is the most noted church in the city.

Other well known institutions close by are the Roosevelt Hospital, Sloane Maternity, College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Vanderbilt Clinic. With the exception of the Roosevelt, this splendid group of buildings is the joint gift of W. H. Vanderbilt and his children.

Fifty-Ninth Street seems a natural dividing line between upper and lower New York. Central Park begins here. It extends from Fifth Avenue on the East to Eighth Avenue on the West. Sixth and Seventh Avenues, therefore, come to a temporary halt. At the north end of the park they resume their northward march, the former, however, changing its name to Lenox Avenue. Other avenues also drop their numerical names at 59th Street. Eighth Avenue becomes Central Park West but resumes the old title north of the park. Ninth Avenue becomes Columbus; Tenth Avenue, Amsterdam; Eleventh, West End Avenue. The character of these streets also change for the better and the new names are in harmony with improved conditions.

Between 42nd and 59th Streets the population is of a migratory professional character. The theatre, musical



Maine Monument. Columbus Circle, entrance to Central Park

© Edison Co. photo

companies, the movies and vaudeville all combine to attract a large contingent, who reside here for a shorter or longer period, as circumstances demand. The business of providing entertainment for the public in New York is on a very large scale and from it is drawn the major patronage for the rooming and boarding houses which lie west of Broadway, in what is called the theatrical district.

In this short run from 23rd to 59th Street we have touched only upon the far streets of the West Side. It rightly includes part of the theatrical section, but that is treated separately in another chapter.

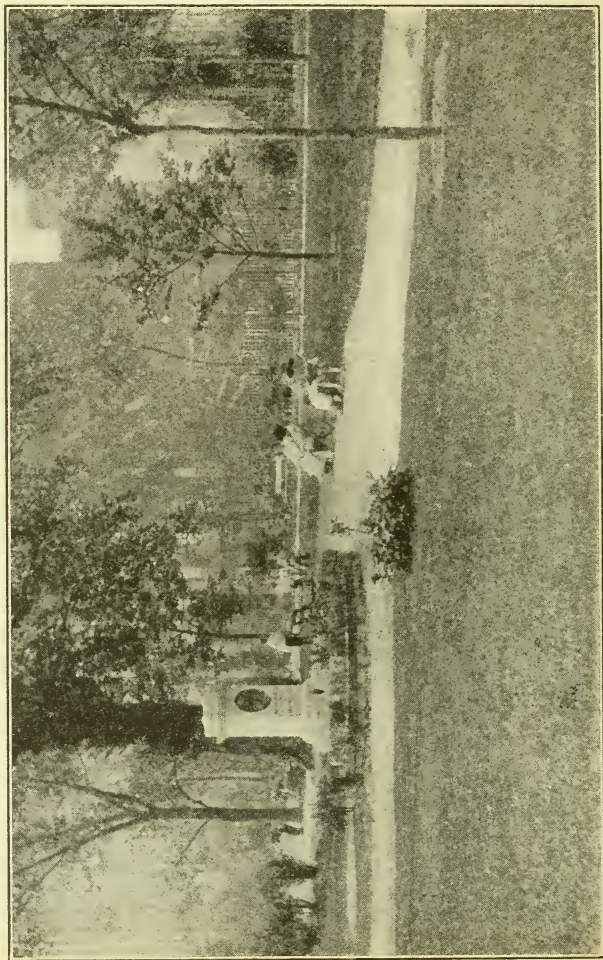
A HALF FORGOTTEN CORNER; GRAMERCY PARK, THE PLAYERS CLUB AND THE HOUSE WHERE ROOSEVELT WAS BORN.

Gramercy Park is a famous little nook nestling between approaching high buildings in a little square between 20th and 21st Streets just off Fourth Avenue. The Park was a gift from Samuel B. Ruggles to the owners of the adjoining property and is a private possession not open to the public. Many famous men, including Cyrus W. Field, Samuel J. Tilden, Edwin Booth, etc., have lived in Gramercy Park, which has been recently subject of sympathetic and delightful little essay by Mr. John B. Pine, a Trustee of Columbia University and a resident of the Park.

On 19th Street an interesting experiment has been successfully carried out whereby several very ordinary houses have been most artistically remodeled and now present a most attractive and artistic appearance. The block is known as "Pomander Walk."

At 28 East 20th Street, near Broadway, is the house in which was born that great American, Theodore Roosevelt, soldier, statesman and ex-president of the United States.

At 22nd Street, opposite Gramercy Park, is the of-



A view in Gramercy Park, between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets, east of Lexington Avenue, New York City. The fountain is the original one, but the building that has replaced it is a reproduction of the original one.

fices of the Russell Sage Foundation. Admission free between 9.45 to 10 P. M. to the Library of over 12,000 volumes on its specialty, the question of social and living conditions.

The Players' Club is at 16 Gramercy Park. The Club House was a gift from Edwin Booth, who made his home in the upper front room. It is still preserved exactly as he left it. The club possesses Booth's private library, his prompt books and Shakespearean costumes. During Booth's lifetime it was the custom of all the members in the lounging room to rise as Mr. Booth started to go upstairs and the courtly "good-night, Mr. Booth," makes a pleasant memory. The Club erected a magnificent statue last year within the confines of the jealously guarded Park, of Booth in his favorite character, *Hamlet*. It is one of the most beautiful works of art in the city. Mr. Quinn is the sculptor.

The National Arts Club has its building a few doors west of the Players. It entertains nearly all the literary and artistic lions who visit New York in the season.

Leaving Gramercy Park and going West a few short blocks, we now approach what New Yorkers are pleased to think is the greatest street in the world—Fifth Avenue. At all events, it is easily the most fascinating, the most beautiful and by all standards the most interesting in the city. It has a distinguished lineage and was for years the most exclusive residential section in town. In these by-gone days, to live "on the Avenue" was of itself an unimpeachable patent of social nobility and even in its transition from fashion to business it has maintained and preserved its old time aristocratic atmosphere. It begins at the Arch in Greenwich Village.

Before we enter this historic roadway, let us pause for a moment and recall the stirring scenes here enacted during the dark days of the Great War. The first rumblings of the approaching storm were heard in the

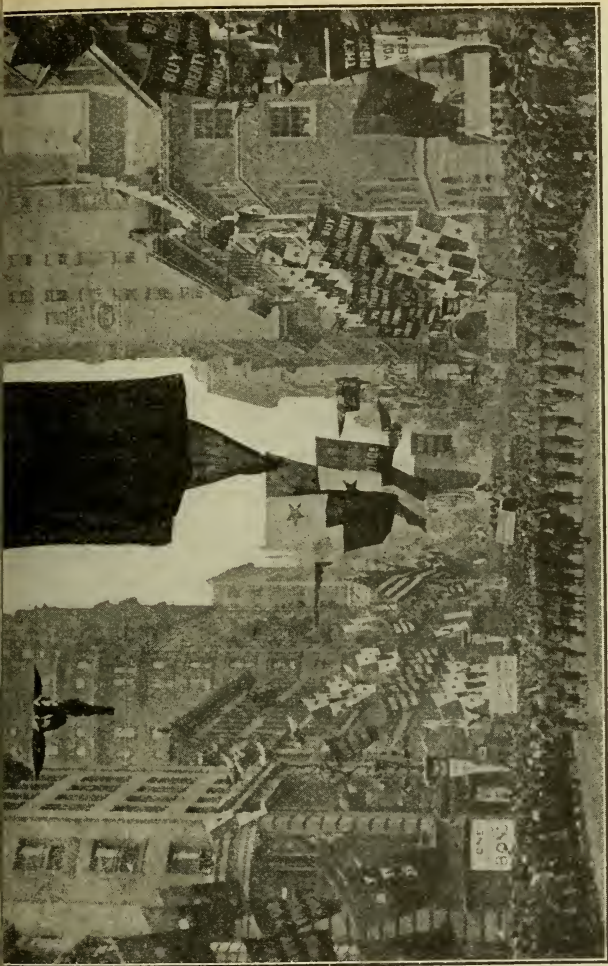
measured tread of 100,000 men who marched in the Preparedness Parade. Solemn and impressive was its meaning—wake up, America! In a few weeks the storm broke in all its fury and for the next two years Fifth Avenue is no longer an exclusive New York possession, but becomes a Highway of the World.



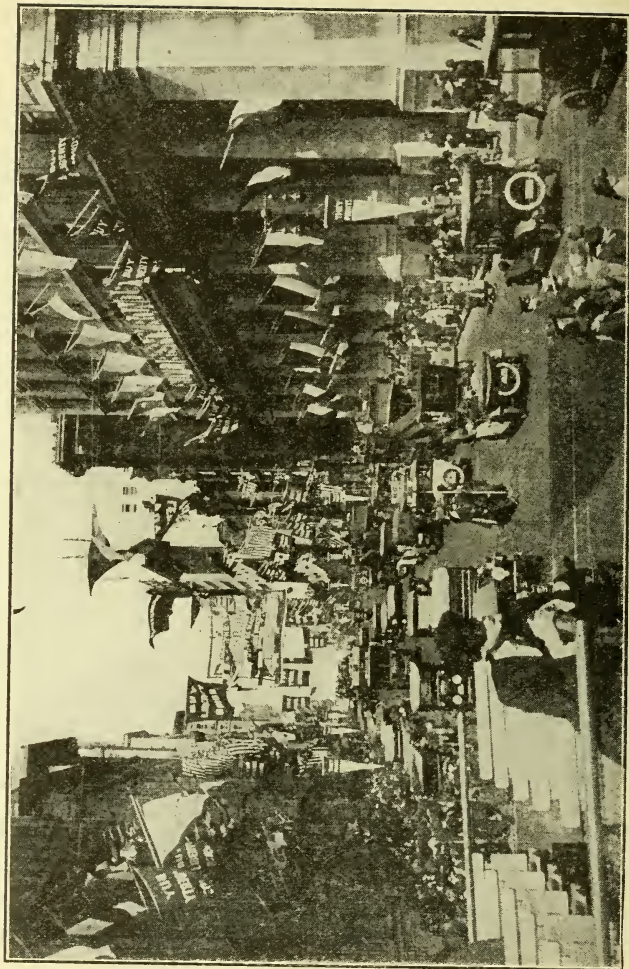
Fifth Avenue, looking north from Thirty-fourth Street; the spire of the Brick Presbyterian Church shows in the distance



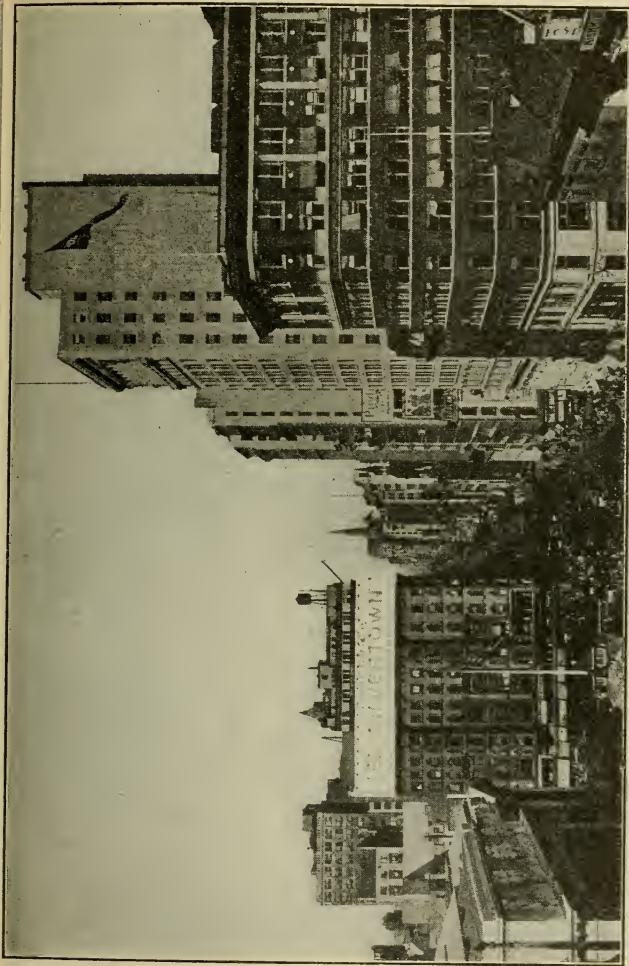
Fifth Avenue, north from Forty-second Street to the Plaza at Central Park. The distant spires on the right are St. Patrick's Cathedral. Temple Emanu-El on the corner of Forty-third Street



Wonderful decorations, myriads of flags decked the Avenue all through the War. Typical scene during a Liberty Loan drive. On occasion, certain sections of the Avenue were decorated with the flags of foreign countries, each section representing one of our Allies—British, French, Belgian, Italian, etc. The effect was fascinating.

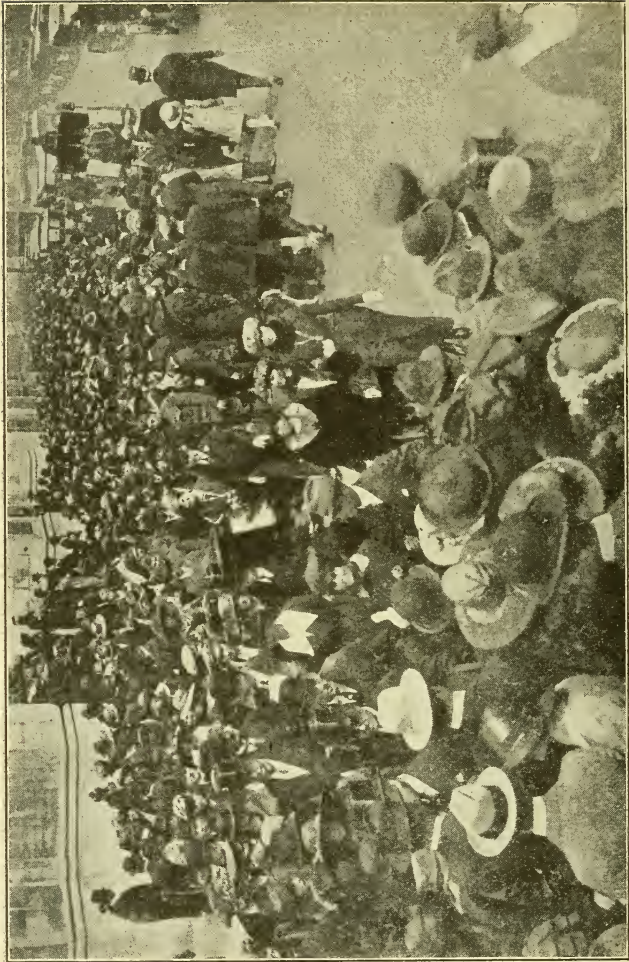


Looking North on the Avenue during the War. Flags, banners and riotous color meet the eye in every direction.



Looking north on Fifth Avenue from Fortieth Street.

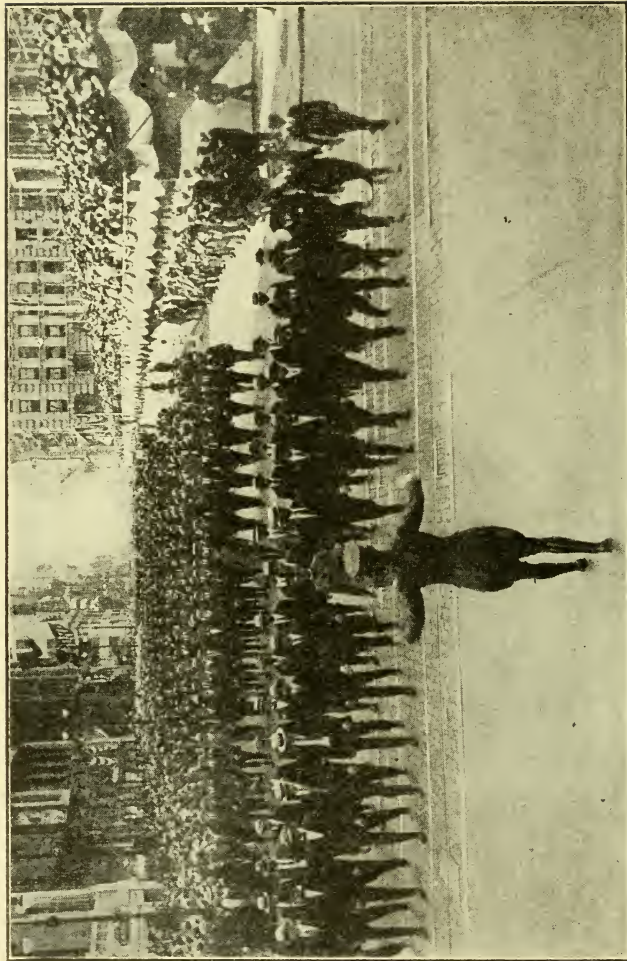
© Underhill



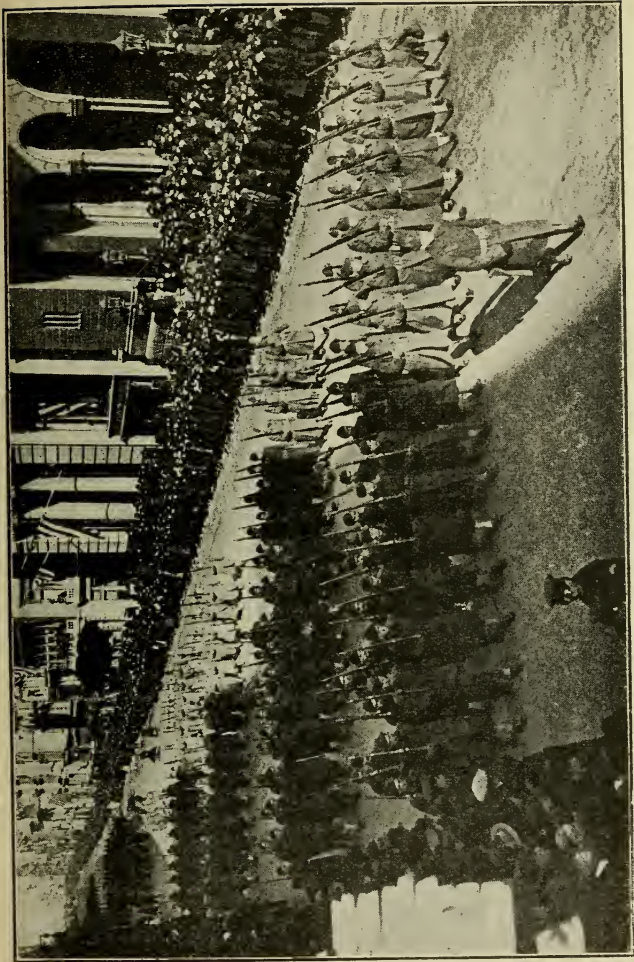
The great Church Parade on the Avenue on Easter Sunday. Leaving St. Thomas', at Fifty-fifth Street.



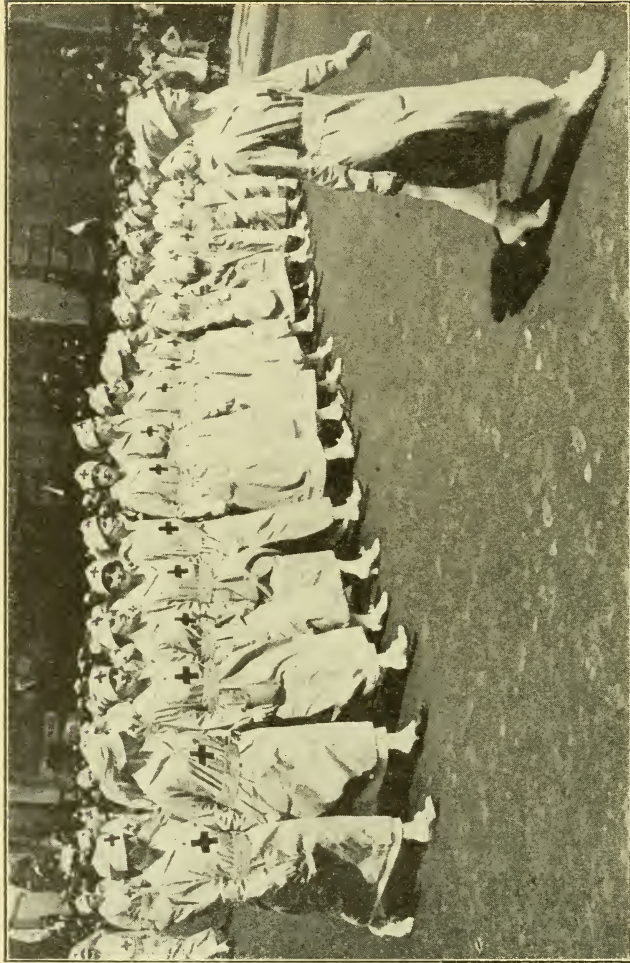
The great Preparedness Parade. One hundred thousand men marched up the Avenue before the War began bearing huge banners reading "Wake up! America.". All sorts and conditions of men were represented.



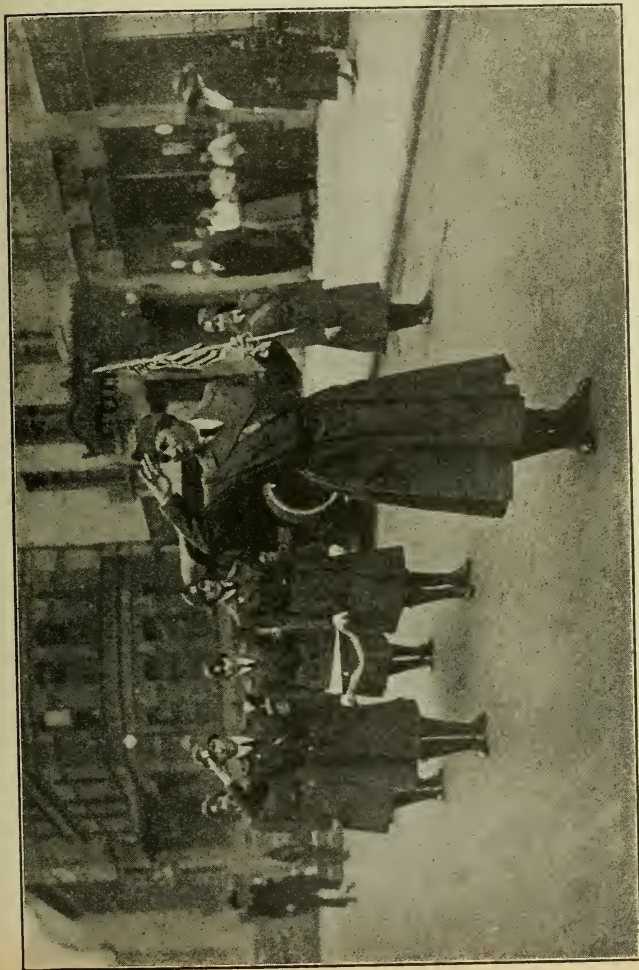
The greatest spectacle of the War. Men from factory, mill and office answer their country's call. Drafted men marching down the Avenue on their way to Camp.



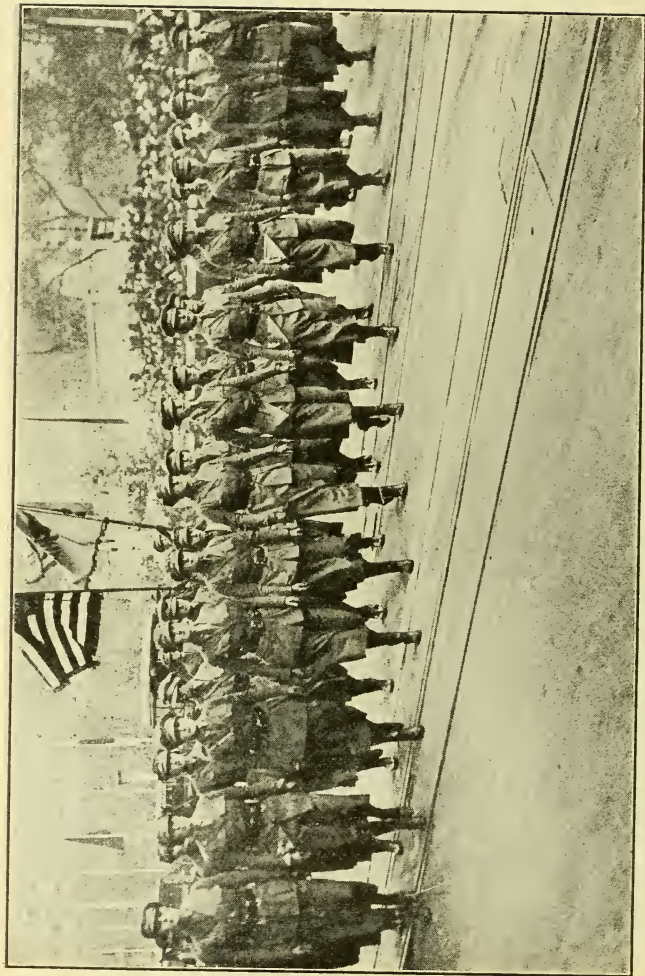
The drafted men return from Camp Upton six months later as perfect soldiers. Their march down the Avenue before embarking overseas as part of the 77th Division,



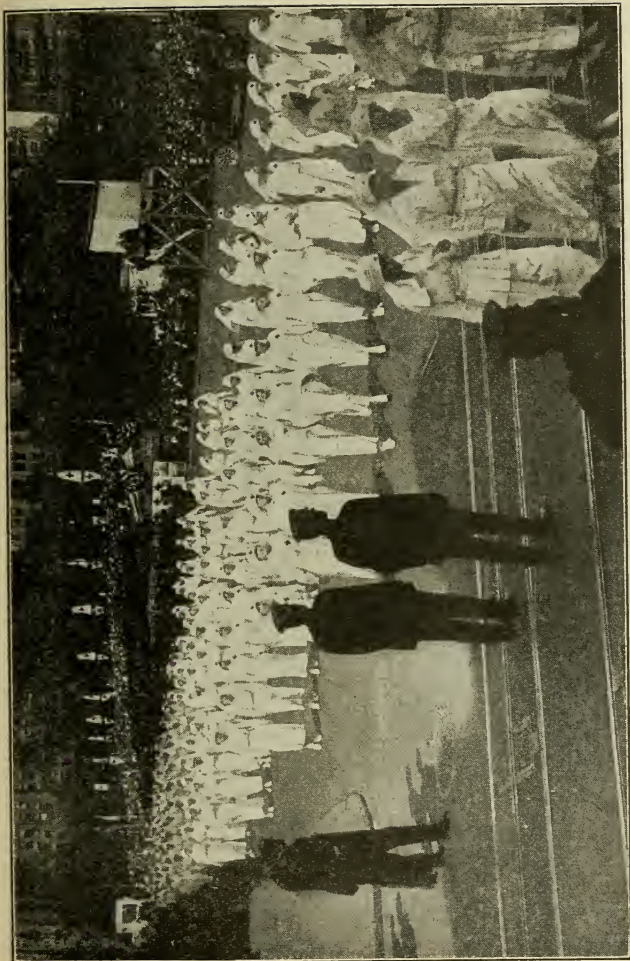
Mrs. George F. Baker, Jr., leads unit in great Red Cross Parade. Mrs. Gifford Cochrane, Mrs. William G. Loew, Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Herbert Oelrichs, Mrs. Irving Brokaw and Mrs. John Pratt, in the ranks.



Mrs. J. Borden Harriman leading an Ambulance unit in the great Red Cross Drive.

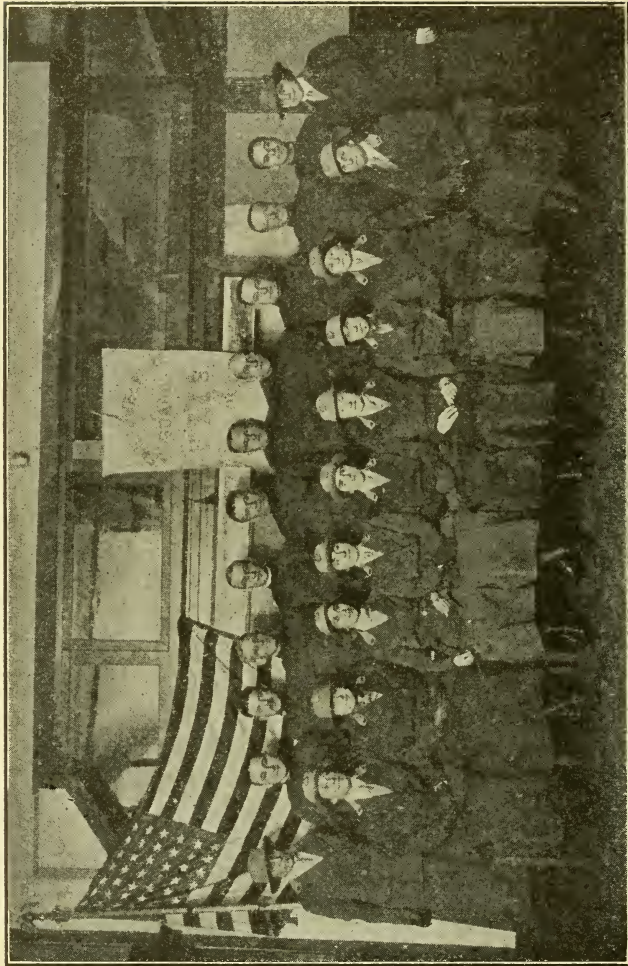


The Motor Corps of America, composed entirely of women, made a splendid showing in the parade.
© U. & U.

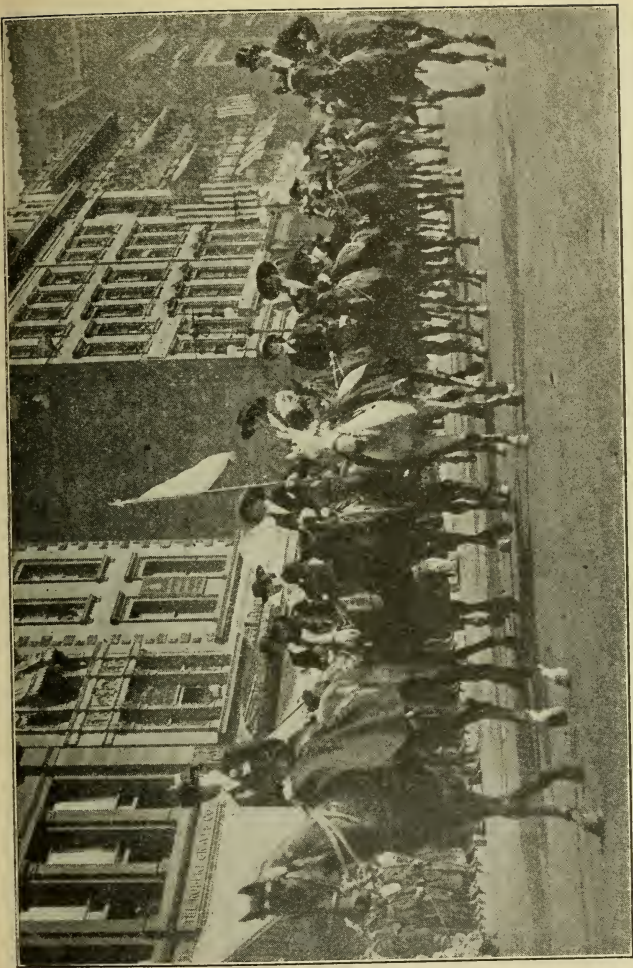


Red Cross Units passing grandstand at Madison Square in the Great Drive.

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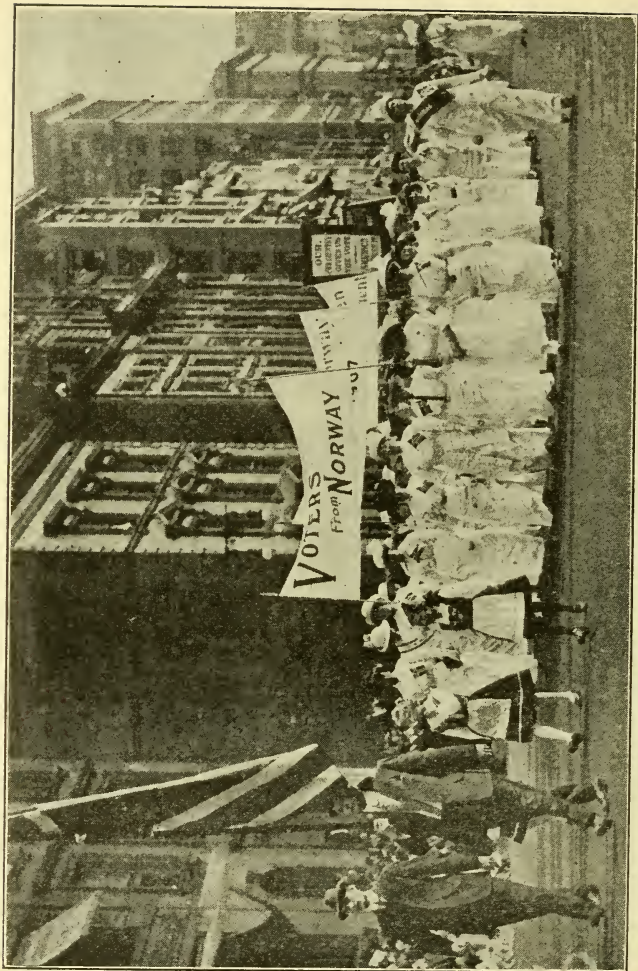


A Jewish Welfare unit just before sailing for overseas duty. The Jews played a wonderful part in the War for a race who are said to be non-combatant.



Fifth Avenue never enjoyed anything better than the Women's Suffrage Parade that preceded the successful campaign.

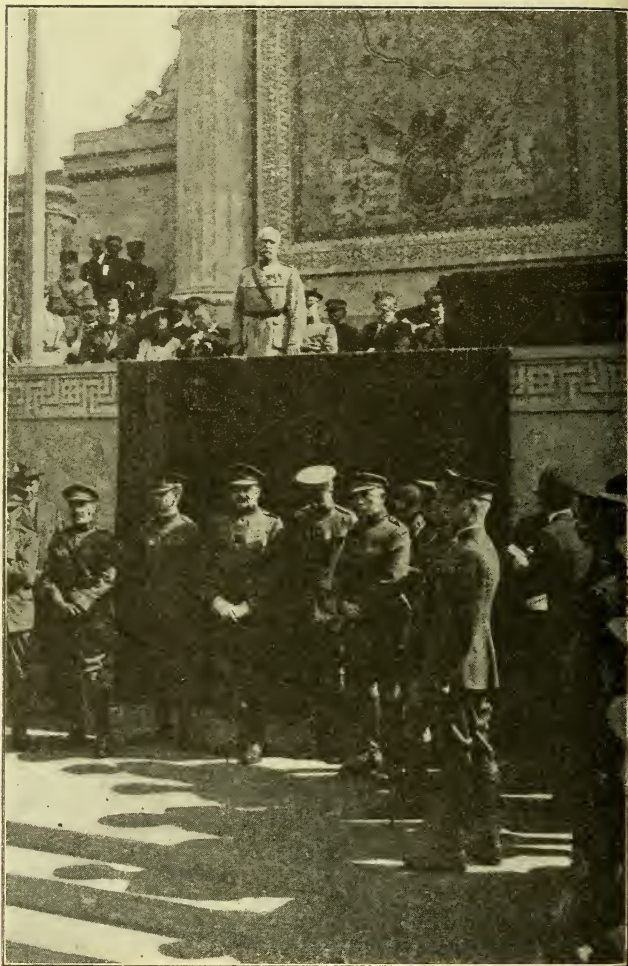
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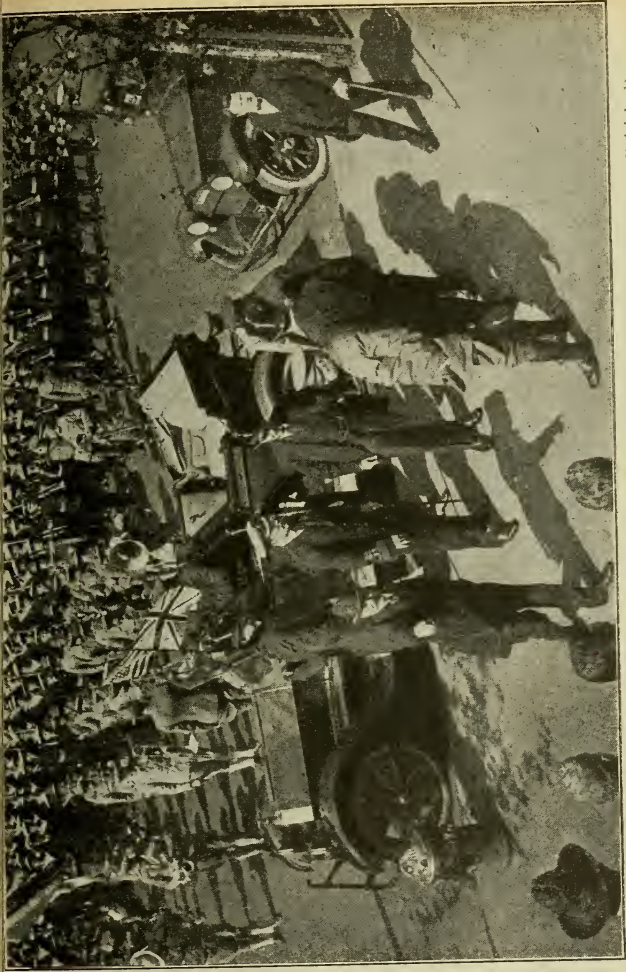
Fifth Avenue produced the greatest Suffrage Parade ever witnessed. It had much to do with the final success of the suffragists.



Flag Raising Day at the Altar of Liberty on the Avenue at
Madison Square.

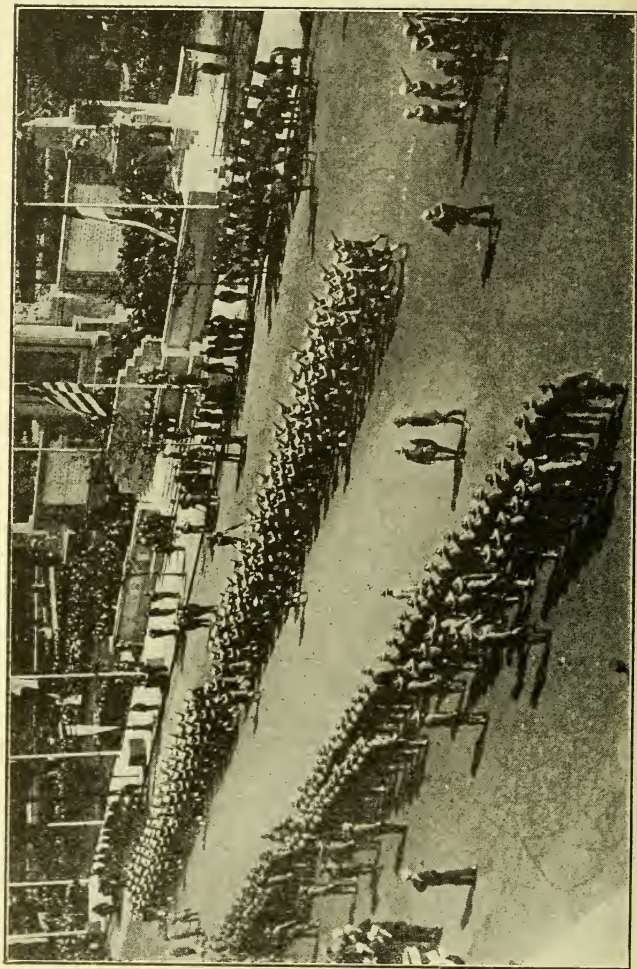


Gen. Clandon, of the French Mission, speaking at the Altar of Liberty on French Day.

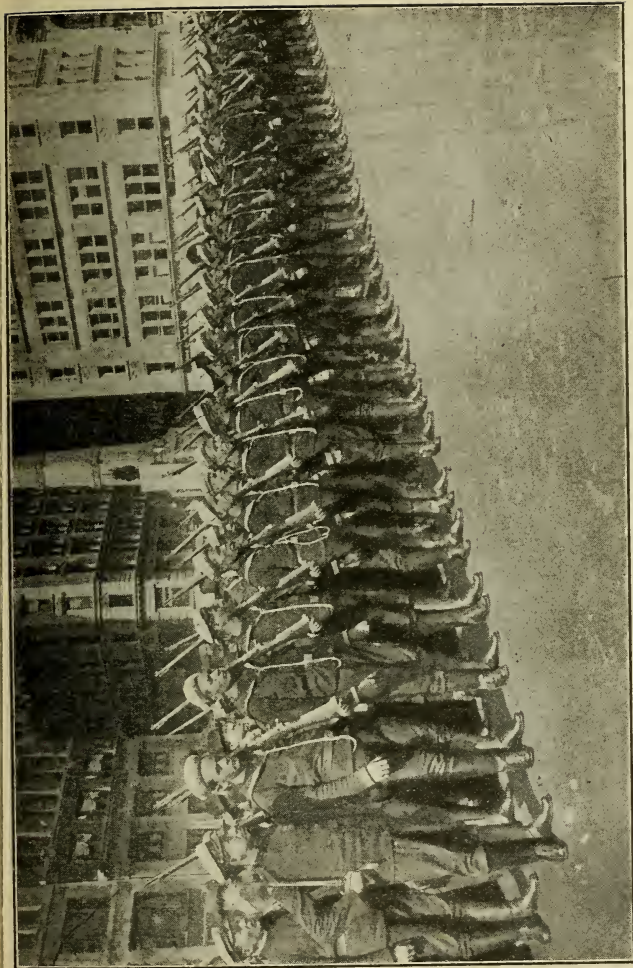


Sir Henry Babington-Smith and the British Commission at the Altar of Liberty on British Day.
Madison Square.

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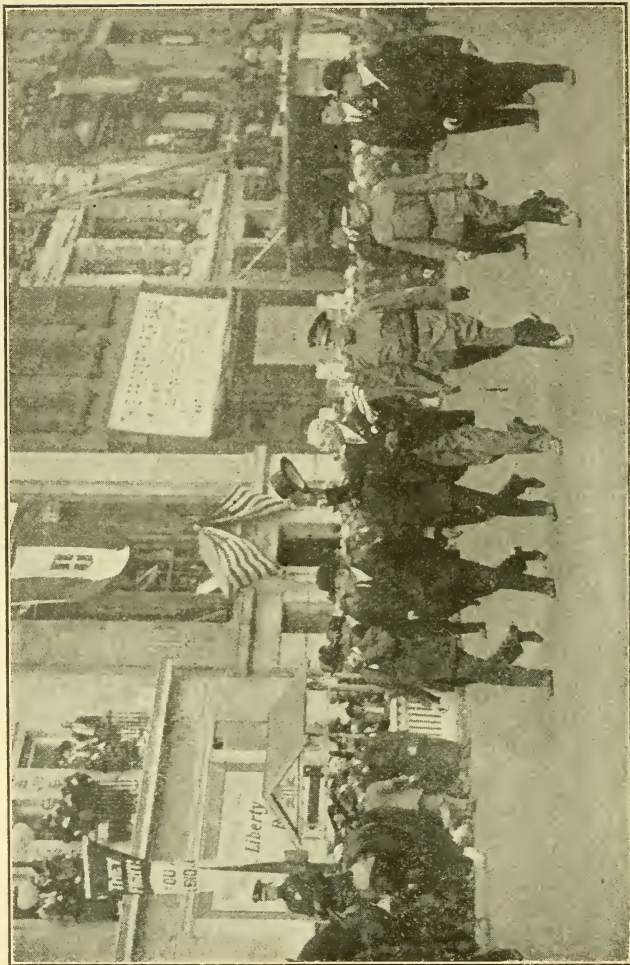


Sailors file past the Altar of Liberty on the Avenue at Madison Square.



Brazil Day at Liberty Altar. Detachment of Brazillian Marines at "attention!"

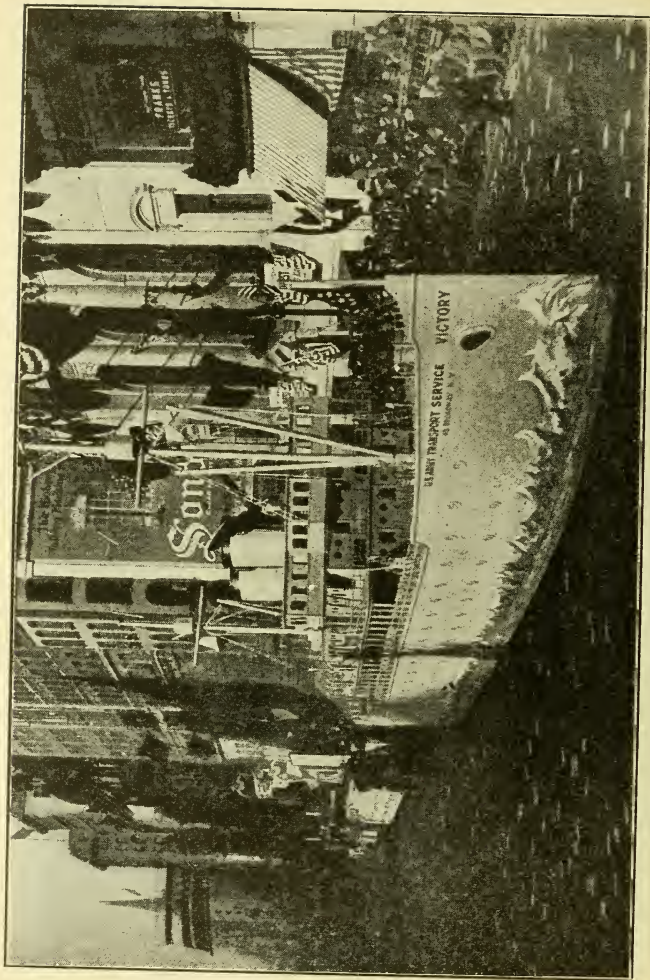
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President Wilson heads the line of march on the Avenue in a Liberty Loan drive.



Mr. J. P. Morgan, the international financier, leads a company
in one of the great Liberty Loan parades.

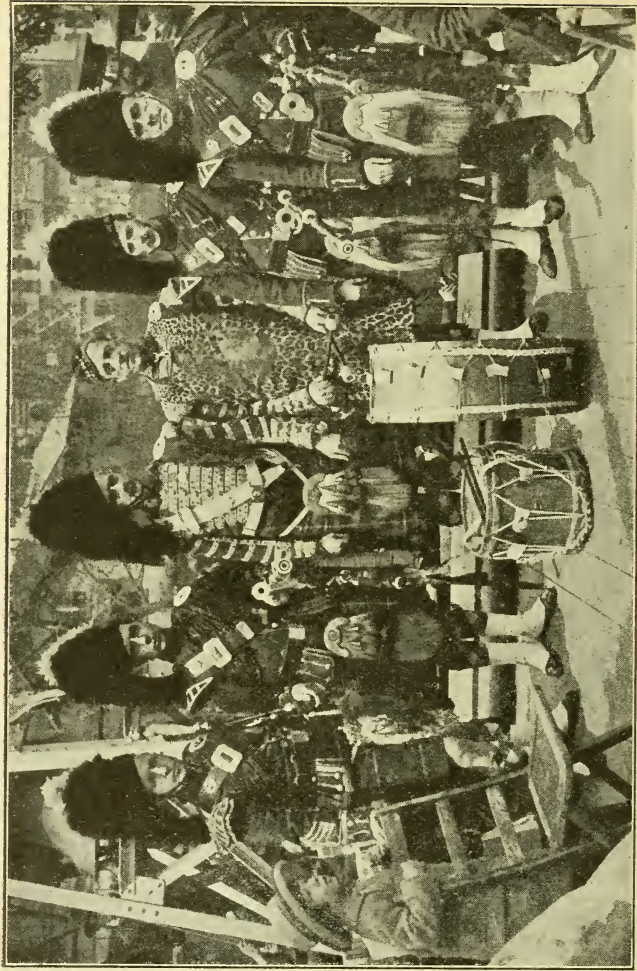


© International
Battleship "Victory" sailing down Fifth Avenue in a Liberty Loan drive.

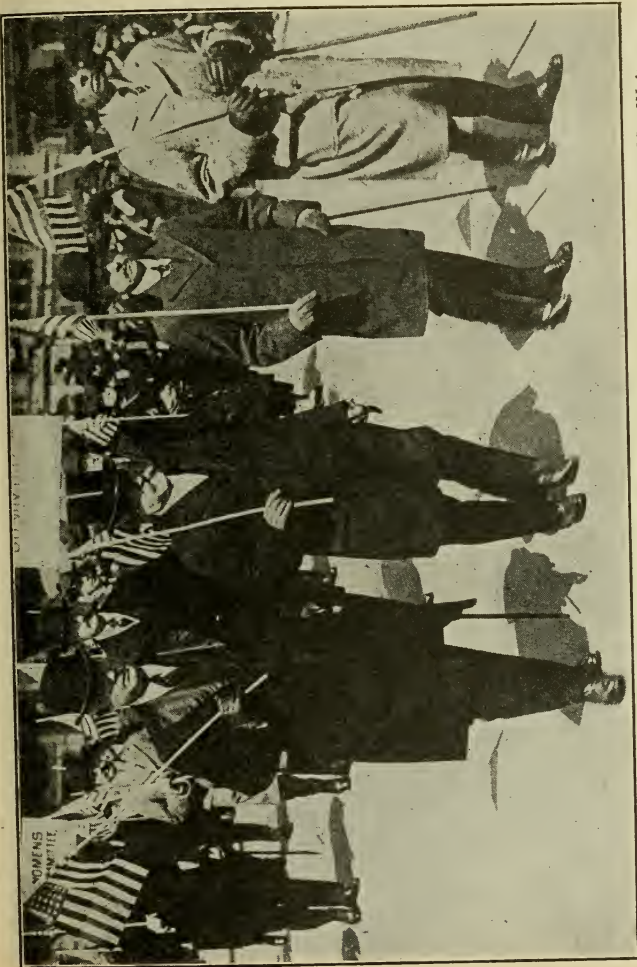


Sousa and his wonderful Marine Band from the Great Lakes training station passing the Public Library in the Liberty Loan Parade.

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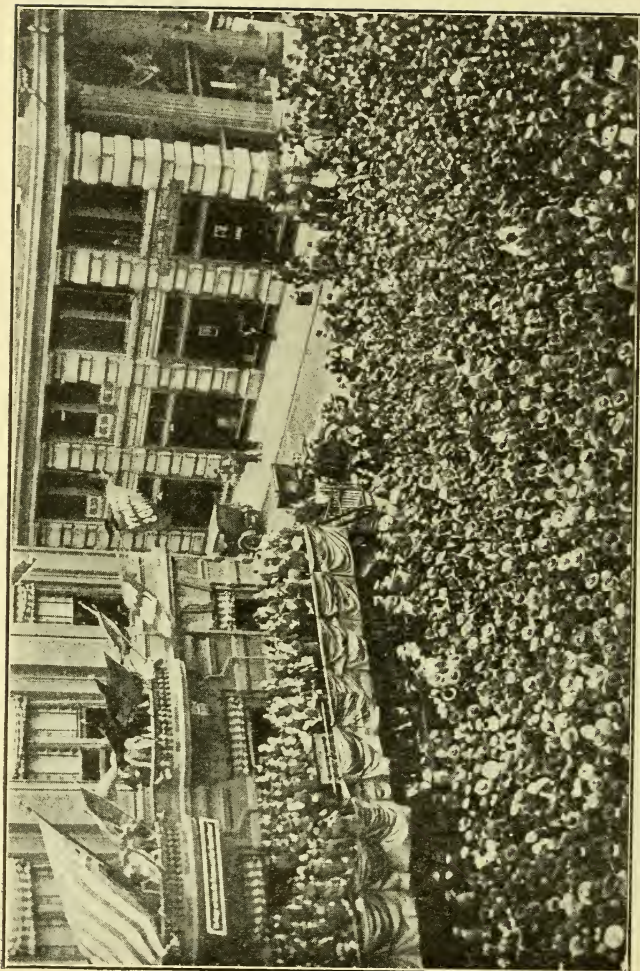


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Scotch Highlander Band in the great Liberty Loan parade on the Avenue.



Great Bankers march in the great Liberty Loan parades. Mr. George F. Baker, Jr., Mr. Walter E. Frew, Mr. Jacob Schiff and Mr. Allan Forbes, reading from right to left.

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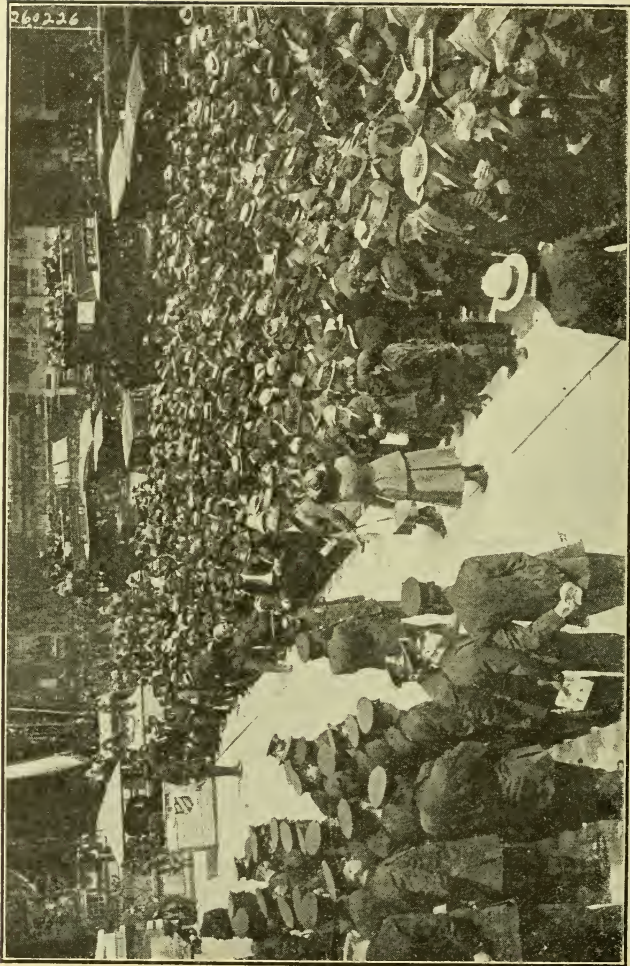


The old Union League Club, true to its traditions, worked hard all through the War. Here is a Liberty Loan crowd listening to their speakers.

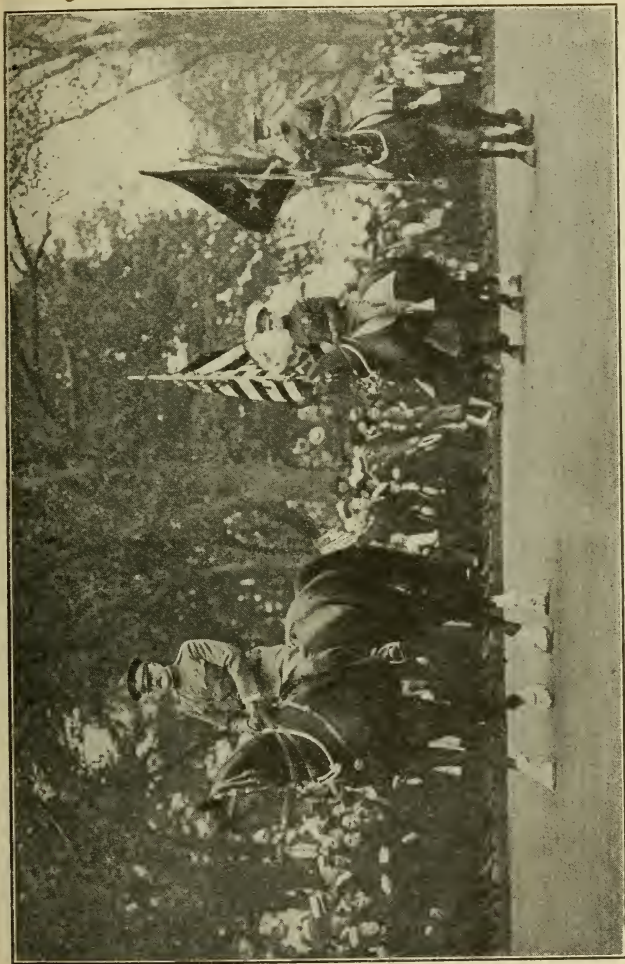


Geraldine Farrar and Julia Arthur of the Stage Women's Division selling bonds from the steps of the Library.

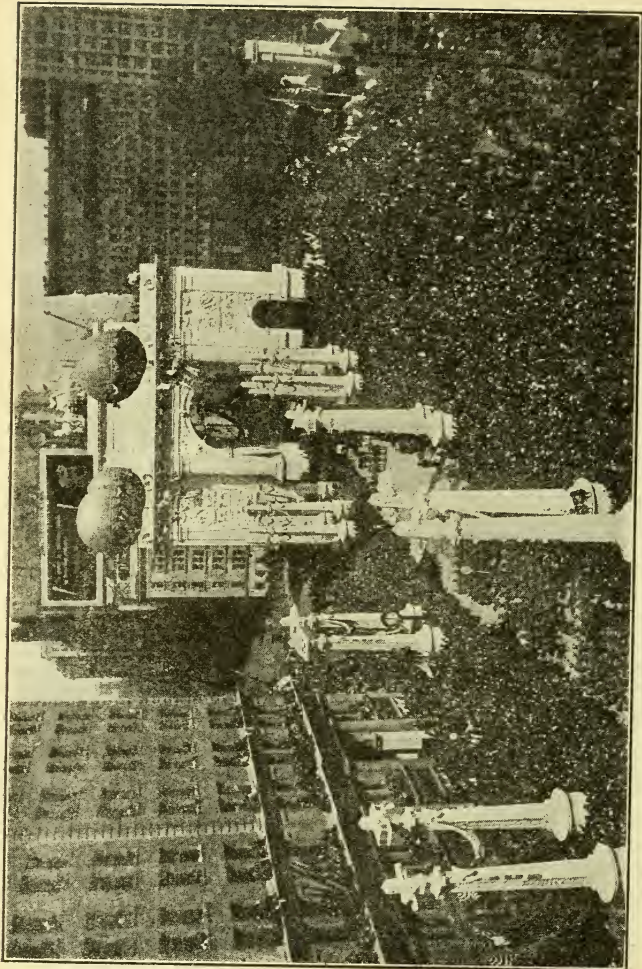
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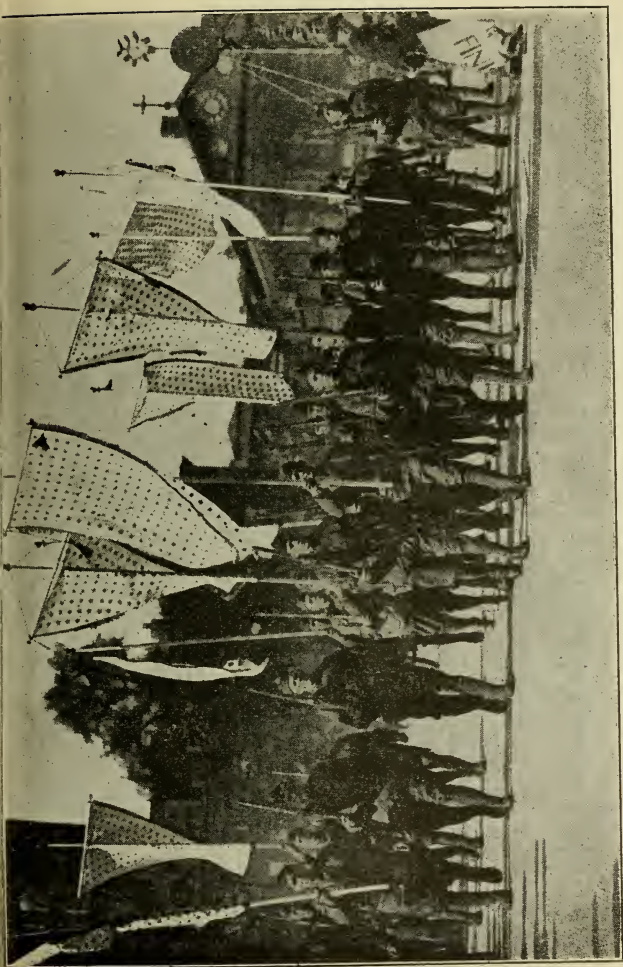
Great meeting in front of the Library during the Salvation Army "drive." The two famous McNamara Doughnut Sisters are seen in the right foreground.



General Pershing and Color Bearers leading the great Victory Parade on Fifth Avenue

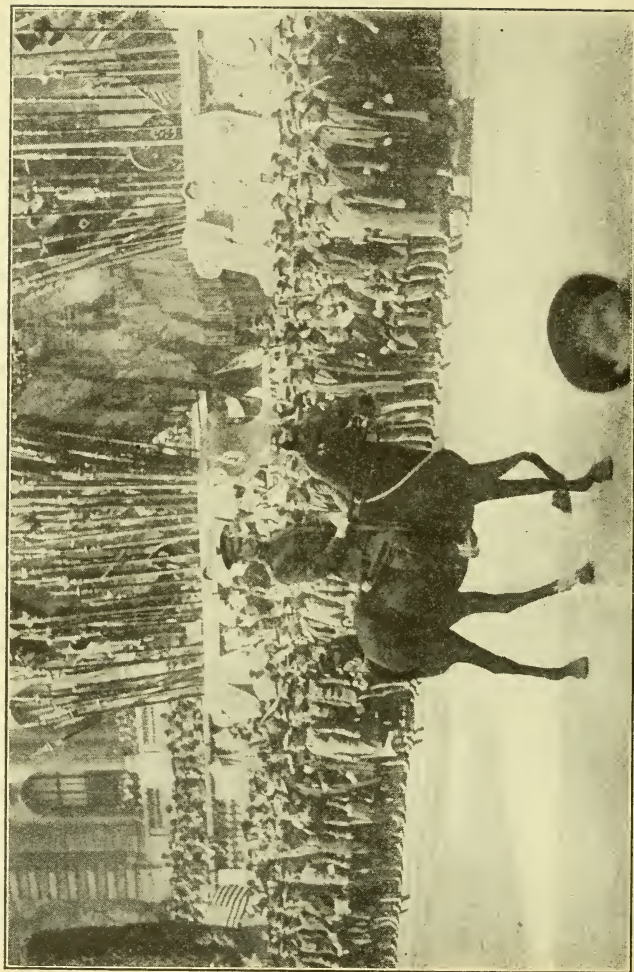


Part of the great crowd that stretched from Victory Arch at 23rd St. up the Avenue for nearly three miles, to welcome home the boys of New York's own division, the gallant 27th, which broke the Hindenburg Line.



The Gold Star Battalion of the brave 77th Division, all of whom were drafted men.

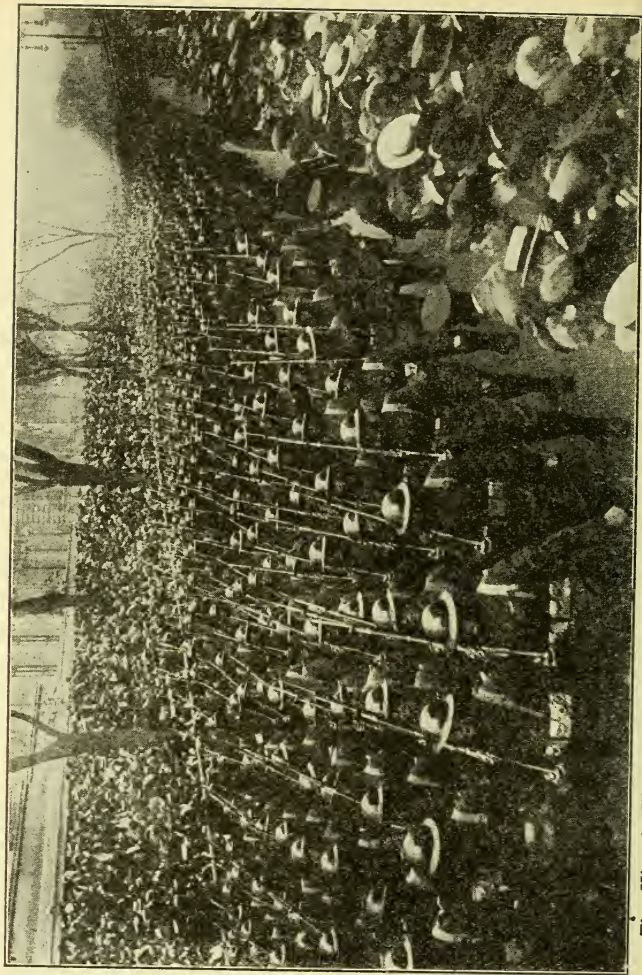
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Major General John F. O'Ryan leading New York's own victorious regiments, the 27th Division, in Fifth Avenue on their return home.



New York's fine old Irish Regiment, the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth," passing Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street. The home of Brig. General Cornelius Vanderbilt is shown in the background on the corner.



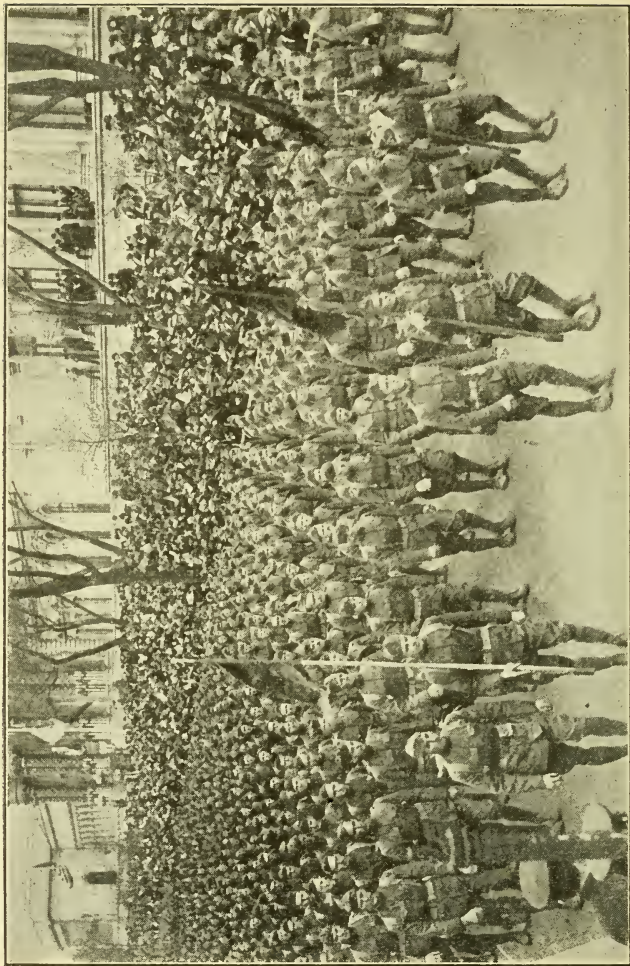
The Historic First Division, passing grand stand in mass formation, guns with bayonets and trench helmets. General Pershing led this parade



"Breaking the Hindenburg Line,"

Copyright, 1919, R. R. Rowe, New York, Publishers.

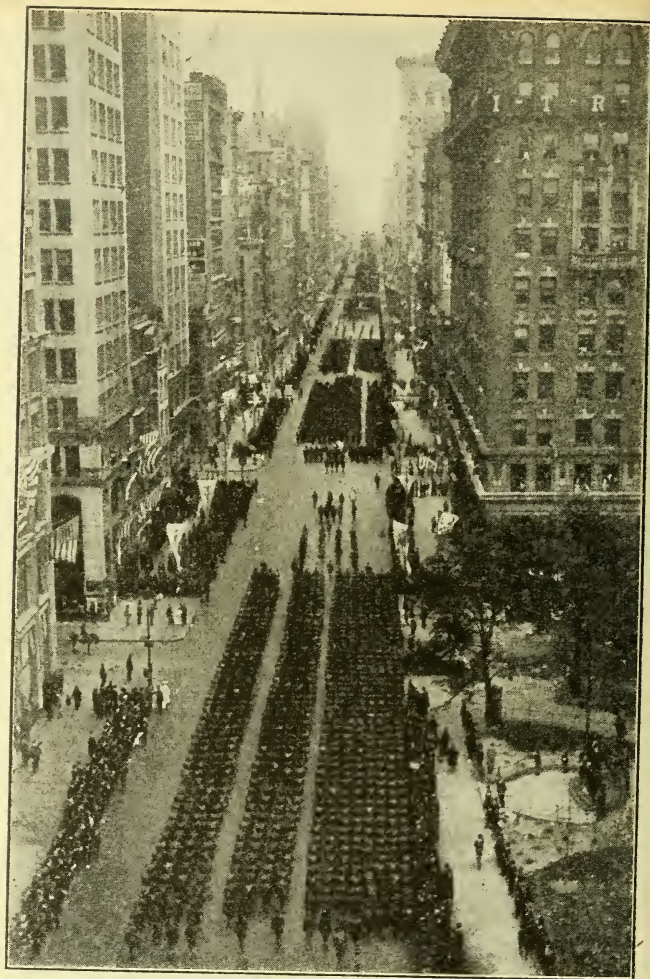
© N. Y. Herald



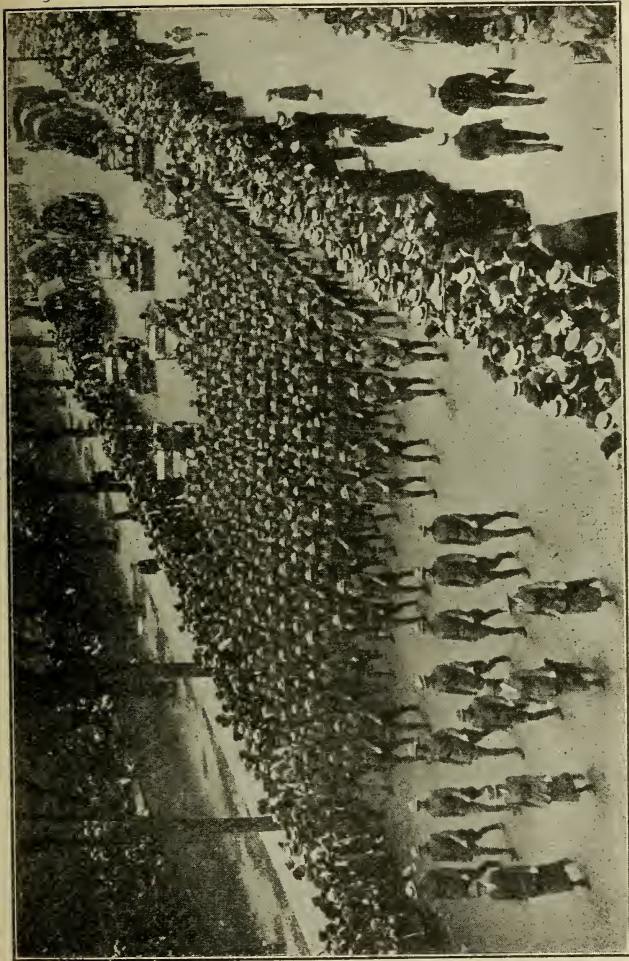
The gallant 77th Division in mass formation marching past the grandstand in the Victory Parade.



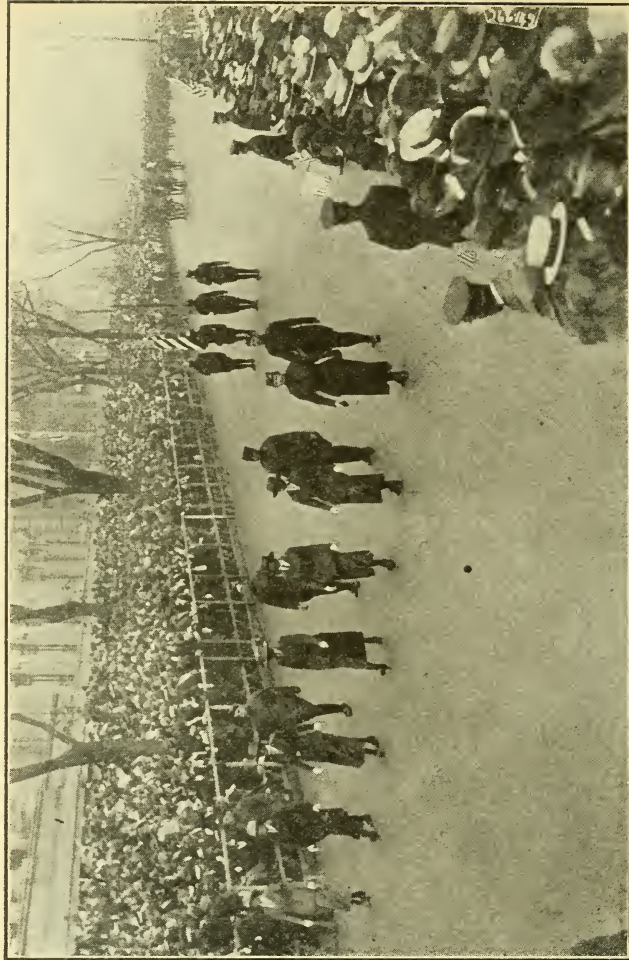
"Y. M." and "Y. W." units marching in the great First Division Parade, headed by General Pershing.



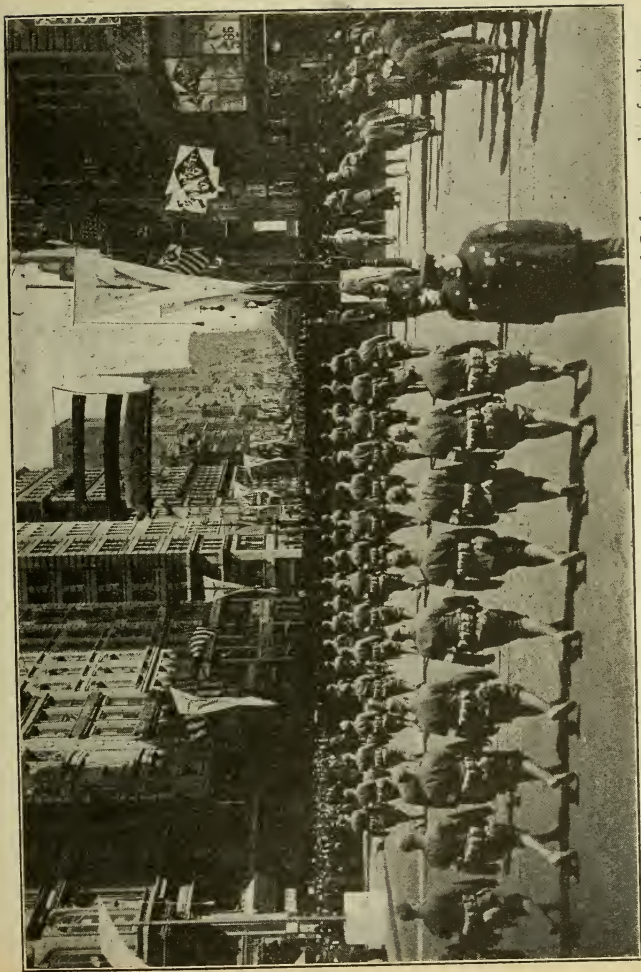
Aeroplane view of the famous 77th Division passing up the Avenue.



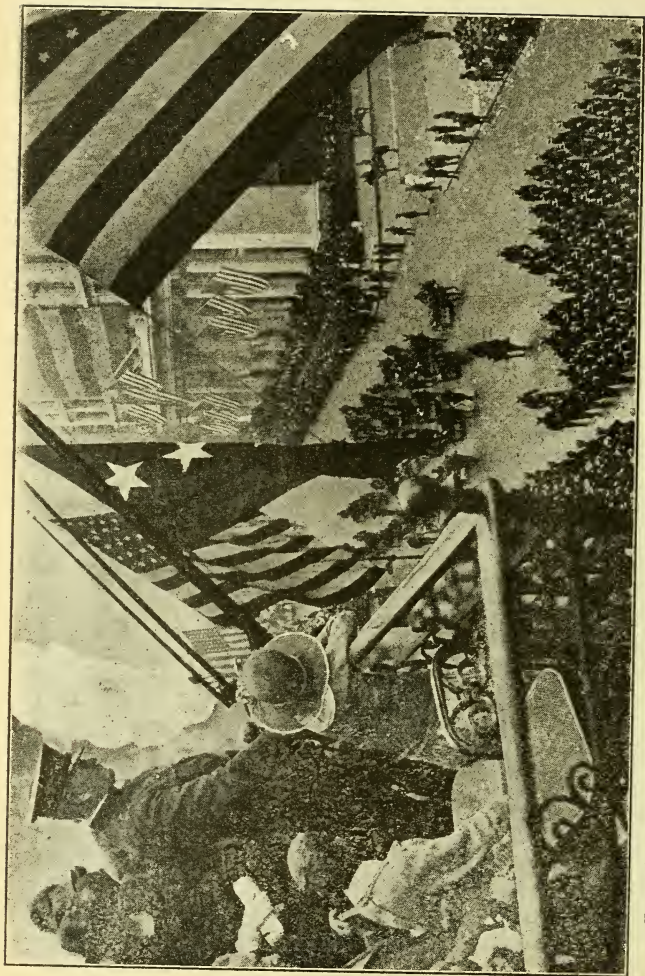
Return of General Pershing. The great Victory Parade on Fifth Avenue, showing women war workers in the front line



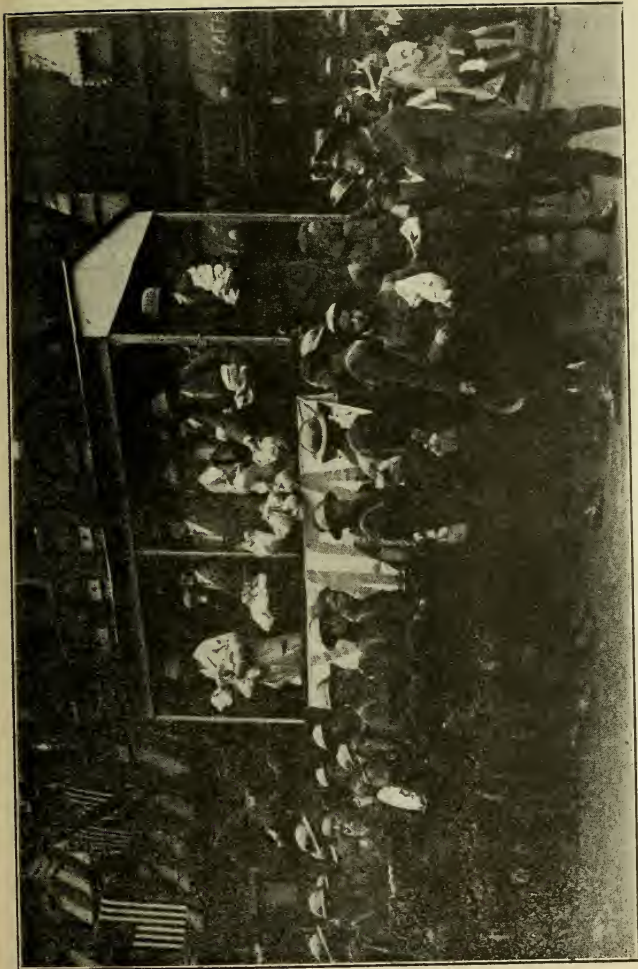
Women War Workers, Red Cross, Canteen, Nurses, Y. W., K. of C. and Jewish Welfare, selected by Pershing himself to walk in the great 1st Division parade.
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Splendid view of the Avenue from 28th St. to 42nd, showing the 332nd Infantry, who fought in Italy against the Austrians, marching to Central Park to be decorated.



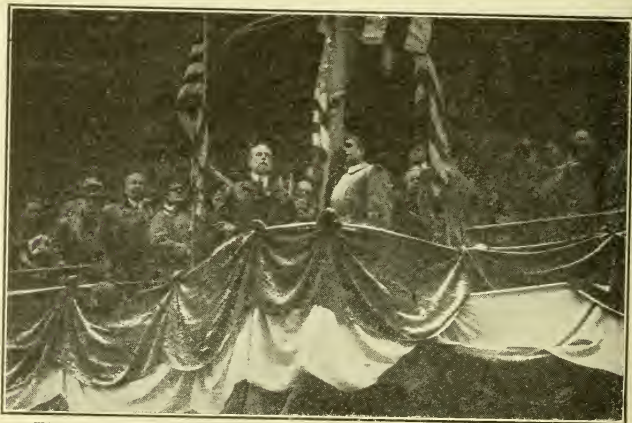
General Pershing views the parade of his victorious hosts from a balcony in the Waldorf Hotel. Altman's huge three-story American flag is partly seen.



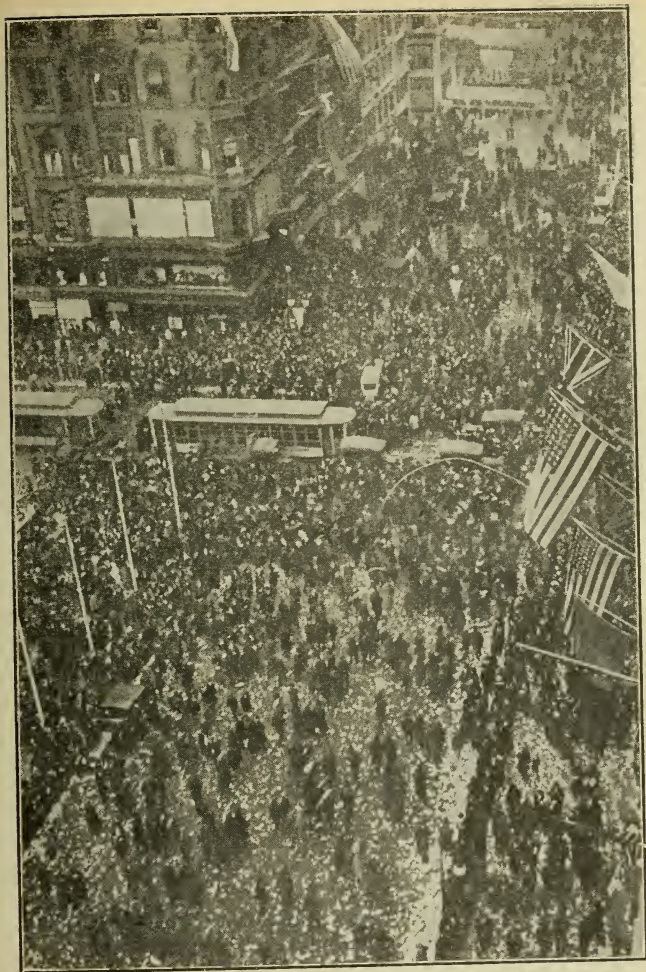
A halt by the way. One of the famous Y. M. C. A. supply stations, during the great Victory Parades on the Avenue.



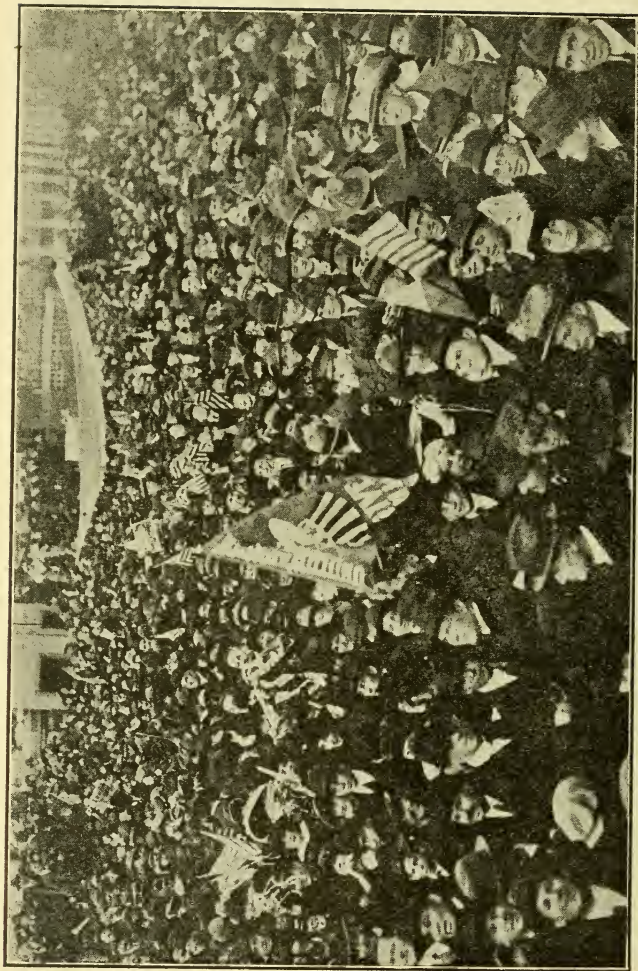
The Union League Club presents a set of colors to the New York colored troops leaving for France, 1917



The colored troops upon their victorious return restore the colors to the custody of the Club for safe keeping.
President Hughes speaking



Armistice Day on the Avenue at 34th Street. This was typical of the whole street.



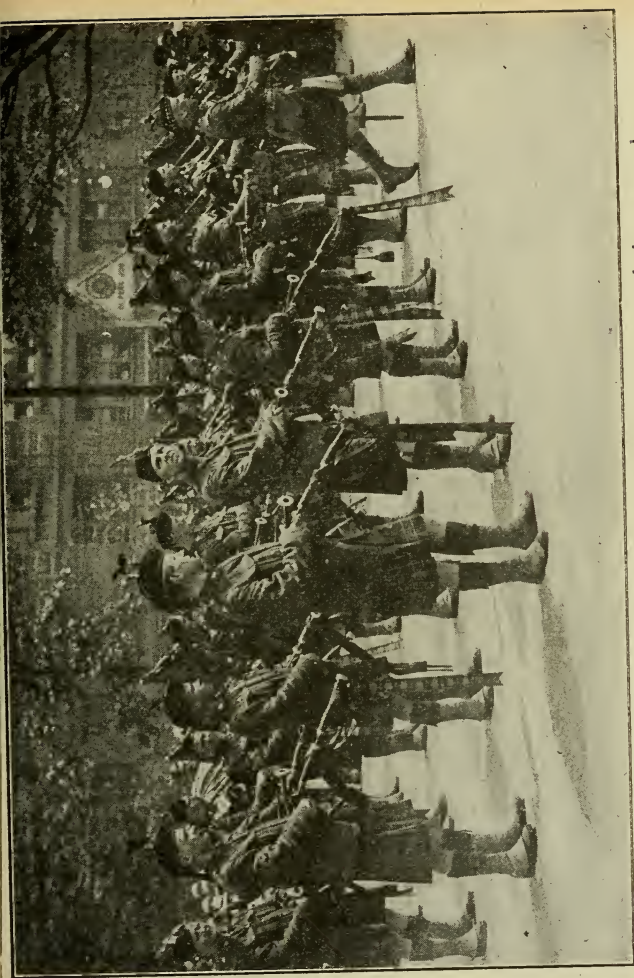
Around the Library on Armistice Day.



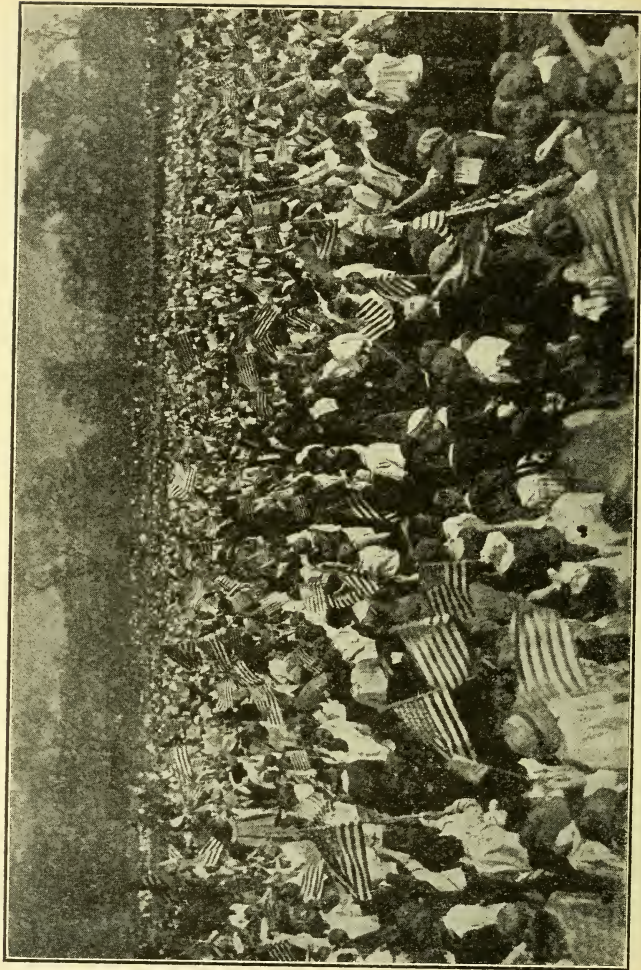
St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue



The heroic Cardinal Mercier, at Columbia University, receiving an honorary degree. Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, Archbishop Hayes and Col. W. Barclay Parsons alongside.



The famous Canadian Kiltie Band halting on the Avenue during a parade.
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School children greet King Albert at Central Park where he plants a tree of remembrance.
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FIFTH AVENUE

MAYFAIR OF THE WESTERN WORLD

THE WONDER STREET OF THE TOWN. THE NEW RETAIL DISTRICT.
"AVENUE OF THE ALLIES." THE PAGEANT STREET OF THE
WORLD. ITS MAGNIFICENT SHOPS. ITS FAMOUS CLUBS.
ITS BOUYANT THRONGS. OLD TIME MEMORIES.

THE first thing that strikes the stranger in New York is the large number of well dressed people seen on this street. And I mean by that not well dressed in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but elaborately so. It was Sir John Suckling, was it not, who wrote:

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;

Well, if Sir John were to walk down the avenue today he would think that it was perpetual night, so fearless have the mice become.

It is not an exaggeration to say that in no other city in the world is there a street so altogether attractive as Fifth Avenue from Madison Square to Carnegie Hill. It is the one thoroughfare which by common consent has been reserved for the use of polite society. No unsightly wagons filled with hind quarters of beef or other ill-smelling merchandise are permitted to invade its classic precincts. The most plebeian vehicle is the 'bus and even that charges double the fare of

other cars and imparts a corresponding sense of superiority. All other commercial transportation is rigorously excluded. Motor cars of the most costly type interspersed with an occasional old-fashioned family coach drawn by a pair of spirited horses, with driver and footman, occupy the driveway exclusively and the crowds on either sidewalk are in keeping with the same standard. On one of those ravishingly beautiful days, for which New York is famous, it is hard to adequately describe the animation of the crowds or the exhilaration of a walk on this most famous show street of the town. The fascination of the human pageant is greatly enhanced by the quiet beauty of the splendid architecture which lines both sides of the avenue. This background of imposing splendor is further enriched by the most interesting succession of alluring shop windows that ever dazzled and delighted the eyes of mortal women. This is New York's latest shopping district, and as everything is practically just from the builders' hands, every modern idea in construction and decoration has here found its full expression. The prevailing color is white, either Indiana limestone, granite or marble, and as New York long ago adopted electricity in place of the primeval practice of burning soft, smutty, sooty coal, the result is a cheerful brightness that is deliciously stimulating. A XII Century palace, still standing on the Grand Canal in Venice, has been drawn upon to furnish the main motif in the building of a jewelry firm. Italian Renaissance is a dominant note in many other structures, nor is their beauty confined to the outside. The interiors are a revelation in decorative art. Color schemes are carefully studied. Rare marbles, bronze work, coffered classical ceilings, are features. Woodwork of mahogany and Circassian walnut, both hand carved and plain. Shimmery curtains, rich hangings of damask, satin, silk and velvet, protect the show windows.

Few streets contain so many stores that are widely and favorably known. Quite a few have foreign branches that enable them to enjoy an international reputation. The world's leading jeweler is perhaps the most famous, although at 27th Street is a friend of the book lover the world over. Another shop is the happy habitat of the wedding gift. There seems to be every conceivable kind of a shop along the avenue, dealing in every conceivable kind of a human want. Their advertising patter is an interesting study in the curiosities of English literature. Amid breathless silence, so to speak, the announcement is made that orders for such and such a "model" will now be "accepted." Which always reminds one of the country weekly solemnly informing an expectant world that "Mr. William Smith has resigned from the Livery Stable to accept a position with the railroad." Freely translated, this means that Bill was fired out of one job and grabbed another as quickly as he could. "Corsetiere" means just a corset maker. "Togs" means clothes when the writer can't think of anything else to say. "Lingerie" or "underthings," means the shirts, drawers, nightgowns of the Victorian Age. A simple dress is a "gown." An expensive one is a "creation." "Style" is "model." A "coatee" is a short coat. Shades are "heavenly," laces are "foamy"; it's "breeches" uptown and "pants" downtown. "Artistry" is skill in design.

ISAAC ROOSEVELT, having repaired his Sugar House, is now carrying on his business of refining as formerly, and has for sale (by himself and Son) at his house, 159 Queen Street, opposite the Bank, Loaf, Lump, and strained Muscovado Sugars and Sugar House Treacle. The New Emission Money will be received in full value as payment.—N. Y. Journal, 1786.

JACOB ASTOR, No. 81 Queen Street, two doors from the Friends' Meeting House, has just imported from London, an elegant assortment of Musical Instruments, such as piano fortes, spinnits, piano forte guitars, hautboys, fifes, the best

violin strings, and all other kind of strings, music books and papers, and every other article in the musical line, which he will dispose of on very low terms for cash.—Ibid.

ARCHIBALD GRACIE has removed his Counting-Room from his dwelling-house, No. 110 Broadway, to his new Fire Proof Store, No. 52 Pine Street, where he has for sale, a few chests very fine Hyson and half chests Souchong TEA.—Ibid.

ROBERT LENOX has for sale, remaining from the cargo of the ship Sansom, from Calcutta, an assortment of White Piece Goods; and, as usual, OLD MADEIRA WINE fit for immediate use.

PETER GOELET, at the Golden Key, No. 48 Hanover Square, has imported in the last vessels from London, a very large and general assortment of Ironmongery, Cutlery, Saddlery and Hardware.

A person lately from London, now stopping at 27 Little Dock Street, has a composition for sale that will destroy the very troublesome vermin commonly called Bugs.—Ibid.

A variety of Muffs, Tippetts, and Fur trimmings, among which are a few black Fox Muffs for gentlemen, may be had on reasonable terms at No. 89 in William Street.—Ibid.

The side streets, just off the avenue and crossing it at near angles, are as much a part of the avenue as if they were actually on the main line. Countless exquisite "Shopees" dot these cross streets, all catering to what is known as "specialty" trade. If madam objects to the throngs in the greater stores, madam may come here, receive personal attention and enjoy an air of exclusiveness not possible in the larger establishments. These little shops are patterned after their prototypes in Bond Street, London, and the Avenue de l' Opera, Paris.

SHOES. Double soles, though introduced, are quite the exception, and as for leather footwear, no lady of condition would dream of putting on anything so coarse. They are quite Gothic, and appropriate to none but the lower orders.—Fashions note 1300.

Bird-of-Paradise yellow is a favorite color for satin gowns a l'Empire.

The colors most in estimation are ponceau rose, cachcou-nut brown, American green, willow-green, and ethereal blue.

Bonnets are of a becoming shape and size—many of black or violet velvet, though those of white or tinted satin are rather more in favor with the higher classes. A drapery of black net is often added to the edge of these bonnets. Bonnets are worn rather more forward than they have been for some time past.

Girard's masterpiece of Psyche has brought pallor into fashion. It is so much the rage to look ethereal and delicate that a pot of rough can now be purchased for half a crown, and lotions, instead, are used to promote the interesting shade of the lily, which has of late subdued the rose.

Physicians and doctors of divinity have declared that the scanty clothing prescribed by fashion is indelicate as well as unhealthful, but do they not speak of deaf ears? What doctor, be he D. D. or M. D., could outweigh a fashion-book? The arbiters of taste never seem to care to invent anything to protect women from cold and damp, and even when common sense forces one to put on heavy, warm clothing, its wearer is deemed either insane or a hopeless invalid.

I don't know why I enjoy writing about stores unless it be that my folks always come home exhausted from shopping. "The long waits are so fatiguing," they explain. When I venture to remark that I am never kept waiting, I am met with a glance of withering scorn and the remark, "Of course not; you're a man." To the feminine mind this belated discovery is all sufficient. No further explanation is ever vouchsafed.

The stores are so close together and the stocks so vast that I should think it would be an ideal place for this great American pastime. But apparently I am not qualified to judge, so perhaps I better stop and write about clubs, for the Avenue and its side streets are the homes of clubdom. All these with social aspirations are engaged in making the world safe for democracy. The Knickerbocker, for instance, limits its membership to descendants of Dutch settlers in New York. To get a clear idea of what this means read *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. The Union, at 51st Street, is

similarly limited to the pre-Revolutionary English settlers. My woid! The St. Nicholas, at West 44th Street, is limited to the descendants of old New York families—English, Scotch, Dutch, French, Spanish, and all that polyglot population, from whence came the eighteen different tongues which the English acquired when they finally took possession in 1664, and which they have been at pains to increase ever since.

The Brook Club, just around the corner on 40th Street, is said to be a social club, so let it go at that. Its list of members includes all the young bloods in town. The architect who designed the New York Yacht Club is still at large. None of these clubs are open to visitors, so we may as well look at something else.

Fashionable photographers, dealers in old silver, rare items for collectors, oriental rugs, diamonds, jewelry, pearls, bric-a-brac and other purveyors to the ultra-wealthy make up the remainder of the list. It is said that articles of higher values can be had on Fifth Avenue than in any other city in the world and it is a matter of record that sales aggregating more than a million dollars have been consummated by a well known art dealer at one short interview. It is certainly a marvelous street. The rents are enormous. One little shop 25x100 near 42nd Street was quoted at \$25,000 per year. It was speedily taken. A whole building costs a king's ransom.

There are no such wonderful book stores as on the Avenue and nearby. Bookshops are generally supposed to be a guide to the cultural and educational aspirations of a community, and it appears that our great and glorious country is very much behind foreign nations, including the Scandinavian, in the number and importance of these establishments. The Avenue, however, is apparently an exception. Roosevelt's publishers are up

beyond 50th Street and have a beautiful place. The work of Ibanez, the great Spanish novelist, was introduced in this country by a noted house a block or two above. That splendid, virile American and ex-fighter in the Civil War, good old Major Putnam, has a splendid establishment just off the Avenue in 45th Street. A famous dry goods shop also has a wonderful book section, fitted up specially so you can "browse," as their advertisements say. I don't know what the bookseller would do without that word "browse." Seems to me it would be much better to sell the customer a lot of books and let him do his "browsing" at home. Righto!

In the upper part of the Avenue there are a number of decorators and antique shops of a peculiar type. Their salons and galleries are fitted up without regard to cost and they occupy as a rule the most exclusive and expensive buildings obtainable.

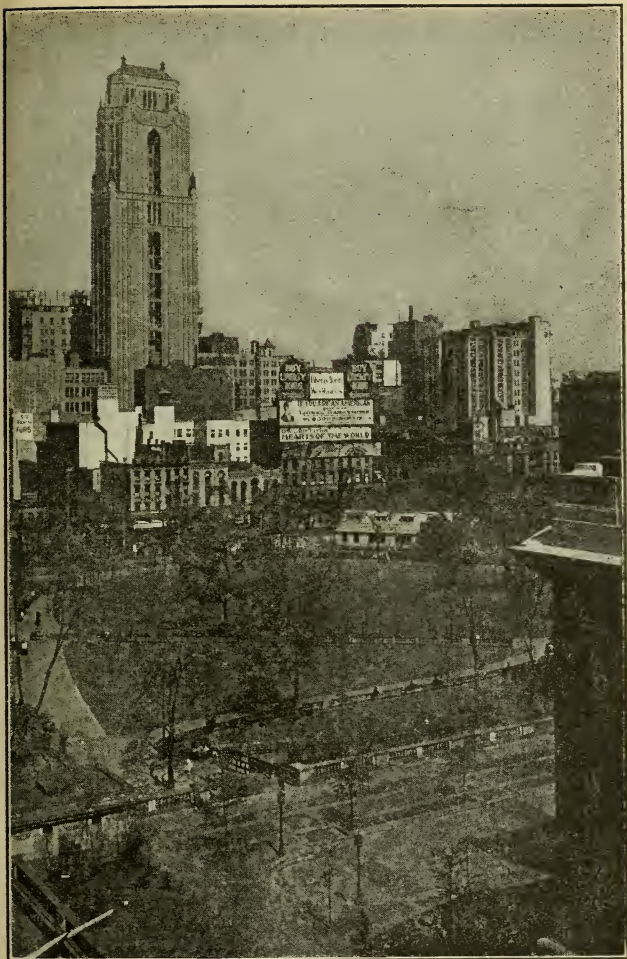
What struck me as the peculiar thing about them was the utter lack of attention which greets you when you enter. In some places your presence is plainly resented. In others you are asked if you have an appointment and the horrified manner in which your negative reply is received is sufficient to convince you that you have committed an unforgivable crime. In a majority of cases you are simply ignored; in one instance a rug dealer imparted the information that he wasn't selling rugs that day, to come around next week.

All this, however, is not discourtesy. It is simply their way of doing business. They do not cater to the *hoi polloi*. Their clients are few. But they spend a fortune when they do come in. Consequently everything that might interfere with immediate attention upon their arrival is not to be considered for a moment—even the brief delay occasioned by murmuring a few words of apology while dismissing you. They know their business and what seems rudeness to us arises from an altogether and

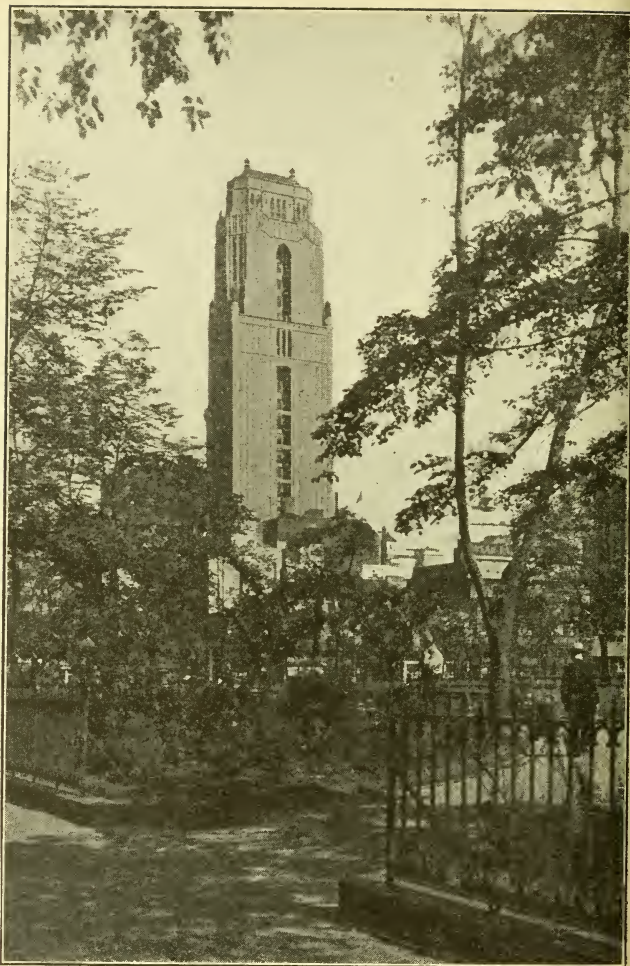
perfectly legitimate policy. The art dealers, on the other hand, are exactly the opposite. They invite the public to look at their pictures and give free exhibitions all the time. The dealers in rare prints, old and valuable books, first editions, autograph letters of famous men, etc., are here in goodly numbers. Some very wonderful items are occasionally found in their stocks. There is not, however, any counterpart in number of the celebrated second hand shops which abound in England and Continental cities, nor since the death of "Joe" Sabin is there any particular place where bibliophiles are wont to foregather and discuss the latest auction or the latest "find." The nearest approach to such a section is on Fourth Avenue near 14th Street, where quite an aggregation of talent has congregated in late years and this may in time correspond to the region we have in mind.

Coming up the Murray Hill district of the avenue one stops involuntarily to admire the dignified and impressive outlines of New York's great Public Library. With a sigh one recalls the sudden death by accident of the great architect whose brain planned this classic edifice just a week before its formal opening. The doors of the still unopened building swing back to permit the body of John M. Carrere to rest for a moment in the rotunda of what was to be the crowning achievement of his career. It was a graceful and beautiful tribute. Some idea of the size and service of this institution may be gained from these figures:

The year's visitors numbered about 3,000,000. The cost of operating the building for a year is \$90,000. This is borne by the board of trustees. The cost of the repairs, borne by the city, amounts to \$45,000. More than 2,000,000 books were consulted by persons using the reference department. Almost 10,000,000 volumes were taken out by borrowers from the circulation departments



A glimpse of Bryant Park showing the Bush Terminal Sales-room Building in the background. The elevated runs along Sixth Avenue. The small building is a Y. M. C. A. hut.



A corner of Bryant Park showing Bush Sales Building on 42nd Street in the distance.

throughout the city. In addition to the regular branch libraries, about 50,000 volumes were distributed through 417 special agencies of the extension division.

BACK OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IS BRYANT PARK

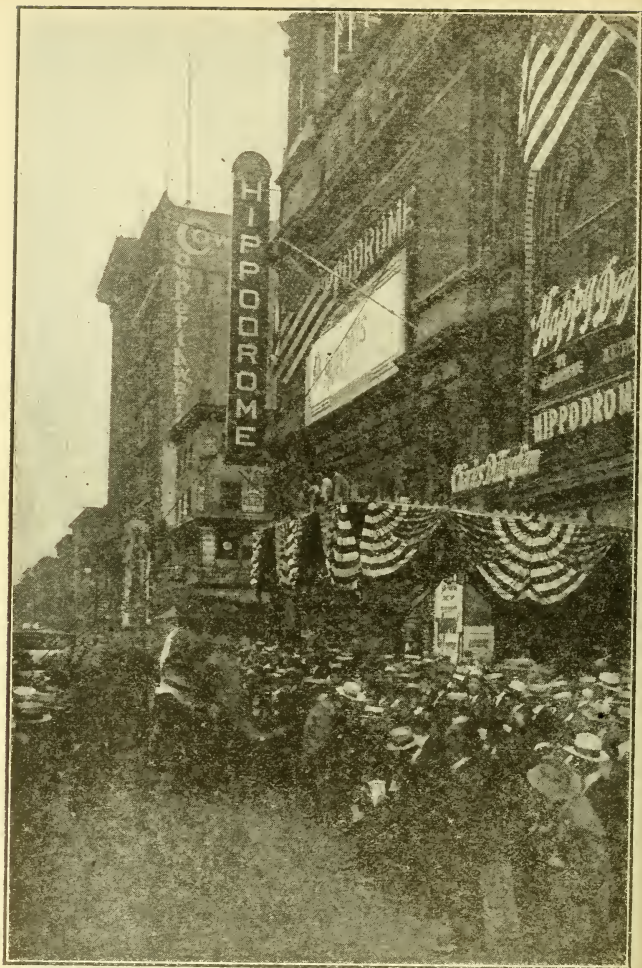
This attractive little spot occupies the remaining half of Reservoir Square belonging to the city and lying between Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue between 40th and 42nd Streets. It was formerly the distributing reservoir for the first Croton Aqueduct. The Public Library now stands on the site of the Egyptian-like structure well remembered by many of our citizens. In the 50's it came into brief prominence as the site of the famous Crystal Palace—the first of what we now call "World's Fairs." All the foreign countries sent fine exhibits and it helped greatly to make New York much better known in Europe. It was a huge sensation and made its exit in a great fire that was even more spectacular.

The park is named after the well-known poet, William Cullen Bryant, whose home was at 34 West 16th Street. He was at that time one of the owners of the Evening Post, originally established by Alexander Hamilton. There is a statue of him by Herbert Adams on the east side.

During the Civil War, Union troops were encamped here and the disgraceful Draft Riots began with an attack on the colored Orphan Asylum nearby, at 43rd Street and Fifth Avenue.

But the most interesting object in the park is the imposing bust of Washington Irving, heroic size, for many years New York's First Citizen.

Irving, who first gained European recognition for American letters, was born in William Street. He was an ardent New Yorker and his whimsical *History of New York*, which set two continents laughing, sells today as freely as the day it was published. It is now a



Sixth Avenue, showing one of the mascots of the Hippodrome, the Elephant. This is our largest show house



Forty-second Street, east from Sixth Avenue. The north wing
of the Public Library and Bryant Park.
Æolian Hall in centre

classic. The present-day New Yorker places him along with Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius or Homer in point of antiquity, yet he was a trustee of the old Astor Library and largely instrumental in securing the gift to the city from Mr. Astor, and was president of the commission formed to create Central Park.

When he went to England in the midst of the War of 1812 he was at once cordially welcomed by Sir Walter Scott and his friends, not merely as a fellow craftsman of distinction, but as an American genius above the petty decisions of Cabinets regarding peace or war.

We see him once more in the falling shadows of a closing day. It is in the garden of a friend's house in sunny Spain—and beyond are the storied columns of the ancient Alhambra. Two little girls are on his knee, to whom he is telling strangely fascinating tales. Childish laughter breaks upon the quiet scene. In the retired little English village of Hants still lives one of these little girls. Today, as ex-empress of a half-forgotten empire, its people once more in the van of European civilization, does Eugenie Marie de Montijo recall the days of merry, carefree childhood and that cultured, gentle scholar from old New York? Probably not. A recent letter to the writer from Her Majesty's Lady-in-Waiting regretted that the war work of the Empress precluded any literary contributions at present.

Other statues in the Park are of Dr. J. Marion Sims and a memorial fountain to Josephine Shaw Lowell, social worker and philanthropist. In the Republican Club on 40th Street, opposite the park, is a collection of rare prints and maps of old New York. The Engineers' Club is on the same street. It has a most imposing building.

* * * * *

“The Little Church Around the Corner” is a familiar name for the Church of the Transfiguration, on East

29th Street, near Fifth Avenue. The story goes that when in 1871 Joseph Jefferson endeavored to arrange for the funeral of George Holland, a brother actor, at a church on Madison Avenue, the pastor said that he could not hold burial services over the body of an actor. "But," he added, "there is a little church around the corner you can go to." "Then all honor to the little church around the corner," replied Jefferson. "We will go there." From that time the church and its rector, Rev. George H. Houghton (who died in 1897); were held in affectionate regard by the theatrical profession. Many actors have been buried from the church, among them Lester Wallack, Dion Boucicault and Edwin Booth. There is a memorial window given by the Players (the actors' club), in loving memory of Booth.

No mention of the Avenue would be complete without reference to that wonderful organization, the Y. M. C. A. During the great war work its offices were in the Ziegler Building, corner 43rd Street, but it had two other auxiliary buildings nearby on Madison Avenue. All their work was directed from this vicinity and the whole world knows the gigantic tasks they accomplished.

The Headquarters of the Red Cross were also on the Avenue, at 38th Street.

THE PAGEANTS OF WAR

For the last two years Fifth Avenue has been a riot of motion and color. First came the Preparedness Parade, in which over a hundred thousand citizens joined. Then came the drafted men on their way to camp. Dressed in the clothes in which they came from work, surrounded by their sweethearts and sisters, the scene was deeply touching. In a few months these same citizen-soldiers again came on the Avenue. This time marching on to war. Trim, alert, guns at shoulder arms, colors flying, bands playing, the boys marched

down the Avenue to the enthusiastic applause of the crowd and the shouts of their friends. No one who saw this sight and contrasted these trim, smart looking soldier boys with the nondescript mob of a few months previous will ever forget the effect this transformation produced. It seemed unbelievable. The steady tramp, tramp of the seasoned veteran was in the regular cadence of that marching host, and we realized as never before that we had an army and an army of fighters.

For weeks almost without cessation armies passed down the Avenue. Sometimes it was varied by a foreign regiment, like the Canadian Highlanders. Then it was a regiment of Poilus direct from France, or Belgians, Anzacs and Italians. Again it would be a handful of Czecho-Slavs enroute from Russia. Then it would be a host of our own boys, this time from California or Montana or the South. There seemed no end to them. Tramp, tramp, tramp; halt; forward, march! And the procession started again.

When all the soldiers had gone—there always seemed to be just one more detachment—then came the others. The grand army of Red Cross Nurses; the countless number of war workers of every description; Y. M. C. A. men; Y. W. C. A. women; K. of C. men; Yeomanettes; Salvation Army Lassies; Hospital Units; Ambulance Drivers; Machine Gunners; Flying Squadrons; Aeroplanes; Army Transport Motors; Motorcycles; Doctors, Surgeons, Stretcher Bearers, First Aid Stations, and every other conceivable contrivance necessary to win the war. Few who witnessed these stirring scenes in the early months of 1918 will live to forget them, and now that it is happily over, none care to do so. It was all very wonderful and very impressive. Yet never again, let us hope, will the Avenue be called upon to witness the like. With all its enthusiasm, all its cheers, the significance of the scene could not be concealed and tears lay close to the smiles and the din of cheering.

Throughout this two years of pomp and pageantry the Avenue was keenly conscious of the deep solemnity which underlaid every demonstration. No spirit of levity was ever present. The stern reality of war in all its hideousness brooded over all. Small wonder was it, therefore, that on the afternoon of November 11th a huge wave of uncontrollable emotion swept over the city at a report that the war was over! Although the news was promptly contradicted, the long pent up feelings of the populace could no longer be held in check.

No intimation that such an early ending of the war had been given. The newspapers were still talking of "next spring"; troops were still hurrying aboard transports and everywhere the energies of the people were bent on "winning the war," when a great din of whistles, cheers and noises of every description suddenly rent the air, sending thousands to the windows, to the telephone and to the street to learn the cause of the commotion and to receive in answer the magic word "Peace!" The feelings of the moment beggar description. From office, store and factory poured multitudes. Joining in impromptu processions, they made for the Avenue. Vehicles of all sorts were immediately banished from the thoroughfare, that the seething crowds might have room. There seemed no ordered plan or purpose. People just joined in; they all walked one way. The Avenue was jammed from wall to wall and the whole mass moved slowly in one direction. Flags waved, horns tooted, all sorts of things that would make a noise were hastily improvised. For the first time in nearly four years the air of gloom had disappeared. Oh, the joy, the relief!

When the clerks, salesmen, workers and bosses had suddenly walked out and disappeared for the day—offices, factories and stores automatically closed. Some one threw a spool of ticker paper out of a window, hold-

ing the end in his hand. The long streamer thus created caught the popular fancy and in a twinkling all over the city windows were raised and paper thrown out. Some ingenious person let loose a handful of small cut up pieces and this improvement was also imitated. In a moment the Avenue was in a snow storm of paper. When the frenzy had passed it was found that every available book in sight had been robbed of its pages, torn into shreds and sent hurtling into space.

The whole thing was so spontaneous that every emotion was genuine. Strangers embraced each other. Men and women never before guilty of the slightest social infraction, threw custom to the winds. Locked in arms, long rows of staid and sober citizens joined the marching throngs, sang, two stepped, tangoed and otherwise behaved in a thoroughly indecorous manner. The few wagons that indiscreetly strayed into the Avenue never got out; they were immediately commandeered by a happy joyous throng, who climbed on every available perch and there surveyed the passing show. Looking from a high window on the Avenue the sight was indescribable. Thousands were packed as far as the eye could reach. The huge mass swayed this way and that. There was no disorder, no display of bad temper. The police were powerless to cope with the crowd. They swept the traffic men and the iron traffic posts clear off the street. No living thing could withstand this onslaught. All one did was to go along with the crowd. It was an unforgettable scene; dramatic in its intensity, striking in its spontaneity. In a few hours the city looked as if a cyclone had struck it, but the disorder only added gaiety to the crowds. Such was Armistice Day on the Avenue. It will never be forgotten.

RETURN OF GENERAL PERSHING AND THE FIRST DIVISION, FORMAL END OF WAR PARADES.

With the magnificent tribute paid to the returning Commander and his victorious troops of the First Divis-

ion, the long series of War pageants on Fifth Avenue may be said to have come to a final close.

Of all the pictures in all the pageants in the avenue of a thousand parades none will stay fresher on memory's film than that of Pershing on his five mile ride.

A soldier of soldiers astride a bay horse, pelted with cheers and with roses, his men following on. A man for the people to spend their enthusiasm upon, for whom they have been waiting.

Gen. Pershing, astride a beautiful bay, the eye filling, satisfying picture of the man on horseback—not a man on horseback of sinister foreboding, but a man on horseback of golden performance, he was. A half block up from the stand he had spied his boy and his sisters in the box reserved for their use. He had saluted them with a smile. But now, at just twenty minutes after ten, he was about to salute that which was after all the inspiration of his whole career.

Thirty thousand men with all their gear, from airplane to trench mortar, from staff limousine to elephantine truck, from fat breeched howitzer to vicious light mitrail-leuse, from the General's charger to the gargantuan caterpillars which drew the guns—for three hours and a half they moved without ceasing past the reviewing stand at Eighty-second Street. They left 110th Street on the stroke of 10 in the morning and it was 3:20 in the afternoon when the last of them had passed through the Washington Arch.

MADISON AVENUE, MURRAY HILL, GRAND CENTRAL STATION AND PARK AVENUE. THE MORGAN LIBRARY, DIANA ON THE TOWER.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND THE HORSE SHOW. THE GREAT METROPOLITAN TOWER.

Next in social importance as a residential street in the old days was Madison Avenue. Starting at 23rd Street, this avenue for many years was the only rival to Fifth. Today nothing remains of its former polite



The Metropolitan Tower, Madison Square. Madison Square Garden on the left

grandeur. The residence of S. L. M. Barlow, a once noted lawyer, stood on the corner of the avenue and 23rd Street. This entire block is now occupied by the vast buildings of an insurance company, which extends back to Fourth Avenue, demolishing in its expansion the old Academy of Design and the ultra-fashionable Lyceum Theatre, the scene of the early labors of the late Charles Frohman. The New York prototype of Christie's famous London auction room is on the south side. Some famous collections have been dispersed here, the May Jane Morgan sale, with its famous peach blow vase, among them. The chief features of the huge Metropolitan Building are its wonderful interior stairway, a reproduction of the similar entrance to the Grand Opera House in Paris, and its tower and clock.

The clock dials are of reinforced concrete, faced with mosaic tile and are $26\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter. The figures on the clock face are four feet high. The minute hand is seventeen feet long and weighs one thousand pounds. The hour hand is $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, weighs 750 pounds. The bells vary in weight from 7 to 15,000 pounds. The tongue weighs 200 pounds, and strikes every hour, and a set of Handel chimes proclaims the quarter hours. After dark a white flash from the summit indicates the hour; the quarter hours in one, two, three, and four red flashes. The clock is visible for twenty miles. Electric power is used and the whole is set 350 feet above the sidewalk. One has to view it from a neighboring high building to get a "close up" and thus realize its immensity.

The most important thing from a visitor's point of view is the tower, which is about 700 feet high. Admission to the Observation Gallery is 50 cents. Select a day when the wind blows northwest.

Opposite the Metropolitan is Dr. Parkhurst's Church, the last work of the late Stanford White. Critics go in raptures over this structure and point out its many artistic qualities. The building is very low and has a dome and minarets like a Moorish temple. Engaged Ionic columns form the entrance. All this may be art, but for a sacred edifice it is the most frivolous looking struc-

ture ever conceived by the mind of man. For a "movie" house it would be fine. The site has recently been purchased by the Metropolitan, and this burlesque on religion will be removed, for which much thanks.

On the next block is the highly ornate Appellate Court House, a really dignified and impressive building. The several statues which adorn this building make an interesting approach and lend a judicial atmosphere to the structure. The interior mural decorations are much above the average and are justly famous. All the great artists are represented by some of the most important work they have ever executed. By all means visit the Appellate. It is a liberal education in mural painting. Go in the morning when the court is not in session.

On the corner of 26th Street is the home of the Manhattan Club, the leading Democratic club in the city, and the rival of the Union League.

The famous Madison Square Garden comes next, occupying an entire block. It is the home of the horse show. This event marks the formal opening of the social season in New York. The building shows the influence of the Alhambra in Spain. The statue of Diana on the tower is famous. Designed by Stanford White, who met his death here in its roof garden at the hands of Harry K. Thaw in 1906.

The beautiful offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is directly opposite. It was founded by Henry Bergh. The Society had as its original founders such men as Peter Cooper, James Lenox, Hamilton Fish, John Jacob Astor, Jr., August Belmont, John Wesley and Fletcher Harper. It retains to this day a similar impressive membership.

On East 27th Street, just a few steps off the avenue, is the lineal descendant of the old French Huguenot Church that originally stood in Petticoat Lane (see tablet on Produce Exchange)—the Church du Saint Esprit. The Huguenots from New Rochelle walked every Sun-

day to the old church and returned the same day. All the old Huguenot families in the city have been connected with this church in some way or other since its establishment in 1688.

The avenue is fast filling up with loft and business buildings beyond this point. Few residences now remain. Most of them are vacated by the owners and are awaiting business tenants. The most conspicuous exception is the J. P. Morgan house, occupying the block between 36th and 37th Streets. Mr. Morgan lives in the 37th Street corner. The library is, of course, one of the most famous in the world. Its treasures include some of the rarest items known to collectors. The manuscripts are probably its most unique possessions; they include nine of Scott's novels; Pope's "*Essay on Man*," Milton's "*Paradise Lost*," Burns' "*Cotters' Saturday Night*," Dickens' "*Christmas Carol*," etc. It is, however, only an aggravation to dwell upon these, as the library is not open to the public and the librarian, Miss Belle De Costa Greene, is not over liberal in granting permission for strangers to pay it a visit. Still, she uses intelligent discrimination in making exceptions, and a properly worded request has been known to produce results.

The name Murray Hill comes from Robert Murray, whose farm it was.

The American troops narrowly escaped capture at this point, following their defeat at the Battle of Long Island. Aaron Burr was leading them to safety in Harlem when the British sought to cut off their retreat. Mrs. Murray entertained some passing British Generals and made them so comfortable that the Continental troops were well north of the hill 'ere the officers decided to bestir themselves. A skirmish occurred at about Fifth Avenue from 38th to 42nd Streets, but by the time the English threw their line across the island the last American soldier had already passed to safety.

At the 37th Street corner, northwest, is the residence of Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes. The huge granite structure on the opposite corner is the residence of the late Joseph De Lamar, who made millions in mining.

The town house of Percy Pyne, 2nd, whose grandfather founded the great National City Bank, is on the north corner of 40th Street, and opposite the residence of William Rockefeller, brother of John D. The rest of the avenue to 42nd Street is given up to business. At 42nd Street we come into a new region of office buildings, hotels and the Grand Central Terminal.

FORTY-SECOND STREET AND PERSHING SQUARE

This thoroughfare has immensely expanded during the past few years. It is the main artery of the Grand Central Terminal Zone and its marvellous accessibility has resulted in the building up of a community almost of its own. In the modest language of John McE. Bowman, it is the "Heart of the World." General Wingate's magnificent Victory Hall is planned to occupy the Park Avenue corner of Pershing Square. The new viaduct is also completed. It is an important section of New York.

Four railroad trunk lines have stations on the street.

Over 100,000 passengers use the Grand Central Terminal Station each day.

70,930,934 subway and elevated tickets were sold at 42nd Street stations during the year ending June 30, 1919.

More than 7,000 subway and elevated trains stop here.

More than 10,000,000 visitors dine annually in hotels, restaurants and cafes.

It has eleven theatres, with 16,233 seats and an average weekly attendance of 129,864.

Nine New York Stock Exchange firms maintain thor-



The Park Avenue Viaduct across Forty-second Street to the Grand Central Station. Belmont Hotel in the centre



"The Heart of the World." Pershing Square, Park Avenue and Forty-second Street. Also the network of transportation lines, overhead and underground. Hill, Belmont, Manhattan, Biltmore, Commodore. Small building at Forty-second Street is the end



QUEENSBORO SUBWAY

reet. Showing group of hotels adjoining the Grand Central Terminal.
eting at this point. The hotels are, from left to right, Murray
entre is the railroad station. The bridge leading to it across
new Park Avenue Viaduct

oughly equipped branch offices with private wire service.

Seven national banks and trust companies and two savings banks.

One department store with 2,600 employees.

More electricity is used for lighting purposes than in any average city throughout the world.

Nearly every kind of business is located on the street.

All leading parades cross it.

Four churches with over 6,000 members.

The New York Public Library, with a circulation of 2,598,109 volumes, is located on the Fifth Avenue corner.

One public school with 1,700 pupils and 38 teachers.

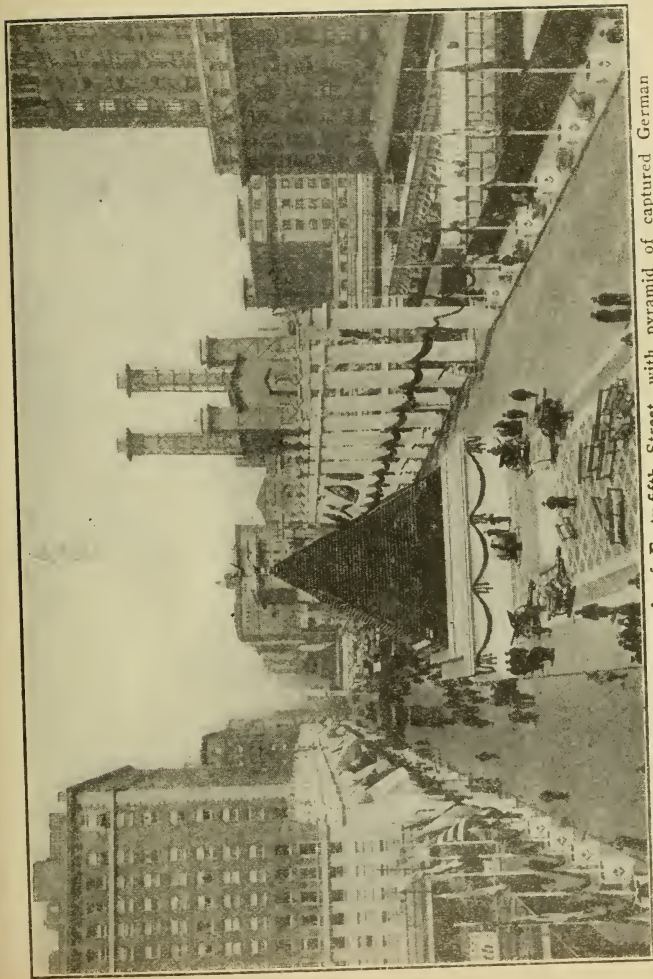
Five telegraph offices.

Two telephone exchanges, handling more calls each day than any city of 250,000 population.

Two hundred and fifty new buildings, with an aggregate investment of over \$200,000,000, have been erected in this section during the past ten years.

Altogether this is one of the liveliest streets in town.

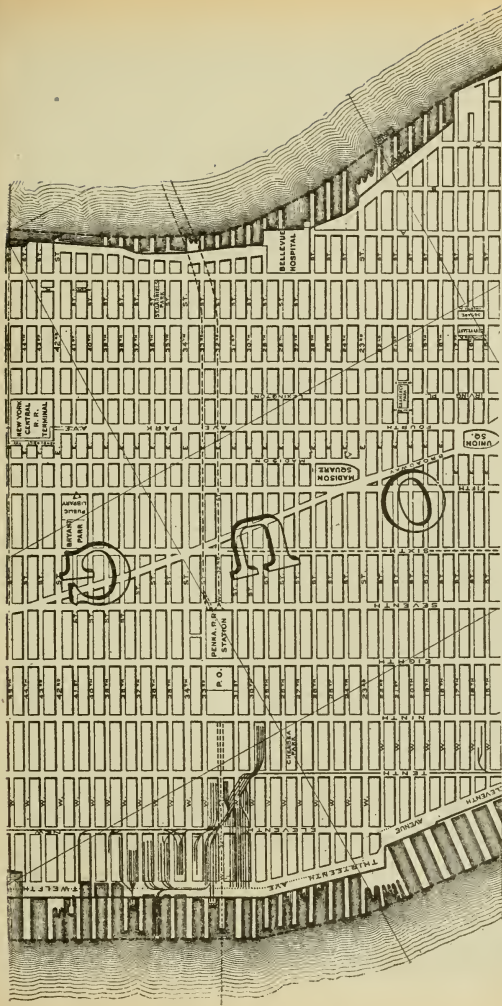
The private residences that lined both sides of Madison Avenue north of 42nd Street for the next mile or two are all gone. The Manhattan Hotel occupies the entire block between 42nd and 43rd Streets, and diagonally across stands the magnificent Biltmore. Beyond that is a great business building and the new Yale Club. St. Bartholomew's Church, with its famous bronze doors, in memory of Cornelius Vanderbilt, is now at 50th Street and Park Avenue. A twenty-story Christian Science Building takes its place. Two large retail stores among the finest in the city come next, one a men's shop and the other a most wonderful sporting goods house. One of the chain of Ritz Hotels comes next. The criminal activities of Von Bernstorff and Dernburg during our pre-war experience were conducted from this place.



"Victory Way." Park Avenue north of Forty-fifth Street, with pyramid of captured German helmets, during a Liberty Loan celebration.

Following the Ritz come wonderful apartment houses. They are the last word in luxury. Some are so arranged that in event of the family's absence and the master being detained in town, household routine will go on just the same. Servants enter, do the necessary work, supply fresh flowers and then depart. At night, any kind of a dinner ordered by the master, simple or elaborate, will be ready at the hour designated by him. Rents of these apartments are from \$30,000 to \$40,000 per annum. The most expensive ones are fully rented and have a waiting list.

We will now draw a line on the map across 42nd Street. That is another natural dividing line. The theatre district, which begins at Broadway and 42nd Street and goes north, will be treated next. Aside from the theatres, we have now sketched practically everything of interest below Central Park.



NORTH OF UNION SQUARE TO 42ND STREET.

From Union Square and 14th Street North to 42nd Street, Grand Central Terminal, Park Avenue and 42nd Street. The Pennsylvania Terminal is at Seventh Avenue, 33rd and 34th Street. Madison Square in lower centre. Fifth Avenue a little to right centre and Broadway crosses Fifth Avenue at Madison Square. Bryant Park is in rear of Public Library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. Gramercy Park, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street. We are now at lower end of midtown section.



Statue of Edwin Booth in Gramercy Park, erected by "The Players"—the club founded by Booth



THE GREAT WHITE WAY

THE THEATRES. UNUSUAL NOVELTIES IN PLAY HOUSES. LUX-
URIOUS MOVING PICTURE PALACES. THE GIGANTIC HIPPO-
DROME. REVIVAL OF THE "INTIMATE" ROOF GARDENS.
CABARETS. OUT DOOR PAGEANTS. THE LEWISOHN
STADIUMS. MUSIC HALLS. GRAND OPERA COM-
MUNITY SINGING. LECTURES. INTEL-
LECTUAL RECREATION.

"DIRECT From Broadway, Original New York
Cast." So runs the legend on the bills that an-
nounce the coming of another New York success to the
provinces. And yet many a good play has failed in the
Metropolis only to find unbounded success on the road.
Oh, the joy of being the rejected stone that becomes
the chief stone of the corner!

Well, here you are right in New York, and on Broad-
way, too. Some two thousand places of entertainment
are open for you. Which shall you choose—comedy,
tragedy, light opera, grand opera, vaudeville, circus, con-
cert, pantomime, recitals of all kinds, or movies? About
seventy-five or eighty of these houses are legitimate,
serious theatres, featuring the best productions and em-
ploying the highest class talent. The balance are mostly
photoplays, ranging from \$2 admission down to five
cents.

Aside from the theatre, with which every one is famil-
iar, New York rejoices in several unconventional enter-
prises materially different from the usual run. The

Hippodrome, for instance, is unlike any other playhouse in America, and everything in it is planned on a scale so enormous as to belittle all others by comparison. It is mainly given up to a performance which pleases the eye more than anything else. It has a perfectly marvellous and enormous water tank, which extends under the entire huge stage. It's patent-secret construction enables the players to submerge and disappear completely. No one has yet been able to fathom the mystery. It seems certain that they must positively perish. You have hardly recovered from the shock of the tragedy (?) 'ere the whole host blithely reappear, climb out of the water and burst gaily into song! This is one of the most baffling illusions ever produced in the mimic world. The stage is larger itself than the whole of an ordinary theatre, and the auditorium in proportion, consequently speaking parts are practically out of the question except for the actor with a voice like a megaphone. The plays are mostly spectacular with plenty of chorus singing and several old-time circus acts in which an elephant usually appears. The late Fred Thompson, who conceived the Hippodrome, thought the elephant an emblem of good luck and adopted this for his chief scheme of decoration. We all go there once a year, at least, and oftener when we can pick up some small nephews or nieces to furnish an excuse for going again.

The next unique playhouse is undoubtedly the one where moving pictures are given with a wonderful orchestra of about fifty players, and in addition a good soloist or quartette. The stage is gorgeously grand, producing a stunning effect. It has special lighting arrangements, and the whole scheme is decidedly pleasing and refined. It has certainly done much to elevate the standard of the movies, and is a great success. Other houses have since followed suit, and we now have the Rivoli,

the Capitol and the Rialto, in addition to the Strand, and those visitors who have not been able to patronize anything but the local livery stable turned into an open-air theatre will be very much impressed by the elaborateness of the movie in New York.

At the same time it must be admitted that many smaller communities saw the possibilities of high class moving pictures before New York did and our first attempt came as the result of representations from out-of-town men.

The success which has attended the effort to give the "movie" in a building specially built for them may ultimately suggest to producers that the employment of brains in the construction of the plays themselves might also prove equally profitable.

There are also a number of "intimate" theatres, as they are called—small places seating from one hundred and fifty to three hundred persons. Here you avoid the vulgar crowd and usually see one of those wholly uninteresting but excessively intellectual productions that require a small auditorium in order that the audience may be seen with the naked eye. This season, however, the show business has been so profitable that several genuinely good plays have found their way into these dramatic cold storage vaults, and have played to capacity. This development has also shown that the small theatre has its attractions, and they have grown in popularity quite amazingly. They also rejoice in a new school of nomenclature, like "The Bandbox," "The Little Theatre," "The Punch and Judy," etc., which is a distinct improvement over naming it after the plumber who built the structure or the gasfitter who owned the lot.

That these miniature houses present intelligently selected plays that are actuated by a serious purpose is shown by the great success of some of the offerings. "The Better 'Ole" started in the Greenwich Village Theatre, moved up to Broadway and has achieved a nation-

wide success. The Provincetown Players, largely recruited from a bunch of amateurs, who played for their own amusement in that delightful Cape Cod hamlet of this name, gave some very creditable performances and showed that there was still a chance for originality in New York.

The most ambitious attempt to offer plays without fear of financial results was undoubtedly tried in the heavily endowed Century Theatre. The result proved disastrous. A large fortune was sunk and the results were disheartening. Not alone were the plays worthless, but the attempt proved once more that a genius cannot be developed by any hot-house process. The cry that new writers are not wanted, that the old clique keeps out everybody else is still the plaint of unsuccessful playwrights. The yearly success of unknown writers nevertheless keeps on and each season produces its Eugene Walter and Bruce Bairnsfather or "John Ferguson."

For a slight advance (fifty cents) tickets for all the popular successes are usually obtainable at any of the hotel offices. It is hardly worth while trying to save this half dollar if you want to see the show the night you apply. While this seems something of an imposition, it is really a convenience to persons whose time does not permit of postponement. In London there is a similar charge for "booking," as they call it over there. In both cases the customer is saved the trouble of going to the theatre personally. So don't let this charge spoil your temper and your enjoyment of the evening. There are many other petty exactions in the city infinitely more exasperating than this.

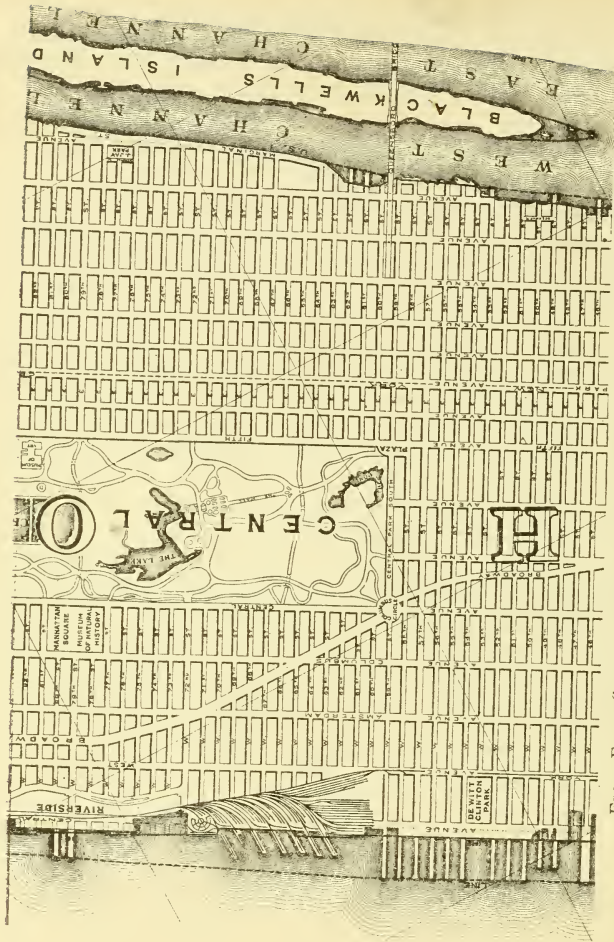
The daily papers contain announcements of all the current plays, together with location of the theatre. If time permits it is well to arrange your theatre engagements a week or two in advance when you first arrive.

There is always more or less trouble to get a good seat at a popular success even with this precaution.

The theatre district is quite easily reached from almost any part of the city. Taxis being smaller, are much better for this purpose than a huge private car and easily obtainable. The entire list of attractions playing in the city is usually displayed in a bulletin board on the newspaper stand of the hotel.

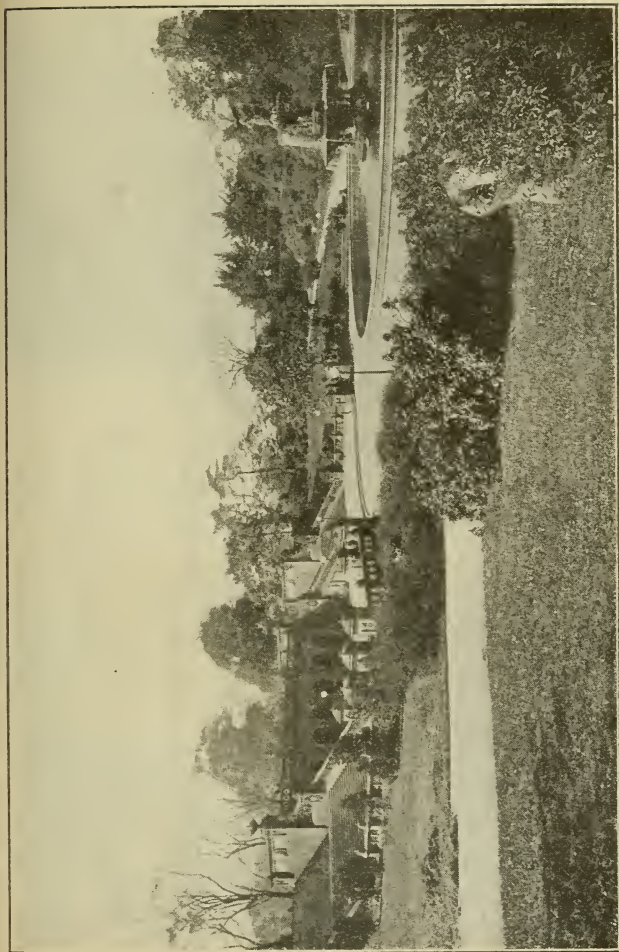
The summer season is not the best time to judge New York theatrically. Most of the best houses are closed, but the girl and music show is generally in evidence all through the year. The roof garden is recommended for a sultry night, but it is a sad strain on credulity to describe any of these performances as entertaining. There is a tendency to improve them each year, however, and it may be that in time they will not be as they chiefly are today—a very poor excuse for taking two dollars from any one's pocket. Along with the hat check extortion, and other petty graft for which the town is celebrated, the average roof garden show has them all beaten to a standstill.

In the back of this book is a list of the prominent theatres and their locations. For the most part they are within five minutes of the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street, a point easily reached from any part of town by subway, elevated or surface car or taxi. It is the center of the hotel district and the stranger will have little or no difficulty in finding any particular place desired. A taxi may be had for a trifling sum and their use is a great comfort and convenience.



FROM FORTY SECOND TO EIGHTY-SECOND STREETS, MIDDLE SECTION UPTOWN.

From 42nd Street North to Metropolitan Museum of Art at Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street. Showing lower half Central Park. Fifty-ninth Street bounds the Park on the South. Columbus Circle is at Broadway and 59th Street. Blackwell's Island. City Hall. River to Long Island City. Forty-second Street is now considered the side of the



The Esplanade in Central Park



THE AVIARY, CENTRAL PARK

OUR BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC PARKS

CENTRAL, VAN CORTLANDT, BRONX, THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, PELHAM BAY, INTERSTATE PALISADE PARK AND BEAR MOUNTAIN.

CENTRAL PARK

IN a city so small and so congested as is New York, it is something to brag about that we have given up the most desirable portion of it for the use of the general public. To deduct 843 acres out of a scant total of 22,000 and deny ourselves the vast revenue it would produce if devoted to ordinary usage, argues volumes for our public spirit.

It is a triumph of the landscape artist and the results achieved out of barren soil, covered with rocks, is something scarcely believable. Work was commenced in 1857 and completed a year later at a cost of four hundred and fifteen million dollars. That is to say, a beginning was made. The work never ends. There are now lakes and reservoirs covering 286 acres; 9 miles of carriage drives,



Cleopatra's Needle—Central Park



Martyrs' Monument—Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn

6 miles of bridle paths, 30 miles of walks, 36 bridges or arches, 12 tunnels, and seats for 1,000 persons. There are twenty-three gates very prettily named—Scholars' Gate, Woodman's Gate, Mariner's Gate, Warrior's Gate, Stranger's Gate, etc. The main entrances are on 59th Street; perhaps the most convenient ones are on Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, reached by 'bus and by street cars and at Columbus Circle (59th Street and Broadway), almost in front of the subway exit, west side.

Park carriages make the tour of the park in one hour, fare 25 cents. They start from Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street and Columbus Circle and Fifty-ninth Street.

A tour on foot is by far the most enjoyable. One also wants leisure to view the lake; to sit down for a moment in shady nooks and feed the swans and ducks.

There is a small menagerie and a swan boat for the children. The cost of a ride is 5 cents. Ponies and donkeys (near Eagle Cage), are also fun for the children. Rides, 10 cents.

The Mall is one of the principal avenues. It is about a mile in length and beautifully shaded with elms. A large number of statues line the sides. The Scotsmen have erected two, the Danes one, the Germans one, the Irish one, the Italians one, the English one. Fitz Greene Halleck, an American, seems to have slipped in when the foreigners weren't looking.

The Mall ends at the terrace commanding a fine view of the lake with its sailing parties. The Esplanade has in the center a magnificent fountain.

A row around the lake or a trip in the electric launch is well worth the trouble; fare, 10 cents. Party boats may also be had, one or two persons, 25 cents per hour, each extra person, 10 cents. With a man to row, 25 cents per hour extra. There is no end of beautiful walks all through the park and the Ramble in the lower

edge of the old reservoir is one full of pleasant surprises. There is a tower—The Belvedere, near the north end of the reservoir, which commands a fine view of the park.

Cleopatra's Needle is interesting. It originally stood in front of the temple of the Sun in Cairo and was erected about 1500 B. C. Its companion is owned in London.

Many May parties, tennis and other sports are permitted in certain sections of the beautiful grounds. There is music in the Mall Saturday afternoons and Sundays and Community Singing in front of the lake is very popular. Some wonderful public pageants are also given in the grounds by school children and altogether there is no doubt that the city receives liberal dividends in health and happiness of its thousands of children, who would never see a tree or flower but for Central Park.

OUR OTHER PARKS

Big as Central Park is, it does not compare with Van Cortlandt Park, 1,132 acres, with its wonderful golf courses; Bronx, which contains 719 acres, and has the largest zoological garden in the world, and the most famous Botanical Gardens; or Pelham Bay Park, which faces the Sound at Pelham Bay. Including the Parkway, which connects it with Bronx, the total area is over 1,756 acres. It has eight miles of salt water shore front, with boating, bathing, fishing, sand pits, merry-go-rounds, etc. These parks are easily reached by any of the East Side subways and by the West (with a short transfer). A special Guide Book is published by the Zoological Garden management and sold for 25 cents. It is well worth buying, and gives a world of information concerning the animals which we cannot give here. The Monkey House, the Lion House, the Elephant

House, the Walrus Pool, the Deer Park, the Fox and Wolf Dens, the Elk Mange, the Bird Houses, the Aviary and all the wonderful birds and mammals are splendidly described.

Bronx Park is reached directly by Bronx subway to 180th Street or the elevated to Fordham station. Admission is free, except Mondays and Thursdays, when 25 cents for adults and 10 cents for children is charged. Choose them and avoid the crowds.

At the Botanical Garden a guide leaves the front door for the Museum Building on every afternoon at 3 P. M. to escort those who wish to accompany him. Each day the route is changed. This is the only way to properly see the Garden.

PALISADES PARK, BEAR MOUNTAIN PARK AND THE HUDSON RIVER.

Two new parks not generally known to the outside public are the Palisade Inter-State Park, reached by ferry from foot of Dyckman Street, and Fort Tryon Park, at 193rd Street and Riverside Drive, a gift by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Take West Side subway to Dyckman Street. The former park contains the wonderful palisades of the Hudson. It stretches nearly twenty miles along the west bank of the river. A wonderful state road is now in process of construction and part of it is now open. Striking views of the Hudson and of lower New York may be had from many points on this road. Fort Tryon Park preserves the New York side of the Hudson opposite the Interstate and will be developed in harmony with it.

Bear Mountain Park is about forty-five miles from the city, in the heart of the Highlands of the Hudson. It is reached by several special boats, excursion \$1.00, and by the Albany Day Line steamers. The scenery is impres-

sive; it is a wonderful possession for any city to have. West Point is only fifteen minutes further on and the two places can easily be visited in the one day.

It was that eminent English jurist, Lord Haldane, who marvelled that so beautiful a river so close to such a large city was not more popular with our people than he divined the Hudson to be, judging from the few steamboats, yachts, etc., upon it. In this he was eminently right. The vast majority of New Yorkers know nothing about the majesty and beauty of this wonderful river that lies right at our doors. Coney Island, that land of hot dogs and merry-go-rounds, with its noisy crowd, draws a thousand New Yorkers to one that visits the Hudson.

Travellers who have been the world over declare the Hudson has not only no rival, but has nothing even approaching one. All along its crowded slopes nestle quaint little villages, some as old as New York itself. For so important a highway, commerce is strangely absent from its shores. In any European country such a natural and cheap method of communication would be black with sailing craft of all kinds, and huge derricks would be met with at frequent intervals. Nothing of the kind is to be seen on the Hudson. Aside from the few river boats that ply up and down daily, there is only to be seen an occasional brick schooner beating its way to the city or perhaps a long string of canal boats that have come from some point on the Erie Canal or Buffalo, and are slowly drifting to New York. Even the saucy tugboats that impart a wonderful scene of activity and bustle all over the bay are seldom encountered farther up the river. Perhaps it is just as well. The river bank is almost wholly given up to magnificent private estates and sleepy little villages.

Passing Inwood, which marks the end of Manhattan Island, we see just across the river the magnificent New

Interstate Palisade Park, which stretches in an unbroken line for nearly twenty miles along the most wonderful of all nature's creations—the Palisades of the Hudson. The States of New York and New Jersey united in the purchase of this magnificent playground for the people, and its acquisition accomplished a two-fold purpose—it added a park of rare natural beauty to the resources of the city, and preserved this most wonderful work of nature, the Palisades.

The Palisade Inter State Park can be reached by Ferryboat from the foot of Dyckman Street. Take subway West Side and get off at Dyckman Street. It is worth seeing.

At Tarrytown the river widens to almost four miles, and forms a body of water called Tappan Zee. It is also quite deep here, and when a sudden squall comes across the mountains from back of Nyack—a frequent occurrence in summertime—it is apt to raise quite a good-sized commotion, the waves reaching quite a respectable height.

After leaving the Tappan Zee we enter the southern gate of the Highlands and from now on the scenery is fascinating. In about an hour we have passed Peekskill Bay and are at Bear Mountain Park, in the heart of the Highlands. This park was made largely possible by the gift of over 10,000 acres of land by Mrs. E. H. Harriman in memory of her great husband, E. H. Harriman, the famous railroad builder. Other land has since been acquired, roads built through, and a number of public improvements added, including row boats, swings for the children and many other attractions. There is no more beautiful spot in the world than Bear Mountain Park, and when New Yorkers fully realize its attractiveness they will go there by the hundred thousands.

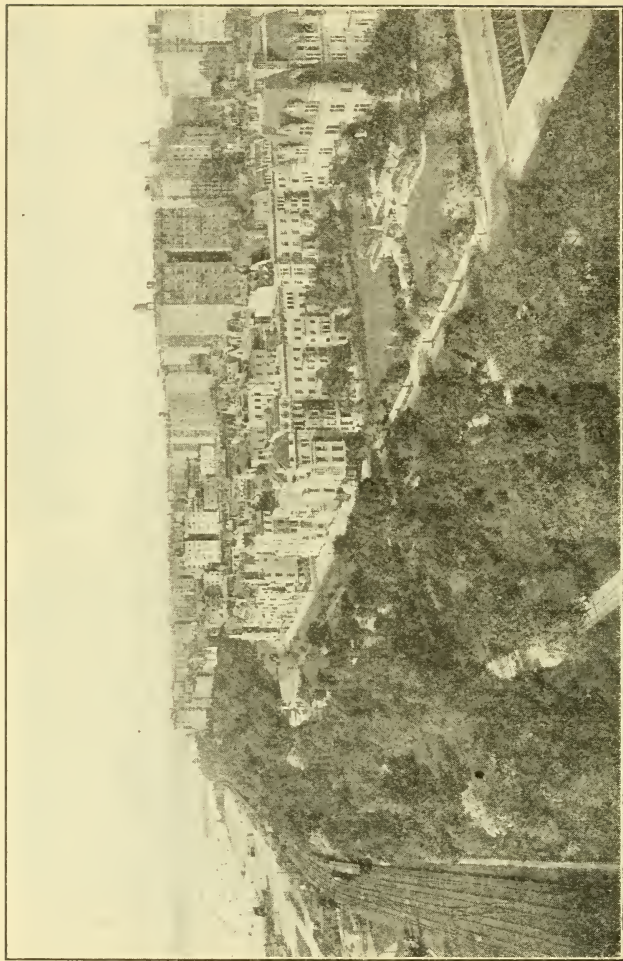
After leaving Bear Mountain Park the next important point which should be seen by all tourists is undoubtedly West Point, the famous military academy. The cadets

can be seen at drill and the grounds visited all in a very short time. This excursion should not be missed. The time consumed is about an hour and a half each way. The return fare is \$1.00. It is a side trip well worth making.

We are now in the very heart of the Highlands and the scenery is bewitching. Sometimes the boat almost touches the shore, so close runs the channel to the bank. Presently we pass Highland Falls, where the late Mr. Morgan lived, and right above it is the far-famed United States Military Academy of West Point. Directly in front of the Academy is Constitution Island, a present to the government by Mrs. Russell Sage. Beyond the island the river widens out. Crow's Nest, Dunderberg, Storm King, Break Neck and Beacon Mountains tower over the banks. As soon as the steamer emerges from the Highlands, the river opens into beautiful Newburgh Bay, with Cornwall on the west bank, Pollopel's Island in the centre of the river and the quaint city of Newburgh (26,000), county seat of Orange County, directly ahead.

After leaving Newburgh, the whole character of the landscape changes and the river flows through a most beautiful and prolific country, well wooded and undulating.

The stately yacht we have just passed belongs to young Vincent Astor, whose ancestral home, Ferncliffe, is just above Poughkeepsie at Rhinebeck, almost adjoining the country home of the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. At Poughkeepsie, however, the trip ends for the day. We catch the down boat from Albany, which lands us in New York about eight o'clock, greatly rested and hugely delighted with all the beauties and wonders we have seen.



Looking north on Riverside Drive. Residence of "Charley" Schwab at extreme right.
© American studios

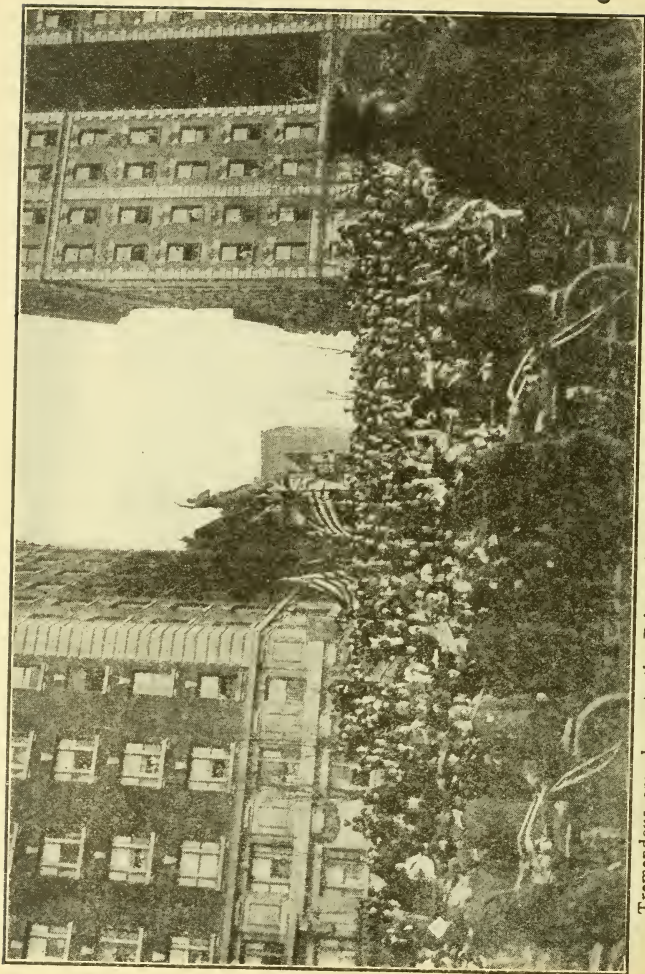


THE UPPER WEST SIDE RIVERSIDE DRIVE

THIS beautiful section begins at 72nd Street and stretches north along the Hudson River to the end of the island at Inwood Park. It can best be seen from the top of the Fifth Avenue 'buses, which traverse its entire length to 135th Street. The Broadway cars, the subway and the elevated all have stations at 72nd Street and the distance west to the Drive is not far.

The drive is fast becoming the most beautiful as well as interesting park in the city. All the diverting panorama of marine life on the river is spread before the eyes of the onlooker. An anchorage for the Atlantic Division of the Navy extends along the shore from 90th Street up to Spuyten Duyvil. When the fleet is home the scene is one of exhilaration and the Jackies are popular heroes.

The broad tree-shaded boulevard, the pedestrian walks, the bridle paths and the swiftly moving procession of shining automobiles all tend to make the drive a popular resort for the people of the city on holidays and

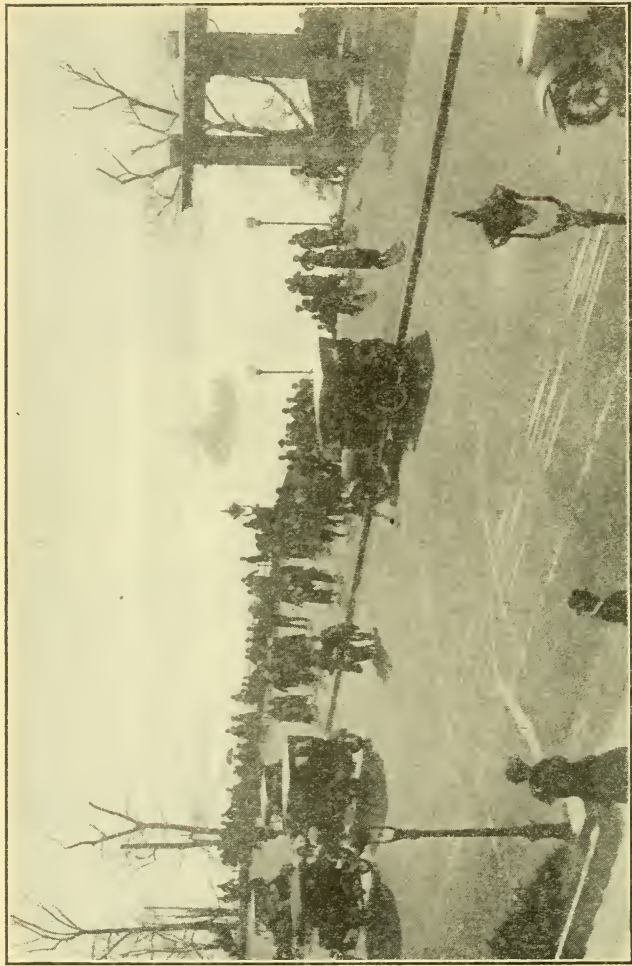


Tremendous crowd greets the Prince of Wales as he stops to lay a wreath at the foot of the Statue of Joan or Arc on Riverside Drive and Ninetieth Street.

special occasions. No buildings are permitted except on the east side, and the attractive outlook provided by the Hudson River has brought together a number of well-to-do families who have erected beautiful homes in this part of the city. And the apartments which also line the drive are of a distinctively superior type. One of the most interesting of the former is the home of Charles M. Schwab, at the corner of 73rd Street. It has an added interest to New Yorkers from the fact that on the death of Mr. and Mrs. Schwab the house and grounds will revert to the city. The present value of the property is over \$3,000,000. All along the drive are other notable houses, monuments and statues. The residence of the late Bishop Potter at 89th Street, and next to the Schwab house, is one of the most beautiful. At 76th Street is the Hamilton fountain, an ornate structure shaped as a drinking trough for horses. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, erected for those who fell in the Civil War. In front of the monument is a copy of Houdin's statue of Washington, a gift from school children.

At 93rd Street is the new Joan of Arc statue, part of the pedestal being made from stone which came from the recently demolished prison in Rouen, in which the Maid of Orleans was confined. At 96th Street is the Cliff Apartment House. Above the second elevation is a frieze in low relief carrying out symbolically the mountain lions, rattlesnakes, buffaloes' skulls and other local environments of a genuine cliff dwelling in Arizona. It is a clever idea and never fails to attract attention. At 100th Street is the Firemen's Memorial. From 116th Street north is perhaps the finest view of the river. At 122nd Street the drive widens out, enclosing a broad central triangle containing the chief point of interest along the whole length of the drive—Grant's Tomb.

This is perhaps the best-known object in the country



On Riverside Drive, showing the Battleship "Renown," home of the Prince of Wales during his visit to New York.

from its frequent reproduction in postal cards, engravings, magazines and guide-books. It stands on an ideal site, and rises to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. The mausoleum is open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. It contains the bodies of General Grant and his wife.

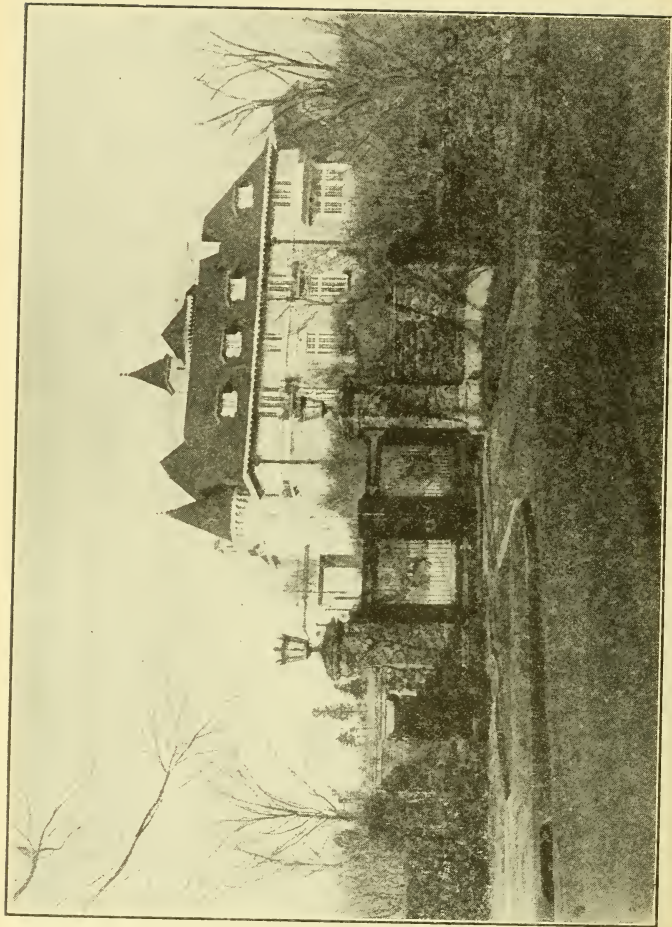
North of the tomb is the ginkgo tree sent by Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman and admirer of Grant. There is a tablet containing an account of this tribute adjoining the tree.

By a curious turn of fortune the great General's tomb is placed so that it seems to guard another little grave—that of a five-year-old child who died in 1797. It is the only grave except Grant's maintained and cared for by the city in one of its public parks. It appears that in years gone by the land was owned by George Pollock in 1790. He afterwards returned to Ireland and subsequently sold the property to Cornelia Verplanck—all but the little grave in which lay all that he had cared for in America. He sent money to erect a small fence and a headstone in which he carved his affection in the solitary line:

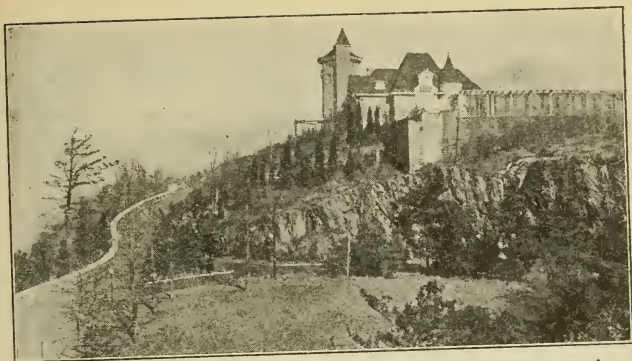
TO AN AMIABLE CHILD.

When condemnation proceedings were instituted to enable the city to acquire this land for a public park this curious indenture was encountered. Perhaps some sentimental feeling was aroused; at all events, the city accepted the land with the condition that the little grave of an amiable child must always be cared for, and there you will see it just north of Grant's Tomb.

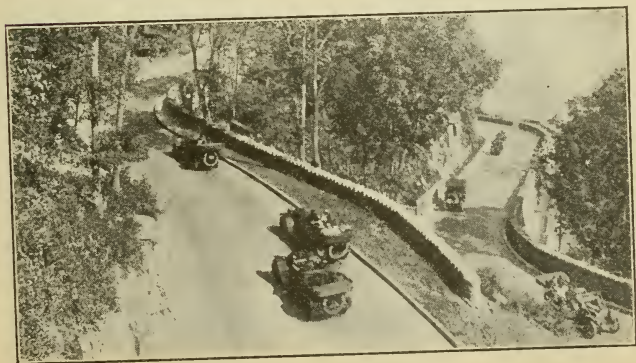
A building that is convenient to the tomb is the Claremont restaurant, owned by the city and is one to which strangers frequently repair at this point of their travels. It is a very old building, dating back almost to the Revolution. It has had an interesting history. Viscount



Fort Tryon, Washington Heights, one of the finest small parks owned by the city. The main entrance gate



Our new park, Fort Tryon. The entrance gate from the south

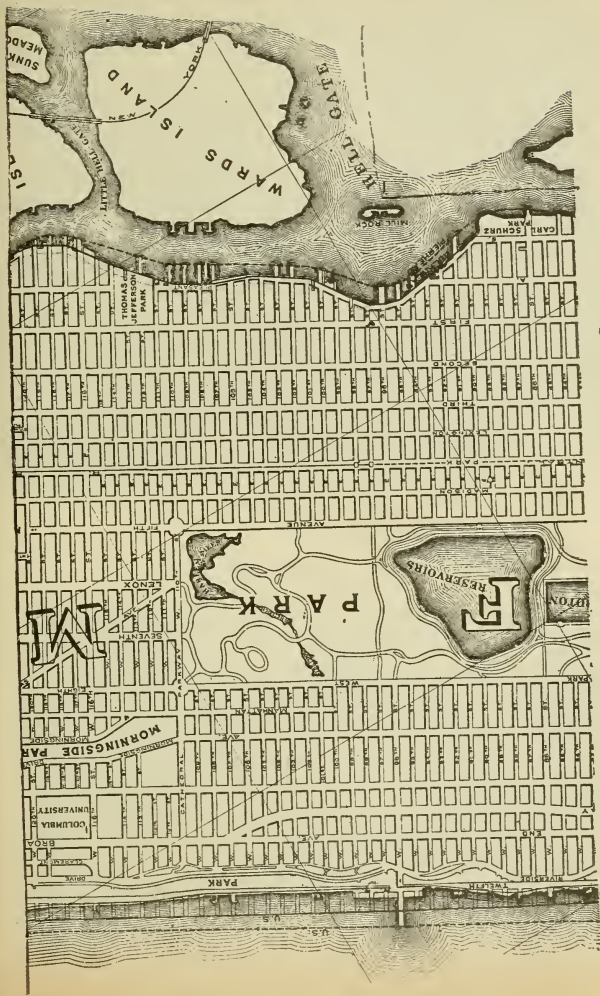


View in our new Interstate Park. Approach to the Palisades.
Reached by the Dyckman Street Ferry from 207th Street

Courtenay, who occupied it in 1807, viewed the trial trip of Fulton's *Clermont* from the veranda. In 1815 it became the abode of the Emperor Napoleon's brother Joseph. Quite a few changes have been made from time to time in portions of the building, but structurally it remains the same. A very good dinner may be had here amid pleasant surroundings.

The viaduct crossing Manhattanville carries the drive to Washington Heights. Houses now practically disappear, and the view of the river and of the Palisades becomes more beautiful. The busses, however, branch off at 135th Street, and the rest of the distance must be made by private conveyance. You have, however, seen practically all that is to be seen of Riverside Drive, although the rural beauty of the drive from this point is very delightful.

Just beyond the drive, and what will soon be a continuation of it, is the beautiful new Tyron Park, recently presented to the city by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., which is described elsewhere.



FROM 82ND STREET NORTH TO 120TH STREET.

Going North from Metropolitan Museum to Columbia University and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, off Morningside Park (upper left) and 112th Street. Upper part of Central Park is shown, including Reservoirs and Harlem Meer. Ward's Island at right above Hell Gate contains state Hospital for the Insane.



Battle of Harlem Heights.—From an old print.

THE ROGER MORRIS HOUSE

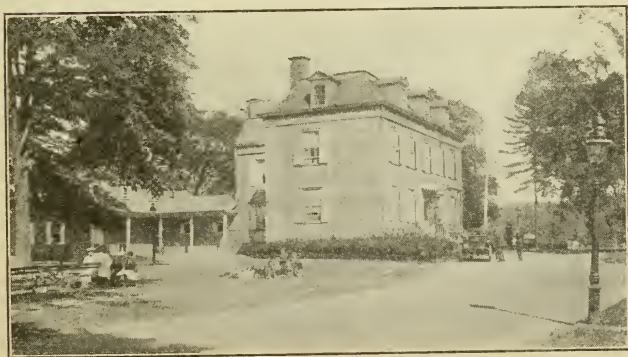
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS ON WASHINGTON HEIGHTS. ONE OF OUR MOST INTERESTING REVOLUTIONARY LANDMARKS.

COMMANDING a superb view of the Harlem valley, looking south from 160th Street and Jumel Place, stands what is easily the most important building, historically, in New York—the Roger Morris House. It is reached by the Broadway subway, 157th Street station; walk three blocks to the east. Also by the Sixth Avenue elevated, getting off at 155th Street.

The building was erected in 1765 by Lieut. Col. Roger Morris, of the British Forty-seventh Regiment and a member of the King's Council. Morris and Washington were brothers in arms during the unfortunate attack



The Roger Morris House, Washington's Headquarters at Battle of Harlem. Perhaps the most interesting Colonial building now standing on Manhattan Island, 160th Street and Jumel Place. Take West Side Subway or Fifth Avenue Buses.



The Van Cortlandt Mansion in Van Cortlandt Park. Washington passed a night here. Contains an interesting and valuable collection of Colonial relics

on Fort Du Quesne, in which the former was wounded. It is also stated that Mrs. Morris refused the hand of Washington, preferring the dashing young soldier who wore the King's uniform. After the Revolution the estate was confiscated and sold. Meanwhile it looms large in the pages of American history.

It is the building most intimately connected with Washington in New York during hostilities. It was occupied by him as headquarters from September 16 to October 21, 1776—a period of over five weeks. Here he formed plans for the defence of the heights and considered measures for the blockade of the Hudson River. At the same time he issued the remarkable series of general orders now so eagerly read, and at the same time carried on the famous correspondence with William Duer, of the secret Committee of Safety. He had under him nearly 8,000 volunteers, for the larger part wholly untrained, undisciplined and about as motley a crew as ever gathered under any commander.

Most of them enlisted for only about thirty days, and never troubled themselves to procure suitable uniforms. Notwithstanding their common love of country and undoubted patriotism, they were poor material out of which to oppose the regular trained troops of the British, and the result was a severe defeat for the Americans and the capture of Fort Washington. The prisoners were first assembled in the barns on the Morris place, and later transferred to hulks and prison ships in New York. During this exciting period the Morris House was the centre of operations, with Washington as first in command. Upon its surrender to the British, it was occupied by Lieut. General Sir Henry Clinton, and became the headquarters of the invaders all through the summer of 1777. In one of the rooms is shown an old table on which André wrote a letter to Arnold in the presence of his captors.

After Sir Henry's occupancy, the house was used during the summer of 1778 and for the continuation of the war by the Hessian generals and their German staff. With the close of the Revolution the romance of the house for the moment ends, to be renewed at a later date by the wife of Stephen Jumel, a wealthy Frenchman who purchased the house in 1810.

As in the case of all Royalists, the property of Roger Morris was confiscated and sold. In the days of its ill fortune it became an inn, known as Calumet Hall, and was the first stop for a change of horses on the trip to Albany, being then eleven miles from the city proper. In 1790 it flashed forth for an instant in all its old-time splendor—the old Commander-in-chief and his cabinet, after a visit to Fort Washington, tarried here for dinner “provided by a Mr. Marriner,” as the old chronicler records. Among the distinguished guests accompanying the President were Alexander Hamilton, New York's first and greatest statesman, and Washington's chief councillor in the new government, who was then only about thirty years old; Thomas Jefferson, not yet the world-famous personage in history he has since become as the author of the Declaration of Independence; General Knox, little Nellie Custis, John Park Custis, John Adams, vice-president of the United States; Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Hamilton. Truly a notable gathering and well calculated to once again bring the old house to its old-time dignity. With the departure of these guests the fame of the old mansion seemed also to depart, and for nearly twenty years it stood neglected and forlorn. Its purchase by the wealthy merchant already mentioned served to restore its fallen fortunes for a period, as we find it for over fifty years occupying a conspicuous position in the annals of old New York.

Jumel restored the mansion to the same condition in which it was in Washington's time, thus performing a very valuable public service. When the house finally passed into the possession of the city for all time, it greatly simplified the work of making the restoration complete.

During the Jumel occupation the old house continued to add to its historic reputation. In 1815, after Waterloo, Jumel sailed for France for the purpose of bringing back the great Napoleon here to end his days in exile. But the plan failed and Napoleon died in St. Helena. The Jumels brought back many presents from Napoleon and souvenirs of his reign. His campaigning trunk, a chariot clock from the Tuilleries, a table painted by Josephine and numerous pieces of furniture remained in the house as late as 1889. Stephen Jumel died in 1832 and was buried in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, then in Prince Street.

The next year all New York was stirred by the news that Mme. Jumel had married the notorious Aaron Burr. Since the duel with Hamilton, Burr's fortunes had fallen to a low ebb and the marriage was looked upon as a money-making scheme. The union did not last long and a separation and divorce soon followed. Mme. Jumel died in 1865, surviving by many years all who connected the Morris House with the Revolution, and was buried in old Trinity Cemetery, at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Broadway, but a slight distance from the old home in which for so many years she was so prominent a figure.

A niece of Mme. Jumel then occupied the house for many years. Her husband studied law with Burr, and his friends included N. P. Willis and his sister Fanny Fern; James Porter, the poet; Mrs. Blennerhasset and many other literary friends. Fitz-Greene Halleck, on one of his many visits here, wrote his most famous poem,

"Marco Bozzaris," on a stone in the rear of the house which is still pointed out.

By this time the people of New York became aroused to the historic importance of this house, and after many attempts the property was finally secured by the city through the Washington Heights Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, assisted by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. It was then formally opened to the public.

Each room now contains many interesting items and is designated by name, so that the contents are readily identified.

The most important is called the Council Chamber, and is the large room at the back of the hall. In Washington's time it was known as the Court Martial Room, and contains one of Washington's china plates decorated with the insignia of the Cincinnati. In this room Washington received visits of the sachems of the Five Nations who offered their allegiance to the American cause. The Guard Room has many relics discovered in the neighborhood by Mr. Reginald Pelham Bolton, and Mr. Calver, another enthusiast, who discovered a goodly number of old camp sites, graves and other hidden remains of Revolutionary days, containing muskets, buttons, old cooking utensils, uniforms, coins, etc.

Washington's bedroom is, of course, an object of particular interest. There are few remaining houses where the father of his country slept for so many nights as in the Morris House. This room is now furnished with colonial furniture, of a character the same as used by Washington while here. The office is also interesting, as indeed is every room which the commander-in-chief is known to have occupied personally.

The Lafayette Room is on the second floor and contains the richly carved bed and sofa actually used by Lafayette on his visit to Charleston, S. C., and one of his gloves.

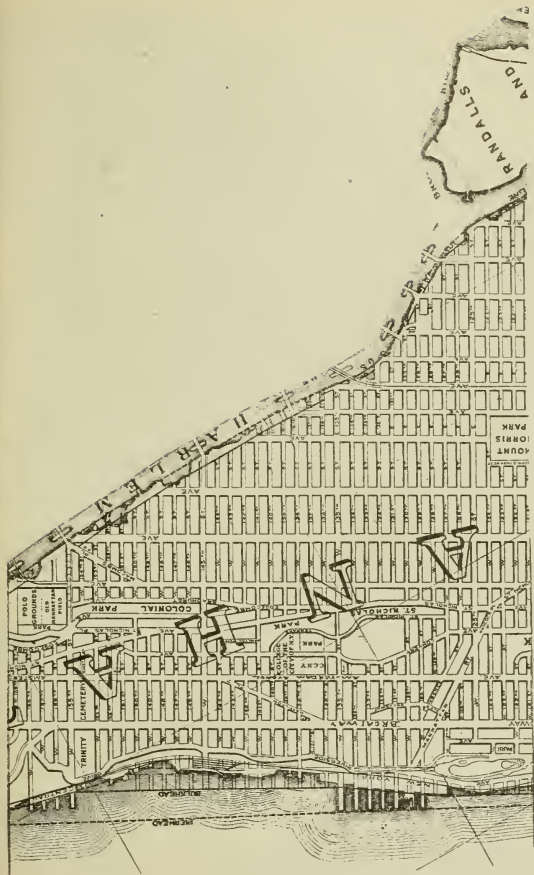
On the second floor in the hall is a copy of the flag used by Washington two and a half years before the making of Betsy Ross' design. It is the English flag, with red and white stripes substituted for the plain red field. Other important items in the house is the Washington table from Fraunces Tavern, Aaron Burr's trunk, Governor Bradford's punch bowl, Governor Trumbull's chair and many other colonial relics appropriately disposed throughout the building.

The run up to the old headquarters takes not over half an hour and is worth the time. In Trinity Cemetery (this must not be confused with Trinity Church Yard, downtown), not far from the Jumel Mansion, are also many interesting things to see. The late John Jacob Astor, who perished on the *Titanic*, is buried here, as is also Audubon, the great naturalist, and Clement Moore, who wrote that pretty little poem known by children the world over,

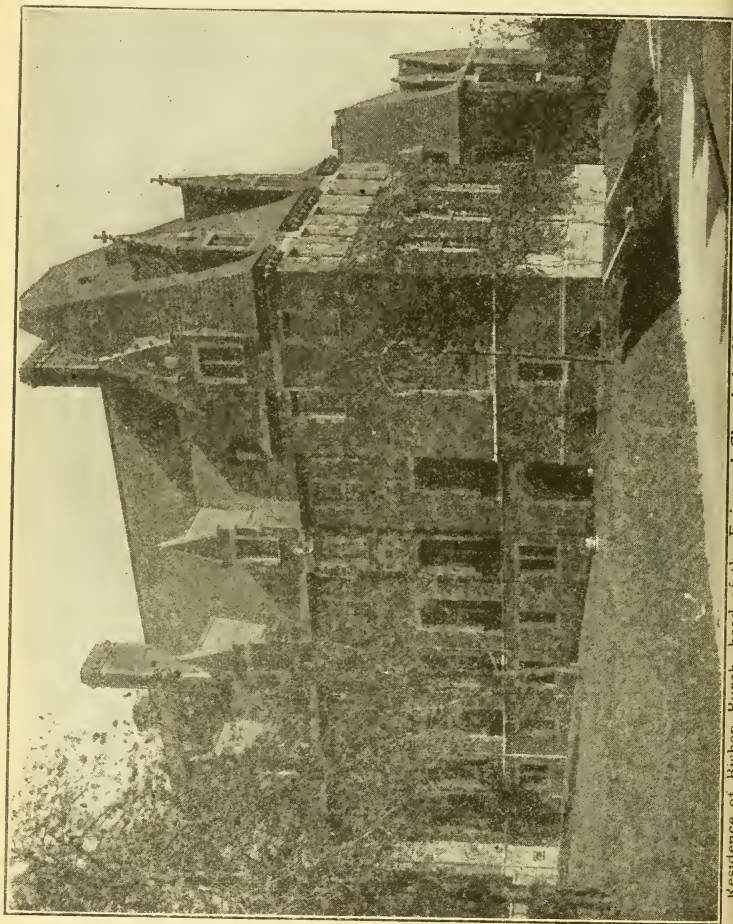
“'Twas the Night before Christmas”

Every Christmas, the school children of New York gather around the grave and bedeck it with flowers. It is a beautiful tribute.

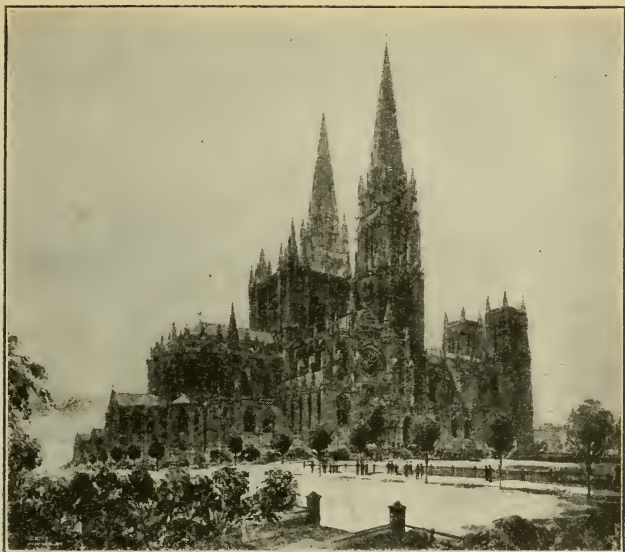
A son of Charles Dickens who died during a visit to this country is also buried here; so we have a reminder of that other great Christmas story, “*Tiny Tim*.”



NORTH FROM COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, 120TH ST., UPPER SECTION OF UPTOWN.
North from Columbia University to Polo Grounds, Eighth Avenue and 159th Street. Mount Morris Park at right 120th Street and Fifth Avenue; College of the City of New York at 138th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Trinity Cemetery at Broadway and 155th Street. Extraordinary group of buildings—The Hispanic Society, American Geographical Society, The Indian Museum, Heye Foundation, and Numismatic Society—at Broadway, 155th to 156th Street.



Residence of Bishop Burch, head of the Episcopal Church in New York City, on the grounds of



Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Morningside Heights.

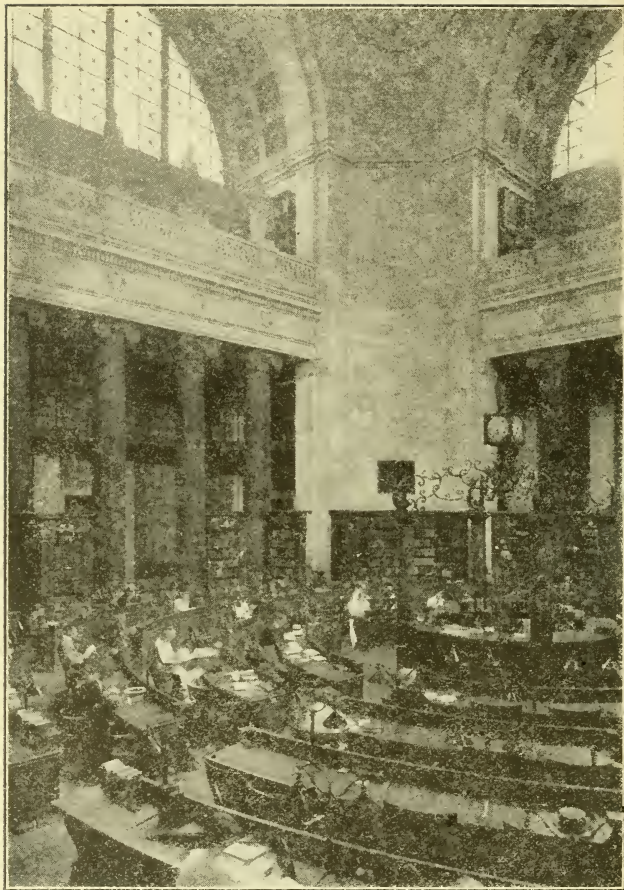
THE ACROPOLIS OF AMERICA

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE,
MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, HORACE MANN SCHOOL,
BARNARD COLLEGE.

THIS section of the city has been recently described as the Acropolis of America, and extends from Riverside Drive to Morningside Park. These are the grounds of Columbia University. The college grounds proper extend from One Hundred and Fourteenth Street to One Hundred and Twentieth Street, and from Broadway to Amsterdam Avenue, but the land west of the college grounds proper, from One Hundred and Sixteenth to One Hundred and Twentieth between Broadway and



St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University.



Main reading-room, Low Library, Columbia University.



Statue by Constantine Meunier, the Belgian sculptor, in front of the School of Mines, Columbia University.

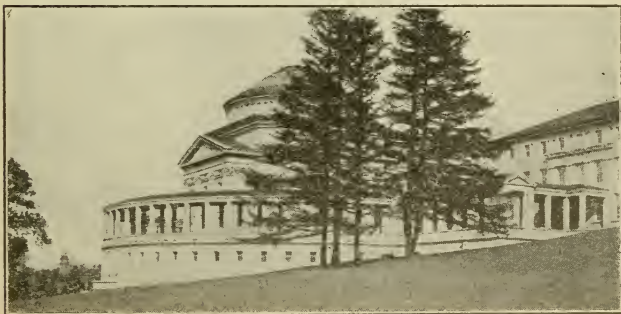
Claremont Avenue, and the blocks north from One Hundred and Twentieth Street to One Hundred and Twenty-first Street, also the land to the east from One Hundred and Sixteenth to One Hundred and Seventeenth Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Morningside Avenue, upon which stand Barnard College, Teachers College, the Horace Mann School and the president's house, are all included in the University buildings. On the frieze of the library of the university is inscribed the following:

KING'S COLLEGE
FOUNDED IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW YORK
BY ROYAL CHARTER
IN THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE II
PERPETUATED AS COLUMBIA COLLEGE
BY THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
WHEN THEY BECAME FREE AND INDEPENDENT
MAINTAINED AND CHERISHED
FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE PUBLIC GOOD
AND THE GLORY OF ALMIGHTY GOD

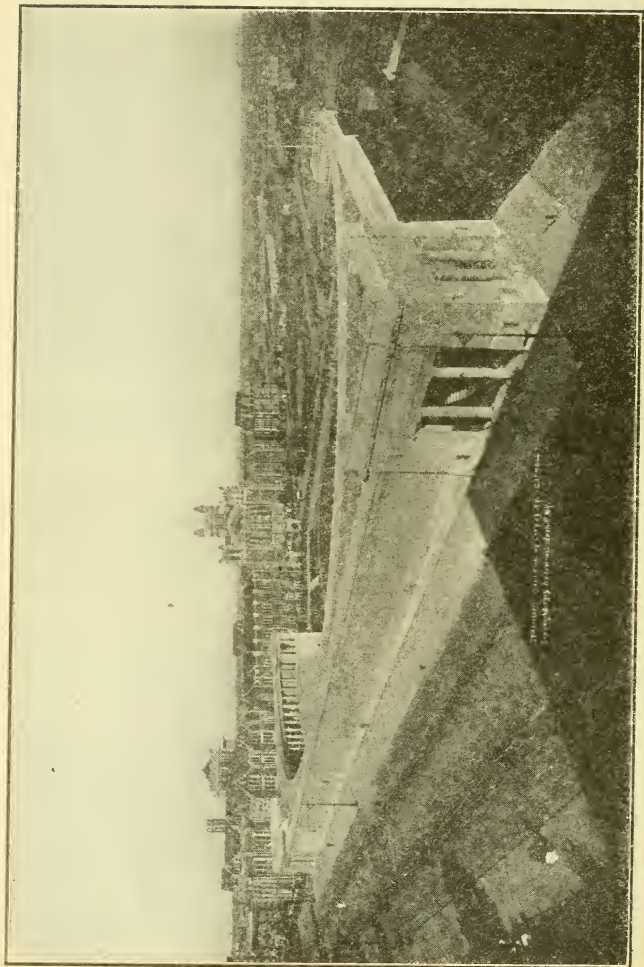
The Broadway subway cars will bring you right to the college entrance from any part of the city in a very short time. The Fifth Avenue motor busses also let you off at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Sixteenth Street within a short block of the grounds. By this latter route you have the added pleasure of the scenery along the river and the drive, a valued addition to the pleasures of the trip. Every facility is provided strangers for a walk through the grounds, and many of the buildings are open for inspection by the public. A model of all the university buildings twenty feet by thirty-five, including all those planned as well as erected—a gift of F. Augustus Schermerhorn, class of '68—is in the



Entrance to College of the City of New York. St. Nicholas
Terrace and 139th Street



The Hall of Fame, New York University, University Heights,
Fordham

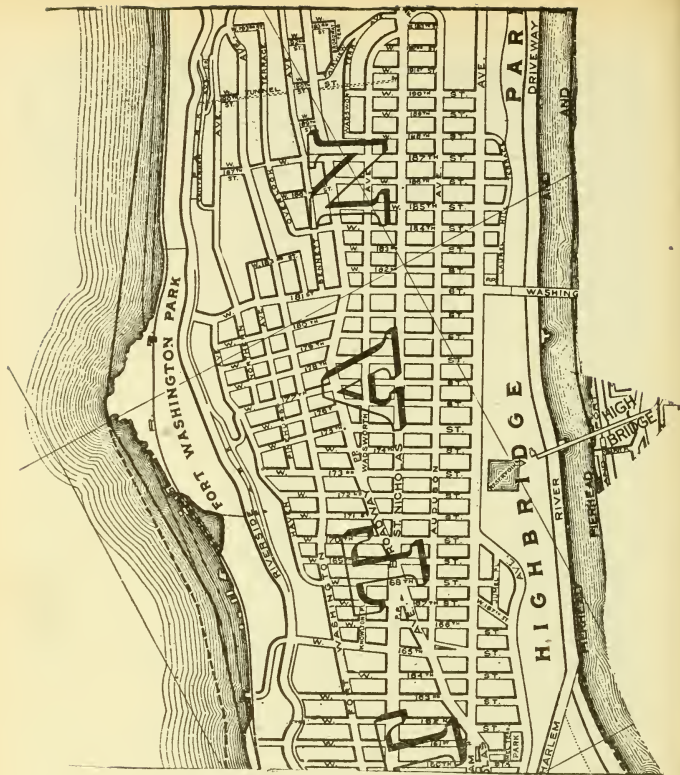


The Lewisohn Stadium, College of the City of New York.

basement of Kent Hall, southwest corner One Hundred and Sixteenth Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

At 138th Street extending to 140th Street is the college of the City of New York, with free tuition and 7,000 scholars. It is the largest school under municipal control in the world. The block southeast of the college grounds contains a huge amphitheatre known as the Lewisohn Stadium. Besides sports, this immense enclosure is used for pageants, community singing, etc. It is a most useful structure. Leaving the City College grounds we go north on the surface cars to Fort Washington Park which contained the three forts, Washington, Tyron and George, and formed the Revolutionary defences of the Battle of Harlem Heights. Many old relics in the way of arms, buttons, cooking utensils are dug up in this neighborhood as the British forces stayed here nearly seven years after the battle. A tablet on the Bennett property at 183rd Street and Washington Avenue, erected by James Gordon Bennett, marks the exact site of Fort Washington. At Broadway and 204th Street is the old Dyckman House dating from 1787 and recently restored. It is considered a typical old Dutch farm house. Continuing to the end of the Subway we alight at the entrance to Van Cortlandt Park, which begins at 242nd Street, just beyond the Harlem River in the Bronx.

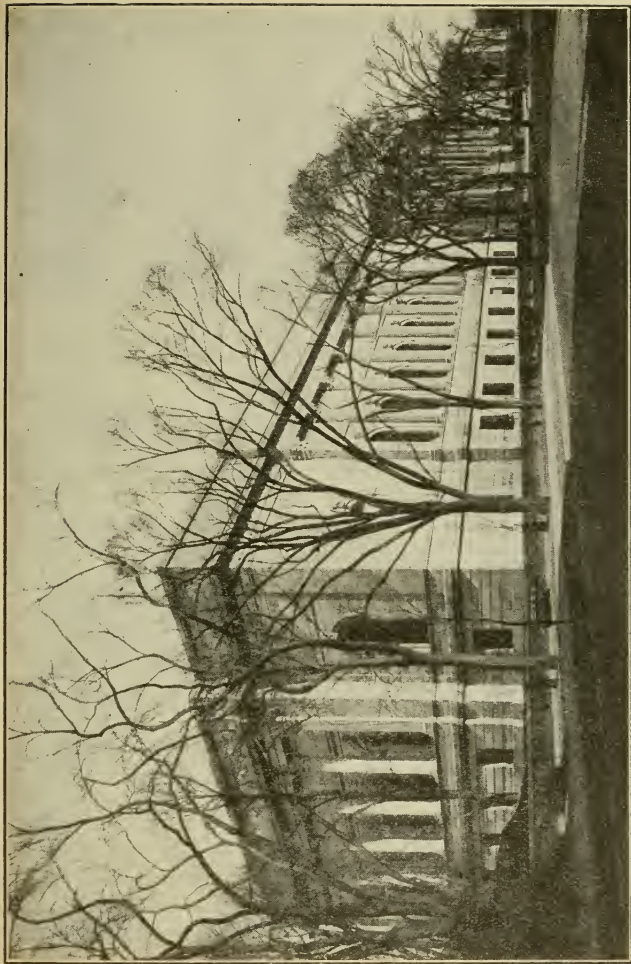
There are two points of interest nearby which although not in Manhattan, may be included here for the benefit of those who have made the trip with us so far—the University of the City of New York, which is famous for its Hall of Fame, the gift of Helen Gould. Much discussion surrounds the selection of the names chosen for this distinction. A few blocks further, at 194th Street and Kingsbridge Road, is a very interesting old building—the home of Edgar Allan Poe. It is contained in a small section of public land called Poe Park. A short trolley ride on the surface car brings us to it.



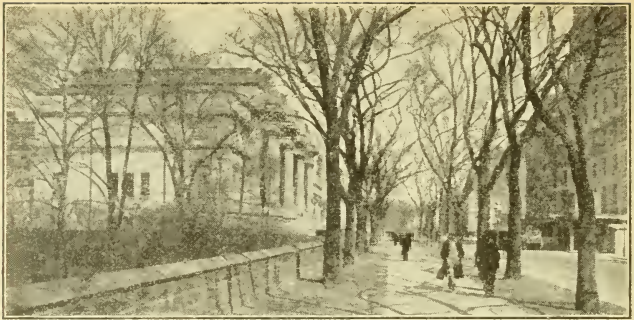
MAP SHOWING UPPER PART OF THE ISLAND

Washington Heights Section. North from Washington's Headquarters, Roger Morris Mansion, 160-161st Street to the site of Fort George. At right facing Harlem River old Speedway, popular in days of trotting horses. High Bridge across Harlem River and old Croton Reservoir. West or left hand side Fort Washington Park facing Hudson River. Fort Tyron and Fort Washington at north west corner 197th Street.

We are now at the narrowest part of the island—about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from East to West.



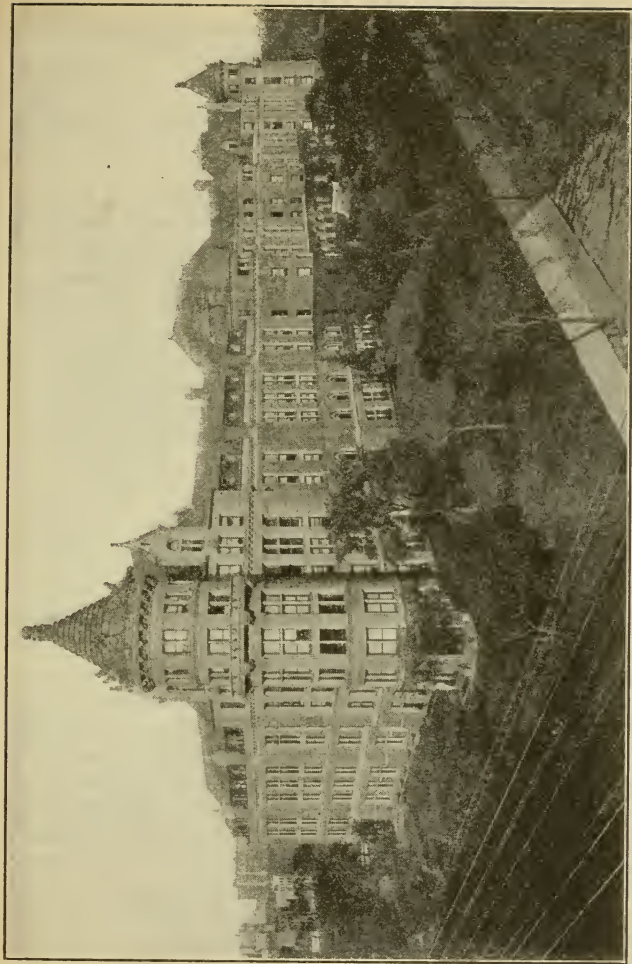
The Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street,
looking north



OUR GREAT MUSEUMS

THE METROPOLITAN, THE HISPANIC, THE NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK HISTORICAL, THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL, THE INDIAN, HEYE FOUNDATION, THE MAGNIFICENT GROUP OF BUILDINGS AT BROADWAY AND 155TH STREET NOW COMPLETED. OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IN an educational sense our great public Museums are doing very important work. The Trustees of an institution like the Metropolitan Museum of Art have long ago outgrown the idea that it was simply a place in which to display rare paintings and priceless works of art. The idea now is to encourage the interest in these collections for their utility as well as their beauty and to seek to benefit industry and the artisan. The Metropolitan now has a separate department in which the needs of the various workers in any line are carefully compiled. Every effort is expended to acquaint firms in these lines with the specimens which are in the Metropolitan collection and to encourage visits and investigations. In this way the Museum is proving itself a practical helper in the work of the world today and is filling a career of usefulness never contemplated in its earlier plans.



Museum of Natural History, 77th Street and Central Park West.

The Metropolitan is so vast and so important that we could never do justice to it in the space here at my command. No visitor would possibly think of coming to New York without visiting this magnificent institution with its acquisitions of the last few years outranking any similar institution in the world. It is open daily and on Sundays from 1 to 6 P. M.

On Mondays and Fridays an admission fee for visitors of 25 cents is charged. The Museum publishes several catalogues of its own at moderate prices, 25 or 50 cents. Wheel chairs to avoid Museum fatigue can also be had. Expert guides for parties at 25 cents per person with a minimum charge of \$1.00 per hour, is the most satisfactory and time saving method in which to see the Museum. A visit is a liberal education in itself, and we strongly recommend our friends to put this excursion on the list. A very pleasant route is to go on top of a Fifth Avenue Bus (fare 10 cents), and ride to the main entrance at 82nd Street.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Is located directly west of the Metropolitan on an extension of Park property and runs from Central Park West to Columbus Avenue. The grounds are ample and attractive. The building is massive and imposing. It is a huge affair ranking next to the Metropolitan in size, and is supported by a combination of private and public enterprise. The late Morris K. Jessup was a great admirer of this institution. The Peary Expeditions to the North Pole were financed by him and the resulting specimens brought to the Institution. And Col. Roosevelt delivered his only public lecture on his trip through South America before the Society's members.

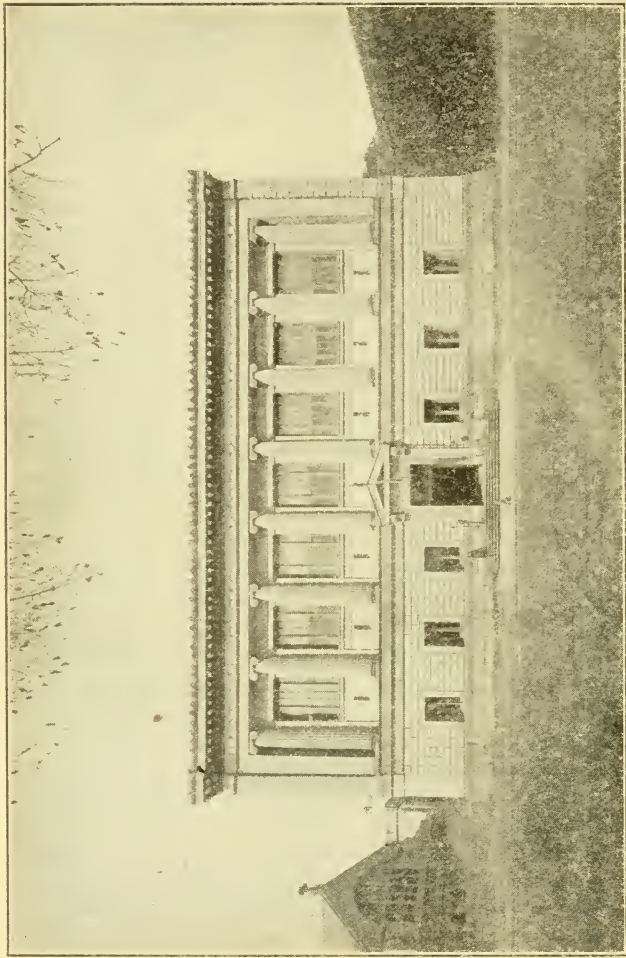
The many items of interest in this building are, like its neighbor, quite impossible to describe in a book so limited for space as this. Perhaps the most popular

exhibits are those showing the homes of native New York Indians. These are arranged in groups with lifelike figures, the background representing the country in which they lived. Nothing can exceed the interest or the naturalness of these groups. The figures seem about to speak and the illusion is perfect.

Some of the large reproductions of prehistoric animals are fascinating. The Thunder lizard—as large as a Pullman Car, always has a crowd. It is about 70 feet long and a man just reaches his knee. These and other popular exhibits serve to keep this Museum well in the public eye. Classes from the public schools are present every day to supplement their studies by the practical demonstrations afforded by these exhibits.

All sorts of birds, animals, whales, reptiles, are shown in practically endless variety. The struggle for existence among the lower forms of animal and bird life are admirably shown in a series of skillfully arranged cabinets in which the whole scene is enacted before the eye—the little field mouse is slain by the bat; the bat by the owl; the owl by the hawk; the hawk by the Eagle, etc., etc.

A life size Indian War Canoe filled with warriors painted and ready for the fray, meets you almost at the entrance. It is an exact reproduction of an Alaskan Tribe and is dramatic in its realism. If the figures were suddenly to break out into song you would not be at all surprised. It is certainly one of the thrills of a visit. This Museum cannot be seen in a few hours. It is so vast, so absorbingly interesting that the visitor whose time is limited should be content with one or two sections. More than that, it is apt to create a confused impression of the whole. It will more than repay all the time spent in a visit.



The New York Historical Society Building, Central Park West, covering the block between Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Streets. Founded 1804.

On the block bounded by 76th and 77th Streets, Central Park West, just around the corner from the Museum of Natural History, stands the building of one of our oldest institutions—the Historical Society, founded by John Pintard in 1804. When completed, the building will cover the entire front of the block and will be a notable addition to our semi-public buildings. The Society will shortly mature plans for the completion of the building by the erection of two imposing towers at the north and south ends. The main structure may also be heightened. When completed, the Building Committee feels assured that the final result will be a notable achievement. While the Historical is open to free admission to the public, it is nevertheless a private institution, supported entirely by its members.

In its rare prints of old New York, the society has undoubtedly the most comprehensive collection of items relating to New York, possessed by any organization, and in its maps, manuscripts and newspapers it has undoubtedly the finest pertaining to our city that exists. Its library is also of extraordinary value and contains nearly 450,000 volumes, including pamphlets.

Under the direction of Robert H. Kelby, Librarian, and his able assistant, Alexander J. Wall, who is also well known as a popular lecturer and authority on local genealogy, the Historical co-operates in a hearty manner with writers and others, seeking assistance, and this Guide is in no small measure indebted to them for many courtesies.

It was among the first to endorse the movement to remove the old post office and erect the old Liberty Pole as a war memorial, described elsewhere in this journal. It is ever in the forefront where New York City history is concerned and a visit to the building is well

worth while. The Eighth Avenue cars pass the door. Steps are now being taken to complete the building with artistic towers on the vacant land both north and south of the present structure. When completed, it will be a wonderful addition to an already famous institution of learning and culture.

With the formal opening of the newest of our Museums, the Indian, Heye Foundation, the *Quadrangle* at Broadway and 155th Street is now completed. It would be hard to find a more beautiful or charming section in all New York. The Indian Museum has not yet been thrown open to the public, but the exercises will have been performed ere this book is published, and it is only for us to say that it adds another interesting and educational institution to the city of the highest importance.

The Hispanic Society of America forms the principal building in this distinguished group which is located on an elevation overlooking the Hudson, just where Riverside Drive makes a graceful curve as if to spare "Minniesland," the old home of Audubon, the great naturalist. It is devoted to the advancement of Spanish literature, art and history. The entrance proper is on Broadway between One Hundred and Fifty-fifth and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Streets, and the Subway station is at One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Street. The Hispanic Society is thus conveniently reached, and the stranger who decides to spend an hour or two within its walls will have visited one of the most remarkable institutions not only in New York, but in the world as well. In fact, the Hispanic Society probably is better known in foreign countries than it is at home, though in recent years its local fame has greatly increased, partly by reason of the splendid exhibition of Spanish art which it has given from time to time. Its late exhibition of Spanish tapestries is a case in point. Lovers of art

were thus enabled to use the best examples of the most famous Spanish creations in this ancient art, and our country thus received the benefit. The growing influence of, all things Spanish and Portuguese in this city has given the society an added importance that is rapidly growing as its usefulness becomes more widely known.

The collections of this society, though small, are of exquisite quality. No attempt has been made to include the varying grades of certain illustrative originals, the idea being to limit the exhibits to the very best specimen obtainable in each class, and also one other that might be described as generally typical. In this manner the society has gathered examples of wood carving, silver work, ivory plaques and combs of Phœnician origin, Hispano-Moresque plaques, neolithic and Roman pottery, Buen-Retiro ware, azulejos or glazed tiles, Roman mosaics and ecclesiastical embroideries, etc. Most of them are of the greatest rarity.

As the society delights to encourage special research in literature and strives to promote new and original investigations so that the result may be literature by itself, it offers special facilities to those pursuing such studies, and its library is, without exception, the most important devoted to this particular field in America. Of its original manuscripts, first editions, etc., New York is justly proud. It includes a large collection of early books, including examples of Lambert Palmart, of Valencia, the first printer of Spain, with some specimens of contemporary printers of Germany and Italy for the purposes of comparison; first editions of important Spanish authors and a unique special collection, including nearly every known edition of "Don Quixote"—itself an item of absorbing interest and value; autograph letters of Charles the Fifth and the Duke of Wellington; manuscripts of George Borrow and Robert Southey; ancient maps and rare old prints and beauti-

fully illumined mediæval liturgical books. The society gives its cordial co-operation to sincere workers and upon application to the library the treasures of the library are freely placed at the disposal of readers. Reader's cards may be had from the Librarian. It is doubtful if a similar collection of Spanish memorabilia is extant in any other country of the world.

Its famous paintings are undoubtedly entitled to the high praise bestowed upon them as they are of exceptional importance. The Spanish Painter, El Greco, is best represented by *The Holy Family*.

Valesquez, the greatest, is represented by the *Portrait of a Little Girl*, *Portrait of a Cardinal*, and a full-length, life-size portrait of the *Duke of Olivares*.

Morales: *Madonna and Child*, and Goya: *The Second of May*, *The Duchess of Alba* and *General Foraster*. Also paintings by Moro, Zubaran, etc., and by Sala, Fortuny, Domingo and Rico.

Of the great living Spanish painters, Sorolla and Zuloaga, there is *Leonese Peasants*; Portraits of *José Echegaray* and of *Vincente Blasco Ibañez*, the Spanish novelist now so popular for his "*Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*", by the former and family of a Gipsy Bullfighter, and portrait of the painter by himself of the latter.

Sorolla, by the way, was introduced to the art public of the new world by the Hispanic, whose notable exhibition of his work is still pleasantly remembered in New York.

The Hispanic is constantly growing in influence.

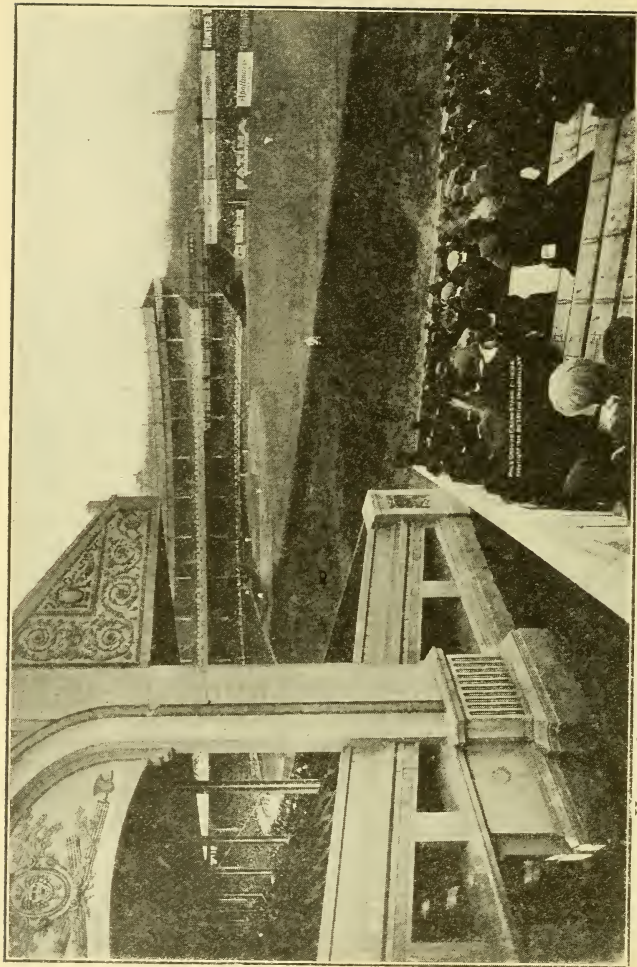
A bronze bust of Collis P. Huntington, father of the founder and to whom the building is a memorial, is of special interest. It is on the right as you enter. The building is open from 10 to 5 every day of the week, but the library is closed on Sundays and Mondays.

There are, of course, dozens of other institutions, all doing great work for the city, like the Genealogical and Biographical Society, which devotes itself to family history. The Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, at 16 West 44th Street, one of the oldest bodies (1785); the Society Library, our first public library, on University Place, and dozens of others. We can only enumerate those likely to have some interest for the visitor.

OUR WONDERFUL PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There are over five hundred and fifty public schools in the city, the attendance of which aggregates some nine hundred thousand pupils. These are located all over the city. New buildings are constantly in course of construction, but the complaint of inadequate service is constant. Each year sees a long article in the papers about "part time" scholars, and various remedies are proposed. The reason for this state of affairs is not always lack of school room. Populations in the City have a way of shifting from year to year, that puzzles the authorities to know just what to do. One section of the city will have more than enough school room, while another not far distant will have far from enough. School houses are expensive, and when business suddenly drives out all the families in its particular neighborhood, the moving of the school is not always practical. In addition to this oddity of metropolitan life there is the constant influx of new families from all over the country.

More use of the buildings is now made than formerly. Night sessions in many of them for advanced pupils is more or less general, and hundreds of lectures with lantern slides and moving pictures, are held every evening throughout the winter season. No admission to these lectures is charged, and almost every known subject is discussed and illustrated at some time or other by a recognized authority. The community idea is also gain-



© International Home of the Giants. The Polo Grounds, 155th Street and Eighth Avenue.

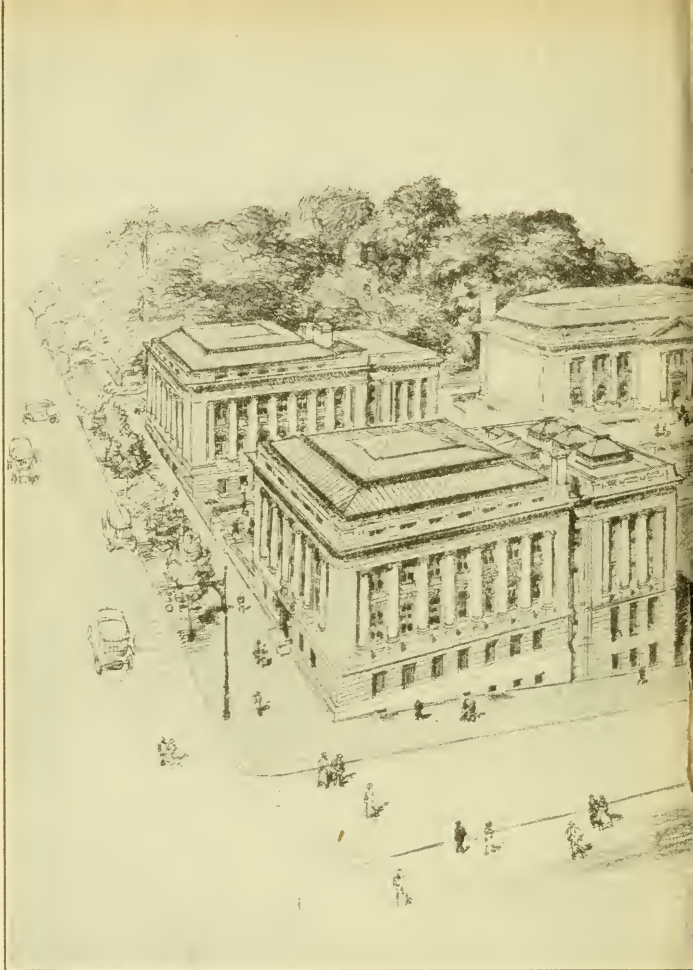
ing ground, and many meetings of purely local interest are held in these buildings. Community singing is also quite an important feature. Central Park has been the scene of many such gatherings on summer evenings, and on Christmas eve quite a celebration is had in Madison Square, on which occasion a Community Christmas Tree wonderfully decorated with many electric lights, is an added attraction.

"THE BLACK BELT."

In the neighborhood of Lenox Avenue, beyond the 130th Streets and extending a short distance East and West, is a section densely populated by negroes. During the War quite an exodus set in from the South, and we now have a colored population of nearly a hundred thousand.

Long stretches of individual houses and apartments formerly occupied by whites, have been abandoned to the newcomers. They have a theatre of their own in which legitimate plays are given with a caste entirely composed of negroes, in the daily newspapers.

Strange to relate, our colored citizens very early showed a taste for the vaudeville. So the proprietors of the Lafayette Theatre, the negro playhouse at the corner of 137th Street and Seventh Avenue, formed their troupe into a regular stock company and they are now known as the Lafayette Players. This versatile troupe of colored actors will ultimately tour the leading cities of the North and South, playing "Faust," "Madame X." "Tribly," "The Fortune Hunter," "Resurrection," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Rosary," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and a hundred different dramas, ranging from the classic to Broadway farce.



HISPANIC SOC

American Geographical Society, the American Indian Museum, Hey
on Broadway,



View of the

OF AMERICA
ation and the Numismatic Society. A Notable Group of Buildings
o 156th Streets

Nearly opposite old St. John's Methodist Church on John Street was the site of the second theatre in New York. It was known in Colonial days as the Royal. The father of Joseph Jefferson played here and during the British occupation it was much frequented by His Majesty's officers. Major Andre, who was an amateur playwright of no mean ability, had several of his plays produced here during the Revolution.

But what is perhaps its most interesting event was the night when Washington, then President, attended. That well-known song, "Hail Columbia," was composed in honor of the event, and played for the first time by the orchestra under the direction of the composer, Fyles. Few persons are aware of the birth of this popular song, which you see has quite a distinguished origin.

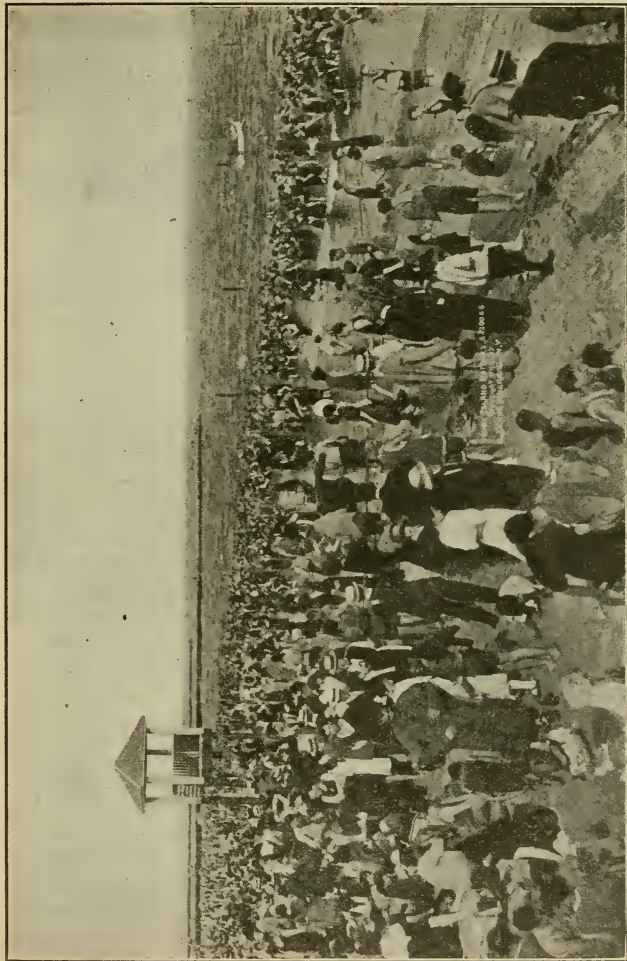
* * * * *

And, speaking of songs, reminds us of another one that has enjoyed lasting popularity, "The American Flag," written by Joseph Rodman Drake, another New Yorker. The rollicking chorus of this ballad, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," might well be called the father of all the Cohan-Berlin syncopated ragtime-jazz music, now so universally popular.

Drake was a contemporary and friend of Irving's. He was a most promising young poet, but died at the early age of twenty-five. His "Culprit Fay" is one of the most fanciful poems in literature. To Fitz Greene Halleck, his devoted friend, his loss was a sorrow which he never forgot. His lament beginning:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee
Nor named thee but to praise.

still remains one of the most touching tributes in English poetry.



On the Beach at Coney Island.

© International



NEARBY ATTRACTIONS

CONEY ISLAND, ROCKAWAY BEACH, THE INTERSTATE PALISADE
PARK, BEAR MOUNTAIN, HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON,
WEST POINT.

IT is quite impossible in a book of ordinary size to speak at length of all the features of New York that are more or less of interest to the stranger. Besides the city, there are its environs like Coney Island, for instance, that are practically part of the metropolis. A quarter of a million people sometimes spend the day at Coney Island, which is one of the really great sights of the world.

It is not more than forty minutes from almost any station in the subway, and ranks among one of the most popular resorts near a great city in the world. It fronts directly on the ocean. The bathing is a great attraction, and there is generally a cool breeze blowing. A portion of the beach is now a public park. From the East side, take the subway at 60th Street on the Lexington Avenue line. On the West Side, subway, take the 42nd Street station. You can use any of the stations in between to reach those points, as best suits your convenience.

A very delightful route to Coney Island is by boat. Starting from 129th Street and sailing down the North River, touching at Pier 1, near the Battery, we get a splendid view of the docks and shipping of New York with the tall buildings in the background, and the ever-changing scenes of river traffic on our right. As we pilot our way into the bay the historic Governor's Island appears on our left and the famous Statue of Liberty on our right. Passing these landmarks we sail along the beautiful shore of Bay Ridge—another Brooklyn suburb—with its fine residences and its splendidly built Shore Road stretching all the way down to Fort Hamilton and the Narrows. At this point we emerge into the ocean and get a taste of the ocean breezes at first hand, and if our voyager is at all languid from the effects of the heat, the oxygen of the Atlantic transforms him, in an incredibly short time, into a most lively and vivacious pleasure seeker.

THE ROCKAWAYS AND JAMAICA BAY.

Next to Coney Island, Rockaway Beach is the most attractive of all the nearby resorts and in some respects it is even more delightful than its famous neighbor. The trip by water is a most pleasant one. To those who go to Rockaway by train the fishing stations on Jamaica Bay, just before reaching your destination, present a curious and rather perplexing puzzle of winding water ways, zig-zagging and crossing each other in an interminable maze. But the fishermen who frequent these perplexing waters know all the outs and ins, the deeps and shallows, the currents and eddies of this most strange fishing ground. The sensation of crossing this bay is peculiar. You wonder whether you are on land or water. Besides Rockaway Beach itself, where the crowds go, there is the beautiful Rockaway Park, a few miles farther west on the beach—a quiet and select place. And

in the other direction there is the fashionable Far Rock-away with its incomparable stretch of sandy beach, and Arverne with its many fine residences.

For any one who likes a trolley ride through the country, a very pleasant way to return from Far Rock-away is to take the trolley car which starts from near the station and crosses the island to Jamaica. There the street car or elevated may be taken to New York. The trip this way consumes more than two hours, but is most enjoyable and gives the traveller a view of a very fine suburban part of Brooklyn and the village of Jamaica, itself a residential section of Brooklyn, which is growing very fast and is building up with handsome residences. From here car lines run to Flushing, Corona, College Point, and thence back to New York by Queensborough Bridge.

SANDY HOOK AND BACK.

For a purely ocean trip nothing can surpass the sail to Sandy Hook and back. It matters not how the temperature may be on land, old ocean never fails to roll and toss and blow to your heart's content. The swift steamers that ply between the city from the foot of Liberty Street to the Atlantic Highlands usually carry a full passenger list. Many of them do not leave the boat at Sandy Hook, but come right back. All they want is the ocean breezes and the invigorating effect of real deep sea sailing.

It is a pleasant trip, costs \$2.50 return fare, and takes about one hour each way.

The trains connect with the railroad running to all the famous Jersey Shore resorts you have heard so much about—Long Branch, Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, Sea Girt, Elberon, Spring Lake, Bradley Beach, etc.

There are also some delightful short trips to Long Island by motor car or railroad. Oyster Bay, where

Roosevelt is buried, is about an hour out. Garden City, with its famous hotel, cathedral and great publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., and Camp Mills. Other resorts further out include Wheatley Hills, Old Westbury, Piping Rock, South, East and West Hampton—all containing the Summer homes of wealthy New Yorkers. A ride on the Jericho Turnpike or on the famous Motor Parkway, that extends fifty miles into Long Island to Lake Ronkonkoma, is well worth taking. Consult the Long Island Railroad time table for further particulars.

North of the city in Westchester County are two or three particularly interesting places. Long Vue, on the highest point of land near the city on the Hudson River, affords magnificent views of the river and in all directions. It is about 40 minutes out by motor or by rail. The nearest station is Hastings-on-Hudson on the New York Central. Briar Cliff Lodge, about forty miles out, is another delightful resort. Gedney Farms, at White Plains, and the Hotel Gramatan, at Lawrence Park, Bronxville, are also well worth a visit.

Yonkers, Irvington, (Washington Irving's home,) Tarrytown and its old Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, nearly 250 years old, and containing the only Dutch church standing (built in 1688) in this part of the country. Here are the graves of Andrew Carnegie, Washington Irving and the captors of Major André. John R. Rockefeller and his brother, William, live just north of Tarrytown, besides that of many other well known people. These are all on the Central lines within an hour of the city.

On the eastern side of the county are the pretty little villages of New Rochelle, Larchmont, Greenwich and Cos Cob. They face the waters of Long Island Sound and provide homes for some of the vast army of New York commuters. They are on the New Haven Railroad.

Trolley cars connect all these little places in some way or another, and on an open car in Summer the trip is very pleasant and the country very beautiful.

It is doubtful if any other large city has quite so many attractive environs as New York. As a Summer resort itself, it is among the most popular in the country. With a few trifling exceptions the weather, even in July and August, is not at all uncomfortable and almost every night a cool breeze springs up and the evenings are enjoyable.

Seashore, river and mountain are all readily reached within a few hours from the city. All the places we have mentioned can be visited and return with ample time for sight seeing, within a day. Even Atlantic City is reached within two and a half hours and special trains in the Summer on Sundays make the trip there and back within the day, allowing nearly six hours at the beach. And Block Island, twenty miles out in the ocean from the end of Long Island, is another Sunday one-day trip. In short, there are many numerous delightful outings, including a day's deep sea fishing out in the broad Atlantic, that is easily and cheaply made from the city. Golf, tennis and baseball, by world famous clubs and players, are of almost daily occurrence and no one need lack for amusement of any kind in or around New York. The famous Forest Hills tennis courts are fifteen minutes out on the Long Island Railroad, and the Polo Grounds are at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue. Dozens of golf clubs are near the city.

OUTSIDERS IN NEW YORK

The United States Census Bureau gives the following list of outsiders who are living in New York City:

Alabama	2,165	Nebraska	934
Arizona	393	Nevada	239
Arkansas	577	New Hampshire.....	2,857
California	4,827	New Jersey.....	69,898
Colorado	1,105	New Mexico.....	360

Connecticut	25,233	Montana	458
Delaware	2,003	North Carolina.....	10,736
District of Columbia....	4,781	North Dakota.....	152
Florida	2,399	Ohio	16,549
Georgia	6,798	Oklahoma	194
Idaho	341	Oregon	360
Illinois	12,938	Pennsylvania	54,904
Indiana	4,356	Rhode Island.....	5,655
Iowa	2,712	South Carolina.....	8,229
Kansas	1,266	South Dakota.....	199
Kentucky	4,520	Tennessee	2,425
Louisiana	3,331	Texas	2,387
Maine	6,693	Utah	320
Maryland	12,562	Vermont	5,205
Massachusetts	34,977	Virginia	28,862
Michigan	5,238	Washington	753
Minnesota	2,138	West Virginia.....	1,279
Mississippi	1,028	Wisconsin	3,190
Missouri	5,443	Wyoming	341

NEW YORK'S GREAT WAR MEMORIAL

As the chief city in the Union, New York will undoubtedly erect a magnificent monument to the Heroes of the Great War. Mr. Rodman Wanamaker is chairman of the Mayor's Committee and the following prominent citizens are the members:

Adams, Dr. P. H.	Blashfield, Edwin H.
Adams, Herbert	Boomer, L. M.
Adamson, Robert	Borden, Col. H. S.
Agar, John C.	Bowman, John McE.
Albee, Col. E. F.	Boyle, Edward F.
Alexander, Major Gen. Robert	Brady, Nicholas F.
Anderson, Ellery O.	Brannon, Dr. J. W.
Appel, John W., Jr.	Breed, William C.
Appleton, Gen. Daniel	Brown, Charles S.
Auchincloss, Gordon	Brown, Dr. Ellsworth
Babcock, Woodward	Bruckner, Henry
Baker, George F.	Brunner, Arnold W.
Baker, George F., Jr.	Bullard, Major Gen. Robert L.
Baker, Stephen	Burch, Rt. Rev. C. H.
Baldwin, Le Roy W.	Burr, William P.
Bannard, Otto T.	Burrell, Rev. D. J.
Bartlett, Paul W.	Calder, William M.
Barclay, J. Searle	Cameron, W. Scott
Battle, George G.	Campbell, H. D.
Baylies, Edmund L.	Candler, Duncan
Beal, Gifford	Carey, Frederic F.
Beard, Anson	Chalfin, Paul
Berolzheimer, Philip	Chaplin, Dr. H. D.
Berwind, E. J.	Choate, Joseph H.
Berry, Lt. Col. C. W.	Clarke, E. A. S.
Bigelow, Ernest A.	Clarke, T. B., Jr.
Blair, John Inslee	Clews, Henry

Cockran, W. Bourke
Coler, Bird S.
Compton, George B.
Conboy, Martin
Connolly, Maurice E.
Cooke, G. E.
Cooke, Dr. R. A.
Cooke, Robert Grier
Cortelyou, George B.
Coudert, Frederic B.
Cowdin, John E.
Craig, Charles L.
Cravath, Paul D.
Crowninshield, Frank
Cruger, Bertram de'N.
Cruger, Major F. H.
Curran, Henry H.
Cutting, R. Fulton
Davie, Col. Preston
Day, William A.
Day, Joseph P.
Davies, Julien T.
Davison, Henry P.
Dodge, Cleveland H.
Delafield, Richard
De Rahm, Frederic F.
Dillingham, C. B.
Donovan, Col. W. J.
Drayton, J. Coleman
Dreicer, Michael
Drennan, Thomas
Du Pont, T. Coleman
Dunn, Robert R.
Duffield, Rev. Howard
Dwyer, John F.
Dyer, Gen. G. R.
Edgar, N. Le Roy
Edwards, William H.
Elkus, Abram L.
Emerson, Guy
Enright, Richard E.
Fairchild, Samuel W.
Faxon, William B.
Finley, John H.
Fish, Major H., Jr.
Fiske, Haley
Fiske, Rear Admiral
Bradley A.
Foley, James A.
Fosdick, Raymond B.
Foster, F. de P.
Franklin, P. A. S.
Freelander, J. H.
French, Amos Tuck
French, Daniel C.
Frew, W. E.
Friedsam, Michael
Frissell, A. S.
Frost, John S.

Gallatin, Albert E.
Gibson, Charles Dana
Gleaves, Vice Admiral Albert
Glennon, Rear Admiral
James H.
Goff, John W., Jr.
Golden, John L.
Goodrich, Lieut. Col. David M.
Gordon, Gordon
Grant, Rollin P.
Griscom, Lloyd C.
Guerrin, Jules
Guggenheim, S. R.
Guggenheim, E. A.
Gunnison, Herbert F.
Harding, J. Horace
Harmon, John N.
Harriman, Joseph W.
Harriman, Oliver
Harries, John A.
Harris, Tracey Hyde
Harvey, George
Hastings, Thomas
Hawkes, McDougall
Hayes, Rt. Rev. P. J.
Hedges, Job E.
Hemphill, A. J.
Higgins, C. M.
Hogan, Edward J.
Holt, Dr. L. Emmett
Hoppin, William W.
House, Col. E. M.
Houston, Herbert S.
Hoyt, Allen G.
Hoyt, Capt. Lydig
Hulbert, Murray
Huntington, A. M.
Huntsman, R. F. R.
Iselin, Adrian
James, Arthur C.
Jenks, Jeremiah W.
Johnson, Alfred J.
Johnson, Bradish G.
Johnson, Robert U.
Juilliard, Frederic A.
Kahn, Otto H.
Kane, Grenville
Kaufman, Louis G.
Keep, Charles H.
Kelsey, Clarence H.
Kernochnan, Frederic
Kingsley, Darwin P.
Knott, David H.
Kountze, Lieut. Col. W. de
Lancey
Krech, Alvin W.
Kuntz, George F.
Lahey, William J.
Lamont, Thomas W.

Lamb, Charles R.
 Larkin, William P.
 Lavelle, Rt. Rev. M. J.
 Leach, John A.
 Lee, Frederic G.
 Ledyard, Lewis Cass
 Leslie, Warren
 Lewis, William E.
 Lewisohn, Adolph
 Lorillard, Pierre, Jr.
 Lowrie, Charles N.
 Lindeberg, H. T.
 Lynn, Preston P.
 McAdoo, W. Gibbs
 McAdoo, William
 McAlpin, Dr. D. H.
 McAteer, Howard
 McCormack, John
 McCarthy, Thomas D.
 McClellan, George B.
 McCook, Philip J.
 MacDonald, Henry
 McGarrahan, Gates W.
 MacMonnies, F. W.
 Mackay, Clarence H.
 Manning, Rev. W. T.
 Mansfield, Howard
 Marling, A. E.
 Marston, E. S.
 Milburn, John G.
 Miller, Dr. Frank E.
 Mills, Major Ogden L.
 Moran, Robert L.
 Morgan, J. P.
 Morgan, William F.
 Morris, B. W.
 Moore, John B.
 Mott, John R.
 Murphy, Patrick E.
 Munsey, Frank
 Murchison, Kenneth
 Nast, Conde
 Newberger, J. E.
 Newton, Byron R.
 Nicoll, Delancey
 Nixon, Lewis
 O'Brien, Morgan J.
 Ochs, Adolph S.
 Ohl, J. K.
 Olcott, E. E.
 O'Ryan, Major Gen. J. F.
 Osborn, Henry F.
 Parker, Alton B.
 Parson, Col. W. B.
 Patchin, Robert H.
 Patten, Thomas G.
 Peabody, Charles A.
 Pell, Herbert C.
 Perkins, George W.
 Pitcher, Lewis F.
 Pendleton, Justice F. K.
 Phipps, John S.
 Polk, Frank L.
 Pomroy, Frank L.
 Pope, John Russell
 Porter, W. H.
 Porter, A. D.
 Porter, Gen. Horace
 Post, Augustus
 Pratt, Carroll H.
 Presbrey, Frank
 Prosser, Seward
 Pulitzer, Ralph
 Pyne, Percy R.
 Reid, Ogden
 Reid, Daniel C.
 Deiland, Rev. Karl
 Rhines, Isaac O.
 Riegelmann, Edward
 Richie, John M.
 Richards, Eben
 Robbins, Arden M.
 Robinson, Capt. M. D.
 Robinson, Edward
 Rogers, Jason
 Robbins, Very Rev. H. C.
 Robinson, William S.
 Rockefeller, P. A.
 Root, Elihu
 Roosevelt, F. D.
 Ryan, Allan A.
 Ryan, Daniel L.
 Sabin, Charles H.
 Satterlee, Herbert L.
 Sayer, Francis B.
 Schiff, Mortimer L.
 Schwab, Charles M.
 Scribner, Charles
 Seligman, Henry
 Shanks, Major Gen. David C.
 Shaw, John M.
 Sheldon, Edward W.
 Shepard, Finley J.
 Sherry, Louis
 Shulhof, Otto B.
 Sinclair, Harry F.
 Sinnott, James
 Sinnott, John F.
 Smith, Alfred E.
 Smith, R. A. C.
 Snyder, Valentine P.
 Somers, Arthur S.
 Spedden, F. O.
 Stanchfield, John B.
 Stern, Louis
 Stetson, Francis L.
 Stettinius, E. R.
 Stewart, W. R.
 Stillman, James A.

Stimson, Col. H. L.	Vanderlip, Frank A.
Stires, Rev. E. M.	Vogel, Martin
Strong, Benjamin	Wagstaff, David
Sutphen, Henry R.	Walker, A. S.
Swann, Edward	Wallace, J. N.
Swartwout, Egerton	Walsh, William E.
Talbot, Richmond	Warburg, Felix M.
Talley, Alfred J.	Waterman, L. E.
Tams, J. Frederic	White, Gaylord S.
Thayer, E. V. R.	White, James G.
Thomas, Augustus	Whitehouse, J. N. de R.
Thompson, Col. J. De Mont	Wickersham, G. W.
Timlow, William F.	Wiggin, Albert H.
Trowbridge, S. B. P.	Williams, Lt. Col. R. H., Jr.
Tuckerman, Paul	Williams, Talcott
Twitchell, H. K.	Wilmerding, Lucius
Vail, Theodore N.	Wilson, George T.
Van Dyke, Dr. H.	Wingate, Gen. G. W.
Vanderbilt, W. K., Jr.	Winthrop, H. R.

A committee of the Victory Hall Memorial Association, consisting of George Gordon Battle, James E. Cushman and Mrs. C. C. Rumsey, daughter of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, called on President F. H. LaGuardia of the Board of Aldermen, to discuss the erection of the hall on the site of the old Grand Union Hotel, Park Avenue, Forty-first to Forty-second Street.

This is a very ambitious project, the building alone costing over ten million dollars. It has not yet been fully decided upon, but is one of the many suggestions made for the Monument.



WHERE PROMINENT PERSONS LIVE

A VERY prominent resident of the city passed away just recently. Mr. Andrew Carnegie. His late home occupies the block between 90th and 91st Streets. The best known residents of the city are perhaps J. P. Morgan and J. D. Rockefeller. The latter does not live exactly on the Avenue, but just a step west on 54th Street, and the former on Madison Avenue, corner 36th Street. Many of the persons mentioned in the following list live on Fifth Avenue above 59th Street, East of Central Park. This mile or so contains the homes of New York leaders in society, finance and commerce. A ride on top of the Fifth Avenue 'bus going to 110th Street will take you past the section and by reference to this list you can easily keep informed as you ride by. A leisurely walk is of course likely to prove more satisfactory, as the 'bus doesn't give you time for more than a fleeting glimpse.

Mr. J. P. Morgan, 231 Madison Avenue.
Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., 10 West 54th Street.
Mr. Robert W. Chambers, 43 East 83rd Street.
Mr. Vincent Astor, 840 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Burke Roche, 23 West 53rd Street.
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, 1 West 57th Street.
Mr. Theodore N. Vail, 150 West 59th Street (Navarro).
Mr. Arthur Curtiss James, 39 East 69th Street.
Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, 90 Park Avenue.
Mr. Henry E. Huntington, 2 East 57th Street.
Mr. Archer M. Huntington, 15 West 81st Street.
Mr. George Grey Barnard, 454 Fort Washington Avenue.
Miss Elsie Janis, 55 West 71st Street.
Mr. Julian Street, 151 West 86th Street.
Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, 47 East 65th Street.
Mr. George F. Baker, 258 Madison Avenue.
Mr. George F. Baker, Jr., 260 Madison Avenue.
Mr. Thos. F. Ryan, 858 Fifth Avenue.
Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, 4 East 74th Street.
Mr. John G. Milburn, 16 West 10th Street.
Col. M. Friedsam, 400 Park Avenue.
Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, 118 East 22nd Street.
Mr. Samuel Sloan, 45 East 53rd Street.
Mr. Nicholas F. Brady, 989 Fifth Avenue.
Mr. George B. Cortelyou, Riverdale-on-Hudson.
Hon. Lindley Garrison, 399 Park Avenue.
Mr. Frank A. Munsey, "Sherrys".
Mr. Ogden Reid Mills, 2 East 69th Street.
Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, 130 East 35th Street.
Pres. Nicholas Murray Butler, 60 Morningside Drive.
Mr. John Drew, 96 Central Park West.
Mr. David Belasco, 115 West 44th Street.
Mr. George M. Cohan
Mr. Arthur P. Williams, 117 West 58th Street.
Mr. Otto Kahn, 1100 Fifth Avenue.
Hon. George M. Wickersham, 30 East 70th Street.
Miss Elsie Ferguson, 294 Riverside Drive.
Miss Jane Cowl, 186 West 86th Street.
Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, 1 East 66th Street.
Mr. Reginald de Koven, 1025 Park Avenue.
Mr. Victor Herbert, 321 West 108th Street.
Mr. Irving Berlin, 30 West 70th Street.
Mr. Irvin Cobb, 116 West 120th Street.
Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, 19 Sheridan Square.
Mr. Chas. Dana Gibson, 127 East 73rd Street.
Mr. H. P. Davison, 690 Park Avenue.
Mr. Frank Vanderlip, Plaza Hotel.
Mr. Samuel Untermyer, 2 East 54th Street.
Mr. Charles M. Schwab, Riverside Drive and 73rd Street.
Mr. Theo. Roosevelt, 201 West 74th Street.
Capt. Archie Roosevelt, 201 West 78th Street.
Col. E. M. House, 115 East 53rd Street.
Mrs. Sayre (Pres. Wilson's daughter), 173 West 81st Street.
Mr. Jacob Schiff (Mortimer L. at 2 East 80th Street).
Mr. August Belmont, 820 Fifth Avenue.
Mr. Brander Matthews, 337 West 87th Street.
Sig. Enrico Caruso, Knickerbocker Hotel.
Miss Louise Homer, 38 West 64th Street.
Miss Geraldine Farrar, 290 Riverside Drive.
Miss Mary Garden, 196 Central Park West.
Miss Mary Pickford, 240 West 68th Street.
Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, 119 Central Park West.

Mr. James B. Duke, 1 East 78th Street.
 Mr. E. H. Sothern, Hotel Lorraine.
 Miss Julia Marlowe, Hotel Lorraine.
 Mrs. H. P. Whitney, 871 Fifth Avenue.
 Miss Eva Tanguay, 160 West 96th Street.
 Miss Blanche Bates, 630 West 121st Street.
 Mr. Fredk. McMonnies, 110 West 56th Street.
 Mr. Geo. Innes, Jr., 525 Park Avenue.
 Miss Maud Adams, 960 Park Avenue.
 Mr. W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive.
 Mr. Rube Goldberg, 420 West End Avenue.
 Mr. Payne Whitney, 972 Fifth Avenue.
 Mr. Chas. F. Murphy, Fifth Avenue and 44th Street.
 Mr. Delancey Nicoll, 23 East 39th Street.
 Mr. W. B. Osgood Field, 645 Fifth Avenue.
 Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Zoological Park.
 Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, 37 West 56th Street.
 Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, 15 West 67th Street.
 Mr. Grantland Rice, 450 Riverside Drive.
 Mr. John McGraw, 228 West 112th Street.
 Col. Wm. Hayward, 120 Broadway.
 Gov. Al. Smith, 25 Oliver Street.
 Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, 17 East 73rd Street.
 Miss Frances Starr, 220 West 45th Street.
 Miss Anne Morgan, 219 Madison Avenue.
 Mr. De Wolf Hopper, 27 West 49th Street.
 Mr. Fred Stone, 27 Madison Avenue.
 Mr. Job Hedges, Union League Club, 1 West 39th Street.
 Mrs. John Perroy Mitchel
 Mr. Nathan Straus, 645 West End Avenue.
 Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, 881 Fifth Avenue.
 Mr. Harrison Fisher, 15 West 67th Street.
 Miss Ida Tarbell, 19 Sheridan Square.
 Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, 6 East 58th Street.
 Archbishop Hayes, Madison Avenue and 50th Street.
 Miss Emma Goldman, 19 Avenue B.
 Ex-Gov. Charles E. Hughes, 32 East 64th Street.
 Hon. Elihu Root, 908 Fifth Avenue.
 Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, 27 West 54th Street.
 Judge Alton B. Parker, Metropolitan Club.
 Mr. D. G. Reid, 907 Fifth Avenue.
 Mr. Frederic K. Coudert, 124 East 56th Street.
 Mr. Clarence Mackay, 834 Fifth Avenue.
 Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, 160 Central Park West.
 Mr. Richard Le Galliene, 123 Riverside Drive.
 Dr. Lyman Abbott, 431 Fourth Avenue.
 Mr. David Warfield, 196 West 86th Street.
 Mr. Lionel Barrymore, 117 West 74th Street.
 Mr. Chas. Scribner, 9 East 66th Street.
 Mr. Geo. H. Putnam, 333 West 86th Street.
 Mr. James W. Gerard, 9 East 91st Street.
 Mr. Rex Beach, 17 West 66th Street.
 Bishop Burch, Amsterdam Avenue and 110th Street.
 Mr. Rupert Hughes, 37 Morningside Avenue.
 Mrs. Willard Straight, 1130 Fifth Avenue.
 Mr. W. Bourke Cockran, 107 East 73rd Street.
 Mr. Herbert L. Pratt, 907 Fifth Avenue.
 Mr. James K. Hackett, 58 West 71st Street.

Mr. T. C. Dupont, 11 East 78th Street.
Mrs. J. G. Stokes (Rose Pastor), 88 Grove Street.
Bishop Charles H. Burch, Amsterdam Avenue and 110th Street.
Mr. William Dean Howells, 50 East 58th Street.
Mr. Hamlin Garland, 71 East 92nd Street.
Mr. James Montgomery Flagg, 33 West 67th Street.
Mr. Frank J. Sprague, 71st Street and West End Avenue.
Mr. James Lane Allen, 460 West End Avenue.
Miss Viola Allen, 167 West 81st Street.
Mr. Winthrop Ames, 270 Park Avenue.
Miss Margaret Anglin, 33 West 42nd Street.
Miss Gertrude Atherton, 547 West 145th Street.
Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, 145 East 63rd Street.
Mr. Bernard Baruch, 135 West 79th Street.
Mr. Ballington Booth, 34 West 28th Street.
Mr. Gutzon Borglum, 166 East 38th Street.
Mr. William J. Burns, 233 Broadway.
Mr. Arthur Brisbane, 112 East 61st Street.
Mr. William A. Clark, 13 West 102nd Street.
Miss Rose Coughlan, 253 West 42nd Street.
Mr. Timothy Cole, 507 West End Avenue.
Mr. Kenyon Cox, 134 East 67th Street.
Mr. Palmer Cox, 145 East 70th Street.
Miss Henrietta Crosman, 186 West 93rd Street.
Miss Rachel Crothers, 138 East 40th Street.
Mr. Alan Dale, 257 West 128th Street.
Mr. Walter Damrosch, 146 East 61st Street.
Mr. Robert W. De Forest, 7 Washington Square, N.
Mr. Richard Delafield, 40 West 46th Street.
Miss Elsie de Wolfe, 2 West 47th Street.
Mr. Dwight Elmendorf, 201 East 68th Street.
Miss Maxine Elliott, 109 West 39th Street.
Mr. William Faversham, 187 West 69th Street.
Miss Minnie Maddern Fiske, 135 West 69th Street.
Mr. Simeon Ford, 43 West 74th Street.
Mr. Daniel Chester French, 12 West 8th Street.
Mr. Daniel Frohman, 145 West 79th Street.
Mr. Elbert H. Gary, 856 Fifth Avenue.
Mr. Giulius Gatti-Casazza, 832 Riverside Drive.
Miss Grace George, 137 West 48th Street.
Mr. Cass Gilbert, 42 East 64th Street.
Mr. Walker Whiteside, Hastings, N. Y.
Mr. Montague Glass, 376 West 78th Street.
Col. Edward H. Green, 215 West 88th Street.
Miss Louise Closser Hale, 27 Washington Square, N.
Mr. Will N. Harben, 145 East 63rd Street.
Miss Frances Burton Harrison, 653 West End Avenue.
Mr. George Harvey, 171 Madison Avenue.
Mr. Al. Hayman, 1430 Broadway.
Mr. Oliver Herford, 167 West 74th Street.
Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt, 18 East 33rd Street.
Mr. Robert Hilliard, 176 East 61st Street.
Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, 173 East 81st Street.
Mr. Walker D. Hines, 122 East 70th Street.
Mr. Wallace Irwin, 183 West 93rd Street.
Mr. William Travers Jerome, 103 East 84th Street.
Mr. Heywood Broun, 195 Claremont Avenue.
Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, 156 East 38th Street.

Mr. George F. Kunz, 601 West 110th Street.
 Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, 49 East 65th Street.
 Mr. Isaac V. Marcossou, 18 West 25th Street.
 Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, 734 Riverside Drive.
 Mr. James S. Metcalf, 2 West 67th Street.
 Mr. Henry Miller, 50 West 112th Street.
 Mr. Francis D. Millet, 146 East 73rd Street.
 Mr. Cleveland Moffett, 621 West End Avenue.
 Mr. Henry Morgenthau, 30 West 72nd Street.
 Mr. Joseph Pennell, 132 East 32nd Street.
 Mr. Michael I. Pupin, 1 West 72nd Street.
 Mr. Burr McIntosh, 102 West 42nd Street.
 Franklin P. Adams ("F. P. A."), 612 West 112th Street.
 Mr. Philip D. Armour, 1067 Fifth Avenue.
 Mrs. Sara Cooper Hewitt, 144 East 39th Street.
 Mr. Paul Dana, 1 Fifth Avenue.
 Mr. Lispenard Stewart, 6 Fifth Avenue.
 Miss Kitty Cheatham, 274 Madison Avenue.
 Miss Norma Tallmadge, 318 East 48th Street.
 Miss Marguerite Clark, 311 West 28th Street.
 Miss Clara Kimball Young, 33 West 42nd Street.
 Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, 823 Riverside Drive.
 Miss Ethel Barrymore, 167 West 85th Street.
 Mr. Arthur Williams, Union League Club.

FIFTH AVENUE SECTION

Mrs. John Jacob Astor.....	No. 840
Mr. Edwin Gould.....	" 936
Mr. Francis Burton Harrison.....	" 876
Rev. Alfred Duane Pell.....	" 929
Mr. William Rockefeller	" 689
Mr. Thos. F. Ryan.....	" 858
Mr. Jacob H. Schiff.....	" 965
Mrs. Finley J. Shepard (Miss Helen M. Gould).....	" 579
Mr. B. N. Duke.....	" 200
Mrs. Marcus Daly.....	" 225
Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.....	1051
Mr. Fred'k S. Flower.....	" 612
Mr. Henry Clay Frick.....	5th Ave. cor. 70th St.
Mr. Robert Goelet.....	No. 647
Mr. S. R. Guggenheim.....	" 743
Mr. Rob't L. Gerry.....	" 816
Mr. Wm. Guggenheim.....	" 833
Judge E. H. Gary.....	" 856
Mr. Geo. J. Gould.....	" 857
Mr. Adrian Iselin, Jr.....	" 711
Mr. Wm. E. Iselin.....	" 745
Mr. Philip Lewisohn.....	" 923
Mr. Mortimer L. Schiff.....	" 932
Mr. William Salomon.....	" 1020
Mr. Sam'l Untermyer.....	" 675
Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt.....	" 459
Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt.....	" 660
Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	" 666
Mr. Harry Payne Whitney.....	" 870
Mrs. Frank W. Woolworth.....	" 991
Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.....	No. 477 Madison 3

Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer.....5th Ave. cor. 66th St.
 Mrs. E. H. Harriman.....5th Ave. cor. 69th St.
 Mr. James Speyer.....No. 257 Madison Ave.
 Mrs. Andrew Carnegie.....5th Ave. cor. 91st St.
 Mr. James B. Clews.....5th Ave. cor. 85th St.
 Mr. James B. Duke.....5th Ave. cor. 78th St.
 Mrs. Ogden Goelet.....608 5th Ave.
 Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry.....2 East 61st St.
 Judge A. R. Lawrence.....69 Washington Place
 Mr. Ogden Mills.....2 East 69th St.
 Mrs. Herman Oelrichs.....5th Ave. cor. 57th St.
 Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly.....27 E. 55th St.
 Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt.....5th Ave. & 57th St.
 Senator William A. Clark.....5th Ave. & 77th St.
 Mr. John D. Rockefeller.....4 West 54th St.
 Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt.....5th Ave., 53-54th Sts.

WESTCHESTER-BILTMORE COUNTRY CLUB

The newest, and what will probably be the most popular, nearby resort is the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, under the direction of John McE. Bowman, president of the Pershing Square group of hotels in New York City. It is situated between the villages of Harrison and Rye, in the most picturesque part of Westchester County. There are two 18-hole golf courses, bridle path, polo field and a miniature lake for skating in the winter time. It is regarded as the most wonderful recreation center in the world.



OUR BIG MONEY INSTITUTIONS

NEW YORK'S ENORMOUS BUSINESS AS REFLECTED IN ITS
BANK CLEARINGS, IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

BBROADLY speaking, the size of any city's commerce is more or less indicated by the bank clearings published every week. We append the table as of August 23, 1919, from the *New York Evening Post*. It fortunately gives the figures not only for New York, but for ten other leading cities, and the comparison of the figures is very interesting.

	1919.
New York	\$3,618,214,375
Chicago	509,696,896
Philadelphia	361,456,100
Boston	273,719,890
Kansas City	220,500,000
St. Louis	141,512,533
San Francisco	125,000,000
Pittsburgh	111,722,475
Detroit	77,500,000
Baltimore	74,294,351
New Orleans	50,772,263

An idea of the business done by the banks may be gained from a study of the standing of the seven largest.

Compare these with similar figures published in your own town of your local banks and you get a better idea of New York's importance in the financial world. These figures are also from the official statement of May 10, 1919.

	Capital.	Net Profits.	Net demand deposits.
National City Bank	\$25,000,000	\$54,132,000	\$669,870,000
Chemical National Bank.....	3,000,000	9,578,700	59,844,000
Atlantic National Bank	1,000,000	958,200	15,406,000
Nat. Butchers & Drovers Bk..	300,000	109,500	3,992,000
American Exch. Nat. Bank...	5,000,000	6,167,200	88,735,000
National Bank of Commerce..	25,000,000	25,651,800	271,986,000
Pacific Bank	500,000	1,134,800	17,800,000
Chatham & Phenix Nat. Bank	3,500,000	2,822,400	90,697,000
Hanover National Bank.....	3,000,000	17,363,900	126,668,000
Citizens National Bank.....	2,550,000	3,286,300	36,238,000
Metropolitan Bank	2,000,000	2,404,600	31,363,000
Corn Exchange Bank.....	4,200,000	8,290,700	135,224,000
Importers & Traders Nat. Bk.	1,500,000	8,163,800	25,424,000
National Park Bank.....	5,000,000	19,439,300	168,186,000
East River National Bank...	1,000,000	626,000	8,501,000
Second National Bank.....	1,000,000	4,066,500	17,038,000
First National Bank.....	10,000,000	31,297,500	146,757,000
Irving National Bank.....	4,500,000	6,112,000	126,352,000
N. Y. County Nat. Bank.....	1,000,000	421,800	12,135,000
Continental Bank	1,000,000	642,200	6,257,000
Chase National Bank	10,000,000	16,870,700	275,633,000
Fifth Avenue Bank.....	200,000	2,301,400	20,176,000
Commercial Exchange Bank..	200,000	858,100	7,578,000
Commonwealth Bank	400,000	762,000	8,542,000
Lincoln National Bank.....	1,000,000	2,067,000	18,604,000
Garfield National Bank.....	1,000,000	1,342,000	12,871,000
Fifth National Bank.....	250,000	397,600	7,753,000
Seaboard National Bank.....	1,000,000	3,782,400	47,076,000
Liberty National Bank.....	3,000,000	4,704,900	55,183,000
Coal and Iron Nat. Bank.....	1,500,000	1,333,600	12,781,000
Union Exchange Nat. Bank...	1,000,000	1,271,200	18,329,000
Brooklyn Trust Co.	1,500,000	2,289,800	28,498,000
Bankers Trust' Co.	15,000,000	17,361,200	231,923,000
U. S. Mortgage & Trust Co..	2,000,000	4,551,000	53,311,000
Guaranty Trust Co.....	25,000,000	28,525,700	481,915,000

New York's part in the five Liberty Loans is equally interesting. The results were as follows:

	Quota	Subscribed	Subscribers	Allotment
First	\$ 600,000,000	\$1,186,788,400	955,150	\$ 617,831,650
Second	900,000,000	1,550,453,450	2,182,017	1,164,366,950
Third	900,000,000	1,115,243,650	3,043,123	1,115,243,650
Fourth	1,800,000,000	2,044,931,750	3,004,101	2,044,931,780
Fifth	1,350,000,000	1,875,000,000	3,000,000	1,850,000,000

The imports and exports figures are also of interest. In 1918 the

Imports were	1,251,790,373
Exports were	2,616,850,680
Total.....	3,863,641,053

In the first four months of 1919 the Treasury Department writes me no less than 4,379 vessels entered and cleared the Port of New York. The figures for export and import for 1919 so far available indicated a vast increase over the huge amount reported for last year. The figures before the war, 1913 and 1914, were a good deal less than half the present returns.

Vast additional dock space on Staten Island has recently been provided to meet this increased foreign business. The English ocean liners are also erecting special large new office buildings in lower Broadway on a scale that gives some idea of the immense business which they expect to do when they finally strike their stride. The huge buildings formerly occupied by the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American went out of existence, coincident with the suicide of their principal creator, Albert Ballin.

Vast as the business of New York has been with foreign countries in the past, it bids fair to totally eclipse it in the near future.

SOME VALUABLE NEW YORK BUILDINGS.

Name	Assessed Valuation	Name	Assessed Valuation
Equitable Building...	\$25,000,000	N. Y. Telephone....	\$2,700,000
Mutual Life	9,500,000	Butterick	1,300,000
Woolworth	9,500,000	Western Electric....	1,770,000
New York Life.....	4,000,000	Havemeyer	1,080,000
Bankers Trust Co...	5,800,000	Met. Opera House..	3,750,000
Hanover Nat. Bank.	4,000,000	Macy's Department	
American Surety Co.	2,425,000	Store	6,900,000
United Bank Bldg...	2,375,000	Johnson Building...	3,300,000
Amer. Ex. Nat. Bank	1,800,000	Herald	2,500,000
Guarantee Trust Co.	3,000,000	Mills Hotel No. 3...	1,235,000

Nat. Bank of Com..	\$2,500,000	Saks and Company.	\$3,070,000
U. S. Realty and Improvement Co. . .	6,000,000	Gimble Brothers De- partment Store ..	6,630,000
Western Union co. . .	6,500,000	Pennsylvania Rail- road Terminal....	14,830,000
City Investing Co. . .	6,625,000	Printing Crafts Bldg.	2,700,000
Singer Building	7,000,000	National Cloak and Suit Company....	2,300,000
N. Y. Tel. Co.	5,060,000	Knickerbocker Hotel	3,700,000
Havemeyer Bldg. . .	1,875,000	Long Acre Bldg. . .	2,375,000
Broadway Bldg. Co.	2,650,000	Fitzgerald Building.	2,100,000
Woodbridge Building	1,850,000	Claridge Hotel	2,270,000
Washington Bldg. . .	2,000,000	New York Theatre.	2,550,000
Bowling Green.	3,250,000	Putman Building. . .	2,560,000
American Exp. Co. . .	3,800,000	Astor Hotel.	3,875,000
Adams Expr. Co. . . .	6,500,000	Strand Theatre. . . .	2,360,000
Empire Building. . . .	4,100,000	The Belnord Realty Company	3,500,000
Carroll Building. . . .	2,250,000	John J. Astor.	2,400,000
Standard Oil.	3,200,000	W. W. Astor.	1,090,000
Lower Broadway Realty Co.	3,300,000	Rogers Peet Co.	2,800,000
Columbia Trust Co.	3,000,000	Hecksher Building. .	2,100,000
Manhattan Life	3,700,000	The Aeolian Co.	2,275,000
Stock Exchange	5,200,000	Stern Brothers.	6,000,000
Commercial Cable Building	2,650,000	Harvard Club.	1,250,000
Produce Exchange. . .	3,750,000	Hippodrome	2,250,000
Mills	4,150,000	Plaza Hotel.	8,100,000
Morgan Building. . . .	5,100,000	Biltmore Hotel.	8,700,000
Trust Company of America	2,325,000	Belmont Hotel.	4,450,000
American Mutual In- surance Co.	2,850,000	Manhattan Hotel. . .	3,750,000
National City Bank.	5,500,000	St. Regis Hotel. . . .	2,700,000
Bank of Manhattan.	2,700,000	Gotham Hotel.	2,700,000
Mechanics a n d Metals Nat. Bank.	2,800,000	Oceanic Investing Company	2,625,000
United States Exp. Company	2,700,000	Postal Life Building	2,275,000
		Andrew Carnegie. . .	2,425,000
		Electric Light and Power Co.	5,910,000

A CURIOUS BOOK ABOUT OLD NEW YORK.

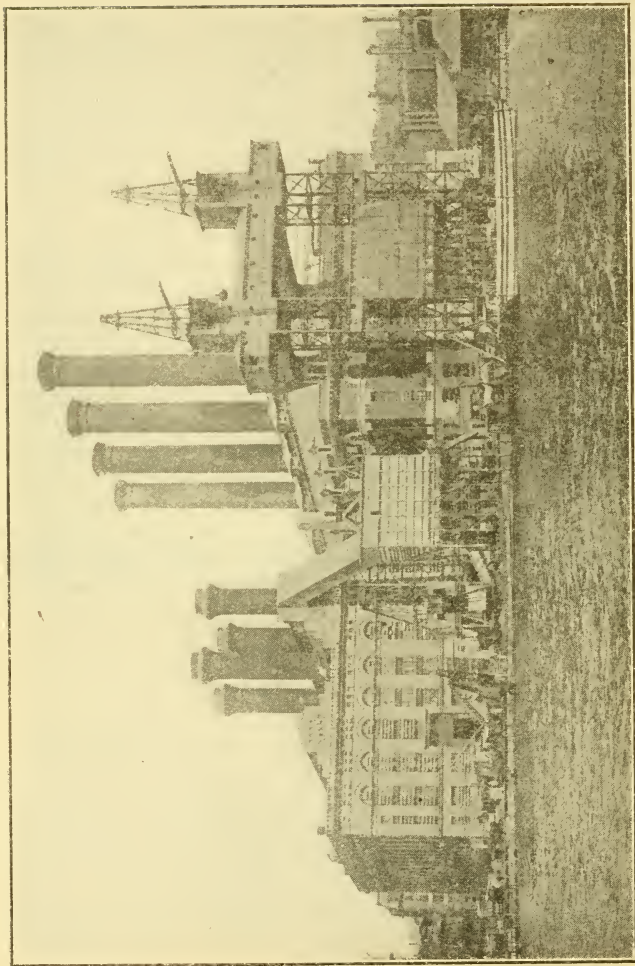
The Recent Revival of "Valentine's Manual."

Although the New Yorker as a rule is apparently not particularly interested in the history of his city, that is to a large extent merely his habitual indifference to matters which he considers personal to himself. As a matter of fact, New York is the only city in any country which supports an annual publication devoted solely to the city's past. Nothing about the present appears in its pages, everything must have the sanctity of age before it is

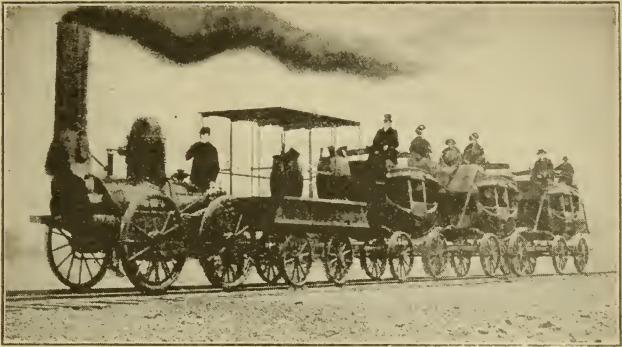
admissible to its columns. As books go, it is also expensive—\$20.00 per copy, in leather—yet it enjoys considerable circulation. If any of my readers are of an enquiring turn of mind and would like to know how New York used to look, how its old social life was conducted, how it grew up—in short, all the items that would go to make a biography—let him look between the pages of Valentine's Manual of Old New York, edited by the author of this book, Henry Collins Brown.

The history of this unique publication strikes its roots also deep into the past. It was first published by the city itself in 1816—a hundred years ago—as the “City Hall Directory.” In 1840 it was enlarged and changed its name to the “Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York.” The city discontinued it in 1866 and it lay dormant for half a century. In 1916 a number of old New Yorkers revived the ancient publication, giving it the name of the old editor, Valentine, who conducted the former series for the city from 1840 to 1866 and gained much fame thereby.

To those who have enjoyed this little Guide and have antiquarian tastes, we can with safety suggest the “Manual” as the next addition to their library. Any bookstore has it.



New York's immense manufacturing plants are run by electricity. No soot, cinders or smoke.
This is one of the great power plants located on the river front.



The De Witt Clinton, first locomotive to run by steam.

INTERESTING DETAILS · ABOUT THE GREAT CITY

THREE and one-half million people travel every day in the subways and elevated railways, and over one and one-half million in the surface cars.

A passenger train arrives every 52 seconds.

There is a wedding every 13 minutes.

Four new business firms start up every 42 minutes.

A new building is erected every 51 minutes.

350 new citizens come to make their homes every day.

4 transient visitors arrive every second.

There were 814,045 telephones in New York on July 31, 1919; more than in Chicago, Boston and Buffalo combined; more than in all the states south of Mason and Dixon's line and west of the Mississippi.

The telephone girls are the first to know it when New York gets nervous. Then the big centrals light up like Christmas trees.

There are other things that show in the little signal lights. A shower keeps people off the streets and increases the 'phone traffic by about 100,000 calls, and

on the day the Lusitania was sunk the jump, in the Rector station alone, was from 71,526 to 92,055. A fire or an explosion may suddenly light almost every lamp in the nearby centrals, as the whole neighborhood demands information at once.

More than 615,000,000 gallons of water are consumed daily. It comes from the Catskill Mountains. One of the deepest shafts of the Catskill Aqueduct is at the corner of Clinton and South Streets, and another is at the crossing of Delancey and Eldridge. Each is as deep as the Woolworth Building is high.

Each year this city adds enough people to make an Atlanta, a Hartford or a New Haven, and for each added daily. It has been estimated that the increase in population from the time the work on the first Catskill aqueduct was begun until its completion was greater than the entire population of Chicago.

New York's first barber shop for women is open at the Hotel Majestic.

While New York State gets along on \$70,000,000 or \$80,000,000 a year for expenses, New York City requires \$300,000,000. Chicago, \$50,000,000; Boston, \$30,000,000; Philadelphia, \$46,000,000.

A child is born every 6 minutes.

30 deeds and 27 mortgages are filed for record every business hour of the day.

Every 48 minutes a ship leaves the harbor.

Every night \$1,250,000 is spent in hotels and restaurants for dining and wining.

An average of 21,000 persons pass daily through the corridors of the largest hotel. Over 25,000 through the largest office building.

7,500 people are at work daily for the city in one building—the Municipal Building.

300,000 pass the busiest points along Broadway each day.

More than 1,000,000 immigrants land every year.

3,750,000 people live in tenements.

105 babies out of every thousand die.

100 gallons of water is supplied each individual daily.

Street lighting costs \$5,000,000 yearly.

The public parks cover 7,223 acres.

Land reclaimed by filling with street sweepings covers 64 acres.

It takes 1,800 drivers to collect city refuse.

The public schools cost over \$87,000,000 annually.

The foreign commerce is nearly one-half of the entire country.

Three million messages are sent and received by telephone daily.

100 new telephones are added each day.

Subways and elevated traffic increases 100,000,000 yearly.

More people living in its confines than in fourteen of our States and Territories.

The record for being the greatest purchasing municipality in the world, not excepting London.

More than one-half the population of the State of New York.

The majority of the banking power of the United States, which has two-thirds of the world's banking power.

An annual population increase of more than 100,000, besides its own product of births.

1,562 miles of surface, subway and elevated railways, operating 8,514 passenger coaches, carrying daily 4,849,012 passengers on cash fares, and 419,779 on transfers.

A density of population (in Manhattan) of 96,000 per square mile, six times that of any other city in the United States. Chicago, the next largest city, has 10,789 per square mile.



SOME SIMPLE DON'TS

Don't ask a pedestrian where a certain street is. He is usually too busy to stop, and if polite enough to stop, won't know. No New Yorker knows anything about New York. Consult this Guide.

Don't cross the street in the middle of a block. In Paris they arrest you for doing that, in New York they simply run you down. Use the corner crossings only. Traffic police guard important crossings. "Stop" and "Go" as they direct.

Don't leave finger rings and personal jewelry on the wash stands of public dressing rooms while you go outside to telephone. It is bad form, especially if you want to wear the hardware again.

Don't buy the Woolworth Building, Brooklyn Bridge, the Metropolitan Tower, the City Hall or any prominent structure because a stranger happens to want to sell it to you for a few hundred dollars. Buy Thrift Stamps instead.

The Gold Brick industry is still a flourishing business in New York.

Don't hand your baggage to a porter outside Grand Central Terminal unless he wears a red hat. These outsiders are not allowed to pass the gate and you get stung for another quarter from the gate to the car. This is a species of petty imposition which the railroad company itself ought to suppress, but doesn't.

Don't travel with a dog. Bring somebody else's kid if you can't your own. Children are great company.

Don't take the recommendation of strangers regarding hotels. Enquire of the Travellers Aid Society, whose representatives are in the stations.

Don't get too friendly with plausible strangers. Bureaus of information are in every hotel, policemen are on every street corner, telephone books are handy and there is little excuse for the deplorable results that sometimes follow a departure from this advice.

Don't gape at women smoking cigarettes in restaurants. They are harmless and respectable, notwithstanding and nevertheless. They are also "smart".

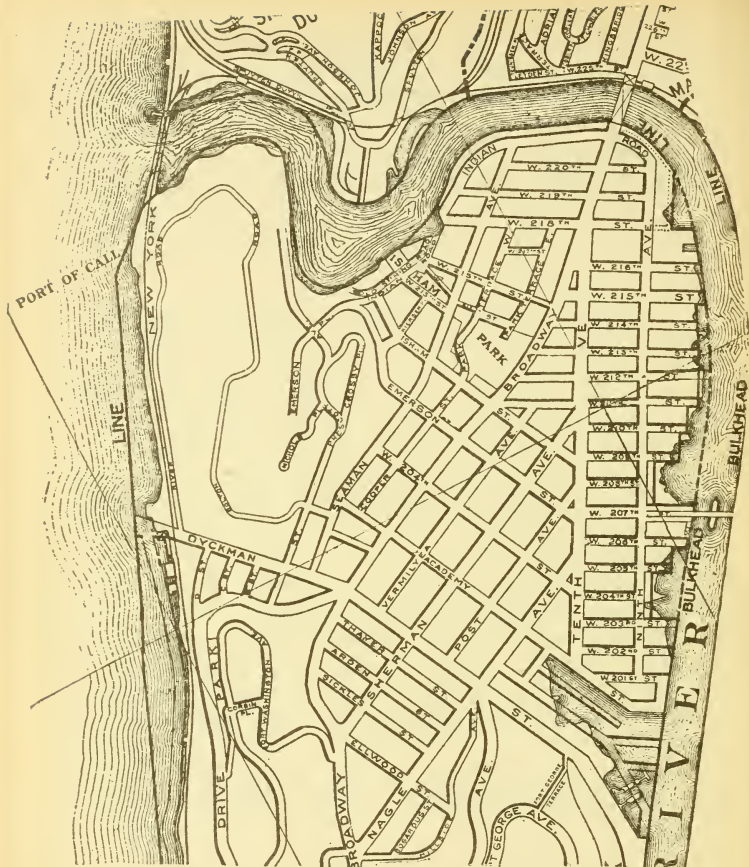
Don't forget to tip. Tip early and tip often. This is where they raise the palms for Palm Beach.

Don't block the sidewalk. New Yorkers will gather in crowds to see a young lady demonstrate a new razor in a shop window or a safe going up the side of a building. Ignore such gatherings; show our ex-hicks that you come from a real town.

Don't judge the importance of a man by the number of times he is "paged". That's old stuff!

Don't telephone if you are in a hurry. Walk. It's quicker, though it used to be the other way 'round.

Don't act, however, as if you were another Daniel in a Lion's Den, simply because we have pointed out a few obvious precautions. New York is just like your own home town, only bigger and the vast majority of its people are decent, likeable citizens. But there are also others.



END OF THE CITY AT INWOOD HEIGHTS.

North from Fort George to Inwood Hill and Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Northern end of Manhattan Island. Ferry to Inter State Palisade Park at Dyckman Street. Dyckman House at 212th Street and Hawthorne Avenue. Old Kings Bridge spanned the Harlem just beyond the Elevated. New Isham Park at 215th Street. Go down the road at extreme end of Inwood Hill to Cold Spring, see Indian Rock House and great Tulip Tree 6½ feet in diameter, possibly 300 years old, also place where Hudson landed with part of crew.

We are now at the end of Manhattan Island on which is located the old City of New York now called the "Borough of Manhattan"



GENERAL INFORMATION

Patronize legitimate shops and regular stores. A list of well-known, reliable establishments follows:

RESTAURANTS

Alps Restaurant, 1022 Sixth Avenue.
Archambault, 2678 Broadway.
Bal-Tabarin, 1646 Broadway.
Browne's Chop House, 1424 Broadway.
Louis Bustonoby, Sixth Avenue and 40th Street.
Cafe Boulevard, Broadway and 41st Street.
Cafe des Beaux Arts, 80 West 40th Street.
Campus Restaurant, 900 Columbus Avenue.
Castle Inn Restaurant, 3360 Broadway.
Childs Restaurants, Throughout City.
Churchill's, Broadway and 49th Street.
Delmonico's, Fifth Avenue and 44th Street.
Drakes Restaurant, 119 West 42nd Street.
Engel's Chop House, 61 West 36th Street.
Fifth Avenue Restaurant, Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street.
H. Gertner, 1446 Broadway.
Gossler Bros., Inc., 900 Columbus Avenue.
R. M. Haan & Co., 13 Park Row.
Healy's Restaurant, 30 East 42nd Street.
Jack's Restaurant, 761 Sixth Avenue.
Keen's English Chop House, 107 West 44th Street.
Lafayette Restaurant, 9th Street and University Place.
Lorber's Restaurant, 1420 Broadway.
Lusser Restaurant, 149 West 43rd Street.
Mouquin's Restaurant, 454 Sixth Avenue.
Palais Royal, 1590 Broadway.
Peg Woffington Coffee House, 11 East 44th Street.
Riggs Restaurant, 43 West 33rd Street.
Rector's, 1600 Broadway.
Rogers, 801 Sixth Avenue.
M. Strunsky, 34 West 35th Street.
Wolpin's Restaurant, 1216 Broadway.

HABERDASHERS

Samuel Budd, 572 Fifth Avenue.
John David, Broadway and 32nd Street.
Herald Men's Shop, 1217 Broadway.

Emanuel Kalish, 1243 Broadway.
Kaskel & Kaskel, 535 Fifth Avenue.
Nat Lewis, 1578 Broadway.
Rollins, 1296 Broadway.
Wallach Bros., Broadway and 29th Street, and Branches.
Weber & Heilbronner, 1505 Broadway and Branches.

GENERAL OUTFITTERS

Brill Bros., 44 East 14th Street, and Branches.
Brokaw Bros., 1457 Broadway.
Brooks Bros., 346 Madison Avenue.
Browning King & Co., 1265 Broadway.
Monroe Clothes Shops, 50 East 42nd Street, and Branches.
Park Taylor, Inc., 1333 Broadway, and Branches.
Rogers Peet Company, 842 Broadway, and Branches.

DEPARTMENT STORES

B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue and 34th Street.
Bloomingdale Bros., Third Avenue and 59th Street.
Gimbel Bros., Broadway and 33rd Street.
James A. Hearn & Son, 20 West 14th Street.
H. C. F. Koch & Co., 132 West 125th Street.
Jas. McCreery & Co., 5 West 34th Street.
R. H. Macy & Co., Broadway and 34th Street.
Rothenberg & Co., 34 West 14th Street.
Saks & Co., Broadway and 33rd Street.
John Wanamaker, Broadway and 10th Street.

JEWELERS

Black, Starr & Frost, Fifth Avenue and 48th Street.
Robert S. Chapin, 634 Fifth Avenue.
Darcy & Hayes, 366 Fifth Avenue.
Dreicer & Co., 560 Fifth Avenue.
Frederics, 547 Fifth Avenue.
E. M. Gattle & Co., 630 Fifth Avenue.
Hallmark Jewellers, 469 Fifth Avenue.
Theodore A. Kohn & Sons, 321 Fifth Avenue.
Marcus & Co., 544 Fifth Avenue.
Reilly & Cheshire, 512 Fifth Avenue.

PRINCIPAL THEATRES AND AMUSEMENT PLACES

Audubon—Broadway & 165th St.
 Academy of Music—E. 14th St. & Irving Pl.
 Alhambra—7th Ave., 126th St.
 American—Eighth Ave., 42nd St.
 Astor—Broadway and 45th St.
 Adman Hall—29 W. 42nd.
 Belasco—44th St., near Broadway.
 Berkeley Lyceum—19 W. 44th St.
 Booth—22 W. 45th.
 Broadway—Broadway, 41st St.
 Carnegie Lyceum—57th St. & 7th Ave.
 Carnegie Music Hall—57th St. & 7th Ave.
 Casino—Broadway, 39th St.
 Century—Eighth Ave. and 52d St.
 Circle—Broadway and 60th St.
 Cohan's—Broadway, 43d St.
 Coller's—41st St., east of Broadway.
 Colonial—Broadway and 62d St.
 Comedy—41st St. bet. Broadway and 6th Ave.
 Cort—48th St., east of Broadway.
 Criterion—Broadway, 44th St.
 Daly's—Broadway, 30th St.
 Eltinge—236 West 42d St.
 Empire—Broadway, near 40th St.
 Fifth Avenue—Broadway, near 28th St.
 Forty-eighth St.—48th St., east of Broadway.
 Forty-fourth St.—216 W. 44th St.
 Fulton—W. 46th St., near Broadway.
 Galety—46th St. and Broadway.
 Garden—Madison Ave., 27th St.
 Garrick—35th St., near 6th Ave.
 Globe—Broadway, 46th St.
 Grand Central Palace—Lexington Ave., 46th St.
 Grand Opera House—23d St., 8th Ave.
 Hackett—West 42d St.
 Harris—West 42d St.
 Herald Square—Broadway, 35th St.
 Hippodrome—Sixth Ave. and 43d St.
 Hudson—W. 44th St.
 Irving Place—Irving Place.
 Keith's—14th St., near Broadway.
 Knickerbocker—Broadway, at 38th St.
 Lenox Lyceum—E. 59th St.
 Lexington Opera House—Lexington Ave., 58th St.
 Liberty—West 42d St.
 Lincoln Square—1947 Broadway.
 Little—44th St., west of Broadway.
 Longacre—48th St., west of Broadway.
 Lyceum—45th St., near Broadway
 Lyric—43d St., near 7th Ave.
 Madison Square Garden—Madison Ave., 26th St.
 Majestic—59th St. and Broadway.
 Manhattan—West 34th St.
 Maxine Elliott's—39th St., near Broadway.
 Metropolis—E. 142d St. and Third Ave.
 Metropolitan Opera House—Broadway, 40th St.

Murray Hill—Lexington Ave., 42d St.
New Amsterdam—42nd, 7th Ave.
New York—Broadway, 44th St.
Palace—Broadway, 47th St.
Punch and Judy—44th St., east of 7th Ave.
Playhouse—48th St., east of Broadway.
Princess—29th St. and Broadway.
Proctor's—(1) 23d St. (2) 58th St. (3) Broadway
and 28th St. (4) E. 125th St.
Rialto—42nd and 7th Ave.
Rivoli—Broadway and 49th St.
Savoy—34th St. and Broadway.
Schubert—225 W. 44th St.
Strand—Broadway and 48th St.
Stuyvesant—West 44th St.
Thirty-ninth Street—39th St., near Broadway.
Victoria—Broadway and 42d St
Vitagraph—Broadway and 43d St.
Wallick's—Broadway, 30th St.
Weber's—Broadway, 29th St.
West End—125th St., 8th Ave.
Winter Garden—50th St. and Broadway.

Moving Picture Shows are scattered throughout the city in every section, and range in price from 5 cents to 25 cents, though special attractions are as high as \$2.00.

THE MAN WHO ENTERTAINS YOU IN NEW YORK—
JOHN McE. BOWMAN, WHO RUNS SIX OF THE BIG
NEW YORK HOTELS.

Elsewhere in these pages we have made reference to the fact that the great hotels of New York are themselves an object of keen interest to the tourist. Here gather prominent men and women from all parts of civilization. It is a kaleidoscopic view of the world at large; the movement, life and gaiety of things, form a never-ending source of attraction.

The modern hotel of the first class is so vastly superior to anything even dreamed of in the past that no comparison can be made. The famous Pershing Square group is perhaps the most conspicuous example of the new school in public entertaining and is so readily accepted as the highest type of the new era that a sketch of the young man responsible for this wonderful development is of more than passing interest. We no longer speak of the head of such a vast enterprise as a hotel man. He is the executive of a huge business organization, employing millions of capital and with a working force exceeding ten thousand persons. The office requires ability of so many different kinds as to make its holder distinguished even among the many Captains of Industry and Finance in a great city like New York.

One of the main differences between the old and the new type of big hotel executive is that the modern host has practically ceased to be a host at all.

Unlike the late George C. Boldt, whose personality was the corner stone of the Waldorf-Astoria, and who was a familiar figure in the lobby, John McE. Bowman takes extreme measures to avoid the public rooms of any of his hotels. Bowman operates six great New York hotels—the Biltmore, the Commodore, the Manhattan,

the Belmont, the Murray Hill, and the Ansonia. He also controls two great resort hotels, the Belleview, at Belleair, Florida, and the Griswold, at New London, Connecticut, and the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club at Rye, N. Y. His recent purchase of the Sevilla, at Havana, is his first excursion into foreign fields but is not likely to be his last. Though only forty-three years old, his is probably the most responsible hotel job in the world.

You might stay at the Hotel Biltmore in New York for a year without ever catching a glimpse of Bowman. Rarely does he ever set foot in the lobby. If he wishes to go from his office, on a balcony floor of the hotel, to a room opposite, he is likely to take an elevator to the basement, and then come up again on the other side, like a prairie dog.

Indeed you might have difficulty in seeing Bowman even if you went to his office; for he finds that, with six New York hotels to manage, it is essential to practice rigid conservation of his time, and frequently he is inaccessible except by appointment.

This is not because Bowman doesn't enjoy meeting people—for at heart he is a rollicking, sociable boy—but because he believes that he can make the seven thousand guests in his hotels more comfortable by devoting his energies to work of a purely executive sort. Bowman knows by experience that a journey of only one hundred feet through the Biltmore lobby requires at least half an hour! Somebody among the guests recognizes him as the manager and stops him to ask a question. By the time he has finished with that guest, another one is waiting for him with other questions or requests. And all the while Bowman has something in his own mind that he is extremely anxious to dispose of.

Consequently, because he is in a hurry to be on his way, he is not at the moment quite the ideal person to

extend hospitality and to pat on the back the guest within his doors. Moreover, the interruption interferes with his train of thought and makes him less competent for the moment to handle the executive task on which he has set out.

Bowman, therefore, delegates the genial host function to assistant managers, whom he pays well for being courteous talkers, good hand-shakers, and discreet arbiters of guests' minor difficulties.

"They handle the guests far better than I can," explains Bowman, "for they have nothing else on their minds. In order to have plenty of patience and poise in handling the public, a man should be free from financial and organization worries. For that reason, I aim to see to it that our assistant managers, who have most of the actual handling of the public, do not have to concern themselves about anything else."

There you have the theory on which the directing head of this biggest hotel enterprise remains personally an invisible force in the background.

Because he is not often seen about the premises, a guest might receive the impression that Bowman is not on the job. And that brings us to another Bowman theory—that he can, in a sense, be on the job more by being on it less.

That sounds paradoxical, but here is the idea: He believes in a short, intensive day for an executive, rather than a long, dilly-dallying day. Sometimes Bowman works six or seven hours and then dashes up to his farm in Westchester County until the next morning. And he believes he accomplishes vastly more by this system than if he were at his desk, with precision and regularity, the same number of hours each day.

He gets a tremendous amount of work done, because, by virtue of his frequent hours of recreation, he comes

to his work fresh, full of enthusiasm and physical energy. He eats and sleeps when he feels most like it, and he works somewhat the same way. That is, when he feels particularly energetic he may work without cessation from early morn until late at night, without even going out for a meal. But he doesn't plan to do that every day, for he does not regard his job as an endurance test.

Moreover, Bowman finds that much of the really important work of an executive can be done better away from one's office than in it. He can think out a problem better, oftentimes, while chopping down a tree at his farm than while seated at his desk.

Bowman, of course, has a lot of energy and initiative and a knack at making capital of previous experience, else his career would not be such a record of proceeding, mainly upward. Only a comparatively few years ago he was connected with Durland's Riding Academy. His love for horses still clings to him, and with Mr. Vanderbilt he now runs the Annual Horse Show in New York, but the story of his being a truck man is unfortunately not true. It made a picturesque background.

Bowman's first hotel job was at a little resort in the Adirondacks, when he was only nineteen years old. Because of the short season there, he desired a permanent place at some good hotel in New York City. A wealthy man gave him a letter of introduction to the manager of what was then one of the best hotels in New York, a place that Bowman had thought a suitable field for his talents after seeing a picture of it in a little booklet.

With this letter of introduction in his pocket, and the assurance of his acquaintance that it would indubitably land him some kind of position in the big hotel, Bowman burned his bridges behind him and came to New York to make his fortune. He mailed the letter of introduction to the hotel manager, and requested permission to

call. But he got no response. He wrote again and asked for the return of his letter of introduction. Even then he got no reply, and he formed a strong opinion about the character of the man who had exhibited what seemed to him such gross and needless discourtesy.

Years later Bowman became president and directing manager of the company that took over that same hotel, and his first official act was to discharge the manager who had failed to answer his letter. He did not discharge him to vent personal spleen, but because he thought the man lacked that sense of courtesy and consideration which should be among the qualifications of a successful manager.

Having failed to get the hotel job he sought in New York, Bowman had to do whatever work he could find. Frequently he was obliged to be so economical that each meal was a genuine problem. He found that the food in the cheaper uptown restaurants was of such a light, frivolous nature that it failed to stick to his ribs. Consequently, it was not unusual for him to walk from uptown New York clear down to the lower end of the Bowery in order to find food that was both substantial and cheap. He has distinct recollections of the satisfying qualities of the beef stew that was available at one place for the sum of ten cents. To-day Bowman is making capital of the knowledge he gained as to food values in those difficult days.

Incidentally, right in this connection, Bowman thinks that there might be less complaint over the high cost of food if people made the same effort that he made, to locate good food at reasonable prices.

"The truth is that, with a proper system of distribution, high prices in hotels really ought to make for cheaper prices in the less pretentious places. I have in mind particularly the item of meats. The more the dealer can get for the choicest cuts of meat, the more

cheaply he should be able to sell what is left. Hence high prices in hotels for the choicest cuts of meat should have a tendency to reduce the cost to the consumer of the slightly less desirable cuts, in the cheaper restaurants. However, in practice it does not always work out in just that way."

After he had knocked about New York in various jobs, Bowman was more convinced than ever that hotel work was the only line in which he could permanently be satisfied. He determined that he would work not only in a hotel, but in one particular hotel, which he had selected as a desirable place to learn the business on a high-grade basis.

The hotel he had in mind was the Holland House, famous for its cuisine and for being the first modern hotel in the United States to adopt the European plan of serving only a la carte meals. Bowman did succeed in making the acquaintance of the proprietor of this establishment, one Gustav Baumann, and agreed to be a bright young willing worker if Baumann would employ him. Later on, he became Baumann's secretary. Baumann headed a company that put up the Hotel Biltmore and Bowman was to be its manager. A few months after the hotel was ready for occupancy, Baumann died. In a short time Bowman had so thoroughly convinced the board of directors of his ability, that he not only was permanently retained as manager but was made president of the company.

Then he branched out, and he has now bought four other hotels, besides building the new Hotel Commodore. Thus, Bowman, who only a few years ago came to New York to hunt a job, finds himself at the topmost place among hotel operators. He must satisfy the daily wants and whims not only of seven thousand guests but also of seven thousand employees—for in a big modern hotel there is, on the average, an employee for every guest.



OUR SISTER BOROUGHS

THE BOROUGHS OF BROOKLYN, BRONX, QUEENS AND RICHMOND

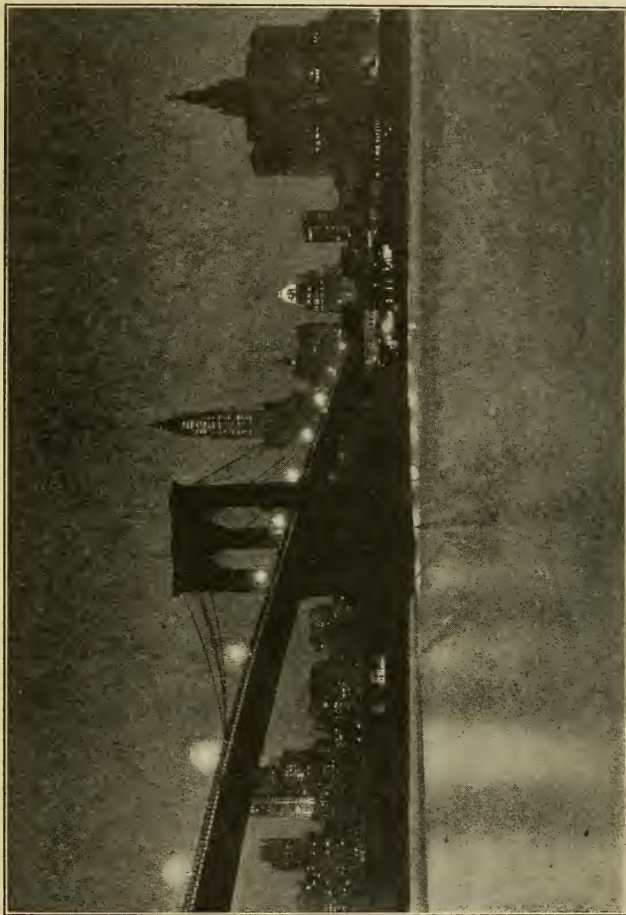
THIS is the second Borough in importance of the Boroughs that make up Greater New York, and is said now to slightly exceed Manhattan in the actual number of residents. It has certainly grown tremendously in the last year or two and has a larger physical area. It is essentially a city of homes. Most of its people have business in New York. It is connected by four bridges and three subway tunnels, to which more will soon be added.

Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn was at one time a great mecca of tourists to New York. So much so, that Brooklyn was at one time described as "lying between Pleasure and the Grave." It is, nevertheless, one of the most beautiful Cities of the Dead in the world. Public taste has changed of late years and Greenwood has to a certain extent lost its attraction to visitors. Yet one will never regret an hour or two spent in this God's Acre. Many noted men and women are buried here, and the beauty of its monuments, its shaded paths, its atmosphere of profound peace, yields a restful sensation that is long remembered. If time permits, pay a visit to this old

hallowed spot. It is something you will never regret. Brooklyn is as different from New York as day is from night. It thinks differently, lives differently, acts differently. Marshall Wilder became rich through his famous bon-mot: that the subways were built so that a New York man could go to Brooklyn without being seen. It is a city of churches, as well as of homes, and has a strong religious life. It cannot seem to outgrow its village origin. It has, however, a rare intellectual life.

People from abroad and our own people from other states speak of Brooklyn as a beautiful city. It often perplexes the Brooklynite to know what this term means. Evidently it is not meant in the sense that a statue is beautiful or even a building, for there are only a few conspicuously fine statues or buildings in the borough. And yet it is evident to any one who has been in Brooklyn even for a short time that the description is true. There is something in the atmosphere that induces the kindly feeling, and perhaps this again is produced by the long streets and avenues of homes, for Brooklyn is preeminently the city of homes. Already the population numbers over two millions and the influx of people is growing greater with every new bridge or tunnel that is built. Happily there is an immense area yet to be filled up, land that is admirably suited for the building of homes and all within easy reach of business centers in Manhattan.

Of the five boroughs of Greater New York, Brooklyn has distinctively the flavor of Art and Letters. The trend of the population is easily discerned in the large audiences that attend the lectures given almost every night during eight months of the year at the Brooklyn Institute and elsewhere. A Brooklyn audience, as has often been remarked, is discriminating and exacting. Perhaps no teacher or lecturer embodies the Brooklyn idea more distinctly than our late minister to Holland,



Four Great Bridges connect with Brooklyn. The East River Bridge.

Henry Van Dyke, himself a Brooklyn man and a fine scholar. His unaffected manner, his extensive knowledge of literature and his mastery of the arts and subtleties of humor, represent in actual life the ideals of the Brooklyn mind.

On the other hand, the utilitarian side has its votaries, as is shown in the crowded halls of the various institutions offering technical instruction, with also such advantages for social recreation as have always characterized this city. Even without the attractions of splendid theatres and great amusement places, Brooklyn contrives to get along in these matters perhaps even better than her sister borough of Manhattan. As for the drama, Brooklyn has several dramatic societies which, although entirely composed of amateurs, rival some of New York's best companies and surely furnish amusement and recreation far excelling them. These societies have produced some of the best talent in the histrionic art. Ada Rehan, who lived in Brooklyn with her mother a great part of her life, was wont to say of them that they were the nurseries of New York's dramatic talent. Music also has its votaries, and the many societies for the cultivation of this art contribute greatly to the pleasure of living in Brooklyn. An orchestra composed entirely of women and led by a woman gives three concerts every year during the season, and its performances can scarcely be rivalled anywhere. As an art center Brooklyn has achieved distinction and contributed her full share of glory to the country. There are a number of art schools and art clubs in Brooklyn. In one of these clubs, the "Two Hour Sketch Club, made up partly of earnest young artists and partly of ambitious amateurs, one of America's most virile and famous artists, Frederic Remington, was a member during a part of his student days. He is remembered today by those of his associates who remain for his strong, daring and progressive methods,

and loved for his warm, generous and manly spirit.

The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences is to be credited with much of the impetus that is given to the intellectual life of the city and it undoubtedly supplies also that higher order of amusement which takes the place here of the mammoth movie palaces of other large cities. The Museum is on a par with the finest in New York and the building, which is beautifully situated in Institute Park, on Eastern Parkway, one of Brooklyn's finest boulevards, will vie in size and beauty with any that has been erected for this purpose anywhere. The famous collection of paintings by Tissot, depicting the life of Christ, and the water color paintings by Sargent are alone well worth a visit, but there are many other collections of rare and valuable objects to be seen.

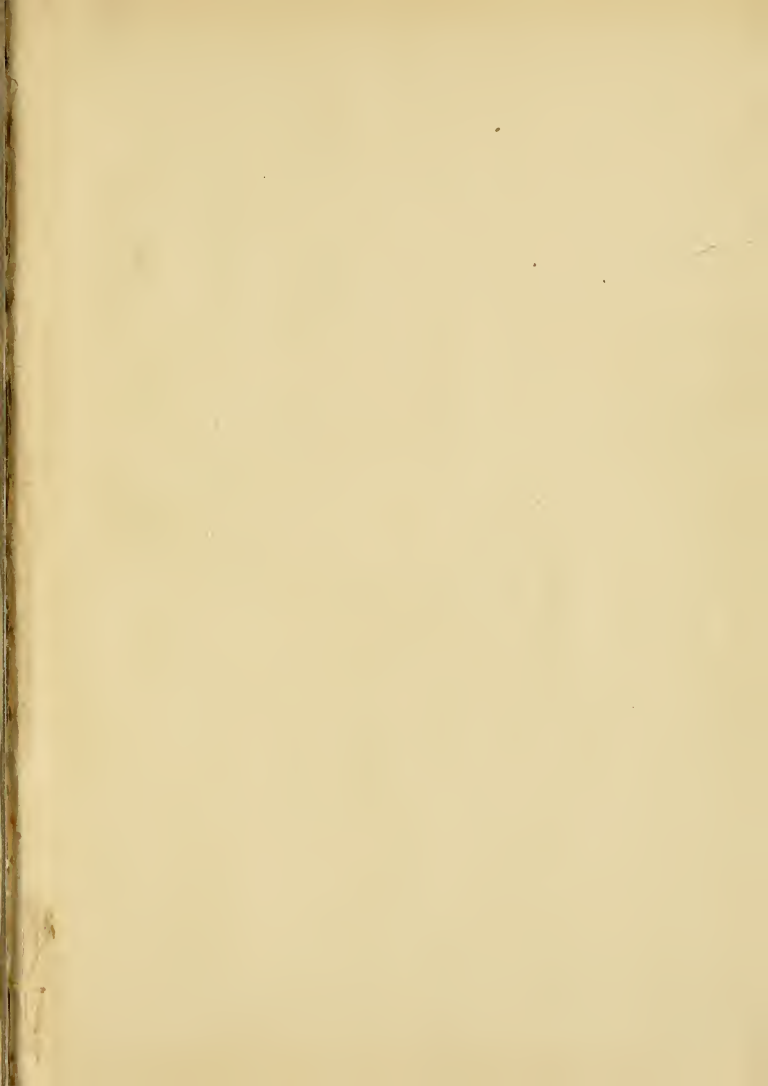
Not far from the Museum is the plaza, on which stands the magnificent arch, crowned with the work of America's greatest sculptor, MacMonnies, and here also is Park Slope, a residential section containing many of the finest homes in Brooklyn. Directly through Prospect Park from the plaza is the fair and enticing suburb of Flatbush, which has been frequently spoken of as the most beautiful suburb of any in the United States, excelling the famous suburbs of old Boston. Perhaps the only thing to criticise is its newness, many of the fine old Dutch houses having disappeared. The America of today, with its merchant princes and its palatial homes, is quite in evidence here, but not, however, to the exclusion of the more modest cottages and dwellings of that class which has made Brooklyn the city of homes. A walk along Ocean Avenue is a delight and may be continued all the way to the ocean. One of the old landmarks of Flatbush which still remains and is cherished is the old Erasmus Hall, a school of "ye olden time." It is enclosed now by the great buildings of the Erasmus Hall High School, a seat of learning which

ranks perhaps first among New York's public schools. The great, massive tower on the principal building makes one think of the old college towns of Europe. Opposite Erasmus is the Dutch Reformed Church, the oldest on Long Island.

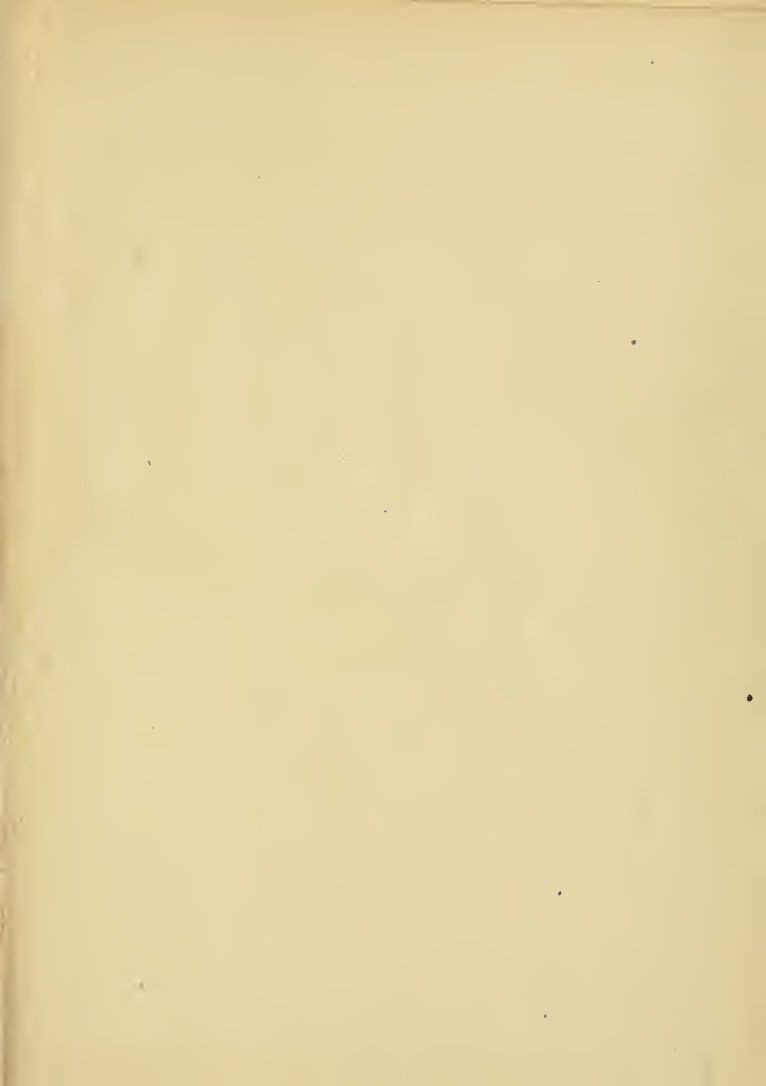
Brooklyn is well provided with colleges and schools—Adelphi College is an old Brooklyn institution, and Brooklyn College, the center of Catholic instruction for the city, is the most recent. Pratt Institute and the Arbuckle Institute are mainly for instruction in technical subjects and have a very large attendance of both sexes. The Polytechnic is for young men and is a preparatory school. There are several other seminaries, academies and private schools. On the grounds of the Arbuckle Institution is a fine statue of Henry Ward Beecher as he appeared on the platform.

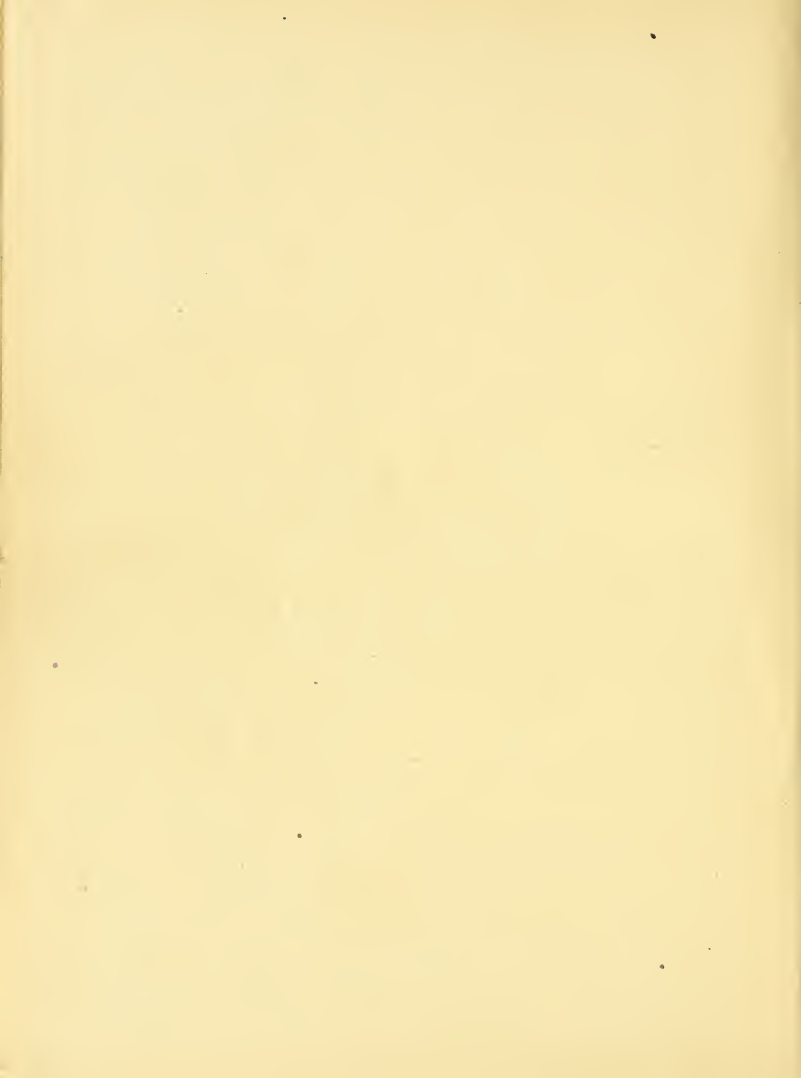
To the query, where is Brooklyn's business district, the answer might well be given there is not any, for there is no stock exchange, no financial district, no curb market, no produce, no cotton, or wool exchange, no newspaper row and no great railway centers. There is, however, a fine shopping district with several establishments rivalling the best in Manhattan. From Flatbush Avenue to the Borough Hall on Fulton Street there is a succession of fine department stores, and the sidewalks in the neighborhood are crowded from morn till night with a continuous stream of Brooklyn's fair daughters, giving a few moments of their precious time to the practical affairs of life.

Further on beyond the Borough Buildings is the old and aristocratic section, which still retains its old time air of exclusiveness, though fast undergoing great changes. Columbia Heights, at all times regarded the ideal residence quarter, is a bluff rising high above the sea level and overlooking the river and the bay. No finer site could be imagined for a residence and the









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