



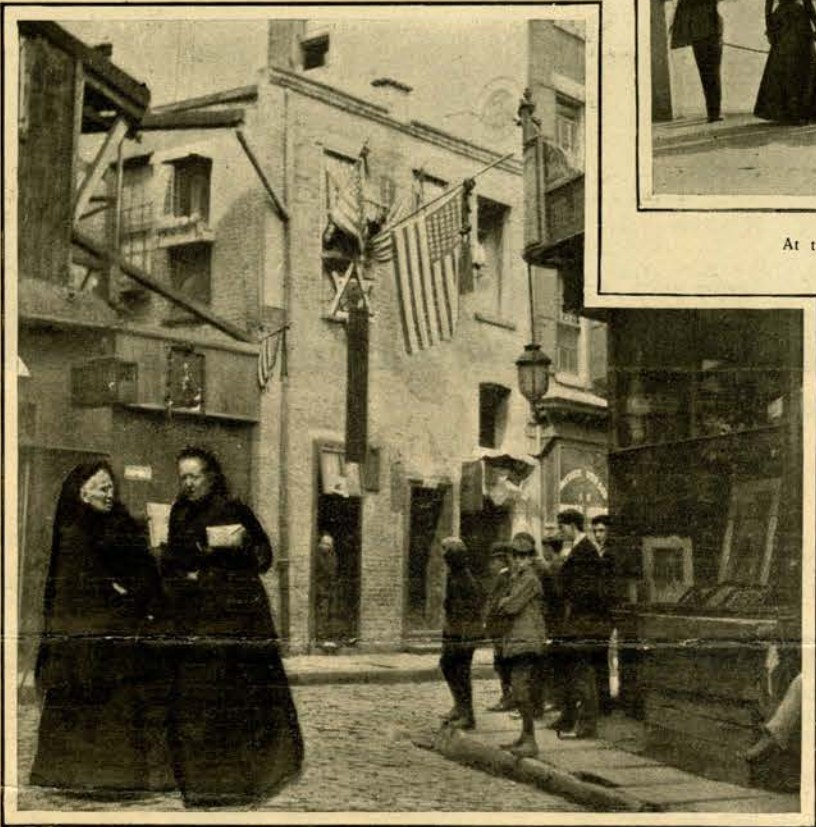
They Walk across the Brooklyn Bridge



The unmistakable Bride and Groom



They see the Animals in the "Zoo"



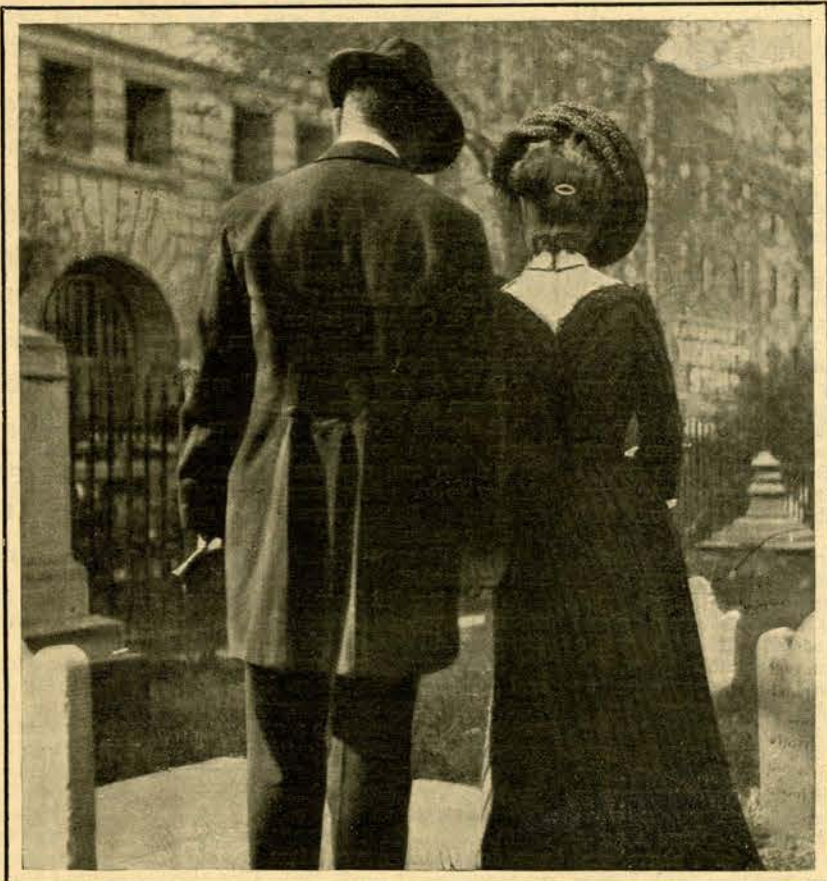
Exploring fearfully the Mysteries of the Chinese Quarter



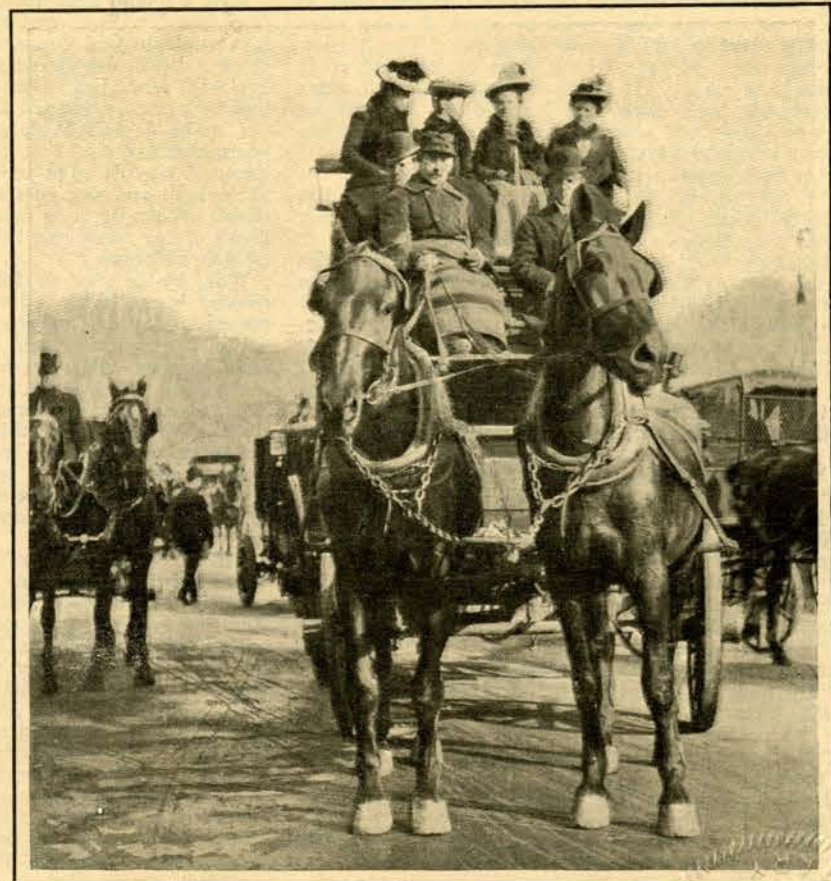
At the Battery



Grant's Tomb is the Mecca of all Tourists



In old St. Paul's Church Yard



All the Glories of the Avenue from the Top of a Stage

STRANGERS IN NEW YORK

Illustrated by Glen Allen



And had to chase dere and square tings wit de chief

Chimmie Fadden: Of Greek Meeting Greek

I WAS out in de stables learning de coachman's boy to dance jig steps. He's a good boy, only he has two left feet, and I could learn Little Miss Fannie's doll to dance easier nor him. But his dad wants de kid learned all de fash'nable stunts, so I does me best; for, next to de cook and housekeeper, nobody is so useful to be chummy wit as Coachy. Well, I was trying a jig what could be danced wit de left feet, when Miss Fannie sends for me. I goes to de library, and Mr. Paul was dere, and Whiskers. Miss Fannie says to me, "Chames," she says, "Paul wants to borrow you for a few days."

"It is to go on a wedding journey," says Mr. Paul. "Is it your own wedding, sir?" I says, wondering what was doing.

"No," says he, "If it was, I could get along wit me own Oriental vallet. It is a Virginia wedding, so I must take you to do diplomatic woik, and me Chap vallet for de common, or garden variety of duty." I never was to Virginia, so when I waltzes over to Mr. Paul to get him ready to start, I asks what kind of place was dis we was going to.

"Virginia," he says, "is a State of joy, and of de Union," he says. "It produces large and rich crops of tobacco, hunt clubs, and hosp'tal'ty. We will be dere two days, but wit your help I tink I can get out alive wit eighteen trunks."

"Is we to open a trunk store, sir?" I says.

"I may open," he says, "a few jack pots, but notting woise. De trunks is needed to save me life. What close I wants to wear, put in a suit case."

I had to let it go at dat, for when Mr. Paul tries he can say as many woids dat don't mean notting as a orator. So Chap and me gets busy and packs. We grabs all de close in de house; winter close, summer close, city, country, yachting, hunting, golf, and any old line of close we struck, and we packs and packs till we sends off a wagon-load. Den Mr. Paul tells Chap to take de suit case, me to get tickets, and we was off.

Honest, I was near croisy wit wondering what was de game, but says notting till we gets to de depot in Virginia, an' I asks what was I to do wit de trunks.

"Notting yet," he says. "Take de suit case, quick, and perhaps we can make a rush to de hotel."

We didn't. Just as we was butting into a carriage a gent makes a dive for Mr. Paul.

"Me dear old chap," he says, "you got me letter?"

"So good of you," says Mr. Paul, rubbing like he was a bit noivose.

"Your room is all ready," says de gent. "Send your trunk right to me house," he says.

"Chames," says Mr. Paul, "send me trunk to dis gent's house."

"Which one?" says I.

"He has but one house," says Mr. Paul, looking at me hard.

I wasn't quite on, but touches me hat, and sends de trunk where he tells me.

"I'm off to business now," says de gent, "but I'll see you at de club later."

"Sure," says Mr. Paul, and de gent was on his way.

"Send me Chapanese to de hotel wit me suit case," says Mr. Paul. "It's de best we can do now. Here comes anodder fren."

De-next fren waltzes up, gives Mr. Paul a double hand shake, and says, "So glad you got me letter, old chap. Send your trunk right to me house."

"So good of you," says Mr. Paul, passing a troubled eye up de street. "Chames," he says, "you was just going to send me trunk to dis gent's house."

"In a minute," I says, digging anodder trunk check out of me jeans.

"We hunt to-day," says de gent. "I'll have a mount for you at de meet. Now I'm off to look over me mail. Pick you up at de club later."

"All right, old chap," says Mr. Paul, and de second gent was on his way.

"Now, Chames," says Mr. Paul, "if I'm seen at de hotel bote dose gents will challenge me. Let us," he says, "go to de club, and do de best we can. De club manager will let you stop in de hall. Keep a smart eye open, and when you see a new fren headed for me, cut me loose from any bunch of gents I'm wit, so as I'll be sure to meet each fren alone. In dat way I may escape a duel."

Say, we only gets to de club steps when a thoid fren cops Mr. Paul, and tells him on his life to send his trunk to his house. Mr. Paul says sure, dey chins a little, den de gent says, "I'm on me way to business now, but some of de youngsters inside will look out for you till I get back."

I woiks de telephone, gets off de thoid trunk, den hears anodder gent ask de door man where was Mr. Paul. I tips de wink to Mr. Paul, he meets de gent in de hall, and dey goes tru de game of talk as per usual. When dey wus done Mr. Paul passes me out a bunch of five cards, and tells me to hustle off trunks to all deir addresses.

Well, by de time de foist gents and odders begun chasing in for lunch, I'd woiked off de whole eighteen trunks. Den de baggage master sends woid to de police dat a croisy man at de club was scattering dude baggage all over de county, and ought to be attended to. So I gets a hurry call from Headquarters, and had to chase dere and square tings wit de chief. He says Mr. Paul was taking big chances, but he'd call out de reserves for him in case of riot. When I gets back to de club I says to Mr. Paul, "Scuse me," I says, "but which of dose eighteen houses is you going to sleep in, so I'll know where to send your suit case?"

"Sleep, Chames?" he says, mopping his forehead. "You has yet to learn de customs of de country."

Listen. I'm giving it to you straight. Before lunch Mr. Paul promised to go to a dozen hunts, about twenty country clubs, a bunch of golf clubs, and a few plain every-day city clubs. But nobody made a start to go nowhere. All hands was happy spinning yarns and—well, I tell no tales out of school, but a coon waiter dere has learned my trick of pulling out de plugs. I got a few winks in a quiet corner where de hall boys sit, but Mr. Paul sat in wit de rest like he'd been a Virginian since deir Governors wore wigs and knee pants. De next morning, about sun-up, when de last fren was on his way home, we makes a quiet sneak to de hotel. Mr. Paul gets a bat, shave, and breakfast, dresses for de early wedding, and I tags along to watch his frens go into de church. Say, de gents had all been to deir offices, but dey all comes up smiling for de wedding, looking like dey'd trained for a year to see how fresh dey could look on dat day. Dey is wonders for fair. Mr. Paul says it's because dey rides so much. Maybe dey has a

short saddle track in de club basement. I don't know.

After de wedding Mr. Paul hikes around making afternoon calls on de eighteen houses where he was stopping at. Each place he tells de missus dat he'd send me for his trunk, for he was leaving in de evening. He says what a lovely time he'd had at deir houses, and dey says how pleased dey was to have him dere—never cracking a smile. Dey is torrowbreds.

When we gets back home, Whiskers asks Mr. Paul what kind of a time did he have in Virginia.

"Nice quiet time," says Mr. Paul. "When I feels de need of poifect rest, I goes to Virginia for a few days."

"I understand," says Whiskers, "dat de foist families keeps up de good old colonial manner of life—early dinners, early to bed, and dat sort of ting."

"Curfew rings at eight o'clock in Virginia," says Mr. Paul. "Any one caught out of bed after dat colonial hour is sent to jail."

Miss Fannie looks hard at Mr. Paul, den she smiles to herself, and says to her dad, "Paul looks like he'd slept all de time he was in Virginia. Should you not offer him a glass of wine to wake him up?"

"Coitenly," says Whiskers. "Chames, a bottle."

"I'll not trouble you," says Mr. Paul. "A few days in Virginia makes me a cold-water man for weeks afterwards. One quickly gets out of de habit of taking anyting but spring water, down dere."

"Any particular spring?" asks Miss Fannie.

"I remembers one," he says. "It is called High Bald Mountain Spring."

"Since you has been away it has been radder dry here too," says Whiskers.

"What's de matter?" says Mr. Paul. "Been discussing de Cuban question?"

"I do not allow dat question to be mentioned in my presence," says Whiskers.

"Dat's de way to settle it," says Mr. Paul. "Make it treason to mention it."

"It should be," says Whiskers. "Dose wicked agitators should be hanged each time dey speaks. Is de widdies and orphans who makes beet sugar machin'ry to have deir bread snatched from deir mouts? De bullying Boloman must give up de bullet before he asks for de ballot."

"Right!" says Mr. Paul. "Down wit Lexington and Concord!"

"Is de tangled Tagalog, fighting for freedom, to be rewarded wit de franchise? Dat would be an invitation to all our colonies to ask de same rights."

"If dey asks for liberty or deat, let us be generous and give 'em bote," says Mr. Paul. "I see, sir," he says, "dat you has grasped de very bull's eye of dis matter, and sifted it to a crystal point where it stands upon its own bottom, asking no cards, but wit lance at rest scorning de gilder's aid to prove de sweetness of its bouquet. Let Cubans engage in some honest business dan raising cane. As for de Phil'pines, didn't we get de decision? Do dey not know when dey are down and out? Must we send 'em a Beveridge to count ten at 'em? No! War is what Gen'l Sherman said it was—but not a Beveridge!"

"Me dear Paul," says Whiskers, "I am charmed to hear you talk so sensibly. It may be de result of your spring-water experience in Virginia."

"Maybe," says Mr. Paul. "Mrs. Burton," he says to Miss Fannie, "may we not have some tea?"