



QUEBEC'S WINTER CARNIVAL

Mar 1902

The annual week of winter sports at the quaint old French-Canadian city on the St. Lawrence attracts a host of people from the surrounding towns and many from the "States." The streets are gay with the bright-colored costumes of the visitors; sleigh-bells and laughter make merry melody; there are the frosty sunshine of the daytime and the radiance of the moon and the electric lights at night. The drawing shows Mountain Hill, with the Chateau Frontenac in the background.

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STRANGERS IN NEW YORK

THERE is one opinion in which all good Americans are united—one sentiment which they all share in common, however they may differ in various localities as to politics, religion, and the pronunciation of the letter R. That opinion, that sentiment, is—that there is no place like New York.

The feeling does not interfere in any way with local pride or civic patriotism. You remember the Arizona editor in the play who declared that there were only two places on earth to live—Tombstone, Arizona, and New York city. That is the way the average American feels about it—his own town comes first always; and it is this deep-rooted belief in the heart of every American that his own town is first and best that has built up our country and made it great.

But what London is to the English, what Paris is to the French, New York is to the American people. And there is no American so lowly in condition, or so remote geographically, but cherishes in his heart the ambition to see New York at least once before he dies.

And these strangers see and enjoy New York in a way that a native New-Yorker, however well he may know and love his city, can never see and enjoy it. They take their pleasures while in New York in ways which are most mysterious to the native. For instance, a week in the wake of an ordinarily energetic sight-seer would put a New-Yorker in his grave or a mad-house. Yet if one has never been to New York before, sight-seeing is a very lively pleasure indeed. And that type of traveller who finds his sole enjoyment in a new city in visiting the places named in the guide-book is always in evidence in New York. His first destination is generally Grant's Tomb, the Mecca of all tourists. The New-York-

ers who sometimes wearily pilot their out-of-town guests thither find compensation in watching the sight-seers themselves—unmistakable brides and grooms; sweet young things taking the inevitable snap-shot; pater and mater familias with a flock of tired, unhappy young ones; and serious-looking females of uncertain age, belonging unmistakably to the hen tribe, anxiously asking of the weary guard the oft-repeated question, "Is his wife buried here too?" But the sight-seer is always too busy taking down the dimensions of the tomb, in a note-book, to observe the vagaries of his kind. Following his guide-book, he and his feminine flock pay the tribute of a sigh at the grave of "An Amiable Child" on the opposite side of the Drive, then wend their way conscientiously to Columbia University, St. Luke's Hospital, and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which they swallow mentally at one gulp. All this in a morning!

In the afternoon they are as fresh as ever, and you may see the solitary male escort assisting his female relatives to the top of the stage, from which they view all the glories of the Avenue, after which they divide the rest of the afternoon between the Museum of Art, and the animals in the Zoo, generally with a pronounced preference for the latter.

And so day after day passes, each one fuller of wonder and delight than the last. But not until the sight-seers have visited the Eden Musée, where the wax figures of the crowned heads of Europe duly impress them, and the Chamber of Horrors gives them delightfully bad dreams for weeks to come; have seen all the wonders of the great department stores; have heard the *Herald* clock strike; explored fearfully the mysteries of the Chinese quarter; wandered among the graves of old St. Paul's and Trinity church-yards; visited the Stock Exchange and the Battery; made the acquaintance of every fish in the Aquarium; walked across Brooklyn Bridge; visited Greenwood Cemetery, and climbed to the top of the tallest finger of

the Goddess of Liberty—not until then do they feel that they can go home and face those of their neighbors who have been to New York, and give wise counsel to those who contemplate doing so.

But the vast majority of people who come to New York a-pleasuring care as little for sight-seeing as New-Yorkers themselves care for it. Indeed, they know New York in its outward aspects as well as the average New-Yorker knows it. They come to New York from well-to-do homes in other cities, once or twice a year regularly, sometimes oftener, to see good plays, hear good music, and buy good clothes, and, on the principle of counting none save happy hours, would count that year lost which did not include at least one trip to New York. Though they often use business as pretext for these frequent visits, their real object is to have a good time.

People who live in the quietest, simplest manner imaginable in their own towns, want a perfect whirl of gaiety and excitement when they come to New York. They want to stay in a big hotel, where there is a great deal of life to be seen. The bigger the hotel, the better; the more life, the merrier. They want to shop all day long, and go to the theatre every evening, with a small, hot bird and a large, cold bottle afterwards at some well-known café.

As these visitors stroll in gorgeous attire along Peacock Row in the Waldorf, and stare at each other through lorgnettes at the theatre, horse show, and opera, they delightedly mistake each other and are mistaken by most people for genuine New-Yorkers.

But there is one class of people whom they never deceive. The maids, garçons, and porters recognize the stranger by the reckless generosity of his tips; the newsboys know him by his fondness for "extras," as well as by his lordly indifference to change, and with that shrewdness which they learn almost in the cradle, will let a dozen New-Yorkers pass by to thrust "a horrible extra" into the hands of a visitor.

A New York cabbie always distinguishes between a stranger and a dweller in Gotham, for which distinction the stranger pays in good round figures. The street venders know him, and their persuasive voices grow yet more persuasive at his approach. Even the blind beggars know him by sight, and get an extra whine into their voices when they see him coming.

The tide of these pleasure-seeking immigrants reaches its flood twice a year—during Horse Show week and again at Easter. But the mysterious attraction which draws people to New York brings them thither even in midsummer, when the attraction is indeed mysterious from a New-Yorker's point of view. But there is a tradition among Southern people that

New York is a summer resort, and they live up to this tradition in a manner that maketh glad the heart of the New York hotel-keeper during July and August. Although they see New York at its greatest disadvantage, I am not sure but they enjoy New York most of all the pleasure-seekers.

If the theatres are all closed, there are the roof gardens; and there are Coney Island, Manhattan Beach, Asbury Park, and all the other near-by seaside resorts, where one can have a dip in the ocean, a glimpse of a great cosmopolitan crowd, and a good dinner, all flavored with that delicious spice of unusualness of which I have spoken before. Even the long hot days are not tedious: then men of Dixie-land spend them under the electric fans of their business acquaintances downtown, with whom they discuss a hundred business topics.

Meantime, their wives and daughters are shopping, which is the chief end of woman when the woman happens to be a Southern woman and in New York city. I think that some New York women could learn a thing or two about shopping from these Southern women. It is amazing how their appealing manners, their soft-voiced "please" and ever-ready "thank you," soften the hearts—or at least the manners—of the haughty salesladies in the department stores. I have seen these latter take down goods for a Southern woman, give friendly advice, and cut samples with an amiability that would amaze many a New York woman who demands these services as her right.

September and the early fall months bring to New York another class of strangers; not butterflies of pleasure these, but workers—young men and maidens who come, slim of pocket-book, but high of hope, stout of heart, and confident of success, to measure their talents by New York standards. The hall bed-rooms of New York boarding-houses are always full of these young geniuses, who are going to be great, who some day are going to set the world on fire. Some day?—perhaps—but the Park benches are full of geniuses who were to have been great.

That is the trouble always—New York will not listen. But, oh, the excitement of trying to make it listen! To advance, like David, armed only with the sling of one's ambition and the small stone of one's talent to slay the giant of metropolitan success!—how small, how very small, the stone looks when the giant looms up close at hand, tall, threatening, merciless!—to take aim in the face of the jeering Philistines; to falter, perhaps to miss the mark, once, twice, thrice, but at last to throw straight and true and see the giant fall, while all the Philistines marvel—that is what it means to succeed! How plain the picture as it comes to you in your hall bed-room; how easily you vanquish the giant from the vantage-ground of your folding-bed!

But the next day when you go forth to interview the editor or the manager, or whoever holds your destiny in his hand, somehow you do not feel in the least like David; and the office-boy frightens you so with his "Who d'ye want ter see?" and his "Wot d'ye want ter see 'im about?" that you retire abashed, without even insisting on the privilege of flinging your pebble at the giant.

But meantime there are compensations. For New York, though indifferent to the individual, furnishes the workers with tools and opportunities to use them such as can be had nowhere else in this country. All these advantages—the art, music, and business schools, the free concerts and lectures, the opportunities of seeing the good work of great men and of coming in touch with them personally—all these things are appreciated by one who has lived all one's life in a remote community.

And at last there comes a day, a glorious day, when you do hit the giant, and how rosy the hall bedroom becomes then; how exultantly you treat yourself to a seat in the top gallery at the opera. And how keenly you feel the one sentiment that binds together the rushing crowd about you—there is no place like New York!



From Dixie



The Sight-seer and his Feminine Flock



Safety Precautions for the Purse



The one Class of People who can always distinguish between a Stranger and a Gothamite