

Abroad.

BY P. W. GEER.

My experience in Canada, though short, was very pleasant, and I enjoyed the face of the earth if not the faces of the people. I shall never forget the beautiful scene in the valley in which is situated the city of Hamilton. At Dundas we came out upon the mountain side, and the thickly-settled valley, with its green grass and blossoming trees, stretched for several miles to the southeast. Six miles away, we could see the city of Hamilton, which we reached in a few moments by winding around among the hills and finally descending to the valley below. Evening was coming on, and for several miles we traveled near the southern border of Lake Ontario, whose blue waters sparkled in the setting sun. What is more pleasing to the sight than a large body of water? The great lakes add a fitting trimming to much of our northern scenery. I will endeavor to visit Niagara Falls before returning home and see how they compare with Oregon scenery, and Silver Creek falls in particular.

My introduction into the great state of New York was after night had fallen, and when we left that state for Pennsylvania I was in dreamland. I awoke next morning at daylight, just as we arrived at Wilkesbarre, on the Susquehanna river. I could see huge, black piles of coal near the track on either side, and on the hillsides, as we wound along the valleys, I could see clouds of steam and smoke, which marked the location of numerous coal mines. Crossing a range of low mountains, we descended into the Lehigh valley, where we followed the winding course of the river for several miles. On either side the mountains rise abruptly, and there is barely room for the two railroads which lay side by side. Mauch Chunk is a picturesque station, where we halted for a few moments. The mountains are so high I could not see out, and the city is nestled among them along the banks of the Lehigh river.

We crossed the Delaware river at Easton, Pennsylvania, and were in the state of New Jersey at 7 o'clock. In two hours we crossed that state and arrived at Jersey City. I bade farewell to the train once more, and, with my valise in my hand, I boarded the Twenty-third street ferry for New York city. I took the upper deck, and across the Hudson river I got my first glimpse of the great city. I was neither struck with awe, surprised nor disappointed. It was different in some details from what my mind had pictured it, but one could expect that. The narrow strip of land extending down be-

tween the "East" and "North" rivers is one mass of buildings, as I expected to find it. Near the lower, or southwest, end of this mass of buildings, it seems that some of the structures have tried to see which could grow to be the tallest. These are the sky-scrapers, and the new Park Row building has won the race, for it is not only the tallest building in the city of New York, but I understand it is the tallest in the world. At any rate, it is tall enough. The main part is twenty-five stories high, with the upper part at least five stories higher, and you have to "look twice" to see the tops of the towers on either corner. At the lower end of the city is Castle Garden and Battery Park, where many immigrants get their introduction into real life in the United States. To the south I could recognize the great Bartholdi statue on Bedloe's Island, and the "old girl" stands there just as I have seen her in pictures. A little to the east of the statue I saw Governor's Island, with Long Island and Brooklyn in the background, while to the west is the quarantine station on Ellis Island, with Staten Island in the background. Along the New Jersey coast is also one vast city for miles, and as the great ferry boat pulled out into the middle of the Hudson, the view was splendid to behold. I could hardly see the river for the boats nor the "cities for the houses."

It was early Sunday morning, but New York city is not at all dead on Sunday and is very much alive on other days; but for a grand rush and jam, with noise and dirt, it can't quite come up to Chicago. So much to New York's credit. There is a difference in the two cities that one can't help noticing. "Greater New York" is greater than Chicago for size and population. It is a cleaner city and the business part is spread out over more territory. In Chicago the principal business district is massed together, the manufacturing districts in different parts and the rest is "outskirts." Of course there is a great deal of business transacted along street car lines for miles in various parts of the city, but the principal business district is located between the river and the lake and extends high in the air and deep under the ground. In New York it is different. Business houses, factories, theatres, hotels and residences are all scattered in a conglomerate mass for miles and miles. New York is like the universe—you can't find the center nor the outside. It seems to be New York as far as you go. Of course the lower end of the city is "strictly business," and there is where the buildings are as high in the air as the land is in price.

None of the streets in New York can come up with South Water

street in Chicago for business, and the avenues and boulevards in Chicago are far ahead of those in New York for driving. Fifth avenue in New York is a lovely street, but for a pleasant drive it is not equal to Washington boulevard in Chicago. The two cities are about equal in electric and cable car service, but Chicago is ahead in her system of elevated railroads. There is one remarkable difference in the two cities which one cannot help noticing—New York is built on money and Chicago is built on wind. A friend in Chicago informed me I would find it so, and he is right. Chicago is a new town and has sprung up in a few years. It will get money with age and then it will not need so much wind. New York is old, and it takes capital to keep up an old city. Capital is more substantial than wind. New York has plenty of both.

Landing at Twenty-third street, I walked up to Madison Square and then down Broadway to Union Square. Under the shade of the trees of these two small parks were all classes of people, mingled together enjoying an early spring Sunday. I went to the Academy of music and saw that Col. Ingersoll was to lecture that evening on "Thomas Paine," which lecture I had hurried through from Chicago to hear. The next place of importance I visited was Grace Church, of which I had read and which I had seen pictured in "The Old Homestead," etc. It looked quite natural, and as it was the hour for worship, a crowd of people, pale and pious, thronged the doorway. There was no temptation for me to enter. I wanted to see Wall street, so I strolled on. I stopped at the City Hall and saw the place where the Declaration of Independence was read to the army so many years ago. My mind carried me back to that time, and I imagined I could see New York as it was then. I could see the brave boys of the Federal army; I could see General Washington and such noble patriots as Paine, Franklin and Jefferson; I could see how they were honored then; how one of them has been despised, hated and abused since, not because of unfaithfulness nor lack of patriotism, for Paine was as faithful a patriot as ever espoused the cause of independence in the "New World." It is on account of his honesty, on account of his fidelity to freedom that has caused abuse to be heaped upon him by moral cowards, intellectual pigmies and fanatical bigots who have no sense of honor or justice. But the world is changing. People are beginning to find out the true worth of the man, and even many of the churches share his religious opinions. It seems that a church cannot respect a man for anything he does if it does not share his views

on religion. Now that they begin to see things as he saw them, they begin to respect him, not alone for his religious views, but for his services to his country (the world). Deliver me from ever entertaining any views on any question which will prevent me from recognizing good in people entertaining opinions different from mine.

I proceeded to Wall street, the great money center of the United States. To my great surprise, I didn't find any money lying along the sidewalks or piled up in the middle of the street. Everything had the appearance of innocence, and I was not afraid of losing the five dollars and a quarter I had in my pocket. But it was Sunday, and what could one expect on that day of the week? I will visit it again on a week day and note the difference. I imagine I can see dirty schemes, frustrated plots and vanished hopes. The narrow, winding street, with its tall buildings, is not especially attractive to a stranger, nor is it, in itself, a delightful place to spend one's time. I recognized the sub-treasury building, with Washington's statue in front, from Homer Davenport's cartoons. On this spot, one hundred and ten years ago, Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States. That was not very long ago, but what wonderful changes have taken place! Did Washington and his associates ever dream that Wall street, as it is today, would infest the place where at that time stood Federal Hall?

Passing along the side of the treasury building, I walked up Nassau street to the Tribune building, where I gazed on the statue of Horace Greeley and, just across the way, the statue of the great Benjamin Franklin, whose noble life ought to inspire every youth in our land. In the Tribune building the New York Journal is printed, and I have two cousins, Homer Davenport and Frank Bowers, who earn their livelihood by making pictures for said paper. I went to the office and asked for Frank. I was informed that he lived on Twenty-fourth street, and, knowing that Homer lives in East Orange, New Jersey, I decided to visit the nearest one. I went to the office again and was informed that he had moved to Jersey City. I took the ferry back to the place from where I had my first view of the city, and after a few inquiries I found the place I was hunting for, but Frank had gone to see Homer. I was now in hot chase, so I boarded a street car for Newark, then changed cars for East Orange. It was 6 o'clock when I reached Davenport's home, and Frank had just gone. He was too hard to catch, so I decided to let him go. I had chased him all over three cities and two states and finally landed