

NEW YORK'S MANY DWELLERS IN THE SKY

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE HIGH PLACES ON THE AMERICAN BABYLON



"THIS HUMAN-MADE MIRACLE OF ROCK AND STONE"



THE BUILDERS STOLE, BEGGED AND BORROWED FROM ALL THE PLACES OF EARTH.

MANY years ago, when the forgotten painters of today were the young school—the hope of American art—there was an old professor in Munich who used to give point to his definition of art with this illustration: "Gentlemen," he would say, "beauty is relative. For instance, no one will hold that the tail of a cow is a beautiful object in itself. Yet, consider how unattractive the cow would be without it."

If the old man were alive today and could see New York, he would repeat his illustration with extreme delight. For the New York skyscraper is a cow's tail, indeed, often unlovely and sometimes hideous; but it has made a magnificent spectacle out of this city, which used to be nothing except a furrow mass of flat roofs and square boxes of buildings.

Built originally to save precious ground and to accommodate income-producing tenants by etching the air and light of the whole community for individual profit, the skyscraper has become something more now. The chances are that without it today New York would be many times more anarchistic than it is, for the straggle of the overgrown place have become far more noisy than the busiest freight tracks on a trunk line of railroads.

It is the last thing that the builders and managers of crowded and noisy railroads think of to reduce their noise. Indeed, cheap equipment and reckless running bend their united qualities to make the progress of each car a medley of hideous racket.

If a shopkeeper chooses to advertise his wares with bell and horn, there is no objection. But when a city board rules and police regulations, and aldermanic ordinances in tropical richness of growth, for the city is harried by undisciplined, hastily-framed and prematurely-passed laws; but when a man does something in the sacred name of business, cursed would he be who would invoke the statutes against him.

Talented Noise-makers.
So, recently the expert accountants of the big Postoffice were driven into mild madness by a genius in a shop across the street who called attention to his wares with a concert, which wailed incessantly from early morning till late at night. In Nassau street an unselfish firm of electricians maintains a pleasant machine audible for a quarter of a mile in all directions, even above the other atrocious noises of that crowded street.

Near the City Hall another benefactor conducts the quiet work of collecting musical records for a talking machine. In the hardware district a gun merchant, once even distinguished among others as a would-be test streamer. Street peddlers whistle, too, below, play harmonicas and even Jew's harp, ring bells, beat pans, and even use mechanical whistles.

Of course, the builders are more sacred than even the rest of the philanthropists. The first step is always the erection of a diabolical type of hoisting engine that pulls like an automobile and clatters like the donkey engine on a steel cargo steamer. The next step is usually to install a diabolical type of hoisting engine that utters amazing and infuriating number of malignant violent blows in a minute. Then the steel company comes along and delivers steel beams by the simple process of dropping them violently from high trucks to the sidewalk. A few days afterward the riggers usually improve on this by dropping a few beams to the sidewalk from the top of the building.

Every other vehicle has a gong or a horn, because it is easier to frighten people out of the way by clanging or tooting than by shouting. The factories vie to see, or rather, hear, which can erect the most infernal steam whistle. And the unfortunate business man who cannot invent or conduct any distinctive noise enterprise of his own, makes up for it by unloading as many of his goods on the sidewalk as possible.

All this has made the skyscraper the sole of refuge for the over-worked and over-strained New Yorker, who is kept quiet sufficiently by his infernal method of "cracking business" without being further excited by the million noises of the street.

Perched in the Himalayan suites of offices, he may some day be cut to stars around the rest of the world. Or his express elevator may fall and drop him like a man-made. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the porters and other workers in the deep vaults of the skyscrapers, whose homes are in the tenement districts, never see more than a handbreadth of the sky, and no sun at all from one year to the other.

When they emerge from the working places, they haven't the energy to kindle their beards a-lookin' at me pretty much that they could get that way of heaven, and there is no heaven to see from the cars that are packed full of other workers.

Neither is there any heaven to see in the tenement sections where roof meets roof in mile-long monotony. That pathetic figure, the mine mule, has his unspiced counterpart in many thousand New Yorkers.

Over the heads of these workers on the ground are the lucky ones whose lives are cast in the sky offices. Their days are long, where the days of the men below them are short. They have the sun from the moment that it rises till long after it has set behind the low hills far west of the city. Long after it is dark in the canyons of the streets their sky parlors still gleam with its lingering fires.

And what a day they have! Under their feet is unrolled a panorama of structures—old Nuremberg, Samarqand, Damascus, Athens and Babylon in one riot of roofs and towers, which is New York thrown together in systems, jumble, up-reared without communal idea or plan, each separate house the fruit of the whimsicality or need of the moment.

Under high building, it is not a veritable structure of Egypt's temple-places of Luxor? It needs no imagination to see a temple of the gods before Moses in the great office building filled with trusts and modern financial schemes, for the architect who built it spent half a year in Luxor with camera and artist to copy one of the grandest of the temples for the New York skyscraper.

Everywhere, wherever you look from the high windows of the tower, you will see something that brings foreign or ancient places to mind. There is Rome, here is Russia; yonder stands Madrid, south of it rises St. Paul's. A Venetian palace towers above its sister buildings in one direction, a Rhine fortress looks defiantly down in another. These are no

clothes and carry 'em home. She didn't find any, and I put my money purse inside the shirt, and my head.

"Well, we tried to sleep with that light burnin', and we just couldn't," Hanner says. "There ain't no use of us havin' a light to sleep by, and wakin' the man's candles this way." I reached up and blew it out. I was just doin' out when Hanner she fetched me a punch in the ribs and, says she, "Obadiah, wake up! I smell a rat, and somethin' is wrong. I reckon you ought to tell the man. Mebbe it's in his henhouse a-killin' of his chickens."

I could smell somethin' peculiar, too, and I slipped on my pants and went out to the man's office and says I, "Mister, there's a skunk or somethin' out yonder. I reckon you'd better see about it, if you want any chickens left in the mornin'." I smelled it after I'd went to bed, and I thought mebbe you didn't know about it.

"I'll bet you blew out the gas," says he, and he just went on a run for the room we was a-sleepin' in. "Why, man," says he, "it's a good thing you told me, or you'd both been dead before mornin'."

Then he went on to explain the workin' of the stuff and all about it.

"Mister," says Hanner, "you just step out, please. I'm a-goin' to get up. I can't sleep in such a place as this, when I know I'm liable to be dead afore mornin'."

"Oh," says he, "lay still, madame; it's all right now you know how to handle it. We'll leave this window open and I'll fix the gas as I go out and there won't be a particle of danger any more."

We did manage to go to sleep after a long while and slept pretty middlin' well, except when them derned cats got to fightin' under our window.

We got up at 5 in the mornin' and got ready to go to the Fair after breakfast, but I ain't got time to tell about that now. I'll have to leave that till next time. Yours truly,

OBADIAH JEWETT OLDWAY.

Sharp Medical Practice.
Baltimore Herald.
E. R. Thomas, at the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, was commissioned a motorboat captain who had been jockeyed out of a race.

"Between the Swift and the Dart," said Mr. Thomas, "you were pretty badly done. You were the victim of sharp practice. You remind me of a colored man who lay ill of fever. This colored man was treated for a time by one doctor, and then another doctor, for some reason, came and took the first one's place. The second physician made a thorough examination of the patient. At the end he said: 'Did the other doctor take your temperature?'"

"Ah, humm," said the patient, answered, "Ah ain't missed nothin' but mah watch as yet."

Southward lies Governor's Island. The men in many ground-floor offices turn on their light when beginning work, as mechanically as they hang up their hats. And still below, in the vaults and basements that extend under the streets, stealing a little ground subterraneously as the upper part of the building steals the sky, and no sun at all from one year to the other.

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fanties. The builders of New York came together, as did the builders of the other Babel. They stole, begged, borrowed and scraped from all the places of the world. Mediterranean palaces of forgotten emperors, rock castles perched on Viking fjords, mosques in Arabian deserts, palaces of Khalifa and Kaiser, all were robbed for something, here and there.

Looted From All the Globe.
Hanging high on dizzy eminences, where only the birds see them, are replicas of Florentine sculptures. Hidden away in side streets where not one in 10,000 of the hurrying people ever looks, are gates of bronze and brass copied bodily from palace and cathedral doors in cities that were gray with age when the Indians still hunted deer where New York now stands.

And all this spoil of the art and imagery of the round earth has been beaten into shape and made American by builders from a thousand cities. Maine granite, Oregon pines, California redwood, Pittsburg steel pillars, monoliths from New Hampshire, cypress from the Southern swamps, mahogany from the forests that cover the buried cities of Yucatan, tiles from Trenton and copper from Montana—that is New York, visible to many hundred thousands every day, and seen by-how many? It requires more than eyes to see. But it is all there to be seen.

Yet this stupendous spectacle, this human-made miracle of metal and rock is only a frame for the greater pageantry of the living day.

Square miles of human life are visible below. The watcher from the city's towers sees life and death actually foisting all day long. Here a slight-seeing auto stage, crowded with gaily-clad strangers, rolls across the path of a black funeral train, there the folk bound to a fashionable hotel stand aside to make way for an ambulance that is carrying a maimed five-dollar-a-week laborer to the last bed in which he will ever lie.

South lies a pretty green island—a queer place, indeed, to be among the busy shipping and under the boom of the feverish skyscraper life. It is Governor's Island, the headquarters of the United States Army. Every little while New York talks grandly about buying it, and the politicians, who would dearly love such a plum, exploitation, speak eloquently of what a waste of priceless land it is.

But among the thousands of people of New York are fooled by the talk. The Government will never let it go. Governor's Island is, indeed, utterly useless as a place of defense against foes from without. The United States has a long memory. It has not forgotten the Draft Riots and never will.

So, right under the eyes of New York, the United States is filling in enough of the harbor to make the island more than twice as large as it is. And New York, vain of itself as a peacock, looks down on Governor's Island with pity as an "anachronism" and never even wonders why the anachronism is being enlarged.

Marque, where there are other guests—the unbidden guests of the Queen of the Atlantic Sea.

All day long the ships come in and go-ships of Englishmen, and Frenchmen, and German, of Japanese and Russ, of Chinaman and Dutchman. Each sun shines on the emblems of a score of far nations. From the harbor, it, an immense host of Central America, from the white Labrador, from Australia and Fiji, they come out of the great mysterious sea with cargoes of the most romantic that the tales they could tell if only their keels and hulls could speak.

The most huge of liners checks her swift stride suddenly in mid-ocean and bows, while a hundred-dollar cargo, with a tarpaulin sail unceremoniously in her path and blocks her heading flight toward Southampton till it shall please her barefooted skipper to swing his helm. Far north a boom shakes the air. Ports Wadsworth and Hamilton, twin sentries over the blue Narrows, are saluting a warship. Presiding it, an immense host of Central America, from the white Labrador, from Australia and Fiji, they come out of the great mysterious sea with cargoes of the most romantic that the tales they could tell if only their keels and hulls could speak.

The Federal Iron Hand.
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Men deeply immersed in their work, whose lives are consecrated to doing things, who are simple, honest and sincere, want no formal religion, need no priest or pastor, and seek no gratification outside their daily lives. All they ask is to be left alone—they wish only the privilege to live, love, laugh and work.

In civilized countries the state protects the individual, and then through the lack of exercise the individual in time loses the capacity to protect himself. Our forefathers, who wrestled with wind and storm and dared the elements or faced wild beasts, or savage men as wild, laughed at danger. They went into battle with stouter hearts than we take to the dentist.

Obadiah Oldway at the Lewis and Clark Fair

The Pioneer From Hoaxville Gives His Experience Getting to Portland

HOAXVILLE, Or., Sept. 28.—Mr. Editor: I ain't had no time to write lately on account of havin' so much to do a-gettin' ready to go to the Fair. I've just got back, and feel pretty middlin' tired, but I see it all, everything that's there. I reckon, it's pretty good.

You know taxes is high and I've got a expensive family to look after. I didn't see as how I could make ends meet, let alone find the means to go to the Fair. I felt as if I was beat out of the money I paid for extra taxes to run the thing, but it's always darkest just before the dawn, as Shakespeare says, and the way opened at the "leventh hour" so me and Hanner could go.

It was this way: Hanner, she had a brother back in Missouri that was a old back. He never married nor nothin' so his expense wasn't much, and he'd laid up about six thousand dollars in one of the banks back there, when he up and died sudden last Spring.

where to go if I didn't know, bein' as that's what they are paid for. So as soon as we got off the car I seen one of them officers a-lookin' at me pretty mister, so I up and asked him, says I, "Hanner, where do we go next?"

"Right through that gate," says he, and we followed the crowd into a big building where everybody begun to go every which way. I stopped to kinder ask my beards a-lookin' at me pretty mister, so I up and asked him, says I, "Hanner, where do we go next?"

"I'll move on when I get ready," says I, "but I don't know yet where I want to go."

"Ain't you got any folks," says he, pullin' us out to one side a little. "I'll move on when I get ready," says I, "but I don't know yet where I want to go."

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LITTLE SERMONS

Aphorisms by Elbert Hubbard, Editor of the Philistine

BELIEVE in the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of every man and every woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right living.

Genius is only a great storage battery of joyousness.

The man who is satisfied, who has all he needs and all he wants is a fit subject for the undertaker.

It is the part of wisdom for those on sea (and land) to monkey with their in'tards as little as possible.

To have a home a man must build himself. Fortunate houses in a row, all alike, are not homes at all.

Civilization is a matter of business; the business method is the expedient way of doing things; that is to say, the best way.

And the fact remains that without encouragement and faith without, the stoutest heart will in time grow faint and doubt itself.