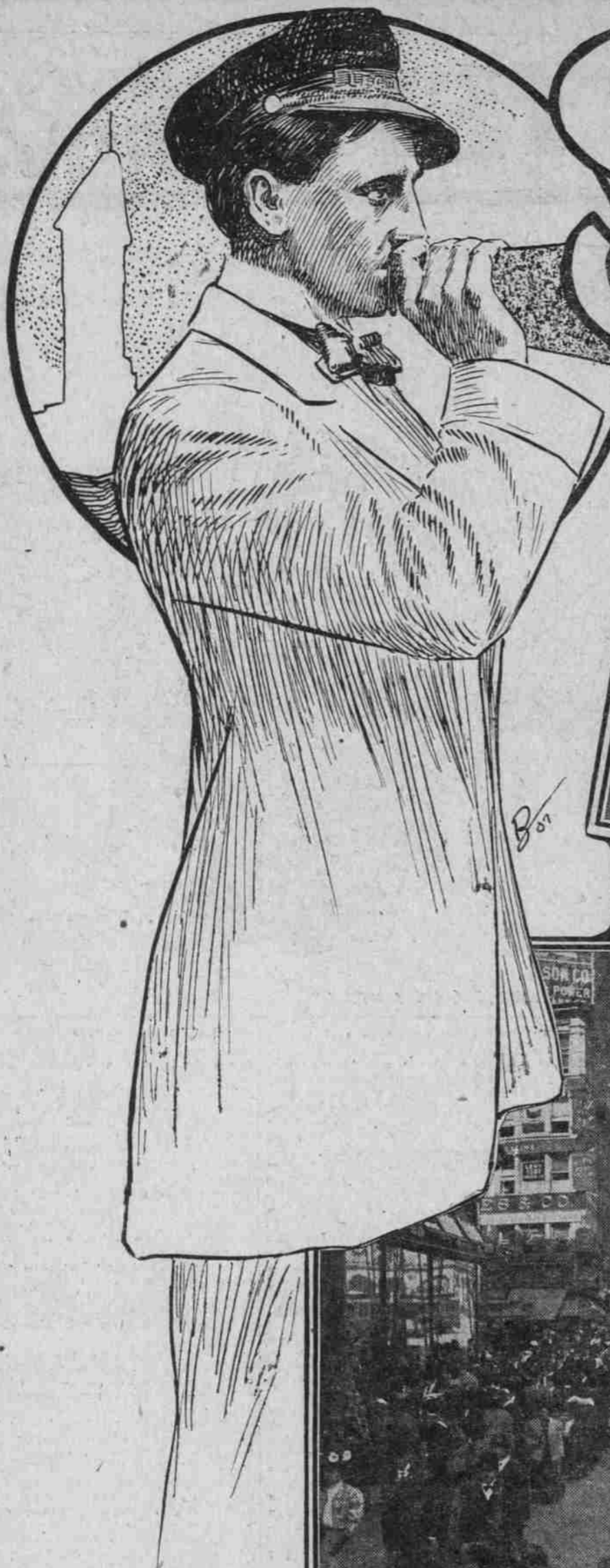


SEEING NEW YORK WITH THE MEGAPHONE MAN

KEEN SATIRE ON AMERICA'S GREATEST CITY TOGETHER WITH SOME INSIDE INFORMATION



THE 'ELEVATED' RAILROAD IS THE NEAREST APPROACH TO AN AIR-SHIP NEW YORK HAS YET DEVISED



THE 'FLATIRON' BLDG IS THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN CAPTIVITY

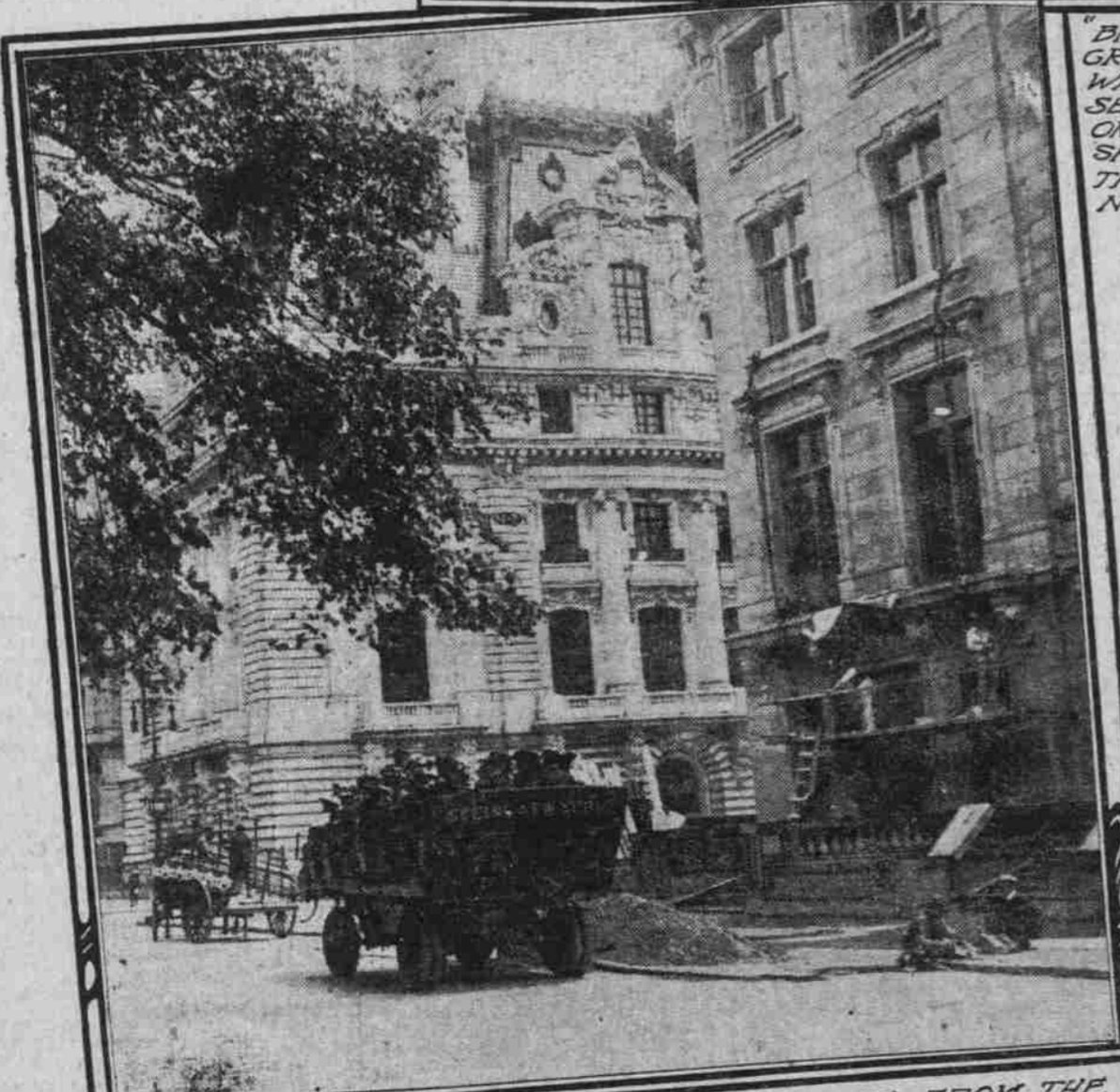
PHOTOS FROM STEREOGRAPHS, COPY-RIGHT 1907 by UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD NEW YORK



'BROADWAY-THE GREAT WHITE WAY': THIS SECTION IS THE ONLY SMALL SPOT LEFT TO THE NATIVE NEW YORKERS



'NEXT WE HAVE TRINITY CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD NESTLING AMONG GREAT SKYSCRAPERS. IT HAS A BILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF REAL ESTATE AND A SMALL CONGREGATION'



'THIS LADIES AND GENTLEMAN IS A HOUSE FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DREAM BOOK. IT WAS ERRECTED BY SENATOR 'CLARK'

square. It received its name from the fact that a cherry tree once stood there, causing parents in the neighborhood to invest in paragonic. On the right is the home of the mayor. This is the vicinity in which the street cleaning department does most of its work.

And now we strike Broadway. A stranger might think he was in Russia or stricken Poland, but such is not the case. You merely gain that impression from the signs of the business interests occupying the street.

That long line of black objects is merely a hundred or two surface cars blocked. A passenger boarding the first car carelessly dropped a transfer and the courteous employees of the transit company have deserted the cars to assist him in the search. It is asserted that an effort will be made to have the cars run on the same schedule time as the Panama Railroad and at the same high rate of speed.

Over your shoulder you see the foundation and first structural iron work of the Singer building, which will reach a height of forty-two stories when completed. It is said that Mr. Lawson is to have an office on the top floor in order to escape the tainted atmosphere of the financial district when visiting the city. Electric elevator-trains will leave the entrance every fifteen minutes, equipped with sleeping and dining compartments. An eighteen-hour-special will express passengers to the top without any stops. Maps of the building can be had of the agents.

Next we have Trinity Church, with a billion dollars' worth of real estate and a small congregation. This is one of the few places you can find a dead one in New York—the little ground around it constitutes a graveyard. The room that an ordinary family plot takes up would afford ample room for the erection of a flat-house with 100 apartments.

Observe the tall stranger weeping on the corner. He is from Chicago and is lonesome. He has been here 24 hours without being stuck up by a

highwayman and hastes into insensibility. The affable gentleman sympathizing with him is a wire-tapper. Presently they will go somewhere and have something.

Before you now is the Battery, where New York learned to walk in the straight and narrow way. Two thousand immigrants set foot here daily and are taught how to vote in the next election. The persons hovering about the door to the stockades are short-change artists disguised as fruit vendors. The tall object between us and the horizon is the Statue of Liberty. In need of a Spring coat of paint. A cut of it appears on all the steerage-booming literature of steamship companies to lure the gentle immigrant to Ellis Island, where extra delicacies in the way of food can be purchased almost as cheaply as at the St. Regis.

While we are here glance in the direction of the Aquarium. It contains almost as much water as curb stocks, with fewer suckers. The favorite spot with visitors from Hester street is in front of the goddess tank.

As we turn into Broadway again we see on our right the building numbered 26. It has inspired more young authors to write magazine articles and books and furnished more space-writers on newspaper with three meals a day than all the Muses, consolidated and working overtime. It is occupied by the Standard Oil 'octopus' or the 'system' to quote from authorities. In there Bill Rockefeller, Hen Rogers and fellow workmen slave away day after day cutting coupons until they get corns on their hands. The advertisements of Mr. Lawson is all they have to afford them light amusement. Old John D. is never seen there any more since the janitor refused him permission to lay out a golf course on the roof.

And now we are in Wall street. In this narrow thoroughfare millions are won and lost daily. It is perhaps the

cleanest street in the world, as morn'g washing is done within its narrow confines than in any other spot.

The old-fashioned building on the corner is occupied by our largest firm of bankers and brokers. The dignified looking man in the silk hat coming down the steps, smoking a perfecto, is not Mr. Morgan. It is his senior clerk going out for lunch at 'De's'. J. P. goes out the back way himself, smoking a stogie, to get 'ham and' at Child's.

As we turn down this street we find the Stock Exchange. It is built entirely of marble and bronze, materials that will not flinch. The noise you hear is several thousand human beings developing leather lungs and nervous prostration at the expense of their clients. The last seat in this place sold for \$26,000, and at that the only place to sit down is the floor.

This realistic imitation of a crack in the building line is Nassau street. Its entrance is opposite the City Hall, serving as a short cut in stock gambling to office-holders. The bridge entrance a few hundred yards away furnishes them a quick means of getting to the track at Sheepshead during the season.

In front of us is the City Hall. It is a small building and small buildings have been known to hide a great deal. The space about it is principally inhabited by bootblacks and peddlers, who vote early and often.

Before us is Park Row, home of newspapers. Extras are brought out every five minutes during the day in pink and green and other shades. This is to allay the reader's possible fears that he is going color blind. The first afternoon extra is selling as you go to work at 7 A. M., and the last as you return on the first uncrowded car to Harlem at midnight.

This is the terminal of the old Brooklyn bridge, made famous by the many pictures of it with moonlight effect, and its reproduction in melodramas. That straggling mass consists of thousands of per-

sons foolishly risking life and limb in an attempt to get to Brooklyn. After they wake up in the morning they go through the same thing to get back. Pickpockets and policemen can always be found here.

Let your eyes alight upon that snow-white edifice to the left. It is the new Hall of Records, the foundation of which was laid long before our time, and which is still uncompleted. It has been called a good job for some persons and has prevented favored contractors leading an idle and hungry existence.

To the north is the 'Tombs'. Its regular has the names of more noted objects of sociology than any other lodging place of its kind. Famous criminals have trod the 'bridge-of-sighs' to receive sentence in the court building or be freed by high-priced lawyers. It is open day and night to coming guests.

Before us now is that place of Oriental mystery—Chinatown. What you think is the gentle tinge of stewed hay wafted our way is chop suey being prepared for the visitor. The 'Celestials' who cook it eat at a quick-lunch place on the Bowery. Horrible dens of vice confront us on every side, according to Al H. Woods and the press, and 'highbinders' are going through the fearful files of the can-tan. Whenever an argument over the price of laundry soap causes a shooting down here it is described as a battle of the tongs. A movement is on foot to wipe out this pestiferous spot and replace it with a park. Then the denizens will move and knock out the olfactory nerves of Harlem or The Bronx with a new Chinatown. This will furnish catnip for another crusade.

At last we are on that famous way, celebrated in song and story—the Bowery. It is run by a businesslike way by Sullivan. You will see his picture in places that keep open on Sundays or in the windows of shops that blockade the street with merchandise. Desperate thugs through the way on each side, forcing the strange pedestrian to contribute part towards a night's lodging. The gentlemen in front of clothing stores are displaying fashion tracts and trying to induce citizens to dress more stylishly. An outfit worn from one of these places is the dirtiest in the city and is the only one guaranteed to make a native of Chicago feel perfectly comfortable.

We are crossing Hester street now. The atmosphere is made up of equal parts of garlic and ozone.

Next to see Cooper Union, which has done more good where it is most needed than all the Carnegie Libraries in fine streets.

The statue is that of Peter Cooper. The men around its base are not students of sculpture—they are hoppers.

Across the way now is New York's largest department store. It occupies two blocks on the surface and you can purchase window curtains 14 stories above ground and tinware and dishes two floors underground. It will take in another block as soon as the Treasury Department gets out a new issue of copper coins that will permit a larger number of bargain sales.

This is Fourteenth street and to the right you may observe Tammany Hall. A visitor might mistake it for a mint if he could see the army of men bearing bags of currency as they leave its doors during close political fights. Here the famous tiger is incarcerated. It has such a bad disposition that it refuses to eat out of the hand of the present Mayor.

Union Square here is used by advocates of outdoor life as a sort of natural Millie Hotel during the Summer, and as a flower market around Easter. The dealers who conduct the last pay nothing for the privilege. It is assumed that they have a number of voters registered from their dwelling places.

We are now coming to Madison Square. The immense building to the East is owned by a life insurance company. It is shortly to erect a 45-story tower on the corner that will be higher than the Rock of Gibraltar and look better in an 'ad.' The tower you do see is that of Madison Square Garden, where social events like the horse show and six-day bicycle

(Concluded on Page 11.)

HERE you are, ladies and gents. Your first and only chance to see Little Old New York for the small sum of one dollar. Others have tried to see it in their own way and it has cost them some. Our way is the best. Please. Whoop 'er up, Bill. The imposing structure in front of you

Only room for two mere. Hold tight. It is the only one of its kind in captivity. It is the Flatiron building. Here fashion writers, and others too numerous to mention, gather to see the latest styles in hosiery. March is the favorite month for the exhibit. This is lower Fifth Avenue and the low-browed brick building on the corner is

the home of Mark Twain, the gifted writer, lecturer and arbiter of fashion. The white object hanging from the bay-window is the great man's suit of flannels in the act of being aired before he takes his afternoon stroll. White matches his hair and his spirit of 'eract-ty. Here go have the Washington Arch and