

mile after mile and still they stand. The ladies for whom they surrendered their seats long since have left the car. Gone but not forgotten, they think, as they shift their aching feet. They have observed with pain, mental and physical, that the women who come into the crowded car stand for one or two stations and then drop into a vacant seat. And they observe that their guide is sitting comfortably and letting the lesson burn in. Edmund Burke said that you could not indict a whole people, but provincial writers have not hesitated to indict a community of more than four million people. Our friends are beginning to understand a few things. One is that the woman who stands does so only until a nearby seat is vacated, which is likely to happen at the next or, at the worst, within a few stations. Not once in ten thousand times does a man drop into a seat for which a woman is waiting. After the women, the man who stands nearest the seat gets it without question, though frequently he makes a polite offer to another. The other fact of equal interest which they are beginning to comprehend is that the man who surrenders his seat to the first woman who is standing loses his seat for perhaps ten miles of wearying journey. If he makes the trip twice a day, in five years he will stand through enough miles to carry him around the earth. He will have saved various unknown women the inconvenience of standing a few blocks and he will have whatever satisfaction comes from the fact. Perhaps, also, he will have his reward in another world, to which his many hours of weariness are likely to distinctly hasten him.

Another fact, to which critics never refer, is that if a person of either sex who is old, lame or feeble, enters the car a seat is found instantly. The distinction is based upon humanity and common sense. New Yorkers lack neither. They have no more nor less than other people. They work out their own peculiar problems in their own way, without asking instruction from any quarter, and if the entire population were removed and replaced by others from any part of the country the customs based upon inexorable conditions would soon be as they are now. Some part of these observations and reflections have come to our visitors during their long ride downtown.

We change cars at Chatham Square and enter a nearly empty train, which carries us down to South Ferry. Behind us lies Battery Park, twenty acres of green grass, trees and shrubbery, with great winding paths to accommodate the passing and re-passing crowds. On the north and east it is flanked by colossal buildings which we will not describe now. On the other side are the waters of New York Harbor, on which are moving the great hoarse-voiced ferry-boats and vessels of every kind, from the ocean liner, just going out, to the venturesome little sailboats with a crew of one or two men. The station from which we have descended is a part of the structure forming the ferry-house, from which boats to Staten Island and various parts of Brooklyn depart. That round, brownstone building is the Aquarium, once known as Castle Garden. We shall visit it, but not now. This nearby stone building is the Barge Office. In front of it is a great crowd of persons somewhat foreign in appearance, all dressed in their holiday clothes and in a high state of waiting excitement. Their eyes are eagerly directed across the bay. From an island in the harbor a boat is making its way toward the pier near which we stand. The excitement grows among the waiting crowd. The boat comes to the pier and the passengers in droves come ashore. They are decidedly more foreign-looking than the others who are waiting. As they come ashore there are exclamations, embraces and kisses, shrieks of delight, tears of joy. It is a lot of newly arrived immigrants welcomed by their friends already established in this country. They are a queer-looking lot, but their queerness is chiefly in their costumes, soon to be doffed and never worn again; and, in some degree, in the look of naive wonder with which they view everything before them. They seem as if in a dream and cling to their friends with a pathetic dependence. Quickly they are hurried away and we see them no more. But for each and every one of them that moment will stand as a great mountain peak rising out of the level plain of their hard spent lives.

We are now at the tip of the island of Manhattan, which, until 1874, constituted the whole of the city of New York. We might at once plunge into its mysteries and wonders, but will not do so. Instead we will take a waiting ferry-boat, which starts a few feet from where we stand. The fare is a quarter for the round trip.

We are aboard, the gangplank is pulled in and we are moving across New York's peerless harbor toward a little island of about fourteen acres, above which towers the colossal Statue of Liberty enlightening the world. It stands above the sparkling waters of the bay, perfect in its dignity, sublime in its symbolism. It stands facing the entrance of the harbor, so that it seems to greet and welcome the newly arrived foreign lands as they come to the land of Liberty, Enlightenment and Law. As we draw nearer, it rises higher in our view, and as we approach the island the force of the gigantic conception comes to us as it has not before. It is more than three hundred feet in height, about half being occupied by the pedestal. A stairway in the form of a double spiral is within the figure, and this we will ascend. Up and up and up we go. Having started, we must go to the top, for the stairs are too narrow for passing. There is a return stair on the other side of the spiral, so that those ascending and descending may not meet. At intervals are seats in recesses, so that the tired may rest without stopping those who may follow after. At last we are up in the head of the figure. In the front of the crown are twenty-six windows, from which we look out upon the harbor and surrounding shores. While we were climbing we might foolishly and impatiently have wondered if we should ever get there. We find on arrival that we are not very tired after all; and if we have not gone on a holiday or with a crowd of tourists we have plenty of time to sit down and recover our strength and spirits for the down trip. As we go down we are likely to feel a sudden weakness and trembling of the knees consequent on the long climb, but it amounts to little and soon passes. At the base of the figure we walk out on the pedestal and look out over the waters. We see the great span of Brooklyn Bridge between Manhattan and Brooklyn and marvel at the titanic buildings which now fill the area of lower New York. We take the boat to return and now the immensity of these buildings grows on us, as did that of the statue when our faces were turned the other way. We first entered New York from the back. Now we will enter by the front way, and what we see will be told in the next and succeeding articles.

A Scotch minister and his servant, who were coming home from a wedding, began to consider the state into which their potatoes at the wedding feast had left them.

"Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute till I go ahead. Maybe I don't walk so very steady and the good wife might remark something not just right."

He walked ahead for some distance, and then asked:

"How is it? Am I walking straight?"

"Oh, ay," answered Sandy, thickly, "ye're all recht—but who's that who's with you?"



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