

mother tongue, to lower the standard of English speech, to lessen the knowledge and the appreciation of good English, because he wants to buy a new motor-car?

For it is not his to do with as he will.

He holds it and uses it in trust and if he cannot or will not use it with due regard for its beauty, its dignity, and its simplicity he ought, in common honesty, to find some other means of paying for that automobile.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART V—TEA, TANGO, AND TOPER LAND

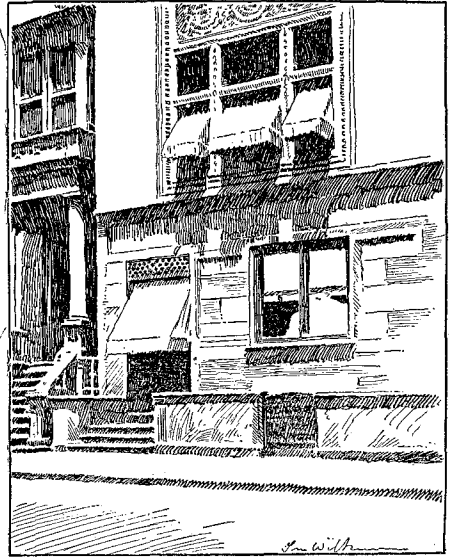
Illustrated by photographs by the author and drawings by Tom Wilkinson

I. THE INNS OF FICTION

In the course of this rambling pilgrimage the reader will be asked to step into an astonishing number of hostelrys, inns, refectories, restaurants, lobster palaces, or whatever is the poetical or practical name to be applied to those establishments of varying degrees of elegance to which the heroes and heroines of fiction resort, ostensibly for food or drink, but in reality to give the author himself a convenient and congenial background. Mine Host himself has become a less prominent figure than he was in the novels of an earlier generation. We no longer see him on the threshold, rubbing his hands, scraping his effusive welcome to the travellers, protesting the quality of his cuisine, service, and beds, then perhaps slipping away to an adjoining room to drop the mask of pretended friendliness, to drug the wine, or to prepare the ingenious descending bed that drops unsuspecting victims into dungeon or *oubliette*. No. M. Terré, who kept the famous tavern in the New Street of the Little Fields—where the bouillabaise came from—has become a corporation, and the Maypole Inn, if it were standing to-day, would very probably have been taken over by the Great Western Railway, with the result to the traveller, of more substance and less romance.

Already, in earlier instalments, we have heard much of the rattling of knives and forks and dishes. We have lunched at Wassabauer's with Potash and Perlmutter, at Pontin's with Artemis Quibble and his partner; we have invaded the near Bohemia of Maria's, Benedetto's, Solan's, and kindred restaurants in the neighbourhood of Washington Square. But in the city to the south eating and drinking were incidental. Crossing the threshold of Tea, Tango, and Topper Land, eating and drinking seemed at times, deriving impressions from the novelists, to be life's main objects. It is a riot of Rathskeller, a tumult of terrapin, to drop into a form of expression imitative of O. Henry. But, after all, why not? What scenes in fiction cling more persistently in the memory than those that deal with the satisfying of man's appetite? Who ever heard of a dispeptic hero? Are not your favourites beyond the Magic Door all good trenchermen? Think of the groaning board of Cedric, the Boar of Rotherwood, the good cheer he placed before the Templar and the Prior—the fowls, deer, goats, and hares, the huge loaves and cakes of bread, and the confections made of fruits and honey! Or of the hospitality extended by Friar Tuck to the Black Knight in Sherwood Forest! When Dickens wanted to place

the final seal of happiness upon his characters he gathered them round the table, and there is no doubt whatever that Old Scrooge, reformed by the visit of the Fairies, became somewhat of a glutton, whose chief delight in his declining years was to dine and wine his new found cronies at certain delectable London inns noted for their haunches of venison and saddles of mutton. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan were as proficient with their knives and forks—is that an anachronism?—as they were with their rapiers; and in the course of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, *Vingt Ans Apres*, and *Le Vicomte de Bragellone*, you will find two dinners to every duel. So in imagination the pilgrim is gathering together about the board a certain company, and confident in the resources



GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON FOUND A NEW YORK RESIDENCE FOR MONTY BREWSTER



THE HOUSE OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "VERA THE MEDIUM" WAS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEAR SIXTH AVENUE AND DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE GARICK THEATRE. THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD HAS UNDERGONE A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION IN THE COURSE OF THE PAST TEN YEARS

of the city which is so close to his heart, leaves the selection of the viands and beverages to the discretion of the maitre d'hotel of the Lafayette, or the Waldorf, or the Knickerbocker, or the Beaux-Arts, or Sherry's, or Delmonico's, or the Vanderbilt, or the Biltmore, or any other establishment that happens to be associated with the New York novel of the moment.

The dinner, as originally planned, was to have been of some thirty odd covers, with a heroine to the right and left of the host, and a heroine before every second plate down the table. But who, in that case, would there have been to preside at the other end of the long board? For certainly most of those men and women of the Magic Land of Make Believe would feel just a little out of place, if seated, *partie carré* fashion, round a dozen little tables. So perhaps, after all, it is better to make the dinner strictly a stag affair,—in which case a club private dining-room replaces the more pretentious hostelry,—and to cancel the invitations that had been addressed to Mrs. Rawdon Gowley (Curzon Street, W.), The Duchess

of Towers, Mrs. Arthur Clenham (née Little Dorrit), Beatrix Esmond, Valerie Marneffe, Mrs. Riever, Mrs. Clive Newcome (née Ethel Newcome), Ma-

dame Svengali, Eugenie Grandet, Jane Eyre, Mrs. Hauksbee, and the rest. In which event the gathering at table will be somewhat as follows:

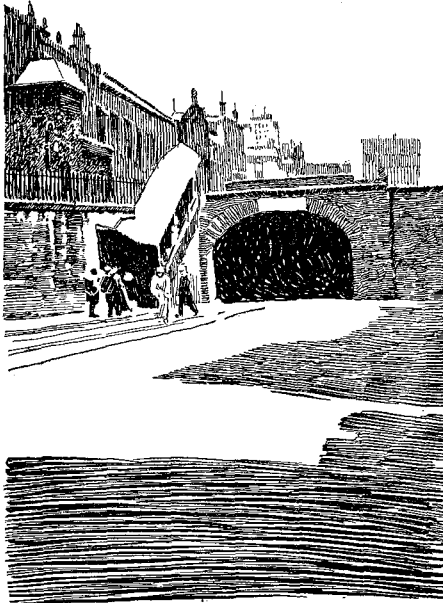
Thomas Newcome	○	○	Zagloba
D'Artagnan	○	○	George Warrington
Cheeryble, Cadet	○	○	Colonel Carter
Martin Dooley	○	○	Squire Alworthy
Chicot the Jester	○	○	John Oakhurst
Scrooge	○	○	Jeff Peters
Rip Van Winkle	○	○	Cheeryble, Ainé
Parson Adams	○	○	Tartarin
Friar Tuck	○	○	Colonel Starbottle
Porthos	○	○	The Black Knight
	○		
The Pilgrim			

II. DOUBLING ON THE TRAIL

Although this instalment of the series purports to deal with those regions of the city proper to Tea, Tango, and Toper Land, which may roughly be described as covering all of the central

thoroughfares of the Borough of Manhattan from Madison Square north to Harlem, the Pilgrim, in accordance with intimations thrown out in the course of previous articles, is taking the liberty of retracing his steps.

So behold him once again in the neighbourhood of Washington Square, once again delving into the jungle of streets that constitute Greenwich Village. It was about twenty years ago that Robert W. Chambers staked his first New York claim with *The King in Yellow*. That tale dealt with the Square, the Square of other days, when Mr. Chambers himself was living at No. 60 South,



"WITH A CRASH AND A SHRIEK FOURTH AVENUE DIVES HEADLONG INTO THE TUNNEL AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AND IS NEVER SEEN AGAIN." O. HENRY'S "A BIRD OF BAGDAD"

when the old University building was there, and the huge, ugly, square mountains of steel and concrete were not, and when in West Third Street, one block to the south, a certain kind of wickedness flaunted itself as brazen as in the "crib alleys" of New Orleans, or in the old San Isidro of Havana. Had McAndrews, the dour Scotch engineer of Kipling's poem, found his way along the narrow thoroughfare from lower Sixth Avenue to Sullivan Street, where the Elevated, overhead, partly hid worldly iniquity from the light of heaven, there might have been a line added to

Years when I raked the ports wi' pride to fill my cup o' wrong—

Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in Hong-Kong!

Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I abode—

Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick an' Grant Road!

No wonder the spectacle of the old Square conjured up in the story-teller's mind the picture of a vast lethal chamber where, under municipal supervision, the utterly weary and the hopelessly broken might pass to easy rest. A book not easily forgotten, *The King in Yellow*. In point of sheer terror equalling Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher" or De Maupassant's "Le Horla." The memory of it still haunts after all the years.

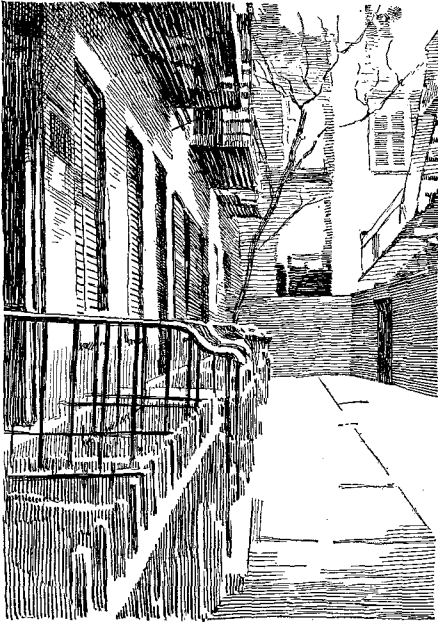
The apartment house in *The King in Yellow* known as The Monastery was in reality The Benedick, intimately known to generations of New York bachelors. It also appeared in Mr. Chambers's *Outsiders*. Then there was the story "The Whisper." The scene of that was laid in West Third Street in the palmy days alluded to when the thoroughfare answered shamelessly to the name of "Profligate's Lane." Between Macdougall Street and Greene Street was a dive known as "Billy the Oyster Man's." The dominating figure of the establishment was not the proprietor himself, but his sat, "Red," introduced in the tale. Billy used to boast of "Red" as the only cross-eyed cat in New York. In "The Whisper" a murder has been committed. A Chinaman has been arrested. In the small hours of the morning there is a conference of the newspaper men who have been assigned to the case at Billy the Oyster Man's. They are discussing the crime. A Great Dane dog that had belonged to the murdered girl enters and stretches himself in his usual place. One of the reporters gives expression to his theory. At a certain point in the narrative, and at the mention of a name, the dog manifests a strange interest. The reporter perceives it. He leans over and whis-

pers something in the dog's ear, then turns to the door. The dog rises and follows him out.

As a rule the *impasse*, or blind alley, is rather rare in New York. But here and there may be found one as quaint as any that appear in the London novels of Dickens or the Paris novels of Daudet. For example, from the northwest corner of Washington Square walk north two blocks to Eighth Street, west to Sixth Avenue, incidentally passing, if you are taking the southern side of the street, the opening that leads into Clinton Court, north to Tenth Street, and then cross under the Elevated at a slight diagonal. Between two brick structures fronting the Avenue there is a gap of perhaps five feet and a wooden gate. Beyond that gate lies Milliken Place, a tiny triangle shut off from the sight if not from the sound of the city's tumult. High above looms the clock tower of the Jefferson Market Police Court. But so small is Milliken Place, so shut in by

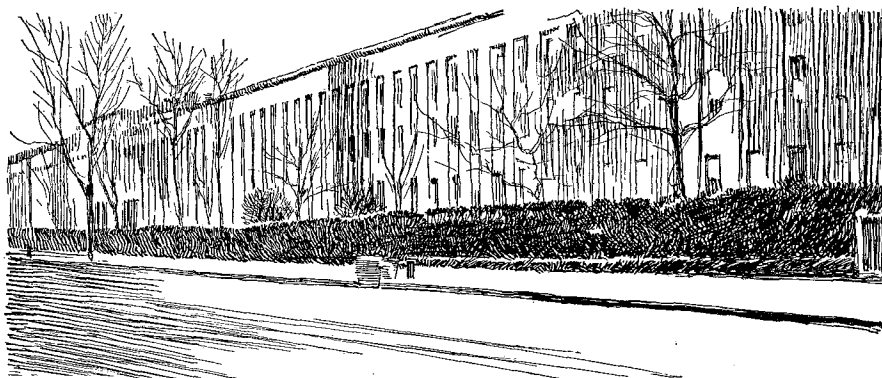


THE OPENING THROUGH WHICH THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN MILLIKEN PLACE REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD. SO SMALL IS IT THAT ITS DENIZENS MUST SEEK THE ROOFTOPS TO SEE THE TOWER.



"BEYOND THE GATE LIES MILLIKEN PLACE, A TINY TRIANGLE SHUT OFF FROM THE SIGHT IF NOT FROM THE SOUND OF THE CITY'S TUMULT." ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "THE CASE OF MR. HELMER"

the surrounding buildings, that its denizens, unless they seek the world without, have to climb to the rooftops for a glimpse of the tower. Mr. Chambers made use of Milliken Place in "The Case of Mr. Helmer." It was there that the sculptor Helmer had his studio. On the north side of West Twenty-third Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, is a line of houses built far back from the pavement, with protecting gardens extending in front. This is known as London Terrace. Practically unchanged, it is a reminder of the days when Chelsea, which long ago ceased to have an identity, was really a village. In one of the Terrace houses Robert W. Chambers found a home for Ailsa Paige, the heroine of his Civil War novel of that name. In the broad street in front of Ailsa's house a regiment of Zouaves, departing for the front, receives its colours.



ON THE NORTH SIDE OF WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BETWEEN NINTH AND TENTH AVENUES IS A LINE OF HOUSES BUILT FAR BACK FROM THE PAVEMENT, WITH PROTECTING GARDENS IN FRONT. THIS IS KNOWN AS LONDON TERRACE. PRACTICALLY UNCHANGED, IT IS A REMINDER OF THE DAYS WHEN CHELSEA, WHICH LONG AGO CEASED TO HAVE AN IDENTITY, WAS REALLY A VILLAGE. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS USED THE TERRACE IN "AILSA PAIGE"

III. THE LATER ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

The Robert W. Chambers of the later books, so far as the Borough of Manhattan is concerned, is essentially associated with the vast expanse of city which comes under the head of Tea, Tango, and Toper Land—in a word the great hotels, clubs, and theatres, the sweep of Fifth Avenue from Murray Hill to the Plaza, and beyond along the east side of the Park, the Park itself, and the structures that line the Riverside Drive. This is the social New York which he has attempted to interpret in half a score of successful novels. Stretching, in part, even south of Murray Hill is the "magic country of brilliant show windows, which, like an enchanted city by itself, sparkles from Madison Square to the Plaza between Fourth Avenue and Broadway." In this world other heroines besides Geraldine Seagrave of *The Danger Mark* were lured by spectacular charities from "the Plaza to Sherry's, and from Sherry's to the St. Regis." Here the Chambers men-about-town dropped into the Holland House for cocktails, or for gossip foregathered in the Patroon Club, which is as obviously the Knickerbocker Club at the corner of Thirty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, as the Pyramid Club of the novels is the Century Association at 7 West Forty-third

Street. Here are the studios of the fashionable painters as depicted in *The Common Law*.

But in these days it behooves the novelist to proceed with discretion, lest he bring upon himself the odious charge of writing a *clef*. So while hotel, and restaurant, and theatre, and club may be regarded as legitimate settings of the scene, the question of a private residence is always a ticklish one. "You would think," said Mr. Chambers, "that there would be safety in a vacant lot. That there would be perfect security in finding a corner of unoccupied ground at, let us say, Fifth Avenue and Ninety-fifth Street, and there building on paper a structure that, in architecture and decoration, would be an expression of your hero and heroine, or an expression of their forebears. But even in that direction danger may lurk." A point which he illustrated by a story that shall not be told here. Through the Park there are countless strolls by the men and women of Mr. Chambers's book. In one novel it will be The Mall that is introduced, in a second the Bridle Path, in a third the Ramble, in a fourth the Wisteria Arbour that lies to the south and west of The Mall. This taking his heroes and heroines so often through the Park is a reflection of the novelist's own love and his inherited love

for it. Keen as his delight has been in Paris's Bois de Boulogne, and London's Regent's Park, it is the Central Park of his own New York that lies nearest to his heart.

Here, in a nutshell, is a survey of the Robert W. Chambers New York as it is reflected in certain of his novels and short stories. "The Princess Zim-bam-Zim" touches Madison Square, West Twenty-seventh Street, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. "The Story of Valdez" is laid in the galleries of the American Art Association on Madison Square South. *The Green Mouse* introduces Central Park and a building that is identified as number 1008 Fifth Avenue. The house and back yard of number 161 East Sixty-fourth Street are the settings of "In Heaven and Earth." *The Tree of Heaven* deals with lower Fifth Avenue and St. Patrick's Cathedral, and "The Tree of Dreams" with certain model tenement buildings on the East Side. In "Out of the Depths" there is a scene at the old Calumet Club on Fifth Avenue. East River Park plays a part in "An Overdose." In Central Park and along Fifth Avenue are the scenes of *The Tracer of Lost Persons*. "The Case of Mr. Carden" deals definitely with the Ramble in Central Park. In *The Adventures of a Modest Man*, *The Green Mouse*, "A Matter of Interest," and "Diana's Choice" there are scenes in Oyster Bay, South Oyster Bay, Jamaica, and along the Bronx River. But these stories will come up for discussion later, as they belong to the division of the series called "The City Beyond."

There was one book by Mr. Chambers—incidentally the scene of it was placed definitely at the southwest corner of Madison Avenue and Seventieth Street, where there was no house nor was there likely to be one for the reason that the land was the property of the Lenox Library—that was the subject of wide controversy at the time of its appearance, because its hero was generally accepted as being modelled upon a very much exploited personality. That book

was *Iole*. "How furious So and So will be when he reads it," said people, referring to the supposed victim of the lampoon. So and So was quick to recognise the resemblance. But the emotion aroused was neither anger nor annoyance, but a sheer, unadulterated delight, to which he gave free expression in a letter to the novelist. The book had served to turn in his direction a great deal more of the warm limelight in which he so loved to bask. Yet, very curiously, it was not the Sage of that town in northwestern New York that Mr. Chambers had in his mind at all when he wrote *Iole*. The model was not even an American model. It was French. Over in Paris, Aristide Bruant, long-haired, bull-throated, gesticulating, was declaiming his verses from the tops of café tables. In him were embodied all the physical characteristics needed for the character. Furthermore, at Bruant's heels followed a score of satellites, for at that particular time Paris was full of those idle, thundering fakirs. What induced Mr. Chambers to mix his hero up with the slab furniture business—the touch that was supposed to sweep away the last vestige of doubt—was merely his own intense aversion to slab furniture.

IV. "THE AVENUE"

Imagine a man had inherited New York, who from early childhood to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood, had seen its amazing growth, returning to it to-day after a continuous absence of fifteen or twenty years. Picture him on the deck of a steamer coming through the Inner Bay, staring at the altered skyline, being whirled northward from the landing pier through a labyrinth of streets in a taxicab, and finally, having found a temporary home in one of the new hotels in the neighbourhood of Forty-second Street, starting out on foot to survey a city that would be at once a stranger and an old friend. Of all the transformations that would meet his eyes, the one that would probably seem to him the most marvellous, the one

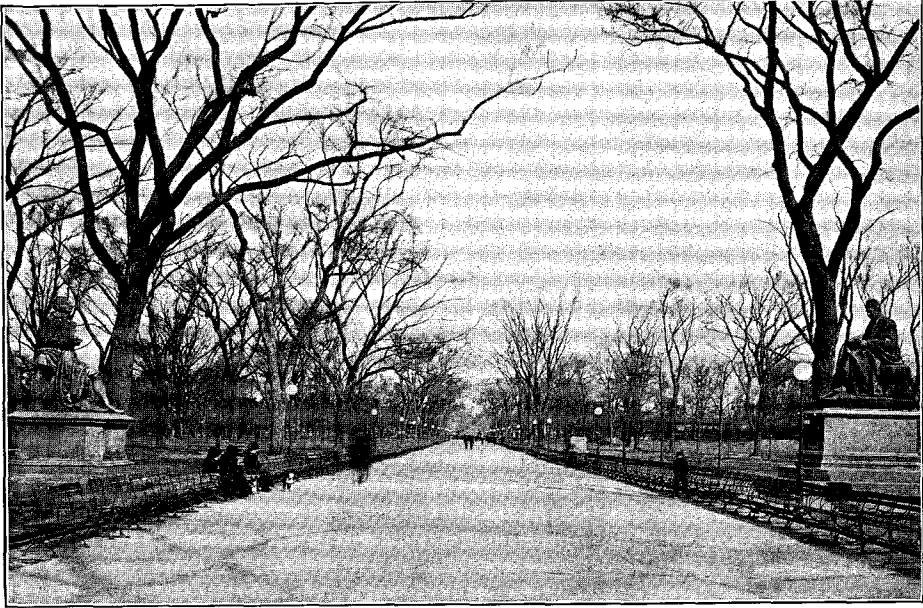
most likely to move him to say: "Mere man cannot have wrought all this. Surely, here is where Aladdin rubbed the Wonderful Lamp," would be that which has changed the old Fourth Avenue to the new. "The Avenue" it used to be to its denizens of a decade ago, just as the parallel thoroughfare two blocks to the west is "The Avenue" to those of more aristocratic tastes and associations. But whether it be regarded as the lane of the mediæval solitude of yesterday, or the lane of the silent and terrible mountains of to-day, it can be traversed best, within the compass of these articles, in the company of the amiable shades of F. Hopkinson Smith and of William Sidney Porter.

In the writing of *Felix O'Day* the creator of Colonel Carter avowedly attempted a novel of New York life that was to have something of the flavour of Dickens. For direct inspiration he went to mouldy stones and broken pavements. The task took him to many corners of the city, to the old Studio Building on West Tenth Street, to Gramercy Park, where "the almanac goes to pieces and everything is ahead of time," to Dover Street, that short cut along the abutment of the great bridge, with its narrow, uneven sidewalk, and its shambling hovels and warehouses, to St. Mark's Place, and to Greenwich Village. But the picture that remains longest in the mind is that of "The Avenue," between Madison Square and the tunnel, which was "a little city in itself." In this city lived Bundleton, the grocer; Heffern, the dairyman; Porterfield, the butcher; Codman, the fishmonger; Pestler, the apothecary; Jarvis, the spectacle man; Sanderson, the florist; Digwell, the undertaker; Jacobs, the tailor, and above all Otto Kling of the old curiosity shop in which Felix O'Day found occupation. But they are all gone now. To quote Mr. Smith's words:

Hardly a trace is now left of any of them, so sudden and overwhelming has been the march of modern progress. Even the little Peter Cooper house, picked up bodily

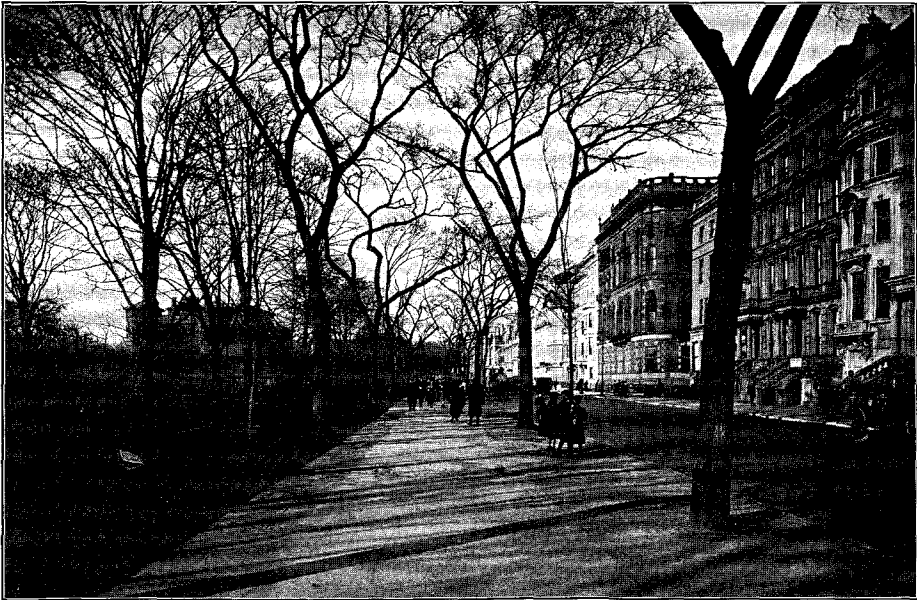
by that worthy philanthropist and set down here nearly a hundred years ago, is gone, and so are the row of musty, red-bricked houses at the lower end of this Little City in Itself. And so are the tenants of this musty old row, shady locksmiths with a tendency toward skeleton keys; ingenious upholsterers who indulged in paper-hanging on the sly; shoemakers who did half-soling and heeling, their day's work set to dry on the window-sill, not to mention those addicted to the use of the piano, banjo, or harp, as well as the wig and dress makers who lightened the general gloom. And with the disappearance of these old landmarks—and it all took place within less than ten years—there disappeared, also, the old family life of "The Avenue," in which each home shared in the good-fellowship of the whole, all of them contributing to that sane and sustaining stratum, if we did but know it, of our civic structure—facts that but few New Yorkers either recognise or value.

The shop of Otto Kling was very definitely described and placed. When O'Day, leaving the theatre district, walked eastward along Thirtieth Street, he saw, when reaching Fourth Avenue, a lighted window, a wide, corner window filled with battered furniture, ill assorted china, and dented brass—one of those popular morgues that house the remains of decayed respectability. On a card propped against a broken pitcher was printed: "Choice Articles Bought and Sold—Advances Made." The number of the building was 445. The visitor to this section of the city to-day will find many antique shops similar to that of Otto Kling; but he will not find Kling's. Six or seven years ago the building that stood at the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street was demolished. With it went several other buildings that stretched along the avenue half way to Thirty-first Street. On the site was erected a tall modern structure, covering the numbers from 443 to 449. That building happens to be the building of the publishers of this magazine. To all practical purposes these lines of description



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

THE MALL IN CENTRAL PARK. TROD BY GENERATIONS OF NEW YORK HEROES AND HEROINES



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

THE ARISTOCRATIC SWEEP OF FIFTH AVENUE OVERLOOKING THE PARK. IT IS TO THE NOVEL DEALING WITH THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE WHAT PARK LANE IS TO THE LONDON NOVEL, OR THE AVENUE BOIS DE BOULOGNE IS TO THE PARIS NOVEL

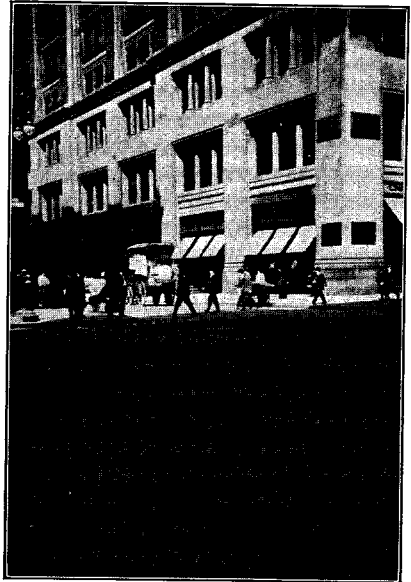


THE TYPE OF ANTIQUE SHOP AT FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET DESCRIBED BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH IN "FELIX O'DAY." THE ACTUAL SHOP OF KLING WAS AT NO. 445. THAT NUMBER IS NOW OCCUPIED BY THE LARGE BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND

are being written on the exact spot of the labours of Felix O'Day, of Otto Kling, and of his daughter Masie.

Then there was the Fourth Avenue of yesterday that has been preserved, for coming generations let us hope, in the stories of O. Henry. Partly because it was convenient to his various domiciles in New York, and partly because of its quaint picturesqueness, Porter adored it. In half a dozen tales he played whimsically upon its contrasts. Perhaps it would seem at its best through the medium of "A Bird of Bagdad." There it was pictured as a street that the city seemed to have forgotten in its growth, a street, born and bred in the Bowery, staggering northward full of good resolutions. At Fourteenth Street "it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theatres. It may yet become a fit mate for its high-born sister boulevard to the west, or its roaring, polyglot, broadwaisted cousin to the east." Then it passes what O.

Henry in "The Gold That Glittered" called "the square presided over by George the Veracious," and come to the silent and terrible mountains, buildings square as forts, high as the clouds, shutting out the sky, where thousands of slaves bend over desks all day. Next it glides unto a mediæval solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to antiques. "Men in rusting armour stand in the windows and menace the hurrying cars with raised, rusty iron bumpers, hauberks and helmets, blunderbuses, Cromwellian breastplates, matchlocks, creeses, and the swords and daggers of an army of dead and gone gallants gleam dully in the ghostly light." This mediæval solitude forbodes an early demise. What street could live inclosed by these mortuary relics and trod by these spectral citizens? "Not Fourth Avenue. Not after the tinsel but enlivening glory of the Little Rialto—not after the echoing drum beats of Union Square. There need be no tears, ladies



THE NEW CLOTHING DISTRICT ABOUT FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH STREET. THIS IS THE LATER ENVIRONMENT OF MONTAGUE GLASS'S POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. ACCORDING TO EDNA FERBER, EMMA MCCHESENEY WILL ALSO BE FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

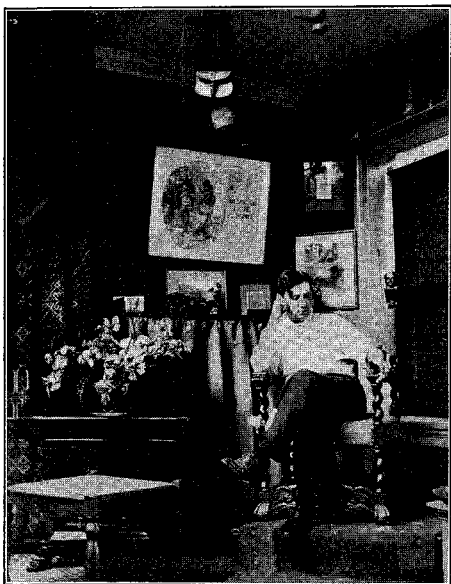
and gentlemen. 'Tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth Avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street and is never seen again."

V. CONCERNING THE TOWN OF THE PLAYWRIGHT

Already in this series has been told the story of the care with which the late F. Hopkinson Smith, when the stage presentation of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* was in the making, piloted the scenic artist through the old, rickety wooden structure in the rear of number 58 West Tenth Street, in order that theatre goers might see the Colonel's dining-room just as the author had seen it when he was writing the story. Which suggests that there is a New York of the playwright, just as definite, even if more limited in scope, as the New York of the novelist. As a small boy the Pilgrim first saw *The Old Homestead*. It was, he thinks, at the Fourteenth Street theatre of other days. Very little of the plot remains in the memory, if there

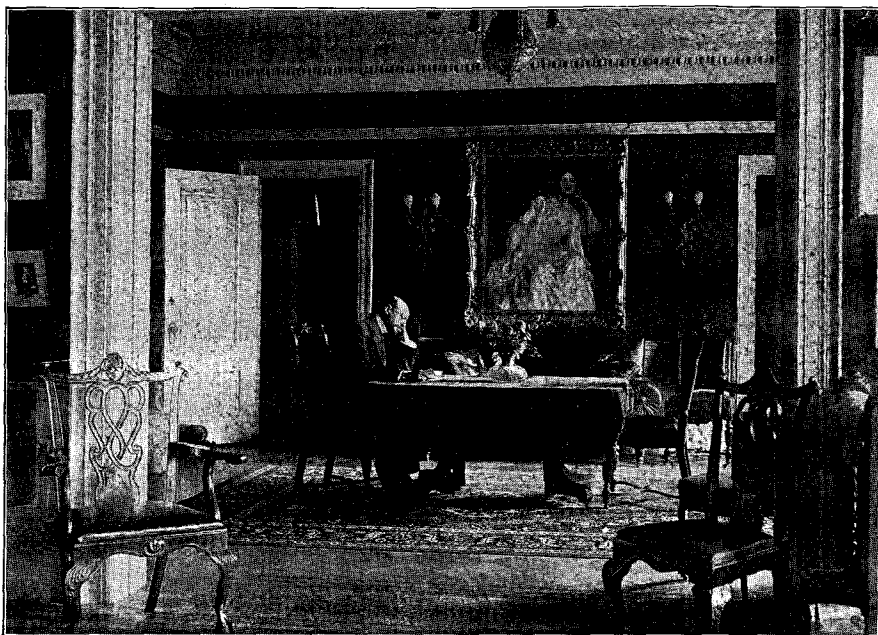


THE SITTING ROOM ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF NO. 129 MADISON AVENUE USED BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE IN "THE CLAIM JUMPERS" AND "GOLD." IN THE PICTURE ARE IRA REMSEN AND MR. WHITE'S BROTHER, GILBERT WHITE



THE STUDIO OF HARRISON FISHER, IN WEST THIRTY-SECOND STREET, FROM WHICH STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN DESCRIBED THE STUDIO OF FELIX PIERS OF "PREDESTINED"

ever was an plot to speak of, but sharp and clear stands out that picture of Grace Church, and again he hears the notes of the organ, and sees the lighted windows and the iron palings, and the pedestrians on Broadway passing across the stage in the falling snow. It must have been Christmas Eve, for a scene like this on the stage is always Christmas Eve, unless it be Thanksgiving Day night in front of the church in a New England village. Then, to revert again to personal reminiscence, there were the impressionable teen years, when the old Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue was a source of never failing joy. The world was young then, and the ladies of the stage were houris to be worshipped ardently but bashfully across the footlights. What a long line of plays the present Pilgrim witnessed there! How many of them there were that reflected the New York of the period! Who that saw them can have forgotten *The Charity Ball* or *Merry Gotham*, or *The Moth and the Flame*, or *The Woman in the Case*, or *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*? The first act of the last named piece showed the New York landing dock of the Cunard Line. It was a very different scene from the dock in the Chelsea Piers of to-day, for the action of the play was supposed to take place in the early seventies. In the background was the

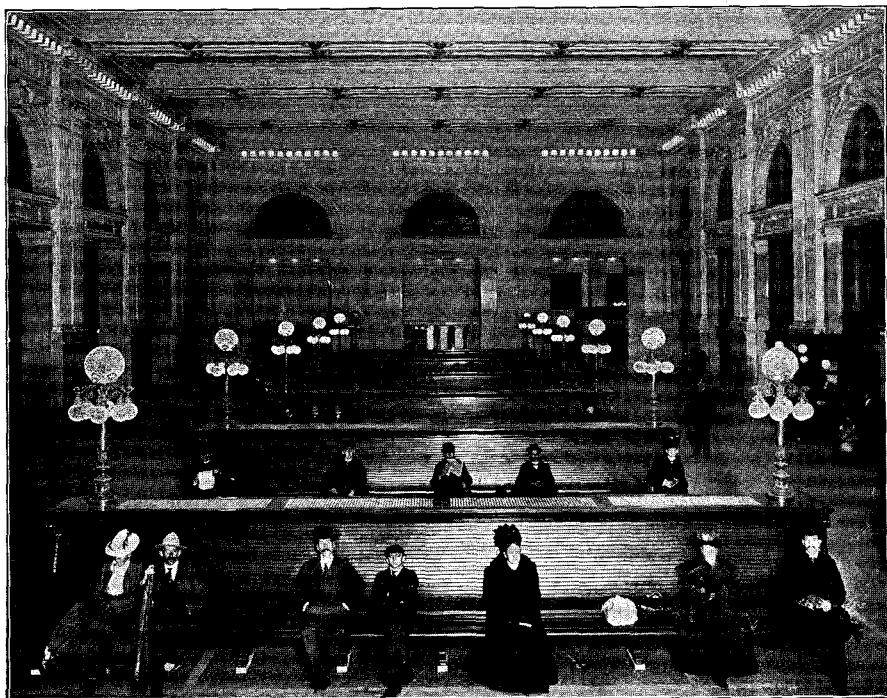


THE OFFICE OF DANIEL FROHMAN AT THE TOP OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE BUILDING. THIS OFFICE WAS INTRODUCED IN MARJORIE BENTON COOKE'S "BAMBI." MR. FROHMAN IS SEATED AT THE TABLE

grey river, with Hoboken in the distance, and the Stevens house on the hill. Then in the second and third acts the actions shifted to a parlour in the Brevoort House as it was in the heyday of its aristocratic prosperity. In *The Woman in the Case* there was an act in the visitors' room of the Tombs Prison, and another in a flat in West Fifty-second Street. It was the drawing-room of a New York residence that served as the background for the tragically ending first act of *The Moth and the Flame*, and it was at the altar of a New York church that the moth and the flame came to a final parting of the ways. Other plays of Clyde Fitch, such as *The Climbers*, *The Truth*, *The City*, *The Girl with the Green Eyes*, and *The Stubbornness of Geraldine* probably came later, but they were all, in part at least, distinctly of New York. And Fitch was merely one of a number. The same may be said of a score of playwrights who have been busy in the last

two decades providing amusement for American theatre goers.

But of the older plays there was none that, to the memory of the Pilgrim, suggested and reflected the city more than *The Charity Ball*, which was the joint work of David Belasco and of Henry C. DeMille. First there was the scene in the chancel of Grace Church. The great scene was staged in an angle of the staircase of the Metropolitan Opera House on the night of the ball. It was placed there because Mr. Daniel Frohman, who was the producing manager, felt that there was only one title to be used. It was not a matter of choice, but of expediency. "*The Charity Ball*," said Mr. Frohman, discussing that play reminiscently a few weeks ago, "was what the play had to be called. Everybody in New York knew about it, throughout the country everywhere people had heard of it. The play was strong enough to stand by itself, but to insure success before the audience some



THE WAITING ROOM OF THE OLD GRAND CENTRAL STATION. FROM HERE LILY BART, OF MRS. WHARTON'S "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH," STARTED ON HER WALK WITH SELDEN. AT THE TICKET WINDOW RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "CAPTAIN MACKLIN," BACK FROM ADVENTURE IN HONDURAS, THRILLED AS HE ASKED FOR A TICKET TO DOBBS FERRY

means had to be found of justifying the use of the title. The scene itself naturally fitted a private house. But for *The Charity Ball* we had to introduce the old Metropolitan Opera House where the ball took place. Finally, we hit upon that angle of the landing where crowds do not linger, where the principal characters might meet and the action proceed logically without interruption."

VI. THE DEPARTMENT STORE IN FICTION

When, in the course of the Rougon-Macquart novels, Emile Zola reached the department store as a phase reflecting Parisian life, readers were divided in their opinions as to the exact model from which *Au Bonheur des Dames* had been drawn. Furthermore there seemed to be no agreement as to the particular section of the city in which it was situated, some finding the original in the

Bon Marché, far over on the left bank of the Seine, while others identified it with one or another of the great shops about the boulevards near the Opera. So, when, in New York fiction, you come to a reference to the "Biggest Store" you are usually at a loss as to whether one is meant that is on lower Sixth Avenue, or on Thirty-fourth Street, or in the fashionable part of Fifth Avenue, or over on the East Side. But wherever it may be, while we are on the way there, it may not be amiss to stop for a brief moment in the wholesale clothing district, which, of recent years, has been moving uptown, and now centres about Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street. There, first of all, will be found the familiar figures of Montague Glass's Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter, for it was purely for ephemeral purposes of the stage that



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

THE MELANCHOLY PLEASURE GROUND OF BRYANT PARK, WHERE LILY BART (MRS. WHARTON'S "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH") RESTED BRIEFLY OF A NIGHT WHEN THE ENNUI OF LIFE WAS STRONG UPON HER

the partners allowed the firm to be incorporated by Wall Street promoters, with the resulting disaster, and the beginning of business life anew in the old quarters on East Broadway. Another familiar figure of the hour that bears kinship to Mr. Glass's heroes is Edna Ferber's Emma McChesney. Concerning the scenes of Emma's New York business activities Miss Ferber writes: "I cannot imagine your making a pilgrimage to the wholesale skirt district. Still if you chance to be down that way looking for Abe and Mawruss you might drop in on Emma. She's in that neighbourhood." And so also is the New York of Fanny Hurst's *Just Around the Corner*—the city of the working girl, of Childs's restaurants and department stores.

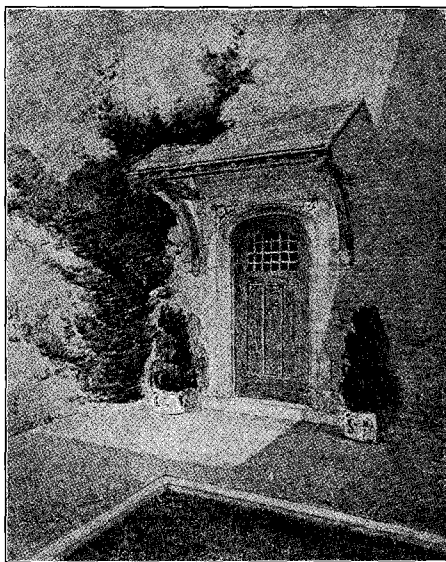
Two recent novels touching the department store are F. Hopkinson Smith's *Felix O'Day* and Mrs. A. M. Williamson's *The Shop Girl*. In the

former book was Rosenthal's, the large store on Third Avenue where Lady Barbara found employment and from which she took the lace mantilla that was afterwards stolen by Dalton. The heroine of *The Shop Girl*, a book which Mrs. Williamson says that she enjoyed more than any other book she ever wrote, was drawn from two models. One was a girl of a very good family who sought employment in a spirit of independence and found it at Gimbel's; and the other was a typical New York shop girl. The atmosphere for the life of her heroine after working hours Mrs. Williamson found in the neighbourhood of Columbus Circle.

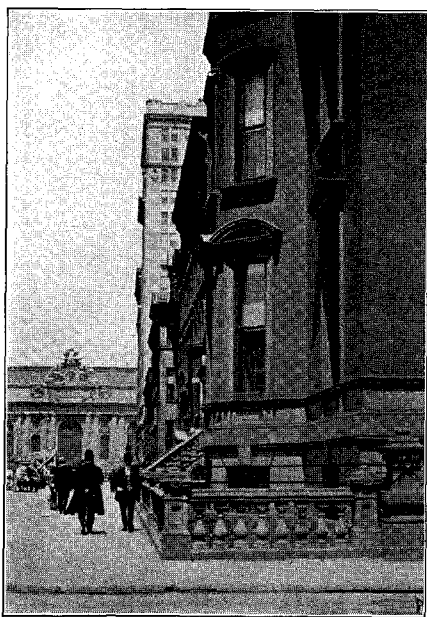
There was a novel of last year, which, while practically all the action took place in Paris, was, in the person of its heroine, the very embodiment of the atmosphere of the big New York department stores. That was Mr. Samuel Merwin's *The Honey Bee*. If

you would see the establishment which served in part as the model for the one in Mr. Merwin's story you can find it on the west side of Fifth Avenue between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Streets. But it was such only in part. In its physical aspect that was the place that the author had in mind. But for the inner workings, for the system and organization, Mr. Merwin drew upon his knowledge of a large department store in Boston. It happens that the general manager of the Boston store is a life long friend and a fraternity brother of the author. There have been occasions when the manager has called upon Mr. Merwin for suggestions when a line of reading of an especial nature was thought necessary to distract the mind of some hard-worked employee. The manager is one of the characters in *The Honey Bee* and, with the establishment, was transferred from Boston to New York for the purpose of the story.

But again across every counter of the New York department store is the

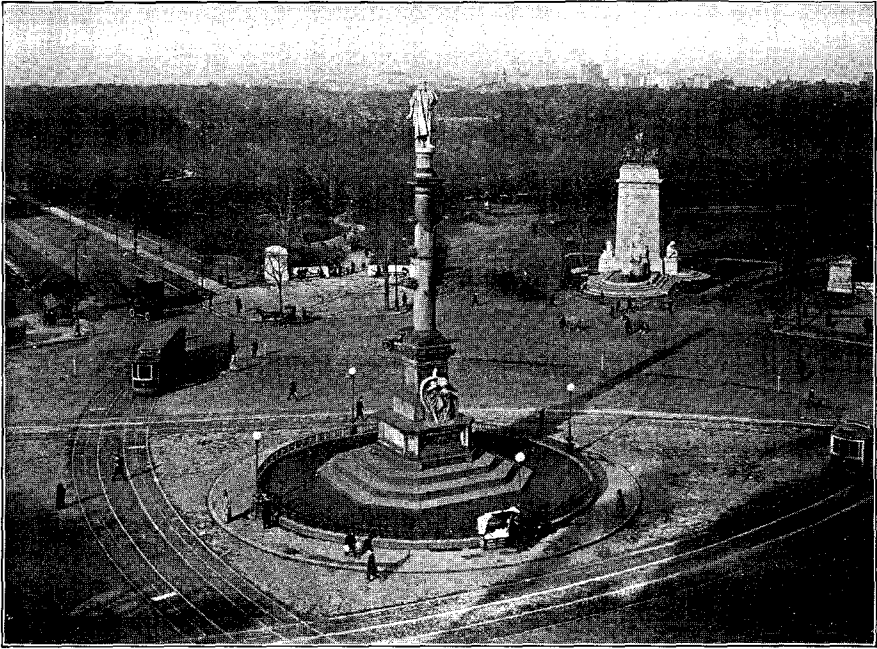


A GATEWAY IN WESTOVER COURT, THAT PEACEFUL OASIS WITHIN A STONES THROW OF LONG-ACRE SQUARE. "ALI BABA" COURT, WAS THE NAME GIVEN IT BY ONE OF THE CHARACTERS OF OWEN JOHNSON'S "MAKING MONEY"



THE PART OF THE CITY ASSOCIATED WITH OWEN JOHNSON'S "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND." THE HOUSE OF MAJENDI MAY BE RECOGNISED

shadow of O. Henry. "Shop girls," he says of Nancy of "The Trimmed Lamp," "No such persons exist. There are girls who work in shops. They make their living that way. But why turn their occupation into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as 'marriage girls.'" Go down to Sixth Avenue and Eighteenth Street and you will find Sieber-Mason's, the scene of "The Ferry of Unfulfilment, whence a thousand girls flowed along the sidewalk, making navigation dangerous to men. Discharged from "The Biggest Store," Hetty Pepper made her way to her home high up in the Vallambrosa Apartments, there to find romance and adventure as related in "The Third Ingredient." Madame Beaumont, who in everyday life answered to the name of Mamie Siviter ("Trancients in Arcadia"), having lived her annual glorious week in the Hotel Lotus, went back to her place behind the hosiery counter at Casey's Mammoth Store. In a dozen more of the tales the atmosphere is re-



COLUMBUS CIRCLE. ALL ABOUT HERE ARE THE "LOBSTER PALACES" OF THE TEA, TANGO, AND TOPER LAND OF NEW YORK FICTION. IN "THE WORLD AND THE DOOR" O. HENRY TOLD HOW MERRIAM AND WADE, IN THE TWO DEEP SEA CABS THEY HAD CHARTERED, HOVE TO LONG ENOUGH "TO REVILE THE STATUE OF THE GREAT NAVIGATOR, UNPATRIOTICALLY REBUKING HIM FOR HAVING VOYAGED IN SEARCH OF LAND INSTEAD OF LIQUIDS"

flected. A saleslady in the gents' gloves, Masie of "A Lickpenny Lover," was one of the three thousand girls in the "Biggest Store." Perhaps of all the stories in which O. Henry touched upon this phase of metropolitan life "A Lickpenny Lover" is the one best remembered. It was behind the counter that Irving Carter, painter, millionaire, traveller, poet, and automobilist found Maisie, and finding her, strangely lost his heart. By persistent wooing he at length reached the flimsy, fluttering, little soul of the shop girl that existed somewhere deep down in her lovely bosom. And having found that he poured out his story, and painted his picture of a future before them—of lands far beyond the seas, of shores where summer is eternal, of far away cities with lovely palaces and towers full of beautiful pictures and statues, of the gondolas of Venice, the elephants and

temples of India, the camel trains and chariot races in Persia, and the gardens of Japan. But Maisie, listening to the story, grew suddenly cold and left him. The next day at the "Biggest Store" her chum waylaid her and asked about her "swell friend." "Him," was the retort, "O, he's a cheap guy. He ain't in it no more. What do you suppose he wanted me to do? He wanted me to marry him and go to Coney Island for a wedding tour."

VII. THE SHIFTING SCENE

There has come into fashion in the last few years a kind of novel of New York life which aims to reflect and interpret the restlessness of that life by a constant and intentional shifting of the scene. For example, there is Rupert Hughes's *What Will People Say?* which dealt with the very rich and the luxurious side of the city and which

took up the beginning of the dance mania in April, 1913, and ended early in 1914. The opening paragraph showed Fifth Avenue at flood tide. To the eyes of Lieutenant Forbes, just home from the Philippines, it was a strange sight. He had not seen the Avenue since the pathetic old horse coaches were changed to the terrific motor stages. Forbes's first glimpse, according to the key supplied by Mr. Hughes, was at the crossing either at Thirty-fourth Street, or at Forty-second Street. Then, by way of illustration of this kind of novel, take the first hundred pages of the book. In the course of a few hundred words we are at the Enslee's home at Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue, and a little later, at Fifty-first Street there is a description of the "affable grey cathedral." By page eight we have seen Fifty-seventh Street, Broadway, and the Riverside Drive. Page thirteen brings in the Knickerbocker Hotel at which Forbes is stopping. Longacre Square steps into view on page fifteen, with the *Times* Building standing aloft, a huddled giraffe of a building. At page eighteen the reader has been taken to a theatre which is identified as the Eltinge Theatre. The peacock rivalling café of page twenty-five is Murray's, which is soon left so that Reizenweber's with its "great sign in vertical electric letters," may be presented on page thirty-five, the Café des Beaux Arts and Bustanobey's on page thirty-eight, and on page thirty-nine the Café de Ninive, in reality the Café de l'Opera, later Martin's, and now torn down. By the time page sixty-three Forbes has begun to investigate Central Park, strolling through the Zoo, and from an arch which Mr. Hughes identifies as the bridge near the Seventh Avenue entrance, pausing to watch a cavalcade of pupils from a riding school. On page sixty-seven we have the Army and Navy Club, and the Knickerbocker Café, and on page sixty-eight the Fifth Avenue Bank at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, and Sherry's. On page seventy-one back to the barroom of the

Knickerbocker for ginrickies and a study of Maxfield Parrish's fresco of "King Cole." Bustanobey's again at page seventy-four and at page ninety-six the beginning of an elaborate description of the Metropolitan Opera House. In the same way one might go through Louis Joseph Vance's *Joan Thursday*, or Rex Beach's *The Auction Block*, George Bronson-Howard's *God's Man*, or Owen Johnson's *The Sixty-First Second*, or *The Salamander*, or *Making Money*. In *God's Man* the Curate's, Canary's, Griffony's, and Sydenham's of fiction, are the Rector's, Sherry's, Tiffany's, and the Café de Paris of fact. These names also figured in the same author's *Pages From the Book of Broadway*. Every one of the tales that made up that book had for the protagonist some conspicuous character along the Great White Way. For example, in "The Purple Phantasm," the lead was the late Paul Armstrong, under the name of Potter Playfair.

VIII. THE ZIG ZAG TRAIL

Zig zag goes the trail, of an afternoon along the stretch of Fifth Avenue, or through the winding paths of the Park; by night into the lane where the lights are brightest, and the hum of life swells into a tumult. "Is New York a large city?" asks a demure Haitian maiden of her American lover in a recent story by Mr. Richard Harding Davis. "No. It is a large electric light sign" is the sapient reply. So, dazzled by the light the Pilgrim takes the liberty of passing from scene to scene, from allusion to allusion, without any pretence of sequence or order. You are at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, before Wallack's Theatre, or what once was Wallack's Theatre. There you have the definite background that Booth Tarkington put into *Harlequin and Pantomime*, and the scene of Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Comedy of a Playwright." You are four blocks to the north, at the point where Sixth Avenue, Broadway, and Thirty-fourth Street cross one another. If

they did not so cross, and if a man wearing a red necktie, and answering to the name of Kelly, had not there engineered a traffic block that, to use his own words, "would have made William A. Brady die of envy," how could Sidney Porter have written what is perhaps the O. Henriest of all his stories, "Mammon and the Archer"? At Broadway and Twenty-sixth Street was once Delmonico's. Then the restaurant became Martin's. In the latter incarnation it played a part in Arthur Train's *The Man Hunt*. There Ralston, the newly appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in his search for Steadman at the behest of Ellen Ferguson, finds his way through the revolving doors, makes the acquaintance of Florence Davenport, and knocks out the bully Sullivan. Incidentally Ralston's search came to an end in Farrer's gambling house, which was placed on Forty-fifth Street, near Broadway. Back to the theatre district, and you are in the haunts of the hero of George Barr McCutcheon's *Little What's His Name*. At the Metropolitan Opera House, and you have the choice of Marion Crawford's *The Prima Donna*, W. J. Henderson's *The Soul of a Tenor*, Brander Matthews's *The Action and the Word*, Thomas Dixon's *The Root of Evil*, and half a score more. The spirit of the Fifth Avenue shops plays a strong part in David Graham Phillips's *The Husband's Story*. Henrietta Hastings and Sophy Baker, living in the nearby Holland House, enjoyed an orgy of shopping. The dressmaking establishment in the same author's *Old Wives for New* was drawn from Mrs. Osborne's place on Fifth Avenue about Thirty-sixth Street. The Waldorf-Astoria was described by Brander Matthews in "Under an April Sky," of *Vistas of New York*. On the south side of Fortieth Street, almost in the middle of the block between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, you will find the fortune-telling den of Countess Casanova of Harry Leon Wilson's *Bunker Bean*. On Forty-second Street you will get glimpses of Harvey

J. O'Higgins's Detective Barney—*The Dummy* of the stage version. For the Hotel Harlem read the Hotel Manhattan, and for the Beaumont, the Belmont. At the southwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-eight Street is the little restaurant where Dodo (Owen Johnson's *The Salamander*) used to go to dine in her hours of poverty. It served purposes not only of economy but of convenience because the boarding-house in which Dodo and her sister salamanders lived was at the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, nearly opposite the Seville Hotel. But when the admirer of early days appeared upon the scene, in order to avoid complications, she hurried him away to dine at the Prince George Hotel. Julie M. Lippmann's *Martha-by-the-Day* opened at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-third Street. The Century Association at number 7 West Forty-third Street, has been called by many names in the course of the fiction dealing with New York life, but never save in love and reverence. All hail to the spirit of the Centurions! As the Century, pure and simple, it appeared in F. Hopkinson Smith's *Peter*. It was Peter's favourite club. But those were the days when the club was still in its Fifteenth Street home, not more than a stone's throw from Peter's own quarters. Some of the men of the Century you will find at the University Club at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, and at the University you can get in touch with the characters of Arthur Train's *McAllister and His Double*,—Peter the doorman is Peter the doorman still—and through the windows pick out on the Fifth Avenue pavement the girl who best fits your idea of the heroine of Jesse Lynch Williams's *My Lost Duchess*.

At the Grand Central Station a stop of some duration is imperative, for across the hall of the old building, which was torn down four or five years ago, flit the ghosts of a score of the men and women of the city's fiction. In *The Exiles*, a tale of Tangier, Richard Hard-

ing Davis drew a picture of Fourteenth Street of a summer's evening that is not easily forgotten. In *Soldiers of Fortune*, his hero and heroine, leaning over the rail of a steamer somewhere in the South Atlantic Ocean, pretended that the glow upon the horizon was the reflection of the lights along the Rumson Road. But nowhere has Mr. Davis produced the thrill of the city more effectively than where, in *Captain Macklin*, he showed Royal, returned from the temptuous adventure that had made him for a brief period Vice-President of Honduras, peering into the ticket office window in the old Grand Central Station and asking for a ticket to Dobb's Ferry. In that request, so commonplace to the ears of the alpaca-coated man behind the barred window, was summed up all the joy of home coming, all the reaction from the hunted days in tropical jungle and fever-laden swamps.

IX. "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH" AND OTHERS

Also in that waiting room of the old Grand Central the reader has his first glimpse of Miss Lily Bart, *The House of Mirth*. It was there that Mrs. Wharton's heroine, who had missed her train to Rhinebeck, met Selden, and visited his bachelor apartment for tea, a perfectly innocent venture that had consequences and misinterpretations. The Benedick was where Selden lived, but the Benedick is not easy of positive identification. From the station they turned into Madison Avenue and strolled northward. The walk was not a long one. Selden's street was probably about Forty-ninth or Fiftieth. Miss Bart noted the new brick and limestone house fronts, fantastically varied in obedience to the American craving for novelty, but fresh and inviting with their awnings and flower-boxes. The Benedick had a marble porch and pseudo-Georgian façade, and from Selden's apartment, which was on the top floor, a little balcony protruded. That is the environment in which we first meet Lily Bart. The time comes when

we see her in another. Disillusionment and disappointment have come upon her. She is at Fifth Avenue and Forty-first Street, and she feels that she can walk no farther, and she remembers that in Bryant Park there are seats where she may rest. "The melancholy pleasure ground was almost deserted when she entered it, and she sank down on an empty bench in the glare of an electric street lamp. . . . Night had now closed in and the roar of traffic in Forty-second Street was dying out. As complete darkness fell on the Square the lingering occupants of the benches rose and dispersed; but now and then a stray figure, hurrying homeward, struck across the path where Lily sat, looming black for a moment in the white circle of electric light." The play is nearly done. The moment is at hand for the ringing down of the curtain on the tragedy of Lily Bart.

The sensational life of the New York underworld was the theme of Arthur Stringer's *The Wire Tappers*, and its sequel *Phantom Wires*. A house which figures in both those stories was Stanfield's gambling house, in reality Canfield's, next door to Delmonico's. Much of the same author's *The Hand of Peril*, which was published last spring, was laid in New York. There is mention of the Union Club; a fight in a taxi-cab takes place beside the drinking fountain in Central Park between the Sheep-Pasture and The Mall; the original of the little millinery shop of the tale may be found on the south side of Forty-seventh Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues; and the "Squab dump" known as the "Alambo," just off Long-Acre Square was plainly a well-known hotel-home of chorus girls just round the corner from The Palace. An even later book by Mr. Stringer, *The Prairie Wife*, is laid in part in New York, and a rather important scene takes place in the Della Robbia room of the Vanderbilt Hotel.

In Stewart Edward White's *The Claim Jumpers* four youths were shown holding a discussion in a fifth-story sit-

ting-room of a New York boarding-house. The sitting-room was large and square, and in the wildest disorder. Easels and artist's materials thrust back to the wall sufficiently advertised the art student, and perhaps explained the untidiness. The original of that house, which also played a part in Mr. White's *Gold*, was at number 127 Madison Avenue, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first Streets. The old structure has been torn down and an unromantic office building occupies the site. The house in which Mr. White's heroes dwelt was situated between a church and an apartment house, and was therefore known as Purgatory. It was kept by a Swiss named Karl. "A number of us," writes the author, "had the whole top floor. Ira Remsen, my brother Gilbert, Rector Fox, Stanley McGraw, and some other more transient members. Naturally I turned to the old quarters at number 129 as a background for these New York scenes in *Gold* and *The Claim Jumpers*."

X. NEW BOHEMIAS

Two or three years ago an architect of talent and imagination looked upon certain ugly and sordid brick buildings hard by Longacre Square and saw possibilities. "Give me a free hand," he said to the representatives of the great estate that owned the property, "And at a cost that will not be excessive I will convert all this into a bachelor apartment that will reproduce a bit of the London that we like best to think about, the London of the Inner Temple or of the Albany." He achieved all that he had promised. But, unwisely, he did not stop there. Looking upon his work he found it good, and was moved to write about it. With a fine rhetorical flourish he painted his "Westover Court" as another Albany, a quiet and almost remote living place for men who desire to be in the heart of the busy life and the amusement centres of the metropolis. Then, of the Albany that runs from Vigo Street to Piccadilly he went on rashly to say: "Among those who lived

there were Lord Byron, Lord Macaulay, Thackeray, and Gladstone. Conan Doyle naturally had no more fitting residence for Sherlock Holmes." Of course it was E. W. Hornung's Raffles, and not Sherlock Holmes, with whom the Albany is associated, and countless drab London squares lie between Piccadilly and Holmes's rooms in Upper Baker Street. But for all that the atmosphere that the architect sought is in Westover Court, and upon that atmosphere Owen Johnson drew for one of his most vivid pictures of the city in *Making Money*.

Bojo and March had left the Great White Way behind them and turned down a squalid side street with tenements in the dark distances. Before two green pillars they stopped, and through a long, irregular monastic hall flooded with mellow lights and sudden arches, found their way into an oasis of quiet and green things. "Ali Baba Court" is what Marsh called it in his enthusiasm.

In the heart of the noisiest, vilest, most brutal struggle of the city lay this little bit of the Old World, decked in green plots, with vine-covered fountain and a stone Cupid perched on tiptoe, and above a group of dream trees filling the lucent yellow and green enclosure with a miraculous foliage. Lights blazed in a score of windows above them, while at four mediæval entrances, of curved doorways under sloping green aprons, the suffused glow of iron lanterns seemed like distant signals lost in a fog. Above the low roofs high against the blue-black sky the giant city came peeping down upon them from the regimented globes of fire on the Astor roof. A milky flag drifted lazily across an aigrette of steam. To the right, the top of the *Times Tower*, divorced from all the ugliness at its feet, rose like an historic campanile played about by timid stars. Over the roof-tops the hum of the city, never stilled, turned like a great wheel, incessantly, with faint, detached sounds pleasantly audible; a bell; a truck moving like a shrieking shell; the impertinent honk of taxis; urchins on wheels; the shattering rush of distant iron bodies tearing through

the air; an extra cried on a shriller note; the ever-recurring pipe of a police whistle compelling order in the confusion; fog horns from the river, and underneath something more elusive and confused, the churning of great human masses passing and re-passing.

It is to a building, or a jumble of buildings, far different, but not less curious, that Mr. Johnson turns in the introductory chapter of his new serial, *The Woman Gives*. At that intersection of Broadway and Columbus Avenue where the grumbling subway and the roaring Elevated meet at Lincoln Square stands what Mr. Johnson calls "Teagan's Arcade," but what the Pilgrim prefers to think of as "The Castle of a Million Intrigues." It covers a block, bisected by an arcade, and rising six capacious stories in the form of an enormous H. Without, the Square, a charming place of contending human

tides, where "the Italians had installed their fruit shops and their groceries; the French their florists and delicatessen shops; the Jews their clothing bazaars; the Germans their jewellers and their shoe stores; the Irish their saloons and restaurants." Within mystery—mystery in the dimness of the passageways, in the countless exits which lead through tunnels or over roof top bridges to adjoining structures, in the glazed doors on which are read strange names and stranger occupations. "It was a place," writes the author, "where no questions were asked and no advice permitted; where, if you found a man wandering in the long draughty corridors, you piloted him to his room and put him to bed and did not seek to reform him in the morning. This was its etiquette." The backyard of a new Bohemia, "Teagan's Arcade." "The Castle of a Million Intrigues."



ONE OF THE EXITS THAT LEAD OVER THE ROOF TOPS IN "THE CASTLE OF A MILLION INTRIGUES"

IN FICTION'S PLAYGROUND

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

WHERE is the dividing line between adult and juvenile fiction? Which question suggests another. At what age, allowing for individual differences, does the youthful mind turn from books written especially for it and desire the great works of literature which are written for men and women, youths and maidens alike?

There has been considerable discussion recently in literary magazines and in literary departments of daily newspapers, about the lack of consideration given juvenile fiction. And the bulk of the discussion hinged, if we may judge by examples cited, on the fiction written for young people in their teens. There is a reason for this. The newer ideals of education have practically eliminated the child under ten as a reader. He can be given picture books, and stories are told to him by parents and teachers, thus leaving the choice of books to them. But after ten, the youth or maiden enters the reading public as an individuality to be considered and thus far the consideration given has been of a rather peculiar sort. Opinions as to the tastes of these young people have differed as widely as there are numbers of authors with stories to write and publishers with books to publish, particularly in the Christmas season. And very few of

them seem to have thought that possibly, after all, the young mind in the teens might be ripe for a handling of the problems of life as the great minds of all ages have handled them.

In looking over the fiction offered each successive Christmas time for readers in their teens an interesting train of thought suggests itself. Some of the books for boys and girls are so very like what was popular adult fiction a decade ago, that it leads to the conclusion that possibly adult fiction is changing and writers who will not change now label their books as juveniles that they may still be sure of their public! There is much that is good in this change which has so gradually come about. The eternal "heart interest" is not the only interest in fiction nowadays. For the change in the taste of readers which has crowded it out of adult fiction has sent it wandering off into space. It is easily recognised by any writer that the usual sort of "heart interest" would not be appropriate for juvenile fiction. The growing mind has something practical about it as well as something far-reaching in its imaginative trend where imagination is present. There are so many other interests in life beside the heart interest. Space is lacking here to follow up these thoughts although they might lead to interesting discoveries and interesting conclusions.

But our readers have already seen—at least we hope they have guessed by now—that in our Christmas article of this season we intend to lay the most stress on juvenile fiction offered for the consideration of young readers from ten or twelve years up. We admit that like a great many other people connected with the literary world, we have rather neglected this branch of late to linger over the fascinating Christmas gifts of-

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW DRESS

The Water Babies. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrations by George Wharton Edwards. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Elizabeth P. Stork. Illustrations by Maria Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.