

THE LURE OF NEW YORK

BY ALLAN L. BENSON

Copyright by Pearson Pub. Co.

To ride into New York on a freight train is a heinous offense. The law says so. Railroad companies suggest the law and secured its enactment. They prefer to handle their passenger traffic in the regular way. Fares cannot so easily be collected from passengers who are secreted around the trucks. Besides, freight train travelers have gained the reputation of being uncertain persons. They sometimes steal small things that rich persons would not think of stealing. Yet, against them as the law is, patrons of the box-cars pour into New York at all seasons of the year.

An Ohio boy, one morning last winter, was in court for beating his way into the metropolis. He was only sixteen years old, and rather small for his age. His coat fitted him a little too soon and ankle-grease was on it. Hadn't had time to slick up since he was pulled from the trucks. Still, he was cheerful. Answered the court's questions as if it were a pleasure. Told all about the folks at home, and why he left home.

He and another boy craved the big life. They wanted to be in the midst of something and be something. Only, the other boy had a little hitch to his ambitions. He wanted to go to Chicago, where he had an aunt who, in an emergency, might be induced to provide food.

The boy who stood before His Honor waved his comrade away.

"I told my chum," he said, "that I would rather be in New York, broke and hungry, than be in Chicago with a



THE GREAT WHITE WAY



BROAD STREET



NEW YORK WATER FRONT, FROM JERSEY CITY



HERALD SQUARE

meal ticket at every restaurant. I left my chum right there. I paid my fare as far as I could and beat it the rest of the way."

The court, some years back, having broken into town in substantially the same way, did not hear the boy's story without feeling. During the recital, the judicial mind had gone back to that other day, now long gone, when he, a penniless lad, had said good-by to his native town. So he said to the boy:

"My son, let me commend your judgment. Any boy who will ride the trucks to New York, in preference to going to Chicago and living with his chum's aunt, has the right spirit. I think this town needs boys like you, and I am going to let you stay. Discharged."

Nothing can illustrate better than this incident the lure of New York. Perhaps no other city ever had so large a percentage of the world's population bluffed. A bigger word than "bluffed" is needed here, but it does not come. The point is that the city has the power to cast a great spell, and casts it. She makes no comparisons. To make comparisons would be to admit that there are others in her class. She says only: "I am the wonderful city—come."

The call goes north to the edge of the frozen world; east to the point where the east is west; south as far as a white man lives, and west till the west is east. Not everybody comes, but everybody hears. Millions would like to come, but can't. Everybody would like at least to see the siren city. And, untold thousands do come. One railroad thinks nothing of dumping 100,000 strangers into New York in a day.

The reason for so much coming is plain. Everybody likes to be mixed up with a success. The bigger the success, the better. New York is universally regarded as a big success. It has the tallest buildings, the richest men, the whitest "White Way" that ever cut a streak through the night, and some of the most prodigious disbursements of the circulating medium that ever dazzled any community.

In a variety of ways comes the message to mix with this great success—to become a part of this wonderful bigness. Perhaps the newspapers and the stage do the most to spread the lure. New York date-lines appear over the most important items of news. There seems to be only one place in which anything worth while can happen. Has Mr. Morgan bought an old master or formed a new trust? Where did he do it? New York. Has Mr. Rockefeller paid his annual visit to the office of Standard Oil? Yes—a New York dispatch says so. Has Mr. Carnegie slipped in the icy park and sprained his ankle? What park? Why, Central Park, in New York, of course. And, whenever an Italian opera singer, a Russian revolutionist, or an Irish patriot comes to this country, where does he land? At New York. What city sends out the news? New York.

As an advertiser of the glories and splendor of this great town, the stage is second only to the press.

Twenty years ago, a Nevada youth went to see a show in Carson City. The show was that old

classic, "The Two Orphans." In the cast were extremely few persons besides the orphans themselves, as railway transportation and board were both high. But the show made up in scenery what it lacked in cast. One scene, in particular, appealed to the chuckle-faced youth. It was a scene in which the two orphans were sitting on the steps of Trinity church. The snow was drifting down over their thin shoulders. Broadway was thronged with pedestrians. Horse-cars few along at eight miles an hour. Nobody looked at the orphans. But the orphans, silent as little spynxes, looked straight ahead—straight up the street. There was Broadway! The infinite skill of the scene painter seemed to have carried the street clear to the horizon. Nothing but buildings and people and people and buildings till they blended, at the finish, into an indistinguishable haze of paint.

The Nevada youth could hardly keep his seat. The painted scene had fired his mind with an intense desire. He must be off to New York. All during the show, which he saw not, though he looked straight at the stage, he kept his eyes riveted to the splendid vista of Broadway. The whole thoroughfare seemed to him to be a treasure-house of opportunity. And, at dusk, when the lights begin to blaze up along the "Great White Way"—ah, it is all just as he had dreamed it to be! All grand! All surpassingly great!

But, kind friends, he dines at no lobster palace that evening. Nor do his magnificent jewels glitter in the "horseshoe crescent" at the opera. With the money that he can spare for his evening meal, he couldn't buy a lobster's tail, and a drygoods box in an alley would fit him better than a box at the opera. So, he dines poorly for sixty cents at a side-street restaurant, gets a glassy eye from the waiter for not giving a tip, finds a room in which there is no light by day, nor pure air night or day—and goes to sleep to dream of home and mother.

The next morning, he is awakened by a miscellaneous assortment of noises, ranging from elevated car wheels to horses' hoofs. As he puts on the shirt that mother laundered for him, his heart takes a sudden lurch back to the old roof. He calls his heart back. He is in New York to make good. It is up to him to do it. And, by the time he is ready to go out to hunt for breakfast, his nerve is all back.

With nothing to do but get a job or starve, he looks for work. He hears that motormen are wanted on the subway. Half afraid to offer his services, he nevertheless decides to do so. On the way to the company's offices, he considers all of the situation's glorious possibilities. Never in the country did he dare dream that some day he might make a battery of motors bite off 2,000 horsepower of electricity and snatch eight loaded cars through the subterranean night.

The good news goes home to the old folks that their boy is going to run a train in the New York subway. Oh, if the boy could only see the mingled sorrow and pride that light up his mother's eyes when she reads the letter. It breaks her heart to have her boy away, but it mends it to know how emphatically he has made good in the

big town. Going to run a train driven by electricity! Going to run a train bearing fifteen hundred human beings, each of whom has put his life, for a time, in her son's keeping! Such confidence as the company must have had in her boy to intrust him with so grave a responsibility. Oh, it is such a comfort to her to know that her son, whom she has loved since she felt his first heart-beat; for whom she has toiled and suffered and denied herself—it is such a comfort to her to know that he has been recognized at what she knows to be his true worth, by the most wonderful city in the world.

A year later, what rejoicing there was in the little home when the boy wrote that he was coming back on a vacation. Mother could hardly read the letter, she was so excited. Ran to the fields to tell father. Ran back to get dinner. Could hardly cook—burned the eggs to a crisp, something she had not done in thirty years, and had to fry some more. In such a hurry to put on her "other dress" and run over to Mrs. Pratt's to tell her: "My boy is coming home."

The boy came home. When he took mother in his arms and held her for a full minute, she couldn't speak. All choked up. So glad to see him, she couldn't say a word. And, when she did speak, the first thing she said, as she looked up into his brown eyes, was: "Oh, my boy, how pale you are!"

He was pale. He knew it. Subway air makes no red blood-corpuses. Kills some of the red ones that exist. Nor does the electric light of the subway brown the cheek as the sunlight browns the cheek of the farmer. All the year that he had been away, mother had carried in her mind the picture of her farmer boy. Never had dreamed that her farmer boy would come home with a grayish-white face. Didn't need to say she was shocked. Looked it. The boy caught the message and laughingly replied:

"Oh, mother, all city folks are pale." During the week that he remained at home, the boy was kept talking. Father and mother constantly asking questions. Seemed to mother as if she couldn't ask questions enough. Wanted to get first-hand information about everything of which she had heard.

Six months after he returned to work, his mother had an opportunity to see for herself, just how big was New York. A telegram told her that her boy had been hurt. She and father found him in a hospital, with his head bandaged until they could barely see his eyes. At the end of his run, he had tried to cross the tracks to catch another train back and get to dinner more quickly. Didn't see a train running in the opposite direction. Car struck him. Picked up for dead. Seemed to have a fractured skull. Fortunately, did not. Revived in the hospital and would get well.

Oh, but the mother's heart was glad when she heard the best instead of the worst. Glad until she and father went to the boy's room. Not his room in the hospital, but his room in a lodging-house. Glad until she saw how miserably he had lived. A dirty street. A dirty house. A dirty hall. A cheerless room. Little light. Bad air. A skimpy bed. A frayed counterpane. Not a decoration, save her own picture, stuck in the edge of a mirror.

Her boy could afford no better place to live. His pay was only \$2.25 a day. That is, his pay from the company was only \$2.25 a day. The lure of New York made up the rest that was needed to induce him to stay.

Such is life for millions in New York. Not life as the newspaper dispatches describe it. Not life as the stage pictures it. Life as it is. A few draw colossal prizes. A few more draw good prizes. But if only those should come to New York who can earn a better living here than they can elsewhere, a handcar, running once a day, would almost bring them in. Ninety-two per cent. of the population have not drawn enough prizes to enable them to own their own homes. Yet people come. Come from every state in the Union. Come from every town in every state—every hamlet. Come from Italy, Norway, Sweden, Turkey—come from everywhere.

SONG OF THE VINEYARD

Sunday School Lesson for May 21, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Isaiah 5:1-12.
MEMORY VERSE—II.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Woe Unto Them That Are Mighty to Drink Wine, and Men of Strength to Mingle Strong Drink."
—Isa. 5:22.
TIME—Probably near the beginning of Isaiah's long life as a prophet, which was inaugurated in the year when King Uzziah died, B. C. 755 (Boecker), or B. C. 740 (Hastings).
PLACE—Isaiah prophesied in Jerusalem.
KINGS—in Israel, Menahem; in Assyria, Asshur-dan III.
PROPHETS—Hosea, Micah.

Isaiah, like all great teachers, was obliged to speak many stern warnings. Individuals and nations are best pleased with leaders that praise and flatter them; but such men are enemies rather than friends, demagogues rather than statesmen. In our own nation we have many braggarts, and many easy-going, over-sanguine citizens; but the wise men are like Isaiah, clear-eyed to perceive national and personal sins. Vigilance against these is the only price of liberty in a nation and peace in an individual. The old Greek maxim, "Know thyself," is still the foundation of true knowledge and wisdom. In our lesson the great prophet warns his nation against three national evils: National ingratitude to God; the menace of ungodly and unphilanthropic wealth; intemperance the great peril of the nation.

We can look back over a history full of deliverances. America was settled by men escaping from civil and religious oppression. The colonists had many marvelous deliverances from the Indians and other foes. The Union has been saved by the greatest civil war in all history. We have had among our leaders some of the world's chief men—Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Jefferson, Franklin. The world's greatest oceans preserve our country from attack. We have a vast territory, wonderfully rich in minerals and producing harvests abundant enough for us and for other nations.

The natural fruit of a vineyard, carefully prepared—fine, cultivated grapes, and a full crop; that is, he expected obedience to his commands, and love and gratitude and worship. Instead, he got nothing but wild grapes, small, sour and hard—such results as a nation might show that had received no special benefits from Jehovah.

Isaiah next comes to particulars—the two great fundamental sins of his people, and of all nations. It is with remarkable persistence that in every civilization the two main passions of the human heart, love of wealth and love of pleasure, the instinct to gather and the instinct to squander, have sought precisely these two forms of their social havoc—appropriation of the soil and indulgence in strong drink. Every civilized community develops sooner or later its land question and its liquor question.

Is the land question an American question also? In its essentials, yes.

But what, back of the land question, is the fundamental difficulty? The menace of ungodly and unphilanthropic wealth, in any form—land, or railroads, or mines, or mills, or houses to rent, or stocks and bonds, or money to lend. There is more than one American whose income is more than a million dollars a month.

What is Isaiah's second "Woe"? Against drunkenness and its accompanying evils, and the irreligion that goes with them.

Would Isaiah pronounce this woe upon our nation, if he were living to-day? He certainly would. To be sure, there is the most drinking late at night, especially after the theater performances are over; and for that reason the temperance reformers try everywhere to pass laws closing the saloons by 11 o'clock at night. Still, it is very common, in our cities, to see drunken men staggering around the streets in the morning, in the midst of a "spree" that may last for days. Modern men drink many fiery, distilled liquors unknown to the ancients. They have added the common use of many drugs, such as opium and cocaine, whose physical and mental effects are more terrible and swift even than those of alcohol. And still the saloon is the center of all other sins against society—licentiousness, murder, gambling, graft, political misrule, all are closely connected with the saloon.

If our public schools are to give the scholars a practical preparation for life, certainly no subject is of greater importance than temperance. Laws requiring scientific temperance instruction have therefore been passed in all the states and by the national government, and more than forty temperance physiologies, for all grades, have been written. Nearly a million essays on temperance themes are written every year by school children. The universities, colleges and normal schools are taking up the study.

It is never enough to pass a temperance measure. The open saloon at once becomes a secret saloon, a "blind tiger." "Near-beers" and other drinks are concocted, containing just enough alcohol to escape the law, and sold openly. Saloons spring up on the edge of the prohibition territory. Patent medicines with a large per cent. of alcohol are used as drinks. Worst of all, the United States laws allow the express companies to carry liquor into prohibition territory, and thus far congress has not been persuaded or compelled to take action to prevent the traffic.

HEALTHY KIDNEYS ESSENTIAL TO PERFECT HEALTH.

When healthy, the kidneys remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily from the blood; when unhealthy, impure matter is absorbed, causing diseases and symptoms. To attain perfect health keep your filters right. You can use no better remedy than Doan's Kidney Pills.



Mrs. O. W. Erwin, 308 Third St., Little Falls, Minn., says: "My whole body became bloated and swollen and at night I had to gasp for breath. Kidney secretions were in terrible condition and to bend my back was agony. Life was one constant round of suffering and I really thought death would be a relief. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and today am a well, happy woman."

Remember the name—Doan's.
For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Impossible.
Andrew Carnegie, at a recent dinner in New York, said of a certain labor trouble:

"It is silly of employers to pretend in these troubles that they are always in the right. Employers are often in the wrong; often unreasonable. They often—like Mrs. Smith-Jones—ask impossible things:

"Mrs. Smith-Jones, taking a villa at Palm Beach, engaged for butler a stately old colored deacon.

"Now, Clay," she said to the old fellow, "there are two things I must insist upon—truthfulness and obedience."

"Yes, madam," the venerable servant answered, "and when you bids me tell you guests you's out when you's in, which shall it be, madam?"

The Lesser Evil.

Gresham college in 1719 was the scene of a famous serio-comic duel between two celebrated doctors, Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward, both of whom were lecturers at the college. While walking down Bishopsgate street one morning they quarreled over some medical question and adjourned to the square of the college to fight it out with swords. Woodward fell, wounded in several places, whereupon Mead magnanimously said, "Take thy life." "Anything but your physic," hissed back the chagrined Woodward ere he swooned away.—London Chronicle.

The Most Beautiful Thing.

A newspaper recently invited its readers to state in a few words what they considered the most beautiful thing in the world. The first prize was awarded to the sender of the answer: "The eyes of my mother." "The dream of that which we know to be impossible" suggested an imaginative person, and this brought him second prize. But the most amusing thing was that which read: "The most beautiful thing in the world is to see a man carrying his mother-in-law across a dangerous river without making any attempt to drop her in."

A Wall—in the Near Future.

"Drat them plutocrats! They're grinding down the poor worse every day. There I was makin' ez high as \$29 a week commission fer ketchin' automobile speeders, an' now what do they do? They take to flyin' machines an' cheat a poor man out of his livin', the hogs!"—Judge.

It is a good thing to know where you are going, and what you are going there for.

FOOD IN SERMONS Feed the Dominie Right and the Sermons Are Brilliant.

A conscientious, hard-working and successful clergyman writes: "I am glad to bear testimony to the pleasure and increased measure of efficiency and health that have come to me from adopting Grape-Nuts food as one of my articles of diet.

"For several years I was much distressed during the early part of each day by indigestion. My breakfast seemed to turn sour and failed to digest. After dinner the headache and other symptoms following the breakfast would wear away, only to return, however, next morning.

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts food, I finally concluded to give it a trial. I made my breakfasts of Grape-Nuts with cream, toast and Postum. The result was surprising in improved health and total absence of the distress that had, for so long a time, followed the morning meal.

"My digestion became once more satisfactory, the headaches ceased, and the old feeling of energy returned. Since that time I have always had Grape-Nuts food on my breakfast table.

"I was delighted to find also, that whereas before I began to use Grape-Nuts food I was quite nervous and became easily wearied in the work of preparing sermons and in study, a marked improvement in this respect resulted from the change in my diet.

"I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food produced this result and helped me to a sturdy condition of mental and physical strength.

"I have known of several persons who were formerly troubled as I was, and who have been helped as I have been, by the use of Grape-Nuts food, on my recommendation." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.