



ALMOST every man sees New York from his own especial view-point and at first one might think it was a city without character, a mere conglomerate of folks of all nations, each keeping to itself and making itself painfully understood to the others in Italianized English, Yiddish, Pennsylvania Dutch, pidgin English or some other concoction.

However, this is not the case. New York has a definite character of its own. It is magnificently unique. Let us imagine an early morning in summer—endless crowds of humanity pour into the center of town from Long Island, Brooklyn, Westchester and all the other suburbs—all headed for the Isle of Manhattan.

Won't you sit down for a moment among the crowd crossing from Staten Island with the ferry? You will like it, and you, as a German, will be apt to meet a good many of your countrymen. The crossing takes about 25 minutes and costs 5 cents. Inspired by such prices, the ferry glides like a flat rye-bread loaf run wild over the waves. Amidships stand two rows of motor-cars. Along the sides and up above sit the passengers. Their hands hold newspapers, their legs are in the possession of energetic Italians who are hastily shining their boots.

Only a few people stand up and watch for the city to loom up on the horizon. Suddenly, artificial, and always improbable the town appears floating on the waters. The sun plays on the topmost towers of the skyscrapers and endless rows of windows blaze like fire. The mighty canyon of Broadway divides the shining Colossus with a blue stripe of air, as the ferry turns its broad, oval nose. New York turns and preens itself before us like a vain woman.

It seems to me as if all the passengers, on the way to their work, have a rendezvous with the city. New York is like a woman: forgetful, complicated and hard to please for the one — simple motherly