

"New York!"

Obedient to the slightest touch the great air ship swung round and dropped lightly to her moorings, swerving not a hair's breadth from the position prepared for her, and coming to rest without the jerk and strain that had at one time been intimately associated with the cessation of swift motion.

New York! And New York in exhibition time! A city of palaces always—a city of wonders now.

The attractions of the whole continent had been gathered there? Not at all. The city had but her own legitimate share of wonders to show. There had been no need at this late date to discuss the question of which part of the American land should have the honor of laying its self out to show to the world the greatness and the resources of the whole. Controversy was out of place where each had her own distinctive work to perform. To the east the things of the east—western exhibits in western fields—had been the principle carried out.

Too far apart? They did not find it so. Space is a comparative term, changing its dimensions with man's power of compassing it. The distance between Chicago and New York was a trifle to-day. Boston and Washington were neighboring cities.

It was immaterial which way the stranger's footsteps wandered, when every fresh turning brought him to sights worthy of more than the whole time at his disposal.

Model of New York as the city appeared in the year 1893 when the last great Columbian Exhibition was opened."

"Model—nay surely—not a model but a city itself, with the life and business of a commercial centre. Witness the heavily laden drays, the express wagons and carts struggling for passage in the crowded thoroughfare, twisting and turning between and across steel rails that occupy a large proportion of the roadway. Through a throng of the business vehicles

dash cabs and private carriages with a recklessness suggestive of self-destruction. In the distance can be seen a crowded street car, with horses straining at the collar as a steeper grade is reached. The beasts of burden of the olden time, they are there to-day to show the contrast between the present and the past. How patiently they tug at the weight behind, and how slowly their progress is made. Little wonder that the streets are blocked. Little wonder that men's thoughts turned to a system of relief for the overcrowded highways. The great iron columns that run the entire length of yonder avenue were not there for ornament. Men used not to shut out the light of day from sheer love of darkness. Practical minds had grappled with the thoroughfare problem, and that thundering monster rattling overhead, and making those same strong pillars tremble as it passes, shaking dust into the upturned faces of the sightseers flying by second story windows and creating a distinctly overhead city, was the outcome of the struggle. An outcome, but not an end. The solved problem of yesterday is to the American the abandoned scheme of to-day.

A city it was then—a great city; a city full of business and pleasure, with workshops and stores elbowing one another; a city that grew upward for lack of room to stretch outward; a grand city; but not the city of to-day.

From the model the wanderer from the eastern hemisphere turns to the reality. It is summed up in one word—space. Long park like vistas, leafy bordered paths, great shady avenues, the song of birds and the scent of flowers, are chief ingredients in the city's life.

And the busy highways, ground to powder by the tramp of steel shod hoofs and the heavy roll of wheels? Gone with the need that called them forth. Business? Yes, in abundance, undreamed of in the days that are past; but business stripped of the fetters and limitations that made its