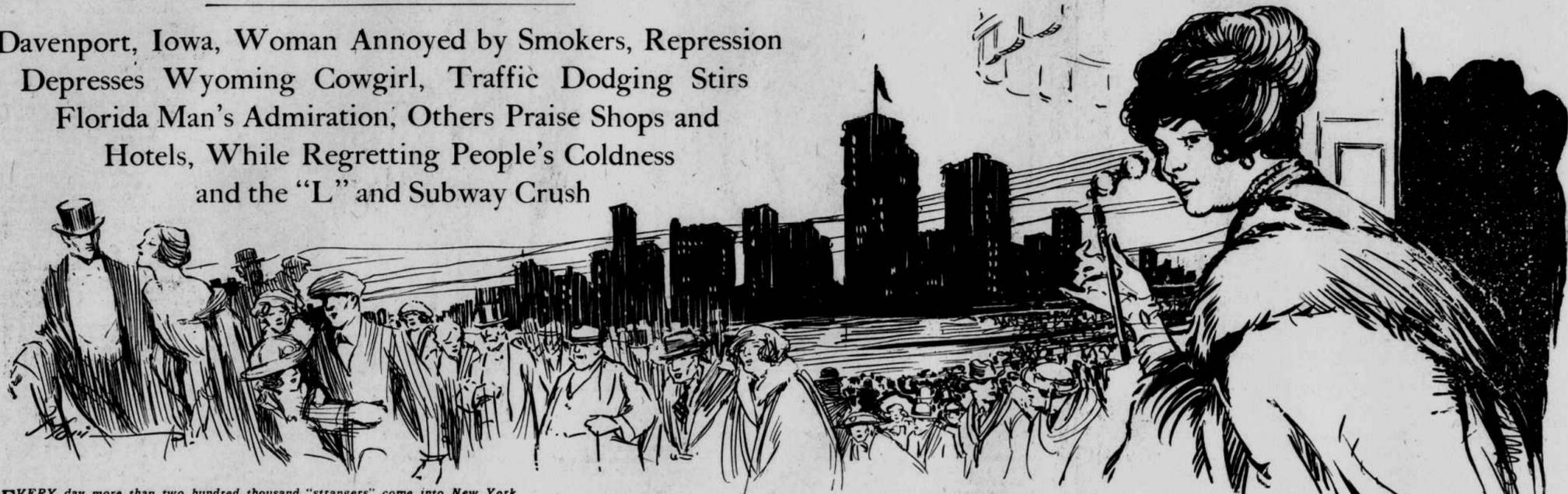


NEW YORK, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1920.

“What I Like About Your New York City— And What I Do Not Like About It, Also”

Davenport, Iowa, Woman Annoyed by Smokers, Repression Depresses Wyoming Cowgirl, Traffic Dodging Stirs Florida Man's Admiration, Others Praise Shops and Hotels, While Regretting People's Coldness and the "L" and Subway Crush



EVERY day more than two hundred thousand "strangers" come into New York city from all corners of the earth. What do they think of New York city, its ways, its people? Most of these visitors come from cities. By their knowledge of their own "home towns" they are able to make comparisons and to see New York perhaps rather more clearly than its own inhabitants are able to do.

“WHAT I don't like about New York,” said Miss Lorene Trickey, Wyoming cowgirl, who is stopping at the Hotel McAlpin, “is that one can't get out in the middle of the street and yell if one just happens to feel that way. My, how everybody would stare! Then a policeman would come up and move you along and want to know why you did that, and what was the matter with you, and how you got that way. That is the difference between New York and Cheyenne, between saying right out what one feels and going about with a bored face.”

that the people are talking to hear themselves talk. They have a language of the stage. I suppose they don't mean to be affected in their speech, but the big, broad 'aws' that they put in their words where the 'e's' ought to be and the clipping off the 'r's' do certainly give me the creeps. Out West we just say: 'I'd like a drink of water,' but here in New York they look at you with a languishing eye and flutter out something about 'desiring a drink of wa'ahah.'

Women Look Like Pictures From the Sunday Supplement.

“New York does not seem like the United States, and the people do not talk United States at all as we out West regard the language. It seems a mix up of all the worlds and all the peoples that one has ever read about, and the people come to you and talk as though they had been in dream books and were just coming out for a walk about and were bored stiff with everything and longed to get back to sleep again.”

It's Different Away Out in Cheyenne or Portland, Ore.

“Now, out in Cheyenne and out near Portland Ore., and such places, all that is different. Out in the middle of my father's ranch—and there are two thousand acres of it—a girl can surely raise a shout and give the cowboys a yell as they go by, provided that she feels just like it. That's the difference between New York and God's country. When I see the people here going out to dinner at the hotels and restaurants and hurrying about, I realize that when it comes to real fun the public dance halls out in our part of the country have the real spirit of good times in them.”

Criticising New York City's Critics

By FRANK CROWNINSHIELD, Editor of Vanity Fair.

I DON'T care who criticises New York if he does it from the standpoint of a mere visitor and I say quite frankly that even if the critic be W. L. George, Hugh Walpole, or even H. G. Wells himself—and these men are notable observers—their opinions are not very valuable. They see only the outside, the wrapping of the city, so to speak. They do not stop long enough to get at its heart or to feel its pulse. Now, in glancing over names of those who have given The New York Herald an opinion, either kindly or adverse to the city, I see some that are important in the sense of at least being competent to utter their own views, but just the same they count for nothing owing to the classification in which they must be included. These casual visitors who see our hotels, who walk our avenues, who go to our theatres, don't know anything about New York. But let one of them come here to live and he won't be here two days before he will be set on fire. New York is an inspiring fire. The new citizens come here logs of wood with latent talents, perhaps; it is amazing how quickly they are seized by this great fire and their talents awakened and exploited. That's the real New York, an inspirational fire. Artist, dancer, actor, lecturer, writer, poet, not one of them is here long but he gets a great ambition for work; he is seized by the movement and becomes a part of it. New York is a monster wheel always turning with bits of sticking plaster on it that affixes there and carries along the man of talent. Can you go to a club or even to a restaurant without meeting some enthusiast who tries at once to interest you in a new thing? The conversation of New Yorkers shows their eager and wide interests. "Have you seen the new play?" "Do you know there is a new building going up of a new sort?" "Have you heard the latest pianist or the newest lecturer?" It is different in Boston. You will have to stay there a long time before anybody thinks of trying to interest you in a novel thing. And in London people ask you if you have seen a certain play because it has been running for four years, or read a book because it has been out a decade, or visited the Tower or Westminster Abbey because they are old and finished. New York is different and better than any other city in the world because new ideas, new thoughts, new persons, have their best chance here. A casual visit may not show this, in fact, rarely shows it, but every New Yorker feels how true it is.



In oval is seen one of New York's every day crowds that are the marvel of our city's guests.

New York. I've been looking forward to seeing it ever since I remember. I could stand it just about two weeks every year. One week I'd put in going to the shows until I got tired and the other week in buying all the dresses I could before I was down to my return ticket money. And after that I would be through for 'bout fifty weeks. Right now I would like to be out on the ranch, with the sky above me and a bronco underneath.

“And yet none of us could get along without New York. Here we come to get all the latest styles and to see all the new shows. New York does that for us all. We feel that we are right in the middle of things when we are in the big department stores and the Fifth avenue shops. The selections are certainly grand and the styles beat Laramie and Cheyenne, and the prices are less, and one takes to the hurry and the rush of the place, but by and by comes the idea that there is a big blue sky with stars hung on it somewhere way out yonder, and then comes the yen to be back again with the folks who can laugh, not rattle in their throats, and who find that there is all kinds of fun in life in general.

Plenty of Good Things to Eat But the Cooking Is So Different

“Of course, they have all kinds of good things to eat right here in New York, but the cooking is so different that one feels one is eating some kind of dream food. Nothing tastes like it does back on the ranch. It is always what it looks to be, but it doesn't taste that way. The dining rooms of the hotels and the big restaurants are mighty attractive and all that, but give me something smaller out on the ranch, and a chance to eat meals that aren't all fussed up. “As far as New York is concerned, it is all right, but as a steady place of living I'd rather be elsewhere and come to New York on a clothes round up and to see the sights. After that, the city is not in the same class with the ranch. “Artificiality is the dominant note of New York,” said Eyre Crowell, a newspaper correspondent, who is stopping at the McAlpin.



Mayor E. V. Babcock of Pittsburg, who has some lively comment to make about New York city

five to thirty dollars' worth of food or drink apiece. The night before they may have been there with some other fellow and the night before that with someone else. “When the people who live in this town are not being watched their faces are serious looking, for they seem bored to extinction. One can always tell the New York men or women, as they call themselves, who have lived here all their lives. There is no come back to them. I have met them away from their city in the wilds of the West, and it is not until they are far away indeed that they have any real interest in their own town. “Take them into a great canyon and they will say that it is all very well, but not like Central Park. I met a charming young girl from Riverside Drive out in the Yellowstone and brought her up suddenly in front of a great looming cataract. She looked at it and yawned politely in her little gloved hand.

Yellowstone Park Fails to Stir the Girl of Riverside Drive.

“When do we go back to New York?” asked she. Just like that. New York people are passe in New York and all about it. Their pulses don't stir until they are far away from Broadway and then they just long to be back again, and when they are they settle down to a bored calm that with them passes for contentment. “Unquestionably New York is the great show place of this continent, but its thrills are mostly for the strangers within its gates. The average New York citizen is rather sad and takes all his pleasures as a matter of course, but he feels hurt some way if the



Closeup of some of New York's good natured theatregoers waiting for a reel to end in a motion picture house so the audience may leave and they enter for the second performance.

“Everything is fine here and not much of it real. As having travelled all over the United States and Canada lately, I can't help but feel that in New York expensive-ness is what counts. The city has more expensive looking women of all classes than one can see in any other part of this country. When a stranger goes into a new city or a new town and wants to know what kind of a place it really is, the first observation he makes is in the direction of woman-kind. Men are the same everywhere. They look pretty much alike, and there is not so much difference in the cut of their clothes, whether they are in Denver, in Colorado or Cheyenne. But the women make a town and they set the pace in New York. “The so-called bright and gay life of New York is a dull and sodden one, in my opinion, no matter how many the lights and how loud the band plays. We go into the restaurants and every night we see artificial looking women being treated to twenty-