

Highways and By-Ways of Lil' Ol' New York

By RAYMOND CARROLL
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NEW YORK, May 10.—Central Park, the most beautiful and the most famous of New York's many parks, at last has been opened to all the public. The slender purses as well as those with fat bank accounts. It has taken sixty-three years of New York to rise to the importance of giving persons who cannot afford their own motorcars or private equipages full opportunity to see the parks by riding through it for a five-cent fare.

Week end, "through-the-park" municipal bus service was duly installed with forty buses operating between Fifty-Ninth street and 110th street, after a preliminary trial. The service will operate Saturdays, Sundays and holidays.

The starting of these five-cent fare buses suggests the releasing of a ravenous monster that has been at New York's throat. It is quite unnecessary to indicate directing the forces the pressing finger all these years. After the finger is lifted one cannot escape seeing the blessings resulting, one simply has to marvel at the tolerance of a public which patiently waits so long for its rights upon its own government.

I recall when Mayor Gavan opened Riverside Drive to the ten-cent buses; it was the sensation of the hour. I should now like to see any interest attempt their removal. And what a boon they have been, not only to strangers sightseeing, but to flat dwellers who for years have merely marveled, while from the heat on summer nights atop these same buses! The opening of Central Park to five-cent buses by Mayor Hylan is quite as notable an event to "the people who haven't" on the East Side as was the opening of Riverside Drive by the earlier mayor, who also came from Brooklyn.

Along with the "great unwashed"—a favorite name for the people of the East Side among the dinner-dance set of Park avenue—I took two nickel rides in Central Park this morning, up and back, respectively. It was absorbingly interesting for instead of a silly chatter about the latest ditzers or what boat somebody was sailing on for Europe, I heard real informative conversation upon what was actually taking place in

Europe, at Rome, at Moscow, at Berlin, at Paris, and at London. And the comments were made from a distinctly American point. Imagine Russian New England along with Lenin in had with regard to the breaking down of sovietism. He gladly translated from Russian what purported to be Lenin's verbal lashing of his subordinates, calling them inefficient and

"You see, the death knell has been sounded for tsarism," said my bus neighbor. "It must break up first with Russia, and it would have done so long ago but for the armies the allies sent against the Reds."

I was indeed surprised to hear Attorney General Daugherty discussed, not for what he had done, but for what he had not done in getting after the war profiteers. A slender lad who said he was a student at New York University, called attention to Mr. Daugherty's reported sending of Department of Justice agents to shadow members of Congress who were demanding of Daugherty action against the men who had enriched themselves out of the National Treasury while up in the sun.

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It was a solid, sensible talk one heard upon all sides of the bus, flared now and then by expressions of delight at some object in the park. A 2-year-old boy came within an ace of falling out of the window in his eagerness to arouse appreciation from his tired faced mother at a flock of her sheep gambolling on the green grass. Everybody seemed to be friendly and optimistic, many having brought with them their favorite book or newspaper. Here and there a bus rider would espouse a big tree with spreading branches over an inviting empty bench, and, signaling the driver-conductor, take departure for a realization of the promised enjoyment.

Instead of boasting of what they had seen at the theater or cabaret or relating the possession of an ideal bootlegger, of dilating upon "my new car," the women observed in the municipal buses were whispering to each other of some

two nickels was a joy that thrilled one to observe.

In reality Central Park is a treasure land and well filled with suggestions that direct the mind to all that is great in art, music and history. The park was completed in 1858 and represents an initial cost of \$415,000,000. There are twenty-three gates to the park, and the park's chief charm lies in the suddenness with which one comes upon the silver surface of a lake, the entrance of a sylvan dell or a vista of shaded lawn.

The northbound bus trip started from

the Scholar's gate at Fifth avenue and Fifty-Ninth street, following the East Drive, returning from 110th street down the West Drive to the Artisan's gate and Seventh avenue and Fifty-Ninth street.

Through the foliage of the trees bordering Fifth avenue one was able to point out the marble palaces in millionaire's row, the art galleries and in the park are statues of General Sherman, Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns, Columbus, Beethoven, Shakespeare, General

Bolivar, Schiller, Daniel Webster, Alexander Hamilton, Marzini and others. Cleopatra's Needle, which originally was in Cairo in front of the Temple of the Sun, was a present from the Khedive of Egypt, and it has stood where it is for forty-two years. In the center of the park is the beautiful Bethesda fountain, representing St. John's story of the Pool of Bethesda. The mall is a spacious avenue for pedestrians, bordered with arching elms.

It is all this and more is now made quickly get-able for a nickel—and I am sure you will agree it was about time.



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