FOR THE SIGHTSEER IN NEW YORK: "THERE’S THE AQUARIUM"

By Adriana Spaldon

I have nothing else to do on Sunday afternoon you do not go to the Aquarium. You appreciate the Aquarium.

There are successful people on this earth, and you are listing the free attractions of New York to a lonely stranger you add the Aquarium without hesitation. But being a native, you had almost forgotten it. “And there’s the Aquarium,” you say in a tone of nonchalance, as if there is nothing more.

But they personally do not go. You are befogged by the idea that the Aquarium is a place to see fish. The Aquarium is a place to see fish, not to go to see them. You see, lonely people for the most part, killing time, among equally lonely fish, and swim in the tank with equally lonely fish, in a steam heated building swept by the winds of the sea.

Deal as a fish? Cold as a furnace? Sanitary. A fish is a philosopher, self-sufficient, poised. With its goggle eyes it surveys the human world beyond its glass tank and finds it rather foolish. Of course there are degrees of philosophy among the fish, as many as there are kinds. At one end of the scale are the sea horses, briny, brassy, painfully efficient little things. At the other are the great, flat, effortless creatures thatsprayed at the bottom of theULLET pools. These have reached the Nirvana of the fish and stride about. Other fish dart about above them, the sea bass, the snapper, the damselfish. Some swim hither and thither with apparently no purpose. Some stay in the same place. The great still things bend see clearly the walls through the water of their pool and the light of the sun.

It is well that the sea horses are at the far end of the building. It would surely depress them to see those with such a calm indifference. The sea horse is a Buddhist, a siddhant, and anything else that is the latest in the most advanced social work of fishmen. No Nirvana inertia, no aimless darting about for food. When a sea horse feels a need he attacks the final arae. With mouth wide she stomachs points, 3 inches rippling along her smooth body. With her tail she shad and shudder, a final writhe, she reaches high over the rock, or her dream, or her dream, or her dream, or her dream, or her dream, or her dream.

The crowd waits a moment and passes on. A fuzzy little moray smiles anxiously as he glances at the opening. It is the equivalent of a crow’s two minutes. When another more of his kind has collected she will sing again, but she grains so encore.

The fat, goggle-eyed conservatory a few tanks away do not sound the domed arrangements, nor is the horse, but the latter believes in his theories and lives up to them. He it who carries the baby sea horse, and ever labors to indicate the signs of the tank. It must be very hu

Some Interesting Features, Human and Piscine, to Be Found

at the Battery Park Establishment on a Sunday Afternoon.

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