

THE NICKEL IS KING.

ATLANTIC CITY IS THE GREAT FIVE CENT RESORT.

Unaccounted Thousands Go There for Rest, Bathing and Refreshment, and They Find the Nickel is the Coin Most in Demand—The People's Paradise.

[Special Correspondence.] ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 18.—This is the greatest summer resort in the United States. No other attracts one-half so many visitors. It is a city of pleasure whose magnitude astonishes all beholders. Atlantic City stretches three miles or more up and down the shore, and extends back from the sea about half a mile. Within this area are 700 hotels and cottages licensed to entertain guests. Seven hundred is a large number of hotels for one town when you come to think of it. Besides there are thousands of cottages owned by people who come here for the summer months and invite their friends to sojourn with them.

In this way Atlantic City, which ordinarily contains about 20,000 population, swells up to a regular population of about 100,000 during the month of August, and on Sundays this number, great as it is, often doubles. As good an authority as there is in the town, the chief of police, tells me that there were in this town last Sunday over 200,000 people!



ON THE BOARD WALK.

One hundred and eighty thousand of these had come for rest or pleasure. Five thousand were waiters and porters imported to serve the 180,000. The remainder were permanent residents.

Long Branch and Saratoga attract the swell society people; Newport, Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor the 400; Asbury Park the religiously inclined. Atlantic City catches the masses of the people—the hot polloi. It is here you see the American people as they are—the plain, everyday, workaday people. They are good enough for me. They make one proud of his race and of his country. The simple fact that 180,000 Americans—men, women and children—have the leisure and the spare cash to visit the seashore for at least a few days each year is encouraging to any one who believes in prosperity for the many.

So many people wanted to come to Atlantic City last Saturday that the railroads couldn't carry them. Thirty express trains on three railroads hauled an average of nine cars each, and eight or ten of the trains were run in two sections, and yet people were left in Philadelphia simply because they could find no cars to get in.

Atlantic City swallowed them all up. Just how I do not know. But it did, and every one was made comfortable. Nearly 200,000 Americans gathered in one spot, principally along the strand, made a rare spectacle. They were the common people—tradesmen, salaried workers, professional people who are not at the top of the heap—all well dressed, nearly all well behaved. Thousands had come for a good time—to drink, bathe, make merry. Restaurants and saloons by the hundred were open. There was no restraint. Yet one might walk about the town for an hour without seeing a drunken man. Of all these thousands only nine were arrested, and they for petty offenses.

What is the fascination of this city of pleasure that it is able to attract such multitudes to its gates? The ocean, one says, of course. True. The ocean is a great attraction. The strand, two miles long, is from midnoon till night a mass of humanity. Literally thousands sit or walk in the sand watching each other or the gay crowd that is sozzling in the surf. Here we catch the real secret of Atlantic City's popularity—the love of people for being where other people are; the fondness of the average mortal for looking at his fellows. Perhaps 50,000 people are on the beach, though only a third of them care to bathe.

Imagine a stretch of beach a mile or so long. From 11 o'clock to 1, 20,000 people in the surf! A third of them women. One-sixth of them children. All sorts of bathing suits, all sorts of figures, all sorts of pranks in water or on the sand. Young and old, lean as Cassius and fat as Falstaff, the ugly and the beautiful, all mixed together. Lovers billing and cooing in the breakers. Whole families wading out, hand in hand, even carrying the babe in arms. Thousands of merry children prattling in the shallow water or digging in the sand. Here and there a woman with a divine face; here and there a queeny figure; here and there a magnificent man; here and there the lame, the decrepit. The woman with tights and bleached hair. The foolish young man with a flesh colored bathing suit. Now and then an idiotic father or mother who, by main force, carries into the water a hysterical child. Pretty women basking in the sand. Other women who have provided themselves charming bathing suits which they parade in a series of promenades up and down the beach, foolishly imagining people do not know they are out to appear and not to get wet. Young women who scream because they think screams make them more interesting. So many incidents, types, characters that I despair of cataloguing them—this is the beach at Atlantic City.

And there is the board walk. In other places it would be the promenade—the something or other less plebeian than plain, common board walk. Yet this

Atlantic City board walk is about the most interesting thoroughfare I have seen in America—excelled only by Broadway. It is three miles long and has an average width of thirty feet. Some years ago there was no board walk, merely a planked way down in the sand. The young men of Atlantic City, who saw the possibilities of their community, insisted upon raising this walk to the dignity of a great promenade. Of course the old men and the principal taxpayers resisted, but the young men had their way, and the board walk was lifted in altitude, broadened in feet and made the feature of Atlantic City. It was the pioneer board walk, and met with such great popular approval that now all the pretentious seashore resorts have their board walks too.

But there is no other board walk quite like the Atlantic City board walk. Up and down its great length move 50,000 people, all watching each other. It is a study in human nature, in clothes, in millinery, in style. On one side, the beach and the dully roaring sea; on the other, the strangest aggregation of amusements and temptations the eye of mortal ever beheld. Merry-go-rounds, always moving, all crowded; roller coasters which fly so fast that the air is often rent with the screams of frightened but not endangered passengers; an "observation railway," whose cars go at such speed you can't see much, and then go through a tunnel in which you can see nothing; a figure 8 railroad, on which you describe two circles at different heights over and over to the tune of "Maggie Murphy's Home" from a steam music machine; a huge wheel which lifts humanity laden baskets above the housetops; a merry-go-round composed of bicycles bolted tandem and propelled by steam; another merry-go-round which imitates the motion of a ship at sea, and thus produces in most passengers a delightful and inexpensive seasickness; scores of other queer things to ride upon; piers to walk out into the ocean upon, finding half way out a theatrical or opera troupe; photographic galleries warranted to make one look ugly in his bathing suit; restaurants, theaters, horse shows, illusions, candy stores and taffy factories galore; ice cream, soda, lemonade, popcorn, peanuts, cigars, curiosities, toys, relics—of these a revel.

Atlantic City is the city of the hot polloi; it is also the city of the nickel. Given three or four children, an indulgent father and a five dollar bill. Result, more fun than any sane man had ever thought could be had in two hours, and not a nickel left. Almost everything is five cents. 'Tis so cheap you take everything in sight.

By strict attention to business, nimble chasing of the willing nickel, Atlantic City is rapidly growing rich. Many comfortable fortunes are made here every year. Hotel proprietors do well. Bathhouse owners put four or five persons at a quarter each in a room which cost eight dollars to build. The taffy man spends his winters in Europe. Two young men who started a merry-go-round here eight years ago, and who knew how to take care of and invest their profits, are now worth half a million dollars.

Property along the famous board walk is worth from \$300 to \$1,000 per front foot, though it is valuable only three months in the year. There are locations on this thoroughfare that could not be bought for \$2,000 a foot, simply because their nickel catching owners do not wish to go out of their business of running a gold mine.

About 3 in the afternoon there is a lull along the board walk. The thousands are at dinner. At this hour the most typical scene in Atlantic City is the young man who sits in a hammock be-



DRYING HER HAIR.

side a maiden, running his fingers through her hair, throwing it loose to the winds so that it may dry enough to be seen in the dining room. Happy youth! WALTER WELLMAN.

General Wheeler at Home. At his home in Alabama General Wheeler loves to hoe in his garden. Mrs. Wheeler says he will be working away with his hoe, striking about eighty clips to the minute and destroying a weed with every stroke, when some idea will come into his mind concerning public affairs. He drops the hoe, runs at the top of his speed into the house, picks up a pen, dashes off a dozen words or so in an incredible rate and then rushes back to his hoe. Perhaps this process will be repeated a half dozen times an hour. That is the way this peculiar little man, who was one of the bravest and most brilliant cavalry officers of the confederacy, prepares his speeches.

Rows in Congress. Two of the liveliest rows we have had, says a Washington correspondent, occurred in committee rooms. In one Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee, was so angry at General Raum, the commissioner of pensions, that he picked up an ink bottle and was about to hurl it at the offender's head when others interfered. In the other disturbance Mr. Stump, of Maryland, denounced Assistant Secretary Nettleton, of the treasury, as anything but a gentleman, and Mr. Nettleton offered to see Mr. Stump later. No blood was shed in either case.

ADIRONDACK MURRAY.

Albert J. Potter Pays a Visit to the Popular Author's Home.

[Special Correspondence.] GUILFORD, Conn., Aug. 18.—While registering in the visitors' book, on a recent visit to the Old Stone House, I was surprised to see the signature of W. H. H. Murray two or three spaces before my own. The Guilford address he gave suggested a visit to his old home, which lies about three miles northeast of the village center in a picturesque farming section. The homestead has grown by the addition of other farms until it now comprises about 200 acres. The original farm has been in the possession of the family 250 years, Murray's ancestors having been residents of Guilford since 1635. They were a race of farmers and shipbuilders. The old farm house is still standing in the visitors' book. Murray was born in the year 1841. It is an oblong frame with solid oak timbers and with a quaint two story veranda on the western end. It is undergoing repairs and will be enlarged considerably to make it a permanent home for Murray and his children. After years of absence as minister, lecturer, sportsman and traveler he has returned to the ancient seat of his fathers, where his future literary work will be carried on.

It is often noticed among literary and other brain workers that some pet enterprise will be pursued as an intellectual diversion, and as an aside to their more serious work. Frequently this pardonable hobby appears as a love for thoroughbred dogs, or blooded poultry and fancy pigeons, but with the subject of this sketch the amiable mania appeared in a more serious and meritorious guise, and we find him at one period of his career breeding blooded horses. Beauty and speed were the goals in this minor pursuit, and they were abundantly realized. On his farm he erected extensive barns and constructed a short speeding course. This was years ago, ere the activities of body and mind were wholly engrossed in what has become his life work. Yet even this excursion into a difficult field has borne good fruit in the shape of a most in-



W. H. H. (ADIRONDACK) MURRAY.

structive and stimulating volume entitled "The Perfect Horse"—a book, by the way, that is already out of print, and copies of which command considerable premium.

Murray's reputation was made by his famous book on the Adirondack wilderness, which has more than reached its one hundredth thousand. The possibilities of these sketches, which first appeared in a local Connecticut paper, were discovered by the keen eyes of James T. Fields. Published twenty-three years ago, the book gained wide attention and led to no end of controversy. Many, particularly wise penny-a-liners and bookish men, looked upon the matter as a canard, regarding the very circumstantiality of statement as mere cleverness of the inventor, analogous, in a measure, to one of Poe's celebrated literary hoaxes. Not so with those whose instinctive faith had not been perverted.

I well remember how the new book of entrancing adventure was passed around the circle of my boyish friends at the district school in a western state, at which I was then learning the art of carver of desks and benches. There was no doubting these tales in that appreciative circle. The stories of "Loon Shooting in a Thunderstorm" and "Jack Shooting on a Foggy Night" carried full conviction to our souls. Curiously enough, Mr. Murray now views this successful book "with dissatisfaction," and his controlling motive in writing "Daylight Land" was to produce an analogous work of touring and light travel which should more nearly satisfy his ideal in this species of composition.

From the stir the Adirondack book made, as well as from the author's eloquence as a preacher, he became a subject of interest to the lyceums, and soon had great vogue as a lecturer. This was in the days of the platform giants—Gough, Phillips, Beecher and Emerson, of which great coterie of speakers Adirondack Murray is the sole survivor. And he is actively preparing for a fresh campaign on the platform during the coming fall and winter.

Mr. Murray is a fine example of robust manhood. Of large and powerful frame and imposing presence, though in his fifty-second year, his step is elastic and springy, and beneath his thick, white hair his kindly eyes beam forth with undimmed luster. His face is rounded and ruddy with perfect health. Truly one need look no further for proof that the great north woods hold in their recesses the secrets of healthful vigor and have power to retard the touches of time.

Albert J. Potter. "Jarndyce versus Jarndyce" Outdone. Dickens' celebrated imaginary case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce has often been criticised as being decidedly overdrawn, and yet there have been more senseless cases. Two men in the town of Cooper, Me., disputed as to the ownership of a piece of land worth fifteen dollars and had a fight with clubs and pitchforks. Then they went to law about it, and up to date have spent about \$300 in lawyers' fees. The case is still on.

Did't Know It!



Of Course not. How could You?

Fact, nevertheless. We are now in the News business in "dead earnest" and want you to buy all your

Periodicals, Magazines, Novels.

Newspapers, correspondence papers, and stationery goods in general of us. We have a line of novels unequalled in the city, besides all the latest and most popular Fashion and Art journals, etc. all and see our beautiful quarters and this new department

Wessel-Stevens Printing Co. Courier Office 1134 N Street, Telephone 258

\$50,000.00 TO LOAN

At six per cent. per annum and a cash commission or at eight per cent, no commission, for periods of three or five years on well located improved real estate in Lincoln or Lancaster county.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS DEPOSITORS HAVE ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

UNION SAVINGS BANK, 111 South Tenth Street.

Industrial Savings Bank

ELEVENTH AND N STREETS. Capital Stock, \$250,000. Liability of \$1,000,000. INTEREST PAID N DEPOSITS. Wm. Stull, Pres. J. E. Hill, Vice-Pres. Louis Stull, Cashier. DIRECTORS.—D E Thompson, C E Montgomery, Geo H. Hastings, H H Shaberg, W H McCreery, J C Allen, T E Sanders, J E Hill, Wm Stull, Louis Stull, Geo A Mohrenstecher

G. A. RAYMER & CO. COAL

CANON, ROCK SPRINGS, PERFECTION. DUQUOIN, JACKSON, HICKORY BLOCK, IOWA, COLORADO, NEWCASTLE. BEST GRADE OF HARD COAL. Telephone 390. Office 1134 O Street.

H. W. BROWN DRUGGIST AND BOOKSELLER

Has the New Books soon as issued. A choice line of Perfumes and Fancy Goods. 127 South Eleventh Street.

The Burlington's Territory.....

- AIR—WITOMES' DANSE DES ALPHABETS.
- ALBANY, ATCHISON, ALLEGHENY AND AUSTIN.
 - BALTIMORE, BOSTON, BUFFALO AND BURLINGTON.
 - CHICAGO, COUNCIL BLUFFS, CINCINNATI AND CLEVELAND.
 - DEADWOOD, DETROIT, DES MOINES AND DENVER.
 - EVANSVILLE, ERIE, ELMIRA AND SAU CLAIRE.
 - FALL RIVER, FITCHBURG, FOND DU LAC AND FORT WAYNE.
 - GALVESTON, GEORGETOWN, GRAND RAPIDS, GALESBURG.
 - HALIFAX, HOUSTON, NOT SPRING AND HANNIBAL.
 - INDIANAPOLIS, IOWA CITY AND INDEPENDENCE.
 - JERSEY CITY, JACKSON, JOLIET AND JACKSONVILLE.
 - KALAMAZOO, KEOKUK, KANKAKEE AND KANSAS CITY.
 - LEADVILLE, LITTLE ROCK, LOUISVILLE AND LINCOLN.
 - MINNEAPOLIS, MOBILE, MILWAUKEE AND MEMPHIS.
 - NEW ORLEANS, NANTUCKET, NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON.
 - OMAHA, OSHKOSH, OSWEGO AND OGDENSBURG.
 - PEORIA, PITTSBURG, PHILADELPHIA AND PORTLAND.
 - QUERETARO, QUINCY, QUEBEC AND QUITMAN.
 - ROCK ISLAND, RICHMOND, ROCKFORD AND ROCHESTER.
 - SACRAMENTO, SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO AND ST. PAUL.
 - TALLAHASSEE, TERRE HAUTE, TOLEDO AND TAUNTON.
 - ULYSSES, URBANA, UNADILLA AND UTICA.
 - VIRGINIA CITY, VICKSBURG, VINCENNES AND VANCOUVER.
 - WINNIPEG, WASHINGTON, WINONA AND WORCESTER.
 - XENIA JUNCTION, XENNES, XENIA AND XENOPHON.
 - YPSILANTI, YONKERS, YANKTON AND YOUNGSTOWN.
 - ZION, ZUMBROTA, ZACATECAS AND ZANESVILLE.

Lincoln Office: OOR. O AND 10TH, S. & M. DEPOT. THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKING THE "BURLINGTON'S" POSITION "IN THE RAILROAD WORLD" IT IS—ALWAYS WAS—ALWAYS WILL BE—A LEADER. J. FRANCIS, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT, OMAHA. A. C. ZIEMER, CITY PASSENGER AGENT, LINCOLN.

PROGRESSIVE KUCHEK. Send Postal Note to JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. A. G. R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago, and receive, postage paid, the greatest deck of cards you ever handled. Ten Cents per deck, one of many.



Telephone 176. Moving Household Goods and Pianos a Specialty. Office 1001 O Street.