

CONY ISLAND'S "DAY AFTER"

Blue Monday When the Money is Counted Up.

WASH DAY IN REALM OF FREAKS

Deep Lassitude on Every Side and Even the Barkers Are Voiceless—Understudies in the Oriental Palaces.

NEW YORK, June 29.—A great deal is written and said about the Saturdays and Sundays at Coney Island. The reason for this is obvious. Nothing is ever said about the Mondays, and the reason for this is also obvious. Hat, as a matter of contrast, they are certainly worth chronicling. The cold gray dawns of Wash Day rise over a strange scene. On the outskirts of Coney there are panoramas of tin cans, scraps of luncheon, broken bottles which rise in jagged cliffs, ravines and gorges formed of torn paper and sand. Here and there a bonfire burns aimlessly as some custodian of the property makes a half-hearted effort to dispose of the rubbish. Some of the mounds of this debris would, if painted canvas were thrown over them, answer admirably for the background of other scenic paths down which rattling cars might bring their merry loads. The Harlemites who have started on Friday night and has just reached his destination begins to feel as if he were on his way back. He looks around restlessly, and then turns his attention anew to the trio of old ladies whom he has offered to conduct through the dangers and difficulties of the first plunge. The old ladies are as much surprised as he at the lack of allurement. They had heard a great deal about the wickedness of Coney and were not quite sure that it was the spot for them, but, as one explained, "It isn't like coming down Saturday or Sunday."

The second said that she had not told daughter that she was going to the island—she spoke as if she meant Blackwell's—had merely said as it was a fine day she thought she'd make her annual trip to Brooklyn to see some cousins, not that she intended to deceive her, as she was in all respects her own mistress but, she saw no reason for argument. The third was more aggressive and intended to stay late as it was a fine day she wanted to see Coney Island all lighted up and she had just told husband he could take care of the boarders for once. They all agreed they would not go into any of the "places." They pronounced that word as if they were fraught with evil earnings. As the trio who form a major part of the file of Monday visitors emerge into the once busy street and gaze about them at the scene of Monday desolation there is an expression of distinct disappointment visible. "I don't see anything here," says one. After a moment of dreary disappointment

igation reveals her taking her forty winks. The father watches for her reappearances and soon hires a stray child with a souvenir spoon, marked "real sterling," to tend stall for her, and she also disappears. The frankfurter man, as it turns out afterward, is the husband of the empero gowned lady who keeps the popcorn booth. He wipes the sole remaining sausage until it shines as good as new. "It was my lass," he chuckles jovially. "It was a good day, yesterday," he remarks. "The frankfurters they went very fast." He draws arabesques of German mustard on the clean board of his booth. "It was a very successful, a very fine day. There were millions of sausages and millions of people." It was a good Saturday, too.

He peers down the street of Coney. He sees no possible purchasers. He sees no wife. There is no frankfurter hunger on the faces of the visitors. "I think I will rest myself," he announces and draws a pipe from his pocket. "Monday, it is a fine day, not to make



THE BARKERS BARKING ON A MONDAY MORNING.

money, but to count it. I go to the bank as soon as I am rested. One cannot make money all the time; if one did, when would one have time to spend it? After which philosophic remark he becomes somewhat in turn. The overture to "William Tell" invites the visitor to what the manager, in a moment of bitterness, calls the "Merry-Go-Rounds." The rearing, prancing steeds with golden manes and curled tails that have worked without any vacation or salaries for three years are ready for passengers at the same old stand, but only one small pink dressed girl responds. She is strapped on and the horses slowly revolve while the manager speaks his mind, giving a good large slice of it to any and all applicants. "I hate Mondays," he announces, "just a lot of guys that ain't got no money and leave their wives at home at the wash tubs while they bring the children down

It's rather a relief than otherwise to talk to people who have the kind of faces they don't want on postcards." The man in overall across the way is an artist in a different line. "Ain't much doing on Monday," he says. "You ought to come down some Saturday. All of us either counting cash or repairing damages first day of the week, Saturdays and Sundays folks take away everything with 'em, even the paint; everything, that is, but the cash. We relieve 'em that." The man at the rifle range has a similar story to tell. At high noon the request is allowed to fire six times at a selection of white-enamelled iron animals and birds is met with a surly response from the small boy in charge. "Ain't twelve," he says. "Tain't likely the place's ready yet. It was Sunday yesterday." After a while the manager appears. He too has a pot of paint and a brush and he dabs while he talks. The scenic background of the range consists of some purple mountains, pink trees, a blue heaven streaked with a lot of little clouds shepherded by a big one and the happy family of iron animals moves back and forth majestically over some wonderfully realistic vasalets of sapphire topaz emeralds tint.

"Hundreds of people shot here yesterday," he explains. "Must have been near a thousand. They shot off the top of the water and the peaks of the mountains, one man hit three clouds and there ain't a speck of color left in the entire orchard. They hit everything and hit 'em hard—everything but the animals. We did a rushing business." Steps retraced lead by a booth where a child is singing out in doleful accents "popcorn five a bunch," and says when you ask him that he'd ought to be in school, but the folks is sick and he's tendin' store. He tries to tell how much two popcorn balls will be and offers to wake his father to find out. Then to a bar where soft

drinks are served. There is a young woman presiding over it who has auburn hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks. She is pouring a whole lot of different concoctions into one big jar, the result being a mixture the color and consistency of a Spanish omelette. Into this she squeezes a begun lemon, and sprinkles a fry powder on the top. Over it she places an inscription, "Turkish Dream Drink," leans condignly over the edge of her counter and says: "I'll brighten your eyes and give you the loveliest flush, besides quenching your thirst. I drink it all the time. You just try it once and your own wife won't know you." At Luna park and Dreamland the barkers' voices have undergone strange changes. The high clear notes which run from spire and portico, like the muzziness of the faithful, where, oh, where, are they? The deep bass notes that formed a melodious undercurrent to the noise of the mechanical instruments, the inspiring baritone which

In the restaurant the same Monday atmosphere prevails. Fifty waiters leap toward you and deprive you of books, parasols, purses and gloves. Some hold chairs, others bring tea water and form a frieze of expectancy. The one who is selected for the honor of bringing you codfish balls and milk, puts the Japanese napkin down with a grand air and announces that there was such a crowd the day before that there are only those two left. He also mentions, quite by accident, that the people who come on Saturday and Sunday are generous to a fault. In the dressing room the maid resents an attempt to pre-empt a place in front of the mirror to powder your nose. "If folks come round here to powder their noses as early as this on Monday, for my part I'd like to know when I'm wane to get my work done." She sweeps despondently, as if there was a resignation of her position impending. "I like Saturdays and Sundays down here all right," she mutters, "but Mondays ain't got no spirit. It makes me ill to see people round here, I get all of a misery 'er lookin' at 'em." Even the chutes man has his little Monday complaint: "Mother and kiddies' day," he says, "and the worst of it is that all the Monday children are afraid. They daren't do anything. They yell at the chutes and they're scared at the letters and they're afraid of the animals and they don't want to fight the flames or see the moon or anything. Give me Saturday and Sunday children every time."

This assertion is corroborated by a boy of 12 who is being dragged chawtewise by a determined parent. He utters a yell of dismay at the sight of the water and the tumbling boat. "I don't want to go. I'm 'fraid. I told you I was 'fraid. I'm 'fraid of everything. I don't want to go down things and up things, and beside I've got a sore leg." At the human roulette wheel the guide points out a husky looking man who is in the midst of the rapidly revolving disk holding on to the foot of a companion. Presently both are sent flying at tangents, hitting everything in their way. "That's a pal of mine. He told his wife he was sick and thought he'd come to Coney to get a breath of fresh air. He looks sick, don't he?" Altogether Monday at Coney is a day of interest, even if that interest is not of the familiar variety.

TROUSERS BAGGED AT KNEES
Pious Philadelphians Chase 'their Pastor Who Was Shy on Style.
Because he appeared in the pulpit wearing upstuffed trousers and because his facial lines had impressed some members of his congregation as "harsh and forbidding," the Rev. Dr. James H. Enoch has been forced to resign from the fashionable First Unitarian church, Twenty-first and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Sunday morning Dr. Enoch preached his valedictory sermon, bidding farewell to what he termed "a bridge what ootier—a pink tea party." This and many other rhetorical shots apparently hit the bull's eye, for from time to time some dignified member of the exclusive congregation would make a hurried exit, nose in the air. The church is one of the oldest and most aristocratic of its denomination in the country, and Dr. Enoch is one of the most democratic of speakers, taking a delight in expressing his views freely on the equality of man. Dr. Enoch took as the topic of his farewell sermon the subject, "The Minister of Today," and as his text Matthew xi, 12. "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced. We have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented." "I propose to speak with perfect simplicity and plainness," began the pastor, without a touch of irony in his voice. "Every denominational conflict, every

Monument to Pope Leo XIII



THE monument of Pope Leo XIII, erected in the Basilica of St. John Lateran at the expense of the cardinals created during his pontificate, "ab eo creati," is the work of the Roman sculptor, Prof. Giulio Tadolini. It is situated in a niche in the left transept over the door leading to the sacristy. The figure of the pontiff is in a standing attitude, just rising from the sedia gestatoria, in the act of blessing. The pope's right arm is raised on high, while with his left hand he leans heavily on the chair. The two lateral figures in white marble represent a pilgrim workman and the church. The latter is symbolized by a woman bowed down in grief. Her right arm flung across the sarcophagus is meant to express sorrow at the pope's death, while the cross in her left hand represents Christianity. The figure of the church rests her foot on the terrestrial globe. The inscription underneath reads as follows: "Ecclesia Ingenuum compuncta corde universum." The figure of the pilgrim is shown in a laborer's blouse. He holds a pair of rosary beads in his right hand and on his knees implores the pope's blessing. The following is the inscription: "Ad patrem filii ex omni regione venerunt conventum." The center of the monument consists of a sarcophagus of verd antique or green porphyry with decorations in gilt bronze and the plain inscription "Leo XIII." The entire monument rests on a sober architecture of granite adorned with the pontiff's coat of arms and two fountains in bronze that run across the whole front.

heresy trial, every parish scandal, every treacherous attack upon a pastor is invariably justified and sanctified by the worst plea, 'for the good of the church.' Is it not time that some voice were lifted up for the good of the ministry? Symptoms of uneasiness were discernible in some of the congregation. "Many ministers are deeply resenting the demand of the church for simply neutral, decorative ministry—ministry punctilious, ministry that tiptoes gently and graciously at 4 o'clock teas and smiles benignly at bridge whist tables—ministry whose pulpit utterances have the quality of what is known by country people as 'fox fire,' a pale, phosphorescent glimmer, the product of decayed wood." At the reference to 4 o'clock teas and bridge whist, two of the nicely gowned wo-



THE HUMAN ROULETTE. CONEY'S NEWEST SPORT.

ment one of the trio says, with the tone of the optimist: "Oh, you two never see anything but the holes to the doughnuts. At least it's perfectly respectable." "Yes, it's perfectly respectable," they agree, and one adds with fearful glance around: "If we'd just wanted to be respectable we might have stayed at home." As they follow the Harlemites in the direction and turn toward the right a trolley car comes slowly along. There is only one passenger and the conductor is studying sky-lines. And instead of the "step lively" call the conductor waves a listless hand: "Take your time; no hurry! No cars behind! Plenty of room!" The streets are comparatively empty. A few tired, aimless pedestrians stroll about. There are a number of bleary-eyed ones who are recuperating their strength in sunny corners. A moth-eaten donkey which has carried hundreds of happy children the day before now chews a corner off a Sunday newspaper and tries to look as if he understood it. The pony who has worked equally hard for the same salary tries to bite off the corner of an apple that an artistic-looking young woman hands to him, but the effort is apparent and he has no Saturday or Sunday joy in the meal. Some of the women who own booths and who sell pink drink, chewing gum, Teddy bears, postcards and shell spoons are yawning behind their capacious hands. They all wear bargain counter calico wrappers tied about generous waists with cotton strings. One of them looks across the intervening alley to her neighbor and says: "Always kind of enjoy Monday. I got all bet up yesterday in that new suit of mine." "Me, too," says the second. Then Emma's gowns are just the thing for the sea-shore, the waists look so 'cute rising over the gounthers, but me for Monday mornings and me wrapper every time. I didn't take my Empire off from Friday night till 10 o'clock this morning." After this confession she dusts a left-over popcorn ball with a dragged leather duster and drops out of sight behind a tower of chocolate caramels, where a further invest-

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