D

CONEY ISLAND'S "DAY AFTER"

Blue Monday When the Money is for her, and she also disappears. 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 3.-- A great deal is ton. written and said about the Saturdays and Sundays at Concy Island. The reason for

his is obvious. Nothing is ever said about he Mondays, and the reason for this is also obvious. But, 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 luncheons, broken bottles which rise in jagged cliffs, ravines and gorges formed of torn paper and sand. Here and there a bonfire burns aimleasly 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 scenio paths down which rattling cars might bring their merry loads. The Harlemite who has started on Friday night and has just reached his destination begins to feel as if he were on his way back. He looks around resignedly, and then turns his attention snew to the trio of old ladies whom he has offered to conduct through the dan-

gers 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 Islandshe spoke as if she meant Blackwell'sbut 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 as late as 10 o'clock. She wanted to see Coney Island all lighted up and she had just told husband he could take care of the boarders for once.

any of the "places." They pronounced that word as if it were fraught with evil earn-

at the scene of Monday desolation there is large slice of it to any and all applicants. boy in charge. an expression of distinct disappointment

"I don't see anything bere," says one. After a moment of dreary disappoint. tubs while they bring the children down

tigation reveals her taking her forty winks. is steady custom, and the only way to get drinks are served. There is a young woman The other watches for her reappearance that is to satisfy people. Lots of the post.

it shines as good as new. "It iss my lass," he chuckles joynusty. mustard on the clean board of his booth. cash." 'It wass a very successful, a very fine day.

one have time to spend it?"

There were millions of sausages and mil- adds: lions of people." It wass a goot Saturday. 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 tink I will rest myself." he announces and draws a pipe from his pocket. "Monday, it iss a fine day, not to make

after year. Wives even bring their second

For fear his zeal may be mistaken he you."

presiding over it who has auburn hair, and soon bires a stray child with a souvenir card artists down here ain't got no heads. blue eyes and pink checks. She is pourspoon, marked "real sterling," to tend stall they think if they take people once it don't ing a whole lot of different concoctions make any difference about the future, into one big jar, the result being a mixture chairs, others bring ice water and form a The frankfurter man, as it turns out They're wrong. Once you see your face on the color and consistency of a Spanish frize of expectancy. The one who is afterward, is the husband of the empire a postcard the more you'll want it there. omsistence of a spanish consistency of a spanish consistency of the spanish frize of expectancy. The one who is gowned lady who keeps the popcorn booth. You'll just long for it after a while. You'll lemon, and sprinkles a dry powder on the codish balls and milk, puts the Japanese. He wipes the sole remaining sausage until get the habit, and we all know what habits top. Over it she places an inscription. is. I've known people to come back year "Turkish Dream Drink," leans confidingly over the edge of her counter and says: "It wass a goot day, yesterday," he re- husbands. That's what I want, steady "It'll brighten your eyes and give you marks. "The frankfurters they went very trade. I'm satisfied. I'm just ruminating the loveliest flush, besides quenching your fass." He draws arabesques of German on my success today and counting up thirst. I drink it all the time. You just try it once and your own wife won't know

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: JUNE 30, 1907.

At Luna park and Dreamland the barkers' "I ain't bargainin' for your trade, either. voices have undergone strange changes.

The high clear notes which rung from spire and portico, like the muzzines 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 baritones which

In the restaurant the same Monday atmosphere prevails. Fifty walters leap

toward you and deprive you of books, parcels, parasols and gloves. Some hold 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 nome. "If folks come roun' hyar to powder their noses as early as this on Monday, for my part I'd like to know when I'm gwine to get my work done."

She sweeps dispiritedly, as if there was a resignation of her position impending. "I likes Saturdays and Sundays down hyar all right," she mutters, "but Mondays ain't got no spirit. It makes me ill to see people roun'. I get all of a misery jes'

lookin' at 'em." Even the chutes man has his little Monday complaint:

"Mother and kiddles' day," he says, "and the worst of it is that all the Monday children are afraid. They dagent do anything, They yell at the chutes and they're scared at the belters and they're airaid 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 Ime."

This assertion is corroborated by a boy of 12 who is being dragged chutewise by a determined parent. He utters a yell of dismay at the sight of the water and the umbling boat.

"I don't want to go. I'm 'fraid. I told you I was 'fraid. I'm 'fraid of everything. 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 olding on to the foot of a companion. Presently both are sent flying at tangents. litting everything in their way. "That's a pal of mine. He told his wife

he was a sick man and thought he'd come to Concy to get a breath of fresh air. He ooks sick, don't he?"

Altogether Monday at Coney is a day of nterest, even if that interest is not of the

TROUSERS BAGGED AT KNEES

"It's no use," he chuckles hoarsely, "why

There is a strange air of lassitude about the Oriental attractions which adds to their The understudies have been reality. obliged to improvise costumes at a moment's notice as the owners, who are asleep, cannot be separated from their clothes without great inconvenience. Pink nooses are made of anything handy from

One young man who has a map of the Bowery written all over his face wears a time some dignified member of the exclu-"Hundreds of people shot here yesterday, suit of pepper and salt goods minus the sive congregation would make a hurried he explains. "Must have been near a coat and his red head is wrapped about exit, nose in the air. The church is one of thousand. They shot off the top of the with three yards of yellow gauze. As he the oldest and most aristocratic of its dewater and the peaks of the mountains, is in the middle of an eloquent monologue one man hit three clouds and there ain't depicting the wonders of Aladdin's palace is one of the most democratic of speakers. a speck of color left in the entire orchard. an hysterical laugh brings him back from taking a delight in expressing his views They hit everything and hit 'em hard- the belief that he is really Haroun al freely on the equality of man. Raschid, or some other eastern potentate.





HE monument of Pope Leo XIII, while the cross in her left hand represents erected in the Basilica of St. John Christianity,

Lateran at the expense of the The figure of the church rests her foot cardinals created during his pon- on the terrestrial globe. The inscription tificate, "ab eo creati," is the underneath reads as follows: "Ecclesia

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 filli ex omne regione veneraturi convenjunt."

The center of the monument consists of a sarcophagus of verd antique or green porphyry with decorations in gilt bronze represent a pilgrim workingman and the and the plain inscription "Leo XIII." The entire monument rests on a sober archiwoman bowed down in grief. Her right trave of granite adorned with the pontiff's arm flung across the earcophagus is meant coat of arms and two festoons in bronze

eresy trial, every parish scandal, every men in the congregation marched frowntreacherous attack upon a pastor is invari- ingly to the door, while others moved owably justified and sanctified by the worn- easily hs if inclined to give similar exout plea, 'for the good of the church.' Is it pression to their disapprobation.

"Many churches, especially those called important," went on the undaunted min-Symptoms of uneasiness were discernible lister, "want in the pulpit only this dim, lambent, innocuous light, the product of venerable, decayed thought.

"Another question respecting ministers is that of salary. The average man, without

But for a minister all these things are de-



money, but to count it. I go to the bank | It's rather a relief than otherwise to talk | caught and held the attention of millions as soon as I am rested. One cannot make to people who have the kind of faces they of people, where are they too? money all the time; if one did, when would don't want on postcards." The man in overalls across the way is an After which philosophic remark he be- artist in a different line.

THE BARKERS BARKING ON A MONDAY MORNING.

omes somnolent in turn. The overture to "William Tell" invites "You ought to come down some Saturday. the visitor to what the manager, in a All of us either counting cash or repairing moment of bitterness, calls the 'Merry-Go- damages first day of the week. Saturdays before. He says that Monday is just re-Stays,' The rearing, prancing steeds with and Sundays folks take away everything pairing day.

They all agreed they would not go into golden manes and curlicued tails that have with 'em, even the paint; everything, that worked without any vacation or salaries is, but the cash. We relieve 'em that." for three years are ready for passengers The man at the rifle range has a similar at the same old stand, but only one small story to tell. At high noon the request As the trio who form a major part of the pink dressed girl responds. She is strapped to be allowed to fire six times at a selection file of Monday visitors emerge into the on and the horses slowly revolve while of white enamelled iron animals and birds busy street and gaze about them the manager speaks his mind, giving a good is met with a surly response from the small " 'Tain't twelve," he says. "Tain't likely "I hate Mondays," he announces, "just a

lot of guys that ain't got no money and the place's rendy yet. It was Sunday yesleave their wives at home at the wash terday." 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 freckled with a lot of little clouds shepof iron animals moves back and forth majestically over some wonderfully realistic a tablecloth to mosquito nets. wavelets of sapphire topazy emeraldine

everything but the animals. We did a rushing husiness."

Steps retraced lead by a booth where popcorn five a bunch," and says when I was saying"-this considerably louder- danced. We have mourned unto you and utterances have the quality of what is Yet a laborer can live in such a house as

ou ask him that he'd ought to be in school,

tries to tell how much two popcorn

to find out. Then to a har where soft good."

A wheezy note that is entirely inarticulate but seems to have something to do with the canvas curtain against which the owner is propped arrests the attention. "Ain't much doing on Monday," he says.

ut the folks is sick and he's tendin' store. inside the palace you'll find my wife, Fa-

balls will be and offers to wake his father you whether you're beautiful, rich or

hexus

The barker smiles faintly and wheezes forth a commentary on his work the day Another has preserved a few notes, but

midway of the scale his voice breaks suddenly and only a cluster of whistling sounds emerges.

with his voice I couldn't explain to my wife why I had the smell of cloves on my breath."

purple mountains, pink trees, a blue heaven striped shirts are worn full length over trousers of Turkey red, hastily bagged into erded by a big one and the happy family a likeness of pictured models, while bur-

"What do you expect of an understudy!"

ladies and gents, if you'll only just step ye have not lamented.

tima, who will read your palms and tell

familiar variety. Pious Philadelphians Chase 'their

Pastor Who Was Shy on Style.

Because he appeared in the pulpit wearng unpressed trousers and because his facial lines had impressed some members of his congregation as "harsh and forbidding," the Rev. Dr. James H. Ecob has been forced to resign from the fashionable First Unitarian church, Twenty-first and Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Sunday morning Dr. Ecob preached his valedictory sermon, bidding farewell to what he termed "a bridge whist coterie-a pink tos party."

This and many other rhetorical shots an parently hit the bull's eye, for from time to nomination in the country, and Dr. Ecob

Dr. Ecob took as the topic of his farehe asks. "Ain't I doin' the Eastern act all Today," and as his text Matthew xi., 17, at 4 o'clock teas and smiles benignly at a protestant pulpit. The average wage of a child is singing out in doleful accents right? I was born on the East Side, and as "We have piped unto you and ye have not bridge whist tables-ministry whose pulpit the minister is below that of a day laborer.

"I propose to speak with perfect sim-

"Every denominational conflict, every

without a touch of irony in his voice.

plicity and plainness," began the pastor, of decayed wood."

right arm is raised on high, while with his left hand he leans heavily on the chair. The two lateral figures in white marble

church. The latter is symbolized by a to expresss sorrow at the pope's death, that run across the whole front.

not time that some voice were lifted up for the good of the ministry?"

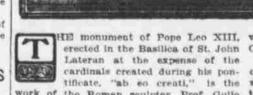
in some of the congregation. "Many ministers are deeply resenting the

demand of the church for simply neutral. decorative ministry-ministry punctilious, well sermon the subject, "The Minister of ministry that tiptoes gently and graciously an independent income, has no business in

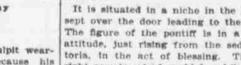
bridge whist, two of the nicely gowned wo- letin.

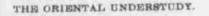
Tadolini, It is situated in a niche in the left transept over the door leading to the sacristy.

0.9669 work of the Roman sculpter, Prof. Gullo ingemult comprolante orbe universo."



The figure of the pontiff is in a standing attitude, just rising from the sedia gestatoria, in the act of blessing. The pope's





ment one of the trie 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 Harlemite's direction

and turn toward the right a trolley car comes slowly along. There is only one passenger and the conductor is studying sky-

And instead of the "step lively" call the conductor waves a listless hand:

Take your time; no hurry! No cars behind! Plenty of room!"

lew tired, aimless pedestrians stroll about. the horse. There are a number of blear-eyed ones who are recuparating their strength in sunny the effort is apparent and he has no Satur- profession.

day or Sunday joy in the meal. ing behind their capacious hands. They all One of them looks across the intervening alley to her neighbor and says:

olock this morning." After this confession she dusts a left-over pepcorn ball with a draggied feather duster had two before; besides, marrying people

to sit on the sand. Why? Because sand's cheap. If they could eat it they would. What good are they?" Getting no answer, he answers himself. "About as much good as one of these wooden horses; in fact, if The streets are comparatively empty. A I had to choose a running mate, I'd take

The postcard artist furnishes a delightful contrast to this pessimism. He is glad corners. A moth-saten donkey which has of an opportunity for a little quiet gentlecarried hundreds of happy children the day manly talk. He doesn't care whether before now chews a corner off a Sunday there's money in it or not. He likes a newspaper and tries to look as if he under- chance once in a while to find out what stood it. The pony who has worked equally other people are doing for fame. When hard for the same salary tries to bite off you're busy making history yourself you the corner of an apple that an artistic- are too apt, so he thinks, to overlook the looking young woman hands to him, but fact that you have rivals in that pleasing

"Two hundred sittings a day sin't bad, is Some of the women who own booths and it?" he inquires. "That's what I had Satwho sail pink drink, chewing gum, Teddy urday and Sunday. Of course, if people bears, postcards and shell spoons are yawn- will move it's their own fault; they can't blame me. But if they sit as I tell 'em wear bargain counter callco wrappers tied there ain't any artist I know can turn out about generous waists with cotton strings. quicker portraits and I can show the goods to prove it."

There is only one crumpled roseleaf in the "Always kind of enjoy Monday. I got all postcard artist's path. "If it wasn't for het up yesterday in that new suit of mine." the fact that one of the syndicate's a no-"Ms, too," says the second. Them Em- tary and can perform get-spliced-quick pire gowns are just the thing for the sea, schemes I've no doubt we'd have more'n shore, the walsts look so 'cute rising over 250 sittings. But the couples that come get the counters, but me for Monday mornin' so enamored of each other's locks after and me wrapper every time. I didn't take they see the way we bring out their good my Empire off from Friday night till points that they want to get married right away, and then, of course, trade's slower for that only means one card where we

and drops out of sight behind a tower of takes up too much time altogether. olate caramels, where a further inves- "Still, I ain't complainin." What I'm after



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known by country people as 'fox fire,' a he pleases, wear such clothes as he pleases,

pale, phosphorescent glimmer, the product and fix the scale of his household expenses.

At the reference to 4 o'clock teas and termined by the church."-Philadelphia Bul-



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