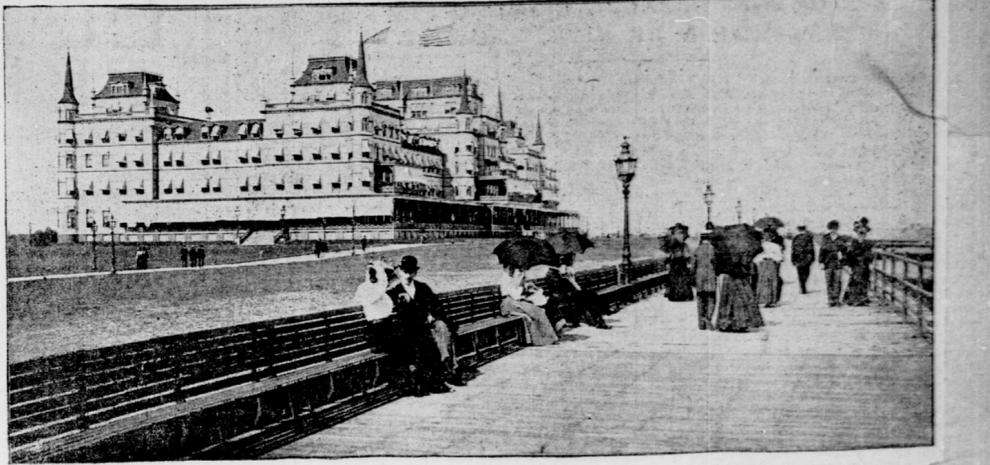


MANHATTAN BEACH, THE RESORT WHERE WEALTH AND FASHION ASSEMBLE TO ENJOY SUMMER SEASIDE DELIGHTS.



THE ATTRACTIVE LAWN AND THE PROMENADE AT THE MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL



OCEAN FRONT OF THE ORIENTAL HOTEL

NEW-YORK'S SEA FRONT.

Manhattan Beach and Oriental Hotels on the Atlantic.

New-York has the distinction of being the only great city of the world with direct front upon the ocean. This has been the case for this metropolis since the incorporation within the limits of greater New-York of the former independent municipality of Brooklyn, which in turn secured its ocean beach a few years before by absorbing what had been the town of Gravesend. Long before this time the finest portion of the sandy stretch known as Coney Island had been secured for summer hotel sites.

It is more than a quarter of a century ago that the late Austin Corbin found out the virtues of what has come to be known as Manhattan Beach as a place of health giving breezes and recuperative conditions, his little son being greatly helped by a stay there. He decided that the place should be made a resort for the people of New-York and Brooklyn who desired to enjoy within easy reach the best possible conditions. Out of this purpose came the Manhattan Beach Hotel and the Oriental Hotel, near it, on the splendid stretch of beach between broad Sheepshead Bay and the ocean. On the ocean front which extends from one hotel to the other are the spacious Manhattan Baths.

The entire property of the Manhattan Improvement Company includes about 465 acres of land fronting on the broad Atlantic, with nothing save the watery waste between it and Europe. "Swept by ocean breezes" is emphatically true of Manhattan Beach. The panorama spread before the visitors to the Manhattan Beach and Oriental hotels is one of the finest possible sea views, taking in the broad expanse of ocean and bay between Rockaway Beach and Sandy Hook and out to sea, bounded only by the horizon, where ships sail out of sight. The grounds surrounding the hotels are landscaped in the most attractive manner, and there is provision for the pleasures which appeal to the frequenters of this most popular resort.

The Manhattan Beach Theatre has become a recognized feature of life there. Growing out of the open-air Gilmore concert of the early days, followed by those of Sousa within the covered inclosure, the canvas roof has been replaced by a permanent one, and the old-time music shell has given place to a stage as well equipped as will be found in any metropolitan playhouse. There the choicest productions of the popular playwrights of the day find presentation. The production on the boards is the popular "Sultan of Sulu" and this is to be followed in a fortnight by "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Sign of the Cross" by Lew Dockstader and his minstrel company. The "Mocking Bird" and the "Sultan of Sulu" are to be the novel feature, while Shannon's "Pops" are to be the novel feature, while Shannon's "Pops" are to be the novel feature, while Shannon's "Pops" are to be the novel feature.

B. R. T. SEASIDE TRAFFIC. Better facilities for reaching the Manhattan Beach and Brighton Beach portions of Coney Island are afforded this year than ever before. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is operating the elevated trains which cross the bridge and run over the Kings County and Brighton Beach tracks on a reduced headway at all hours of the day. There are special parlor trolley cars operated from the Manhattan end of the bridge over the surface routes which afford the maximum of comfort and enjoyment on this delightful trip. The reduction of the running time of both trains and trolley cars to the lowest possible limit consistent with safety is another addition to the comfort of visitors to the seaside which has been made in any way contribute to the facilitation of travel has been adopted, and even when the travel is the heaviest the possibilities of delay are reduced to a minimum. Crowds of pleasure seekers are handled in the most expert manner at the different terminals, and all that can conduce to their safety and to prevent inconvenience is done in the most expert manner. Many new cars have been added to the equipment of the company for the present season, and electric trains are run exclusively, the annoying delays caused by the use of steam being wholly obviated. On Saturday afternoons and all day on Sundays all trains are operated from the Manhattan end of

the bridge directly to Manhattan Beach and to Brighton Beach, the rates of fare being the same that were in force last year, the round trip being one of the cheapest excursions offered to the public.

There is direct service by trolley car from the East River, over the Nostrand-ave. and Brighton Beach railroad tracks directly to the shore, with connection by train to Manhattan from Sheepshead Bay. The Brighton Beach trains also run along the shore to the old Culver station in the other part of Coney Island, formerly known as West Brighton Beach, this extension of the route being new this year.

THE MANHATTAN BATHING PAVILION.

Unsurpassed facilities for the enjoyment of unequalled surf bathing under the most superior conditions are afforded at the Manhattan Bathing Pavilion. This great bathing resort has been frequented for more than a score of years, but it continues to afford the same amount of pleasure annually to a great throng of persons, while many sit in the covered amphitheatre in the bathing hours to see those who plunge in the waves or lie in the sand after a refreshing dip in the surf. The swim out to the anchored raft is a daily delight to a great number, while all those who bathe find much pleasure in the breaking of the giant waves as they roll up on the sandy shore.

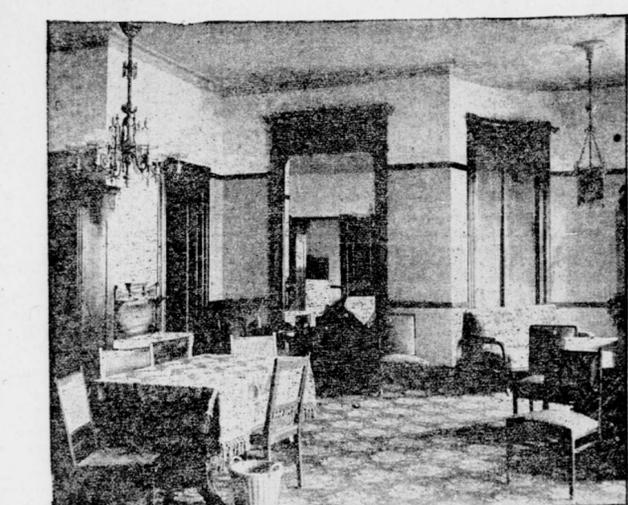
There are facilities for no less than twenty-five hundred persons at the Manhattan Baths, and especially on Sunday mornings these are apt to be taxed to the utmost. "The bath train" has come to be a recognized institution, and a most animated scene is presented at the bathing pavilion after its arrival at Manhattan Beach. Hundreds of men have their private suits kept in readiness for them at the bathing pavilion, while other hundreds take what the management has to offer in the way of suits for the casual bather. Many exceedingly pretty suits are worn in the water by the women bathers who frequent the Manhattan Bathing Pavilion and enjoy the embrace of Old Ocean there.

"THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."

One of the distinctive features of Manhattan Beach is the open-air exhibition of Pain's fireworks. Many splendid spectacles have been shown in the fireworks arena, behind the Manhattan Beach Hotel, in conjunction with the marvellous exhibition of aerial pyrotechnics given there, but none have surpassed that of the present season. The representation of the destruction of the ancient Italian city of Pompeii by an eruption of the volcano Vesuvius is a marvellously realistic reproduction of an historic catastrophe which, occurring a short time before the beginning of the Christian

era, has passed into history as the type of the awful destruction which the unconfined forces of nature can work. The quality of the pyrotechnic displays made by the Pain Fireworks Company has always been set by the standard of the Manhattan Beach displays, but a new record was made by it in the colossal display made at St. Louis at the dedication of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition on April 20 and May 1. This has been called the greatest fireworks display ever given in the history of the world. The opinion and observers agree that the display reached the high water mark of pyrotechny. The displays at Manhattan Beach this season will present the same remarkable exhibition of excellence in the aerial features and set pieces, combined

tion only one day, for it died on Wednesday forenoon. When it was received it was apparently half dead. Its crest, the sail which drove it over the sea, seemed to have lost the power to spread itself to the breeze, for it lay over on the water inert as a leaf. That the organism was dead so soon was regarded as a misfortune, as it was the first specimen received at the Aquarium, and was a beautiful one. There is something about the Portuguese man-of-war that appeals to the imagination; this bit of animal life depending upon the breezes for locomotion. The coloring—that of the sea through which it sails—is delightful to the senses. The intense blue of the gossamer bulb



A QUIET CORNER IN THE ORIENTAL HOTEL

with the special exhibition of the wonders of the colossal spectacle "The Last Days of Pompeii."

A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

Specimen Dies Soon After Being Received at the Aquarium. The Portuguese man-of-war which was received at the Aquarium on Monday night was on exhibit

which supports it—so suggestive of the bulb of a dirigible balloon, in shape as well as function—shading into yellow and green, reminds one of the reflections from a soap bubble. The bulb indeed in texture suggests the bubble. The coloring of the crest ranges from a delicate pink on its edge to the colors of the bulb. The bulb of the specimen at the Aquarium was about eight inches long. Beneath was attached a tangled mass of streamers of different lengths. Some of the filamentlike tentacles were five feet

long, one edge being corrugated like a rack. These could be drawn up until they were only a few inches in length. The process of taking them in reminded one of a fisherman reeling in his line. When drawn in they suggested a series of cork-screws attached beneath the mass of the organism. The tentacles had the power of stinging. The death of the beautiful thing was manifested by its disintegration. Its members dropped off one by one throughout Tuesday night and until between 9 and 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, when the remaining mass separated itself from the bulb, which still floated, and sank to the bottom of the tank.

three countries of the United Kingdom. The major was met with Mr. Beecher when he went to England at the time of the Civil War and was often hissed by spectators whose sympathies were with the secessionists, but he went with the great preacher twenty-four years later, when Mr. Beecher triumphed over his former political enemies as well as those clergymen who had assailed him. Just before this last tour Major Pond was the guest of a prominent English Nonconformist clergyman in London, when he chanced to speak of Mr. Beecher. "I do not allow that name to be mentioned in my family," exclaimed the Britisher, with uplifted

MAJOR POND, MANAGER.

The Man Who Provided Platforms for Many Eminent Lecturers.

Major James Burton Pond, who died last Sunday, brought before the people of the United States more geniuses than any other American who has ever lived. The life of Major Pond, who was at different times a farmer, printer's devil, theatre callboy, a John Brown raider, Union army officer, furniture dealer, editor, author, and, lastly, "manager of celebrities," furnishes many a stirring chapter. He had a store in Salt Lake City when he first discovered his talent as a manager of lecturers. He had been "selling bedsteads to Brigham Young," as he expressed it, when he made the acquaintance of Ann Eliza Young, the nineteenth and latest wife of the prophet. The woman had renounced Mormonism. Major Pond proposed that she should go and tell her story at Washington, in the hope that her revelation of the evils and abominations of Mormonism might secure legislation much needed by the Gentiles.

"You're the man to take her, then," said Governor Wood and Chief Justice McLean, who had heard the woman's story, and they both clapped the furniture dealer on the back. At Washington Mrs. Young No. 19 talked with James G. Blaine, who was then Speaker of the House, and with many Congressmen and Senators. The legislation that the Gentiles of Utah wanted was passed. Pond saw the interest with which every one had listened to the woman, and his own genius as a manager prompted him to have her lecture before a Denver audience on the return trip. Of this effort, the major said many years afterward: "I got a schoolroom, charged \$1.50 a ticket, sold four hundred tickets and took in \$600 that evening. I made up my mind then that that was better than the furniture business."

Of all the noted lecturers with whom Major Pond travelled, Henry Ward Beecher was least a client and most a friend. Together they saw every State and Territory in the Union except Arizona and New-Mexico, as well as travelling through the

hands. "I believe that man thinks more of Darwin than of Jesus Christ." After Mr. Beecher had spoken in London this same name came to the Major and said: "Mr. Pond, I have just heard Mr. Beecher. I wish you would both dine with me to-morrow night." The last London lecture which Mr. Beecher gave caused the Major an immense amount of difficulty in securing a presiding officer. But he did the work cheerfully. He went to many clergymen whose names were known all over England as liberal thinkers, and one after another they would say something like this: "I'm sorry, but I cannot, from unavoidable circumstances, be present at this time." The Major began to fear that he would have to introduce his lecturer himself. At last he went to a brave man to whom he had been introduced at a club dinner, George Augustus Sala, the English author, and asked him to preside. "Why, certainly," was the reply. "I'll be proud of the honor." The lecture was on "Evolution and Religion," and as the Major said afterward: "Many of the clergymen who had declined" to introduce Mr. Beecher because of absence from unavoidable reasons, I saw that night in the audience.

The rise of Major Pond from a printer's devil to the associate and financial agent of men like Beecher, Wendell Phillips, John B. Gould, Frederick Douglass, Matthew Arnold, Henry M. Stanley, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir A. Conan Doyle, F. Marion Crawford, Anthony Hope, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Josh Billings, Walt Whitman and Max O'Reilly furnished many an "I told you so." People often, on meeting him in his later life, grasped his hand and said: "I knew you would succeed." When Charlotte Cushman, the actress, went to St. Louis in the middle of the last century young Pond was a callboy at the theatre where she performed. He had just "struck town" as a tramp printer, but, failing of getting any other work, he took the job at the theatre at \$1 a week. Miss Cushman was playing Lady Macbeth, and it was one of young Pond's duties to carry her basket to and from the managers' Hotel. It was such a heavy basket that it fairly broke his back. He did not complain, and stuck to the task till he fell from exhaustion and had to give up work for a week. On the Saturday night after he had recovered from his illness and was again on duty at the theatre, Miss Cushman called him into her dressing room. "Jimmy," she said, "I hear my basket has made you ill. You ought to have told me it was too heavy. Here's a coin, and take care of yourself." The boy stammered out something. The coin felt like a dollar in his hand. It was so big. He

looked at it again when he got home. It was a twenty-dollar gold piece.

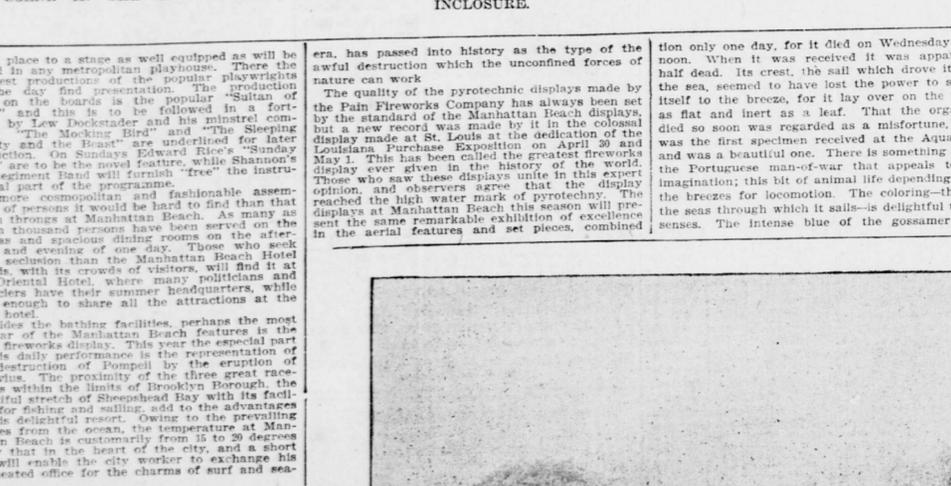
Years went by. The callboy had become a manager of entertainments. He was crowding the Boston Theatre night after night. He heard that Miss Cushman was in town and, calling on her, he found her in the same theatre where she had been under his management. The actress agreed, and he wrote out a certified check for the amount. As he handed the paper, he said: "Miss Cushman, that \$200 is the interest on the \$20 that you invested in me in 1857."

The actress looked hard at the Major's face, and then, as her own eyes brightened, she exclaimed: "And this is Jimmy, the callboy. But it doesn't surprise me. I knew you would make a man of yourself by the way you carried my basket." When Mark Twain heard of the Major's death he said: "Major Pond's best gift was his heart—I think he did not know how to do an unkind thing."

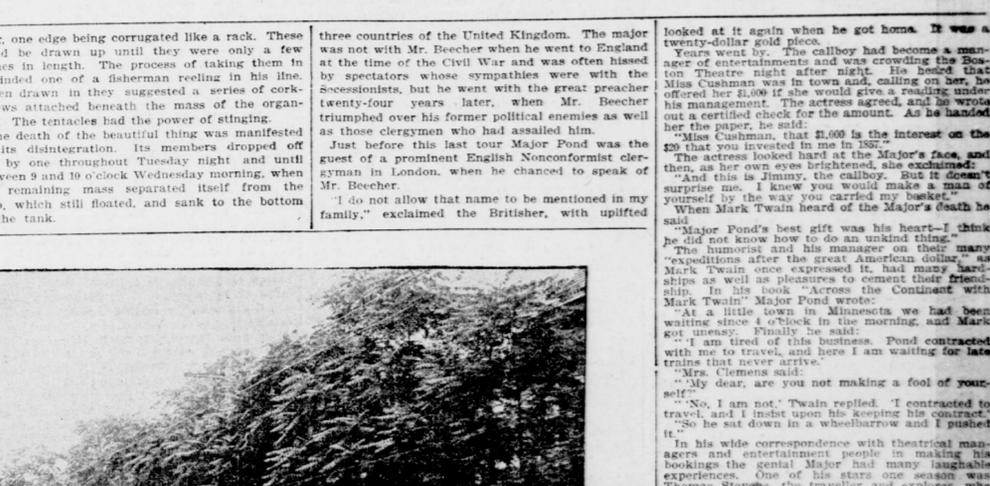
The humorist and his manager on their many "expeditions after the great American dollar," as Mark Twain once expressed it, had many hardships as well as pleasures to cement their friendship. In his book "Across the Continent" with Mark Twain Major Pond wrote: "At a little town in Minnesota we had been waiting since 4 o'clock in the morning, and Mark got uneasy. Finally he said: 'I am tired of this business. Pond contracted with me to travel, and here I am waiting for late trains that never arrive.' Mrs. Clemens said: 'My dear, are you not making a fool of yourself?' 'No, I am not,' Twain replied. 'I contracted to travel, and I insist upon his keeping his contract.' 'So he sat down in a wheelbarrow and I pushed it.' In his wide correspondence with theatrical managers and entertainment people in making his bookings the genial Major had many laughable experiences. One of his stars one season was Thomas Steves, the traveller and explorer, who was to lecture on "Across a Hole Bicycle." The circulars were printed and sent out broadcast, and not until they were all addressed and mailed did Mr. Pond discover that Steves was a friend who had made the name of the lecture read: "Across a Sea on a Bicycle." The responses showed that such a lecture would prove immensely popular. According to the opinions of most lecture hall owners, they said a sea trip on a bicycle must be interesting. One doubting Thomas who was a friend of Major, however, wrote in response: "I have heard that you run away from home because your father gave you a whipping for a lie you never told. Up to this time I always took your part in the early controversies. Now I am inclined to think that your father was right in giving as he did to the bottom of the matter."

Next to his success in "managing" a genius was the Major's ability in capturing one. Often he had to try a dozen or more times to persuade some literary man to take the stage. His persistency was generally rewarded. Two Englishmen, however, proved obdurate to all his allurements. They were Kipling and Scourgeon. After Scourgeon had received twenty-four letters from the Major he wrote this in reply: "Nightingale Lane, Balham, Surrey, June 5, 1879. 'Dear Sir: I am not at all afraid of anything you could say by way of temptation to preach or lecture for money, for the whole United States in balloon would not lead me to deliver one such lecture. Your good natured pertinacity is so admirable that I trust you will not waste it upon an impossible object, but be content to have my acknowledgment that if success could have been possible you would have achieved it. Yours very truly, 'C. H. SPURGEON.'

A SCENE IN THE SPECTACULAR PRESENTATION OF "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII," IN PAIN'S FIREWORKS INCLOSURE.



IN THE SURF AT THE MANHATTAN BEACH BATHING PAVILION.



BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT TRAIN BOUND FOR MANHATTAN BEACH.