THE BIG SUMMER RESORTS.

PHILADELPHIA MAIDENS ON THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY.

Women who Put On Bathing Dresses and yet Never Wet Them—A Populous Little City by the Surf—The Board Walk and the Varying Scents it Offers to Sightseers.

IF the average Atlantic City girl did not say "aout" and "abaout" and "araound," what summer seashore girl could compare with her? She is pretty of face, comfortable of figure, sunny in temperament, and—far different from some more noted seashore girls whom a less polite reporter might name—she looks even better in bathing than when she is ashore. The hint of superb physique which her jersey-clad arm reveals is corroborated by her bathing stockings and diminutive blue flannel skirt, and she is so whole souled and frank in her nature that she would as lief entertain a knot of her gallants as she lies sidewise upon one elbow on the sandy beach after her bath as keep them all waiting until she could dress in her best and come sweeping down stairs in a hotel parlor.

The very word parlor is out of place in Atlantic City. Not that they have not got parlors, for they must have 2,000 or 2,500 of them. But they are ignored and abandoned. The chandeliers in the big ones at the large hotels blaze away all the evening, but only with the effect of making their lonesomeness and unpopularity the more marked. Last Sunday night a young Hebrew, with a voice that he thought a very great deal of, poured it out Niagara-like over the shoulder of a young Jewess at the piano in a certain hotel parlor, and his beaming relatives came in to hear him. Except for that not a parlor would have had a soul in it on that night. Atlantic City is not a parlor place. It's better; it's meet-me-by-moonlight-and-keep-out-of-doors-and-sit-in-the-sand-or-walk-or-drive-or-see-the-shops-and-get-a-mahogany-tan-on-your-face sort of place. In fact, as a young woman in the book store told THE SUN'S reporter, "It's a regular Senatorium"—and how can a place be that unless everybody keeps out in the sun during the breezy day, or goes where the moon is beaming during the night. It cannot be a sanitarium very long if the people huddle together in stuffy hot rooms, and so they only have parlors for stuck up New Yorkers, English tourists, and rainy weather. Here is a true Atlantic City parlor scene:

AFTER THE BATH.

"Mar, make Johnny come daown." These were the first words the reporter for THE SUN heard fall from the lips of lovely woman in that most populous of all American watering places the other day. She wore a white flannel bathing suit, with a light-blue bow at the throat, little projecting epaulettes of pale blue at the shoulders, and a broad edging of blue at the cuffs and the edge of the skirt, as well as at the ends of the little white trousers that buckled at her knees. Below her knees she had a pair of what Mac's clerks call "ladies' hose," so startlingly wrought of white and pale blue in diamond-shaped patches that to see her trimly-shaped waist it was necessary to hold one's hand beneath one's eyes, as artists do when they wish to see the upper half of a figure by itself, or else one could see nothing but the "hose." Johnny was shinning up a beach pavilion, and "mar" was soon beneath him with arms outstretched, for all the world like a matronly hen perturbed at sight of a hawk.

"That 'aoun' sound is the characteristic of a people of a wide belt of country," said a hotel clerk. "It follows the Delaware, and extends a little way on either side. Philadelphia is not the only city in which the sound is heard; that city is merely the capital of that territory."

Atlantic City must therefore be considered merely the summer capital of that belt. It is big enough to be considered the capital of our seaside resorts, for in its nineteen or twenty solidly built streets are many houses whose occupants live there the year around, and give it a permanent population of ten thousand souls. It is on an island shaped like Manhattan Island, with only four longitudinal avenues. The cross streets are numerous, but there is room for twice as many more. The town's growth has been like the spreading of a forest fire in autumn. Twenty-five years ago it was the resort of duck hunters and fishermen; ten years ago it was about such a place as Far Rockaway; now it is bigger than Asbury Park and Ocean Grove.

It is the Coney Island of Philadelphia, but our Coney Island if equally closely built upon would not make a patch upon it. Philadelphia is so hot that even her poor people are forced out of the city, and the city supports a great many more resorts than cool and breezy New York does. Below Long Branch, all the way down the coast to Cape May and the Hotel Hygeia, the bulk of the people at the seaside are Philadelphians. They have not got as much money as New Yorkers have, and they are much more careful of what they have got, so that most of their resorts, like Atlantic City, Ocean Grove, and Asbury Park, are what New Yorkers call cheap. But Atlantic City is not as cheap as Coney Island. It has some high-priced hotels, and some very handsome cottages.

ATLANTIC AVENUE.

The artist very cleverly shows you here how long and wide and shady a thoroughfare is Atlantic avenue, but it was not possible for him to show in the same picture how bustling and busy an avenue it is. In the day time it is like an exaggerated reproduction of the main street in Saratoga, only it is twice as long, and has five times as many shops and hotels upon it. At night it is as brilliant and lively as the Bowery, and just as much given to electricity, lager beer, music, and rushing throngs of industrious idlers. It is the main street of the city, and the only one on which there are any regular stores. It is half a mile from the beach, and extends about two miles and a half, or from the inlet at one end of the island to the furthermost limit of population at the other. It is fronted by about twenty hotels—some of them very large—by three or four churches, one of which is between two gin mills, by all sorts of more or less showy shops, and by fifty or sixty drinking saloons, one of which bears on its bold sign the name of Dominick F. McCaffrey, the Philadelphian pugilist, and has a broad piazza, apt to be peopled by smooth-faced young men of muscular build and with a fondness for sitting on their shoulders in the chairs, so as to get their feet as high up the piazza posts as possible.

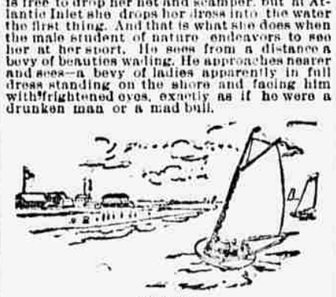
THE CLUB HOUSE.

Close at hand is Flaherty's, where the Democratic politicians of Philadelphia perform the feat called "hanging out," when they can leave Quaker City's public affairs alone long enough for a run down to the seaside. The Republican rendezvous is at Alex McCuen's on Massachusetts avenue, just off the main street, and next to the big hotel called Congress Hall. McCuen's place is called "the Club House." The bar and piazza are crowded from Saturday till Monday during the season, and many a political slate has been cut out, polished, and framed there. These are some of the famous men who are often seen there in the positions shown in the picture: Hamilton Diston, ex-Sheriff Leeds, City Commissioner William Douglas, James McManus of the Gas Trust, Councilman Robert Evans, Contractor Marsh Hong, Contractor J. Shellmeyer, Joseph Ash, and Harry Hunter. They are able to run Philadelphia, but not Atlantic City. They are only guests when they go to the summer capital.

Curious little jiggers like our fish peddlers' carts are trotted up and down Atlantic avenue between the two ends of the town, carrying passengers for 6 or 10 cents. There are horse cars as well, and on the broad, hard, smooth road there is plenty of room for carriages. To be fond of horseflesh is to be fond of Atlantic City, for its main streets—especially Pacific avenue, where the best cottages are—equal the famous boulevards of Chicago for hardness, smoothness, and breadth. But better than all is the beach—a broad, hard flooring of wave smoothed sand in which horses' hoofs make tiny dents and wheel tires merely whisper to the sands, to lie still, as they do when the dainty shoes of maiden bathers patter on them to and from the surf. There is not a finer road in the country than Atlantic City's beach from the Elephant, five miles away, to the inlet, whither the ladies drive to the sailboats and to dig up the unwary soft clam, or scoop in the too confident crab.

DRIVING ON THE BEACH.

It is said to be interesting to see the Philadelphia girls at crabbing, but it is not quite clear to the mind of THE SUN reporter how it is to be accomplished except at a distance and with a spyglass. They go at it in a peculiar way. Instead of tucking up their skirts as the Brooklyn girls do down at Quogue, all unmindful of the measurement tape, however much it may be, these Quaker City maidens may be seen (through a spyglass) to reach around from behind, and, catching the bottom of their dress in front, to pull it up until their knees are uncovered. Then they wade in, holding a bunch of dress goods in each hand and manipulating the crab net with the other. Any one who knows anything about girls out crabbing will see (without a spyglass) how fraught with danger to many pretty dresses this method is. Crabs will bite white toes and shiny ankles, and when these appendages are assailed girls will scream and plunge ashore. That is more than half the fun of crabbing. Now at Quogue the crabber is free to drop her net and scamper, but at Atlantic Inlet she drops her dress into the water the first thing. And that is what she does when the male student of nature endeavors to see her at her sport. He sees from a distance a bevy of beauties wading. He approaches nearer and sees—a bevy of ladies apparently in full dress standing on the shore and facing him with frightened eyes, exactly as if he were a drunken man or a mad bull.



THE INLET.

And yet things are very contradictory at Atlantic City. As a rule, the girls, like the buildings, and the general charges for purchasables are very modest, but, on the other hand, there is a large smattering of very independent, self-satisfied young women, who spend a great deal of time in bathing dresses and in walking and lounging on the sand, and who are so used to appearing in the abbreviated apparel of the bath that they would not mind being seen crabbing any more than they object to the consequences of careless comfort in hammocks or the rude romping of the breeze that all but blows them off the board walk or frolics with them as they lie prone upon the sand. These are the stylish sisters of the great mass of diffident maidens, and their number is swollen by other sisters from Richmond and Baltimore and Washington. You can tell them from the ordinary Philadelphia girls at a glance. They are tall and high browed, with large, frank eyes and figures whose perfection is not marred by loose and clumsy dressing. They can all say "how" as well as any girl on Murray Hill. But there are only a few hundred of them against thousands of the kind that say "haow." The artist caught one of these misses seated in a hammock beside her wealthy father's cottage on a side street close to the beach. A score of persons passed by every minute, but she did not care—or rather, she did care, for there can be no question that she knew she presented a very pretty figure with her tight-fitting blue flannel surf dress, her black silk stockings, and her witching face.

"I'm all ready," she cried to the others in the house, who were to accompany her to the sea. THE SUN'S artist took her at her word, and made a picture of her pretty enough to frame, and yet one that did not flatter her a particle.

READY FOR THE SURF.

A few moments later she was on her smiling, conquering way along the sand in full view from the Boardwalk and bound for a distant part of the beach selected in her mind so as to give her an opportunity to make all the men beam upon her while the young women stared coldly and made envious comments on her appearance. Perhaps the reader does not know what the Boardwalk is. Then let it be understood that it is the central feature and principal institution at Atlantic City. It is a plank road raised on stilts about seven or eight feet above the beach, and it runs like a wall before the city from one end to the other. It is fifteen feet wide and has a rude stout rail on either side, except where it is fringed by stores. It crosses all the avenues, sometimes by dipping down to their level, but more often by arching over them as a series of bridges. Between 10 o'clock A. M. and 10 o'clock P. M. it is traversed by more persons than all the other streets in the place. Just after tea, as they call supper down there, it is as crowded as the lower end of Vesey street on Saturday night. There have been 200,000 persons on it at one time on many a night. The beauty and the charm of it are that it changes its character with almost every 500 feet of its length. Now it is a narrow lane between great bathing houses and quiet ocean view pavilions, next it is a lonely lovers' walk, with only the sea and the moon and the white sand for its neighbors; then, again, it leaps into the din and brawl of a block-wide of dime museums, saloons, skating rinks, restaurants, peddlers' booths, and shooting galleries, and a little later it has a great hotel on one side and the quiet beach on the other.

A BIT OF THE BOARDWALK.

Really, there's nothing like that Boardwalk on this continent. It's only a plank walk, cheap, plain, rough, and unpainted, and it leads past no end of shabby wooden shells of buildings like those at Coney Island, and sometimes more like the stalls at West Washington Market. It and its neighbors may all go up in a cloud of smoke some day, like a carpenter shop on fire, and the loss in dollars would not be immense; but, nevertheless, it answers its purpose, it brings more people together than can be seen on any other seaside roadway in this country, and it gives them a greater variety of sights and scenes than they will be apt to get anywhere else. If any foreigner who is reading THE SUN to-day would like to see how American crowds behave, let him go on the Boardwalk on any day this summer and mingle with the healthy, good-looking, smiling, orderly, intelligent, well-dressed, comfortable tens of thousands at this Bowery by the sea. He will find a countryman or two dressed up as policemen and deputized to keep order, but they seldom find any one in the crowd who is not as much bent on keeping order as they are.

THREE PHILADELPHIA GIRLS.

The artist has sketched some of the girls the foreigner will see. They are crossing a Boardwalk bridge over one of the avenues. He may say that he has seen some finer faces in New York or Brooklyn or Boston, but he will not assert that he ever saw healthier, solider, or more shapely figures than theirs, for Philadelphia girls walk a good deal, spend a great part of their time at the seaside, live quietly in a quiet and slow old city, and appear to give that time to helping their mothers at home which the girls further North devote to hard and often useless study in order to keep their places at school. At one point on the Boardwalk there is a very select and exclusive spot called "the sand box," at which the dudines lounge in the most picturesque positions between breakfast time and the hour for luncheon; that is to say, during the bathing hours. The sand box is a sort of a wharf or pier, reaching into the water at high tide, and filled with sand. You can see it a mile away by reason of the great red umbrellas, stuck into the sand by their handles, and that open every morning and spread their sides above the people like giant blossoms in a rose garden. The dudines are Baltimoreans and Washingtonians as well as Philadelphians, and they have to pay for the right to lounge under the umbrellas in the manner portrayed in this picture.

LOUNGING IN THE SAND BOX.

It is in the sand box that one frequently notes the unconscious surrender of young women to the unrestraint that comes of the daily use of the bathing dress. These stylish girls like best to lounge upon the sand, either on pillows or rugs, or to sit and lean against the back seats that the proprietor provides. They bring shawls to throw over their shoes below the bottoms of their dresses, but oftentimes their feet slip out at one side of the shawls, or sometimes the shawls are forgotten and lie by the side of their owners, folded as they came. There the young girls lie, reading the latest Ouida, chatting with a beau, gazing at the restless sea, or dreaming with half-closed eyes of to-night's arrivals or to-morrow's new dress, while the ceaseless tread of the promenaders on the Boardwalk above thrums in their ears. The promenaders sometimes look surprised. The girl in the steamer chair, with her knees crossed, arrests their attention, and then they stare at the others on the sand. And yet if conventionalism permits the use of the bathing dress of the period, what can be urged against a neat kid shoe and an inch or two of well-fitted blue or black hosiery?

It is a compliment to the sand box to say that THE SUN'S artist lingered long there every day and made several of his prettiest sketches there and thereabouts. It was like looking at a society play or reading a fashionable novel to recline for an hour among the dandies and the maidens and to observe them closely. Here day after day there comes an invalid girl to sit nervelessly on a silken cushion and stare with wandering eyes at the robust energy of the other girls. She is liked by them, and many of them surround her and pay court to her in a manner royalty might envy, since it is bred of sympathy for her and of admiration of the sweetly patient nature her great calm eyes reflect. But the young society bucks in white flannel suits and tennis hats pay no heed to her at all. They group around the others, bringing offerings of sweetmeats, books, and luncheon. Not around all the others, though, for here is a maiden whose back is ever turned toward the rest, and at whose side the same youth is forever seen. The artist thinks the couple are engaged.

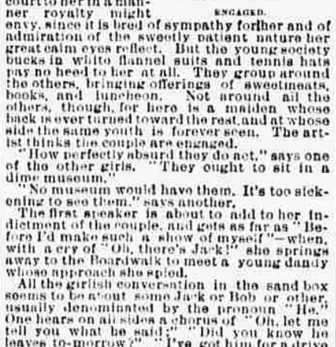
ENGAGED.

"How perfectly absurd they do act," says one of the other girls. "They ought to sit in a dime museum."

"No museum would have them. It's too sickening to see them," says another.

The first speaker is about to add to her indictment of the couple, and gets as far as "Before I'd make such a show of myself"—when, with a cry of "Oh, there's Jack!" she springs away to the Boardwalk to meet a young dandy whose approach she spied.

All the girlish conversation in the sand box seems to be about some Jack or Bob or other, usually denominated by the pronoun "He." One hears such remarks as "I'll ask Jack, let me tell you what he said;" "Did you know he leaves to-morrow?" "I've got him for a drive to-day," and so on. The happy Baltimorienne and Richmond belle often betrays her birthplace with the phrase, "I think he's right nice." Always days of jerseys and tailor-made garments. It would be impossible to get a trim appearance in the water without them.

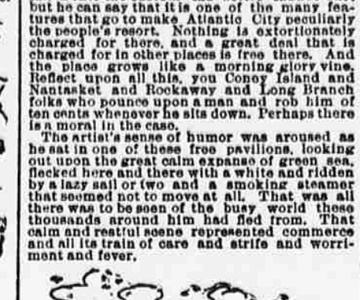


LITTLE INNOCENTS.

The gentle bathers certainly look neat, even in the regulation blue flannel suits. They all adopt the pretty fashion of 'sling a kerchief bewitchingly upon their heads to keep their hair dry and in place, and all wear tight-fitting black stockings, often of silk. Upon the strict historian it is incumbent to remark that there is a somewhat sensational amount of romping and wrestling among the men and women in the water at this place. The warmly advocated proposition of the sexes to bathe out as briskly and joyously as the co-bathing of them does, so to speak, at Atlantic City, it would at once be pronounced a grand success. The great majority of the women seem to commit themselves to the hands and arms of their male friends at the same instant that they enter the water. In fact, flirtation at Atlantic City seems to be mainly an aquatic diversion.

It is difficult to say what the great goggle-eyed fishes that are continually being hauled up by the anglers on the ocean piers think of the romping frolicsomness of their element, but the frequency with which they attach themselves to the hooks justifies the impression that they think the bipeds on terra firma must be a jolly lot and are therefore anxious to be yanked up among them as soon as possible. But if the bathers themselves don't care any more about the mischievous fish than they seem to think of the impression produced on the minds of the lookers on from the shore, they are not much troubled in mind. If the custom is contagious and catches, or catches on, at the other watering places we may expect to feel, like Dr. Mimms, to shower his anathemas upon the giddy waltz and launch fresh ones at the Greco-Roman commingling of the sexes in the surf. To look upon most bathing scenes is to see the bathers separated in couples very much as if they expected some submarine band to strike up a waltz and set them all whirling. But it is plain that they are not in exactly momentary expectation of it, for this young woman is on her back trying to float, while she rests in a loop made of a man's arms—one under her back and the other around her side. That youth is vainly trying to trip or throw the robust, romping girl before him. This couple are locked in one another's embraces as if afraid of the shock of an approaching breaker, and other couples are tripping seaward together hand in hand, like so many pairs of haymakers running to a dance on a village green at the close of harvest time. It's all very innocent and joyous and beautiful, because those qualities, and modesty along with them, are what this Quaker resort is famous for. But it would be criticised at almost any other place.

The youths of both sexes and the men and women keep just as close together after the bath, at which time they are to be seen in couples sprawling on the beach in the most unconventional attitudes. The sea water has an exhilarating effect upon them, apparently, for the siestas in the sun are often preceded by races up or down the beach, either for exercise or to find places as far removed from the rest of their kind as is possible on a beach which is skirted the whole length by the crowded Boardwalk. The dudes and dudesses are fond of dressing quickly and seeking shelter and close companionship beneath a red umbrella in the sand box, or of planting umbrellas in the beach so deftly that their privacy is not likely to be spied upon by any one except old Neptune, whom, by the way, no gallant has ever seen.



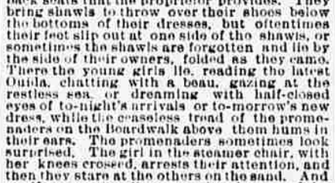
THE BUSY WORLD BEYOND.

And at the artist's back was the "Haven of Rest" to which the careworn multitude had flown—the peaceful, quiet, drowsy corner of sand far away from the strife and friction of the workday world. What a farce it is, this loaving quiet and stupid old Philadelphia to try to rest amid the clatter and swirl of bustling young Atlantic City. Why, at the moment THE SUN'S artist was contrasting the placid sea with the high pressure crush of petty commerce on the Boardwalk, there arose a jargon and roar of trade and travel such as was not to have been heard at Fulton street and Broadway, or at Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street—the busiest spots on this hemisphere. The bands of a roller rink, a museum, a variety theatre, and the blatant organ of a merry-go-round were crashing and clashing together. Jews with baskets were almost using force to compel the people to buy their smoked glasses, suspenders, fruit, and canes; storekeepers and waiters were yelping at their work, dishes clattered in restaurants, money chinked, people were squeezed, panting, in a solid mass, and everybody was harder at work and less at ease than he or she had been at home, you may be sure. Elsewhere they tramped along the alluring Boardwalk until their joints ached, others battled with the surf until their strength fled, others toiled up to the cloud curtained top of the lighthouse—and nobody rested. So much for the theory that rest is what the people want. No, it is change of air, change of scene, and change of occupation; change is what they seek and what refreshes them.

A HAVEN OF REST

To a New Yorker there is a change even in what he reads in the signs that confront him in the booth clusters on the Boardwalk. "Cape May salts," the waterman advertises; "Nettle beer and all soft drinks" is seen over a soda fountain; apricots are heaped on the stands of the fruiterers, as well as denominated upon their sign boards, and the showy glitter of the painted word "Taffy," is appropriately displayed at the end of a lonely stretch of planking at the lovers' end of the walk. Nobody rents bathing dresses—"Robes to hire" is the way they all express it. "Pepper pot" seems to be a leading dish in the beach restaurants, and "waffles" are also considered an attraction to them. Photograph galleries are as numerous on the Boardwalk as the sand, and a candy stand, and at one of the three piers each person who pays a quarter for admission to the wharf gets a tintype picture free gratis with the ticket. "Dry cigars" and "Egg Harbor wine" are other novel legends on the swinging boards.

In these photograph galleries is seen another indication of the effect of the continual use of the bathing dress. The girls are very fond of being photographed in their bath costumes, and the artistic photographers who take black lisle against a background formed by a white boat and white hosiery against a dark background appear to enjoy the cream and rush of trade. Shooting galleries are plentiful also, as plenty as beer saloons in the Bowery. They are different from and vastly better than those at New York's seaside resorts. A very popular idea with the Teutonic sportsmen who keep these places is to construct them theatrically, each with a number of white and fluted Corinthian pillars at the back, so that they look like ancient temples in miniature. The targets are nailed to the pillars, and among the pillars one is apt to see a number of empty beer and wine bottles fixed on a misshapen, lop-sided wheel so that they go bobbing around among the columns in the most extraordinary—and to the rustic mind—the most comical manner. The German girls, or those of them that have pretty bathing suits of their own, are very fond of practising at these bottles before or after they bathe, and it is no uncommon thing to see a big-limbed, broad-backed girl walk to an alley, pick up a Flobert rifle, and send all the bobbing bottles to flinders without missing a shot, while the knot of barelegged swains around her bet upon her skill and otherwise enter into the spirit of the occasion so volubly as to draw a crowd that blocks the travel on the Boardwalk as a house moving chokes a village street. A pretty girl never looks prettier than with a rifle at her shoulder, unless it may be when she stands before a sea of faces just about to raise a glistening gold cornet-a-piston to her lips as this vivacious miss does every night at Schaufler's garden:



AT SCHAUFLER'S BEER GARDEN.

In a great many respects Atlantic City answers a New Yorker's idea of what a city should be better than any of his own watering places, or even than any of the great cities of the country. Coney Island shuts up when the last train leaves, at about midnight; the Rockaways close their electric eyes even earlier. Long Beach goes to bed at ten, and Long Branch at midnight. In Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia there is nothing stirring an hour after the theatres close, and so, wherever the New Yorker goes for pleasure, he soon gets homesick and longs for the perennial Bowery, the never-resting Sixth avenue, or the insomniac neighborhood of the City Hall. But Atlantic City, at least on Saturday night, keeps awake till daybreak, and the live-liest night resort there is Schaufler's, which is in full blast until midnight. It will hardly do to liken it to the Atlantic Garden, although in that way a New Yorker will get the best idea of it. In point of fact, it is modelled after the beer gardens of Berlin, Leipsic, and Frankfort. It is a great patch of boarded ground, shaded and beautified by many umbrageous willows, lighted by yellow gas jets and hissing electric lights, and furnished with innumerable tables and chairs, piano, and the mid-t of which rises a pretty orchestra pavilion. The usual white-aproned German counts in disguise rush about with baglike pockets full of coin and with their twelve-fingered hands grasping great scalloped masses of beer glasses. The deep and thoughtful Teuton in asectacles pounds the tired and thin-voiced piano, and the dignified and severe maestro rules the red-faced musicians magically with his slender wand. Very sweetly, indeed, and with a nice taste in their selections do these musicians woo the ears of the beer drinkers, for the drinkers are Germans and will not be honeyfugled with the tunes the street boys whistle. But Alice Raymond is the star and reigning sensation. She it is who looks so charming as she raises her cornet to her lips, and whose pleasing features seem so wrung with anguish once she begins to blow into the tube. There is no doubt about the prettiness of a beautiful girl who is about to play a cornet, but there is a great deal of doubt about it once she begins to play. But if she is the mistress of the gilded horn it does not matter how she looks. The ancient mariners did not see the faces of the sirens in the Mediterranean. It was the music these girls made that caused the ancients to forget their wives and go and heap up their bones on that Barren Island that thrived ever so long before Frank Swift was heard of.

But here in this garden, in full view of the Prohibitionists, is now progressing the conquest of America by King Gambrinus. We in New York remember that the Central Park Garden, when Theodore Thomas played there, was the Bunker Hill of the great revolution by which the artful Germans have determined to grasp this American people by the throat and pour down that organ the amber beverage of the Fatherland. There our fair sisters and mothers were first inveigled into sipping beer with husbands, sons, and beaux, and from that the work went on until the insidious drink found its way upon the tables at home, and the fair ones quaffed it in other gardens, halls, and public places and were not downcast nor ashamed. Just so in Atlantic City the gentle Quakeress is taken to Schaufler's to hear the music, the subtle waiter says "Beer?" to her, and before she can save herself is off and back again, and there stands before her a foaming beaker of lager. As she lifts it to her coral lips, "only to taste it, you know," THE SUN reporter, with his spiritual eye, sees over her neatly turned little shoulder the red, triumphant face of Gambrinus, and a thunderboming waiter's shout of "Noch Eins" seems like the boastful cry of a conqueror: "Another one—another American captured!"

Provincialism is apparent even in the way the people drink. In these beer gardens there are always parties of young men who desire to appear very awfully wicked, but to say b-a-a-d. They convey this desire to the public by ordering a great many bottles of lager beer and ordering the waiters not to take one of them away. By the time a party of five of these dangerous youths have disposed of three bottlefuls apiece, they have an impressive pile of fifteen bottles on the table, and if they get up to $25—which is said to be straining a Philadelphia salary pretty hard—they grow proud and try to look very tough—a great deal tougher than the hide of the late lamented Bombi.

But to get back to the Boardwalk.

Atlantic City is individually modest. Ninety-nine in every hundred of the bathing dresses are the regulation blue flannel suits, for both men and women. A bath house keeper, or keeper of the robes, I suppose he would call himself, showed the reporter a sort of masculine chemiloon composed of a pair of thin, short trunks and a jersey waist, but he said he would not rent it to any one. "People are scarcy here," said he; "what is quite common at other beaches won't go down at all here."

And yet the photographic exhibit made the most attractive display of portraits of girls in fancy dresses told the reporter that these dresses were "just worn to show off in for promenading on the beach." Not even the soles of the little shoes were dampened, and when the fair wearers wanted to bathe, he said, they went to a bath house and hired a common blue flannel suit. There seems not to be anything so ridiculously "scarcy" about that.

Or about the Pacific brave girl who climbs into her phaeton and is driven to the beach looking as if a bath were the last thing on her programme that day, and yet who merely throws a light carriage robe aside and steps down upon the sand, arrayed like Diana (that is to say, a very modern, United States Diana) for the bath. She is an inventress, and designed her own suit. She wears trousers much shorter than the usual ones, over them she puts a petticoat of woollen lace that reaches her knees, over her black silk stockings. Then she dons a pair of corsets, a black skirt an inch shorter than the lace petticoat and prettily braided down the front and at the bottom; a black jersey waist, turned under from the collar down to the fourth button, and then a celluloid collar and chemisette front, a stiff bow of blue and white elastic, and a black worsted mob cap. In her carriage, with the robe over her lap, she looks as if she might be going visiting; on the sand she is always the sensation of the beach.

When she comes out of the water her stockings and her finely knit jersey shine like the skin of an Ethiope or the fur of a wet seal. She trips into a bath house, drops the wet flannel skirt, puts on a dry one left there on the previous day, and either sums herself in the sand, or, if the air is chilly, drives home, looking once again as if there was not and had not been a thought of bathing in her mind.

STYLISH BATHERS.

The stylish men and women meet at the Park Baths for their morning plunge. It is next door to the sand box on the Boardwalk, and if you should look into the empty bath rooms on the women's side just after the bathers have gone you would see such a display of wet and draggled corsets as would suggest a recent fire in some corset factory.

"Corsets are now furnished with every female bath suit," said an attendant to the reporter. "A corset to one who never has worn one is almost a necessity. The women used to be tired before they reached the surf until the fashion of wearing them in the water became general, which was only last year. But then day lady of taste would bathe without one in these days of jerseys and tailor-made garments. It would be impossible to get a trim appearance in the water without them."

THE UMBRELLA ACT

A very popular bathing point is Jackson's, at which excursionists, cottagers, and hotel boarders take the water. There are 500 dressing rooms in Jackson's place, and 2,200 persons have been sheltered there at one time. A glance at the crowds in the water there shows that the pairing of the sexes is not confined to swelldom: indeed, it is seen to be a custom of the country. Such mauling and tossing about as the girls get all along the beach makes one wonder that they like it as much as they seem to. The regulation blue flannel suit for both sexes is everywhere the rule, variety being found in private, close-fitting suits, with plenty of broad white braid at the knees, cuffs, collar, and hem of the skirt. Black stockings that shine like oiled ebony are also everywhere the thing. Some of the dressiest costumes are completed by regular high-buttoned shoes, the effect of which is to give a finish to the bathers' outline more marked and effective than would be imagined. The corsets, kerchief caps, silk stockings, and high shoes combine very prettily, and girls so clad recall to a nicety some of the pretty figures of bathers in French water color that chrome publishers have copied and circulated freely here in recent years. Those pictures shocked us even as portraying the dress of French women a few years ago; and yet to-day they are reproduced with fidelity by the women at our most conservative bathing beach.

QUAKERESSES FROM QUAKER CITY.

companionship beneath a red umbrella in the sand box, or of planting umbrellas in the beach so deftly that their privacy is not likely to be spied upon by any one except old Neptune, whom, by the way, no gallant has ever seen.

EXCURSIONISTS IN THE BREAKERS.

moving up and down it. What is needed is either a line of basket cars hung upon a single track, such as is often seen in India, or a line of donkey wagons a foot and a half or two feet wide and long enough to hold three or, perhaps, four persons. At all events, however it is done or whoever does it, there is a great opening. The corsets, kerchief caps, silk stockings, and high shoes combine very prettily, and girls so clad recall to a nicety some of the pretty figures of bathers in French water color that chrome publishers have copied and circulated freely here in recent years. Those pictures shocked us even as portraying the dress of French women a few years ago; and yet to-day they are reproduced with fidelity by the women at our most conservative bathing beach.

smiles would fade from their faces and they would dismount from the whirling table. And matrons sit beside grown-up daughters and fathers beside married sons, all whirling around the tumultuous organ and jabbing with their poker swords at the gibbet that holds the elusive iron rings which it seems essential to stab at each revolution. The big shed is always packed with spectators during the busy hours, negroes on one side and whites on the other, for negroes are as plenty in Atlantic City as coals are in Newcastle.

But the introduction of this steam delirium machine was not the last chance humanity had to make money at Atlantic City. There is nobody there yet with a heavy sledge hammer and a tall pole for trying the strength of the unsophisticated; and since there is not anybody with a live darky boy stuck head first through a hole in a sheet of canvas, and with a lot of base balls for throwing at the aforesaid head, who shall say how much money is yet to be made in this way, or from the erection of an elevator, or of a stuffed image of a milch cow, or the vending of Frankfort sausages, all after the plans in use in Coney Island, and all missing at Atantic City? But seriously—that is, if any one thinks the above is not serious—the positive want and almost a necessity in Atlantic City is a means to ride on the Boardwalk. It is two and a half or three miles in length, and every inch of it is so interesting that thousands tire themselves every day in

PERRY, THE DOGCATCHER.

The proprietors of the one hundred and thirty barrooms in Atlantic City put up whiskey, rum, brandy, or gin in tiny little glass flasks, which they sell, filled, for from twenty-five to fifty cents, to be taken to the beach by male bathers, who have recourse to them to fortify their strength after too long a bout with the surf.

When a train load of excursionists arrives, like a flight of locusts, to darken a great section of the beach, as is the case almost every day in the season, it is observable that, whether or not the liquor in these flasks is of the sort called Jersey lightning, they burn the pockets of the men to such a degree that it is found to be impossible to carry them until the bathing is over, and one sees them tilted up to the mouths of the men all along the lines of bathers.

The excursionists come mainly from neighboring New Jersey and Pennsylvania towns, and spend most of their time on the beach and the Boardwalk. The young couples are not long in finding out that flirting and wooing can best be carried on beyond the town in the wilderness of sand, grass, and scrub-covered hills that stretch away to Jumbo ville, or whatever the people call the part of the beach five miles away where the original wooden elephant was erected and now stands.

"I found a young Bordentown girl at the edge of this sand tract the other evening," said a policeman, "and she looked so lonely and uncomfortable that I asked her what she was doing there, and if she had lost her way."

"Oh, no," she replied, quite frankly; "I'm with another girl, but she has gone off for a walk with a young man."

"That's pretty lonely work for you, isn't it?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," she said; "my beau will be along in a minute."

But, after all, the side streets in the city answer most of the requirements for a lovers' moonlight walk. They are quiet and prettily shaded, the houses stand a little apart, and though the piazzas here and there are apt to be occupied, few persons are stirring on the sidewalks. Very many of these Atlantic City cottages are slender little frame dwellings of cheap construction, the bareness of outline being softened by plenty of jig-saw ornamentation. A great many of them seem to be of the character of those dwellings that are turned out at prices ranging from $250 to $2,000 in factories up the Hudson and shipped to all points on the continent, ready to set up and nail together in a day or two. It is really surprising to see how excellent in most important respects these ready-made, portable cottages are. They make it possible for persons of very slender means to own their own homes at the seaside, and to spend whole summers there instead of a few days cramped up and put to considerable expense in those pine barracks that are courteously called seaside hotels. Some minor wonders have also been performed in gardening in the sand at Atlantic City, or "The City of Atlantic City," as it officially calls itself. Grass plots and flower beds, both thriving nicely, are to be seen within a couple of stone throws from the sea. Often these little front-yard decorations are especially remarkable, for the fact that the German taste that gave rise to them demands that every grass plat, path, and flower bed shall be edged with shells of kiln-dried whiteness, and that ghastly and cheap white statuettes of iron or plaster shall be stood here and there among the flowers.

The Germans are more numerous than any others of the many sorts of adopted citizens who are established in Atlantic City. Some are conspicuous as hotel keepers or merchants in the heart of the town, and their names are also numerous on the signs along the Boardwalk. One of them keeps a place wherein he made forty cents a minute for an hour that the reporter of THE SUN spent there, and on other days and evenings when the reporter passed by his business was as much, if not more, rushed than then. Forty cents a minute is a great deal in the course of a day. Figure for yourself. The Astor House bar is said to take in about $5,000 in a day of twelve hours' duration. In twelve hours there are 720 minutes, so that the receipts each minute are under 70 cents. At 40 cents they would reach the sum of $2,880. But this German does not keep a bar, and does not do a steady 40-cents-a-minute business by any means. Gossip credits him with a business of about $200 or $250 a day. He keeps a steam merry-go-round, and it is the biggest thing on the island in the minds of both residents and visitors.

He has a great square shed over it and the machine itself is very like those we are familiar with—a round revolving platform appointed with animals carved in wood, and bearing agonized expressions, consequent, in all probability, upon being transfixed with an iron rod through each one's spine, and with being constantly stabbed in the neck with a poker-like sword. The great toy was made in Gravesend, the birthplace of most American merry-go-rounds. This one is run by a little donkey engine, and the leader of the orchestra has two of the most blatant and gigantic hand organs to grind, first one and then the other.

This is the second year of the merry-go-round in this singular resort, and apparently nobody is too self-conscious or grave to enjoy riding upon it. Nobody except the dudes, of course. But one may see any time a score of as pretty girls as any that ever dressed more fashionably sailing sidewise on the rampant goats and petrified steeds, as smiling and radiant as if their best young man was putting out five dollars, instead of five cents, on a team to ride upon. It is certain that they do not know that for a long time it has not been fashionable to wear barber-pole stockings, else the

THE LOVERS' END OF THE BOARD WALK.

The people and officials of Atlantic City deserve great praise for maintaining the walk in the perfect manner in which it is kept, and they deserve praise for the excellence of the streets and the good order always observable in them, and for the gas and electric systems of lighting the city, for the paving and for the excellent system of sewage. If some other seaside resorts don't grow as fast as their landholders would like, let them send an agent to the officials of Atl