

BELL'S ANNUAL BATH

He Makes a Fine Showing in a Bathing Suit.

SIR GEORGE PULLMAN'S THANKS

The Bright and Sunny Days of Youth—Coney Island and Other Fashionable Watering Places.

(FOR THE SUNDAY HERALD. By special arrangement with the author.)

Coney Island this season seems to be a good deal improved as to the character of its patrons. I was told that many of the tougher class had gone to Tuxedo and thus greatly increased the hunt ton of the West End. I had quite a little talk with Mr. Silas Dooler, the artist and tinsy impressionist of the West End, early in the week regarding this change for the better. He also says



BY THE SEA WAVES.

that many of the canaille of Coney Island have gone to Ocean Grove for the summer. Mr. Dooler took a tin type of me in bathing costume while I waited. I give it here with the aid of Mr. McDougall, who has so kindly volunteered before this at times to set me right before the public. Very few people look real well in a bathing costume, it seems to me, and this picture would indicate that I am no exception. Bathing in a hired chemist with real bread on it does give me that gentle sense of thorough ablution that I felt when in childhood I defied the police and, clothed in nothing but conscious rectitude and a little bag of asafetida which I wore around my neck to keep off the prairie mange and other plagues incident to a thorough education, I plunged like a long, but break into the foam of the mill pond.

"Oh, then was glorious days," as Sir George Pullman says in his Night Thoughts. "How lean and meager is the salary we get today compared with the joy that came with freedom and health and fried mush and gentle sleep." I was speaking to Sir George about it the other day, and as he charged up a colored porter with the loss of a towel on his last trip he heaved a sigh, and looked out at window as who should say: "Ah, what recompense have wealth and position for the unalloyed joys of childhood, and how gladly today as I sit in the midst of my Oriental splendor and costly magnificence a titled foreigner with a glittering order on my breast, but chaos in my soul, and thoughtfully run my fingers through my choice but changing chin whiskers, would I give it all, wealth, fame, title and position, for one brief, balmy, breezy day gathered from the mellow haze of the long ago, when I stood full knee deep in the lukewarm pool near my suburban home in the quiet dell and allowed the yielding, soothing mud to squirt up between my dimpled toes."

The West End is not overrun by wealth and style or rissid harnesses or clanging carriage bells, but it has an atmosphere of light melody and freedom from restraint which is real nice, I think. I was a cane there during the week by throwing rings at it. It was not an intellectual cane, but cheap, and with a very small development about the head. The more I go to Coney Island and watch the ways of West Enders and cane vendors the more I notice that the gold headed canes are so wide across the top that the rings will not bstride them. The cane I got has a nice red typewriter head on it, made of celluloid, and the stick itself is of pure hide bound Weehawken malaga. It only cost me eight cents, but the canes I bought and did not get cost me \$2.85.

Pop corn this year is flavored with everything as neatly as soda water and is less gummy, as a young lady of Vassar said to me on the boat as I was loading her hand for her moment while she was listening to some boat music. Speaking of boat music in New York bay this season, I think I notice a slight improvement in that regard, several of the bands having been shot by maddened passengers and their places not yet supplied by others. One entire boat band was bitten by a mad dog in June; also in the calf of the leg, and no one has been raised up to take its place as I write. Much good may be done at times, I think, by well directed hydrophobia. A colored quartet who thought they sang on board the excursion boat which last year encircled Staten Island daily now imagine that they are singing at South Beach. For the privilege of wauling on that trip last year these men had to pay the boat a small sum. Toward autumn their wives raised it by laundry efforts. Nothing was paid in by passengers except once. An ill guided man from Poughkeepsie who was deaf and also absent minded gave them five cents on the 15th of July, but he was observed by another passenger and the next day the body of the Poughkeepsie man was found far out to sea with an airtight stove tied around his neck.

These colored gentlemen are dependent solely on their voices and their wives for support. If they were not permitted to obtain their livelihood by singing they would have to work. I do not dislike these musicians, but their groans, howls of anæsthetics, will kill birds by the roadside. I like good comic music and will walk quite a long distance to hear it, but when it is so rank that the rest- less orders turn over in their little oyster beds and man as the boat goes over them I think it is time to call a halt.

Many a prophes said that this year would see a great falling off in the attendance at Coney Island, but I do not notice it. It was said that other new resorts would cut into Coney Island even as the enraged and outraged surf had cut into Brighton Beach; but it is

not apparent. New York needs all the breathing holes there are, and though you go to one and think that the multitude cannot be duplicated you find that it can over and over again at hundreds of other places, seaward and inland. Good food can be had at Coney Island at a moderate price, many articles comparing favorably as to quality and tariff with those in the city. Devilish crabs and lionized potatoes, especially are to be had in great profusion and at reasonable rates to all.

Mr. Anton Seidl is holding his recitals at Brighton Beach, and amidst the roar of the surf the sweet music of the ophecheide and germetide may be heard. On the day I attended, Mr. Seidl was in real good form. He does not play himself, but merely does the ornamental becoming, and gives the playing his general approval as it goes along.

The programme opened with an overture, which is frequently the case at such times, and was followed by a suite of dances by Brill. It was from the Ballet La Champagne, and one could almost imagine that he saw before him the graceful, lithe limbed and giddy shippers of the legitimate drama. Then came some soft, easy going waltzes by Gounod, Saint-Saens and other able composers. After that Mr. Seidl introduced a Hungarian rhapsody by the eminent but slightly lecherous Liszt. It was No. 12 of his rhapsodies, and Mr. Seidl kept good time to it with his little parasol handle. When the music was completed the applause of the audience mingled with that of the roaring billows outside, and then some more pieces were played with great success, closing with a selection by Nessler, called the "Trumpeter of Skovhegan," if I am not grossly mistaken. The opera from which it was taken from, as the tautologists have it, was laid on the Rhine, where it was afterward secured and utilized by Mr. Nessler. Mr. Seiffert played the trumpet solo in this piece, and was recalled at its close by the iron pier in order to give his music the right distance.

Mr. Seidl uses only the Chickering piano at his performances. He uses it by standing in the pit with a large monogram tarpaulin over it, bearing the name in tall, gilt letters. Then at the close of the season Mr. Chickering throws off this horse blanket or sweater together with half the price and lets Mr. Seidl have the piano at a bargain.

He also uses the Mason & Hamlin organ in a similar way.

I lectured once in a large city for the benefit of the watermelon sufferers of Georgia, and on the programmes I found that I "only used the Chickering, erect, overstrung piano" at all my entertainments. Somebody did well out of that, but I was not in it, to use a truism from Socrates.

The time will come when a prima donna may pause between her selections while the orchestra proceeds with the interlude and, slowly but deftly removing her artificial teeth, polish them neatly on her elbow and call attention to their general good qualities and biting powers, at the same time giving the name of the maker and thus getting an extra set at the end of the season.

Mr. Informal Williams, of Ninth avenue, who has practically controlled the pretzel market at Pier One for the past season, has opened a branch at the West End and last week shipped a whole fish pole full of these toothsome victuals.

A hot Frankfurter works at South Beach, owned by Perley Dinksbatter, caught on fire last Friday week and was completely gutted.

Long Branch looks bright and smiling this season and along the ocean drive many new faces are seen. I frequently save up enough during the winter to stop over at Long Branch between boats by being economical.

I like to visit the Branch each summer, and every one is glad to see me there and wonders why I cannot stay any longer. It is not because I am prejudiced against the Branch, but because I cannot afford it. Now, at South Beach I can go from my country seat at Slippery-elmhurst-Back-of-the-Reservoir-by-the-Sea for five cents. Carrying my own bathing suit, which consists of a knitted chemise, I repair to some infrequent portion of the shore, and after eating a hasty bite of some pure food, consisting in part of cold salt pork held in place



A FLUNGE IN.

by Shaker flannel cakes and washed down with a beaker of old Rhenish wine from a secret vineyard of mine in the hills of Kentucky, I disrobe behind an oak which I stick up in the sand, and plunge madly with a glad, gurgling cry into the spray, where I snort about for an hour or so and then return to my atelier, where I resume work on my new almanac for 1891 and do other literary work till my seething brain warns me that I must desist or incur the displeasure of the board of health.

All of this costs but a trifle, and leaves me considerable means to use in the purchase of members of the legislature and other farm produce.

I hear some complaint this summer at the bathing places regarding lack of proper care of the bathing houses, and the crying need of more cleanliness. One lady at Coney Island this summer, whose home is on the east side of New York, and whose husband made his money by a judicious system of sanitary plumbing and unumitary charges for same, told me that her oldest daughter, Elfrida, came home after utilizing one of those public bath houses and her clothing was just literally covered with crumpe.

People can't be too careful in that way. A correspondent writes me from Ocean Grove to know what he shall do about collecting a slight bill of \$750 against the landlord of a boarding house there who had a house of the writes last summer for that sum. Toward the close of the season the guests all assembled at the breakfast table one morning,

and while merrily chaffing each other and such things some one asked, "Where is Mr. Van Pelter?" for that was the gentleman's name who ran the establishment. He came not till the breakfast was cold, and so several went in search of him. They went up in the garret, where summer guests had been in the habit of hanging themselves, but he was not there. His business had been profitable, so they did not see why he should suicide, unless he was leading what is called a double life, and the two families had got acquainted with each other.

However, they dragged the Atlantic ocean carefully and got a good many other curiosities, but did not get Mr. Van Pelter.

It is now over a year and the correspondent asks me to kindly mention through these columns that any one giving him any information regarding a heavy set and rather wheezy blonde male, weighing upwards of 280 pounds, with iron gray whiskers in his ears and a decided penchant for fried chicken and revivals, will confer a lasting favor upon him by communicating with said gentleman in my care. Also that any person desiring who will take the trouble to come down to Ocean Grove when Mr. Van Pelter is brought back can see some fun by staying around there for a day or two while he and the tradespeople and others renew their acquaintance with Mr. Van Pelter and unravel his works for him.

THE OTHER PROHIBITED BOOKS

and not a few of our most noted are reading them on the sly. The daughter of one of the most goodly good and Puritanical Senator's has made a neat cover of vellum which just fits over the flaming title page of these questionable novels, and she has printed in red ink on the back of this fictitious titles of other works. I happened to pass her in the Capitol the other day and I afterwards took a quick look at the reserved copy of the Senate. As I passed, she had this book under her arm and I noted that it was labeled "Daniel Deronda," by George Eliot, and she had a small picture of a man in a top hat on the cover of the book, and the social slush which is packed within it, I do not wonder that she preferred to change that title. I have made some entries in my notebook since that time, and find that there are ten girls here, at least, who are playing this game on their unsuspecting parents. 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