

AT THE VAUDEVILLE WHERE DOWN THE BAY THE SINGING SOUBRETTES PLAY AND THE BREEZES STEAL THE WHISKERS OF THE TONY PASTOR "JAY"

By Stephen Bonsal.



WHEN the city is like a bake oven and the asphalt is soft under foot, the thousands who dwell in the tenement districts remember that Manhattan is an island, "most hemmed and water laved," as the poet sang, and they set about taking fifty-cent sea voyages with more ado than the globe trotter makes preparing for his tour around the world. From Harlem to the Battery, at frequent intervals, the steamers touch to take on their excited freight.

Long before the hour of departure the docks are populated with excursionists in pairs. I want to insist upon the pairing. With all due respect, they come marching two by two, just as the animals did on the first great excursion. If, luckless one, you walk alone, if "she is no: here to take your part, don't chose the next one to your heart." They do not stand for that in the Fourteenth ward, and many an excursionist of a proclivity turn of mind has come home with a black eye and an uneasy feeling around the ribs that had nothing to do with seasickness.

The passengers come on board at the various points of embarkation in couples, as I have said. They come in twos and arm in arm invariably. This is apparently the only safe way of crossing the gang plank unless you put your arm around her waist, which is not considered etiquette until after nine, when the candles are burning low and the electric light acts tired of spoiling sport.

We float out into the stream and are steaming now in the shadow of our great captain's tomb. "That's Rockefeller's palay," says a volunteer guide, pointing at the looming edifice rising majestically out of the night.

"It ain't! It's Charley Schwab's new house," protests another, and quite a hot discussion ensues, during which compliments of various kinds are given and received.

"Well, it ain't ourn, anyway," concludes a peacemaker, who will be district leader some day. "So we needn't bother about the old place."

Suave Vender.

"Here's your nice fresh marshmallows. Chewing of 'em is the only way to pass the time until the entertainment begins." This

many a good honest boy who is making his eight a week and finds it scanty for outings. "Who said two beers?"

"I'm just choking for a drink," admits his best girl, and Jimmy turns red and blue and green in turn, and perspires awfully the while. "What would you rather do?" he says at last, doggedly. "Would you rather drink now and walk home from the river or go without and ride home in an open car?"

She is perplexed. The alternative in either case is not attractive, and he seeks relief from his embarrassment in talk, profuse, plausible, but, on the whole, unconvincing talk.

"So help me," he runs on, "wonder where all my money's gone. I changed a five spot yesterday and you can search me. There must be a hole in me pants pocket."

"When we are married I'll keep the till myself," she says severely, and there is an awkward pause. The thought of the long walk across town through the tenement districts continues to curb it if it does not quench many a thirst throughout the evening.

There is a rush to see the sentinel pacing the shore of Governor's Island and then the "vaudeville" begins. And it is a pretty good show if you come early and don't have to look at it through the long end of the piano or the tarpaulin awning, which is the sufficient dress and retiring room of the song and dance artists.

Here the beer man does a large if not profitable business, for it is in the contract that the vaudeville artists are to have as much beer as they can carry. On one deck there is an orchestra; on another a piano, but the show is the same everywhere.



SAME SHOW ON THIS DECK

One man said to another, "Never again," and the other fellow answered, "Not on your life." They, though on pleasure bent, were of a frugal mind and had not brought their girls with them, and they were well punished for it.

They had been in everybody's way, everybody hated them and they were beginning to hate themselves; and there was a big Swede, who, as he landed at the Battery, made the biggest kind of a kick. He approached the purser, holding up his programme, on which was depicted a long haired mermaid, clothed only in the cerulean blue of the sea, and the big Swede talked sternly, as the Vikings talked, but the purser, who is a polyglot, understood.

"No, we don't provide a mermaid for every passenger," he said, crossly; "it's just fair fishing. You get what you bring with you and what you can rustle, and now you can chase yourself."

THE COURTESY



WHEN THE BAND PLAYED FIJAWATEA.

Now comes the gladsome time of year When on a dozen courses The naturalist may observe That donkeys bet on horses.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS, MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS, MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

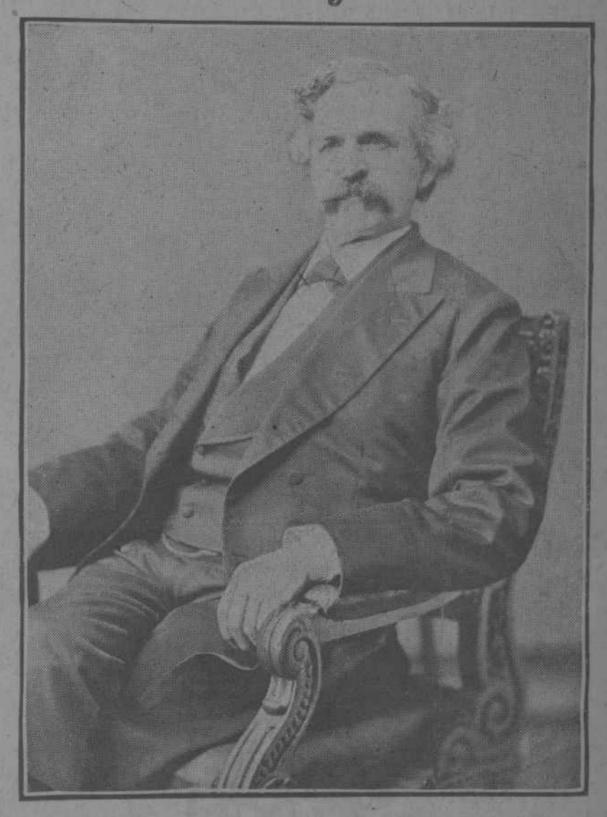
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA

Recommends Pe-ru-na—Other Prominent Men Testify.

Commodore Nicholson of the U. S. Navy.

Commodore Somerville Nicholson, of the United States Navy, in a letter from 1,837 R st., Northwest, Washington, D. C., says:—

"Your Peruna has been and is now used by so many of my friends and acquaintances as a sure cure for catarrh that I am convinced of its curative qualities and I unhesitatingly recommend it to all persons suffering from that complaint."—S. Nicholson.



U. S. Minister to Guatemala.

Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter, U. S. Minister to Guatemala and ex-Member of Congress from Kentucky, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes:—

"I am fully satisfied that your Peruna is an efficacious remedy for catarrh, as I and many of my friends have been benefited by its use."—W. G. Hunter, M. D.

Congressman Brown, from Virginia.

Hon. G. R. Brown, Martinsville, Va., ex-Member of Congress, Fifth District, 50th Congress, writes:—"I cheerfully give my endorsement to your Peruna as a cure for catarrh. Its beneficial results have been so fully demonstrated that its use is essential to all persons suffering from that disease."—Hon. G. R. Brown.

Son of Ex-Attorney General of United States.

Hon. Louis E. Johnson is the son of the late Reverdy Johnson, who was United States Senator from Maryland, Attorney General of the United States under President Johnson and United States Minister to England, and was regarded as the greatest constitutional lawyer that ever lived.

Hon. Louis E. Johnson, who at present resides at 1,006 F st., N. W., Washington, D. C., is an ardent friend to Peruna. In a recent letter he says:—

"No one should suffer longer from catarrh when Peruna is accessible. To my knowledge it has caused relief to so many

Hon. John J. Patterson, Ex-United States Senator from South Carolina, in a letter from 37-8 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes:—

"As quite a number of my friends have and are using Peruna as a catarrh cure with beneficial results, I feel that I can safely recommend it to those suffering from that disorder."

of my friends and acquaintances that it is humanity to commend its use to all persons suffering with this distressing disorder of the human system."

A Well Known Journalist Writes.

Hon. George Baber, 1,122 16th st., N. W., Washington, D. C., has been for a number of years well known in Kentucky as a journalist, having been the editor of the Bowling Green Democrat and afterward the proprietor and editor of the Louisville Evening News and of the Kentucky Law Journal. He writes the following:—

"I have given Peruna a sufficient test to

justify me in freely recommending it as an invigorating tonic. It is a prompt appetizer, and has also proved in my own experience to be conducive to sound and restful sleep. A member of my family found it efficacious in the treatment of catarrhal tendencies and an effective remedy for an annoying cough. Every household should be provided with it."—George Baber.

The day was when men of prominence hesitated to give their testimonials to proprietary medicines for publication. This remains true to-day of most proprietary medicines. But Peruna has become so justly famous, its merits are known to so many

people of high and low station, that no one hesitates to see his name in print recommending Peruna.

The highest men in our nation have given Peruna a strong indorsement. Men of all classes and stations are equally represented.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio

pedler of sweet things is soft and suave, but when his wares fall to go off like hot cakes he turns sarcastic. "Here's your nice fresh programmes," he shouts. "They don't cost no money. They're as free as the breezes—the breezes that blow off Barren Island."

There is quite a rush for programmes, but with so many living sweets the candy business soon comes to a standstill. Then the stern, hard waiter comes around. He is really a bouncer in disguise, and he has his shirt sleeves rolled up ready for any emergency. "Who said two beers?" he shouts, sweeping the herd of deck passengers with an all embracing and menacing glance. Whoever had said two beers was afraid to say it again, and so the beer is paraded up and down the deck until all the head and foam is gone.

Another arm in arm procession, walking so straightly that they give a general swayback effect, embarks at Twenty-third street. These seasons are more sophisticated than the people from the Valley of Harlem and the hills of Yorkville, and soon they are ensconced in snuggeries behind the "paddle boxes," which the less experienced have failed to discover.

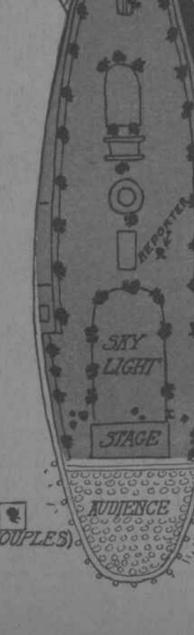
There is a "long candle deck" and a "short candle deck," and in this instance, at least, the Bowersy boy and his girl never hesitate for a moment. You will find them on the short candle deck every time. And everybody is happy and having a good and quiet time until the stern killjoy, that brazen disturber of intimate circles, not to say tête-à-tête, comes around again, with a chip on his shoulder, a scowl on his beetle brows, and demands:—"Who said two beers?" Then pauses for a reply.

Jonah-Like Waiter

He ought to be abolished. He makes everybody feel uncomfortable and certainly does not help the breweries along. I think Jonah must have been just such a fellow as he, but we New Yorkers are lazier abidans if not the whipped curs an eminent critic dubs us. He spoils the evening for



THE ROOF GARDEN SHOW



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