

ATLANTIC CITY'S GRAND OPENING

How the Season Was Ushered in
at the Sea Side.

THE RUSH TO THE BREAKERS

Scenes That Repeat Themselves in
Most Successful Years—The Ever
Increasing Travel—A Gathering of
Pleasure Seekers That Has Seldom
Been Equaled at the Shore.

From the Regular Correspondent of THE INQUIRER.

ATLANTIC CITY, June 28.



COINCIDENT with the reproduction from *Judge*, the artist of *THE INQUIRER* gauged the situation at the famous sea-side resort when he called the belles and the stockinnetted mermaids of the surf to the "Opening of the Season." It was strange how many people went to the beach line today. True, many of them were excursionists, but that salable ticket here, there and

everywhere, could not account for the big fringe of blue and black, white and tri-colored or parti-striped costumes that went dipping in and out of the sea before the noontide hour.

It began to gather, as it were, way down by the new Excursion House, where John Trenwith saw the pretty girls troop by as if they were going to the well near the school house. There were only six of them and they had been living the most Quakerish tutalege life. Their pink toes looked as if they were still near Swarthmore and that's where I'm told they come from. They dashed into the ocean just as if they had felt its cold swashes every day, and then they ran out and were scampering up the ocean side until they met hundreds of their human sisters.

The line ran along from Florida to Kentucky avenue. Then it skipped a pace or two until it got to Pennsylvania, and next it drifted or swam all the distance to the new Iron Pier. It was a mass of people that took in the deluge of excursion life; the pick of those who came for seclusion, but can't get any from the surf, and many others, who, though they stop at certain high-priced hotels, are ashamed to have it told in the newspapers. It was estimated at half-past 12 o'clock that there had been 12,000 people in the breakers. The railroads told that 22,600 had come through the long wide platforms that lead from the trains of both the Pennsylvania and the Reading.

The streams of people that flooded the avenues and down to the water's front included the Irish-American Club, some 700 strong, and several other organizations. As to individuals I think there was one who said something about the prospects that it's safe to quote. He is a veteran in the newspaper world and he is a veteran in coming here. I will have to let him be responsible for the statement that this is the best opening of the past twenty years. He writes a hand at times hard to decipher, though when he is called to account he will be known as the Nestor of the newspaper profession.

PHILADELPHIA BEATS ATLANTIC.

He came down last night in the interest of some of the younger men of such clubs as the Union League, the Art and the Manufacturers—that is they tell me he wanted to see Flanagan win. It was the beginning of a round of games at pool that attract many Philadelphians here. The match was an impromptu affair and was played in the Brunswick parlors. This is a resort that is something on a par with Green's rooms, and is a stopping place for Philadelphians of sporting proclivities. The game arranged was to be a test between Lew W. Flanagan, of all the clubs that I have named above, and a former "Atlantic City boy" that they call Mike Sweeney.

The latter is an overly elderly newspaper "boy" that is probably assessable now for something like \$50,000. He can play the best game of five, some people say, that can be played on the coast. After he had seen sent to the side lines such men as William C. Disston, the youngest brother of Hamilton Disston; J. C. Gill, a wholesale dry goods merchant of Strawberry street; T. A. Pierce, also of Philadelphia mercantile pursuits; Roland D. Allen, a fancy china merchant, and a group of Saginaw club men, he was ready for the play. Sweeney missed the first shot and then Flanagan got in with six balls. Sweeney managed to get his only two and Flanagan played it out to perfection. In the second drive with the pockets in comfortable shape for both of them. Sweeney got 9 and Flanagan 6, with some of the cleverest shots on both sides that have been seen for many a day. In the third Sweeney found resting places for 2 balls and then made a bad break. Flanagan came after him and missed and Sweeney started in with a brilliant run of 11, getting everything in just as neat as if he were pitching card pennies. Then there was dull work until the ninth inning, when Sweeney played the balls for safety on the upper cushion. Flanagan tried a combination shot, which he missed, and broke on a second trial. So it went on until the eleventh inning, when Sweeney played for safety and left them so nearly froze that a piece of tissue paper could not get between them. Flanagan was the least excited, and at the finish played twice around the table, named the pocket, placed the ten ringer that was necessary, and was declared the winner. There is to be a further match next Thursday night, at which it is expected many Philadelphians will be present.

IT WAS ONLY A SCARE.

A story ran up and down the island yesterday afternoon that a murder or suicide had happened in the lower part of the island. The physician summoned by the coroner to-night says it was the death from heart failure of Robert M. Dare, Arctic avenue near Georgia, fifty-five years, long ill.

The staff of the *State Journal*, of Philadelphia, together with a few friends were down to-day and had a pleasant dinner at a private cottage. It was given in honor of the anniversary of the paper and was both unique and novel. It savored to the extent of the Clover Club dinners that none of the guests were permitted to make speeches. The menu was all that could be desired. The souvenirs consisted of long stemmed "pipes of peace" with the inscription: "The State Journal" upon them. Prominent among the members present were Editor A. J. Jones, Managing Editor R. G. Still, Abram Dobson, Jr., E. H. Vance, L. R. Hart, Dr. N. T. Mossell, Councilman Hubert, Thomas W. Swann, Harry Gilbert, D. R. Truitt, J. H. W. Howard and C. E. Sheldon.

David O. Luckenbock, the wealthy miller of Bethlehem, Pa., was here to-day receiving the greetings of many friends.

President Jacob Bossing, of the Merchants' Electric Light Company, will arrive on Tuesday, accompanied by his wife, to remain until he helps shoot the last mud hen in October.

Emanuel Nunes, one of the leading up-town retail clothing merchants, has leased a fine cottage on States avenue, which he is now occupying with his family.

CAMDEN'S HAPPY CONTINGENT.

I asked a gentleman from the big town across your Delaware river what that city was doing, and this was the answer he wrote: "Camden is one of Atlantic's suburbs, and her politicians, like those of the Quaker City, find the salt air and the sad sea waves a great assistance in fixing up slates. It is not always these adjuncts are potent. Occasionally a back and wine are necessary for a big position, while street cars and beer does for the general average."

To-day Camden showed up in great shape. Frank L. Vinton, Howard Pine, Richard Evans, Judges Alfred Hugg and Thomas McDowell, Detective James S. Henry, William Sexton, John Smith, Jr., Charles Bosch, W. H. Fredericks, Councilmen

James M. Lane, Robert F. Smith, John H. Furey and Arthur Bedell, Andrew Rabeau, Colonel D. B. Murphy, of General Sewell's staff; F. F. Patterson, Sr. F. F. Patterson, Jr., of the *Camden Sunday Review*; John H. Fort, of the *Camden Telegram*; ex-Chief of Fire Department Daniel Carter, U. G. Styron, Wallace Armstrong, Joseph W. Cooper, C. C. Reeve "Lance," Frank S. Heister and Fred Newton were among the visitors.

William F. Patton, secretary and treasurer of the Northern Electric Light and Power Company, is a constant visitor on Sunday and goes upon Monday.

John H. Ruoff returned this evening after spending a few pleasant days here.

Charles and George Roesch, of the firm of Charles Roesch & Sons, are weekly visitors here. They are the leading butchers of Philadelphia.

T. F. L.