



Long Branch.

Record Breaking Crowds for the Triple Holiday.

Long Branch, N. J., July 2.—Record breaking crowds are here for the triple holiday. Hotels and boarding houses are all full, and the success of the resort's first "sane" celebration of the Fourth is already assured.

SPRING LAKE.

Spring Lake, N. J., July 2.—The Spring Lake Casino opened last Saturday with a tea. Stillwell's orchestra is now playing each morning at the Casino, as several scores of cottagers come around at the bathing hour each day for a swim in the pool.

Spring Lake will celebrate its Fourth of July on Monday night with a fine display of pyrotechnics. There is room on the lake front for several hundred people to gather in automobiles and carriages.

Among the late arrivals at the Allaire are Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. McPartland, Dr. and Mrs. H. Krollpfeifer, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Meara and William O'Meara, Jr., of New York; Miss M. L. Wilson, of Brooklyn.

WITH CAPE COD COTTAGES.

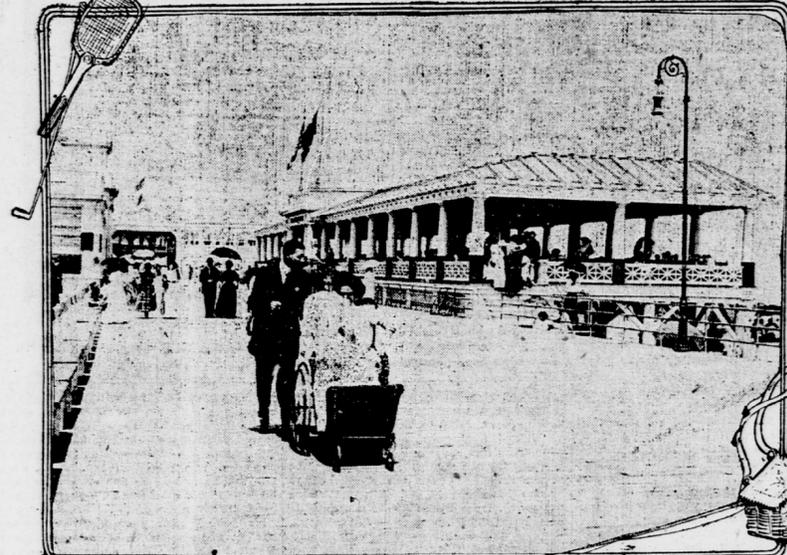
Buzzard's Bay, Mass., July 2.—The season on Cape Cod bids fair to be the most successful ever known. Never before has there been such a demand for accommodations, and the New Haven Railroad has been put to a severe test the present week to convey visitors here.

The fleet of warships is expected off the cape the latter part of the month, with headquarters at Provincetown. The torpedo and submarine boats put in an appearance yesterday for several weeks' practice in Cape Cod Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont are to spend the summer at Falmouth Heights, where Mr. Belmont will be able to keep in close touch with the work on the Cape Cod Canal, which he is financing.

Among the recent arrivals at Hyannisport from New York are Joseph Garneau, Dr. R. Barnes, Colonel French, George L. Malcolm and Dr. and Mrs. Bennett, with their families.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Myers, of New York, are at Hyannis; Charles L. Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland, is at the home of Mrs. Marion and John E. Dwight and family have arrived from New York and opened their summer home at Falmouth.



ON THE BOARDWALK AT ASBURY PARK

Asbury Park

Hotels and Boarding Houses Greet Many Guests.

Asbury Park, N. J., July 2.—Twenty thousand newcomers registered at the Asbury Park hotels yesterday and to-day for the approaching national holiday, and to-night the four hundred hotels and boarding houses in the popular resort are filled for the first time this summer.

The first cotton of the summer was given this evening at the Coleman house, under the direction of G. H. Rivers, Jr. The Carnival Commission has completed its programme for the July carnival regarding Wesley Lake. The several events include a display of fireworks Monday evening and the following Friday night.

In the Ocean Grove Auditorium this evening the Rev. Dr. J. Wesley Hill, of New York City, delivered a lecture on "Brains." Dr. Hill will preach in the Auditorium tomorrow morning and evening.

The United Society of Friends of the

United States will hold its national general conference in Ocean Grove next week, beginning Thursday, and continuing for one week. President Taft is expected to address the conference.

The special event of the week for the Monmouth coast resorts was the reception given on Wednesday by Mme. Lillian Nordica and her husband, George W. Young, at their recently completed bungalow, in West Deal Park.

Prominent visitors this week include Congressman Eugene F. Kinkead, of Jersey City; Bishop Randolph Dubbs, of Lancaster, Penn.; Bishop John Scarborough, of Trenton; General Deans F. Collins, of Elizabeth; Senator Griffith W. Lewis, of Burlington; the Rev. C. A. Brewster, of New York City; the Rev. John Froesch, of Brooklyn; Thomas F. Smith, secretary of Tammany Hall, and General William C. Heppenheimer, of Hoboken.

MANHATTAN BEACH.

The hot wave and the holiday together have brought many visitors to Manhattan Beach. Both hotels are filled to the doors, and there is as much life and social activity as there is usually in the height of the season.

Many of the guests who return every summer to the Oriental are already installed in their summer quarters, including Judge W. P. Goodelle and Judge Franklin N. Danaher. Ex-Senator Stephen M. Griswold and Mrs. Griswold, who are at the Oriental for the summer, entertained a number of friends.

Westchester County society is planning an open-air horse show to be held at Bronxville this summer. While the automobile has taken the place of the fast trotter, there are many who still cling to riding horseback and driving four-in-hand for pasture.

The Lawrence Park Country Club has opened two tennis courts for club members and their friends. The board of governors will offer a special cup for the best woman's score in a tournament to be held this month.

The United Society of Friends of the Ocean Grove, as usual, will have a public celebration of the Fourth of July. The day will be ushered in at sunrise by a national salute, fired by General John C. Patterson, a Civil War veteran, as has been his custom for nearly forty years.

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Atlantic City

All Talking Airship Along the Boardwalk.

Atlantic City, July 2.—To say that "airships are in the air" is stating it mildly in regard to the tremendous crowds of people on the Boardwalk who are waiting with eagerness to-morrow's aviation events. It does not interfere, however, with thousands enjoying a cool plunge into the surf, which people seem to go to almost instinct from the trains.

The aviation meet will begin on July 4 and continue until the 12th. The personnel of the meet will include Glenn H. Curtiss, who will fly in his machine during the entire meet, with the exception of two days, when Charles K. Hamilton will fly in a Curtiss machine. Captain Baldwin will also be present and fly in a Curtiss biplane.

The Marlborough-Blenheim is filling up with guests, who expect to enjoy the aviation sights from its commodious veranda, and the management has thoughtfully provided an extra supply of reclining chairs on the solarium esplanade, which, having no roof, will enable the guests to recline at ease and watch the bird men without breaking their necks in the process.

The Traymore is selected as one of the favorite places to watch the aviation, as its high tower commands a fine view. Among the New York guests there are Mr. and Mrs. James W. James, Robert Spencer, Miss Frances R. King, E. W. Thompson, E. A. Johnson, Robert Black, Robert A. Black, Theodore E. Leug, A. E. Mosker, Arthur Vianone and Francisco Frola. A notable guest there is Admiral Pendleton, of Washington, who, with Mrs. Pendleton, is an annual visitor to the shore. The Traymore is the headquarters of the convention of the American Society for Testing Materials, which is affiliated with the International Association.

A social affair which brought a number of prominent persons to the shore this week was the marriage of Miss Swift, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Swift, of Detroit, to William Moffett, of Utica, N. Y. The bride's mother and father have made the Marlborough-Blenheim their home of late, and the wedding party went to the church from there, returning to a wedding breakfast in the Chevy Chase room, which was screened in green willow and twined with pink laurel. The Misses Edgemoor, aunts of the bride, sent a whole carload of this laurel down from Connecticut for the occasion.

At the Chalfonts Mr. and Mrs. G. Taylor, Charles C. Sprangler, Miss Evaline Ayers, F. A. Stecher, Miss L. Stecher, J. P. Bolger and A. S. Roberts, of New York, are registered.

Stirring Scenes from the Life of a Socialist Lay Preacher

How Alexander Irvine Gained the Nick-name of a Human Storm Centre.

Last Sunday evening a smooth shaven man, with wavy hair upon his temples and spots in his eyes, stood up in the pulpit of the Church of the Ascension, garbed in the conventional robes of an Episcopal clergyman, and talked about the relations of God and Mammon. The man who thus poured forth his words, which were listened to with the closest attention, was Alexander Irvine, a Scotchman, who had been a member of the church since he was a boy, and who had been a member of the vestry since he was a young man.

It is sometimes said of a man that his ups and downs would fill a book. It is particularly true in the case of Alexander Irvine, for he, literally, has filled a book, and under the title of "From the Bottom Up," it has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co. It has been reported—and denied—that this book had something to do with the rupture of his relations with the Church of the Ascension. However that may be, it contains many stories of the dramatic career of the man who has done so much to bring the name of the church with which he was connected into the limelight.

body as lithe as a panther. I gave up prayer meetings, lectures and socials, and devoted myself religiously to what is called "the noble art of self-defence."

"At the end of my six weeks' training, by dint of perseverance and application to the thing in hand, I had succeeded in this new type of education thrust upon me. During all this time I had not visited the gymnasium in the evening, but was remem-bered there by all who had not forgotten the process of my awakening. One night I modestly approached the chief instructor and asked him if I might not have another lesson by the man who had taught me the first. He remembered the occasion and laughed—laughed at the memory of it and laughed at the braggart and what he supposed to be the temerity of my asking. In asking I had made my brogue just a little thicker and my manner just as diffident and modest as possible.

"Oh, certainly," he replied, chuckling to himself. "The man who gave me my first lesson, a man of my own kind and height, appeared to be for another lesson was my barrack room instructor was on hand also, for I had confidentially communicated to him that evening my intention to try again.

"There is something fiendish in the Celtic nature, some beat in the blood, which, when aroused, is exceedingly helpful in matters of this kind. In less than sixty seconds I had demonstrated to the onlookers, and particularly to my opponent, that I had been made Prime Minister to England by a miracle I could not have felt one-hundredth part of the pride that I did when, inside of the first thirty seconds, I had stretched my instructor on his back at my feet, and in the absolute joyfulness and ecstasy of my soul I yelled at the top of my voice:

"Hurry up, ye blitherin' spalpeen, till I knock ye down again!" "The man got up and was somewhat more cautious, but utterly unprepared to be completely mastered at his own game in five minutes; and, when the chief instructor interfered and ordered his assistant out of the ring, I begged for more; and so a fresh man was put in, and another, and another, until six men had fallen to the me or to disturb me in the least. After the first two I laughed, laughed loudly, in the midst of my aggressive work, and enjoyed it every moment of the time and when occasionally I was the recipient of a stinging blow it merely added to my zest.

"Next morning I found myself a hero. In the course of the night I had become famous in a small circle as a bruiser. Only about one hundred and fifty men saw the encounter, but before parade time next morning fifteen hundred men were acquainted with it. It had reached the officers' mess, and as I went back and forth I was pointed out as the new discovery."

all. In one of the breathing spells the sail-maker, who, despite his quotations of Scripture, had remained to see the proceedings, whispered something in my ear. It was a point of advice. He told me that if I could stand that five minutes longer my opponent would be outclassed. The sup- port of Lanky's was a great encouragement to me, and a good deal of my fear disap- peared. I began to think harder to plan and to plant blows as well as avoid them. This excited the crowd and it became frenzied.

"Up to that point it was a one-sided thing. Now I was not only taking, but giving, and not only giving, but giving with laughter and ejaculations. Our Bible study names of the minor prophets; and once when I managed to toss my opponent's head to one side with a blow on the point of the chin I shouted, full of glee, 'Take care, you crew—sweated out of a sea-cook—take care in the name of Hosea!' The crowd laughed, but above the roar of laughter rang out the voice of a Scotchman who was one of our best Bible students: 'Gie him brimstone, Sandy!' A few minutes later I ejaculated, 'And, beaded, that's for Joel!' In this new spirit and in this jocular way I pounded the twelve minor prophets into him one after another, while the rafters of the ship rang with the cheers of the crew. By the time I had exhausted the minor prophets I was much the stronger man of the two. My opponent was wabbling around in pretty bad shape. Once he was on his knees, and while waiting I shouted: 'I want to be yer friend, Billy Creedan. Shake hands now, ye idiot, and behave yourself!'

"The injection of the minor prophets made a ludicrous ending of a thing that had at the beginning almost paralyzed me with fear. So the thing ended with the bully of the mess lying prostrate on his back. I was not presentable as a water boy for several days, but inside of an hour everybody on the ship knew what had happened, and for the second time in my life I was hailed as a bruiser."

"The two men became friends, and Irvine assumed the post of letter writer for the lanky, awkward bully. He so improved upon the style of the cook's love letters, that his insertion of Irish barney, that he became a sort of Cyrano de Bergerac to the Lancashire man.

"Hey, Sandy, shoot off one of them things to Mary, will ye?" was the form of the request for another of young Irvine's substitute love missives.

Upon his return from Egypt, in which he passed through the horrors of the Gordon relief expedition with honor, he set out for

Has Often Proved Himself an Expert with Fists as Well as Bongue.

America, travelling in the steerage. He found that the tales about finding gold lying in the streets waiting for Irishmen to gather it in by the armful were purely imaginative. He started as a janitor's assistant and a sewing machine agent. Then he served through one winter as an under porter at \$5 a week, and continued life by becoming an elevator man in an office building in West 23d street. While he ran the elevator he studied Greek. Then he became a driver of a milk wagon in the region of West 57th street, his Greek grammar tied open before him in his cart.

After a number of years spent in missionary work in the Bowery and the neighborhood of Chatham Square he drifted to the Middle West, where he became so discouraged that he made up his mind to commit suicide, and undertook to do it. Then followed missionary work of a perigrinating kind, and a return to the East, where he became pastor of a Congrega-tional church in New Haven. In the larg-est city in Connecticut he had many trying experiences with church members and church officials. When the water company of the city applied for a renewal of its charter he attended the public hearing.

"When called upon to speak I asked the committee to hold the balance level. 'We tax a banana vendor a few dollars a year for the use of the streets,' I said; 'given infinitely large use of them for nothing?'

"This provoked the rich men of the church, for most of them were stockholders in the company, and two of them were officers. The thing was talked over afterward in the back end of a small store, where all of the members were formulated. One visitor spoke of former pastors who had been 'called of God' elsewhere for much less than I had done. Another man came later and asked for a promise that I would keep out of such affairs in the future.

"I was to be punished for that water company affair, and a man was selected to administer the punishment. I had brought this man into the church; I had brought a church officer for him and pushed him forward before the men. He was supposed to be my closest friend. He came to the question of salary.

"Now, he said, 'you don't care how we raise your salary, do you?'

"Of course, not," I said. "Well, the society's hard up this year and can only raise \$1,000; but the church will raise the other \$500, and I have one of them already promised."

"This seemed a most unusual proceeding, but I was unsuspecting. A few months afterward this man, with tears in his eyes, said: 'Mr. Irvine, whatever happens you will be my friend—won't you?'

"I was doing their work, and winding under the load of it."

"Brother," I said, "when I know whether you are playing the role of Judas or John I will be better able to answer you."

"It will be the end of the year it all came out. I was literally fined \$300 for attending that meeting."

"When he left this church he expressed his opinions of the pastorate in no uncertain terms and won some lengthy editorial comments as a result. He had aimed to bring workmen into the church. His efforts in this direction formed one of the items of the church's indictment against him. When he left he attempted to establish a people's church. It was fruitful of interesting illustrations of human nature."

"An educated woman thought she saw in our simple creed an open door she had been seeking for years. She joined us with enthusiasm. One day I was called on her, and as I sat by the door I saw a dark figure pass with a sack of coal on his back. The figure looked familiar.

"Pardon me," I said, as I stepped out to make sign.

"Hello, Fritz!" I called. The coal bearer had on trousers and an undershirt on, and looked as black as a negro. Sweat poured over his coal blackened face. We gripped hands. The lady watched us with interest.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed!" I said. "And you know him, for he is one of our deacons."

"She never came back. Democracy was that too much for her. The deacon himself left our church a few months ago because he discovered that I did not live in a literal hell of 'fire and brimstone,' whatever that is."

"It was expected that this church would benefit from the will of Philo S. Bennett, the New Haven capitalist, in connection with the settlement of whose estate some Jennings Bryan encountered some criticism. This falling, and the church being out of existence, Mr. Irvine became a bookkeeper, a farmer and a magazine writer. Then he came to the Church of the Ascension."