

THE RECORD.

(May's Landing Record.) Published Every Saturday Morning at May's Landing, N. J.

Readers of "The Record" may have their paper mailed to any address in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Mexico and Cuba, postage prepaid, for \$1.25 per annum, strictly in advance.

Any subscriber who fails to receive "THE RECORD" regularly can have the omission promptly corrected by entering complaint at the office.

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application. Cash sent through the mail will be at the sender's risk; all remittances should be made by registered letter, post office or express money order or check. Address all remittances and communications to the office.

E. C. SHANER, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the May's Landing Post-office as Second-class Matter.

MAY'S LANDING, JANUARY 15, 1910.

To establish a game farm in New Jersey, is the latest scheme of sportsmen to add the propagation of quail, pheasant, rabbits and other species of small game.

The university extension course of free lectures at the Atlantic City High School during the winter merits high appreciation.

Driving horses on the public highways is by no means so dangerous now as it was a year or two ago.

Why should people berate their fellows in life and want to inscribe their praise on tombstones? Speak a good word now and then for your neighbor.

Is card playing worth it? If it is, all fun emanates from the evil one and ought never to be permitted.

The January Term of the Atlantic County Court is well under way, with good prospects for a speedy disposition of all cases on both the civil and criminal calendars.

Accidents at the dangerous Estolville Avenue grade crossing may be avoided by proper safeguards if the railroad authorities can be persuaded to protect this death-trap.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Brief Description of the Properties That Have Changed Hands and the Considerations as Shown by Records of Clerk's Office.

Atlantic City. John H. Turnstall to Kennedy Crossan, Trustee 42x75 ft. Northeast corner Atlantic and Baton Rouge Aves. \$1.

Same to same, 42x75 ft. Northwest corner Atlantic and Jackson Aves. \$1.

Same to same, 42x75 ft. Northeast corner Atlantic and Kennedy Place. \$1.

Edward F. Sautter to C. Stanley Grove et al, 52x118 ft. North side Sunset Drive 56 ft. North-east of Sunset Drive and Hartford Terrace 30x 32 ft. South side Thoroughfare at second corner of above described lot 56 ft. Northeast of East side Hartford Terrace, measured on a line parallel with Sunset Drive. \$1.

Gennaro Grande et al. to Ferdinando Sira-cano, 191x100 ft. East of Georgia Ave. and 200 ft. North of Arcie Ave. \$1,000.

St. Leonard's Land Co. to Townsend-Harris Co. 60x115 ft. South side Ventnor Ave. 125 ft. West of Surrey Place. \$2,150.

Edward M. Bennett et al. ux. to Ada E. Stephens, 53x115 ft. South corner Dudley Place and Ventnor Ave. \$2,650.

Millard E. Cuskaden to Albert D. Cuskaden, 53x100 ft. Southwest corner Atlantic and Michigan Aves. \$1.

Albert D. Cuskaden et ux. to Millard E. Cuskaden, described as above. \$1.

Charles H. Peacock et ux. et al. to Charles W. Willson et al., 44x105 ft. West side Mary-land Ave. 90 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$1.

Enoch L. Johnson, Sheriff to Fred T. Moore 50x125 ft. Southeast corner Arcie and Chelsea Aves. \$500.

Lewis Russell et ux. to Morris Stoloff, 25x175 ft. West side Georgia Ave. 225 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$4,500.

Edward Doughty et ux. to Lee F. Washington, 30x75 ft. West side Spray Ave. 105 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$1.

Lee F. Washington to Melvina Doughty, described as above. \$1.

Augustus Cramer et ux. to Martin K. Thomas, 60x115 ft. South side Ventnor Ave 65 ft. West of Suffolk Place. \$2,150.

Charles R. Adams et ux. to August Stubb-nrauch et al., 35x70 ft. West side Victoria Place, 15x ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$1,000.

Chelsea Land & Imp. Co. to Mary McGinty et al., 40x125 ft. East side Chelsea Ave. 90 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$1,000.

MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS

Other Matters of Import to the Real Estate and Financial World Entered of Record at the County Clerk's Office.

Cancellation of Mortgages, Atlantic City. Sylvester Leeds et ux. to LeCnard Dredging Co. 30x75x145 ft. Northwest corner Hummock and Illinois Aves. \$1,000.

Frank C. Stuart et ux. to J. S. Morry, Jr., section 68 on map of Camden & Atlantic Land Co. 14 1/2 interest, \$1,000.

Adolph H. Franck et ux. to William E. Brown et al., Trustees of Trinity Lodge No. 79 F. M. of New Jersey, 25x100 ft. East side Con-necticut Ave. 300 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$300.

Harry J. Gormley to S. E. Crowley Co. irreg. East side Maryland Ave. 110 ft. South of Baltic Ave. \$1,100.

Joseph Allen et ux. to Harry S. Polkin, 65x 70 ft. West side Maryland Ave. 100 ft. South of Mediford Avenue. \$1,150.

Samuel Miller et ux. to Alpha Lee, 40x100 ft. Northwest corner South Carolina and Baltic Aves. \$2,000.

Maggie Smith to estate of Lewis E. Jeffries, irreg. 40 ft. East of South Carolina and 1180 ft. South of Pacific Ave.; also riparian rights, \$2,500.

Same to same, described as above, \$15,000.

Shuggie Smith to Joseph Myers, described as above, \$1,000.

Israel G. Adams to Hattie C. Seull et al., Exrs. 42x5x100 ft. West side Montpelier Ave. 225 ft. South of Pacific Ave. 200 ft. North of said premises, real and chattel, \$8,000.

W. Gordon Fox to Howard G. Harris, irreg. West side Sovereign Ave. 200 ft. North of Fair-mont Ave. \$600.

Walter P. Howell et ux. to Louise L. Church, irreg. North side Baltic Ave. 11 ft. West of Northwest corner Baltic & Ohio Aves. \$8,000.

Isaac S. Leeds et ux. to Chalkley S. Leeds, 50x145 ft. East side Connecticut Ave. 325 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$1,550.

Isaac S. Leeds et ux. to Tacie P. Paul, 50x 100 ft. East side Connecticut Ave. 325 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$2,000.

J. Motion Adams to Ismel G. Adams, 92x 175 ft. West side Montpelier Ave. 225 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$20,000.

Edna W. Adams et ux. to Charles S. Adams, 50x150 ft. Northwest side Georgia Ave. 200 ft. North of Washington Ave. \$1,000.

Charles R. Adams et ux. to William Allen et al., 30x125 ft. East side Morris Ave. 215 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$2,300.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

The Well Dressed Man Wears the kind of Gentlemen's Furnishings that are Found at Our Store. HILL & FARRELL, 1332 Atlantic Avenue, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Petit Jurors January Term. Abscon City—Samuel McCambridge, James J. Devlan.

Atlantic City—William Hyman, Jacob Her-mitz, John H. Townsend, John C. W. Parsons, Edward Guehl, John J. Nothli, John C. Thomas, William H. Moore, Tony Cella, Charles D. White, Martin V. B. Seull, Leonard J. Williams, Henry C. Oberfeld, J. Hubes Lippincott, Nur J. Collins, Walter Jarman, Joseph D. Nixon, William E. Davesy, Herman Mathis, Morris Stollis.

Board of Freeholders' Committees. Finance—Lewis T. Dwyer, John Unsworth, Samuel H. Headley, Frederick W. Willets, Charles Hart.

County Appropriations. 1910 1909. Court.....\$300,000 \$300,000. Interest on bonds.....1,500,000 1,500,000.

Atlantic City Council Committees. Finance—Messrs. Bacharach, Buzby, Kessler, Phoebus, Riddle.

REAL ESTATE. Real Estate Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Mortgages and Fire Insurance.

CLEANING & PRESSING. ENDICOTT'S. Clothing cleaned, repaired and pressed, also lace goods, curtains, robes, gloves and dresses by scientific machinery process at reasonable cost.

FINANCIAL.

The Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co. 224 Federal Street, Camden, N. J. extends a cordial invitation to its customers and the public generally to call and inspect its enlarged building, new Fire and Burglar Proof Vaults, and increased facilities for serving the public, which were made necessary by its rapidly increasing business.

The Greatest Number Of people don't give sufficient attention to the important matter of selecting an Executor. The Atlantic Safe Deposit and Trust Co. is organized under the law.

The Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co. N. E. Cor. Atlantic & New York Aves., Atlantic City, N. J. Capital and Profits \$460,000. Deposits, \$1,600,000.

Bell, Gorman & Higbee Atlantic & Tennessee Aves., Opposite City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

Atlantic County Electric Co. Egg Harbor City, May's Landing. DANIEL W. GREEN, Supt. Telephone 47-48.

Ingalls' Electric Construction Co., Electrical Engineers and Contractors, 22 South Tennessee Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

C. A. MELONEY, Wall Paper Shop, 22 South Tennessee Ave., Both Phones. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Representative With Sample Books, Upon Request, Will Call and See You.

Now Is The Time To Paint Your House. Use Wetherill's Atlas Ready Mixed Paint, Every Gallon Guaranteed To Give Satisfaction. May's Landing Water Power Co. Catalogue and Prices.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPT

An Editor's Telegram That Had a Double Meaning. By LOUISE OSBORN.

"Miss Bradley?" "In a minute, Mr. Dunn," said Helen Bradley as she tossed her hat on the top of her desk...

Helen gave a startled "Oh, I'm sorry you're going!" blushed and regained her usual businesslike voice. "Very well," she said.

"I'll tell Jimmie to give you all manuscripts addressed to me. Open them. Read the stuff that's sent in and pass on it. You've helped me out so many times. I guess you know a good thing when you see it as well as I do."

John Dunn swung round in his chair. "Hello!" he said into the telephone receiver. "Give me the composing room."

Helen heard him calling emphatically and angrily for overdue proofs as she closed the connecting door between the rooms.

Then she sat down to wonder why Mr. Dunn was going so suddenly away and to map out her two pages for the next week's Sunday paper.

The day was a hard one for the editor of the Star woman's page. The photographer telephoned that there wasn't enough sunlight and the fashion photographs wouldn't be ready until the next day.

The "beauty" writer sent word that she had a cold and couldn't get her copy in on time possibly.

Mr. Siddons, the managing editor, came in to say that he didn't think much of the new series of fashion articles Helen was running.

Her typewriter broke down, and she had to wait two hours for a man to fix it. Five o'clock found her still at her desk, struggling to think of something besides hush to tell about in the column she was writing on "How to Make Attractive Leftever Luncheon Dishes."

"Oh, Miss Bradley," Mr. Dunn came into her room, his coat on and his hat in his hand. "I forgot to tell you. Don't be so soft-hearted and accept things just because you think the writer looks pained and poor, the way you did those fashion articles Siddons kicked about. To go the staff's got to have plenty of human interest, you know. It's got to have personal appeal. Remember that."

Then he looked at her flushed cheeks and shining eyes in the bright electric under the green drop light over her desk.

"What's the matter?" he said, for a moment the Star of the dimmable light at giving place to that of a sympathy—the fellow worker. "You're tired, Miss Bradley. Shut up your desk and go home. Tomorrow you'll be fresh, and things will go better. Jove," he added, "it's a shame to pile extra work on you!"

"Oh, Mr. Dunn," said Helen, "I don't a bit mind! And I'm awfully glad to do it for you. I'll try not to make any dreadful blunders."

Helen smiled as they shook hands. "Goodby," she said. "I hope you'll enjoy your trip."

Then as he went out of the room she said to herself: "Now, I must remember. Human interest and personal appeal." And she scribbled the two phrases down on a slip of paper and pinned it to her calculator.

By the time John Dunn had been away from the Star a week Helen had several times had recourse to the two watchwords he had given her.

She went resolutely back to her desk and sat down before the pile of letters and manuscripts addressed to "Mr. Dunn."

Among them were a few letters for herself. She put these aside and faced the manuscript first. After a couple of hours' reading she had two piles, one labeled "Rejected" and one labeled "Accepted."

"I'm not sure about that one," thought Helen. She reread the brief note accompanying the manuscript.

"Please wire if you do not find it available. I have a duplicate, and I think I can place it here." Well, she added to herself, "I'll think about it while I read my own letters, and then I'll wire."

She began mechanically to read and file her own mail—recipes, fashion notes, inquiries and requests—the same kind of thing that came every day. Suddenly she stared as she hurriedly tore open an envelope bearing Mr. Dunn's handwriting.

"What can he be writing to me for? I must have made some absurd blunder about a story, but I don't see how he'd know yet."

As she read the letter her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"I have often thought of telling you," said the last paragraph, "but I always felt that it would be unfair to let you know, for of course I know that you regard me simply as a business associate, and I know also that you would not want to work with an editor who knew wanted to marry you. So you leave the Star, and I'd be alone."

"Something, that last night when I came to say 'goodby,' gave me an idea perhaps you did care, after all. Anyway I must know, and if you don't I can go west to a paper that has made me an offer out there."

"That's what I came here to see about. It may seem strange—I've waited so long, but now I'm impatient. Please wire me—just a word or two, so that I may know."

"Dear, stupid, dignified John!" smiled Helen to herself after she had read the letter through again. "Jimmie," she called—"please, Jimmie, come here. Do you think that you could send away any one who comes to see me in the next hour? You see, I—well, you see, I just don't want to be bothered. And, oh, Jimmie, please bring me two telegraph blanks."

"Sure, Miss Bradley," said Jimmie, good nature from the tip of his snub, freckled nose to the tips of his stubby boots.

Then Helen settled herself to the composition of two telegrams, and when in the course of three-quarters of an hour they were done she again called the faithful Jimmie.

"Here, Jimmie," she said. "I want these two telegrams sent right off. This one's to go to this man," and she handed him a slip of paper containing the name and address of the owner of the doubtful manuscript, "and this one's to Mr. Dunn." Then Helen put the doubtful manuscript in the pile labeled "Rejected."

The next day passed quickly, and in her excitement and happiness Helen's work piled up on her desk. When she tried to read proof she found herself absently counting the "J's" and "I's" instead of looking for missing words and misplaced letters. And she found it much easier to draw plans of visionary cottages surrounded by shady groves than to dispose of the manuscript before her.

"I don't care," she thought as she heard the neighboring church bells chiming out to work. "I'll shut down now and stay until 6 or so and finish everything up. Let me see—he must have got my telegram today, and tonight maybe he'll write, and I'll get his letter tomorrow, and then I can write again, and oh!"

Helen stopped suddenly as the door opened. Breathless from running upstairs, mystification and uncertainty in his kind eyes, John Dunn burst into the room. Helen started up, and the look in his eyes she hesitated as she saw.

"Why—what's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Helen—Miss Bradley," he said, "I came to see—I don't understand—your answer."

"Didn't you get my message—a telegram?" demanded Helen, as mystified in her turn as John.

John held a little slip of yellow paper out to her. "I accept it," he said, in enough human interest. Needs more personal appeal." Then Helen laughed as she gave the slip of paper in her hands to the still uncomprehending Sunday editor.

"Don't you see?" she said. "It's Jimmie. He sent you the wrong message. That's what you told me to say—it's for a man who sees in an article I didn't want. I'm afraid we'll have to take the consequences and part on the start. For you see, he's got your answer, and that says—'Accepted.' But, John—Helen smiled up at him—"I shouldn't mind a little more personal appeal."

HOW THE PRINCE CAME

Jim Wade Feared He Would Lose His Daughter, and He Did. By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Jim Wade shaded his eyes with one broad hand and looked over his rich fields ripe for the harvest. As far as the eye could see from his point of vantage on the ranch house steps the land was his own.

Because Molly Wade was his only child, Jim, watching her grow up from a motherless girlhood, was full of fears and apprehensions for her future. The best in the world was none too good for Molly, and so away to school Molly went, and when she came back, unchanged, unspoiled, he was thankful.

She came back as simple-hearted and home-loving as when she had taken her tearful farewell of him. The so-called broader life for women had no attraction for Molly Wade. She was first and last a home-lover—a homemaker.

Jim sighed even then as he watched her directing the affairs of the house they occupied. Almost any day now some handsome young man might come along and rob his best of its one birdling. And each morning he looked searchingly into her clear blue eyes seeking some change that might tell him of the threatened invasion of his heart, for suitors there were in plenty at the Wade ranch.

This morning Molly dashed around from the corral on her little black mare Daisy.

"Where now, honey?" asked Jim. "A ride in the corral, father. Can't you come, dear?" Molly's hair was like ripened corn silk, and her eyes were as blue as the sky overhead. The black of her hat made a frame for her delicate skin, tinted with bloom and warmed by the sun. Slender and lithe, she swung in the saddle with a grace that was only equalled by her dancing.

"Sorry, honey, but it's pay day, you know. The old-man's got to stay home and work this morning. Don't go too far. And got your gun handy?"

Molly patted the belt at her trim waist, where a small revolver gleamed in the holster. "Right here, dad. I'll be home in time for dinner. So long."

"Don't let any fairy princes run away with you, daughter," admonished Jim. "You know I worry a lot about that prince that's coming after my little gal some day." There was more gravity than fun in Jim's voice, and Molly felt that this old, old job matter between her father and the prince was becoming a serious matter to her father.

She urged Daisy to the foot of the steps and flicked her father lightly on the shoulder with her whip. "Dad, dear, I really believe you are worried. I've never even seen the man—or prince—I'd leave you for. There, are you satisfied?" He leaned down and kissed her lovely, laughing face, and a warm smile lighted his grim features.

"God bless you, darling. I want you to be happy, but I hope it will be many a day before the prince does come. I'm a selfish old fellow, but when he does come we'll set him to work in the fields and live right along with you."

With a laughing, backward glance Molly rode away toward the fields of tall corn that had not yet fallen prey to the snipping reapers.

A thousand acres of corn whispering in the wind! It was like a thick forest, thought Molly, as Daisy threaded her way daintily through the tall stalks.

—scratched the yellowed leaves rustled crisply. On either side they reached long, thin fingers to brush Molly's rose-leaved face or to touch a lock of her soft hair. Her eyes grew dreamy as she listened to the whispering, and a look came into her face—a look that her father had never seen.

Molly had had her day-dreams—indeed, she had dreamed of a lover who came out of a fascinating world of which she had caught a mere glimpse in her school days. The prince who would come and claim her one day would come spinning down the state road in a motorcar. Handsome he would be and merry and rollicking as so many of those gay automobilists appeared to be.

But when it came to the wrench of parting with her dear father Molly's dream always changed. It was where the flashing motorist became a man of farm life and elected to settle down at Wade's ranch for a lifetime, with a huge red car stabled among the horses.

All at once Molly drew rein and listened to a sound other than the sizzle of the corn. There was the thud, thud, of hoofs in another aisle near by. Perhaps it was her father, or at any rate, it would be one of the men from the ranch.

"Hello!" called Molly mentally. "Hello!" came back in a man's deep voice.

As the man lifted his battered felt hat Molly realized that he was a stranger, and her cheeks grew warm under the gaze of his dark eyes. He was very good to look upon, young and straight and strong, with sun-browned face and chestnut hair. His thin hand and white shirt were clean and neat, and the skin below the collar was smooth and white. From the saddle bow swung a broad-brimmed hat in a basket.

"I am afraid I've lost my way," said the stranger pleasantly. "I've been wandering in this cornfield for the last three hours. Perhaps you can direct me to Wade's place, or is it possible you are lost too?"

CONDITION OF THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK Atlantic City, N. J. JANUARY 10, 1910.

Loans and Investments \$1,136,061.36
Due by Banks 16,864.46
Cash and Reserve 380,148.34
Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus 180,000.00
Undivided Profits 43,337.50
Circulation 98,500.00
Deposits 1,111,235.96
Total \$1,533,074.16

DEPOSITS
January 10, 1908 \$819,948.01
January 10, 1909 857,281.18
January 10, 1910 1,111,236.96
Increase \$37,333.17
Increase \$253,955.78

OUR DIRECTORATE
The directors of this banking institution are men widely known for their business ability as well as financial standing and take an active part in the management of its affairs.

3 per cent. INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME ACCOUNTS

GEORGE F. CURRIE, President. LEVI C. ALBERTSON, Vice-President. W. S. COCHRAN, Cashier.
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He said after a little pause. "I'm looking for work in the fields. I was told Mr. Wade needed help."
"Then you must make crop before the 20th, and father was wishing this morning for half a dozen extra men."

"I am very glad," said Norton. "Something in the tone of his voice thrilled Molly's tender heart. She knew as pluckily as if he had told her in so many words that he had been in hard luck and that he had traveled a long distance in search of this job."

"Dear me, it is late! We must hurry!" she said. Behind them came the shriek of a siren and the distant hum of a speeding motorcar. Molly had barely time to urge her mare to the edge of the corn when her eyes caught a horrified glimpse of the stranger's bulky horse rearing in the path of the speeding vehicle.

There was a warning shout, a queer crashing thud and a cloud of dust. Then Molly found herself kneeling beside the prostrate stranger, while an excited automobilist borrowed her revolver to still the agony of the injured horse.

The party of men carried the unconscious form of their victim to the uninjured car, and it was Molly Wade, white-lipped and trembling, who placed in the tonneau what she supposed the quiet head against her shoulder. To her it seemed as if she was his only friend in an inhospitable land. One of the men awkwardly rode the mare in the rear of the car, and slowly they trilled through the dust toward the wide gate of the ranch.

Jim Wade, sitting on the wide porch, reading a newspaper, saw them coming, a stranger procession. The sight of a stranger riding Daisy was like a knife thrust in his heart, and when the machine stopped at the steps he could barely make his way to the ground and assure himself that Molly was safe and sound.

His daughter's voice cut into the noisy explanations of the men. "This man was on his way to the ranch looking for work, father, when he was struck. He must need medical attention. I think he is recovering consciousness. If you will take him into the house I will telephone to Dr. Acklin."

It was the work of an instant for the five men to improvise a litter and carry the stranger into the house and deposit him on Jim Wade's own bed. Jim Wade himself applied restoratives and announced that the man had suffered no injury beyond a broken arm and severe shock. He detained the automobilist, however, until the arrival of the doctor.

Molly did not appear at dinner where the four strangers joined her father. She had sent Hannah, the servant, to the sick chamber to await the arrival of the doctor while she took the domestic's place in the kitchen. Dr. Acklin confirmed Jim Wade's estimation of the injuries to Scott Norton—a badly fractured arm and a se-

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Free Atlantic City Lectures. Thursday evening, January 20, subject: Ruskin. Tuesday evening, February 3, subject: Newman. Thursday evening, February 10, subject: Walter Savage Landor, Walter Pater. Monday evening, February 14, subject: Naples: the Meeting of Greece and Italy. Monday evening, February 21, subject: Rome: the Center of the Ancient World. Monday evening, February 28, subject: Ravenna, the Light that Failed. Monday evening, March 7, subject: Rome: the Masters of the Middle Ages and the Capital of Modern Italy. Monday evening, March 14, subject: Venice, the City of Golden Dreams. Monday evening, March 21, subject: Florence, the Heart of the Renaissance. The first six lectures are by Prof. Powers and the latter by Prof. Griggs. Another series will be announced later.