



THE 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.

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E. C. SHANER, Editor and Publisher.

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

MAY'S LANDING, JUNE 4, 1910.

New Jersey should pay its school teachers twelve months in the year instead of throwing them out of employment during vacation.

In view of the raise of salaries in other professions that would be no more than fair to the pedagogues.

Through Ocean City trains are now running from Camden over the electric railroad, which will be a great convenience for residents and visitors of that resort.

The trains do not make a stop at this place, but that is not necessary, as we have very good service from this place by changing at Pleasantville to the cars of the Shore Fast Line.

The local schedule has been improved by the addition of another evening train, giving us now nineteen trains daily. Better service than this could not be desired.

Revel of interest in the national game of base ball was evident Monday last at Pastime Park, when the largest crowd in the history of the local diamond assembled to witness the contest between the Association and the Young Men's Republican League team of Atlantic City.

The patronage of the people not only encourages the players to do better work, but it enables them to secure first-class teams for games at home almost every Saturday during the season.

The Association has won four games and lost one—thus far and bids fair to land the coveted County championship pennant.

Cape May County justly protests against the continued delay in the building of the proposed new County road between this place and Tuckahoe.

The road condition of this highway no doubt deters a large number of motorists from going to Ocean City, Wildwood, Cape May and other resorts.

This however, does not mean that these people go to Atlantic City, because nine times out of ten they have out-tages or friends in the Cape May resorts and take the train to the shore.

Cape May has sent a protest to State Road Commissioner Fred Gilkyson and it is to be hoped that this will urge that official to fix his name to the contract and allow the good work to be completed.

The decision of the May's Landing Yacht Club to strike the emblem of the Great Egg Harbor Bay is a good one and should be carried into execution early this month as the season for yachting is now open.

A more efficient channel for a stranger to navigate than that of this river does not exist along the South Jersey coast, but properly studied it should be navigable for quite large yachts at high water.

It would not be a bad idea to place stakes in the channel at various places, pointed white, with black figures to indicate the depth of the water at different tides. These would be inexpensive and would be a great convenience to visiting boatmen.

The Club should also take steps to improve the landing facilities along the river front.

No fair minded person will presume to question the verdict of an American jury. The right of every accused man to trial by twelve peers is founded on principles of justice and when those twelve men have decided his guilt or innocence by the evidence produced before them in open court, upon their oath, the verdict should be accepted as final unless a higher court finds that the principles of law have been violated.

The jury is the sole judge of the facts. It is its sworn duty to hear the evidence and render a verdict, not on presumption, not on prejudice, not by jumping to conclusions, but by a just deduction from the facts presented by the prosecution. The prisoner at the bar is entitled to the benefit of every reasonable doubt, for it is better that ten guilty men go free than that one innocent person be unjustly punished. Therefore when a jury, in any case, civil or criminal, renders a verdict, it should be accepted as fair and final.

Every Republican in Atlantic City will have a good Republican ticket to vote for at the next election, for the candidates without exception are "regulars" in the strictest sense of the term and party men to the backbone.

Vivian M. Lewis, of Pleasantville, was placed before the people as a candidate for governor by the voters of Atlantic City and the very fact of his receiving the initial endorsement here proves indisputably the harmony existing between the Republicans of North and South Jersey.

Mr. Lewis is the right man for the place and his candidacy will meet every demand of the party, uniting all for the solid support of the straight Republican ticket and continued prosperity. He is a man of unquestioned probity and sincerity of purpose, loyal to his friends, fair to his foes and liberal in his views.

Republicans in every part of the State have welcomed his candidacy. The Atlantic County nominations in other respects are all that could be desired. O. Walter E. Edze, candidate for the Senate, Isaac Bachar, member, candidate for Assembly, and Samuel H. Moore, candidate for Governor, are men of unusual ability. They have made and invested their money in Atlantic City and its interests are their interests. They can be depended upon to do everything that can be done to continue the liberal policies that have made the city and County what they are today and insure continued prosperity. Let all unite for a grand rally 'round the G. O. P. banner and turn in the biggest Republican majority in the history of Atlantic County.

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. George T. J. Fleck et al. to Edward Maens, lots 10, 11, 12, 14 block bounded by Atlantic, New Hampshire, Lewis and Maine Aves, on plan of lots of the Back & Land Imp. Co. \$2,000.

Joseph H. Bacharach to Joseph H. Scott, 58 1/2 ft. East side Cambridge Ave. 150 ft. North of Winchester Ave. \$2,500.

William L. Brinton, Jr. et al. to Anna W. Durkin, 30 1/2 ft. West side Oakland Ave. 119 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$8,575.

Burley H. Bullock et al. to Atlantic City, irreg. all right etc. South side Cuspin Ave. 216 ft. East of West side of Maine Ave. \$1.

Bonjamin W. Bulline et al. to Elias W. Bulline, 25 1/2 ft. North side Arctic Ave. 50 ft. East of North street corner Illinois and Arctic Aves. \$1,700.

Same to same, 30 1/2 ft. North side Arctic Ave. 50 ft. East of Indiana Ave. \$1,700.

John P. Donose et al. to Barbara E. Platt, irreg. all right etc. 21 1/2 ft. East of Kentucky Ave. and 103 1/2 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$1.

Harry S. Young et al. to Louisa Langenbach, lots 21 and 22 block 55 A on maps of lots 21 and 22.

Henry S. Young et al. to Josephine Hayes, lots 21 and 22 on plan of lots in Ventnor, 21, 200. Townsend-Harris Co. to Harry S. Young, irreg. Northeast corner Sacramento and Winchester Aves. \$100.

James T. Bew et al. to Dorothy T. Frodock, 20 1/2 ft. West side States Ave. 120 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$10,500.

James T. Bew et al. to Dorothy T. Frodock, 20 1/2 ft. West side States Ave. 120 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$10,500.

Frank W. Hewes to Carroll & Crowley as follows: irreg. North side Ventnor Ave. where intersected by West side York Ave. \$2,000.

Irreg. North side Ventnor Ave. where intersected by East side New Orleans Ave. \$2,000.

Irreg. North side Ventnor Ave. 62 1/2 ft. East of New Orleans Ave. \$2,000.

Frank W. Hewes to Samuel E. Crowley, irreg. West side Strand Ave. 27 ft. North of Ventnor Ave. \$90.

Matilda Morales to James S. Benn, 50 1/2 ft. East side Surrey Place, 250 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$1.

John M. Hilton et al. to James S. Benn, 62 1/2 ft. West side Victoria Place, 300 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$1.

Henry D. Imley to Charles F. Smith, 30 1/2 ft. East side Oxford Place, 115 ft. South of Ventnor Ave. \$2,500.

South End Realty Co. to Mildred P. Currier, 75 1/2 ft. West corner Ohio Ave. and East River Street. \$1,500.

Benjamin H. Conner et al. to Theodore J. Lappes, 20 1/2 ft. North side Atlantic Ave. and Cambridge Place, \$5,000.

Benjamin H. Conner et al. to Isabella S. Fishback, 11 1/2 ft. South side corner Atlantic and Raleigh Aves. \$1.

Joseph Lastergarten et al. to Coma Russo, 15 1/2 ft. West side Mississippi Ave. 98 ft. North of Arctic Ave. \$500.

Anna M. McElwain to Fisher Dairymorph et al., 65 1/2 ft. East side Arctic Ave. 100 ft. North of Little Rock Ave. \$2,500.

Frank W. Hewes to Samuel E. Crowley, 25 1/2 ft. East side States Ave. 120 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$10,500.

Frank W. Hewes to Samuel E. Crowley, 25 1/2 ft. East side States Ave. 120 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$10,500.

Atlantic City Beach Front Imp. Co. to Marie J. Royal, 40 1/2 ft. West side Cornwall Ave. 200 ft. North of Winchester Ave. \$100.

Leslie Carl et al. to South End Realty Co. part of lots 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15 in block 20 on plan of lots of South End Realty Co. \$1.

Philip E. Marvel et al. to Homer S. Imley, 50 1/2 ft. East side Oxford Place, 115 ft. South of Ventnor Ave. \$2,500.

Harry G. Sullivan et al. to Clarence Nicholson, 20 1/2 ft. West side Morris Ave. 25 1/2 ft. North of Arctic Ave. \$1.

S. Barron Richards, developer to Edna J. Burns, 25 1/2 ft. South side Arctic Ave. 110 ft. West of 5th Ave. \$250.

James H. Aiken to Florence H. Tilden, 62 1/2 ft. East side Surrey Place, 25 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$1.

Samuel C. Clark et al. to Joseph Fieldhouse, 62 1/2 ft. East side Surrey Place, 25 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$1.

Louise H. Tilden to Samuel C. Clark et al. 62 1/2 ft. East side Surrey Place, 25 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$1.

The Rev. Wardens and Vestrymen of the Church of the Ascension of Atlantic City to Homer S. Imley, 31 1/2 ft. West side Surrey Place, 24 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$7,000.

Samuel C. Clark et al. to Robert H. Ingersoll, 50 1/2 ft. East side Oxford Place, 115 ft. South of Ventnor Ave. \$2,500.

John Moore et al. to John Prusich, Jr. 83 1/2 ft. South side 12th St. 23 1/2 ft. North of Front St. and 50 ft. North of Washington Ave. \$400.

Daniel B. Frazier Co. to Florence Brown, lots 25 to 28 in block 11 on map of lands in Town of Hammoncton, \$100.

Pleasantville. Atlantic City Cemetery Assn. to Daniel W. Ingersoll, lot 7 in cemetery A on plan of said cemetery. \$50.

Matthia T. Bedford to Charles S. Adams, lots 4 and 5 in section 20 as shown on map No. 2 of the Pleasantville Land Co. \$1.

Charles S. Adams et al. to David Evans et al. 1/2 lot in section 5 on map of Chesley & Parr, tract 4. \$1.

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. Charles J. Adams et al. to Ferdinand Lohb et al., irreg. West side Boston Ave. 100 ft. North of Winchester Ave.; also all that piece of land bounded on the Southeast by Sunset Ave. on the Northwest by Inside Thoroughfare on the South by lands of Isaac P. Hunt on East by Boston Ave. \$8,500.

John F. Hall et al. to Ventnor Dredging Co. 65 1/2 ft. West side Providence Terrace 106 ft. North of Winchester Ave. \$1,000.

William H. Burkard et al. to Ethel H. Morse, irreg. 31 1/2 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. and 100 ft. West of Sovereign Ave. \$900.

Harry S. Clark to Peoples B. & L. Assn. 25 1/2 ft. South side Hummock Ave. 12 1/2 ft. North of East side Ohio Ave. \$1,200.

Frank R. Scott to Ventnor Dredging Co. 31 1/2 ft. East side Hartford Terrace 100 ft. North of Winchester Ave. \$800.

William R. Adams et al. to Emil J. Petroff et al., 58 1/2 ft. West side Millidgeville Ave. 27 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$800.

Walter Field et al. to Ashbrook Lincoln, 32 1/2 ft. East side Hillside Ave. 150 ft. North of Ventnor Ave. \$10,000.

Rebecca J. Pace to Annie E. Van Sant, 30 1/2 ft. West side Morris Ave. 15 1/2 ft. South of Arctic Ave. \$600.

William L. Brinton, Jr. et al. to Reuben Babcock, 25 1/2 ft. East side Nashville Ave. 50 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$800.

John Tietzen et al. to Ignatius Berizon, 30 1/2 ft. South side York Ave. 120 ft. North of Pacific Ave.; 10 1/2 ft. South side Fairmount Ave. 45 ft. West of Chelsea Ave. \$5,500.

William F. Wald et al. to William C. Dayton, 65 1/2 ft. East side Michigan Ave. 110 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$12,000.

Ellen Marley Brown to Annie M. Devine, 40 1/2 ft. East side California Ave. 50 ft. North of Monterey Ave. \$2,000.

Arabella Fenton et al. to Peoples B. & L. Assn. 25 1/2 ft. South side Cor. Baltic and Iowa Aves. \$1,000.

Samuel M. Braunstein to Edgar Lehman Realty Co. lot 15 on map of lots belonging to Edgar Lehman.

Clifton C. Shinn et al. to Atlantic City Beach Front Imp. Co. 40 1/2 ft. East side Cambridge Ave. 180 ft. North of Winchester Ave. \$500.

Hamilton Township. Benjamin Horner to Margaret Atkinson et al., lot 22 on plan of Weymouth Farm and Agr. Co. \$750.

Hammoncton. Frank Jacobs et al. to The Peoples Bank of Hammoncton, 13 1/2 ft. South cor. Main Rd. and Fairview Ave. \$500.

Pleasantville. Priscilla W. Stainbrook to James R. Hazen, 30 1/2 ft. North side Edgewater Ave. 55 ft. North of where West side Prospect Ave. intersects same. \$1,000.

Henry Varney Rogers et al. to Home B. & L. Assn. 20 1/2 ft. South side Franklin Ave. 20 ft. Southwest from South cor. of Franklin and Grant Aves. \$1,000.

R. Byron Rogers et al. to Home B. & L. Assn. 30 1/2 ft. North cor. Washington and Chester Aves. 25 1/2 ft. Southeast of East cor. of Franklin and Washington Aves. \$500.

Releases From Mortgages. Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co. to Ami W. McKinley et al., 33 1/2 ft. West side Providence Terrace 106 ft. North of Winchester Ave. \$1.

Chattel Mortgages. William E. Young to John H. C. Whiting, all goods and chattels now in 911, 913 & 913 1/2 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, \$2,111.

Isaac E. Goodman to Lewis S. Eldridge, goods etc. located at the foot of Florida Ave. and Thoroughfare, \$900.

Bills of Sale. John H. C. Whiting to William E. Young, all bathing suits, caps, etc., and other personalia used in connection with bath house business conducted at 911, 913 & 913 1/2 Boardwalk, \$2,514.

John George Hoffman to Eva K. Schopp, 1 Vacuum cleaner wagon, 1 horse, 1 delivery wagon, etc. \$2,500.

William M. Haslett to Fred C. Moore et al., 20 1/2 interest in goods etc. now in 15 1/2 Missouri Ave. \$1,000.

Ellis Balline to Max Abrams, goods etc. in 112 Atlantic Ave. \$130.

Certificates of Incorporation. Improved Order of Royal Arch of Atlantic City, to promote general welfare of its members, to further their social and business advancement etc.; Trustees, Charles Sopper, Charles M. Spindel, Jacob Herzig, John Bonnelly, Martin J. Kane and Harry Graff.

Attachments. Gust Olson vs. Anna Powers formerly Metelahn, Circuit Court, A. B. Endicott, Atty. \$314.05.

Judgments. Geo. Webber et al., trading as, as Webber & Hess vs. Edward Bailey, Circuit Court, in replevin.

Charles W. Lavitt, Jr. vs. Estates and Mortgage Corp., Supreme Court, \$1,575.16.

Frank Lewis vs. English Thompson Co. et al., Supreme Court, \$675.76.

Satisfaction of Judgments. J. Pratt Cramer, trading as, J. Pratt Cramer & Co. vs. Catherine P. L. Martin, Common Pleas Court, \$296.52.

Same Jo same, Common Pleas Court.

Release from Judgment. George T. J. Fleck to Edward Maens, lots 10, 11, 12 and 14 in block bounded by Atlantic, New Hampshire, Lewis and Maine Aves, on plan of Back & Land Imp. Co. \$100.

Actions. Gust Olson vs. Anna Powers formerly Metelahn, Circuit Court, in attachment, Allen B. Endicott, Atty.

Building Contract. Ingersoll & Weeks, contractor and Oxford Hotel Co., owners, contractors to perform all work and furnish all material for full and complete erection of seven stories and apartments to be erected on the inside line of Boardwalk between Thomsent and Massachusetts Aves. \$25,310 to be paid for said work as follows: every 15 days, during the progress of the work the owner shall pay to the contractor a sum equal to 80 per cent. of the amount of labor performed and material used, the balance of 20 per cent. to be retained until 30 days after completion of the entire contract.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Blum & Koch Hand-made Straw Hats "The Straw without a flaw"

The world loves a well dressed man, and a well dressed man prefers a "B & K" Straw, because it's handmade, smartly shopped, cool, comfortable and easy fitting, almost as light as air and rightly styled. In Sennit Split Milan, Mackinaw Leghorn and Panama.

\$1.50 to \$6.00

HILL & FARRELL, 1332 Atlantic Avenue, Opposite City Hall, ATLANTIC CITY.

OPTICIAN. HEADACHES. More headaches and nervousness come from Eye Troubles than from any other cause.

Many suffer intense pains which can be entirely relieved by Proper Glasses. I can refer you to hundreds of patients that I have relieved and who will substantiate this statement.

Does this interest you? If not tell the one who you think it will, especially the child.

L. W. Betts, R. D., The Optometry Specialist, 912 Atlantic Ave., ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.

Local Points of Interest. Cotton mill of the May's Landing Water Power Co. on Lake Lempe, Charles Keen, Superintendent, Manufactures cotton toweling, etc. Employs 50 hands.

Plant of the Atlantic Brick Manufacturing Co., one-half mile on the Pleasantville boulevard. Fine pressed brick. Charles Remmey, Supt. Employs about one hundred hands.

Cranberry bog of Makepeace & Co., more than one thousand acres in extent, on the Egg Harbor City boulevard, about one mile from May's Landing. Charles B. Makepeace, Supt. Employs 20 hands.

Public water supply station. Water 90 per cent. pure from artesian wells more than two hundred feet deep. Standpipe one hundred and twenty feet high, with fifty-five pound pressure. Cost \$30,000.

Industrial Park and public fountain, adjoining Court grounds on Main Street. High School, Farmington Avenue. S. G. Huber, Principal.

First National Bank, Main Street. M. R. Morse, Cashier. Deposits \$120,000. President, Charles D. Makepeace.

Reliance Home Company and Gen. Joe Hooker Post, G. A. R.

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

Ordinance—Messrs. Lane, Kessler, Phoebo, Rilly, Donnelly.

Streets—Messrs. Kessler, Buzby, Bacharach, Bolte, Donnelly.

Education—Messrs. Mania, Bolte, Bacharach, Johnson, Parker.

Building—Messrs. Headley, Murtland, Malin, Uthbert, Bacharach.

Police—Messrs. Riddle, Freisinger, Parker, Phoebo, Murtland.

Fires—Messrs. Uthbert, Donnelly, Kessler, Parker, Lane.

Licenses and Police—Messrs. Bolte, Malin, Hanson, Bacharach.

Lighting—Messrs. Donnelly, Freisinger, Parker, Headley, Murtland.

Printing—Messrs. Parker, Malin, Phoebo, Freisinger, Johnson.

Relief—Messrs. Phoebo, Bolte, Johnson, Rilly, Malin.

Law—Messrs. Freisinger, Parker, Uthbert, Headley, Murtland.

Streets, Walks and Drives—Messrs. Buzby, Rilly, Uthbert, Headley, Lane.

Property—Messrs. Johnson, Buzby, Parker, Bolte, Rilly.

Sanitary—Messrs. Phoebo, Bolte, Kessler, Buzby, Rilly.

Electrical—Messrs. Rilly, Buzby, Uthbert, Bolte, Murtland.

Rules—Messrs. Murtland, Bolte, Riddle, Freisinger, Headley.

Atlantic County Census Enumerators. Abscon—Samuel Johnson.

Atlantic City—James W. Brierley, Harvey R. Grove, William H. Edwards, Alexander Welton, Leonard N. Jackson, John Hirschberg, Herman G. Peterson, Charles A. Titus, Joseph N. Wolsiefer, William H. Erskine, Shepard T. Chittenden, Alexis E. Miller, George R. Sees, Ralph L. Queen, George P. Proffitt, Charles J. Benson, Isidor Schneider, Carl M. Voelker, William McConnell, Joseph N. Barry, Anthony Pepper, Charles S. Henderson, Wilson W. Pile, Leonard J. Williams, Joseph L. Kelly, Gardner S. Driver.

Buena Vista Township—Nathan W. Palde, Egg Harbor City—William Morgenweck, Jr. Egg Harbor Township—Francis Watt, Galloway Township—Oscar C. Endicott, Harry H. Holzer.

Hammoncton Township—Edmund C. Gaskill, Hammoncton—Joseph A. Baker, Miss Corn R. Basset.

Linwood, Longport, Somers Point, South Atlantic City Boroughs—John F. Hill, Pleasantville Borough—Carl Paul Schwendy, Mullya Township—Harry Baum, Weymouth Township—John W. Fisher.

Notice of Fire Alarms. The fire whistle is to be blown for fire alarm only. The alarm signals are as follows: 1 short blast, North of Fire Station; 2 short blasts, East of Fire Station; 3 short blasts, South of Fire Station; 4 short blasts, West of Fire Station. All blasts are to be preceded with one long blast as an alarm of fire. In blowing the alarm the fire whistle must be made carefully in order to prevent damage to the whistle.

FINANCIAL.

Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co. 224 Federal Street, Camden, N. J.

Pays 3 per cent. on Time Deposits 14 days' notice

2 per cent. Subject to check at sight on average balance of \$50 and over

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent, \$2 per annum and upward

Capital \$100,000.00 Surplus and Undivided Profits Earned over \$1,000,000.00 Assets over \$7,000,000.00 Trust Funds over \$5,000,000.00

Acts as Executor Administrator Trustee Guardian Trustee for Corporation Mortgages Will kept without charge

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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. If any of its officers die, they are succeeded by men equally as capable. Therefore, when they are your Executor, there is no chance of loss or mismanagement through the death of the party acting in this capacity. We draw wills free when appointed Executors.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT, \$50 UP.

Capital and Profits \$460,000 Deposits, \$1,600,000

The Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co., N. E. Cor. Atlantic & New York Aves., Atlantic City, N. J.

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J. B. PRESS, Tailor & Importer, 904 Atlantic Avenue, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Atlantic City National Bank, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Capital \$300,000 Surplus \$300,000 Undivided Profits \$300,000

Charles Evans, President. Joseph H. Barton, Vice-President. S. D. Hoffman, Second Vice-President. Edward S. Bartlett, Cashier.

DIRECTORS. Charles Evans, Joseph H. Barton, S. D. Hoffman, Edward S. Bartlett, Dr. Thos. K. Reed, George Allen, William H. Bartlett.

Safe Deposit Boxes For Rent in Burghart Post Office.

Board of Freeholders' Committees. Finance—Lewis T. Imley, John Unsworth, Samuel H. Headley, Frederick W. Willets, Liberty Hall,



# Married by Accident

A Man Wins a Wife by Getting into the Wrong House.

By REGINALD D. HAVEN  
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On a street is a block of ten houses, every house exactly like every other house. I once lived in one of these houses, and I never went home but I ran a risk of getting into the wrong house.

In the fourth house was a young lady whose appearance I especially admired. I considered her very pretty, and she was certainly very stylish.

"Now, that's just the girl I would like for a wife," I used to say when I saw her going into or coming out of her home.

One afternoon I went home, and, finding the front door ajar, I walked in, put my hat and overcoat in the hall, and went upstairs to a sitting room on the second floor. The room was shut in by brick walls, and I seldom sat there without turning on the light. Being tired, I threw myself into a wicker chair and, closing my eyes, sat thinking on a matter of business that had occurred during the day. Presently, hearing a footstep and looking up, I saw a woman's figure standing in the doorway. There was not enough light to distinguish who she was, but I was not long kept in ignorance. She pressed a button beside the door, and a bright electric light showed me the girl who lived two doors from me.

"How is this?" I stammered. "Have I got into the wrong house?"

"I expect you have," replied the girl. "Pardon me. I assure you I had no idea—I'm very careless."

At that moment I heard the front door close. The girl heard it, too, and changed countenance.

"Good gracious, my aunt!" she exclaimed. "Well?"

"It is very unfortunate your being here. She is a very suspicious woman."

"I see. It would grieve me terribly to have her think—"

"Dear me, she's coming up here?"

"Can I get out without meeting her?"

"No. Go in there."

She shut me in a large closet, and the next minute I heard the harsh voice of an old woman in the adjoining room.

"Lois," she said severely, "that young man you admire so much who lives in this block is in this house. I was sitting in Mrs. Devoe's window, next door, and saw him come up and walk in at the front door. What are you doing in this room with all this light turned on?"

"Why, Aunt Jane, you must be mistaken."

"Mistaken! Do you think I haven't eyes? Oh, heavens, Lois! Can it be possible that you are—are a wicked, bad girl? Upon my word, I believe you are hiding a lover. I'm going to have a look."

She made for the only place in the room possible for concealment—the closet—and had her hand on the door-knob when I heard a slight scuffle, and the young lady said:

"Aunt Jane, before you open that door I wish to say something to you. I have been deceiving you. I have been wicked and won chastisement by the young man you have referred to. He is in that closet."

I must hasten to protect the honor of one I had compromised by my stupidity. I flung open the door, put my arm around the girl who had been driven to this falsehood, threw back my head proudly and said dramatically:

"No power on earth shall separate me from my wife."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the old lady.

"My reputed wife buried her face in her hands, whether because the seriousness of the matter had occurred to her or whether to conceal laughter at its absurdity I did not know.

"Do you mean to say," continued the old lady to me, "that you are married to my niece?"

There would be no use in mincing matters. I swore that I was her niece's husband.

"And you, Lois," continued the aunt—"are you really married to him?"

A faint "Yes" came from under the girl's hands.

"Well, well, well! How you two young people could have done your courting without my finding you out is remarkable. How did you manage it?"

"Love laughs at locksmiths," I said knowingly, not having any explanation ready.

"I should think so," said the aunt impressively. "How long have you been married?"

"I didn't dare risk an answer to this question, fearing to be caught in a trap. I threw the burden on my bride.

"Lois, dear," I said, "tell your aunt all about it. She will be more forgiving at getting the story from one she loves. Or would you prefer sitting down with her alone and talking it all over with her?"

"I think I would like to have a little time," stammered Lois faintly.

"And I think I want the whole story," his minute," cried the aunt.

"Had I not better withdraw?" I suggested. I was beginning to get very hot in the face. Confound these houses built in blocks! I'll never live in one again!

By this time Lois had thought what answer would be best. She sank as deeper in the mire. It was not to her that if she said we had just been married the result in the end would be less compromising, so she told her aunt that we had been married that day at noon. She bit upon this hour because she had been away from home at that time. Then her aunt asked if we had been married by a clergyman. Lois, deprecating the old woman's words, pounce on the double, told her that

we had been married by a justice of the peace.

"A justice of the peace!" exclaimed the old lady contemptuously. "Do you call that a marriage? I shall telephone for my own rector at once. If you can't be married respectably, you shall at least be married religiously."

She was making for the telephone. We both clutched her.

"Madam," I cried, "permit me to say a word. I beg of you to leave me and my—your niece alone together for awhile that we may talk this matter over. These unconventional marriages are liable to bring a stain upon the parties concerned. You certainly don't wish your niece to suffer in that way, do you? Give us an hour to decide as to when and how we shall publish our union to the world."

With a sniff the old lady bounced out of the room.

The girl and I looked at each other. We would have laughed, but the affair was far too serious for mirth.

"You've got me into a terrible pickle," said Lois, much irritated.

"I? I ask a thousand—"

"Why did you say we were married? I only said we were engaged. There is none a retreat from that. There is none from marriage."

"An engagement doesn't warrant a girl having a lover in a closet."

"I don't suppose it does."

"Marriage is the only thing that will excuse that."

"But how are we going to get out of it?"

"Can't you confess the whole thing? It's a splendid job, awfully funny. Haven't your aunt any sense of humor?"

"About as much as a cat has of poetry."

"What do you suggest?"

"I can't think of anything unless I do as you say—confess—but that would be some thing acknowledging criminality. Aunt Jane would never believe anything else."

"Then you can't get out of it without being smirched, at least to your aunt?"

"No, and she can never keep the secret. Others will know it. It will go everywhere. What shall I do?" She wrung her hands.

"There's another trouble in the way," I said. "She asked each of us if we admitted we were married. That in the presence of a witness makes us man and wife."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

There was a silence, at the end of which I said:

"I'm responsible for all this. Now let me make an admission. I have seen and admired you before, and I have said to myself, 'That's a girl I would like for my wife.' I heard your aunt refer to me as a person you had—she hung her head—'that admired. Now, suppose we let the matter rest, pledging your aunt to keep our secret till we can determine what we wish to be the outcome of this singular adventure. I will keep my home; you can keep yours. If we decide not to be man and wife we can find some way out of it with your aunt. If we wish to be married we can have a more pretentious ceremony than the one just performed."

We filled up the hour deliberating, but found no better plan than this: Then we rejoined Aunt Jane, and I acted as spokesman.

"Aunt Jane," I said, "I presume I may now call you aunt—I admit that I have done very wrong in hurrying your niece into a secret marriage, especially since my affairs are not just now in a condition that will enable me to take care of a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed. I ask a short time in which to get them in such condition, and I shall then acknowledge the marriage. As for myself, I would be willing to do this now, but Lois, whom we both love and whose reputation we are both bound to protect, thinks that we had better wait while, then announce an engagement and after a brief one celebrate a marriage without saying anything about the one that has occurred. Meanwhile I ask permission to visit my wife just as I would visit her with your permission to visit her. I should have taken this course before. The strength of my love for her is my only excuse for not doing so. I am convinced that if she turns out to be as estimable a lady as her aunt I shall have won a treasure."

Aunt Jane gave me reason to be proud of myself for this speech by saying that it was never too late to do the right thing and she hoped I would prove myself as worthy as my words indicated.

I kissed the old lady at my departure, and my wife followed me to the door for the ostentatious purpose of receiving a marital salute. I offered to avail myself of the opportunity, but Lois drew back.

I then returned to my own home, having been in the wrong house an hour and a half, during which I had married a wife to whom I had never before spoken a word and had never before spoken a word and had never before spoken a word.

I was not long wishing my wife's consent to a public engagement and in going affairs in shape for a public wedding. When we entered the church there was not a person present who knew that the union of the contracting parties occurred from the room having got into the wrong house.

The Work Cure.

"The healthy brother supported the invalid brother for years, and then the healthy brother died."

"What became of the poor invalid brother?"

"Oh, he had to get well and go to work."—New York World.

His Title.

"If it were customary in this country to confer titles upon men who go in for literature, what would I be? I am a celebrated journalist of his senior."

"Baron of Ideas" was the terse reply.

A Powerful Press.

The Philadelphia mint uses a press that exerts a force of 1,100 tons to the square inch to stamp medals.

# A Clever Ruse

But It Was Very Unexpectedly Thwarted.

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN  
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

On coming home from business I found my wife in the dumps.

"What's the matter, dear?" I asked.

"It's all up with us."

"Bottom dropped out of the universe?"

"Worse. Aunt Abigail will have to live with us. She's written that her friend with whom she has had a home is to give up her house the 1st of May, and that throws her out. I am her only relative, and of course she expects me to take her in."

"She's a bit cranky, isn't she?"

"Cranky is no name for it."

"Well, we'll have to make the best of it."

Aunt Abigail arrived. We had previously considered our home entirely our own. With the coming of our relative we saw at once that all this was changed. She settled herself down with an appearance of permanency that made my blood run cold.

"Well," she exclaimed, looking about her, "how did you ever come to build this house down in a hollow—it must have been a swamp once—when you could as well have put it on that hill, where you could see something?"

"We live here winter and summer, Aunt Abigail. Up there we would freeze in cold weather."

"Freeze! Nonsense! Some people are always afraid they'll breathe a little fresh air. I'm not. I sleep with my window open, and I like to have a gale blowing in right on me. You should have fronted your house to the south."

"I can't stand this. We must get rid of her, I said to my wife."

"To turn her out would be awful!"

"We needn't do that. We can do it so that she will go of her own accord."

"For heaven's sake explain."

"You know the homeopathic principle—like cures like. Well, my Uncle Robert is more disagreeable. If that's possible, than your Aunt Abigail. He is a dictatorial old curmudgeon, with no respect for any one's opinion but his own. He is as poor as a church mouse, living in a miserable room in a rookery by himself. He amuses himself abusing his neighbors from his window and slyly anything he can get his hands on at the cuts. Now, it has occurred to me to bring him here as a foil for your aunt. She can't possibly endure to stay in the house with such a man, and when she's gone I'll find a way to get rid of Uncle Robert. Perhaps they may both go to get rid of each other."

"Your plan seems rather impracticable to me, Billy, but I have a good deal of confidence in those roundabout ways of yours. Suppose we try it?"

"So I wrote Uncle Robert offering a home temporarily and, if he liked it, as long as he lived. He accepted eagerly, and it was not long before he was down upon us bag and baggage."

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, patting me on the back, "how do you do me of your father. He and I were inseparable as boys, and I've carried you on my shoulder often. And to think that I'm to have a home with you! Put me anywhere. A garret is good enough for a broken down old clogger like me. Pshaw! Somebody's been smoking here. Do you smoke? How I hate tobacco! It makes me sick."

"I won't smoke any more in the house since you've come, uncle," I said.

"Oh, don't mind me. I can stand anything, got to stand it. I've made a deal of failure of life and don't deserve anything else. You don't mind my opening the window, do you—just to let the odor out?"

"Fanny has a bad cold, you know."

"Just the thing to cure her. Let her breathe the cool air of heaven."

Up went the window and out of the room went Fanny. Half an hour after my uncle arrived dinner was announced. I was watching our guests when they entered the dining room. It was like a dog and a cat at first catching sight of each other. Both seemed to crouch for an encounter. Neither spoke to the other for some time after taking seats at table. Then a remark of Uncle Robert's ruffled Aunt Abigail.

"This woman's voting craze"—he was beginning.

"Voting what, sir?"

"Craze, madam," raising his voice.

"I'm not deaf. I heard you well enough. I object to your calling woman's suffrage a craze."

"Are you an advocate of woman's suffrage, madam?"

"I most assuredly am."

"I believe in any one who advocates a principle standing by that principle and not attempting to straddle."

"Sir?"

"That is, to equivocate or knuckle down, defending the cause with all his or her strength. Per contra, I reserve the same privilege for myself. Woman's suffrage I consider the most abominable, illogical, illogical rot that was ever sprung on a Christian people."

"And I consider it one of the holiest causes."

"Aunt Abigail," interposed my wife, "do let me help you to this little bit of wing. You're not eating enough to feed a sparrow."

"I'm inclined to think," remarked Uncle Robert, "that there's a good deal in this new idea of diet. This man what's-his-name who is proving that the less we eat the more work we can do is going to create a revolution."

"Have you adopted his idea?" asked Aunt Abigail spitefully.

Considering that I had just filled Uncle Robert's plate for the second time this was unkind.

"I have not, madam, for the reason that I am not yet satisfied that his views are correct. I'm nothing if not scientific. I must see a thing proved before I adopt it."

"Would you prove woman's suffrage before adopting it?"

This was quite bright of Aunt Abigail.

"I admit," replied Uncle Robert, "that to prove it before adopting it would be impossible. It isn't necessary to prove it. Any fool can see that the idea is ridiculous."

"Uncle," I interrupted for the purpose of calling a truce and preventing Aunt Abigail from firing a return shot, "let me fill your glass."

"No, sir," putting his hand over it—"not at all, sir. I drink just one glass of wine with my dinner. And that's enough for any man."

"Quite right," I replied and filled my own for the third time.

"One is too much for any man, especially an old man," snapped the aunt.

"Nothing is so disgusting to me as an old toper."

The shot, while it applied partly to me, was fired at Uncle Robert.

"Not at all," he replied. "One glass is good for the system. You know what St. Paul says, 'Take a little wine for the stomach's sake.'"

"Yes," retorted Aunt Abigail, "and I know that the devil can quote Scripture."

This was so well turned that I felt like patting the old lady on the back. But it did not squelch Uncle Robert for the simple reason that he was un-squelchable. The skirmishing went on, getting hotter and hotter, till at last, to prevent an open rupture, my wife arose from the table. She, poor woman, was dreading a fracas, and I was not anxious to have a break occur so early in the game.

As soon as Fanny and I were alone together we sat down and laughed.

"Did you ever see anything work more beautifully?" I said, slapping my leg.

"Never."

"Let them go their own gait. My opinion is that one of the other will get out within a week."

Every day my uncle came to me and said that he couldn't live in the same house with a cat and was going tomorrow. Every day Aunt Abigail went to Fanny and said she could not possibly endure that opinionated old beast, and she was casting about for another home, but it was dreadful that she should be alone in the world, with no one to love but Fanny, and Fanny must needs be incumbered by all her husband's relatives. I told my uncle that if I were deprived of the comfort of caring for my father's brother in his old age it would break my heart. Fanny made faint attempts to quiet her aunt and agreed with her that my uncle was a trifle hard to get on with, regretting at the same time that he had the same claim on me that her aunt had on her. It is true that occasionally there would be a hull in the hostilities and we would find the two chatting quite amiably. But this was when they were happy and to strike some subject which was a pet with both. As soon as they drifted into topics on which they disagreed the roar of battle recommenced.

Several weeks passed in this way, and Fanny and I were getting impatient for the denouement, when one day uncle came to me and said that he would like to have a few words with me and Fanny alone. He looked very serious, and I felt quite sure he would announce his departure. He was a born gentleman, and nothing would be further from his nature than to hurt one's feelings, and to appear ungrateful would break his heart. I called Fanny into the library, shut the door and waited for the old man to speak.

"My dear boy," he began, taking my hand, "and my dear little girl," taking Fanny's hand, "I have something to announce which will surprise you. I am going to leave you!"

"Oh, uncle," we both exclaimed, trying hard to appear much disappointed, even shocked.

"Yes, I am going away, and your aunt is also going."

This was indeed a surprise.

"Your kindness has brought about a great change in two lonely lives. For a time it seemed to both of us that we must thwart your plans for the happiness of both of us. It has not seemed that we can live under the same roof together."

He paused, and I thought he was going to shed tears. Then he added abruptly:

"We are both going to leave you tomorrow."

"Yes, both. We are to be quietly married at 9 o'clock and leave on a short wedding trip on the 10 o'clock train."

"Goodness gracious!" from Fanny.

"Great Scott!" from me.

"But we shall be gone only a few days."

"And then?" exclaimed Fanny and I breathlessly.

"And then," resumed the old man, putting a hand on each of our heads, "we return to spend the rest of our lives with our dear niece and nephew. Heaven helps those who help themselves. At any rate, heaven came to our relief. I inherited \$20,000 from a maternal uncle. Of this I put \$5,000 in a house for the old couple and invested the rest in an annuity for them. Strangely enough, they are quite contented together."

An Unkind Retort.

"You made a fool of me!" exclaimed the angry husband.

"Call yourself a fool if you wish, my dear," retorted his tantalizingly placid wife, "but remember that you have always claimed to be a self made man."

Wormy.

Shopkeeper (to small child, who has brought back a recent purchase): "What's the matter with the cheese, my dear? Small Child—Please, father says when he wants any bait for fishing he can dig 'em up in our back garden.—London King

The Decisive Moment.

Clara—What constitutes the decisive moment in an engagement? Dora—Asking the pater's consent, probably.

LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on SATURDAY, THE NINTH DAY OF JULY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at Knickerbocker Hotel, corner Atlantic and South Broad Avenues, in the City of Atlantic City, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, all that certain lot of land and premises, situate in the City of Atlantic City, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of Mediterranean and Rosemont Avenues and extending thence (1) Northwesterly to the Eastwesterly line of Rosemont Avenue two hundred and twelve and one half feet to the Southwesterly line of Drexel Avenue; thence (2) Northwesterly along the Southwesterly line of Drexel Avenue fifty-eight and one half feet to the Westwesterly line of land conveyed by Andrew J. Robinson and wife to the Consumers Water Company as in deed recorded in book 125, page 674; thence (3) Eastwesterly two hundred and twelve and one half feet to the Westwesterly line of land conveyed by Andrew J. Robinson and wife to the Consumers Water Company as in deed recorded in book 125, page 674; thence (4) Southwesterly along the Southwesterly line of Drexel Avenue fifty-eight and one half feet to a corner in the Northwesterly line of a lot in said corner and place of beginning.

Being a part of the same premises granted and conveyed to said E. Bartine Johnson in fee by said Andrew J. Robinson and wife, by deed, dated November 4, 1899, and recorded in the Clerk's office of Atlantic County in book No. 292 of deeds, page 109, and also all that tract or lot of land and premises, situate in the City of Atlantic City, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of Rosemont and Mediterranean Avenues and extending thence Northwesterly along the Westwesterly line of Rosemont Avenue two hundred and twelve and one half feet to the Southwesterly line of Drexel Avenue; thence (1) Northwesterly along the Southwesterly line of Drexel Avenue two hundred and twelve and one half feet to the Westwesterly line of land conveyed by Andrew J. Robinson and wife to the Consumers Water Company as in deed recorded in book 125, page 674; thence (2) Eastwesterly the same thirty-eight and one half feet to the Westwesterly line of land conveyed by Andrew J. Robinson and wife to the Consumers Water Company as in deed recorded in book 125, page 674; thence (3) Southwesterly along the Southwesterly line of Drexel Avenue fifty-eight and one half feet to the Westwesterly line of land conveyed by Andrew J. Robinson and wife to the Consumers Water Company as in deed recorded in book 125, page 674; thence (4) Northwesterly along the Southwesterly line of Drexel Avenue two hundred and twelve and one half feet to the Westwesterly line of land conveyed by Andrew J. Robinson and wife to the Consumers Water Company as in deed recorded in book 125, page 674.

Together with the free use, right, privilege and appurtenances of all said lands, together with other owners and tenants bordering thereon.

Being a part of the same premises granted and conveyed to said E. Bartine Johnson in fee by said Andrew J. Robinson and wife, by deed, dated November 4, 1899, and recorded in the Clerk's office of Atlantic County in book No. 292 of deeds, page 109.

Said lands and premises are owned by E. Bartine Johnson and others and taken in execution of the said writ of fieri facias, issued by the Honorable George J. Bergen, Judges, and to be sold by

ENOCH L. JOHNSON,  
Sheriff.

Dated June 4, 1910.  
THOMAS E. FRENCH,  
GEORGE J. BERGEN,  
Attorneys.

51. P. S. fee, \$30.00.

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**Make People Happy.**  
I find the largest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and covered out by grumbling, discontented people. A man should make life and nature happier to us or he had better never be born.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

**Eminence.**  
The road to eminence and power from an obscure condition ought not to be made too easy nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all things it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue let it be remembered, for the virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.—Burke

**On Their Wedding Tour.**  
She—Oh, Tom, dear, the train is now flying like an arrow! If a ceiling should suddenly take place, how glorious it would be to die together! (After a pause.) You didn't forget to renew your policy of life insurance, did you?—Harper's Bazar.

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