

WHOLE NUMBER 1747.







## AN AERIAL FLIGHT.

Up to Date Romance In Which a Flying Machine Plays a Part.

By IRA TEN BROECK.  
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

"But, Jack, dear, I wouldn't dare," chattered Molly in a flutter of excitement.

"Yes, you will, Molly," answered Jack Wynter impulsively.

"Just think of the novelty of an ejection in a flying machine. The Eagle is in tip-top shape, and there isn't a bit of danger, so make up your mind to go this afternoon. Be at the shed at 2 o'clock, dear. Goodbye!"

Kissing her playfully, he ran down the steps and in the direction of the field where he had been trying out a new aeroplane.

Molly Wynter smothered an impulse to call him back and tell her headstrong lover that she could not go with him, but she hesitated, and in that instant Jack disappeared around the house. She sighed deeply to quiet her excited nerves and fell back languidly into the hammock. The very audacity of the idea frightened her. Certainly, she loved Jack, but couldn't he find a safer way to run off to get married? To be sure, Colonel Wynter, who was aware of the infatuation of his daughter for the young aeronaut, would be on his guard if he detected them going away together, while he would never suspect Jack's novel ruse. They were to ascend in the Eagle, cross the river to Rosseter, then jump into Jack's auto and run down to Terryville, where Will Boynton, his chum, would await them with a minister.

Molly was so nervous at luncheon that the colonel's curiosity was aroused, and he questioned her closely—so closely, indeed, that once or twice in her excitement she burst out into a hysterical laugh. Immediately afterward she eyed herself on the plea of taking a nap and retired to her room to prepare for her journey. But the colonel's suspicions were now aroused, and the old gentleman took a position on the veranda, with a newspaper, to await developments.

He had not been on the veranda long when his attention was attracted by the creaking of the slide door, and he saw his daughter gliding furtively over the lawn, dressed in auto togs, in the direction of the trial field. Quietly he went into the house for his coat and followed her.

In a very few moments Molly arrived at the shed where Wynter's aeroplane was quartered. True to his word, Jack had everything in readiness for the escape, and at once seated her in the frame, strapping her in securely. Both were so excited inwardly that they spoke only in monosyllables, while Jack prepared for the ascent with the methodical care of the trained aviator. Within a minute of the time Helen was seated the motor was throbbing, and the machine began to rise faster and faster over the field.

Suddenly the earth seemed to fall, and she knew that they were rising. For a moment she closed her eyes and clung tightly to the narrow frame-work, but the exhilarating sensation of flying went into her head, and the madness of it all made her laugh in spite of her fear. Gathering courage, she looked down, and far below she saw her home as the machine circled over the field and soared toward the river. Suddenly her eyes were arrested by a figure in white running frantically from the field toward the boat-house. Jack saw it about the same time, and as he opened the throttle of the motor he shouted to her. All she could hear in the growing roar of wind was the word "colonel," but she caught his meaning. Wynter was making for the river, and in a few moments the Comet, the colonel's racing launch, emerged from the boat-house. The colonel had divined their purpose and was endeavoring to reach the opposite shore before they could descend undetected.

By this time they were nearing the trees on the far side of the river, and Jack glanced at her reassuringly. The Comet was only halfway across the stream. Right ahead of them appeared a large field, and she could feel the machine falling as Jack worked at the levers and shut down the motor. Gliding slowly downward, they struck with a slight jar and ran on a few rods before stopping. Some one came running across the field. It was Tom, Jack's chauffeur.

Abandoning the Eagle, they raced across the field and climbed into the auto, and as the chauffeur threw in the high speed gear they shot down the road through the little village of Rosseter. Such a ride as it was!

"I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you," she whispered.

"I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you," she whispered.

"I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you," she whispered.

"I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you," she whispered.

"I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you," she whispered.

"I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you," she whispered.

"I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you," she whispered.

"I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you," she whispered.

In spite of Tom's efforts the pursuing car galloped on. Jack was almost wild with excitement. "Conx her!" "Conx her!" "Conx her!"

The colonel, by this time was plainly visible in his white flannels, and Jack fairly groaned.

As usual, the unexpected happened. Something went wrong with the motor of the pursuing car, and Jack hugged his sweetheart in glee as he looked back and saw it stop, while the chauffeur leaped out and raised the hood. In a few seconds they were out of sight around a bend in the road.

Both Jack and Molly gave a great sigh of relief as they rounded the curve and the houses on the outskirts of Terryville came in view. Once or twice they narrowly escaped colliding with wagons, but in a few moments the machine slowed down and ran into a side street, coming to a stop in front of a modest little cottage. Will Boynton ran out to meet them.

"All ready, old chap," he said, "so step lively!" He almost hugged Molly as he helped her from the car, while Jack directed Tom what to do with the machine. "Come right in like sheep to the slaughter. The parson's waiting for you!"

As she entered the gate the seriousness of the step she was about to take came to Molly's mind for the first time. She felt inclined to run away, to hide, to think it over. She felt a pang of sorrow for the colonel. How kind he had been to her! How thoughtful always of her wishes! A lump rose in her throat as she thought how ungrateful she was to leave him thus. Perhaps Wynter understood, or perhaps the serious end of the affair came also to his mind, as he touched her arm tenderly and said: "Come, dear. We've gone this far, and the colonel is apt to be here any minute, you know." With a sigh she walked into the neat little yard and followed Boynton to the door of the parsonage.

The minister met them at the door, and Boynton introduced them. They were ushered into the little parlor, with its musty air and quaint decorations, and before she fully realized it Molly was standing before the minister with Jack repeating the marriage vows. As the words were pronounced that made them man and wife there was a commotion at the door, and Colonel Wynter rushed in.

"You—you rascal!" he spluttered. "You hesitate! You thieve! You hawk! You confounded!"

"Sir," said Wynter, stepping forward, while Molly clung to his arm as if to restrain him.

The colonel waved him back. "What do you mean, you young rascals, by sneaking off in this way? You mean to elope?" He stopped for breath and mopped his face with a capacious handkerchief. "What do you mean, sir? Here I've fetched up my daughter for nineteen years, and bless my soul if she don't run away without saying so much as 'by your leave.' Didn't even invite me to see her married after!"

"What?" said Wynter. "You mean?"

"Yes," puffed the colonel; "I mean the chance you young rascals twenty miles to attend your wedding, and you wouldn't wait long enough to let me give my girl away. But," he continued, advancing toward them, "I shall have satisfaction. Confound me, but I shall!"

Molly caught a glimmer of a smile in her father's eye, and it gave her courage to speak.

"Father, dear, will you forgive us? I'm sorry if I've been ungrateful toward you, but I'm glad, too, because I have Jack. Will you forgive my little girl if she promises never, never, to do it again?"

"I'll promise that, too, if you will, colonel," said Jack. Wynter's face was a puzzle. To look at it one would not know whether he was angry or happy, chagrined or amused.

"Well," he said after a pause, "seeing that you have gone and done it, I suppose I may as well resign myself to a son-in-law."

Taken Down a Peg.

While one thing essential to a cultured lawyer is a thorough knowledge of Latin, it is not necessary, said a judge, that he should possess his classical knowledge, for he might be "taken down a peg," as was the young lawyer who displayed his learning before an Arkansas jury. His opponent replied: "Gentlemen of the jury, the young lawyer who just addressed you has roamed with Rogulus, canted with Cantharides, ripped with Euripides, socked with Socrates, but what does he know about the laws of Arkansas?"—Case and Comment.

Frightful State of the Language.

A lecturer gave a very learned and interesting address before a woman's club on "The Decadence of Pure English." At the close of the talk a much over-dressed woman came up to him and said:

"I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you," she whispered.

Gossip and Scandal.  
Many people confuse gossip with scandal, but the two things are quite different. The scandalmonger is usually detested, while the gossip is often universally popular. In fact, the popularity which it brings in its train is one of the strongest incentives to gossip. A really accomplished gossip is a social acquisition. Thousands of people who do not gossip themselves like to listen to it. It saves them the trouble of talking. The gossip is generally good natured. The scandalmonger seldom is. After all, what is more interesting than human nature? That is the stock in trade of the gossip, as it is of the novelist and dramatist.—London Gentlewoman.Agincourt.  
Agincourt, from which Henry V. made his triumphal entry into London, is our English way of spelling Azincourt, just as Blenheim is a shallower corruption of Bludheim. In about two and a half hours Henry's little army slew 10,000 Frenchmen, nearly twice as many as England lost outright in battle during the Boer war, lasting over two and a half years, and yet we talk complacently of our "modern arms of precision." A monument at Agincourt marks the cemetery of the slain. Few battlefields have changed their appearance so little. The field may be reached within a railway hour from Boulogne, but few tourists go to the scene of England's most wonderful feat of arms.—London Chronicle.Brainy.  
"And so you will not believe anything you cannot see?" inquires the other man gleefully. "Well, you think you have brains in your head, don't you?"

"Yes."

"But you can't see them, can you? What makes you think you have them, then?"

"Why, I think I have brains because we think with brains, and if I didn't have brains how could I think? If the brains aren't there to think with I can't think I have them, can I?"—Life.

Coroner in England.  
In early times the coroner in England was a revenue officer of the crown, and his business was to find out the criminals, extort their confessions and confiscate their goods to the crown. From records it appeared that King Alfred had a predilection for hanging his coroners because they did what was unjust.

At the present time practically the only office of coroners is to hold inquests on dead bodies and on treasure trove and to pronounce judgment in outlaws.—London Telegraph.

The Police System.  
The police system, being almost entirely municipal in its character, has gradually developed with the growth of cities. In London a night watch was appointed in 1253 to proclaim the hour with a bell before the introduction of clocks. The old watch system was discontinued and a new police on duty day and night commenced Sept. 2, 1829.Coroner's Verdict in India.  
For quaintness it would be hard to beat the verdict returned in India on a man whose dog he had been to arrange a tiger's appetite. "That Pandoo died of tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death."—London Chronicle.Rice Pudding.  
When next making rice pudding, flavor with lemon and cinnamon. It will be found exceedingly tasty.Freeholder's Committees.  
Finance—Lewis T. Inghy, John Unsworth, Frederick W. Willett, John Ashmead, Cyrus Osmond, Charles Hart, John S. Halsey.  
Assylum and Almshouse—Charles C. Fortner, Frederick W. Willett, Albert B. Smith, John Ashmead, Samuel Whitebottom, Robert M. Hart, John K. Johnson.  
County Roads—Edwin Robinson, John Unsworth, Frank Enderlin, George Ortlip, Lewis Mason, George B. Jeffers, Joseph Brown.  
Bridges—Frank Enderlin, John K. Johnson, H. Northaker, Charles Hart, Alfred B. Smith, Harry May, James Chalmers.  
Public Buildings—Frederick W. Willett, Charles C. Fortner, Harry May, Edwin Robinson, John S. Halsey.Porter's Committee.  
Harry May, John K. Johnson, John D. Carver, George Ortlip, Eliza T. Fifield.  
Ordinances—Samuel Whitebottom, Lewis T. Inghy, Joseph Brown, John Chalmers, Lewis Mason.  
Soldiers' Burial—John S. Halsey, Cyrus F. Osmond, Anderson Bourgeois, Robert Hart, H. Northaker.  
Discharge of Prisoners—Edwin Robinson, John D. Carver, George Jeffers, William J. Black, James Chalmers.  
Printing and Stationery—George Ortlip, Lewis T. Inghy, Charles Hart, John D. Carver, William J. Black.  
Library—John Unsworth, Joseph Brown, Anderson Bourgeois, Lewis Mason, Robert M. Hart.Municipal Clerks of Atlantic County.  
Absecon City—Samuel Johnson.  
Atlantic City—F. R. E.  
Buena VistaNotice 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 first blast must be made carefully.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 first blast must be made carefully.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 first blast must be made carefully.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 first blast must be made carefully.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 first blast must be made carefully.Prosperous  
Healthful  
Beautiful

May's Landing

"The Town of  
Natural Opportunities"

Come and See

Summer Cottage Sites

Unrivalled Facilities for Manufacturers.

For Particulars Address

May's Landing Board of Trade

INSURANCE.  
FIRE INSURANCE  
Any Part of Atlantic County.Reduction of 10 Per Cent. on  
May's Landing Properties.

Burglar Insurance and Surety Bonds.

Real Estate.

L. W. CRAMER, May's Landing.

WAGON BUILDER.

Wagon Building and  
RepairingSpring Wagons, Carriages and Express  
Wagons On Hand at Lowest Prices.  
First Class Repairing Guaranteed.Joseph B. Mattison,  
Wagon Builder, Estelville, N. J.

"The Record"

will be mailed to any  
address in the United  
States, postage pre-  
paid, for

\$1.25

per annum, in advance.

January Petit Jury.

Absecon City—George D. Conover, Edward Brundt.  
Atlantic City—David Fitzsimmons, Fred. C. Muller, Alfred Moore, William Eddle, S. Claude, Moore, Gerald S. Rosenberg, E. Hartline Johnson, George W. Valley, Gabriel Garrison, Charles J. Gibson, William P. Mathis, Horatio Marlon, Thomas M. Sheen, Henry J. Dynes, Thomas Cronwell, Frederick G. Heller, Harry J. Gormley.  
Buena Vista Township—Antonio Graziano, Joseph W. Caneja, John Richie, Andrew Cimino.  
Bridgeton City—Alfred B. Smith.  
Egg Harbor City—Charles Karsner, J. Nelson Ake, Daniel Michael.  
Egg Harbor Township—F. A. Norcross, John J. Blackman.  
Galloway Township—Robert A. Leeds, Edward Ertell, Abram Strickland, Somers D. Enderlin.  
Hamilton Township—Martin Ingersoll, B. C. Lloyd, Charles Godwin, George Kraemer, Burton Gaskill.  
Hammonton—Walter J. Vernier, Rufus B. Hurley, William H. Robinson.  
Mullen Township—Casper H. Craig.  
Northfield City—Robert M. Hart.  
Port Republic City—Thomas A. York, Joseph Brown.  
Pleasantville—Hannibal Hawkins, William Moore, William L. Hawkins.  
Somers Point City—Louis Mason.  
Ventnor City—Wilbur Zimmerman.  
Weymouth Township—Lewis Beebe.May's Landing  
BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION  
RALPH S. VANNAMANT, SecretaryPAINTER.  
Harry Jenkins,  
Painter & Glazier  
Estimates furnished upon application.Address P. O. Box 42,  
May's Landing, New Jersey

SHOES.

3 Ws  
LENOX  
SHOE

TRADE MARK

SHOES

FOR  
Boys and GirlsLet the above trade mark  
guide when buyingLet the above trade mark  
guide when buyingLet the above trade mark  
guide when buyingLet the above trade mark  
guide when buyingLet the above trade mark  
guide when buying