

ATLANTIC COUNTY 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 without extra charge. Address will be changed as often as desired.

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E. C. SHANER, Editor and Publisher.

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

MAY'S LANDING, N. J., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1909.

The natural beauties of May's Landing appear at their best at this season, when oak and maple are unfolding their leaves and the green grass blades begin to grow. The avenues are lined with luxuriant foliage and the fresh, Spring air seems to indicate a general awakening of activity throughout the municipality. Property owners are improving their homes and converting their yards into clean, well kept lawns, enhancing the attractions of the town and indicating a return of prosperity. Nothing speaks so eloquently of the domestic condition of a community as the general appearance of its homes. Where they are uniformly well kept and in good repair they indicate a progressive, intelligent, home-loving people; but where the highways are lined with slovenly houses in ill-repair an adverse impression is certain to be made. Automobile travel greatly encourages the improvement of property, for nine times out of ten a man will take more pride in his home if it is under the daily observation of strangers. This may seem a strange assertion to make but it has been proven true not only in May's Landing but in other places where travel has brought about a gradual but certain improvement in the appearance of residences and properties in general. Contrast the present appearance of the municipality with that of ten years ago and a decided change will be noticed. Civic pride is growing and the Spring of 1909 will mark the opening of an era of still greater improvement.

The May's Landing Board of Trade is doing a good work in waging an active campaign for further industrial enterprises and its efforts should be supported by the public in every way possible. Business men, who will be directly affected by the establishment of a new factory here, should lend financial aid if necessary to the project in order that more employment may be assured residents and those who would like to become such but are prevented by lack of suitable employment. Everybody wants to see new industries established, but all cannot give their time to the furtherance of the project. All, however, may assist by a good word in season and financial assistance. The importance of securing further industrial enterprises for the municipality cannot be over-estimated and the Board of Trade is deserving of hearty support in its efforts to place the attractions of the town before manufacturers. Everybody can do something, however little, for the project and the least one can do is to place no obstacles in the pathway to a greater and better May's Landing.

The public has evidenced no great interest in the Constitutional Amendments to be submitted to the voters next September. In order to intelligently vote upon the question it will be necessary for every citizen to become acquainted with the nature of the change to be wrought by the amendments, changes which affect the judiciary system, lengthen the terms of important public officials and enlarge the salaries of State legislators. The amendments will be published for several weeks previous to the special election September 14 and should be carefully studied by every voter before he assents or dissents to their passage by his vote. There has been no evidence from the public in general whether the amendments are favorable to the majority of the people of the commonwealth, controversies being confined principally to the State press. Each amendment must be taken as a whole and it will not be permissible to vote any one certain clause alone. It will be a case of "whole hog or none" and the amendments will be passed or defeated as they now stand.

If the condition of its financial institutions is any indication of the resources and general prosperity of a community, May's Landing has reason to feel proud. The report of the First National Bank at the close of business last month showed a most flourishing condition of that institution. Individual deposits subject to check amounted to \$50,324.35, and it must be borne in mind that this amount is largely made up of small deposits. The time deposits amounted to \$36,277.11. The report indicates that the people of the municipality are not only making money but saving it as well, and together with the last report of the Building and Loan Association clearly indicates something quite different from the political bugaboo of "hard times."

New York City finds that Carnegie's free library gifts have a string attached to them that oftentimes proves a burden to the municipality. In order to secure the library a city is obliged to provide a free site and books and to raise annually a large appropriation to defray expenses. Those cities that have secured libraries on a moderate plan have not been so burdened, but the municipalities that have endeavored to secure too large institutions are experiencing some difficulty in living up to their promises, proving the wisdom of "looking a gift horse in the mouth."

Over in Bridgeton we are told a man has been punished for stealing a keg of whiskey, all of which goes to show that law alone cannot make a municipality "dry." The tabooed article must be quite abundant to be laying around in such large quantities.

Experiments with the so called "molasses road" have met with great success and the mixture, a combination of waste from beet sugar factories, lime and crude oil, bids fair to become of general use on roads where automobile traffic is rapidly wearing away the old road surfaces. The mixture penetrates the road bed for several inches and dries, presenting a surface which will stand the severest travel and which gives good footing for horses. Some such method of road dressing must soon be found or the cost of maintaining the public roads will become a heavy burden in this State. The large touring cars quickly disintegrate the gravel roads no matter how well they are constructed and the finest road surface is torn and destroyed by the suction of the tires. A preparation that will hold together the road surface and prevent this is much needed.

Members of the Boards of Registry and Election have another duty imposed upon them this year by recent legislation. They will be obliged to keep a double poll book at the primary election and register each voter under his particular party. A voter registered in this manner cannot subsequently vote the ticket of the opposite party. These books must be filed with municipal or County officers and are to be kept open for inspection during the ensuing year. The act is intended to prevent party combinations when there is a close contest at the primary election and does not apply to the regular election.

With the rush of visitors to Atlantic City crime in the Queen Resort has suddenly increased and the criminal docket for the May term of Court will be heavy. Atlantic City gets its full quota of crooks when the resort is filled with visitors, but few offenders escape the vigilant clutches of the Police Department, which is one of the most effective in the country. In comparison with the number of visitors that have thronged the resort during the early Spring season crime has not been excessive.

The new well at the waterworks plant has already proven the need of its installation by materially reducing the cost of operation. The plant is now equipped is one of the finest in South Jersey and the protection afforded property owners in the municipality is unexcelled. A high pressure can be maintained under any emergency as the supply of pure water is practically inexhaustible.

The progress of aerial navigation seems to indicate that the machines will have to "go up" before they will become in popular demand.

STATE PRESS COMMENT.

"Bank statements, published this week, show that Atlantic City is one of the most prosperous banking cities in the State. In fact, it is extremely doubtful if there is another community of 40,000 inhabitants that can claim larger bank deposits, greater surplus funds or more conservative and sound institutions."

"The present total deposit in Atlantic City bank, time, demand, trust funds, etc., exceeds eight millions of dollars. To be more exact, it is nearly nine millions, for with one institution missing the approximate figures are \$8,389,523.48."

"Words could not better describe the prosperity of the city and its people. Statistics are incontrovertible, convincing. If you had informed a person fifty years ago that black Abscon Island would some day harbor people saving nearly ten millions of dollars in actual cash you would at once stamp yourself as a day-dreamer and a lunatic."

"The strides by each of the local banking institutions during the past year, considered in financial circles as a sort of reconstruction period after the panic, have been marvellous. One of the city's infant institutions shows an increase in deposits of \$48,241.85."

"And the prosperity progress has only been coordinate with the advancement in conservatism, careful business methods, prudent investments. The local banks show a total surplus exceeding \$1,335,000. One bank has a surplus fund of \$500,000, with capital stock at only \$200,000."

"The published statements of the past few days must instill the greatest confidence in home financial institutions."—Atlantic City Press.

"At the meeting of the Mercer County School Board, on Saturday, we are told that several of the members, when told that a township officer of the poor had furnished shoes and clothing to several children who had remained out of school for their lack, expressed surprise, and the opinion that such cases should have been looked after by one of the several church mission societies, especially as large donations are annually made to foreign missions, presumably for just such needs."

"It is the State that demands compulsory attendance at school, in the interest of the State and of society; it is the State that denies to the boy the right to engage in employment until he reaches a certain age. If there is any duty to provide clothing and shoes in order that these laws may be observed, it is upon the State and taxpayers, and not upon the church mission societies, which have burdens of their own to carry."

"Naturally, it is to be assumed that the Legislature had the difficulties in mind when the laws were passed. It is easy enough to give orders—pass laws—for somebody else to carry out. Not only should the State provide clothing in certain cases, but it is bound to decently support families where necessary, if it denies to the only members able to work, the right to do so."—Trenton Evening Times.

"Mosquito extermination will not receive attention from the State this year, as the Legislature failed to make an appropriation therefor. Prof. J. B. Smith, who has had charge of the work in the past, says the money used heretofore for this purpose has been well expended."

"North Jersey has been greatly interested in exterminating the pest, and is much pleased with the work done there last year. With the assistance of Jersey City, Newark and Elizabeth 25,192 acres of salt marshes have been drained, 3,888,741 feet of ditches made, and a lot of other work performed."

"It is South Jersey people thought the matter a joke and did not get the benefit that might have been secured from this work. Prof. Smith said he had become discouraged at the failure of the lower part of the State to get interested. 'Not the slightest demand,' he says, 'for mosquito extermination work comes from South Jersey, and there really seems no particular reason why I should beg for appropriations from reluctant legislators for the benefit of the people who are subsided with existing conditions. Enough work has now been done to demonstrate its value, and it seems to be up to those communities that are still suffering to demand its continuance.'"—Mt. Holly News.

"Hereafter, unless the law is repealed, drivers on the highways in this State during the hours of night must display a light on their vehicles."

"The measure, which became a law, was opposed by the farmers, and, seemingly, without reason. It would appear to be quite as necessary for a horse-drawn carriage to carry a light after dark as it is for a horseless carriage to carry lights after dark."

"On the seven highways, rescue of all descriptions are required to display lights in the night time, and only for the purpose of protection. An automobile running over a country road during the night carries lights. It is in no danger of being run into by a horse-drawn vehicle, but collision with a horse-drawn vehicle means sometimes death and injury, which result might be avoided if lights were displayed by both vehicles."

"The automobile has the right to occupy the highways. It is not an interloper, and the law requires its driver to take all precautions that are necessary to the preservation of life and limb of other users of the roads. It is only reasonable that drivers of other vehicles who are required to take the same precautions."—Trenton State Gazette.

"One sign of Spring that is quite as reliable as the almanac or the weather bureau, is the appearance of tramps in the rural districts. The members of this undesirable fraternity manage to get sent to jail during the Winter months, and spend the cold, bleak, stormy season within warm walls, provided with ration that many a honest laboring man would be very glad to get. But when the Spring comes, hundreds of these vagabond get out of jail and begin their wanderings again. They go to the rural districts because they are sure of getting a little work if they want it, and they are also less liable to arrest. Complaints are already heard, in the agricultural counties, that these nomads are not only very hungry but very aggressive and insulting in demanding 'hand-outs.' These indigent, indolent rascals and criminals ought not to be turned loose; they should be made to work. If, of course, a workhouse would cost something more than a jail, in the way of maintenance, but it would afford better protection against tramps."—Newark Evening News.

OPTICIAN.

The Strain on Women's Eyes.

Women's eyes get their worst strain when they are least able to stand it—after the day's work and worry, when every sense is jaded and the vitality at its lowest point. A pair of "rest glasses" will help the tired eyes stand the strain and prevent actual disease. I examine the eyes without "drops" and guarantee satisfaction, or make no charge. Prescriptions accurately filled and broken lenses duplicated. A. W. Ely, 1000 Atlantic Avenue, cor. Virginia, Atlantic City, N. J. Established 1899.

BAKERIES.

BREAD is the staff of life, if the staff is strong life will be worth living. The bread you get at **ABBOTT'S BAKERY** is the kind that you need. Insist on Abbott's and take nothing else. My wagon will call at your door daily.

Charles T. Abbott, Prop.,
MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

The Housewife

need not spend all her time cooking over a hot stove when

Schusler's Bakery

is at her service. Try our products and be convinced. Our wagon will call at your door daily. Fresh wholesome bakery products.

John Schusler, Prop.,
May's Landing, New Jersey.

GROCERIES.

John Trompey & Sons,
(Successors to D. W. McClain)
Dealers in

Fancy and Staple Groceries,
Hardware, Paints, Baled
Hay, Feed, Etc.,

MAIN ST. & FARRAGUT AVE.,
Under Arcadium Hall,
MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

CIGARS ETC.

FULL LINE OF

Cigars and Tobacco

All Standard Brands, the
Kind You Like Best.

CANDY and STATIONERY,
George N. Beebe,
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PAINTER.

Harry Jenkins,
Painter & Glazier,
Estimates furnished upon application.

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May's Landing, New Jersey.

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FIRE INSURANCE

Any Part of Atlantic County.

Reduction of 10 Per Cent. on
May's Landing Properties.

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L. W. CRAMER, May's Landing, N. J.

BOAT BUILDING.

Boats

I am equipped at my yard on the Great Egg Harbor River to build all manner of craft. Catalogues of all standard makes. Workmanship guaranteed. Prices upon application.

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May's Landing, N. J.

VARNISH ETC.

For Floors, Tables, Chairs,
Oil-cloth and all interior
Woodwork, use

Campbell's Varnish Stain

The Original.

The best finish for all kinds of wood. It brings out the natural grain. By using the ground color handsome effects can be obtained on old-painted or discolored surfaces. Flows easily, dries hard and stays hard.

Unexcelled for Furniture.
Renovate your home at a small cost. For sale by

JOHN PRATT,
MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

When something sweet you'd like to eat ask for Guiffra's

Confectionery

For sale at the Water Power Co. Store. Fresh and pure. Apollo and Lowney Chocolates, fresh weekly.

May's Landing Water Power Co.,
May's Landing, New Jersey.

FINANCIAL.

First National Bank
of May's Landing.

Every merchant and progressive business man should have a Bank Account and pay his bills with checks. His standing among business men is better; there is no danger of losing money, and every check is a receipt for the payment made.

In our Interest Department we pay you 3 per cent. interest on your savings. As little as one dollar to start with.

Let us start you right with your Bank Account.

C. D. MAKEPEACE, President.
M. R. MORSE, Cashier.

Money to Loan on Bond and Mortgage.

MAY'S LANDING BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION,
RALPH S. VANNAMAN, Secretary.

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

Capital, Surplus, Undivided Profits, \$50,000, \$25,000, \$16,000.

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

DIRECTORS: Charles Evans, Joseph H. Barton, John B. Champion, Dr. Thos. K. Reed, J. Haines Lippincott, S. D. Hoffman, David Fitzsimons, Edward S. Lee, George Allen.

Safe Deposit Boxes For Rent in Burglar Proof Vaults.

Capital Paid In, \$500,000.00
Surplus, \$250,000.00

Guarantee Trust Company,
BARTLETT BUILDING,
North Carolina & Atlantic Avenues,
Atlantic City, N. J.

REAL ESTATE.
Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

Mortgages and Fire Insurances.

WALTER TOWNSEND,
11 South Pennsylvania Avenue,
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CLEANING & PRESSING.

ENDICOTT'S

Clothing cleaned, repaired and pressed, also lace goods, curtains, robes, gloves and dresses by scientific sanitary process at reasonable cost.

Within easy walking distance of the electric railroad station.

French Dry Cleaning Shop,
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Cut Flowers and Plants.

Beautiful Blooming Plants. Artistic Floral Emblems for Funerals Arranged at Short Notice.

Long Distance Phone.

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107 South Carolina Ave., South,
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EGG HARBOR HOTEL,
Philadelphia Avenue and County Road,
Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Board by Day or Week, Oysters in Every Style.

Wholesale and Retail Liquors. Foreign and Domestic Cigars.

Pool and Billiards. Headquarters for Bicycle Livery attached.

FINANCIAL.

FINANCIAL.

Established 1873
Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
224 Federal Street, Camden, N. J.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, Assets, \$100,000.00, \$951,530.53, \$7,333,826.13.

Trust Funds not included in above, \$1,500,000.00.

Acts as Executor, Trustee, Guardian, etc. Send for booklet relative to wills and kindred subjects.

2 Per Cent. on deposits subject to check at sight on average balances of \$200 and over.

3 Per Cent. on Time Deposits, 14 days' notice to withdraw.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES—Yearly rental \$2.00 and upward.

ALEXANDER C. WOOD, President.

BENJAMIN C. REEVE, Vice-President and Trust Officer.

JOSEPH LIPPINCOTT, Secretary and Treasurer. GEORGE J. BERGEN, Solicitor.

EDWARD TOMLINSON, Assistant Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS: William S. Smith, George Reynolds, William J. Bradley, Benjamin C. Reeve, Joseph H. Barton, Joseph W. Cooper, Alexander C. Wood, William H. Sewell, Edmund F. Reed, Jr., George V. Joseph.

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, \$5.00 UP.

Capital and Profits \$460,000.00.

Deposits, \$1,600,000.00.

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

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Our Thirtieth Anniversary

Grand Display of Spring Clothing

for Men and Boys. The Newest, Finest and Best Made. Every Suit is Guaranteed by us to give Entire Satisfaction.

We do not carry cheap made clothing of any kind and you get the Best there is in Cloth, Style and Workmanship at low prices. The Newest in

Hats, Shirts, Ties, etc.

The Pick of the market is Yours at this Establishment. Call, see and be convinced.

Jos. Mendel,
Leading Clothier,

1625 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

CIGARS.

When You Want Solid Cigar Comfort Smoke

Lipschutz Famous "44" Cigars

The Cigar of Quality.

Our "El Proctor" and "Bride Cigars" are Unequaled.

Lipschutz "44" Cigar Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by the Water Power Company Store, Ripley & Son, John Pratt, Morse & Company and George N. Beebe.

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MANHATTAN SHIRTS

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22 South Tennessee Ave.,

Both Phones. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Representative With Sample Books, Upon Request, Will Call and See You.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF The Second National Bank,

Northeast Corner Atlantic and New York Avenues,
Atlantic City, N. J.

At the Close of Business, April 28, 1909.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Investments.....	\$1,078,622.18
Due by Banks.....	6,453.05
Cash and Reserve.....	263,224.32
	\$1,348,279.55
LIABILITIES	
Capital.....	\$100,000.00
Surplus.....	170,009.00
Undivided Profits.....	55,040.91
Circulation.....	99,000.00
Dividends Unpaid.....	24.00
Deposits.....	824,214.64
Bills Payable.....	100,000.00
	\$1,348,279.55

Furnishes Letters of Credit, Travelers' Checks and Foreign Drafts, Payable in All Parts of the World.

We Invite Your Account.

OFFICERS
GEORGE F. CURRIE, President.
LEVI C. ALBERTSON, Vice-President.
W. S. COCHRAN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS
George F. Currie
Levi C. Albertson
Joseph Thompson
Louis Kuehnle
I. G. Adams
James H. Mason
Walter J. Buzby
Isaac Bacharach
E. V. Corson
Warren Somers
Lewis Evans

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF The Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co. OF ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

At the Close of Business, April 28, 1909.

RESOURCES	
Bonds and Mortgages Owned.....	\$402,800.00
Time Loans on Collateral.....	489,220.00
Notes and Bills Purchased.....	733,780.59
Stocks and Bonds Owned.....	486,602.50
Demand Loans on Collateral.....	98,900.00
Cash and Reserve.....	192,080.12
Banking House.....	135,000.00
	\$2,538,383.21
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock.....	\$150,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	300,000.00
Undivided Profits (Net).....	68,939.32
Accrued Interest.....	9,000.00
Bills Payable.....	125,000.00
Individual Deposits.....	1,882,558.36
Due Other Banks.....	2,885.53
	\$2,538,383.21

We Invite Your Careful Inspection of Our Banking Facilities.
Three Per Cent. Interest Paid on Special Time and Deposits.

OFFICERS
GEORGE F. CURRIE, President.
JOSEPH THOMPSON, Vice-President and Trust Officer.
SILAS SHOEMAKER, Secretary and Treasurer.

DIRECTORS
William B. Loudenslager
Joseph Thompson
I. G. Adams
James H. Mason
C. L. Cole
E. V. Corson
J. L. Baier
Daniel W. Myers
Isaac Bacharach
John J. White
Charles E. Schroeder

Report of the Condition of The Boardwalk National Bank,

At Atlantic City, in the State of New Jersey, at the close of business, April 28, 1909.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts.....	\$260,265.44
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	14.00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	80,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds.....	3,300.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures.....	275,982.75
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents).....	2,937.83
Due from State Banks and Banks.....	80.83
Due from approved reserve agents.....	28,124.24
Checks and other cash items.....	2,878.31
Notes of other National Banks.....	1,210.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	897.76
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz: Specie.....	8,154.15
Leg. tend. notes.....	1,220.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation).....	4,000.00
Total.....	\$669,085.31

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$200,000.00
Surplus fund.....	50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	1,673.38
National Bank Notes outstanding.....	78,120.00
Due to other Nat'l Banks.....	6,251.22
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks.....	770.83
Due to approved reserve agents.....	1,229.48
Individual deposit subject to check.....	122,065.59
Demand certificates of deposit.....	8,915.00
Certified ch'ks.....	54.31
Cashiers ch'ks outstanding.....	5.50
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed.....	131,040.40
Liabilities other than those above stated.....	30,000.00
Total.....	\$669,085.31

State of New Jersey,
County of Atlantic, ss:
I, J. G. HAMMER, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. G. HAMMER, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of April, 1909.
WALTER K. CAVILEER, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: Joseph A. Brady,
Theo. J. Lapres,
George H. Berke,
Directors.

Report of the Condition of the Guarantee Trust Company, Atlantic City, N. J.

At the Close of Business, April 28, 1909.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Investments.....	\$2,146,272.32
Cash and Reserve.....	354,625.68
	\$2,500,898.00
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock Paid In.....	\$600,000.00
Surplus.....	260,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	30,883.26
Dividends Unpaid.....	126.00
Deposits.....	1,602,927.83
Interest accrued and other liabilities.....	6,960.91
	\$2,500,898.00

Trust Funds (not included in the above statement) \$1,174,764.79

Receives Deposits, Executes Trusts, Manages Real Estate, Invests Mortgage Funds, Acts as Executor, Administrator and Trustee.

All Trust Funds kept separate and apart from the other assets of the Company.

Three per cent. Interest allowed on Special and Time Accounts.

Foreign Drafts issued payable in all parts of the world.
Safe Deposit Boxes for rent \$5 and upwards per annum.

OFFICERS.
CARLTON GODFREY, President.
HENRY W. LEEDS, 1st Vice-President.
DANIEL S. WHITE, 2d Vice-President.
CHARLES H. JEFFRIES, Treasurer.
HERMAN M. SYPHERD, Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS.
Carlton Godfrey,
Henry W. Leeds,
Heulings Lippincott,
John J. Gardner,
George P. Eldredge,
William A. Faunce,
Oliver J. Hammel,
Hubert Somers,
William F. Wahl,
James Parker,
Nelson Ingram, M. D.,
William M. Pollard, M. D.,
Silas R. Morse,
Walter E. Edge,
James B. Reilly,
Lewis T. Bryant,
Clement J. Adams,
Charles R. Myers,
Daniel S. White,
Albert Beyer,
John W. Hackney,
Charles D. White,
Frederick C. Robbins,
Harry E. Tietjen.

Report of the Condition of The Union National Bank,

At Atlantic City, in the State of New Jersey, at the close of business, April 28, 1909.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts.....	\$570,793.40
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	39.41
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	25,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc.....	129,859.25
Banking house, furniture and fixtures.....	38,819.04
Other real estate owned.....	64,113.77
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents).....	1,773.02
Due from Private Banks & Banks, Trust Companies & Savings Banks.....	7,980.09
Due from approved reserve agents.....	100,585.84
Checks and other cash items.....	10,925.09
Notes of other Nat. Banks.....	910.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	142.21
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz: Specie.....	12,078.50
Leg. tend. notes.....	29,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation).....	1,250.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer.....	1,000.00
Total.....	\$994,269.62

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund.....	130,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	16,107.44
National Bank notes outstanding.....	24,700.00
Due to other Nat. Banks.....	1,110.97
Individ. deposits subject to check.....	512,465.87
Demand certificates of deposit.....	144,885.34
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed.....	30,000.00
Liabilities other than those above stated.....	35,000.00
Total.....	\$994,269.62

State of New Jersey,
County of Atlantic, ss:
I, James M. Aikman, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. M. AIKMAN, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of April, 1909.
E. A. HIGBEE, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: Thompson Irvin,
Geo. W. Jackson,
A. D. Cusackden,
Directors.

Report of the Condition —OF THE— Marine Trust Co., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

As of April 28, 1909.

Opened for Business, November 3, 1902.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Investments.....	\$682,800.04
Cash and Reserve.....	42,322.87
	\$725,122.91
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock.....	\$100,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits earned.....	96,929.00
Deposits.....	528,193.04
	\$725,122.91

Amount expended in dividends, \$15,000.
Three per cent. Interest allowed on Time Accounts.
Safe Deposit Boxes to rent, \$5.00 per year, up.

OFFICERS
LOUIS KUEHNLE, President.
MAX WEINMANN, Vice President.
JOSEPH A. McNAMEE, Secy. and Treas.
THEO. W. SCHIMPF, Solicitor.

DIRECTORS
LOUIS KUEHNLE
MAX WEINMANN
JOHN L. KELLY
RICHARD McALLISTER
WILLIAM RIDDLE
DONATELLO LAMPONI
W. H. BURKARD
HARRY BACHARACH
W. E. SHACKELFORD
JAMES B. REILY
GEO. A. BOURGEOIS
MAHLON W. NEWTON

Report of the Condition of Atlantic City National Bank,

At Atlantic City, in the State of New Jersey, at the close of business, April 28, 1909.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts.....	\$1,066,552.97
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	86.78
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	50,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc.....	199,200.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures.....	60,000.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents).....	3,148.93
Due from State and Private Banks & Banks, Trust Companies and Savings Banks.....	2,695.96
Due from approved reserve agents.....	285,208.86
Checks and other cash items.....	29,408.91
Notes of other National Banks.....	2,915.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels & cents.....	1,771.07
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz: Specie.....	134,085.00
Legal tender notes.....	18,345.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation).....	1,100.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer.....	7,000.00
Total.....	\$1,861,518.48

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in.....	50,000.00
Surplus fund.....	350,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	36,154.25
National Bank notes outstanding.....	49,000.00
Due to other National Banks.....	13,793.94
Individ. deposits subject to check.....	1,230,965.65
Demand certificates of deposit.....	129,604.64
Certified checks.....	2,000.00
Total.....	\$1,861,518.48

State of New Jersey,
County of Atlantic, ss:
I, Elwood S. Bartlett, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
ELWOOD S. BARTLETT, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of April, 1909.
CHAS. C. BABCOCK, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: Joseph B. Borton,
Thos. K. Reed,
J. Haines Lippincott,
Directors.

Love, Tomatoes and Finance.

By ESTELLE CLAYTON.

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The big man of the town of Strongsville was Jacob Strong. First, his grandfather had founded the town; second, he had been a justice of the peace for some years; third, he had received almost every honor to send him to the legislature, and, lastly, he was worth about \$30,000.

Mr. Strong felt his bigness and exacted respect accordingly. He did his best to make his son Horace and his daughter Maude feel their superiority over all other human beings in and around Strongsville. He succeeded admirably with the daughter, but the conduct of his son gave him no little anxiety.

One morning he said to the latter: "Horace, I am pained and humiliated to learn that for months past you have been paying attention to the daughter of Scribner, the carpenter. You have been riding with her, and you have frequently called at the house. What does it mean?"

"Miss Scribner is a nice young woman, sir," was the reply. "She is as well educated as my Maude and has good manners."

"Tut, tut, sir! Make no such comparisons. If you forget who and what I am, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Being the son of a man of position and wealth, with more wealth and social prestige coming, you must look higher, sir, far higher."

It was true that Miss Nettie Scribner was the daughter of a carpenter, but as the favorite of her Aunt Hilda Bascomb, a rich old spinster, the girl had been sent to a seminary and enjoyed exceptional opportunities. In all but wealth she was the peer of any girl in the county.

As a matter of fact the couple were engaged, but keeping it a secret. Horace had hoped that when the time came to announce the fact to his father it would be received at least in a reasonable way, but the conversation of the morning showed him the breakers ahead.

What Mr. Strong meant when he referred to more wealth and social prestige coming was the fact that he had organized the Strongsville Cannery company. The cannery building was already under way. It was a fertile farming country around the town, but with poor facilities for shipping fruits and vegetables, and he had conceived and entered on the idea of a tomato cannery.

He had investigated until he was certain that the profits would be large. He put in almost all the money and controlled things, and what few other stockholders there were did not belong to Strongsville.

As president of a tomato cannery Jacob Strong felt himself to be a tangible object. He was right there and all there in his pomposity. He didn't propose to have any of his neighbors feel that as stockholders they need not have too much awe of him.

Of course the magnate's son informed the carpenter's daughter of the situation of affairs. Young Horace was determined to disobey his father at any cost; but, fortunately, Aunt Hilda arrived on her annual visit. She didn't exactly believe that all people were equal, but she bowed to none.

If a carpenter and a blacksmith were honest and respectable men they were just as good in her eyes as magnates. The Scribners attempted to keep the secret from her, but she hadn't been in the house a day when she turned on her heels and said:

"Marj, there's something going on here, and I want to know all about it. I find Nettie looking plumped and sorrowful, and she hasn't eaten enough at three meals to keep a bird alive. No use trying to keep it from me. What's the matter?"

She was told, and when she had the particulars she set her jaw and nodded her head, which showed that she had made up her mind. Just what it was she didn't say that evening, nor did she tell it next morning when she put on her rusty old bonnet and sallied out. She said merely that she had a business matter to attend to.

Mr. Magnate Strong had a business office in the town, of course. Aunt Hilda made a straight course for it and plunged herself down in a chair in front of the great man to say:

"Jacob Strong, my niece and your boy were attracted toward each other, and they have fallen in love and are engaged. I understand that you oppose the contemplated marriage."

"With all my soul, and if you are here to say anything in favor of it you may as well save your breath. I wonder that you had the impudence to appear at all."

"And what are your objections?" quietly asked Aunt Hilda as she got a strong hold of her temper.

"You have no right to ask!" he shouted at her. "But I will tell you at least one objection. No son of mine can mate with the daughter of a common carpenter."

"No? Jacob Strong, how long did your father get a skinny living off a mighty poor thirty acres of ground in Michigan and what did he amount to as a man? How far back is it since you were running an old sawmill on Ten Mile creek in the same state? Mr. Scribner is a carpenter, but his pedigree is as good as yours."

"If you were a man I'd throw you out of the office," shouted Jacob Strong. "But being I'm a woman, I'll walk out as fast as I can. I would call to let you know, Jacob, that I have arrived in town. Please keep a little track of me for the next two weeks, will you?"

The aunt reached home smiling and chuckling. She laid a hand on Nettie's head and said soothingly:

"I talked up an old Strong today. It was right that I should. But I haven't spoiled anything. Give me two weeks and I'll have him here begging you to marry his son. You tell the young

man to remain quiet and do nothing rash. Hilda Bascomb is managing this affair, which will be one of finance from now on, and if she makes a failure it will be for the first time. Now I've got to go back downtown and see a lawyer, and then I'll have some riding around the country to do. Oh, but won't I make old Strong jump before I am through with him!"

In planning for the cannery Mr. Strong had called upon most of the farmers and had informed them pompously that thereafter he would buy their tomatoes at the market price. He had made no definite agreement with them, however, for he had determined to pay a mighty low price when the time came.

Miss Hilda Bascomb saw lawyers and had contracts drawn up. With a boy to drive her, she covered most of the county the week after the interview with the magnate. Contracts were signed right and left, and something was added for secrecy among the spinners.

Meanwhile the tomato cannery was hurried along, and the farmers arrived to see it in place. In her walks about the town the spinster met Mr. Strong several times face to face. Every time she scowled and she chuckled. There was anxiety at the Scribners' to learn what was afoot, but the only explanation they could get was:

"I am simply doing a little financialing to help Cupid and the tomato market along. When it's time to explode the torpedo you'll all hear the racket."

She had been in Strongsville almost a month when the racket was heard. The cannery was ready for business, and the farmers had been notified to begin delivery on a certain date. The date came, but there were no tomatoes.

A messenger was dispatched with a horse and buggy. He had been back about half an hour when Miss Bascomb entered Mr. Strong's office for the second time and plumped herself down in the same chair.

Mr. Strong was at the telephone. He was using vigorous language and dancing around.

"Well, and how's the tomato market?" asked the caller as he glared at her and rung off the hook.

"It is just what you have done this thing," he exclaimed. "To revenge yourself. You! You!"

"Yes, I have cornered every tomato in the county. It wasn't for revenge, but to give Cupid a chance. How much will you take for your factory, cash down? It hasn't any pedigree to speak of, but I think Mr. Scribner, the carpenter, can give it one."

"I won't sell to you. Your tomatoes can rot on your hands!"

"Oh, no, they won't, Jacob!" chuckled Miss Hilda. "I can sell them at a very nice profit. But your factory can stand idle while I build one of my own! Better talk business, Jacob Strong. That son of yours is a nice young man, and I think a heap of my niece. It's a love match, and it would be a pity to see it broken off. Isn't there some way that I can turn these tomato contracts over to you and let your factory begin work? There's money in the cannery business, and I don't want to kill an industry."

Mr. Strong fought for an hour and then gave in and shook hands. By the time the contracts were assigned to him he was smiling. By the time the woman in the rusty old bonnet was ready to go he was ready to remark blandly:

"Just so, Miss Bascomb; just so. Mr. and Mrs. Scribner are most worthy people, and if Horace is in love with their daughter I have no objections to a marriage. He is old enough to judge for himself, and it is not for me to interfere. Good day, ma'am, good day, and thank you ever so much for calling."

Unpoised Lives. The life of the criminal is simply an unpoised life. If a person were perfectly poised wrongdoing would be so rampant that it would be unthinkable.

It is the one-sided, the unpoised mind that goes wrong. It is just as normal for the balanced mind to choose the right, the good, as for the magnet to draw to itself whatever is kindred.

Just as the needle in the mariner's compass always points to the North star, no matter how thick the fog or how the tempest rages, there is a needle within every human being which always points to the North star of rectitude, of right, of truth, no matter what storms of discord, of weakness or of crime may be raging in the individual mind. Nothing can prevent this little indicator from pointing to the right, no matter how far the individual may drift from it, how low he may sink in vicious living.—Success Magazine.

A New Part of Pork. The teacher had been reading to her class of the industries of Russia. Among others mentioned was pig raising. The pig is used almost exclusively as an article of food, very little of his body being valued except his flesh and his bristles.

"The Russians have much to learn from the Americans in this respect," she continued. "In America all parts of the pig are used except his squeal." At this point a pupil raised her hand and asked in all innocence:

"What part of the animal is the squeal?"—I pilpette's.

His Nerve. Speaking of a Wall Street operator, a broker said: "The man's nerve is amazing. It shocks me. It reminds me of a money lender to whom a friend of mine, a great rider to hounds, once resorted."

"Yes," said the money lender to my embarrassed friend, "I will renew your note, but only on one condition, sir—namely, that during the next paper chase at Lenox you scatter from your bag these 5,000 pink slips bearing my name and the words, 'Morally advanced on easy terms.' Is it a go, sir?"

Mrs. Wildman—I can tell you this, Mr. Wildman—if you continue your present extravagance you'll surely pay for it some day.

Mr. Wildman—I wish, my dear, that all my creditors had the same faith in my good intentions.

The Lure of the Tents.

By S. B. HACKLEY.

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"I shall never ask you again, Annette. Tell me—you absolutely refuse to give it up even for—even for me?" Forsythe's voice trembled and a repressed light burned in his black eyes as he laid his hands, slender, but brown and strong with the strength that three years of cowboy riding had given, on the shoulders of a girl standing on this April afternoon just outside the women's dressing tent of the new Wild West show.

The girl, who wore a dark green corset divided skirt, a short white coat with fringed sleeves, a dark handkerchief knotted about her soft throat and a cowboy's hat on her red-gold hair, thrust off his hands with her gauntleted ones and gave him a merry look, underneath which were defiance and determination.

"Bobby Forsythe," she cried, "it's me for the show forever!"

The young man's dark face turned crimson.

"My ring, please, Annette!"

The girl's glowing cheeks paled slightly, but she slipped off her glove and laid the solitaire in his outstretched palm. Then, with a gurgling laugh that might have passed for a sob, she bowed mockingly before him and, lifting the tent flap, disappeared within.

It was Buffalo Bill's show to which these two belonged, but it was a pretty good Wild West show, and Annette Lucile Blossom was the best "cowgirl" rider of the twenty that dashed twice a day fearlessly around the arena.

How she could ride—even better than the darling young wife of one of the show's owners who rode with him now and then for the benefit of the public.

Robert Forsythe, the most daring rider of the cowboys, the pride of the troop, always had hated to see the Blossom riding. When he glanced over the ropes and saw some woman spectator looking on with a dignified and then glanced toward Annette astride Western Wind, the bay pony with the black spot on his left shoulder, her cheeks brilliant, crying in mad merriment with the other girl riders, his heart boiled within him.

Forsythe, of a fine old South Carolina family, had become known for his horsemanship on every western ranch. Reckless of nature and ready for a frolic, he had not said "No" when he sought by the managers of the new Wild West show to join it.

On the day that he joined the troupe—a spring day in Oklahoma—he first saw Annette dismounting her skirt from a Cherokee rosebush. With the courtesy to a woman that is the southerner's birthright Forsythe offered to assist her.

When the thorns were conquered Annette was no longer heart free, and Forsythe went back to his quarters feeling like one who has looked into paradise and received a blow in the face.

"That life might be all right for a man, but in his home it was like a crime for a girl of his station to ride thus for exhibition."

Was this girl with the glorious beauty, with the eyes of heaven, as public a thing as the armless woman in the sideshow?

Forsythe clenched his hands. In after weeks he clenched his hands many times. He scorned himself for the flame of admiration that the guileless young girl had kindled in his heart, and for the fact that he could not hold aloof from her.

It was in Winnipeg, when midsummer and the show entered Canada together, that he threw aside pride and tradition and told Annette that he loved her. Then for the girl, for whom since the April day in Oklahoma all commonplace things had been bathed in glory, began a life of torment.

Forsythe began the moment his ring shone on her finger to beseech her to leave the show as no fit place for a refined woman.

Her kindmen, the show's owners, would have released her, but the spell of the circus held her, and, secure, as she thought, in Forsythe's love, she laughed at his entreaties.

Forsythe grew sick with loathing of the tent life. Every part of the performance disgusted him.

Forsythe overtook her just outside the dressing tent wild with humiliation and besought her to marry him that evening and let him take her home to South Carolina.

She refused laughingly, but when he demanded that she stop riding immediately, even though she did not marry him, his arbitrary tones angered her, and he ended in a broken engagement.

For two months Forsythe gave no sign of wishing to renew his friendship with Annette, but treated her with a formal politeness that rendered her miserable.

"I wish he would leave the show," she thought daily, but he remained, held as by a magnet.

In the quadrille on horseback she never was his chosen partner again, and when he had to touch her fingers in an interchange of movements his face was stern and inscrutable and his hands were like ice.

Annette's friends were not told of her broken engagement, but they noticed that her blue eyes were often dark circled and that in the riding she rode fastest and most wildly of all.

At last they arrived in south Texas. Hurrying toward Mexico, the show stopped at the small towns only that some a night of terrible rain that soaked the ground until it was dangerous for riding, but an exhibition was held whatever the weather, so 2 o'clock in the afternoon saw the performance at its height.

The parade around the ring was over—broncho "busting," Indians, Mexicans, cowgirls and cowboys, Cossacks, all had passed in review. The stage holdup and the Indian dance were over. Then came the cowboy feats of difficult riding.

Robert Forsythe rode most recklessly of all—vaulting over his galloping horse, supporting his weight solely by one hand clutching the pommel—around the arena.

The Cossacks, most daring riders of the world, hated him for his skill, and Forsythe in the latter weeks of his misery had become more reckless in riding than even a Cossack.

"Somebody's going to be hurt to-day," remarked one of the spectators. "Look at that fellow riding the game little sorrel with the white feet, won't you?"

"Somebody's going to see his finish," remarked the performer behind the weather beaten retiring curtain. Annette shivered and whitened as she listened.

"The sorrel's down!" rang a cry. The spectators leaped from their seats by hundreds. The horse struggled up and shook himself—unhurt. The man lay still. Then came a woman's scream from behind the curtain, "Oh, Bobby, Bobby Bobby!"

The young man was raised and hastily carried out. The program continued as if nothing had happened, and the show moved on that night toward Mexico.

When Robert Forsythe, bruised and with a broken leg, opened his eyes in the City hospital late that evening the fear stained face of the best cowgirl rider of the new Wild West show beat over him.

He stared at her a moment wonderingly.

"Oh, Bobby," she whispered humbly and uncertainly, "if you still want me I'll leave it—I will—I will!"

A transfiguring light came in Forsythe's eyes. "When?" he asked eagerly.

"Now," she answered, "this minute, Bobby!"

Robert fumbled weakly in the purse which the nurse handed him.

Presently the ring that had been taken off in Kentucky was put on in Texas, and the electric lights that twinkled within the hospital walls were as the lights of heaven.

Presently Robert Forsythe broke the silence.

"Annette," said he, "will you mind very much—if—if—"

"If what, dear?" said Annette. "I won't mind anything except you. If what?"

"If," said Robert, smiling quizzically. "We stay with the show. You know, I kind of like it now. And I can't let that sorrel beat me."

Do Crows Recognize Sunday? A large number of crows were struggling for food not long ago close to the house of a farmer in West Virginia. They were unusually bold, as though hunger had driven them to forget their usual shyness and distrust of their natural enemies—men.

Two of them alighted close to the back door and picked up the crumbs with an apparent assurance of their safety not easily accounted for. The farmer was telling a neighbor about the tameness of the birds, and the latter remarked:

"You won't see them foolhardy tomorrow."

"Why not tomorrow as well as to-day?"

"Because today is Sunday, and these crows know it. They know that day in seven they are not popped at by boys and men. They can count, crows can, and they know that on the seventh day they are exempt from persecution."

"I once lived near a swamp where thousands of crows made their roosting place, and early in the morning they used to start for the mountains for their food. I was often out with my gun, trying to get a shot at them. Week days they were shy of me, and I seldom got a shot at them, but on Sunday morning it was different. Then they would fly low and close to my house, their wings almost flapping the ridgeboards of house and barns. Do crows know when it is Sunday? Of course they do."—Exchange.

Where the Cow's Kept. It was examination day at a council school in the outskirts of Leeds. Six rows of neat little "cykes," with shaven faces and clean collars, had been carefully coached by the teacher in the difficult art of evading the pitfalls set by the wily inspector. To a boy they were ready.

The class room door opened and admitted the dreadful personage. "Now, boys," he commenced in his most insinuating manner, "can any of you tell me a few things that are made in Leeds?"

"Clothes!" said Tommy Jones. "High!" said the inspector, with a "highness" yelled Sammy Jenkins. "Right!" said the inspector.

Then, the replies came to a sudden stop. "Now, then, you bright boys, hurry up!" said his majesty. But the dreadful silence was unbroken. "Well, now, boys, what is the skin of a cow used for?" asked their examiner in order to jog their memories.

Little Johnny Binks fell off his seat in his eagerness to be seen. "Flesh, sir—please, sir," he yelled, "the skin is used to keep the meat in!"—Liverpool Mercury.

Stevenson as He Talked. He used to stand on the hearth rug in the smoking room, says Walter Crane in his "An Artist's Reminiscences" of Robert Louis Stevenson, the center of an admiring circle, and discourse very much in the same style as that in which he wrote. It gave one the impression of artificiality rather than of a manner of speaking and choice of words, as if carefully selected and cultivated. If a remark was offered by one of the company he would perhaps answer it and turn about, much as a conjuror does when he borrows a handkerchief or a hat from some one in his audience, or perhaps he would work it into his next sentence, returning it to his interlocutor improved—wrapped in silver paper, metaphorically speaking. His personal appearance was quite as unusual as his speech—a long, pale, thin face and long hair, quick and penetrating eyes and a rather sardonic smile. The world in general, especially in clubland, wore white shirts and collars as a rule, but Stevenson sported black ones.

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We guarantee styles, fit and finish equal to any merchant tailor-made clothing. The quality of our goods offered, and our low prices speak for themselves.

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None better made at these prices.

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FIVE ATTRACTIVE SHOE SPECIALS

Men's and Women's \$3 Shoes and Oxfords, Russian calf, gun metal, patent colt and vici kid, stitched soles; all sizes, correct styles \$1.93

Men's and Women's \$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords, hand sewed, gun metal, vici kid, nobby, up-to-date patent colt..... \$2.49

Men's and Women's Shoes and Oxfords equal to any \$5 grade. In all leathers, welted and stitched soles, newest toe shapes, all sizes, great inducement... \$3.29

Boy's and Girl's Shoes—French calf, blucher styles, stout soles, broad toe shape, sizes from 9 to 5½; special for to-day..... 94c

Men's & Women's \$2.50 Shoes & Oxfords. This lot comprises of 500 pairs blucher style patent colt skin, gun metal, Russian kid; all sizes, special for to-day ... \$1.47

A. HIRSCH,

1603-05 Atlantic Avenue,

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

A Moqui Reprieve.

A certain commissioner was given to treating the Indians with a scorn they did not deserve. One day as he sat with a great chief in his tepee, smoking the pipe of peace, the chief entertained him with many quaint legends.

One of these dealt with a plague of locusts, and the grim orator described in flowery language how they had swarmed over the land, eating every herb and green leaf and blotting out the light of day for very number. Then he concluded by remarking that it was not until the medicine man made an offering of a silver locust to the Great Spirit that the creatures disappeared, and this they did swiftly and suddenly.

Loudly the commissioner laughed at the superstitious Indian to scorn.

"Do you mean to say you're such fools as to believe that rubbish?" he asked.

"Not much," replied the chief gravely. "or we would have offered the Great Spirit a silver paleface long ago!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Heroic Husbands.

Some women were discussing over their afternoon tea the statement that a man is no more a hero to his wife than to his valet. There seemed to be no opposition to the idea that a man's servant did not appreciate him, but all stoutly maintained that their husbands were heroes in one way or another.

"My husband is very heroic," said Mrs. Black. "For instance, he will give up his visit to the club to play jackstraws with my old mother, and she is his mother-in-law, you know."

"I think I can beat that," remarked Mrs. Gray. "When my milliner's quarterly bill comes in my husband smiles as he writes a check and never thinks of looking at the items."

"I can give you a better example than either of those!" exclaimed Mrs. White. "When the morning paper comes at breakfast time my husband always offers me the first reading of it."

An informal vote awarded the last speaker's husband the medal for heroism.—Youth's Companion.

When Boys Were Taught to Smoke. The habit of juvenile smoking in England in the seventeenth century was practically universal. Jorevin de Rochefort, a French traveler of that period, in an account published in 1671 gives a description of an evening 1671 gives a description of an evening spent at Worcester. He was catechized by one of the townsmen as to the habits of the French people.

"While we were walking about the town," he writes, "he asked me if it was the custom in France, as in England, that when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, and that at the instigation of breakfast, and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in their tobacco, thus accustoming them to it from their youth, believing it to be absolutely necessary for a man's health."

The End Came Another Way.

A distinguished actor was one time engaged at one of our leading provincial theaters in a drama in which he attempted an escape from a convict prison, first by getting rid of his fetters by means of a file and lastly by getting over the prison wall. In the act of doing this he is shot at by a warder and killed.

One particular night the drama had run its usual course up to the point where the actor attempts the escape over the prison wall. The warder, as usual, presented his rifle, but instead of a loud report nothing but a faint clicking sound was heard. The rifle was lowered and after a brief delay again pointed, but with the same disappointing result.

The audience now began to hiss and jeer. The disgusted actor then got off the prison wall and, staggering toward the footlights, exclaimed, "It's all up—I've swallowed the file!" and fell prone on the stage amid the laughter and applause of the audience.—Pearson's Weekly.

Telling Electric Currents.

It is often desirable or interesting to find out whether the current in an electric light circuit is continuous or alternating. The appearance of an incandescent lamp to the naked eye is precisely the same in both cases. It may be desired, for instance, to use a small motor, and those for use with the two kinds of currents are of entirely different construction. If a small magnet be held near a lighted incandescent lamp the filament, if a continuous current is passing through it, will simply bend slightly as the magnet nears it. On the contrary, the current is alternating the filament will begin to vibrate, which will make it look as if it were continually changing in thickness. The magnet used may be a small one, easily carried about in the pocket.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Doing Their Duty.

The Teacher—Children, we make heroes of ourselves by doing our duty. Perry's duty was to whip the British, and he did it. The light brigade's duty was to attack the Russians without question, and they did it. All great heroes won their victories by doing their duty. Children, we have our duties. What should we do for the weak, the suffering, the oppressed? Chorus of Pupils—Fall in an' lick 'em!—Cleveland Leader.

The Talkative One.

Near-sighted Guest (at banquet)—I presume the next thing will be a long and tiresome speech from some talkative guy. Man Sitting Next—Oh, I suppose so. I'm the talkative guy that has to make the speech.—Chicago Tribune.

Pitt had answered a speech of Sheridan's and complained when the latter proposed to rejoin that Sheridan always wanted the last word.

The Good the Ill Wind Blew

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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"Nothing could be more unfortunate," said Miss Cynthia. "Mazie agreed dejectedly. 'If she had come at any other time.' 'She will expect to be entertained,' Miss Cynthia chimed in. 'Mazie, trying on her veil before the mirror, decided: 'We can have some good times with the girls. But there won't be any men, and Constantia can't exist without men.' 'Nonsense,' said Miss Cynthia. 'She'll have to when she comes to Milton.'"

Mazie talked the situation over later with Serena Sears.

"You see, I met Constantia at the seashore the summer I went with the Merrills, and I had lovely clothes, and we lived at the best hotels and did everything in the most approved way."

"I told Constantia that when I was at home with Aunt Cynthia I didn't have all the advantages and that my outfit with the Merrills was just their farewell treat before they went abroad. But Constantia can't understand what life at Milton is, and she will expect a gay time."

"Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said Serena sententiously. "Perhaps she will live up to a bit."

"Constantia could live up to a number," Mazie told her, "but Milton is hopeless."

Letters coming from Constantia told of her preparations.

"She is getting lots of pretty clothes," Mazie reported to Serena, "and where is she going to wear them?"

But Serena, true to her name, would not worry. "She will delight our eyes with them," she said. "I haven't seen an up to date gown for so long that I'd rather gaze on it than on a Rembrandt."

The day of Constantia's arrival Mazie put the big old fashioned house in order, while Aunt Cynthia baked delectable tarts.

Serena Sears came in the afternoon. "If Constantia hasn't the good taste to enjoy this lovely old room and Aunt Cynthia's tea and muffins and coconuts (she's a benighted individual," said she.

"But think of Constantia trailing pale blue broadcloth on this old rug!" wailed Mazie.

Mazie walked to the station, but she brought Constantia back in the only cab the town afforded. It was shabby and ramshackle, but the little horse was plump, and so was the driver.

"We feed people and animals well in Milton," Mazie explained to Constantia. "Eating is our only diversion."

Constantia dimpled. "I think Milton is dear," she emphasized.

But after they had driven a little way she said suddenly, "Mazie Langley, I don't believe I have seen a single man since we left the station."

"There aren't any," Mazie informed her. "I warned you. I told you in my letters that Milton was deadly dull."

Constantia's laugh rippled. "Oh, you goose!" she said. "As if I cared! It will be a rest, if the girls are nice—a sort of bachelor girls' paradise."

Mazie nodded. "There is nothing for men to do in these Hampshire hills," she said, "and except a few merchants and the minister and the doctor there aren't any."

"Well, I wish Bobbie Dwyer could hear that," Constantia murmured.

"Who is Bobbie Dwyer?" Mazie demanded.

"Bobbie," Constantia explained, with elaborate and strangely earnest scornfulness, "is a lord of creation. I was engaged to him until one day he tried to dictate to me! Then, of course, I broke it off and told him there were some worse things than being an old maid, and he hung back at me that he should live single, for he could never trust a woman again, and then I told him that a old maid was happier than a bachelor, and he said if I tried it I'd find out, and, oh, I wish you had heard us!" And in spite of the tragedy of her recital Constantia laughed.

"And I'm glad there aren't any men here—I hate them!"

Mazie's face glowed. "We will have a lovely time if you feel that way," she said.

Just then the ramshackle cab rounded a curve, and there was the old house, with Aunt Cynthia at the window and the light shining out behind her, and they went in and had tea and muffins and little cakes, and Mazie feasted her eyes on the picture Constantia made in her modish gown.

The next day Serena Sears came over.

"Mazie told me how pretty you were," she said quaintly, "and I told her I'd rather see you than a picture, but you are better than a whole art gallery."

And that afternoon a lot of girls came, pretty and fluttering creatures, who hung about Constantia admiringly.

"I love girls," she said when they had gone away.

That night more girls came, and in the afternoon there was a girls' tea, and at night a feminine galaxy came over and sat around the fire and popped corn and sang college songs.

When Constantia and Mazie went to bed that night the pretty guest remarked, "I love girls," but her voice lacked eager enthusiasm.

Several days later Serena Sears gave a dance.

"If course there won't be any men," she said, "but we can all dress up and dance with each other, and the girls are crazy to see that white chiffon of yours, Constantia."

But when Constantia was arrayed in all her glory she surveyed herself thoughtfully in the mirror. "It seems

a bit wasted," she murmured. "Bobbie always liked me in white."

The dance was not a great success. It lacked something, and that something Constantia said equivocally was men.

In the days that followed the girls still fluttered and admired, but Constantia looked at them with speculative eyes.

"It's a pity," she said over the tea-cups to Mazie, "that so many lovely girls should not marry."

"I thought old maidism was the happiest state," Mazie ventured.

"Of course for me," Constantia said hastily, "but for you and Serena and the others—oh, you ought to meet some nice men."

And all that evening she was dreamy, and before she went to bed she wrote a letter.

Then she planned to give a cotillion before she left town.

"I will have the favors and refreshments sent out from the city," she said. "Everybody here has been so kind that I want to be hostess before I go."

Aunt Cynthia was induced to consent, and the girls of Milton got out their best gowns.

When the caterer came with his host of assistants Aunt Cynthia sought Constantia in a great state of excitement. "You have ordered far too much," she said.

There was a faraway look in Constantia's eyes. "They will eat it up," she promised.

"But girls have such delicate appetites," Aunt Cynthia protested.

"Oh, girls!" Constantia murmured and dropped the subject.

But when she came downstairs to greet her guests she was so radiantly beautiful in pink and silver, with her eyes like stars, that Mazie caught her breath as she looked at her.

"Constantia!" she cried. "What has happened?"

Just then from without came the "honk-honk" of a motor horn, which was echoed by another and another, and as Mazie came open the door, with the heavy of pretty girls behind her, there rolled up to the step a big red car in which were half a dozen radiant youths, and in the second car and in the third and the fourth, so that in all there were twenty-four men to match the twenty-four girls that Constantia had invited.

"I told Bobbie to bring them," Constantia said as she made the introductions, and when they had all danced away together she said to Bobbie Dwyer, who was hanging over her adoringly, "Men have their place—at a dance."

"How about husbands?" he demanded very promptly and authoritatively.

Constantia dropped her lashes over her happy eyes. "Oh, well," she capitulated. "I should hate to condemn you to bachelorhood, Bobbie, dear!"

But it was Serena who summed things up when three months later half a dozen engagements were announced in Milton, among them Mazie's and her own.

"I told you the ill wind would blow some good," she said. "It blew Cupid into Milton with Constantia."

Tale of a Car Ticket.

There was a goodly proportion of young men in the sixteenth street car when she got in. It was a car with seats running lengthwise, so that the doubly blessed youths on the opposite side of the car could gaze to their hearts' content. And gaze they did, for never did car carry lovelier freight.

Unaware that her advent in the car had changed the heart action of any of its passengers, her glorious brown eyes glared keenly along the palpitating line of femininity opposite as she tore from her strip and placed it in her rosebud lips while she gazed at the strip in her tiny purple, lucky ticket!

The young man nearest the door could have parted with a five spot to possess that equivalent of four and one-sixth cents. But here comes the strangest part. The conductor also noticed this most delectable resting place of milady's car ticket. And the conductor was young and not half bad looking, and the conductor was also smitten. A tiny hand reached up to the distracting mouth and, removing the ticket, handed it to the conductor. It is said that he blushed. Certain it is that he took the fare tenderly between two fingers and glanced at it pensively. Then—and the young man nearest the door is ready to swear to it—he deposited it carefully in an inside pocket, far removed from the storing place of all common tickets. And the question is, What did he do with it?—Pittsburg Press.

In a Perfume Factory.

Musk is perhaps the most valuable and delightful of all perfumes, yet the refiner as he opens the musk pods must wear thick cloths over mouth and nostrils, so repulsive is the odor that the pods emit. Indeed, this odor, inhaled for any length of time, causes nosebleed. (Civet, karagulluc and ambergris have in small quantities a delicious perfume, but in large quantities they smell so abominable as to give the worker nausea. The hawthorn blossom is delicately sweet, and perfumers prize it highly, yet a roomful of hawthorn blossoms smells like a pharm house. This, too, is true of the tuberose.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Then He Was Fired.

Editor (to aspiring writer)—You should write so that the most ignorant can understand what you mean. Aspirant—Well, what part of my paragraph don't you understand?

Very Wise.

Photographer—Look pleasant, please, Victim—I should say not. I want to send this picture to my wife, who is visiting her parents. If I look too happy she'll return home.

Learn to see in another's calamity the ills which you should avoid.—Pittsburg Press.

A Cold Snap.

"Why did you name your dog Frost?" "Because he has such a nipping way about him."—Baltimore American.

LEGAL.

ADMINISTRATORS SALE.

OF REAL ESTATE.

In the matter of the insolvent estate of Harry H. Bader, deceased.

By virtue of order of the Orphans' Court of the county of Atlantic made in the above stated matter, on the twenty-first day of April, A. D. nineteen hundred and nine, the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Harry H. Bader, deceased, will expose for sale, to the public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the Court House at May's Landing, in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, on

THURSDAY, THE TENTH DAY OF JUNE, A. D. NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE,

at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, all those two certain tracts or parcels of lands and premises, situate in the township of Westmont, in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, and bounded and described as follows, viz:

The First—Beginning at a stone placed in the center of the Public Road leading from the Monroe Forge to South River Bridge, where the line of the late Lewis M. Walker's land crosses said road and runs thence (1) bounding the same south seventy-eight degrees west five chains and ninety-two links to where the late Richard Morris' land crosses in said line (2) being a white oak sapling thence (2) south ten degrees and forty-two minutes east bounding Morris' land sixteen chains and ten links to a stone, thence (3) north thirty-eight degrees east twenty chains and six links to a stake in the center of the Public Road above said thence (4) bounding the entire of said road north fifty-two degrees and forty-five minutes west twenty chains and twenty links to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres, be the same more or less, being the same land and premises owned by R. L. Morse and Catherine H. Morse, his wife, by their deed of conveyance bearing date the twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. nineteen hundred and three, of record in the office of the Clerk of Atlantic County, at May's Landing, in book No. 25 of deeds, page 86, etc., granted and conveyed unto the said Harry H. Bader, in fee.

The Second—Beginning in the middle of the road leading from Monroe Forge to South River Bridge, thence (1) north seventy-seven degrees east four chains and ninety links to a stone for a corner in Morris and Walker's land, thence (2) north thirteen degrees east two chains and a stone, thence (3) north thirty-eight degrees west two chains and six links to a stake in the center of the Public Road above said thence (4) bounding the entire of said road north fifty-two degrees and forty-five minutes west twenty chains and twenty links to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres, be the same more or less, being the same land and premises owned by R. L. Morse and Catherine H. Morse, his wife, by their deed of conveyance bearing date the twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. nineteen hundred and three, of record in the office of the Clerk of Atlantic County, at May's Landing, in book No. 25 of deeds, page 86, etc., granted and conveyed unto the said Harry H. Bader, in fee, together with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any wise appertaining.

The first tract above described will be sold subject to a mortgage held by Melvin R. Morse upon which there is due the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars besides interest thereon from March 25, 1907, at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

The premises above described will also be sold subject to the tax lien for the years 1907 and 1908.

Conditions will be made known at the time of sale.

CHARLES S. BAYDER, Administrator of the estate of Harry H. Bader, deceased.

Edward May 7, 1909. Practor.

31 North Second St., Camden, N. J.

What Travelers Leave.

"Of the thousand and eight things left at hotels from time to time," remarked the hotel clerk, "razor strops have the other commodities pushed across the border in point of numbers. About 10 per cent of the people who have razor strops in their grips leave them behind. Of course the reason is that the strop is hanging up on a nail out of sight somewhere when the man packs up, and he doesn't think about it. His comb and brush are right on the dresser before him, and that's easy."

"Next to razor strops, though not hustling the strops for position, come the nighties of both genders. A good many send back after them, but a lot more people who leave them behind just abandon them. After so long we give them to charitable institutions."

"Then there are toothbrushes, slippers, towels, curling irons, soap boxes, clothesbrushes and a list of other things left behind longer than an expense account every month. People are just that forgetful."—New York Press.

Told It In Rhyme.

The late Rev. John Skinner, author of "Annals of Scottish Episcopacy," was first appointed to a charge in Montrose, whence he was removed to Banff, and ultimately to Forfar. After he had left Montrose it reached his ears that an ill natured insinuation was circulating there that he had been induced to leave this town by the temptation of a better income and of fat pork, which, it would appear, was plentiful in the locality of his new incumbency. Indignant at such an aspersion, he wrote a letter, directed to his maligners, vindicating himself sharply from it, which he showed to his grandfather, John Skinner of Langside, for his approval. The old gentleman objected to it as too lengthy and proposed the following pithy substitute:

Had Skinner been of carnal mind, As strangely ye suppose, Or had he even been fond of swine, He'd ne'er have left Montrose. —Reminiscences of Dean Ramsay.

Learning English.

The essential difference between the signification of words and terms in the English tongue which are almost the same in etymology and origin is a great element of difficulty to a foreigner who is learning the language, a fact to which a certain attaché of a foreign mission at Washington recently testified.

When the budding diplomatist in question arrived at our national capital a year or two ago he soon capitulated to the charms of a young woman of the office of the State Department, and he became the best of friends. A month or so ago the attaché returned to this country after a lengthy leave of absence passed in his own land. About the first thing he did on reaching Washington was to send a note to the lady of his admiration, wherein, to her astonishment and indignation, he gave expression to this sentiment:

"Once more, my dear friend, I shall gaze upon your unmatched eyes." —Harper's Magazine.

One Needed Rest.

"Your husband needs rest, madam," said the doctor.

"I know it!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I've told it to him forty times a day for the last two months if I have told it to him once. I've just kept telling it to him all the time. John, how many times have I told you that you need rest?"

"On second thought," interrupted the doctor, "perhaps it would be better if you rested."

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF MAY'S LANDING, at May's Landing, in the State of New Jersey, at the close of business, April 30, 1909:

Assets:

Loans and discounts, \$89,115.84

U. S. bonds to secure circulation, 7,000.00

Premiums on U. S. bonds, 200.00

Bonds, securities, etc., 2,970.00

Banking house furniture, fixtures, and equipment, 1,800.15

Due from National Banks (not reserve agents), 281.40

Due from approved reserve agents, 16,441.90

Checks and other cash items, 250.72

Notes of other National banks, 215.00

Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents, 104.37

Lawful money payable in kind, viz: Special, \$6,188.40

Legal-tender notes, 500.00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasury (5 per cent. of circulation), 150.00

Total, \$124,454.82

LIABILITIES: Capital stock paid in, \$25,000.00

Surplus fund, 2,000.00

Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid, 2,988.37

National bank notes outstanding, 6,700.00

Due to other National banks, 739.19

Individual deposits subject to check, 50,243.35

Time certificates of deposits, 36,277.11

Certified checks, 210.75

Cashier's checks outstanding, 200.00

Total, \$124,454.82

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, ss. COUNTY OF ATLANTIC, I, Melvin R. Morse, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CORRECT—ALBERT C. ABBOTT, MELL R. MORSE, Cashier.

HENRY C. JAMES, L. W. CHAMBER, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of April, 1909.

THOMAS C. STEWART, Notary Public.

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