

RECORDING MACHINES  
FOR CLERK'S OFFICE  
ORDERED BY BOARD

BIDS ASKED FOR GARAGE  
AND ICE HOUSE AT  
COUNTY BUILDINGS

Commissioner Asked To In-  
state Hold-up on Tuckahoe  
—Burns' Bill Again Turned  
—Two Payments. Monthly  
Road Workers.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of chosen Preschoolers of Atlantic County was held Wednesday last in Memorial Hall, Atlantic City, on an examination for equipping the County Children's office with ten book-to-pertaining machines was awarded to the Elliott-Fisher Company for \$2,012.50. The machines will be installed the latter part of this month in the front room of the second story and will be placed in use as rapidly as the transcriber clerks can master their operation. They were taken from the old books by the County Children's office, which requires sixteenth the form cost of books as they write on a blank page whereas the old books are ruled and necessitate less labor in transcribing deeds, mortgages and other legal documents recorded at the office.

Age and store-fronts to be built here at County buildings and the Public Building Committee was authorized to advertise bids to be opened at the next regular meeting of the Board in June. The new building was to replace the old frame building which was the site of the water tank and the old firehouse. In order to accommodate those who work on the County roads so they can get their pay twice a month, the Road Committee and Finance Committee were authorized to hold semi-monthly meetings and approve bills thereupon. The County Collector is to draw the County funds from the State Treasury and change to the method of paying workmen on the County roads and will be good for throughout the County. The semi-monthly payments apply only to labor on the roads.

The contractor on the May's Land, Tuckphoe road having asked and been granted a fourth extension of time of thirty days and a further extension of the road, and complaining that their work has been held up because of the inspector appointed by the State will not approve estimates for work done to which they claim they are entitled, the Board passed a unanimous resolution asking the State Board Commissioner to investigate the matter and recommended a change of inspector. The State Board of Equalizing Justices, Chicago, after hearing the Board, voted to

On Tuesday, June 24, at about 6:05 and after the contract for the new State Prison building is completed, the fines on the State. It will be built heavier and the State, with more county roads, the State, who bears a large portion of the expense, has insisted on a first-class highway in respect. Aside for the work will probably be the neighborhood of \$5,000 as it is a big undertaking, made more difficult than usual by the necessity of building a bridge which the road. There will be 40,000 cubic yards of gravel to be placed on the road, 35,000 yards excavating and 28,000 feet of fencing. The will be thirteen miles in length.

The Barnes Detective Agency bill for helping Atlantic City connemlmen in the "bond swap plant" was again presented to the board of directors of the Atlantic City Jail.

To clear up the situation at the Clerk's office in regard to the proper charge for marriage documents, the Board passed a resolution directing the County Clerk to charge each certificate issued with a charge of \$1.00, as a custom that is nearly as old as the office which Clerk Searsmann questioned. The Board was in doubt as to his authority to make an additional charge and the resolution of the Board makes the charge a regular one. Those who take their documents away from the office do not have to pay the extra cost.

A resolution was also passed regarding the purchase of Trade rings in the Barrett Hotel to be rented and furnished for the use of the County Tax Board was passed. The purchase of the rings in the Barrett Hotel was found to be inadequate for the

In order to meet the expenses incurred by detectives and others in the employ of the prosecutor's office, who are often required to make long journeys into other states in bringing fugitives from justice, a resolution, emanating from the County Collector to advance \$1,354.41 upon the written order of the Prosecutor, was passed by the court.

Mr. Huxley made a motion that payment of \$1,354.41 amount of bill presented by Mr. Huxley, controlling secretary of the tax collector, for salary and expenses, be made. (Over the objection of the county collector, the court overruled the motion.)

After the litigation proceedings over this case between Francis Huxley and the county collector, it was suggested that no action be taken by the board. He was concerned in this view. The county collector, Mr. Huxley, was the collector of the tax, but Mr. Huxley insisted being heard and the resolution to pay was

Mr. Hinkleford, for the addition to the asylum adopted by the board upon recommendation of AL Smith. This new building will cost \$40,000.

Mr. Hinkleford introduced a resolution questioning that Contractor Tilley be paid \$100,000 for one year. A letter from Board Commissioner Steveson was read in which it was stated that if the County Engineer would certify that the proper road had been established on this road, he would then make the final payment. Mr. Hinkleford moved to do this and forward a letter to that effect to Col. Steveson, upon which a resolution of the board was passed by Mr. Tilley.

A resolution introduced by Mr. Hinkleford questioning the payment of money to

Emery Company, builders of the new house, whenever the contract is passed, they will be the beneficiary of this contract, from waiting until the regular meetings of the Board for their money.

The special presentation by the Grand Jury that the prisoners be employed building bridges and bridges was referred to the Jail Committee.

The Jail Committee, in a communication to the Board, requested that an investigation be made in the death of Capt. Jack, a well-known sportsman, who was found in his home. This was referred back to the Board for his consideration.

A resolution asking for bids on the roof of restraining walls on the Nacot Creek was passed.

George Hausman, the only bidder

construction of a bridge over the Pine  
Hammononton, was awarded the contract  
cost of \$1,600.



THE RECORD.

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

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

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application. Each week through the mail will be at the rate of \$1.00 per copy, and all communications should be made by registered letter, post office or express money order or check. Addressed envelopes and communications to the office.

K. C. SUMMERS, Editor and Publisher. MAY 14, 1913. Entered at the May's Landing Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J. U. S. DEPT. OF COMMERCE.

Atlantic County may be proud of its splendid system of public roads.

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Frank C. L. Gable, remark the other day that "the public has a right to be satisfied."

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LEGAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

By virtue of an order of the court, and for the purpose of settling the estate of the late John J. Smith, deceased, the undersigned, the executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of July, 1913.

Witness my hand and the seal of the court at Atlantic City, New Jersey, this 10th day of June, 1913.

J. J. Smith, Executor.

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FINANCIAL.

Safe Deposit Boxes.

Place your papers and valuables where they will be secure against loss by burglary or fire.

Safe deposit boxes for rent from \$2 to \$8 per annum.

You have the key to the box. We have the key to the vault. It takes both to get in.

First National Bank.

May's Landing, N. J.

Capital, \$100,000.

Surplus, \$100,000.

Reserves, \$100,000.

Assets, \$100,000.

Liabilities, \$100,000.

Income, \$100,000.

Expenses, \$100,000.

Profit, \$100,000.

Loss, \$100,000.

Gain, \$100,000.

Net, \$100,000.

Balance, \$100,000.

Draw, \$100,000.

Deposit, \$100,000.

Withdrawal, \$100,000.

Transfer, \$100,000.

Exchange, \$100,000.

Interest, \$100,000.

Commission, \$100,000.

Brokerage, \$100,000.

Postage, \$100,000.

Freight, \$100,000.

Insurance, \$100,000.

Warfare, \$100,000.

Peace, \$100,000.

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## The Flower Lovers

They Spoke Only In Flower Language

By F. A. MITCHEL

March 1.  
My Dear Adele—Here we are in our new home in this quaint New England town, which I think can have changed very little in the last 200 years. The people who lived in it then were doubtless well-to-do, for there are many places which were at that time quite imposing. Our house is built on the street, with a terrace garden in the rear, and the place on one side is much the same. Everywhere, snatches of the seventeenth or eighteenth century.

I am glad that we have taken possession before the flower planting season, for I am sure I shall be devoted to the old-fashioned garden. I shall secure the services of a man to take up the beds for me, but I shall do all the rest of the work myself. You should see how artificially they are laid out, every one enclosed in a narrow border. Besides, there are low hedges and dwarf trees out in shapes that remind one of the present cubist pictures.

While our garden has been long neglected, the one beside it has been well kept up. Everything there is as trim as if Miss Dorothy Somebody in the quaint costume of two centuries ago was still caring for it. Some one doubtless lives there who cares for flowers, for though spring has scarcely arrived, I can see that when the season comes I shall look out upon a delightful scene. Your loving RUTH.

March 12.

I have discovered who it is that is interested in keeping up the garden next door, and my discovery is surprising. The doer cultivator is not a woman, but a man. Who would expect a man to take an interest in flowers? I wish rather that he would take an interest in me, for he is fine looking, and from observing him through the window, carefully concealed by the curtains, I am sure I shall like him. But I fear he is not inclined to be neighborly, for, though we have been here nearly two weeks, he has not called.

March 20.

I have learned something about our next door neighbor. They say he is peculiar, preferring to live alone in the house he has inherited from a long line of ancestors. He neither goes out into company nor entertains. This is strange in a man who cannot be more than thirty years old. They say he loves only two things in the world—his library and his garden. What a temptation for me to make him love a third thing, which is human—a temptation to which I have already yielded!

I must attack him through his taste for flowers. I know nothing of books. Indeed, I think I shall keep away from him, fearing to reveal my shyness until I shall have effected an entrance to his favor through his plants. I have already two men digging up my beds preparatory to the stage. I am about to lay to his heart. The little things that there is one next door to him who is planning to better down the old-fashioned high back wall that protects him and his garden from us and ours and that my shoe runs will be roses and lilies and geraniums and peonies. But I must be careful not to let him come near me until I have effected this breach. What would I do if he were to begin to talk to me before I had excited an interest through our both loving the same thing? What would I say if he should speak about the relation between the color of Xantes and the Thirty Years' war? The only way I am interested in is the war of the roses which I propose to wage myself.

April 10.

My neighbor next door is taking his plants from his conservatory and putting them in beds. I am using seeds about entirely, for my garden has not been cultivated for a long time. I am laying out a few spaces to be filled in with seeds. I am doing all to make my garden attractive. What plants I buy are of rare and beautiful varieties. My neighbors plants are mostly what he has always possessed. All I can do is to make my garden as beautiful as possible. On that I rely to attract him.

May 15.

My flowers are all doing well. I have called my neighbor. From my window I have seen him admiring my display. A few days ago I saw him go to a bed and prepare it to receive some seeds. I wonder what he is going to plant there—something very new, for he was particular about getting it smooth, throwing out every loose stone and making the soil very fine.

May 20.

I have made a discovery today. The seed he planted a week ago is coming up in very singular curves. They look something like letters. I am beside myself with curiosity to know if they are letters. If they all break the soil together I could tell, but they do not. Some are above the ground, while others are below it. A few days will tell.

May 23.

They are letters, not only letters, but a message for me. They spell "Welcome, flower lover." I am delighted. They say that the best way to attack a man is through his stomach. This will do for the ordinary man, but not an ideal one. I have been working in the garden a great deal, and I presume he must have seen me from an upper window, for the wall between our places is so high that he could not have seen me from his garden or the ground floor. I am delighted at my success. This bookworm flower lover has been made to feel a sympathy. He has been attracted to one who loves what he loves.

And now let us see whether the seed planted in his heart will grow like the plants he loves so well.  
But I must respond to his greeting. Evidently he is an ideal person or he would not have taken such an ideal method of communication. He will look for a reply in kind. Can you not give me some condensed sentiment about flowers that I may put it in the ground for him to read when the letters spring up? I have hunted for something beautiful, impressive, ideal, but can find nothing to suit me.

May 20.  
Your letter is received, and I am delighted with your suggestion. You are right in saying that the words are the most beautiful, the most touching and comprise the most of any written or spoken about flowers. "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The words are a poem in themselves, a far more effective poem than if they had been written out in stanzas with a rhyme in every second line. But I can only give a part of them in flower letters. Complete they would take up too much room. Two or three words would be quite enough to suggest the whole. I think I shall put in only lilies, and they to read, "They toil not."

June 10.  
Not being willing to wait for the seed to spring up, I played the words in lilies. I did it at night, and when the sun shone bright in the morning it glinted on the dew that sprinkled my message. I found that I had planted them so as to form pretty well shaped letters. I have been in hopes that my correspondent would permit me to see his appreciation of my work. It seems to me that were I a man and a woman arranged so beautiful a message in so beautiful a method I would go out on the balcony and shout my appreciation. But thus far, if he has admired it, he has done so in concealment. For all I know he is completely oblivious to what I have done.

June 30.  
Fancy, my dear, your sewing machine standing by my window clapping my hands. I was wrong in thinking that my correspondent was unappreciative. On rising this morning and looking down into his garden a touching sight met my eyes. Roses have been in bloom during the month, but my correspondent has not used them for messages till today, and even now he uses only one. Since my last letter there has been time for some seeds to spring into green letters—I know not yet of what plant—and what do you suppose they spell? But first I must tell you that they were planted in a circle, in the center of which was a single rose in full bloom. Indeed, its petals were beginning to fall. I could see several of them under it on the ground. But the words that inclosed them—they were quoted from Moore's beautiful poem "The Last Rose of Summer." "Oh, who would inhabit this bleak world alone?"

Now, hasn't this been a unique bit of bookmaking? And yet all the girls in the town have been living in the delusion that this man was not to be won from his castle. I have broken down the wall, as I planned, or have at least drawn him to the top of it, for on going into my garden after breakfast a head appeared above it and my neighbor stood on a ladder—looking at me.

"I should have claimed the privilege of a neighbor," he said, "before this, but."

"You were more interested in your flowers than in those living beside you."

"I have noticed that you have the same taste."

"Indeed, I have them dearly."

"No man can love flowers as a woman will love them, but I confess I enjoy them."

And so the dialogue went on. Seeing that my water pot was empty, he jumped down into my garden and, taking it from my hand, went to the faucet and filled it for me and sprinkled my plants.

July 30.  
A month has passed since I wrote you my dear a month of rare happenings. My flower lover has mounted his ladder and jumped down over the garden wall nearly every day. He is not bashful at all though I know he is a great reader. He doesn't seem to care for intellectual women, which is lucky for me. He says that I must have a great beauty or I would never have conceived that idea about the lilies. I suppose I should confess to him that you gave me that, but I can't, really. I should if a woman capable of laying a trap for a man and catching him in it can have a very tender conscience.

Aug 15.  
This has been the summer of my life. But the flowers—oh, the poor flowers, which have been the cause of this happiness, have been doing for water and, shameful to relate, we have been so absorbed in each other that we have not noticed that while we have been in bliss they have been shriveling for want of attention. Oh, the pity of it!

Aug 18.  
We are engaged.

Washington Monument.  
The towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun poured on its southern side on a mid-summer's day without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft, which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire 174 feet long hanging in the center of the structure and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water.

A Story of Holman Hunt.  
Gambart, the art dealer, sent Holman Hunt to the Holy Land to paint a picture similar to the "Light of the World." Hunt returned with "The Scapegoat," which was disappointed. Gambart then painted a picture of a man in a white robe, and he wanted a great deal.

## Two Fights For a Bride

Also Two Wedding Journeys

By OSCAR COX

John Murdock, landlord of the Antlers Inn, was standing on his porch ready to welcome the first summer visitor when the first summer visitor came down upon him with a rush. She was a young lady about twenty years of age mounted on a horse whose eyes were as blue as the sky, and whose sides were covered with foam. Dashing up to where Murdock stood, she looked at the open door of the inn as if expecting some one to come out to meet her. Not seeing any one, she fired a volley of questions at the landlord.

"Is there a gentleman here waiting for me?"

"No'm."

"Has he been here?"

"No'm."

"Have you had any word from him?"

"No'm."

"Then I am undone."

Murdock stood gazing at her. Presently she spoke to him again:

"Are you married?"

"No'm."

"Would you have any objection to marry me?"

"I wouldn't be it."

"Never mind that. Answer my question."

"Really married?"

"Yes, really married, but not to live with me. No; you won't do. Go find me a husband."

She gave him her hand that he might help her off her horse, threw the rein over a hitching post and directed him to bring any man in the place who was not married, together with a parson, if he could find one, and be quick about it. She would give the groom \$500. While speaking she kept looking up the road in the direction from which she had come, and when she had flashed she listened.

The landlord put on his hat to go across lots to a house where he knew of a single man that needed money badly. Those were the days when everybody "diked," and a young fellow got up in a short coat, knickerbockers and woolen stockings came peddling along the road.

"I say, young fellow," said the landlord, "are you married?"

"No."

"Would you like to make some money that way?"

"What way?"

"By marrying a girl."

"What girl?"

"She's right over there at my house. Come and have a look at her."

"I don't mind."

The landlord went back by the short cut to the house, and the blithering peddler followed him. The young lady was out on the porch staring up the road. Turning she saw the landlord and the bicyclist coming.

"This young man," the landlord began.

"Yes, I know. Where's the parson?"

"I'll get him as soon as I can."

"Get him now. Don't waste a moment. Oh, dear! I'm afraid we'll be too late."

The landlord hurried away again. The girl turned toward the young man.

"You're going to marry me, and I'll pay you \$500 for doing it."

"Not without some show of an explanation."

"We can't be married till the parson comes, so I'll give you what you ask. I'm an orphan. My guardian managed to get hold of me after father's death and tried to persuade me to marry him. I've been his prisoner for months. I have been told that as a married woman I'll have a better chance to fight him under the law, and I want a husband to protect me. That is, I wanted one, but he has disappointed me. My guardian has doubtless discovered my escape and is liable to be here at any moment. What is it, what is it? No. When he comes I wish to be a wife, and I hope you'll have the pluck to prevent his dragging me back to his horrid home."

She stopped short, seeing the landlord coming with a man in white necktie.

"Come inside," she added.

The four of them went inside. Then the groom to be said:

"I'm ready to help you out of a scrape, but not for pay. And I insist on showing away any claim to what you possess before the marriage."

"Well, hurry up."

"Give me your wedding materials."

The landlord pointed to the office counter, where there were pens and paper, and the young man seized away the girl's fortune. Then he stood up beside her, and they were married. The groom lifted his bride's hand to his lips in a courtly manner and kissed it.

"Are you a gentleman?" she asked with some surprise.

"Don't I look like one?"

"Not in those clothes. You understand, didn't you, before the ceremony, that all I want of you is to get rid of my guardian? We are not to live together."

"Certainly not."

"Oh, heavens! Here he comes."

A galloping horse came clattering down the road, dragging a buggy after it. In the buggy was a man somewhat past middle age. He drove up to the hotel door and called out for the landlord.

"A young woman—a lunatic—has escaped. Seen anything of her?"

"There's a young lady here. She's just been married."

"Married?"

The man jumped from his buggy, hurried into the hotel and confronted the wedding party.

"Edith," he said, "I'm astonished. Come home with me."

"This young lady," said the groom,

"Is my wife, and she goes where she chooses."

"She'll go with me."

The new arrival was a large man, the groom rather slender and not above the medium height. The latter threw off his coat and stood in an appropriate costume for a fight. The landlord took no notice of him, but caught the girl by an arm and began to pull her toward the door, when the groom attracted her attention by a blow on the jaw. The other dropped the girl and went for his assailant like a bull after a red cloth.

The fight lasted ten minutes. The groom, though he had plenty of muscle, knew nothing about boxing. The groom, on the contrary, had evidently been taking lessons in that art, for he kept out of the way of his opponent's blows and now and again got to one himself.

The others stood looking on, the girl with intense eagerness, for she felt that her fate depended on the result of the struggle. Once back in her guardian's hands, he might defy the law. Every time he made a lunge for his husband she gasped, and every time her husband got in a blow she danced for joy. The landlord, fearing that the woman was really a lunatic, did not care to mix himself up in the matter, and the parson was a man of peace.

Evidently the younger contestant was in training for some athletic event, or perhaps his devotion to his wheel gave him endurance, for as his stouter opponent lost his wind the other gained his own. But matters were still undecided when the latter got in a blow under the chin that threw his antagonist backward. He fell on the floor and, holding his head against an oaken chair, lay quiet.

"Come," said the wife; "let us be off before he gets on his feet again."

Leaving the father man to the care of the landlord and the parson, the groom lifted his wife on to her horse, and, getting on his bicycle, in this incongruous fashion they rode away.

"Isn't this too ridiculous for anything?" said the bride. "If it were not a matter possibly of life or death with me I believe I should laugh."

"A brandish steel and a bike with a crank in the rear wheel aren't a well matched team, are they?"

They had not gone far before a horseman was seen galloping toward them. When they met he reined in and they also stopped.

"I feared I would be too late," said the newcomer.

"You are too late," said the girl.

"What do you mean?"

"In order to escape my guardian I was obliged to take a husband. This gentleman kindly offered to help me out."

"Maud," exclaimed the man, "you don't mean to tell me that you are married?"

"Married? Not fifteen minutes ago. Why were you not at the Antlers when I arrived?"

"I thought I had plenty of time."

"What you thought doesn't help matters. Had it not been for this gentleman, my husband—I would now be going back to my place of imprisonment."

"You must get a divorce."

"If I do I don't know that I'll marry you."

"Maud," reproachfully.

"See here," interrupted the groom, "where do I come in in this business?"

"You don't come in at all," said the other man angrily. "You go out."

"Perhaps I shall, but I've licked one man for my bride, and before I give her up I'll lick another."

"We'll see about that," said the other savagely, throwing himself off his horse. He was angry with himself for having been too late, and a man angry with himself is prone to be angry with every one else. He stalked up to the groom, who was standing by his wheel, and, shaking his fist in his face, growled:

"You'll help about this marriage or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Harry," exclaimed Maud, "you are acting like a fool. You can't bring about an annulment that way."

But before the last word was spoken Harry and the impudent husband were pummeling each other unmercifully. Harry, whose tenderness had been cut off from having stopped at a roadhouse to refresh himself, was by no means in the condition of his enemy and was knocked out in half the time required to do the deed. After a fall he tried to rise, but, failing, sat in the road covered with dust and blood, the latter from his nose.

"Now, my dear wife," said the husband, "consider yourself free to go with this gentleman or with me. Which do you prefer?"

She looked at the spectacle sitting in the road, then, at her champion.

"You for the present at least."

Again the bicyclist mounted his wheel, and the two, leaving the discomfited man, proceeded on their wedding journey. Looking back, they saw him flapping toward his horse.

The imprudent husband turned out to be a wealthy young man who was about entering upon his world's work. After a season he and his wife agreed to stop certain annulment proceedings that had been started and went on a new wedding tour. But this time it was not in the ridiculous fashion of a horse and a bicycle. They took a parlor car.

A Temple Made From a Single Stone.  
Mayallthoum, India, has seven of the most remarkable temples in the world, each of these unique places of worship having been fashioned from solid granite boulders. Some idea of their size and the task of chiseling out the interior may be gleaned from the fact that the smallest of the seven is twenty-four feet high, seventeen feet long and twelve feet wide. Travelers who have carefully examined them are of the opinion that it took centuries of work to carve these graceful edifices from native rock.

Matches.  
The match industry produces seven matches a day for each man, woman and child in the world.

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