

RECONCILED BY ACCIDENT.

The Girl That Helped John's
Mother in an Emergency.

By CLARA LOUISE OTIS.

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"Six o'clock and all's well. While in the most and blowing like everything."

carried a masculine voice.

The women in the kitchen smiled in spite of herself. "The dear child," she murmured happily, "so much like his father!"

"You're carrying tonight, dear. Supper won't be ready for ten minutes."

"Oh, that's all right," John Williams gave his mother a vigorous hug. "How is mother?"

"Well, and John?"

"Fine. Say, mother?"

"Yes, dear?"

"How would you like a daughter-in-law?"

Mary Williams set down the frying pan and faced her son with a startled expression. "A daughter-in-law?" she repeated blankly.

A blinding rush of tears came to her eyes, and the little room seemed to be whirling around. "Oh, John!" was all she said, but the bitter disappointment of these two words was not lost on the young man.

"I'm sorry," he said briefly and left the room.

Memories one after the other crowded fast before her. Her husband had died when John was three, and they had been so happy. And since John had grown to manhood how happy he had made her. Yet—yet he was going to bring another woman there—another woman! The color of scorching meat made her start.

"Come, supper's ready," she called in a voice that was intended to be her natural voice.

"Tell me about it," faltered Mary after they had sat in silence for some minutes.

"Not if you don't want to hear, mother."

The hurt, proud tones brought contrition to her heart.

"I do want to hear," the words were true in more ways than one. "Her name is Kitty—Kitty Martin."

"And?"

"Oh, mother, mother! I've wanted to tell you so! Are you sure you want to hear?"

"Yes, yes!" She dashed out the words lest John should divine her sinking heart. She smiled too.

Said only his mother's smile, John leaped into the dear topic. "She—she lived here long, only since May 1st, but I tell you because—well, to tell the truth, I was afraid you'd be all set up about it. Besides, it wasn't until last night. Why, mother, you've cried! Are you sorry?"

"No, no! I'm glad! Go on!"

"I met her last year out at the lake. Do you remember my speaking of these girls out there? I know for me she was the only one in the world for me!" John spoke very softly.

She had cherished this girl in his heart a whole year, and she had thought herself to be his all in all!

"What a strange mother!" went on the young man in a subdued voice, as if his happiness was still a wonderful thing. "Do you remember that I was in awe of her? I don't know if it was my love or my respect."

"I tell you everything, dear."

"At last! She is little and slim and has gray eyes," Mary Williams was built on vigorous, capable lines, and her eyes were brown. "Her hair is like yours—brown and heavy. She gives me such lessons!" Mary had a companionable except housekeeping. "She sings, too—oh, mother, you ought to hear her sing! And she is as quick as a bird and the prettiest dancer."

"Can she cook?"

"Well, I don't know, but she can do everything else. You see there are so many in her family that it's hard to tell just what she does. I know she can sew, for she showed me a dress last night that she made."

After the supper work was done and John had gone off whistling Mary sat down to the fire. "So God, give me strength to bear it!" she prayed fervently, looking right to the arms of the chair, then relaxing in a sudden burst of beautiful tears. "How can he be how can he bring that girl here—that Kitty? run her rebellious thoughts, and she forget about her prayer."

"Why, her very name sounds good for nothing. If I was an old woman I would be different, but I'm only forty-seven and as strong as ever. This is my house, my own house, and I keep it my own way. Yet a girl is going to come in and show me back for who loves John more than she ever could. Don't I always come home early from sewing society so as to have John's supper on time? Don't I make his shirts, when almost every man buys them ready made? Wouldn't I do his washing if he would let me? Oh, she can't love him as I do. Probably she won't even let him smoke in peace. Oh, she can't come—she just can't!"

For an hour she poured out the rebellion in her soul to the leaping, sympathetic fire, then sank back exhausted. "How selfish I am!" she cried aloud. "I'll have to bear it. John's a man now. As she grew more calm she looked with disgust at her outburst. "I act like a baby! I guess I'm made of better stuff than that, and this is the last foolishness you'll hear from me. If my son's going to be married, why, he's going to be married—that's all!"

But she forgot to be on her guard the next morning when John enthusiastically remarked that she should have heard Kitty sing "Dearly" the night before. "Dearly"—what a foolish name for a song! And with that one contemptuous thought all the bitterness of the thing came back to her. "Do you always have to talk about her—even at the breakfast table?"

BILLY THE BORE.

He Was Very Different From the Poet and the Halfback.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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There was no denying that Billy was not deeply intellectual. He was tall and blond, with broad shoulders and a smile that was like sunshine on a gloomy day. But among the girls of the college these qualities counted for little, for they worshiped at the shrine of the poet and the halfback. The poet had long hair, and so had the halfback, but otherwise they had nothing in common except that they both loved Dulcie Drayton.

Billy loved Dulcie too. But he hadn't half a chance, for the poet wrote sonnets to Dulcie's eyebrows, and the halfback let her shine in his reflected foot ball glory.

Now and then she consented to make Billy happy. "Yes, I will walk with you," she told him graciously one October day, "only we mustn't go very far, for I have an engagement with the halfback."

"All right," said Billy and promptly forgot his watch.

The halfback was raging when they finally reached Dulcie's home. "We have missed the game," he said. "Of course if I had been playing I couldn't have waited; but as it is, I have hung around."

"Billy forgot his watch," Dulcie apologized, "and we didn't realize how late it was."

"I should think he would bore you to death," the halfback said when Billy had left them. "How can you stand that fellow?"

"He's not bad," Dulcie defended. "Of course he hasn't such an awful lot of brains, and he hasn't done such wonderful things as you have, but he's got an awfully good disposition."

And the halfback, remembering his own grumbling and growling, said "Oh, well," uneasily and wondered if Dulcie was hitting at him.

A few days later the poet took Dulcie to task about Billy. "You danced with him four times last night," he said, "and I wanted you to sit out those last two in the conservatory with me. I had a new poem to read to you. It was about young October's golden eyes, and it is dedicated to you."

"Read it to me now," said Dulcie. "I'd love to hear it."

"The atmosphere isn't right," the poet fretted, "not here on the campus, but just night there was a little moon, and there were red roses on the lattice."

"Billy is an awfully good dancer," Dulcie reflected, which, as the poet generally got tangled up even in a twopenny, was not tactful.

For several days after that, however, the rivalry between the poet and the halfback was so intense that Billy was left completely in the background.

The poet sat up half the night writing verses, and the theme was "Love, Love, Love," and he claimed every spare moment of Dulcie's time to read them to her.

"He writes about my hair," she told Billy, "and calls it 'soft spun silk shimmering in the sunshine.'"

"I don't see the use of stringing out a lot of shimmering sunshine sentences when your hair is so beautiful to be described," said Billy bluntly.

Dulcie smiled up at him. "After all, I like the way you put it, Billy," she said, "and I'm glad you like the color of my hair."

"I love it," Billy stated, "and I love you, Dulcie."

"Oh, oh, you mustn't!" Dulcie protested. "Well, not now; if you don't want me to, but I shall tell you again, Dulcie," Billy answered.

"And he will," Dulcie told her most intimate friend that night. "He will ask me over and over again."

"Well, of course you couldn't marry him," said the intimate friend calmly, "not such a bore."

"I am not sure that Billy deserves that nickname," said Dulcie. "He doesn't talk yowls like the poet or brag of himself like the halfback, but he does say some nice, sensible, good-hearted things, and he has a lovely smile."

The intimate friend sat up and looked at her. "Well, of all things," she said, "I believe you are half in love with him. How can you think of him when you have the choice of two such men as the poet and the halfback is more than I can understand."

"But are they really in love with me?" Dulcie demanded.

"They have asked you to marry them, haven't they?" Marlon asked.

"Yes, but somehow it seems to me that they are always thinking of themselves, but Billy thinks of me."

"Oh," Marlon said softly, "I know what you mean. If you married the poet or the halfback you would have to worship at their shrines, while Billy would worship at yours."

"Yes," said Dulcie, "that's it, and a man who loves you that way can't exactly bore you, can he?"

"No, he can't," said Marlon, "but of course you can never tell how long it will last."

"Sometimes I have thought I should like to put them to a test, as ladies did with the knights of old," Dulcie meditated.

"But what test," Marlon demanded, "could you have in modern days?"

"In the old times it was a test of strength and skill," Dulcie started, "but today there is no go, Marlon—money. You know I have a lot in my own right. And the boys know it, all of them, the poet and the halfback and Billy. Perhaps that is what makes me the most popular girl in school—my money, not just my myself."

"You are a darling," Marlon encouraged her, "but you know how men are."

"Yes, I do," Dulcie agreed. And they then and there constructed a plot.

The next night the poet, lingering in the shadow of the elms, was met by

Marlon. When they had talked for a moment she said, "Isn't it sad about Dulcie Drayton?"

"Sad?" the poet echoed. "Oh, didn't she tell you?" Marlon hesitated. "Then I ought not to."

But the poet urged her. "Well, she has lost all of her money," Marlon said, "I am her roommate, and I saw the letter. But please don't speak of it."

"Of course not," said the poet. But that night he wrote many verses, and in all of them was a note of remembrance, and the next day he gave them to Dulcie. "They are very sad," he explained, "but I have come to believe that a genius should not marry. Only in the sadness of solitude can talent be developed. I must give you up, my Dulcie."

"I am not your Dulcie," the girl started, with a little flame in her cheeks.

She did not reproach him. What was the use of reproaching such a feeble thing as the poet? But when Marlon had told the halfback the same tale and he had without compunction broken an engagement with Dulcie, giving as an excuse "I am going to cut out dances for awhile—and girls," she allowed herself the luxury of a retort.

"Then you won't miss me when I go away," she said pointedly.

"Go away?" he questioned.

"Yes. You see I am eighteen tomorrow, and my money will be my own to use as I please, and I have so many plans."

"But," the halfback gasped, "I thought you had lost your money?"

"He stopped, red to the ears. "So did the poet," said Dulcie. "Marlon told both of you some kind of tale, and both of you believed it."

"That wasn't the reason," the halfback explained.

Dulcie stopped him sternly. "Yes, it was. That was why you gave up girls—that was why you gave up me!" And she left him abruptly.

"I am half afraid to have you tell Billy," she told Marlon that night. "If he fails me!"

But Billy when he heard the news came straight to her.

"Marlon has told me," he said simply. "I haven't much, Dulcie, but I love you, and I want you to marry me at once if you will."

Dulcie laid her hand on his arm. "Billy," she said, "I am not poor. I put you and the poet and the halfback to a test, and only you stood it. You are the knight of the true heart, and I love you."

After Billy had kissed her rapturously he asked, "Are you sure I won't bore you, Dulcie?"

"If you know how I hated the poet's poems and the halfback's boasting you wouldn't ask such a silly question, Billy," she replied.

Hospital "Boards."

"There is a class which gives every hospital in the city a whole lot of trouble, especially in the winter time," said a member of the faculty of the Pennsylvania hospital. "It is made up of what we call 'steady boarders,' meaning men who have no homes, who are too lazy to work and who feign illness in order to secure a comfortable bed and good food for a week or so at a time. However, we have devised a scheme which is quite effective in driving them away. When one of these boarders arrives on the scene we can usually spot him. We know the earmarks of the species. He is taken into the receiving ward, solemnly undressed and laid upon the operating table, where a take examination takes place. The trouble is finally located in the spine, and an immediate operation is advised. The patient writhes, protesting that he feels much better, but is not permitted to leave. Meanwhile a piece of ice has been sharpened to a point and suddenly, without warning, the ice is drawn down the boarder's back. With a yell he is off the table. Out of the room and out of the building. We throw his clothes out after him, and he never comes back."—Philadelphia Record.

For Boots or Bedding?

His car had broken down. It was 10 o'clock at night. The rain was beginning to drizzle. Dash it, bust it and likewise blow it!

There was an inn near by. It was only just an inn, but it was an inn. The landlord growled when he asked for a room, but at last conceded it. They put his motor in the garage among the mangel wurzels.

He didn't have any supper. He just looked at it. Then he went up to bed. A minute later he was leaning over the balustrade.

"Landlord!" he yelled. "Landlord! Do you think I'm going to clean my own boots?"

"What's up?" called back mine surly host.

"What's up? Why, what's that boot polishing pad on my bed for?"

"Polishin' pad?" roared back the landlord. "That's not a polishin' pad, your fellow. That's the pillow!"—London Scraps.

Reason Enough.

Teacher—Tommy, you should count your hair before you come to school. Tommy—Ain't got no comb. Teacher—Then borrow your father's. Tommy—Father ain't got no comb neither. Teacher—Absurd! Doesn't he comb his hair? Tommy—He ain't got no hair!—Lippincott's.

Lucky.

Little Walter was whispering into the ear of his dog.

"What are you saying to Rover, dear?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I was just telling him how lucky he was," replied Walter, "because he didn't have to have his neck washed and his hair combed or go to school!"—Chicago News.

An Inflection.

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?"

"Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."

"So you think you could buy me and sell me?"

"Well, I don't know about the latter part of the proposition!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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When Sarah Bernhardt was asked what was the most important thing in the making of a great actress she replied, "First of all, a voice." And it is the human voice and its wonderful mechanism which seems to constitute an extremely important feature of "The Climax," by Edward Locke, with incidental music by Joseph Carl Bruch, which Joseph Weber will present at Nixon's Apollo next week.

Million Dollar Pier.
Dawson's Dancing Dolls and Children's Carnivals are proving a feature attraction of this popular pier and are attaining great popularity with the youngsters. The little line, ranging from eight to fourteen years and have been carefully trained. Dawson's Young American Minstrels are also one of the most popular features. Adage and her famous line are performing daily, while Mrs. Minnie and Miss Marquette in aerial and society horse acts are receiving ovations from large audiences. The pier has been reserved solely for the youngsters and they can find there all-day amusements. The Philippine Constabulary Band continues in public favor with its splendid concerts afternoon and evening and Jule Shirk, the celebrated soprano soloist, is heard by delighted audiences every performance. One price to all.

No Plein.

A Junction City man told of a remark made by a woman at whose home a number of people took supper one night during a political campaign in Summer county. This particular woman, though young in years, was the mother of seven children. Naturally the children were reasonably close to one size. When the "campaigners" went into the woman's house one of them noticed the bunch of children and said to the woman in a friendly way, "These all yours, or is this a picnic?" "They are all mine," she replied wearily, "and it's no picnic!"—Kansas City Journal.

Tipped.

"Doesn't this boot tip a great deal?" asked a timid young woman of the steward.

"The vessel, ma'am," said the steward, "is trying to set a good example to the passengers."

An Attraction.

Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transept to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church? Mrs. Perry—Well, she wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.

How She Did It.

"So she refused you?"

"That's the impression I received."

"Didn't she actually say no?"

"No, she didn't. All she said was 'Ha, ha, ha!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sleepy Sermons.

"Some men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber."

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