

FAIR TO RAISE FUNDS FOR CHEMICAL ENGINE

| | | | |
|-----------|------|-------|------|
| Tuesday | 0.04 | 9.47 | 2.80 |
| Wednesday | 0.50 | 10.20 | 3.40 |

THE WEATHER.

Forecast for Pennsylvania, Delaware
New Jersey — Fair to day and slightly co
Moderate West to Northwest winds. No

Capital of Atlantic County

Special Inducements to Manufacturers

Hourly Electric Train Service

THE TOWN OF NATURAL OPPORTUNITIES

The Place To Spend
Your Summer Vacation

MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

Sites for Bungalows -
For Lease or Sale

Founded at the head of tide-water on the banks of the Great Egg Harbor River, May's Landing has enjoyed from the first the reputation of being the most beautiful, most healthful place of residence in this section of New Jersey. Its magnificent oak trees have become famous, and beautiful Lake Lenape is scarcely less well-known. Inducements to manufacturers are exceptionally good. For the truck farmer and poultry raiser it is an ideal location, and the mecca of those seeking Summer homes at a reasonable cost.

Splendid boulevards for automobiles lead to May's Landing from every point, including the direct road from Philadelphia by way of Downstown and the Egg Harbor City boulevard, leading from the White Horse Pike. The Great Egg Harbor River boasts of an active Yacht Club open for membership. This picturesque waterway affords good boating, bathing and fishing, and is a popular highway with yachtsmen to Atlantic City, Ocean City and other seashore resorts.

Municipal conveniences include cold, sparkling water, 99 percent pure from an artesian well, supplied through a new public water works system, first-class fire protection with consequent low insurance rates, low rates of taxation, electric lighting, prosperous churches, good public schools, etc. If you never visited May's Landing, it is time to do so. If you are looking for a Summer place of residence, this is the ideal place for you. "The Town of Natural Opportunities" is Your Opportunity.

Twenty minutes from Atlantic City, the
Greatest Seashore Resort in the World.
Only one hour from Philadelphia.

For Further Information Apply to

May's Landing Board of Trade.

A Giveaway

By WALTER C. RADCLIFFE

While making a tour in Spain I stopped one evening at a little hostelry in the province of Cordova. It was quite dark before I ate my supper, and the table was dimly lighted by a couple of candles. But behind me was an open door through which streamed a bright light from a kerosene lamp hanging in the hall. During the evening I sat at the supper table reading, being alone, with no one to talk to. I spent the time thus till 10 o'clock, when I closed my book and pushed back my chair preparatory to going to my room and to bed.

Just as I did so I saw on the white wall before me a shadow of a figure. The head and shoulders only were defined, and even from these I could not tell whether the person behind me was man or woman. I sat looking at it before turning to see who it was, for it was immovable, and I fancied that it was watching me. One thing about it arrested my attention. The shadow of the head was so shaped as to convince me that either the face or the back was turned directly toward me. That which I noticed especially was that while one ear cast a shadow the other did not. I was speculating how this could be when I saw the shadow of an arm slowly raised. In the hand was something, either club or knife.

I did not stop to consider whether I was about to make myself ridiculous; I instinctively ducked under the table. There I remained a few minutes and, hearing no sound, peeped from under the cloth. Seeing no one, I slowly crawled out, keeping an eye open for any one who might be laying for me. Gradually straightening up, I stood and looked about me. The shadow had disappeared. I was alone. Looking downward, I saw something red on my trousers. I put my hand on it. It was wet; there was a slit in the cloth. I pulled up my trousers and saw that the cuff of my leg had been split by some sharp instrument. The wound was still bleeding.

I had a problem to decide, and quickly. Some one had intended to murder me, doubtless, with a view to appropriating my effects, but the attempt had been foiled by my quick duck. I was still in danger. What should I do? Go out into the darkness, or remain where I was? I decided that my best chance was to proceed by the undisturbed till I could get at my revolver which was in my room.

"Landlord!" I called. "A light, I am going to bed."

"Sil, senor," and he brought me a candle.

"I fell asleep over my book and dreamed that some one was going to murder me. I ducked under the table. Wasn't it ridiculous?"

"Ridiculous? Yes, certainly."

"Well, good night."

My first act on reaching my room was to lock the door, the second to examine my wound. It was some two inches long and about a quarter of an inch deep.

After deliberation I concluded to remain where I was till morning. Quite possibly the would be murderer was unaware that he had cut me, and the landlord might have been deceived by my story of a dream. I kept awake all night, with my revolver cocked in my hand. In the morning I missed the bedclothing, and after making such sounds as one would make in dressing I softly opened my door and looked carefully out into the hall. Seeing no enemy, I went downstairs. Reassured at the ordinary appearance of those getting breakfast, I determined to keep up my simulation, and taking a seat at the breakfast table with my back to the wall, where I had seen the shadow, I deliberately partook of the meal, then went out, paid my bill and departed.

If the persons in that house had known what was in my mind in other words, if I had not deceived them—I would never have been permitted to depart. I went to the city of Cordova and straight to a police station, where I told my experience to an officer. He was much interested in my story and when I had finished said:

"There are legends in the mountains near where you were lodged, and we have for some time suspected that the landlord of the inn is in league with them. Persons have been missed, traced to that place, after which nothing has been learned concerning them. We will now set a trap for them."

I remained in Cordova several weeks awaiting the results of the trap. One day the landlord and half a dozen ill-favored men who had been caught red-handed were marched into the town to the police station. I went there and looked them over. The chief police officer inspected them and, going to one villainous-looking man whose hair fell over his ears, pulled it aside and exposed a place where an ear should be, but it was not there.

"Hah, Jose Madrillo! So you have turned up again, eh?"

"The man of the shadow?" I exclaimed.

Madrillo was an old offender who had lost an ear in a fight. Why he did not keep his hair in position when he attacked me I don't know. I suspect, being among friends, he was careless and did not realize that his shadow was giving him away.

The landlord and the bandits except Madrillo were imprisoned. He was executed.

Love Deaths In Japan.

Suicide is a cure for hopeless love is a common expedient in Japan. "There are Japanese lovers," says a writer, "who, owing to circumstances, are unable to marry, but they do not blame circumstances. They regard their misfortune as the result of an error in a previous existence, such as breaking their promise to wed or because they were cruel to each other. Such lovers believe that if they bind themselves together with an undissoluble and spring into a river or lake they will become united in their next birth. This suicide of Japanese lovers is called 'fuchi' which means 'love death' or 'passion death'."

The Name "Gas."

Who first used the word "gas," and why? Merely because of the supposed resemblance of the product of burning carbon to the "haos" of the Greeks. "This spirit, hitherto unknown," wrote the experimenter Van Helmont in 1645, "I call by the name of gas, and I call it so because, being untamable, it is scarcely distinguishable from the haos of the ancients." A glimpse at modern gas devices will show how far removed from untamability is the gas of today.

Tea Drinking.

Tea drinking was regarded as one of the feminine vices of a hundred years ago. The Female Spectator of that period observes: "The tea table costs more to support than would maintain two children at nurse. It is the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery and the source of idleness." London Mail.

Too Suspicious.

"Why are you so angry with the doctor?" asked Mr. White of his wife.

"Because," he replied, "when I told him I had a terribly bad feeling he told me to show my tongue."—Lippincott.

But Doesn't Get It.

The average man expects a pound of gratitude in exchange for an ounce of charity. Chicago News.

The Underdog.

The underdog usually gets \$50,000, but worth of sympathy and 2 cents' worth of assistance.

Japanese Railways.

In Japan, unlike most occidental countries, the chief source of railway income is the passengers.

A Flatboatman's Honor

By THOMAS R. DUNN

Early in the nineteenth century the means of communication between northern cities and New Orleans was by flatboat on the Mississippi river. The flatboat was a lumber yard loosely put together and derived its name from the fact that its bottom was flat instead of being the usual shape of a boat. These boats were supposed to drift with the current of the big river, though their momentum was occasionally added to by enormous sweeps worked by men on the roof or deck and were always steered by a sweep. On reaching New Orleans they were broken up and sold for the lumber there was in them.

The flatboatman was a crude being not unlike the painsman of some forty or fifty years later. A crude code of honor existed in both. There were a great many things that they would not stoop to do that we in a more civilized community would consider very wrong, but when their sense of honor was at stake they would fight hard to do what they felt was right.

Roger Dixon was a flatboatman in the early thirties. The boat he was on having tied up in a creek on the Louisiana shore, he went up on to the bank, where he found a gambling den, and there he proceeded to lose all the money he had, but, being convinced that he had been cheated, used a long knife he carried hung between his shoulder blades on the manipulator of the gambling outfit, leaving a considerable wound. Dixon was arrested and put in jail. The flatboat went on south with the current, leaving him devoid of funds and without even his liberty.

The arrest and imprisonment of the culprit occurred just as the court was adjourning for the season and would not be held again for several months. Dixon, having no money, was unable to get bail, which was allowed in his case since the wound he had inflicted was not mortal. He therefore had the prospect of being in jail during a hot summer, with the further prospect of being sent to state prison for felonious assault for two or three years longer when the court came to gether.

The prisoner, being reminded to jail in default of bail, stood before the judge a melancholy sight. He was about to be let away when a planter dressed in the costume of the time, tight trousers strapped over his boots, a coat with a flaring skirt, a ruffled shirt and a bell-crowned beaver hat—said to the court:

"Yo' honnah, what's the amount of the bail in this case?"

"Five thousand dollars, colonel."

"I'll go it for this man, suh."

"Yo' bettah not, suh. You'll lose yo' money."

The colonel asked the prisoner if he would come back certain she? If he furnished the bail, and, though the reply was simply "Reckon," Colonel Armstrong was convinced, the bond was executed, and Dixon went free. The trial was fixed for the 4th of November, four months later.

Dixon was a Tennesseean, whose domicile, where lived his wife and children, was on the banks of the Tennessee river, near the site of the present city of Chattanooga. There was no means of getting there by the way he had come, for boats in those days never went upstream, so Dixon cut across country on foot. As he left the place of his misfortune one of a knot of men who stood looking after him said, "There goes your \$5,000, colonel."

When the 1st of November came round Colonel Armstrong had not heard a word from the man he had befriended. The kind-hearted colonel was an object of sympathy on the part of the inhabitants of the locality. For no one expected that a man was com-

ing away from Tennessee for the purpose of being sent to state prison when he could get off by staying at home. The second and third days of the month passed, and on the morning of the fourth the court came together for the purpose of trying Dixon, but there was no Dixon present. Out of sympathy for Colonel Armstrong the judge delayed matters as long as possible.

Suddenly there was a sound of heavy boots on the courthouse steps, and the culprit rushed wildly into court and said:

"Reckon I ain't too late, judge, am I?"

The hall furnished embraced the new-comer, while those present cheered. Then Dixon was asked to tell how he had come. He had made his way down the Tennessee river in a dugout to its mouth, where he expected to be picked up by a flatboat on which he might work his way down the Mississippi river. Having waited several days in vain for one, he continued on in his dugout over the rest of the way from Cairo, a distance of many hundred miles to his destination. When the story had been told the prosecuting attorney, considering that the gambler who had been stabbed had recovered and had since been killed by another person he had been requested, the case be dropped, and the prisoner was discharged. Again he set out on his homeward journey through a wild country. He was offered money by the kind-hearted planter who had before befriended him, but he declined it, saying:

"I might not be it to send, and if I bet it I might not get it back without bringing it myself."

Clover.

"Clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of limpid fancies, of wholesome, loving wives, of honest men, of springs and brooks and violets and all there is of staidness for in peaceful human life."

"A wonderful word is clover! Drop the 'c' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'r' and you have left the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'c' alone, and there remains a very desirable had that sweetens the breath and keeps peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom was right, 'Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.'"—Ingersoll.

Might Have Been Worse.

A young woman from the west was making a visit to an old seaport town. One morning while driving with her host she said:

"What is the diet of all these people?"

"Fish mostly," responded the man.

"Why," spoke the westerner, "I thought fish was a brain food. These are really the most unintelligent-looking people I ever saw."

"Well," replied the host, "just think what they would look like if they didn't eat fish!"—Harper's Weekly.

His Sorrow.

"You know that box of cigars you gave me on my birthday, dear?" said a man to his wife.

"Yes."

"Well, I took them down to the office, and some one stole them."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"So am I for the thief!" was the retorted remark.

Ingenuity.

The man stared at the telephone. He would fain relieve his mind, but there were ladies present.

"Why," he at length exclaimed indignantly, "should I say 'hello' when the reverse is true?"—Lippincott's.

Novel View.

"What is your ambition?"

"To see a moving picture of still life."—Exchange.

Losses by Floods.

The flood damage in the United States is estimated at about \$100,000,000 annually.

The Old School.

There aren't enough gentlemen of the old school left to have a class reunion. Lippincott's.

YOUR OWN ARCHITECT.

Every man's life is the herald's office from which he must derive and fetch that which must blazon him to the world, honor being but the reflection of a man's own actions shining bright in the face of all about him and thence rebounding on himself.

Disturbing/Punctuality.

There are on occasion two points of view as to the punctuality of trains. We get one in Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's story of the Limerick station master's reply to Lord Gort, who had arrived just too late for the express, "Shure, me lord, the punctuality of that train disturbs the whole town of Limerick!"

Pink Palms.

He—What has made the professor so wild? She—Oh, he was gassing about botany, and so I asked him if he had ever seen a pink palm. He said, "No," and I showed him my hands.—London Telegraph.

Thought and Action.

Thought is never helpful unless there is coupled with it some form of vigorous action.

His First Dollar.

Every community has a citizen of whom it is said, "He has his first dollar yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Freeholders Committee.

Finance—W. H. Black, Fred Willets, F. Frady Doughty, W. E. Shackelford, John Ditch, Samuel Waterbottom, Robert Fitzgerald.

Asylum—A. B. Smith, John Worthington, G. B. Jellors, A. T. Field, J. K. Johnson, John Astum, Charles Hart.

Roads—G. B. Jellors, C. M. Kessler, Anderson Bourgeois, Frank Barsaghi, Elva T. Field, C. W. Clement.

Bridges—John Ashwood, Charles Hart, J. K. Johnson, Ira T. B. Smith, James Clark, John Hunschman, Alfred B. Smith.

Public Buildings—Samuel Waterbottom, John Carver, Harry Fulmer, Ira T. B. Smith, W. S. Van Sant.

Fortification—Recognizances—John Carver, Robert Hart, John Worthington, C. W. Clements, Harry Fulmer.

Ordinances—Anderson Bourgeois, W. E. Shackelford, John Carver, Frank Barsaghi, Edward Harris.

Soldiers' Burial—J. K. Johnson, Charles Hart, James Clark, W. S. Van Sant, C. M. Kessler.

Discharge of Prisoners—W. H. Black, John Ditch, A. T. Field, Samuel Waterbottom, Edward Harris.

Printing—F. Frady Doughty, G. B. Jellors, John Carver, Harry Fulmer, John Fitzgerald, Library—Anderson Bourgeois, James Clark, W. S. Van Sant, Robert Hart, Ira T. B. Smith.

Local Points of Interest.

Cotton mill of the May's Landing Water Power Co., on Lake Lenape. Charles Keas, superintendent. Manufactures cotton twine, etc. Employs 250 hands.

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

Cumbersome bog of Mulpease & Co., more than one thousand acres in extent, on the Egg Harbor City boulevard, about one mile from May's Landing. Charles D. Mulpease, Capt. May's Landing Artillery Co., Joseph Thorpe, Sept. Fine cut glass in process of manufacture.

County Jail and offices of the Surrogate and County Clerk. Court House, Daniel F. Vaughn, Custodian.

Lake Lenape, artificial, and Lenape Park. Renowned for beauty and a favorite fishing ground for pike and pickerel. Boating and bathing.

Great Egg Harbor River, flowing Southward eight miles to the Great Egg Harbor Bay three miles by largeships. The ruins of old Lenape settlements are everywhere. Picturesque and a favorite stream for motorboats. Good fishing and bathing.

Public water supply station. Water 99 percent pure from artesian wells more than two hundred feet deep. Main pipe one hundred and twenty feet high, with fifty-five pound pressure. Cost \$20,000.

Individual Park and public fountain, adjoining Court grounds on Main Street.

High School, Farragut Avenue, H. O. Huber, Principal.

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

Library Hall, Second Street. Headquarters of the Home Company and Gen. Joe Hooker Post, G. A. R.

Meals At All Hours

First Class Cuisine
American or European Plan All Modern Conveniences
Special Accommodations For Autoists

American Hotel

ROBERT BASTIAN, Prop.,
(LICENSED)
Bell Phone.
May's Landing, N. J.

REAL ESTATE.

Insurance in Standard Companies.

Julius Kraus,

P. O. Box No. 187,
Bell Phone No. 1. May's Landing, N. J.

WAGON BUILDER.

Wagon Building and Repairing

Spring Wagons, Carriages and Express Wagons On Hand at Lowest Prices. First Class Repairs Guaranteed.

Joseph E. Mattison,

Wagon Builder, Estelville, N. J.

LEGAL.

AN ORDINANCE.

An Ordinance to prohibit the riding of bicycles, tricycles and similar vehicles on the sidewalks within Hamilton Township and to regulate the use of the same on the streets and avenues of the said Township.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the Township Committee of the Township of Hamilton, that no person or persons over the age of five years shall ride any bicycle, tricycle or similar vehicle on any of the sidewalks within the limits of Hamilton Township; provided, however, that this ordinance shall not apply to invalids, or chairs, or coaches and other vehicles used for or by children, invalids or cripples.

Section 2. And be it ordained, that no person shall between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, ride any bicycle, tricycle or similar vehicle not used by or for invalids or cripples, on any of the streets, avenues or public places of Hamilton Township, unless said bicycle, tricycle or similar vehicle shall have attached thereto a lighted lamp of such illuminating power as to be plainly seen one hundred yards ahead.

Section 3. And be it ordained, that any person or persons who shall violate any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon conviction thereof before a Justice of the Peace or proper officer, be subject for each and every offense, to a fine not exceeding Five Dollars.

Passed at a regular meeting of the Township Committee of Hamilton Township, July 11, 1913.

HARRISON WILSON, Chairman.
THOMAS R. DUNN, Clerk.
Pr. Fee, \$1.00

INSURANCE.

FIRE INSURANCE

Any Part of Atlantic County.

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

Burglar Insurance and Surety Bonds.

Real Estate.

L. W. CRAMER, May's Landing.

CONTRACTOR.

George W. Abbott,

Contractor & Builder,

Address: May's Landing, N. J.

Estimates furnished free of charge.

DECORATORS.

Harry Jenkins,

Painter & Glazier,

Estimates furnished upon application.

Address: P. O. Box 42,

May's Landing, New Jersey.

"The Record"

will be mailed to any address in the United States, postage prepaid, for

\$1.25

per annum, in advance.

Always the Same

In quality is our bread; it is so pure and wholesome that you could make a meal of it alone. Why bother with home baking with its many unavoidable disadvantages when you can get such excellent fresh bread here? Try a loaf as a sample.

Real Estate and Insurance.

Insurance in Standard Companies.

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