

# FORTUNES IN LAND

## Wonderful Growth of Atlantic City

to the owner of the apartment, he asks: "Is anything missing?"

"Yes; I can't find a lot of money I brought home."

"Where did you put it?" demands the Captain.

"Can't remember, really."

"How much did you have?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly—about fourteen thousand."

The Police Captain announces the robbery to his chief at headquarters, using the telephone in the apartment; then he turns once more to the young "Johnnie" standing in overcoat and gloved, the least excited of any man in the room. Glaring at him, as he thinks only of the missing money, the officer demands:

"Where did you put it?"

"Ah! By Jove, it comes back to me!" answers the golden youth. "I emptied my pockets into that Japanese vase on the mantel."

The valet grasps the jar, thrusts his arm down its neck, and draws forth a handful of money, again and again, until the bills form a green heap upon the table.

The owner of the treasure hands a note with a yellow back to the Captain and less valuable ones to the subordinates. He stuffs some money into his own pockets, and tells his valet to carry the rest to the bank, after which he sets out for breakfast at the club, completing the cycle of one day's history.

He has forgotten that he lost so small a sum, exactly as he has forgotten that he won it at play, for his father left him twenty million dollars, and he has six hundred thousand a year—that is to say, sixteen hundred and forty-four dollars a day to throw away.

This is an actual case.

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Such are their lives not only in New-York, but in all the great cities named. Of intellectual resources and intellectual interests they are entirely unconscious. Idlers they are, and idlers they must be, and no men on earth pay more and get less out of life than they. The races, the "queens" of comic opera, these are their only interests. They have nothing on earth to do, as one day succeeds another, but smoke and drink; but are much less intemperate as a rule than would naturally be expected. As only sons, they usually are spoiled children.

As a type, though an extreme type of the class, the story of one of them who died some years ago in London may be told.

He came from Buffalo and chose to live in London. He and his brother, the latter well-known in his day to fashionable restaurants in New-York, had fifty thousand dollars a year each. Left orphans as children, they had been absolutely spoiled. They had not the elements of a common-school education. The London brother was a handsome, well-built, fine-looking young man of thirty. A little early discipline would have made a fine man of him, because the elements were there. As it was, he had little more intelligence, education or intellectual hold upon life than an oyster. Shortly after his thirtieth year his income and that of his brother, by the death of an aunt, were doubled.

Day after day he appeared at the smoking-room of the Hotel Victoria at three o'clock in the afternoon, admirably dressed and groomed (clothes and neckties were within his mental grasp). The only real thrill of excitement that entered his life occurred when he shaved off his mustache. This made him an object of great interest, the conversational center of an exciting hour. After that he shaved it off frequently.

He lived this life, bored to death, until he fell down the steps of the hotel one night and broke his knee-cap. He then took to his bed, and had the time of his life. His friends called daily—young men and young women—and the broken knee-cap furnished what his life had lacked hitherto: a conversational topic of unending interest. He spent thousands and thousands of pounds upon

FIFTY-ONE years ago Jeremiah Leeds bought Absecon Island for forty cents an acre. To-day that same strip of land is called Atlantic City and is valued at 90,000,000 of dollars. Atlantic City is the premier watering-place of the world. The most famous resorts of Europe—Scheveningen in Holland, Brighton in England, San Sebastian in Spain and Trouville in France—are as candles to the electric light when compared with the varied and beautiful attractions of Atlantic City. Its Boardwalk stands peerless in the whole world. In July and August, during the season's height, the Boardwalk becomes a magnificent spectacle of beauty, fashion and wealth. More magnificent gowns, a more lavish display of jewels and a greater number of beautiful women can be seen here of a summer evening than in the grandest court function of the old world.

Real Estate values in Atlantic City have risen 1000 per cent. in the last 10 years. It is the undisputed Queen City by-the-Sea. It has an estimated population of 250,000. Busy streets, handsome cottages, palatial hotels cover the island from shore to shore, and its popularity seems to increase with each succeeding season; and

are going fast, since this is the only desirable unoccupied land within six miles of the Queen City Resort where prices are prohibitive to all but the wealthiest.

This is a grand opportunity for the man of small capital. Here a family may live inexpensively, amid quiet shade and cooling breezes, within a few minutes' ride of the world's greatest ocean Sanitarium with its manifold pleasures, delights and advantages. It is certainly a most unusual proposition. A bank of earth is the safest bank on earth for the investment of one's earnings. It cannot burn, neither can it be stolen nor suffer from financial panic. The earth is the source of all wealth.

Mr. Alfred Adams, Jr., the millionaire beach front property owner of Atlantic City,



ALFRED ADAMS, JR.

was among the first to recognize the advantages of Atlantic City Heights in the heart of Absecon, and among the first to purchase. He has consented to reply to all inquiries as to the standing of the Company and the goodness of the investment. Prominent business men have also purchased largely. Property is sold under wise, permanent restrictions, and to white people only. Every facility is offered for investigation.

The price of these lots at present is only \$25.00. Corners \$5.00 extra. Six lots, including a corner, would cost \$150.00, the regular price. To readers of this magazine the Company will make a special price of \$115.00 for six adjoining lots, including



Absecon Light House

the consequent demand for property is sending prices ever skyward. Everybody who has invested in Atlantic City real estate has made money and many have made millions. In the judgment of those who know, the next five years will see an equal rise in values in the city's suburban property. The heart of the city is badly congested and expansion is absolutely necessary.

There is but one direction—the high land at Atlantic City Heights in the modern city of Absecon on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, six miles and only eight minutes' ride from the Boardwalk. In this direction is located the only desirable high ground available for building purposes. It is seventy-five feet above the ocean, and nestles in the midst of the prosperous and beautiful city of Absecon, with its macadamized streets, electric lights, good sewerage and pure water; its schools, churches and stores. This delightful park-like suburb, so blessed by Nature, is the only outlet for Atlantic City's ever-growing population, and land values are increasing rapidly.

Here one inhales health from the delicious, life-giving breath of the balmy pine and the restless ocean. Bay and lake provide boating, fishing, swimming. Wooded heaths of oak and pine abound with game. Trips in motor launches or sail boats can be made from Absecon Bridge, the center of the city, via the inside waterways to Atlantic City, Somers Point, Ocean City, Longport and the thriving little city of Port Republic.

Access is easy. An eight minutes' ride from the handsome depot via Pennsylvania Railroad brings one to Atlantic City's famous Boardwalk. All trains stop, through express included. Trolley cars run at frequent intervals between Absecon and Atlantic City. Six tickets, 25 cents. Another trolley line is surveyed through to Port Republic on the famous Shore Road.

The Seashore Land and Improvement Co. have bought up this property and are selling it in building lots, 30 x 100, at prices that will seem ridiculous five years hence. Under such conditions, the lots

a corner; this is a saving of \$40.00, and this offer is for early acceptance. You can save \$11.50 by paying cash within 15 days from date of purchase, making the net price of these lots only \$103.50. If it is not convenient for you to pay cash they will sell you lots on easy weekly or monthly payments. You only have to pay \$2.00 down on six lots and \$1.00 weekly on the balance. The Company does not charge readers of this magazine any interest on the unpaid balance, and there are no taxes until 1907. The Company does not charge for the deed, and after 1907 the taxes will only amount to about 15 cents on each lot.

Should you die before lots are paid for, your heirs will receive a clear deed—life insurance of a most practical kind. If you desire to build before July first, half the purchase price of your lots will be returned and every assistance given you in your undertaking. As to the safety of the investment; so sure is the Company of the value of the land that it gives a written guarantee that the lots will increase in value at least 30 per cent. within a year, based on the price at which they will then be selling similar lots; otherwise, your money refunded with six per cent. interest. Titles guaranteed by one of the large Trust Companies.

In making your own selection you may get the best choice, but as you are not familiar with the locality, it will be to your own interest to leave the choice to the Company, and you may rest assured that they are worthy of your confidence, and you will get absolutely the best location.

If, after six months from date, you desire to change to another location, they will transfer you without expense. If you prefer, a booklet and map from which to make selection will be sent upon request. By enclosing \$1 with name and address, as many lots may be secured as desired, up to six. Satisfaction is guaranteed or the dollar will be returned. Address SEASHORE LAND AND IMPROVEMENT CO., 54 N. 13th St., Philadelphia. Excellent opportunity for good agents.

surgeons and doctors; but remained in his room, drinking more and more heavily, until he died, eighteen months after the accident.

His was an absolutely useless life, framed in millions; and there are not hundreds but many thousands of similar young men whose lives amount to no more than did his.

## When the Yankee Came

(Continued from page 6)

on he muttered: "I'm an old fool!"

On the following day the young fellow's grandfather called. He was an old man, but full of affairs. He built factories. He was a typical Yankee. His eye was shrewd. He spoke quickly. Each expression was a sort of verbal snap-shot. The Colonel held open the door for him; but he sat down on the bench. He had only a few moments to stay. He had called The Colonel broke in to ask if he had come to speak about the golf links. He said: "Hang the golf links!" He wanted to see about the purchase of land for another factory. The Colonel asked him to smoke. He took a cigar, chewed upon it for a few moments, and threw it away. "Well," he said, "let's get down to business." The Colonel replied that there was plenty of time. The Yankee appeared surprised. "I thought maybe you would like to sell," said he. The Colonel would; but there was no great rush. "Were you in the army?" he asked.

"Yes, in Blank's Cavalry. This piece of land—"

"I was with Forrest," said the Colonel. "Were you in this part of the country?"

"Not during the war. I expect to employ six hundred hands additional, and this as you must know will be a good thing for the community. The land—"

"Then we could not have been engaged opposite to each other during the war; for the most part of my fighting was about here and in Tennessee."

"We can't establish an immediate friendship out of former contest," said the Yankee; "but we can get down to immediate business. Now if I had hacked you over the head with a sword, or if you had shot me, and we could by comparing dates establish the fact, we might come to some business understanding. Wish we had."

"Your voice seems familiar to me," said the Colonel.

"No doubt. I've been here long enough."

"Just step inside and I will talk over the land with you."

He held open the door. The Yankee entered the hall. "Here's something familiar," said he, pointing to the old clock. "If I'm not mistaken, I sold it to you just before the war."

"What, are you the fellow that said 'Good-afternoon'?"

The Yankee laughed. "Yes, I'm the man."

"Well, I'll swear!"

"Guess it's about time."

Young Turner and Polly came into the hall. The sentimental eyes of the Colonel read their story. The Yankee laughed.

"Take the land," said the Colonel. Then all of them laughed.

## BOILING IT DOWN

THERE is a paper published in Connecticut whose proprietor, also the editor, has a craze for condensation in news stories. "Boil it down! Boil it down!" he will shout at every new-comer (and at the veterans too, for that matter) until the whole staff seems possessed of only one idea, and that: "Boil it down!"

One afternoon there came to the office by long-distance telephone notice of a terrific explosion on board a craft then cruising in Long Island Sound. Calling one of the reporters, the editor said:

"If you can catch the next train, you will be down there by five o'clock; and can easily write something for our night edition; but, for Heaven's sake, boil it down!"

The reporter literally followed his instructions; for his message came in these words: "Awful catastrophe. Anna Carter. Boiler empty. Engineer full. Funerals Friday."