

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

Has the largest circulation of any Weekly Newspaper Published in Union County.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 1

WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1908.

\$1.50 Per Year. Single Copy 3c

Do You Want a Home in Westfield?

We will build you one in

WESTFIELD HEIGHTS

Between Cumberland Street and South Avenue

Ten minutes walk from the station.

The highest property in Westfield.

Fully restricted.

Lots, 50 feet front.

Lots, 122 to 157 feet deep.

Prices, \$500 to \$750 per lot.

We make all improvements.

Sidewalks, Sewer and Macadam Streets.

Terms for lots,

\$100 cash and \$15 per month.

No taxes for year 1908; or, pay cash for your lot and we will build you a house.

WILCOX BOND CO.

Corner Elm Street and North Avenue.

WESTFIELD HIGHLANDS is the section of Westfield where all the building lots are on high ground. The entrance, at First street and Rahway avenue, is only three blocks from the depot. You can build a house as cheap as \$3,000, thus getting a modern residence in a fully restricted section for very low cost. Lots are sold very cheap and on monthly payments, if desired. Ten lots sold to leading builders of Westfield this week for immediate improvement. Several sales also to out-of-town purchasers. Better select your lot soon for they will not last long.

H. C. LOCKWOOD,

38 Elm St., or 141 Broadway, New York.

HOW TO PREVENT RAVAGES OF THE ELM-LEAF BEETLE.

Chairman of Park Commission, Gives Some Interesting Facts.

Mr. A. L. Russell, President of the Westfield Park Commission, has written the following letter to the STANDARD, which is interesting for the information which it gives of the habits of the elm-beetle, which is, at present, infesting the trees in Westfield:

Editor of the Standard.
Sir:—
The elm-leaf beetle has been in this country since 1897, and its range now extends from New England to South Carolina and westward to the Alleghenies. Government investigations show no other food plants than the elm. The beetle begins eating early in the spring, laying eggs on the fresh elm leaves. These eggs hatch in about a week. The larvae or worms eat from 15 to 20 days before reaching adult size. The adults then reach the ground by crawling down the trunk or falling from the branches, and seek some cover—either under the rough bark or some other place, in which to change into the beetles. This takes from six to ten days. The beetles are winged, and immediately fly into the trees again for food, mate and lay a fresh lot of eggs, and another brood is hatched. There are two or more broods each year. There are two remedies recommended by different authorities. The most effective is spraying the trees with arsenate of lead. The other remedy is some

firm of destruction of the larvae on the bark and at the foot of the trees, when it is in the condition as it is at present in Westfield.

Park experts in Brooklyn have been consulted; they have had very serious trouble, and they advise us to have the trunks of the trees, and the ground at the foot of the trees sprayed with kerosene emulsion. This will be done at once, and will be followed by spraying the foliage with arsenate of lead.

The contract has been made with a company which has done a large amount of business in neighboring towns as well as in New York State and in Massachusetts, for the work.

All elm trees outside the fence line will be treated, beginning in the center of the town and working out. There are some elm-leaf larvae on the trunks of maple trees, where they have gone to change into beetles, but there is no evidence of any eating of the maple leaves. The tussock moth and the gypsy moth are the insects which attack the maple leaves, and nearly all other shade trees. These have caused the serious damage in Brooklyn, but as yet none are reported in Westfield. If they are found, however, the remedy is spraying with the arsenate of lead, and banding of the trees is effective for the tussock moth, of which the female is wingless, and of which the female is winged, and flies up into the tree.

Owners of elm trees will have opportunity to make arrangements to have trees not on the street line sprayed while the operating company's men are at work in the town.

A. L. RUSSELL,
Pres. Park Commission.

"BIKE" RACES PLANNED.

W. H. Quackenbush to Undertake Revival of Sport in Westfield, August 8th.

TWO BIG EVENTS.

One, Scratch Race for the Championship of County; Other a 10 Mile Handicap—More Than \$100 in Prizes.

Bicycle racing will be rejuvenated in Westfield on Saturday afternoon, August 8th, when two races, one a scratch race for the championship of Union County and the other a 10 mile handicap road race, will be held in this town.

W. H. Quackenbush is the man who intends to bring back a revival of this popular and exciting sport. In order to give the local riders every chance to win the valuable prizes that will be offered the races will be restricted to riders residing in Union County.

Mr. Quackenbush visited New York City this week and there received assurance that the manufacturers will donate prizes to the extent of more than \$100, the chief prize in the 10 mile handicap road race probably taking the form of a racing bicycle, the make to be announced later. The first prize in the one mile scratch race for the championship of Union County will be a solid gold medal emblematic of the championship.

While in New York Mr. Quackenbush had a conference with R. F. Kelsoy, chairman of the board of control of the National Cycling Association, which controls all bicycle racing in America, and Mr. Kelsoy promised to do all in his power to make the races a success. He agreed to sanction the races so that the championship race will be an annual feature in Westfield's sporting history.

While at course all the details have not yet been completed some of the plans have already been formulated. If a suitable course can be found the 10 mile road race will start and finish in Westfield, the riders going 5 miles in both directions, to make the required distance. The races will consist of both time and place, so that every rider will have an equal chance.

If enough entries are secured the one mile championship of Union County will be run in heats, with the first two riders in each to qualify for the final. It is expected that there will be enough prizes so that every rider who finishes in the final heat will receive something. The gold medal will be well worth winning, in view of the fact that it will be emblematic of the championship of this county, as it will be sanctioned by the controlling body and by virtue of that will be recognized all over the world as such.

Mr. Quackenbush is working on the details and expects to give the Westfield public an interesting sport as they over have witnessed. Entries for the races should be sent to him.

THE CLEVELAND MEMORIAL.

Local Citizens Invited to Contribute to the Monument Fund.

In order to perpetuate the memory of a great American citizen, Former President Grover Cleveland, a committee of leading officials and citizens, of New Jersey, has been formed to receive subscriptions with which to erect a fitting memorial at Grover Cleveland's late home, at Princeton, New Jersey. The committee is—

Former Senator John F. Dryden, Former Senator James Smith, Jr., Gov. John Franklin Fort, Lawyer Richard V. Lindabury, Mr. George H. Hartford, Mr. George W. Fortmeyer, State Treasurer Daniel S. Voorhees and Former Governor Franklin Murphy.

Contributions may be sent to the State Treasurer, Daniel S. Voorhees, at the State House, Trenton, treasurer of the committee. It is desired that every citizen of New Jersey, irrespective of party, shall give to this worthy object. Any contribution, no matter how small or how large, will be welcome.

The STANDARD starts the ball rolling by a contribution of \$2.00. Any citizen of the town who desires, may send his contribution to this office, and it will be forwarded to Treasurer Voorhees.

CONTRIBUTIONS:

Union County Standard.....\$ 2.00

Have You Been to Bellewood?

Delightful mountain resort of 300 acres on the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Special excursion train every Sunday from Pictou 9:00 a. m. Fare seventy-five cents, children forty cents. Trolley cars run direct to station.

THE TREES WILL STAND.

Councilman Schmitt Says Only Those in Front of Cemetery Will be Cut Down.

AND FEW ON DEEBE ESTATE.

Mountain Avenue Sidewalk Will be Laid to Conform to Trees—To Go Around Big Elm.

Councilman John J. Schmitt, chairman of the sidewalk committee, announced to a Standard representative yesterday, that none of the trees on Mountain avenue, except those in front of the Presbyterian cemetery, and a few on the Deebe property near Kimball avenue, would be cut down, as a result of building a sidewalk on the west side of that thoroughfare. Councilman Schmitt said that his committee had made a careful investigation, and assisted by Town Engineer Vars had reached the conclusion that the majority of the trees could be saved.

"The trees by the Presbyterian cemetery," said Mr. Schmitt, "must be cut down as the embankment there must be reduced to the level of the street. There are also a few trees on the Deebe estate that must be cut down; they are dead anyway. But you may say positively that no other trees on Mountain avenue will be cut down."

"The line for the proposed sidewalk has been laid by the town engineer, and where the sidewalk interferes with the trees, provision has been made to go around them. The old elm tree on Orchard and Mountain avenue is directly in line with the sidewalk, but we shall build the walk around it. That is too fine a tree to be cut down. The people of Mountain avenue need have no fear about the safety of their trees. We will protect them."

"The Common Council of Westfield, and the Westfield Park Commission has no desire whatever to cut down trees unless such a course is a proven matter of necessity."

Councilman Schmitt said that considerable grading would have to be done on Mountain avenue in connection with the proposed improvement, and the greatest difficulty would probably be encountered at the Presbyterian cemetery, where the big trees would be cut down and the embankment leveled to the street. He said the committee had spent several days working on the matter, and some work was yet to be done before the actual work of laying the sidewalk could begin.

MRS. CLIFFORD W. HARTRIDGE DIES IN PITTSBURG HOSPITAL.

Mrs. Clifford W. Hartridge, daughter of the late Supreme Court Justice, Leslie W. Russell, and the wife of Lawyer Clifford Hartridge, of New York, who gained the reputation as counsel for Harry Thaw in his first trial for the murder of Stanford White, died on Monday last in the Homopathic hospital in Pittsburgh, of cerebro-spinal meningitis.

The late Mrs. Hartridge formerly lived in Westfield in the Bridges cottage on Lawrence avenue. Last October she suddenly disappeared from her home in New York city, leaving no clue by which her family or the police could trace her. For several months the police searched for Mrs. Hartridge, then came the publication of the story that she had been found in Germany. This story was never fully authenticated. Prior to her marriage she was Jessie Russell. Her home was in Canton, New York.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hartridge were well liked by the people of Westfield, and they had many friends in this place.

Building Boom in Westfield Highlands.

Work on the new school at First street and Osborn avenue has been commenced and the sale of ten lots for immediate improvement is reported. Messrs. E. W. Wilcox, T. A. Pope, J. L. Miller, O. E. Gottlieb and Lawrence Powers have each purchased two lots on First street near the school site and will commence actual building as soon as plans are completed.

This section is fully restricted. Houses must cost at least \$5,000 and only one can be built on each 50 foot lot. Westfield Highlands falls a need long felt in Westfield, where the man of moderate means can secure a home at low cost on fine ground, close to the center of town, and be secure from objectionable surroundings.

FIRE IN BISCHEL HOUSE.

Explosion of Gasoline Stove Does \$1,200 Damage Early Tuesday Evening.

FIREMAN TOBIN OVERCOME

But Soon Revives and Resumes Work—Hose Cut in Two by Freight Train—Sick Woman Carried from House.

By the explosion of a gasoline stove, resulting from the boiling over of a pot of soup, the house owned by Mrs. Charles Bischel, at the corner of North Elmer and New streets, caught fire at 7:15 o'clock Tuesday night. It is estimated that \$1,200 damage was done before the blaze was extinguished.

John Tobin, a fireman, was overcome by smoke while working inside the house; he was carried to the street by his comrades. He soon revived, and pluckily returned to his place at the hose.

Mrs. Gilfoil, who was sick in the Bischel home, became alarmed at the cries of fire in the house and fainting. She was carried to a neighboring house and soon recovered. Mrs. Gilfoil was taken to the hospital yesterday where, it is said, she will undergo an operation.

The fire started in the bathroom where Mrs. Bischel was boiling a large pot of soup on an oil stove. Mrs. Bischel went to the floor below to carry a plate of soup to her sick friend, Mrs. Gilfoil, and during her absence the soup boiled over, and the gasoline stove exploded. The fire spread rapidly and it was not long before all the rooms on the upper floor were ablaze. Smoke poured from the windows and the flames burst from the roof.

A young man on the train arriving in Westfield at 7:25 o'clock saw the flames coming from the rear windows of the house, and as soon as the train arrived in Westfield he rushed to fire headquarters and reported it to Fire Chief Decker. At the same time a small boy came running up and told the Chief that there was a fire on Elmer street. The alarm was sounded, and the firemen were on the scene in a few minutes. Two hoses were placed; one from the hydrant on the Hart property, on Central avenue near Ross place; and the other, a secondary hose, from the hydrant in front of J. S. Irving's coal yard, on Central avenue, this side of the railroad track.

After thirty minutes hard work the fireman had the blaze completely under control. The flames did not get below the second story, but on this floor the rooms and contents were badly damaged by fire and water. Fire Chief Decker estimated the damage to the house at \$800.00, and to the contents at \$500.00.

The secondary hose which had been run from Irving's coal yard was not needed, fortunately. Through some unavoidable mistake on the part of Flagman Fogarty this hose, which was placed across the Central Railroad tracks, was cut in two by a passing freight train, which was not signalled in time. The engineer made every effort to stop in front of the hose, but the big engine skidded over the rails cutting the hose apart, and the water spouted in all directions. Fire Chief Decker will report the matter to the railroad officials. He thinks that the mishap was due to the confusion on the part of Flagman Fogarty as to whether he should put down the gates or flag the train. In such cases it is the rule to flag the trains coming in either direction. It is reported that Flagman Fogarty delayed in signaling the train. As is customary in such cases the railroad will probably pay for the hose.

In speaking of the fire, Fire Chief Decker declared that he was very proud of the work that his men did. He said that the boys were quickly on the job, and took orders like trained soldiers.

The new fire horse "Tuck" looked well in harness with "William G." and Chief Decker thinks that the horse will be purchased by the department. He is a product of North Plainfield, where he was a "faithful" in the fire department of that borough. He was brought here on trial, and according to Fire Chief Decker he has made good.

Donations to the Children's Country Home.

From June 29 to July 12.

Dr. Sawfo, medical attendance; Dr. and Miss Coles, ice cream on July 4th for the children and their friends; Miss Peckham, bananas; Mrs. Cooley, beans; Walter Clark and James Clark, Jr., ice cream; Miss Coles, songs and papers; Mrs. Arkell, pens and nuts; a friend, two jars of fruit; Mrs. Cuckin, pajamas.

Mrs. ARTHUR N. PIERSON,
Committee.

SOME ANNALS OF WESTFIELD

Dr. Morgan Tells of the Convention at New Providence in His Last Paper.

THE OLD ONE HORN CANNON

Not a Revolutionary Relic—It Is Not a Field Piece, But a Cast-Off of Civil War, Says Writer.

The convention assembled in the Presbyterian Church at New Providence and issued the following:

WHY SHOULD THE WHIGS OF '70 VOLUNTEER?

Inasmuch as the Tories of '70 would have led British, together with their Indian brethren, to the peaceful cottages and habitations of American freemen, we view with compassion, but, we must add, with the highest indignation, the present attempt made and making by some of these same Tories to dissolve our union, destroy our strength and put an end to our happiness and felicity.

Wherefore, we, the old troops of '70, being over and above the age of 45 years, of sound body and full strength and mind, volunteer our services to our common country for the purpose of punishing foreign invaders and domestic traitors; that we will defend to the last moment the invaded land of our nativity and freedom, and will ever stand ready to sacrifice our lives in punishing in the most cheerful manner (sic) any vile assassin who has or who may attempt a separation of the happy union of America.

That as soon as a sufficient number shall subscribe to constitute a volunteer corps, a day shall be appointed for choosing officers to said company by a plurality of votes.

Therefore, we herewith cheerfully affix our names this fifteenth day of August, 1812, and stand ready to repel foreign aggression or to meet the daring and unblushing British partisans on Day's Hill, or elsewhere, at any time they may wish or deem proper to appoint.

(Signed)

AMOS POTTER, Chairman.

LEVI WILCOX, Clerk.

(Adjourned to September 3, 1812, on which date it is reported, "as we have nearly a sufficiency of signatures to form a company, it is recommended that another company be formed expeditiously, in order that all field and company officers may be chosen at our next meeting.")

That our declaration of war came none too soon is indicated by this copy of a circular which was circulated in the port of Jamaica, British West Indies in 1812-1813. The meaning of "on the usual terms" of course was that British subjects less than one hundred years ago claimed the right to sell American citizens as slaves! "Masters of vessels about to proceed to England with convoy are informed that they may be supplied with a limited number of American seamen (prisoners of war), to assist in navigating their vessels, on the usual terms, by applying to George Maude, agent, Jamaica, W. I."

In the War of Independence there was no National Capital, and the enemy's policy was naturally to occupy what he could, and do all the damage he could. New Jersey being the most accessible state, suffered the most from this policy. In the War of 1812 we had a capital—Washington, and the enemy naturally made that its objective, and New Jersey was untouched. The enemy burned Washington only to be driven back in defeat with the loss of their Commander-in-Chief at North Point by the citizens of Baltimore who gathered a 1' instant and fought with that desperation for their homes that no standing army yet ever prevailed against! Even Napoleon admitted that his legions could not fight against la guerre de chambre!

The old "one horn" cannon now in the Soldier's plot in the cemetery is not a revolutionary relic. It is not a field piece. At my request the late Col. Daniel Morgan Taylor of the U. S. Ordnance Department and Superintendent at the time of the Springfield, Massachusetts Arsenal examined it. His idea was that it was doubtless a condemned piece such as were thrown out by the hundreds at the beginning of the Civil War when the government re-mentioned all the forts. It is of the sort that was called a parapet or barbet gun (or it might have been in a case-mate). To have dragged it over the hills on a chicken raid would have been rather strenuous work! When local patriotism in civil war times demanded something in fire salutes with at good news from the front, these old pieces were in demand. Those that fired them

Continued on Page 8.

During 1907

The Prudential paid over 200 death claims on policyholders who lived in foreign countries, all over the world. They insured while in this country, and kept their poli-

cies in force after they left it, often going to considerable trouble to get their premiums to the Company. This is additional proof of how highly policyholders regard



The Prudential,

Newark, N. J.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, La Grippe, Asthma, Throat and Lung Troubles. Prevents Pneumonia and Consumption

THE ORIGINAL
LAXATIVE
HONEY AND TAR
In the
YELLOW PACKAGE

Gale's Pharmacy.

J. W. Manhattan

DEALER IN

All Kinds of BLUE STONE.

Residence 50 Elm Place, Plainfield, N. J.

Flagging, Curbing, Sills and Coping.

All work done under my personal supervision and guaranteed.

Best Imported
TEAS & COFFEES
At HALF Price

Finest Teas, 10c, 7c, 5c, Best 37c, a lb.
Finest Coffees, 11c, 13c, 18c, Best 33c, a lb.
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Elm St., WESTFIELD, 56 Pine St., N. Y.
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Estimates Cheerfully Fur-
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Steam Marble and Granite Works.

FENCING FOR CEMETERY PLOTS.
Large Variety of Granite Monuments
Pneumatic Tools for Lettering and Carving.

L. L. MANNING & SON.
Front St., Cor. Central Ave.,
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Rev. I. W. Williams Testifies.

Rev. I. W. Williams, Huntington, W. Va., testifies as follows: "This is to certify that I used Foley's Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble, and am free to say that Foley's Kidney Remedy will do all that you claim for it." GALE'S PHARMACY.

THE DIPLOMAT

By A. M. Perkerson.

The diplomat pressed his finger tips together and gazed pensively into the fire. A valet glided into the room.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir."

"Who is she?"

"She declines to give her name, sir."

"Is she slender; brown hair and eyes; imperious carriage?"

"Yes, sir."

A satisfied smile stole over the diplomat's face. "Show her into this room."

"This way, madam," said the valet.

A girl of dark, passionate beauty swept into the room. "My business is very important," she said.

"There is no danger of being overheard," the diplomat replied.

"I am Theresa Victoria, daughter of President Manuel Victoria," she said, in a low voice.

The diplomat kept a wary eye on her right hand, which was concealed in a fur muff.

"Now, I intend to shoot you as coldly and brutally as you did him."

The hand in the muff moved, and the diplomat spoke hastily. "I knew two days ago you were coming," he said.

"Far from assassinating your father, I was the only one who tried to befriend him in his misfortune. Look at this."

He took a slip of paper from the desk. It read:

Discharge Manuel Victoria. (Signed) MIGREUL GONZALES.

"I forced that from Gonzales when your father was in prison, but it came too late. I was hand in glove with Gonzales at the insurrection two years ago. But we were never anything more. I wanted your father ousted from the presidency, but I would have done anything to protect him from personal injury. I forced Gonzales to give me that order, but before I reached the prison I learned of his assassination." He paused a moment.

"It was not I who killed your father; it was the commander of the prison, Capt. Manuel Imes."

"But I thought—" the girl interrupted.

"You thought that Imes was your father's best friend, and had to fly the country. Imes murdered your father because he thought that by assassinating him he would gain favor with Gonzales."

"Gonzales was anxious to get rid of your father, but he had nothing to do with his murder."

He pressed a button in the wall near the desk. "Ask Capt. Santos to come here," he said to the valet. "He is Imes," he explained to the girl. "He fled back three months ago, thinking, as you did, that I was your father's

enemy. I have been sheltering him since."

The door opened. "Capt. Santos," announced the valet. A large fat man with a flabby, bestial face entered.

"Theresa Victoria," the diplomat said in a low voice, sweeping one hand toward the girl, "daughter of President Mansel Victoria." The fat man's face suddenly became white, and he moved back until his hand rested against the wall. "The man who assassinated your father." The diplomat pointed to Imes, and turned to the girl. She was looking at the man against the wall, her eyes flaming. Suddenly her hand whisked from the muff and something glittered. A pistol cracked, and the fat man tumbled to the floor.

The diplomat jerked the pistol from the girl's hand, and seized her by the arm. His hand ran along the walls noting and something clicked. A secret door flew open. It was the entrance to a dark corridor, into which he thrust the girl.

"Follow this passageway," he exclaimed. "It will take you to the street. Never tell any one what you have done."

He slammed the secret door to and hurried back to the man on the floor. He was dead. Slipping the girl's pistol into one of the lifeless hands, he rang for the valet.

"Remember, you admitted no one to this room but him," pointing to the body on the floor.

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes the police had been summoned. "Suicide, captain," the diplomat explained. "Money matters, you know. Poor devil!"

Study of Mountain Sickness.

Although the subject of mountain sickness has been carefully studied at different times, and reported upon by skilled observers, the effects of prolonged residence in high localities have not received the same attention from scientists. It is taken for granted by most writers that after a certain length of time a healthy man can adapt himself perfectly to any degree of altitude. Medical practitioners resident in elevated parts of South Africa have, however, lately cast doubts on the ideas which are usually held on this subject. Observations on persons apparently well acclimatized to an elevation of 8,000 feet above the coast level frequently reveal a constant increase in the pulse rate, while the examination of a number of Johannesburg school children showed a large proportion of cases of cardiac hypertrophy.—London Hospital.

Two of a Kind.

"He called me a coward because I wouldn't fight him."

"Yes? And what did you say?"

"I called him a coward for trying to fight with a man he knew was afraid of him."—Cleveland Leader.

And Blower to Spread Them.

The pure in heart are slow to credit calumnies.—John Porter.

Empty Story.

The path of glory leads but to the grave.—Gray.

Foley's Orino Laxative, the new laxative stimulates, but does not irritate. It is the best laxative. Guaranteed or your money back. GALE'S PHARMACY.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Local News About People of Westfield and Its Suburbs.—Other Items of Interest.

—Miss Ruth Morton left Saturday for Virginia.

—A. S. Flagg and family have been at Dover.

—James Hill has returned from Trenton, N. J.

—Mrs. A. T. Hulso has returned from Boston, Mass.

—Allen Hartman has returned from Boston, Mass.

—George Greenwald is home from Norfolk, Va.

—Wilson Braut has returned from Atlantic City.

—Henry Wilson left Tuesday for Lake George, N. Y.

—Mrs. J. H. Price has returned from Manassas.

—Roy Wright has returned from Atlantic Highlands.

—Herbert Marsh is at home from Asbury Park.

—Walter Thomas has returned from Philadelphia, Pa.

—Miss Isabelle Austin has returned from Albany, N. Y.

—Miss Joannette Pierce left yesterday for New Hampshire.

—Miss Eleanor McDonald has returned from Spring Lake.

—Mrs. E. L. Waterman returned Saturday from Annadale, N. J.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mitchell have returned from Cleveland, Ohio.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Knight have returned from Long Branch.

—Charles Adams and family have moved here from Brooklyn.

—A. E. Snyder and O. J. Ortleb spent Sunday at Lake Hopatcong.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cook have returned from New Haven, Conn.

—Mrs. Albert Holmes has been visiting her sister at Perth Amboy.

—Miss Elsie Grim has been visiting friends in New London, Conn.

—Richard Dickson and family left Tuesday for Lake George, N. Y.

—W. R. Lynde and family have gone to Netcong, L. I., for a few weeks.

—Work has commenced on a house for Paul Schludensky on Elm street.

—Clarence Toms left Monday night for a month's stay at Long Branch.

—R. O. Thompson, of Prospect street has returned from the Thousand Islands.

—S. A. Grim and family left Wednesday for a month's stay at Ocean Grove.

—Miss Adole Sharp, of Brooklyn, is visiting Miss Mabel Welles, of Rahway avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Dare, of Allentown, Pa., are visiting relatives in this place.

—Robert Perry has been spending a few days with his family at Lake Hopatcong.

—Arthur Richards and son of Poughkeepsie, are visiting O. O. Robbins, of Clark street.

—Miss Mario Boswell, of Philadelphia, Pa., is visiting Miss Essie Cooper, of Central avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, of Blairtown, are visiting relatives on Downer street.

—N. S. Nelson and daughter, of Beverly, N. J. are visiting O. A. Backwell, of Elmer street.

—Mrs. C. J. Martin and son, of Yonkers, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. T. O. Harris, of Park street.

—Mrs. G. A. Martin, of Bound Brook is visiting her sister Mrs. O. H. Welles, of Rahway avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wilbur, of Bonton are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Wright of Summit avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Carson, of Washington, D. C., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Price, of Elmer street.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Roberts, of Camden, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Welles, of Central avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Emmons, of Bloomfield are visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Collins of South avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Oliver, of New Haven, Conn., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Brown, of South avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Jones, of Stamford, Conn., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Perry, of North Broad street.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Van Brunt, of Jersey City are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Harris, of Cumberland street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wilcox, of Jacksonville, Fla., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Wilcox, of Central avenue.

—Miss Bell Cross entertained a number of young people Monday night in honor of her cousin, Miss Edna Higbee of Harrisburg, Pa.

—Miss Della Henneham and Miss Mary E. Rogers entertained Sunday at their home in Stoneleigh Park. Those present were Miss Mary Conway and her sister Miss Nora Conway from Groenpoint, Brooklyn; Daniel Aspinwall, of New York; Miss Annie V. Rogers, of Plainfield; Miss Annie Henneham and Bernard Feeley, of Westfield.

The Excellent Wanamaker "Queen Mary" Toilet Preparations

We began to make these splendid toilet preparations of our own because we wanted a series of such articles in we could unreservedly recommend for their efficiency, purity of ingredients, and freedom from injurious elements. And we could find none that came up to the high standard we set.

Queen Mary Toilet Preparations are made as our own laboratory, and we control and inspect every part of the process. The Queen Mary Soaps are made outside, but under equally strict supervision. We should like to have you know more about all of them—the delicious Perfumes, the cleansing and strengthening Phytalia for the hair, the refreshing Odontine for the teeth, and all the rest. A full display is in the Toilet Goods Store, whereof these hints:

Phytalia, for the hair—finest tonic for the scalp and relief from dandruff, at 45c, 85c, \$1.25 bottle.

Crema Wana—a greaseless cream for the face and for massage use—pleasantly perfumed; prevents and removes wrinkles, tan, etc.; 50c jar.

Cologne Aromatique, in 8-ounce bottles at 50c each.

Violette de Paris Toilet Water, better than any similar article, 75c.

Violet Talcum Powder, pure, agreeably scented, 15c.

Violet Ammonia, pint bottle, 25c. As good as can be made—not the cheap, unsatisfactory kind.

Odontine Tooth Powder—used and recommended by the most eminent people. 35c bottle.

Queen of Violet Perfume is equal to any 75c violet made, 45c bottle.

Violet Toilet Water, 4-oz., 50c; 8-oz., 75c. The best violet water at its price.

Knickerbocker Hard-water Soap—a pure, finely milled toilet soap; lathers freely in hard as well as soft water. 3 cakes for 25c.

Sensible Bath Tablets—a large, 8-oz. bar of soap, suitable for the bath; finest quality; 10c a cake, or \$1 a dozen.

Wanamaker Sandalwood Soap—Oriental style of package, 10c cake.

Reine Marie Floating Soap, 8-oz. cake of good soap that floats, 5c.

Wanamaker Sensible Tooth Brushes—the best, most practical of all brushes, 35c; children's size, 25c.

Wanamaker "Best Quarter" Tooth Brushes, fully guaranteed (as all our brushes are). 25c each.

Main floor, Old Building.

JOHN WANAMAKER

Formerly Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Eighth to Tenth Street

New York City

What Killed the Adjutant.

A good story from the regimental Journal of the "Fighting Fifth" concerns Col. then Capt. FitzRoy and dates back to 1860. FitzRoy was possessed of an air-gun, and one afternoon he took a shot at an adjutant, a bird which, being an excellent scavenger, is protected from injury by a fine of 100 rupees. Several people saw the bird fall, but heard no report. There was, of course, a hubbub and a court of inquiry was ordered to investigate the bird's death.

As luck would have it, FitzRoy was appointed president of the court, the finding of which was duly recorded as follows: "The court, having carefully investigated all the evidence brought before it, have come to the conclusion that the bird died of sunstroke." (Signed) Phil FitzRoy, Captain and President.—Allahabad Pioneer.

Words Failed Him.

He was a cowboy, and some comparative strangers had stolen his horse. His friends rallied round him, and, anxious to give him every chance, trundled up a barrel for him to stand on while he gave out his views on the matter. He was known as a gifted swearer, and a large audience had assembled in the hope of hearing something special. He got up on the barrel and looked round him. Then he drew a deep breath, and, with a sigh, climbed down again. "Boys," he said, sadly, "it's no use. I can't do justice to it."

Straight from the Shoulder.

"Oppression, gentlemen," shouted the orator, "like a boa constrictor or anaconda of gigantic size and immeasurable proportions, wraps the foul coil of its unwieldy body round the unfortunate patriot's soul—loud and reverberating as the nocturnal thunder rolling in the midnight empyrean—finally to break its tyrant neck upon the iron wheel of independence, or, on the other hand, forcing him first to desperation, then to madness, in the end to crush him in the hideous jaws of mortal death."

Origin of the Bolster.

The Crusaders are said to have brought home with them the bolster, and, according to Dr. Cantlie, their wives, in ignorance of the only rational way of using the article (i. e., placed lengthwise as a support for the back of a person when lying on his side), and not knowing what else to do with it, put the bolster where it is still found on the beds of those who have not learned the wisdom of discarding it altogether—under the pillow!

ALLOWS VOTARIES NO PEACE. Unfortunate Indeed Are Those Unduly Superstitious.

The superstitious woman started to go down town, but found that she had forgotten something. It was hard work to get her to go back for it, but when she did she sat down for a few minutes to "take the curse off" before going out again. On the sidewalk she passed a cross-eyed man, and had hard work to keep from spitting three times over her left shoulder. The first car that came along was No. 13. She let it go by, and waited eight minutes for another. On the way down town she remarked to a friend that she "had been in excellent health this summer." Instantly she was obliged to loosen her glove and rub her bare palm on the wood of the bench before her. As she and her friend were walking on Twenty-third street some thoughtless person darted between them. The superstitious woman was much disturbed and worried over the thought of a coming separation. That night her husband upset the salt-cellar. She insisted on his taking a pinch of the salt and throwing it over his shoulder. When she discovered that she had been wearing one stocking wrong side out all day. It was a sign of good luck, and it allowed her to go to bed happy. But sometime in the night a dog howled diabolically under her window. From that moment she has been looking for a calamity. Nothing will make her believe that there will not be a death in her immediate family.—New York Times.

TATTOOERS DRINK THE BLOOD.

Part of the Operation as Conducted by Expert Japanese.

Young Lieut. Marlinspike revealed on his right arm an Uncle Sam, and on his left a peacock, while round his neck a gleaming serpent was coiled, its mouth holding its tail.

"This is Japanese tattooing," the lieutenant said, proudly. "I've had it done in all. My two tattooers drank quite a pint of my blood."

"Jap tattooers are all blood drinkers. They like it. They get to like it in the end as you or I like tobacco." "You see, as they work, the blood wells forth; it flows over the design, and then, very carefully, without smearing the wet ink, they lick the blood up delicately with the tongue. Every Jap tattooer, as he picks and picks away at you, bends down every few minutes and licks the little riding tide of blood away."

"If he is a seasoned tattooer he swallows the blood. He likes it, he says."

CEMETERY GROUNDS
TELEPHONE 65-J.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

Wants and Offers.

NOTE—No advertisement for this column can be taken for less than ten cents. Display notices 12 cents per line.

Announcement.

No advertisements taken over the telephone for this column. All ads. must be prepaid.

MRS. MURPHY'S private school, 104 Clark St., reopened Thursday, September 20th.

GUNNING tubular roofing and roof painting; 10 years actual test. For sale by C. A. Smith.

FOR SALE—Mortgage of \$5,500 on good security. Two lots of land suitable for development, at very reasonable prices. Frederick B. Taggart, bank building.

CHARPENTIER—Joining and Scaffolding. Charles B. Bonn. Phone 236 W. 270 North Avenue.

FLAT TO LET—19 Prospect street.

FOR SALE—Two-family house; good location; lot 60 x 100; in Plainfield. Price \$1000. Also building lots, at a low price, in Scotch Plains and Westfield. Inquire of A. D. Leggett, Westfield, N. J.

MRS. C. L. HUGHESMAN, teacher of piano. Summer term. Studio 14 Ross Place.

WILLIAM F. SLOSS, THE BRAND ROOM. Market solicits your patronage. Address: Cumberland street, Westfield, N. J. House: brown of all sizes, White and stable brooms. References.

FLAT FOR RENT, 129 Broad street. H. A. Love, agent.

PLEASANT furnished rooms for rent. 12 Walnut St.

LARGE BAY ROOM with board in private family; best location, within 10 minutes walk of depot, north side; large rooming house; suitable for a comfortable home. No transients. P. O. Box 626.

WANTED—A place for general housework, in small family. 33 Spring street.

WANTED—To rent a house with privilege of buying. Suitable for boarding house. A. D. Leggett, 23 Broad St.

TO LET—Four rooms. Rent \$9.00. 144 South Elmer street.

WASHING and ironing done out. Mrs. Powers, 81 Elmer street.

WANTED—Electric fan in perfect condition. State particulars and price. Electric Fan, Standard office.

A thoroughly competent woman wants a position in small family as general housekeeper, or cook, or will go out by the day. Address: L. H. Standard.

FOR RENT—Large pleasant rooms, with board. 301 Broad street.

FOR SALE—Edison home phonograph, records, horn, etc. Cheap. 55 Elmer street.

FOR SALE—Three corner lot, North Avenue, fronting on Osborne Avenue, Westfield. Inquire 274 North Avenue.

CHAUFFEUR, age 23, position in private family; good mechanic, careful driver, reference and own registration. Wm. Holz, Jr., 6 Main St., Newark, N. J.

WANTED—Laundry work to take home. 33 Spring St.

All kinds of **LACE CURTAINS** done up equal to new. 15 cents pair. Address: A. J. Curtains, 23 Broad P. O.

FOR SALE!

10 Room House on Lot 75x180

One of the best locations in town.

Price \$5500.

EASY TERMS!

HERBERT L. ABRAMS

Tel. 135-L. Pearsall Building

JOHN J. COGER

Real Estate,

ELM AND QUIMBY STREETS.

FOR SALE.

Desirable houses for sale from \$3,000.00 to \$16,000.00.

LOTS for SALE, Cash or Installments

A Kindergarten

will be opened in the fall in Westfield, if a sufficient number are guaranteed. Parents wishing the school could greatly aid the movement by enrolling now without solicitation. Address:

M. N. RICHMOND,

Miss Richmond's College Preparatory School, Cranford, N. J.

Frank Recardo,

Painter and Decorator.

Wall Papering a Specialty.

South Elmer Street.

Jobbing Promptly Attended to.

P. O. Box 486, Westfield, N. J.

R. L. CRICKENBERGER,

PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING,

14 Years Experience With Local Employers.

206 PARK STREET - WESTFIELD

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

STRENGTH
STABILITY
SECURITY

The Peoples National Bank of Westfield

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Local News About People of Westfield and Its Suburbs—Other Items of Interest.

—Miss Anna Richardson has returned from Boston, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Adams are home from Baltimore, Md.

Henry Rogers, of Phillipsburg, is visiting friends here.

—Miss Ruth Stauffer is suffering from a severe attack of poison ivy.

—Mr. Nelson Archbald, of Elmer street, is enjoying a week's vacation at New Haven, Conn.

—Miss Irma Moffett, is visiting her sister Mrs. C. H. Bilyeu of Plainfield.

—Mrs. John M. C. Marsh of Mountain Avenue, is visiting friends in Ohio.

—Mrs. B. H. Woodruff and Mrs. Fred Slater are at Manassas for the summer.

—Mr. Lawrence B. Jackson, of Dudley Avenue, will sail to-morrow for England.

—Miss Anna D. Cooper entertained a children's party at Garden City, Long Island, last week.

—Miss Hazel Sloan of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting at the home of Councilman J. J. Schmitt.

—Mrs. W. H. Griswold, of Indiana, is visiting at the home of Mr. W. J. Taylor of Westfield Avenue.

—Mr. R. O. Thompson and mother of Prospect street have returned from a trip to the Thousand Islands.

—Judge E. R. Collins is at Burlington, Vt., attending the annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture.

—Mr. Thomas O. Young of North Avenue, will leave to-morrow for a two weeks stay at Swamp Lake, N. Y.

—William Blinn and family of Walnutport, Pa., are visiting at the home of Edward J. App, of Kimball Avenue.

—Frank Howe, assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Orange, and a former Westfield resident was a visitor in town this week.

—Mr. A. J. Kenney and family of First street, will leave to-morrow for Big Indian in the Catskills, where they will spend two weeks.

—Mrs. Frank Ham and sons and Mrs. M. B. Mapes of Prospect street, left on Wednesday morning for a two weeks stay at Kingston, N. Y.

—Mr. O. M. Smith and daughter, Miss Bessie Smith and Mrs. Harold Thompson, left on Tuesday last for a stay at Livingston Manor, N. Y.

—Mr. J. W. Davis and the Misses Marie and Winnie Davis sail from Boston to-day, for Costa Rica, Central America. They will visit Port Limon, San Jose and other cities.

—The ten year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morgan, Jr., of Park street, had his leg broken yesterday morning by being caught in the wheel of an ice wagon. Dr. R. R. Sinclair set the broken bone.

—An error occurred in last week's issue in the mention of the Gilfoil case. The name of William Eustice being used instead of Thomas Eustice. William Eustice was in no way connected with the affair.

—Mr. Joseph D. Bennett left this morning for a visit with relatives at Stroudsburg, Pa.

—Miss Ruth Morton of Park street, is spending the summer at Charlotte county, Va.

—Mr. Sydney L. Kniffin and family are spending the summer at Lake Minchew, N. Y.

—Dr. R. R. Sinclair and family returned on Tuesday from their stay at Behmar, N. J.

—Miss L. L. Terry of South Broad street, has returned from a week's stay at Ocean Grove.

—A daughter arrived yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Talbot of Highland Avenue.

—Miss Lonise A. Baker of South Avenue, is spending a month at Cayuga Lake, New York.

—Dr. Richards, of Easton, Pa., visited his cousin, Mrs. Frank Moffett, of Carleton Place, this week.

—Mrs. William H. Bohner who has been visiting in Westfield has returned to her home in Ypsilburg, Michigan.

—The Men's League of the Methodist Church with their many friends enjoyed a trolley ride to Boynton Beach, last night.

—Mrs. O. C. Downes and son Gerald, are visiting Mrs. Downes parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Whitaker of Prospect street.

—Mrs. Anna Decker of Broad street, left yesterday for a visit with friends at High Bridge, N. J. and Stroudsburg, Pa.

—Miss Lora Moffett, of Central Avenue is spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. B. H. Woodruff at Manassas.

—Mrs. J. H. Wells, and children, of Elm street, left yesterday for a stay of several weeks in Sullivan County, New York.

—The Misses Laura and Dora Snyder, of Ocean Grove, are visiting their brother, Mr. George Snyder, of Broad street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oricenberger of Lenox Avenue, are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter on Monday morning last.

—Mrs. Alex. Morrison of New York City, has been a guest at the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. J. C. Morrison of Elm street this week.

—Mrs. Atkinson and daughter Maud, of Brooklyn, are in town for the summer, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lindley Leggett, of Mountain Avenue.

—The Westfield Steam Laundry will be closed all day on Thursday next giving all the employees an opportunity to go on the Big Eight Excursion to Ocean Grove.

—Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Harvey left on Wednesday morning for Asbury Park, where Dr. Harvey is attending the thirty-eighth meeting of the New Jersey State Dental Society.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Westfield Building and Loan Association will be held next Tuesday evening, at which time dues will be received as well as subscriptions for stock in the 24th series which is now running. The Association is now offering money to loan for the first time in some months. See their advertisement in another column.

We are Candidates

For your patronage, if you want Painting and Decorating done. We promise the best work at reasonable prices.

WELCH BROS., Inc.

205 Broad St., Westfield, N. J.

A Good Investment

Lot 100 ft. by 235 ft. Lawrence Avenue, just off Dudley Avenue. All improvements. \$25 per foot.

Wm. S. Welch & Son

Tel. 168 205 Broad St.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Special Sale—Next week we will place on sale good bound books, good paper, large type, only 30 cents each. Snyder's, Elm street.

Yours—for Soda Water. If your judgment is as good on everything as it is on soda water, why, then! I think you can ask Papa, People of good judgment soon find that our soda as well as our home-made ice cream is the best that can be made and is ALWAYS THE BEST. We're headquarters for everything in the line of home-made cream, soda water and candies. Come in and bring your best girl along, no matter how capricious or how critical, we are sure she will be satisfied with you, if you treat her to some of our cream or soda or, perhaps, better, to both.—New York Candy Kitchen.

WHEN you are going to move or store your furniture call on H. Willoughby & Sons. They can't be beat. Telephone 114-J. Office 314 North Avenue.

BAUMANN sells Kodaks on easy payments to responsible parties.

McMAHON'S is the place when looking for good groceries and just prices. Tel. 3-J. 118 Broad street.

STORAGE—O'Donnell Brothers are now equipped to take goods on storage. Good accommodations, good care, reasonable prices. Office, 56 Elm Street. Tel. 288-J.

FOR SALE—Top soil and soil for filling in. Fifteen thousand yards. Apply to H. Willoughby & Sons.

Nice, fresh eggs for breakfast when this hot weather, your appetite is a little indifferent, with some of Trampore's delicious coffee and you will start the day well fortified to battle with the heat. Call or ring up 249-w. Trampore and you will get just what you want. Other groceries, too, of course.

Advertised Letters.

Mrs. D. Quinton, A. Jorjenson, Mrs. W. H. Brohn, Miss Harriet F. Flower, Miss Mary Brown, Miss Essie Jones, J. R. Johnson, Mrs. Fannie Warden, Dr. F. W. Werseba.

Foreign—Philo Cicero, Michele Crocco, Rocchitto Antonetto, Jeneroso Ragieroz.

(8623)

Report of the Condition

OF THE

PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

of Westfield.

at Westfield, in the State of New Jersey, at the close of business, July 15th, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$173,506.48
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	22,500.00
U. S. Bonds on hand	27,500.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	1,231.25
Bonds, securities, etc.	55,478.71
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	2,792.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	91.10
Due from State Banks and Bankers	6,201.48
Due from approved reserve agents	21,832.04
Checks and other cash items	570.63
Notes of other National Banks	220.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	12.27
Specie	\$10,047.00
Legal-tender notes	10,307.00
Retention fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)	1,125.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5% redemption fund	602.50
	\$313,307.91

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	10,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	4,031.75
National Bank notes outstanding	22,500.00
Due to other National Banks	\$2,991.81
Due to State Banks and Bankers	520.13
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	1,027.01
Individual deposits subject to check	306,477.03
Demand certificates of deposit	15,032.50
Certified checks	35.00
	\$313,307.91

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, } ss:

COUNTY OF UNION,

I, J. M. Walsh, 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. WALSH, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of July, 1908.

A. K. GALE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

R. R. SINCLAIR, } Directors.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND, }

J. E. GALLAGHER, }

HAVE YOU VIEWED

Terrace Park

from North Broad street? That will give you a good idea of how the land lays in this exceptionally well located neighborhood. The general character of the residences, almost all of which are owned by the occupants, will also be apparent from that view point, and a closer inspection of them on walking through the various avenues, should convince you that this is a restricted property which is restricted. :: :: ::

THE WESTFIELD REAL ESTATE COMPANY

OFFICES: 221-223 Broad St.

E. S. F. RANDOLPH, General Manager

STOP KNOCKING!

It skins your knuckles, and spoils the varnish; besides it cannot be heard in the kitchen. The MODERN SHOP COMPANY can fix that bell of yours as well as do any and all kinds of ELECTRICAL WORK, and do it thoroughly, well and promptly at the MODERN SHOP COMPANY BUILDING, Prospect Street.

TELEPHONE 25-J.

The New Jersey State Normal and Model Schools at Trenton Will Re-Open Sept. 14th, 1908.

The Normal School is professional, devoted to the preparation of teachers for the public schools of the State.

Cost per year for board, \$154 to \$174. Tuition free.

The Model Schools offers thorough academic and business courses and prepares for the leading colleges and technical schools. Students may be received from any locality.

The total cost in the Model School, including board and tuition is from \$200 to \$320 per year.

The moderate prices are made possible by State aid in the cost of buildings.

Early registration is necessary to accommodation, especially in the girls' dormitories.

For further information, address

J. M. GREEN, Principal.

UNION BUSINESS COLLEGE

Summer School

208-210 Broad St., Dix Building, Elizabeth, N. J. Tel. 603 W.

F. R. BERRIMAN, Principal.

The Biggest Sale of the Season
In Real Estate!

We have just sold the Amos Clark Property, fifty acres of choice land, extending from upper Highland through to Mountain Avenue.

We Can Sell or Buy Property

For You!

DORVALL & SCUDDER,

Real Estate and Insurance

Loans Negotiated on Bond & Mortgage!

Offices: 54 Pine St., N. Y.
Elm St., Westfield.

Telephone: 2495 John.
200 Westfield.

\$8,000 To loan on
Bond and Mortgage
Interest, 5%

During the past few months the demand for money has been so great that we have not had enough to supply all the applicants.

Through the regular course of business we are now able to offer the above sum, or any part of it, on real estate located in Union county.

Make application at once as the meeting will be held next Tuesday evening.

ROBERT W. HARDEN, Secretary.

The Westfield Building & Loan Association

Open Friday evenings. Close Saturdays at noon.

BAMBERGER'S

THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE

MARKET, HALSEY & BANK STS.

Second
Week
of the
Great
July
Sale.

L. BAMBERGER & CO.,
NEWARK, N. J.

Established 1860.

Tel. 59.

W. W. CONNOLLY CO.

Undertakers and Embalmers

EDWARD N. BROWN, Manager.

Office Elm Street,

Westfield, N. J.

Two Clasp Silk Gloves, regular 50c, at 39c.

12 and 16 Button Length, regular \$1.00 and \$1.25,

at 75c & 85c.

L. A. PIKER,

161 BROAD STREET.

WESTFIELD, N. J.

R. F. Hohenstein

Deals in Flour, Feed, Grain, Hay and
Straw, Shavings and Peat Moss, Harness,
Blankets and General Horse Equipments
and a full line of all Poultry Supplies.

Prospect Street,

Westfield

Telephone connection.

ADVERTISE

In the "Standard"

A Change Of Bill

The electric signs at either side of the stage winked and the number changed to 8.

In the audience people glanced at their programs and stumbled over the phrases which announced Senor Avarillo and Dainty Marguerita in the thrilling death-defying knife-throwing act.

"I wish they wouldn't have such things," said the woman with the firm chin in the first box. "It is so nerve-racking! What if a knife should slip?"

The audience held its breath with the same mental question as the curtain went up and disclosed the large upright board against which Dainty Marguerita twice a day was outlined by the deadly hatchets and knives of the Spanish gentleman attired in crimson and yellow and with the sweeping mustache. Always when he first came on and bowed to the blaudits Senor Avarillo was wont to wave a hand upward and through one side of the mustache before he gracefully whirled about toward the board. Marguerita, misimilingly bowing, wondered with a dull weariness how many hundred times she had seen him make that identical gesture.

There even had been a time when she, too, admired it, but that had been three years ago, when she had just married him and he had cared about her. It had been some time now since she had come to realize that everything was ended for her.

When Avarillo grew tired he also grew brutal. Not that he struck her. His cruelty was as graceful and subtle as his stage gestures. When she had reproached him with the patent fact that he cared for her no more he had merely murmured endearing phrases in his own tongue and smiled, and that smile had piled the last stone on the tomb of her hopes.

It was not love for him. As she watched him sorting his deadly weapons and noted his gratified vanity at the interest of the spectators she wondered if she did not hate him desperately. She had reached such a negative state of mind that she was not certain even about that. She was only dead tired; tired of the footlights glaring in her face, of the rustling of the half-seen people in the body of the theater, of the orchestra music, and, most of all, of standing plastered against the board.

Once he glanced at her seelingly, and his eyes were malignant. They changed as they swept to the wings, where stood the song-and-dance woman, who came next—all pink satin and rouge, with her languid eyes bent upon him. Marguerita understood, but jealousy did not torment her, for one gets beyond that after a time. She did not care.

It came to her that if only she could care about something—could be happy or enraged—life would look simpler.

There came an excited rustling from the spectators as the large frame pasted over with Manila paper was set up in front of her as she rested against the board, for this was the thrilling finale of Avarillo's act. When she was thus hidden both from him and the people in the theater, the man, with an apparent blindfold over his eyes, hurled his knives through the paper up and down either side of her, and then, with a flourish, tore down the flimsy shield to show Marguerita safe and smiling amid the shikking steel blades.

She counted mechanically the whizzes and thuds. One—the knife at her foot. Then gradually they crept up her left side toward her head.

A sickening disgust, the climax of her misery, swooped over her. With a sudden fierceness she desperately swerved behind the paper barrier from her position toward the right to be in line with the course of the knives as they should make the turn over her head and creep down that side.

The singing knives were making the line up the left side, from which she had moved, at her waist, a little higher—and then from the spectators a smothered cry as the knife, on a level with her heart, curved and landed three inches closer than it should!

There was a pause as if they awaited her shriek, and then Senor Avarillo continued his throwing.

The woman against the board turned her head and stared with fascinated eyes, in which horror grew, at the knife that had been thrown to pierce her heart. The spectators might be deceived into thinking it a careless slip—but she knew better. Still staring, she swerved back into her original position out of the way of the knives now descending on her right side.

When the paper shield was torn down Senor Avarillo did not look at her. As he bowed gracefully to the people in front of him she watched with eyes still full of horror.

"She looked scared," cheerfully said the woman in the first box to her companions.

Off the stage Dainty Marguerita went straight to the manager and announced that she had made her last appearance. She had experienced an emotion at last and that emotion was fear.

"But Avarillo is our best card!" protested the angry manager.

"Oh, Avarillo!" repeated Marguerita in a dazed way. "He will stay! It is just myself who is going."

"Where?" queried the manager.

"I don't know," said the woman, simply.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

By Erskine Roddard

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The dying twilight from the grainy east flickering, ghostly shadows over the cozy room. Alice Chandler sat gazing into its depths, battling with a vague unrest and discontent at things in general.

Ten years had passed since Paul Merrill had written telling of his love for her, and asking that he might come to her for his answer. "If there is hope for me, just a word from you and I shall come," he had said; "but if not, I would spare you the pain such an answer would inflict on your gentle heart. If you cannot care for me, silence shall be my answer."

These words burned themselves into her soul, even before she penned the simple words which meant so much to both:

"Dearest: Come. And may your coming bring into your life and mine supremest joy."

She gave the precious missive to her father, as he started to his office that morning, and she fancied he must have understood its significance; for he kissed her with unusual tenderness, and slipped the note into his inner pocket.

She awaited his coming with confidence, for they had long been lovers, and his coming meant the consummation of their secret hopes.

As the days wore on and he did not come, she began to wonder; and when she learned that he had left suddenly, without a word of explanation or farewell, she summoned all the pride of her nature to meet the curious, well-meaning questions of friends. And it was a cause for thankfulness, she felt, that her own father never suspected the misery that lay hidden deep down in her heart, through the weeks, and months, and years.

Now, as she reviewed the emptiness of the years since he had gone, she wondered, dully, how she had endured it all.

Suddenly, impelled by an impulse she could not resist, she rose and went into her father's room. Through tear-dimmed eyes, she saw that everything was just as he had left it; and now, after the first bitterness which the shock of his death had brought to her, she could almost feel his presence, as she touched lovingly, reverently, his belongings, and the garments he had worn.

She became absorbed in her work, as she went through his wardrobe, planning the disposal of the various garments. For she felt that it was showing more respect to her precious dead to give those garments where they would bring warmth and comfort than to hoard them selfishly.

She went through the well-worn pockets tenderly, carefully, that she might not miss some token or treasure she should prize. She was rewarded, for here she found his favorite pocket knife, the wonder of her childhood days; the knife that had fashioned many a wondrous toy. Again she came upon the worn purse which had always responded so generously to the growing demands of girlhood and young womanhood. So the pile of treasures grew; a memorandum book, letters, business and friendly; little things which revealed the personality of the man.

At length, in a neglected corner of the closet she lifted from its peg a faded coat which she viewed with some surprise. With difficulty she recalled it. He had not worn it for years. She remembered now the day, years ago, when he had come in shivering from the cold and had removed this coat for a warmer one.

"Strange," she mused, "how such trivial things will cling to the mind so distinctly. I remember it was the very day I sent that note to Paul."

With a strange premonition in her heart, she began to search feverishly through pocket after pocket; and at last she found, just as she knew she should, in the inner pocket, the note she had written then.

"Poor, poor father," she murmured. "And he wouldn't have caused me a minute's suffering for worlds."

Gradually her course became clear to her. "In fairness to both of us, he should have that which is his," she thought. She inclosed the note within a word of explanation, and forwarded it to him. If he was the same Paul, the one she had loved, he would understand. He would come to her; if not—

Well, she should be thankful, even if her idol, proving itself clay, were shattered; for then, perhaps, she should know the meaning of peace, though it were the peace of a broken heart.

Again, Alice Chandler sat before the grate, while the flames darted and played cheerfully, casting grotesque figures in the gathering twilight.

Not 24 hours had passed since she sent the message, and she was nursing, half-bitterly, at the folly which prompted her to do it.

Even as she mused, she caught the sound of eager footsteps in the hall without. There was a rap at the door, and Paul, the same impetuous boy as of old, was entering, without waiting to be announced.

She was face to face with him; he, Paul, not the other, the phantom of her doubting brain.

"You?" she found voice to say gladly, half-incredulously.

"Alice, darling, you doubted me," he reproached her. As he spoke, he drew her close to him. "You should have known I would have come."

SAVE WIDOWERS FROM SNARES.

Elderly Colonel Advocates Passage of Most Stringent Law.

The arrival of autumn turned the old colonel's thoughts toward death.

"I know of three millionaires septuagenarian widowers," he said, gloomily, "whose sons killed them because they were about to marry young girls of 20 or so. It is a very dangerous thing for a rich old man to marry a young girl."

"Were I a legislator, I'd propose a new law, a law to protect Gobsa Goldo or Potter Hoxo, with their 75 years, their millions and their vigilant, middle-aged, grasping sons and daughters, from the peril of wedding some beautiful creature of 18 or 19 summers."

"This law should say simply that no man over 65, if he married a woman more than 16 years younger than himself, could leave his wife a cent of his property nor could he—lest in his lifetime he make transfers to her—handle after his marriage any part of his estate save only the income."

"The colonel chuckled rather sadly.

"Such a law," he said, "would do much to prevent so many pretty girls from falling in love with us grizzled, tottering capitalists."

COMMON LOT OF ALL MANKIND.

Who is There Among Us Who Can Escape from Worry?

Calmness and serenity are recommended for almost everything in these days. Horace Fletcher considers these qualities even more important than chewing, in the attainment of health. The beauty doctors say that no cosmetics will avail to prevent wrinkles and preserve youth without calmness and serenity, and they are said to be the most potent of all charms in her who would be pleasing to the opposite sex. "Be serene, sweet maid," says the authorities; "let who will be vivacious."

It all sounds very simple, but in order to follow such advice it would be necessary to be a hermit, and then what would be the use of being well or beautiful or attractive? How can anyone be serene who plays golf, or has cantankerous relatives, who wants to argue about woman suffrage or religion, or who has not a sure and certain and adequate income? Man that is born of woman is born to worry, as the sparks fly upward, and it is only adding irritation to his other woes to tell him that all good things may be his if he will only be serene.

Retribution.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix—with perfect diffusion and interpretation of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him, and fear in me.—Emerson.

The Necessity of Work.

I cannot regard work as the highest necessity of man. The noble man is he who is idle, who cherishes, nourishes and develops himself; thus do the gods live, and man is the god of creation. This is my heresy. I have confessed it. But in the chair of confession there sits another being, and he is really right when he says: Well, my child, to do nothing, merely to be here—that would be the worst and the most sublime. Very fine! But as no man can be here without another working for him—come here, stand on this point—then each must also work. None is here merely for the sake of being, nor others merely for the sake of working.—Auerbach.

Sam's Only Enjoyment.

The colored people of the seacoast of the Carolinas, like all superstitious classes, take a fearful and hysterical pleasure in a funeral, and regard it as enjoyable affair. They are often heard, when about to attend a funeral, to wish each other a pleasant time.

The gardener of a family in the town of G— once went to Charleston on a visit of a week. Upon his return home the lady for whom he worked said: "Sam, did you have a pleasant time in Charleston?"

"No, ma'am," replied Sam, "a very poor one. And if one of my friends had not died while I was there I would not have enjoyed myself at all."

Needed a Change of Air.

John Talbot Smith says that on one occasion a well known and esteemed priest called upon Archbishop Ryan to ask for a vacation on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absence from his parish, the archbishop could not forego the opportunity of a good natured dig:

"The physicians say that you need a change of air, father?"

"They do, your grace."

"How would it do to try the air of your parish for a month or so for a change?"—Freeman's Journal.

Delay in commencing treatment for a slight irregularity that could have been cured quickly by Foley's Kidney Remedy may result in a serious kidney disease. Foley's Kidney Remedy builds up the worn out tissues and strengthens these organs. Commence taking it today. GALE'S PHARMACY.

She Was the One Girl

There isn't much in life for me any more. There might have been, I am pretty sure that if she had loved me it would have been different. She would have given a rose-colored tint to the universe.

A four room flat with her would have been equal to a palace of Jasper and sand—whatever that is—and brown stone. A chimney in the front bay window would have been equal to a grove of nightingales. Twenty dollars down to an installment house would have given me all the luxurious velvet piled rugs, pictures, statuary, bric-a-brac, tapestries and hangings that I needed. A half pound of cold ham, a dime's worth of Saratoga chips and a bottle of milk in the ice-box on the porch would have been a worthy equivalent of the larders, cellars and \$5,000 chefs of the rich and great. But now!

She strung me. She did it to the queen's taste. She made me think I was all the table condiments and the after lunch nints. She did this for months. Then the little goat on the top of the clock broke loose, and I woke up and rub my eyes.

It wasn't me. Not at all. I was regarded in the light of a very dear friend—who was willing to fall for the price of most any old evening. Billy Chandler was the real bales of coaly merchandise, Lilly!

It was her eyes and her hair—just hers—her laugh and the way she moved that got me razzle-dazzled. There's somewhere in the neighborhood of 'steen billion girls floating around loose, but there isn't anything just exactly like her. That's what's the trouble with me.

Well, I've got to buck up and bear it. Guess I'll go around to the drug store and get a cigar and then stroll down to the sad lake waves and think some more large thoughts. A fellow can't think with ragtime playing in the room below. Not the kind of thinks I'm having.

Three days gone by. I'm still alive, but I didn't expect to do the frog act anyway. It's going to simmer down to a dull ache after a little. I'll have a feeling like the parquet at five-thirty on a matinee afternoon, according to the best authorities, and that will stay with me for the rest of my days.

I wonder what that is they're playing now! It's a new one to me. Yes, it's going to be one great goodness for Willie. Some of these days when I can bear the pain I shall chase myself around to where Mrs. Chandler lives and see a golden-haired little child skipping the rope on the pavement outside or tripping a measure to the strains of the piano organ. He will have her mother's eyes.

I shall say: "Little one, tell mamma that an old friend would like to see her." And she'll come down looking as if she's just about all in and with only a pathetic suggestion of her former beauty. After awhile she will say: "And you never married?"

"Never once," I shall say. "There was only one woman in the world for me." Then she'll blush—and—

I guess I do not know what that is, too. They seem to be whooping it up down there. I wonder if I'd be considered fresh if I kicked in? I was to have the privileges of the parlor with the other boarders, so I don't see why not. Those drug store cigars are pretty bum.

Wonder if that Miss Kessick isn't in the bunch. She isn't real horrid to look at, anyway.

It doesn't cut any ice with me, of course, but she certainly is the real Michigan specially, sun-ripened and just as good with the red mosquito bar off as with it on. If I had only met her about six months ago there'd be nothing to tell. But I'm spoiled for anything else now. The dull ache has set in, and unless I'm thinking of something else, it stays right with me, just like Miss Libby says.

Kessick! Funny thing I never took any particular notice of her until last week. I guess I must have been tolerable busy since I came here. She certainly isn't like the factory made article, isn't little Margaret. There's something to her. She's a mixer, all right, and she'll stand for a jabbing and not linger at the come back.

And, while you're talking, that girl has got eyes that somebody ought to put smoked glass over in the interests of the public safety. I've seen eyes before, but—I don't suppose I ought to buy her candy on a short acquaintance, but the candy money I've been saving the last week or two certainly ought to have an outlet somewhere. After a short while, when the bunch gets together, I must spring myself for ice cream at the drug store as a kind of starter. I've got to do something evenings.

That drug clerk is a wise boy. He's on to his job, all right. "No, we haven't any of that in stock. We don't carry it anymore, anyway. Here's something that doesn't cost as much and it's every bit as good. I think myself it's a little better. People get hurt to try it, anyway. People get in the habit of taking some one thing and they think there isn't anything else will do, and that's where they're wrong. You try this. It won't be but a little while, till you just swear by it."

I wonder. I'm a little leary of 'em, but I don't believe she's the kind of girl that would string a fellow, and she could string 'em plenty if she wanted to. You can't beat her for looks. Here goes for the candy, anyway.

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Fine finished worsted and velvet cassimere suits, single breasted models; rich, dressy fabrics, suitable for any season. Gray prevails. Former price \$16. Now	11.75

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75 Double Breasted Suits, with straight pants. Warranted all wool; pants full lined. Sizes 10 to 16 years. Former prices \$4.50 to 5.00. Now	2.75
110 Sailor and Russian Suits, novelty and staple designs; the highest class garments made for children; sizes 8 to 9 years. Former prices \$0.50 to \$10.00. Now	4.75

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WESTFIELD, N. J.

Standard's Checkers and Che Column.

Edited by Rufus S. Green. CHECKERS.

"Second Double Corner."

We have already studied the "Double Corner" opening, in which the first player (black) starts out from his double corner.

Here however it is the second player (white) who thus opens.

Trunk game, 11-10, 2-10, 10-10, 18-14, 8-11, 22-18, (0) 11-10, 18-14, (this is W's strongest move, although 25-22 and 27-21 can also be played for a draw.) 9-18, 28-10, 20-27, 18-10, 17-21, U, 12-10, 20-28, 4-8, 81-27, 8-12, 27-21, 0-9, 25-21, 10-20, 82-27, 7-11, 20-25, 1-0, 80-20, 2-7, (1) 21-19, 11-10, 25-22, 7-11, 19-15, 10-19, 23-7, 8-10, 27-23, 10-24, 14-10, 0-15, 18-11, 12-10, 22-17, 9-18, 26-22, 24-27, 23-18, 27-31, 18-14, 81-27, 14-0, 5-14, 17-10, 27-23, 11-7, 16-19, 7-2, 19-24, 2-0, 21-27, 6-9, 27-31, 10-7, 81-27, 9-14, 27-24, 22-18, 28-26, 14-9, 20-22, 18-14, Drawn.

(a) 27-20, 8-11, 22-18, 10-15, 25-22, 15-19, 23-16, 12-19, 29-25, 9-14, 18-9, G-14, 82-27, 8, (b) 27-23, 8-12, 23-10, 12-19, 31-27, 6-10, 27-23, 3-8, 23-10, 8-12, 26-23, 30-23, 10-15, 22-17, 7-10, 25-22, 7-28, U, 1-C, 23-19, 14-18, 17-14, 18-25, 19-10, 10-17, 21-14, 20-30, 16-12, 80-26, 12-8, 15-19, 24-16, 11-18, 8-3, 7-11, 8-7, 11-15, 7-10, 15-19, 10-15, Drawn.

(b) 22-17, 19-28, 26-10, 8-12, 17-10, 6-24, 28-19, 11-16, B wins.

(c) 9-14, 18-9, 1-14, 25-22, 11-15, 32-28, 15-U, 28-19, 4-8, 22-18, 8-11, 18-9, 6-13, 29-25, 11-15, 27-2, 7-11, 25-22, 1-16, 21-17, 16-20, 31-27, 2-7, (d) 23-18, 7-11, 17-14, 10-17, 19-10, 12-16, 18-15, 11-25, 30-1, 13-17, 10-7, 3-10, 14-7, 17-21, 7-3, 21-25, 8-25, 30-26, 22-30, 26-17, 12-10, 17-22, 10-23, 1-6, 24-19, 6-10, 19-16, 10-14, 27-24, Drawn.

(d) 30-25, 7-11, 25-21, 10-14, (e) 11-10, 11-16, 21-17, 15-18, 22-15, 13-31, 10-6, 1-10, 15-6, 31-26, 6-2, 3-8, 2-7, 8-11, 7-10, 11-15, 10-14, 15-18, 14-17, 21-31, W wins.

(e) 19-10, 11-15, 23-19, 15-18, 22-15, 13-31, 10-6, 1-10, 11-6, 14-18, 6-2, H-26, 2-6, 26-23, W wins.

(f) 26-22, 10-15, 23-19, 15-18, 21-17, 9-13, 25-21, 11-16, 14-9, 5-14, 18-9, 10-15, 23-18, 7-11, 9-6, 16-19, B wins.

BLACK.

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32

WHITE

End Play.

Problem No. 50.

Black: Man on 14, kings on 30 and 31.

White: Kings on 21, 22 and 24.

White to move and win.

Solution: (a) 24-20, (b) 31-27, 20-10, 27-24, 16-11, 24-19, 22-17, U-18, 11-15, 10-10, 17-14, W wins by thus getting "the move." This is a very beautiful and instructive problem.

(a) 24-19 or any other move than 24-20 will only draw for white.

(b) not 80-26, for 22-17, U-18, 17-22, W wins.

Problem No. 51.

Black: Man on 22, kings on 19 and 30.

White: Men on 20 and 29, king on 12. Black to move and win.

CHESS.

Music and Chess.

As is well known, Sir Walter Parratt, M. V. O., the newly appointed professor of music in Oxford university, is an enthusiastic chess player. On one occasion at St. Michael's college, Tenbury, he undertook to play two men in consultation and at the same time play on the pianoforte from memory pieces selected by those present from any of the classical writers for that instrument. He not only played brilliantly during the games, never once losing at the board, but conversed animatedly with several persons, who did their best to distract him. The game lasted an hour, and Sir Walter was the victor. His pianoforte selections while the game was in progress came from such giants as Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin, and he afterward explained that for the greater part of the hour he had been intensely interested in the efforts of a fly to disentangle itself from a spider's web!—Westminster Gazette.

Problem No. 50.

Black: K on KR4, R on Q6, Kt on K, P's on Q3 and 4, KKt6 and Q1. 7 pieces.

White: K on KR3, R's on QB4 and

QR5, Kt's on K4 and 7, B's on KB4 and QR3, P on KKKU. 8 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution:

1. R to Q4. 1. Any move. 2. R, Kt or B mate accordingly.

Problem No. 51.

Black: K on QB5, Kt's on K5 and K13, P's on KB3 and 4, Q5, QR3 and QR5. 8 pieces.

White: K on QB5, R's on KKt5, and QKt5, B's on K13 and QR5, Kt's on K13 and QB7, P's on K2 and QKt2. 0 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE OYSTER.

James Russell Lowell Was Prepared to Add a Few "Facts."

One of the most profound remarks ever made by that profound philosopher, Thackeray, was when he passed two tubs of oysters side by side and he saw one was labeled "Is a dozen" and the other "11 ad a dozen." He exclaimed: "How those oysters must hate each other."

Well, "even an oyster may be crossed in love," and William Dean Howells has another tale to tell about the psychology of the oyster. At one of the little suppers that the poet Longfellow gave to the brilliant Cambridge critic James Russell Lowell paused with the pepper box poised above his plate of oysters to say whimsically: "It's astonishing how these fellows love pepper."

"Dear me! You don't say so!" ejaculated a nice, prosy old gentleman who used to sleep through the suppers. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and Lowell was fairly launched into an account of how a red pepper, accidentally dropped into a basket of oysters, had been drawn out with half a dozen of the bivalves clinging to it, when the ever gentle Longfellow interposed to save his matter-of-fact old friend: "Woma's Home Companion."

FRESH AIR FIRST REQUISITE.

Without it, Perfect Condition of Health is impossible.

If people only knew what good health and good spirits attend sleeping with one's head under a window tent, one and all would do it, says a bulletin of the Indiana health department. Coughs, colds, pneumonia, consumption and all other diseases of the air passages are principally induced by breathing foul air. The window tent supplies fresh outdoor air to breathe and at the same time permits the body to be in a warm room. The head is accustomed to the cold, and in very cold weather an ordinary woman's knit hood may be worn to protect the ears and cheeks. During the night and when asleep the tissues are repaired and the brain and nerve cells are recharged with energy. Pure air is the great factor in repair work. Consumption and catarrh in their early stages can be cured by breathing fresh air night and day.

A Fast Record.

At a political convention held in Illinois the importance of nominating a popular man for a certain close district was thoroughly recognized. A speaker had just renominated a personal friend for the position, and in an elaborate eulogy had presented in glowing terms his manifold merits, especially emphasizing his great services on the field or battle as well as in the pursuits of peace.

After he had finished a voice was heard in the rear of the room. "What we want is the man that will run the best."

In an instant the orator was again on his feet.

"If you think," he yelled, "that this convention can find anybody that can run better than the gentleman I have nominated, I point once more to his well-known war record."—Lippincott's.

A Wireless Electrocutation.

A man came to me with a rifle which, he declared, could speed a ball "more an' faster" than anything ever heard of in the gun category. He was asked to produce the evidence. It was a small air rifle, about as big as a Siebold 500-shot airgun. "Fire at that live wire," I demanded. "It's dangerous, but I'll chance it," he replied, taking quick aim and pulling the trigger. The bullet struck the wire, and when I looked at the man he was dead. The electric current had passed through the hole in the air made by the bullet, reached the muzzle of the gun, and given the death stroke. It was as a lightning bolt from a clear sky. N. Y. Press.

A Sign.

When a girl positively says no, it is a sign that the other fellow has more money or greater hypnotic powers.

Just Because!

Women have more of what is termed good sense than men. They cannot reason wrong, for they do not reason at all.—William Hazlitt.

War Against Consumption.

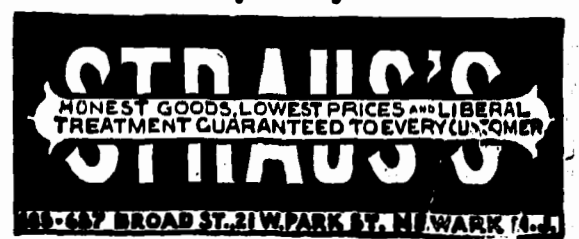
All nations are endeavoring to check the ravages of consumption, the "white plague" that claims so many victims each year. Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds perfectly and you are in no danger of consumption. Do not risk your health by taking some unknown preparation when Foley's Honey and Tar is safe and certain in results. GALE'S PHARMACY.

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Recently we held a sale of shoes at \$2.00. They were D. Armstrong & Co. and other lines which we carry regularly in stock, values ranging from 3.00 to 5.00. We wish to clear out the balance, as well as broken lines from our regular stock. While we have not all sizes of each kind, we have enough of each size to make choosing of a suitable style very easy.

Pumps, Christy, Gibson and Oxford Ties, in Patent Colt, Gun Metal, White Canvas, Tan Calf, etc.; Turn and Welt Soles, Cuban and Low Heels. . . .

Values 2.35 to \$5, choose at

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The ordinary Englishman hates to be suspected of anything but the matter of fact. The more deeply he feels the more intent he is on slurring it over with a joke or a bit of useful slang.—Truth.

World's Largest Orchards.

The largest orchard in the world are at Werder, near Berlin. They extend without a break to about 13,000 acres. They yield some 48,000,000 pounds of appl. and pears every year.

Poor.

The prodigal son business is about the poorest prescription that can be recommended for the purpose of working up an appetite.

He Needs the Watching.

A man who is in debt may be a valuable citizen. The man who is in debt and doesn't care causes the trouble.

Preventive of Seasickness.

To prevent sea sickness red spectacles are sometimes worn. Red glasses are selected because this color is said to have a stimulating effect on the nervous system. Red quickens circulation, and, according to some authorities, seasickness is caused by imperfect circulation.

Art and Specializing.

Why should an artist who has painted portraits for years be denied talent as a landscape painter? There is no reason for it. We have grown to make take specialty for personality, and the artist who has made his name as a painter of cat will have to paint cats all his life.—Kunst, Munich.

Growth of Girls and Boys.

A girl is nearly as big as a boy at two, smaller at four, nearly as big at seven, and the same height at 11. During the period from the eleventh to the fourteenth year, when the girl is growing more rapidly than the boy, she is generally bigger than he is.

DESPERATE REMEDIES

"She belongs to a gymnastic dancing class," said the substantial Miss Heron, looking attentively at the foot of the girl sitting opposite in the car. "She is mentally doing her 'sevens'."

"I thought she had St. Vitus' dance," said her friend.

"Well, there is a great family resemblance," admitted Miss Heron, "but just notice the intent look in her eyes. I know the symptoms; I've done those 'sevens' in bed and in elevated cars and on street corners."

"You belong to a gymnastic dancing class!" exclaimed her friend in tones of surprise.

"Yes, and so will you before long, so don't look so horrified."

"I can't imagine myself doing anything so—"

"Undignified," said Miss Heron. "Neither could I when I had to dance the subject to me. I thought she had taken leave of her senses. I pointed out that dancing—even plain, ordinary dancing—was not for me, who had plenty of gray hairs and more than enough avoirdupois, and the gymnastic dancing was entirely out of the question. The name, somehow, makes one think of ground and lofty tumbling and all sorts of queer things like that, doesn't it?"

"It does, indeed," said her friend.

"I steadfastly refused to even think of it," Miss Heron went on, "but after I had pointed out, politely but emphatically, that embonpoint of the worst kind—the hippy kind—had laid its deadly hand upon me, and after she had skillfully aimed a few more shots at my growing infirmities, I gave in to the extent of promising to go and look on."

"Well, she who looks is lost. I immediately got a suit, a pretty one, and now you should hear the compliments I get on my figure! To keep myself from becoming conceited I have every once in a while to remember that when I appeared in the striped red and yellow horror they hand out to the defenseless tourist who goes bathing at the seashore I had no bouquets thrown at me—quite the contrary. So I give the suit its due."

"The first lesson was the buck and wing. Doesn't that sound like a vaudeville number? If put on the stage as performed at the first lesson it would surely make the biggest kind of a hit."

"I never knew what exercise was until I tried to make my brains and eyes and feet move at the same time. I gave up my arms in despair. All I know about them is that they are sure to be the other way, whatever the right way is. It is a little like the time we used to have when we were children and rubbed one hand up and the other down."

"Last lesson we had the flower figure. We call it the 'floor' figure, because we are on the floor a good deal of the time. Even the very dignified girl next to me toppled over. But she didn't care, not a bit; she hadn't time. She scrambled to her knees and began making circles with her arms and pivoting around her waist, trying desperately to catch up."

"As for me, when we were supposed to touch the floor with our foreheads I could only elongate my neck like a turtle. But I'm quite flexible now. I can get within a yard of the goal. Still, that flower figure nearly did me up. I certainly thought I never could go upstairs or downstairs again."

"Well, I don't exactly see where the limbering process comes in," said her friend.

"Neither did I for a while. But you should see me now. I'm a perfect fairy. I'm going to do the buck and wing at Julia's party."

"No, I won't invite you to our class for a while. I'd be mobbed. Helen had two visitors and the way they made fun of us was shocking. The tales they told of how funny some of us looked balancing on our hind feet when we should be balancing on our fore feet and their imitations of the collision between two of us—one pivoting to the right and the other to the left—are very amusing, but we all feel uneasy. The worst of the two took private lessons at a noble price an hour to catch up with us and now we have her at our mercy. If she could possibly imitate herself she would be in great demand as a parlor entertainer."

"Could I take lessons and catch up?" asked the friend. "I do so love to dance, and you know I have rather a nice figure."

"That you have," said Miss Heron, generously. "Still, it might be improved. You needn't take lessons. I'll give you a drill or two and then you can join. It will be fun to bully somebody who doesn't know anything about gymnastic dancing."

Cosmopolitan New York.
Just think of it! New York is the first Irish city of the world. Belfast, the biggest city in Ireland, has a population of only 400,000, while this city has an Irish population of nearly 600,000. It is, moreover, the real metropolis of the Jewish race, since it has a population of 725,000. Warsaw has not quite 300,000. As for Germans, it is the third German city of the world with nearly 700,000 native German inhabitants. Berlin and Hamburg alone exceeding her in this respect.

New York is, further, the second Austrian city in the world, the fifth Swedish, the sixth Norwegian, the seventh Italian and the eighth Russian city in the universe.

A TALE OF THE "WIRELESS"

By W. F. Smith.

"My, but it's a rough night," observed Squire Blimmons, as he strolled into the brightly lighted smoking room of the Amundus club. "It seems to me the weather man isn't up to his job. His bulletin this morning predicted 'fair and warmer,' and to-night it's blowing and snowing, and getting colder every minute. I see by the papers that the wires are down everywhere. Wonder how he'll know what kind of weather we're to have to-morrow?"

"He won't have any trouble on that score, I reckon," replied Captain Brande, tugging the ashes from his pipe and refilling it, "the wireless 'll help him out—the new station was finished yesterday, I'm told."

Prof. Meggs drew his chair up a little closer to the hearth. "Touching on such subjects, how would you like to hear a true story about the 'wireless'—one that proves truth is stranger than fiction?" he asked.

The squire smiled skeptically. "Si," he said, "I'm always ready to listen to a good story, but I've read so many and heard so many lies about the 'wireless' that I'm afraid even yours might be a chestnut. You can tell it, but I warn you that it's a stale one we'll all drink a toddy on you."

The professor merely smiled, and stretched himself out comfortably in his arm chair.

"Two years ago," he began, "when I was teaching school in Verdantville, a small village up the Allegheny valley, a dapper and diamond bedecked chap hit our town. He was a first-prize faker, a direct descendant of the Biblical celebrity whose name this club perpetuates, and he had a scheme that stamped him as a smooth-bore fool.

"At that he might have made money by it, seeing as there's one of his kind born every minute, but unfortunately for the faker he ran up against a friend of mine, a fellow named Bill Blandel, too early in the game.

"So that you can the better understand how it all came to pass I'll have to enlighten you about Bill. Bill was a jolly sort till he got married. But he got hitched up wrong. His wife proved to be the most churlish woman in Verdantville, and just naturally enjoyed making Bill's life miserable. Whenever he'd express an opinion she'd cross it and start arguing, and before Bill could say more'n a word or two she'd grow indignant and would bring skillets, saucepans and other cooking utensils into the argument, and they'd most always land somewhere on Bill.

"Of course, that soured his disposition, for such treatment showed him that he'd miscalculated about his affinity. But being of church-going stock Bill bowed to the burden put on him by wedlock, and one day when Mrs. Blandel got so angry that she took a fit and died in it, Bill actually cried. I kind of think, though, that he wept for joy, for when he and I were riding home from the burying ground on the day his wife was laid away, Bill said to me tearfully, 'Si, this is the happiest day of my life.'

"Now about the faker—he told Bill that this wireless telegraph invention is the eighth wonder of the world, and that he was working for a hundred-million-dollar company that had a wireless station on one of the Egyptian pyramids where messages were received constantly from St. Peter about the people up above. He said his company was utilizing the messages in making books, directories, as it were, with all the angels' names in them, showing where each angel was from, how they were feeling and how they were passing the time. He vowed his company was preparing such a directory for every city and town in the world, including Verdantville, and that Verdantville must be a mighty pious place because the proof-sheets of the directory his company was preparing showed the names of nearly every one that was buried in our village.

"He gave Bill a great jolly about Bill's being a leading citizen, and explained that for that reason the company particularly wanted to have Bill's name at the head of its Verdantville subscription list, and that if Bill would head it he could have a copy of the directory for ten dollars. In advance, although the regular price was fifty—ten dollars down and five dollars a month thereafter.

"Bill was naturally glib—he's marriage had shown that, and he was much taken with the proposition, until he asked for word from his departed better-half. When the faker started telling Bill about her Bill got frantic with rage. Catching the faker by the collar he yanked him around the corner to the lockup. There he was held as a suspicious character for a while, but as nobody appeared to prosecute him, he was fined and ordered out of town.

"He might have secured some subscribers for his imaginary directory among the innocent folks of Verdantville, if he hadn't told Bill Blandel that Mrs. Blandel was in Heaven longing for Bill to join her."

"What did the faker's fine amount to, Si?" asked the captain, who was a member of the police force.

The professor thought a moment. "I think it was \$50," he replied. "And what does my yarn cost you, Squire?" he added, with a grin.

"Let's see," said the squire, good-naturedly joining in the general laugh, "there's nine of us. It's going to cost me \$1.35, but I feel, Si, that as a lie it's worth that."

Some Annals of Westfield Cont'd.

off something survived if they kept well out of range rearwards! Col. Taylor was of opinion that the truncheon or "horn" was broken off by a sledge in trying to break the piece up for junk. (If the man that tried to destroy it had filled it with water some cold winter night, the temperature would have done this.) I am glad to have had expert authority for this statement, for it is a thankless service to destroy local tradition. Col. Taylor thought that it might have been cast about the date of the Mexican War, but there are no foundry marks thereon to settle this. That it has been at least twice applied seems to show that it was also used in political celebrations when party fooling ran high. It is an interesting relic whatever it is. The carriage on which it is mounted is such "as never was on sea or land!" This to my mind, is the wonderful thing about it, its artifice perhaps "made it out of his own head" from the description of some well informed bystander.

Another reason why the records of Westfield like those many another old town begin such comparatively recent times is not far to seek.

It is actually a banal reason—one of the banal reasons why we have so few retrospective records of the Revolutionary period of our national history—that paper was scarce and hard to get! I have a summons to my ancestor Major Morgan to attend a Court Martial to try Gen. Arnold for insubordination before Quebec, signed by Gen. Wooster, and Major Morgan's response, calling attention to the fact that he was the junior Major on the field, and Gen. Wooster's reply that he was aware of that fact and still required Major Morgan's presence, etc., etc., all written on one piece of paper not more than seven inches square. My maternal great grandfather's diary covering the battle of Bunker Hill and the siege of Boston, was written on a few blank leaves of the school memorandum book in which he wrote out his exercises in mathematics. And, in the New York Historical Society's rooms and surely in many other historical gatherings we find plenty of evidences that, even if our fighting ancestors had had the leisure, they would not have had the material upon which to record the deeds they did. They fired the shots heard round the world. It is for their proud posterity to chronicle those shots and the men that fired them!

As to romance, I am, I suppose as romantic as most people ought to be. But it is my experience that we human beings don't need to be encouraged in our tendencies to spinning yarns. What we most need to be taught is to draw as light as the facts will allow. For there is always somebody (I hope my fellow citizens will not hate me for being that somebody in this instance) who will sooner or later look up the record and, like Sir Lucius O. Trigger's quarrel spoil our loveliest long bow by explanation!

I hope that the series of papers, of which the STANDARD is polite enough to make this the initial, will develop much more of value and importance than these random memorabilia, which are all that a somewhat occupied leisure permits of my contributing. And I hope that long after I have ceased to be able to admire them—that splendid class of Westfield will rear their graceful heads over her lovely avenues!

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The End.

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Internal Revenue.

The term "internal revenue" has been restricted in its meaning to such revenues only as are collected under the internal revenue bureau connected with the treasury department, and does not include all revenues that are, properly speaking, from internal sources; that is, from sources other than duties levied at the frontiers upon foreign commodities. Thus, moneys arising from the sale of public lands, from patent fees, or the revenues of the postal service, are not generally known as "internal revenues."

When Men Wore Wigs.

When they begin to talk about tariff it is interesting to look back over the pages of history and see what things were at one time considered necessities. In the time of Sir William Pitt it was considered highly improper for a man to appear without his hair powdered, so Pitt put a tax on the powder, the guinea pig tax as it was called. In consequence, the Whigs cut off their queues and only men servants were allowed hair powder. It was finally so unremunerative that the tax was removed.

His Last Words.

"Are you quite sure your shooting was accidental?" asked the hospital surgeon.

"Oh, yes," gasped the dying victim. "Jiggins—was—fooling—with—a gun—and—pointed—"

"Is there any message you wish to—"

"Just—tell—him—I—said: 'I—told— you—so'—ah!"

Troubles of a Smoker.

"Whit was hee ye gien ower smokin', Donal?" "Weel, it's no sich a pleasure after a', for ye ken a buddy's ain tobacco costs ower muckle; and if ye're smokin' anither buddy's ye hae to ram yer pipe sae tight it'll no draw."—Punch.

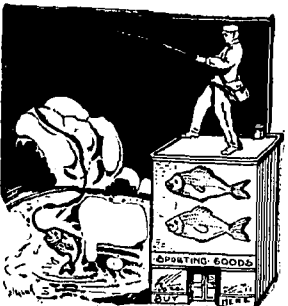
Charity and Individual Responsibility.
That organized charities relieve much suffering there can be no doubt, but they do not relieve any one of individual responsibility toward his fellow creatures. If such a sense of responsibility ever dies organized charity will die with it.

Smallest of Mammals.

The smallest of all mammals are the shrew—nocturnal, mouse-like creatures that hunt for worms and insects in woods and meadows. An eggshell would make a commodious barn for a mother and her little ones.

Up-to-Date Advertisement.

Chauffeur, studied medicine and law for three years, good practice, available as witness, thirteen times acquitted without damages, seeks a position with a 100-horse-power machine.—Transatlantic Tales.



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