

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

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WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1909.

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A Word With the Home Owner

The wisest thing you ever did was to secure your own home. No landlord can order you out, advance the rent, or keep you in suspense by advertising the property for sale. You are absolute and can paint, decorate, enlarge, improve—in fact, do as you will with your own house.

This is as it should be, so far as it goes. But just here arises a new question. Is the house you are now living in just what you want? Does it fully meet with your ideas as to the place in which to finish out your days? It was a great step forward when you first secured that coveted deed and "settled down"—but as business has prospered and the family increased has not the question of a larger lot and a new home on lines more to your special needs come to you forcefully?

More to the point:

Would it not be wise to now definitely consider the advisability of securing a new and larger, more desirable site and erecting thereon a home quite in keeping with the present resources and needs? We believe there is many a Westfield home owner who could well afford to sell his present home and build a modern structure on a larger site and in a thoroughly restricted neighborhood: a home truly after his own heart—the home he saw in his mind's eye when he was a boy.

Are you content to spend further money on your present home and grounds? Will it pay? Would you not rather, choose a new neighborhood, where the future possibilities of advance in values is greater than where you now live? Are not the homes around you too close together? Is your neighborhood thoroughly congenial to you and your family?

Our home sites are not excelled by any in Westfield. They are large, thoroughly restricted with title fully guaranteed. As for the new home—we can see that through from start to finish, financing and all. If you have a general idea of what you want, we can furnish the details. We have a mass of information at your command.

Phone 366

The Pearsall Company

We believe that you will make no mistake in purchasing property in

Westfield

The town is constantly being made more attractive, is rapidly increasing in population, and values are decidedly growing greater.

Consequently we urge the purchase of Westfield property, whether for a home or for an investment.

You cannot make a mistake in urging your friends and acquaintances to come to Westfield to live. Comfortable houses can be obtained at reasonable rentals, in select portions of the town.

We are located where it is convenient for you to stop in and talk with us, and we can give you considerable information as to real estate.

Suburban Real Estate Exchange

Telephone 301.

Exchange Court.

Per \$6.20 Ton

COAL sells for \$6.20 this month, but on account of the uncertain conditions that obtain, there's no telling what the price will be next month.

ORDER YOUR WINTER'S SUPPLY NOW, FOR DELIVERY IN JULY.

Tuttle Bros.

Telephone 92

Collins—Ham.

Ralph H. Collins, son of Judge Edwin Ralph Collins, of Westfield, was married, Wednesday morning in the First Methodist Church, Westfield, to Miss Julia E. Ham, daughter of Benjamin F. Ham, of Cranford. Rev. Dr. A. W. Hayes, pastor of the church, performed the ceremony. The young couple were unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Collins have moved into their new home, recently built by the bridegroom, on First street, where they will be at home to their many friends in Westfield and Cranford.

Fisher—Moffett.

Miss North Moffett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Moffett, of Elmer Street, was quietly married last Tuesday night to Walter K. Fisher, of this place, in the rectory of Holy Trinity Church,

of Westfield. The brother of the groom, Peter Fisher, of Plainfield, was best man, and Mrs. William Moffett, the mother of honor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father McCarthy. After a short wedding trip, the couple will return to live in Westfield.

Veal—Thomas.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Thomas to Harry Veal took place at the residence of Allen Pierce, Park street, on Thursday last week. Rev. W. D. Robeson performed the ceremony. Both the bride and groom are residents of this town.

Boyd—Dillsworth.

Miss Emma Dillsworth was married to William Boyd, by Rev. W. D. Robeson, last Saturday evening at 379 Spring street. Both are of Plainfield.

TUNNELS OPENED TO PUBLIC.

Enthusiasm Marks Event Making Jersey City Three Minutes Distant From New York.

GOVERNOR FORT MAKES ADDRESS.

So Does Chief Engineer McAldoo, Whose Daughter Touches the Button Which Puts Great Modern Enterprise in Operation.

A terrific screech of whistles from one end of Manhattan Island to the other, in Jersey City, and on the river craft, and the explosion of twenty giant bombs in Exchange place at 10 o'clock Monday morning announced that one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times—the completion of the downtown tubes of William G. McAldoo's under-the-Hudson tunnel system—had received the seal of approval and acceptance, and was formally declared ready for business.

The regular service for the public began at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, when it may be said that the northern part of New Jersey and Manhattan Island were made one. With the trains running through the twin tubes from Jersey City to Cortlandt and Church streets, tapping three great railroad terminals on the Jersey shore, the commuters cities and towns were brought from twenty to thirty miles nearer their offices.

Jersey City is now "three minutes from Broadway," and her happy residents believe they are on the threshold of a great era of prosperity. This feeling that happy days of plenty are ahead stretches to points far out on the lines of the Pennsylvania, Lackawanna and Erie railroads, and the Jersey Central is next in line. Joy to Westfield commuters and real estate men!

It was 10 o'clock sharp when the whistles and bombs cut loose that the guests of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company's official reception, headed by William G. McAldoo, the president, boarded the official train in the brilliantly illuminated station beneath the Cortlandt Street Terminal Building for the trip beneath the river to the other shore, where Jersey City's thousands were waiting to greet them.

Miss Harriett Floyd McAldoo, daughter of the tunnel builder, a few minutes after 10 o'clock pressed the button that connected the power circuit to the special train. As the master of ceremonies, Mr. McAldoo explained various things in connection with train and station equipment as the train pulled out.

Twenty bombs discharged in succession was the signal to the inhabitants of the latter city of the opening of the tunnel. Three minutes later a train bearing the guests and Mr. McAldoo, who was the host of the occasion, rolled into Jersey City.

At the City Hall in Jersey City and addresses were made by Jacob M. Dickinson, secretary of war; J. Franklin Fort, governor of New Jersey; James M. Wadsworth, speaker of the New York assembly; H. Otto Witkop, mayor of Jersey City; and Mr. McAldoo and his chief engineer, Charles M. Jacobs.

At two o'clock all those who had contributed \$10, or more to the celebration fund left New York in a special train, and one hour later the regular service for the public was under way.

The time required to go by tunnel and by the ferries from the terminal buildings to the various railway stations in Jersey City and Hoboken compare as follows:

From the terminal building to the Pennsylvania station in Jersey City by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry the time is four minutes for the walk to the foot of Cortlandt street and fourteen minutes on the ferry trip to Jersey City, or eighteen minutes in all. The Hudson tunnel trains will run from the terminal building to the Pennsylvania station in three minutes, making a saving in time of fifteen minutes by the tunnel.

The time from the terminal building to the Erie station in Jersey City by way of the Erie ferry is twelve minutes for the walk to Chambers street ferry and fourteen minutes for the boat trip, making twenty-six minutes. The time through the Hudson tunnel to the Erie station is seven minutes, making a saving of nineteen minutes.

The time from the terminal building to the Lackawanna station in Hoboken is nine minutes for the walk to Barclay street ferry and fifteen minutes for the ferry trip, making twenty-four minutes, while the run through the

Continued on page 8.

BOY KNOCKED DOWN BY AUTO DRIVEN BY YOUNG SOCIETY GIRL.

Condition of Roger Love Said to Be Not Critical.

Roger Love, of Broad street, was knocked down, badly bruised and shaken up, last Monday afternoon, by an automobile in front of Woodruff's garage on North avenue.

The few witnesses say that the boy ran in front of the machine, which was going at a slow rate of speed. The car was being driven by a society girl of Plainfield. After the boy was struck, and in the midst of the confusion the lady quietly disappeared. Mr. J. W. Pettit, of Evergreen Place, East Orange, who was also in the car, at once took the lad, under direction of Mrs. Woodruff, to Dr. Harrison. He then hurried and brought Mrs. Love to Dr. Harrison's office. After examination he was found to be painfully but not fatally hurt. Mr. Pettit was then taken before Judge Collins by Constable Stitt but was not held as Mr. Love would not prefer charges against him.

CRIPPLE HURT BY AUTO.

John Jarolomon's Foot Crushed by N. A. Barnett's Car.

John Jarolomon, of Plainfield, who is crippled in one foot, had his other foot badly crushed on Central avenue Tuesday night by an automobile running over it. The car which ran over Jarolomon was being driven by N. A. Barnett, senior member of the firm of N. A. Barnett & Son, proprietors of a garage at Cranford.

Mr. Barnett and his family had spent the day at Asbury Park and were on their way home when the accident happened. Jarolomon was walking along the roadway and when questioned said that he probably did not give the automobile room enough to pass him. Mr. Barnett stopped his car and brought the injured man to the Westfield police station, where his foot was dressed by Dr. Sinclair. After taking his family home Mr. Barnett returned from Cranford and conveyed Jarolomon to the Mohlenberg Hospital at Plainfield.

W. F. DUFFY INJURED.

Fell From Tree, Tearing Ligament of His Right Arm.

William F. Duffy, of Mountain avenue, met with a painful accident, last Saturday, in which he narrowly escaped breaking his right arm. Mr. Duffy was trimming a tree in the rear of his home, when the branch, upon which he was standing, suddenly gave way, and he was thrown to the ground, a distance of twenty feet.

The weight of his whole body came directly upon his arm. All the ligaments of the arm were torn, and the injured member swelled to twice its natural size. Dr. R. R. Sinclair was summoned and bandaged the arm. Mr. Duffy was instructed to go to the Elizabeth General Hospital and have the X-ray applied, as it was not possible to tell if any bones had been broken with the naked eye. The X-ray showed no broken bones, but the ligaments torn and dislocated. It will be some weeks before Mr. Duffy will be able to return to business.

HALF-PAY DAY FOR CHARITY.

Local Committee Invites Citizens to Give to Elizabeth Hospital.

At the meeting of the local executive committee of the Hospital Half-Pay Day Committee, in the town rooms, last Tuesday night, the following officers were elected: President, Mayor A. L. Alpers; secretary, G. A. V. Hankinson; treasurer, James G. Casey. The meeting was called to order by Mayor Alpers. The committee consists of fourteen members, appointed by the General Committee at Elizabeth, and are the following: A. L. Alpers, W. E. Tuttle, Jr., Dr. R. R. Sinclair, Paul G. Oliver, R. V. Hoffman, G. A. Hankinson, F. A. Taggart, W. B. Elliott, James G. Casey, J. W. Davis, J. J. Savitz, Charles E. Cox, O. A. Smith, Joseph B. Perry.

September 25th has been set apart for the purpose of raising money in aid of the Elizabeth hospitals, and the idea was evolved of a "half-pay day;" that is, on September 25th every one is to be solicited to contribute one-half of his earnings for that day.

—Policeman William Stamets, of Cumberland street, returned last week from a ten days vacation spent by a trip through New York and Pennsylvania.

MATINEE MEET TOMORROW. BOND ISSUE IS APPROVED.

Many Local Thoroughbreds to Compete in Races for Cups at Fair Acres Track.

ONE EVENT FOR HOME BREDS ONLY.

A "Three Minute Class for Town Horses" Draws Three Entries—"Fred V." Picked to Win 2:25 Trot—Big Crowd Expected.

A matinee meet for cups will be run at the Fair Acres Driving Track, tomorrow afternoon, under the auspices of the Westfield Driving and Riding Club. There will be four events, and because of the fine entries, and the splendid condition of the track, and repetition of the good racing of July 3-5 is promised.

Westfield as usual will be represented by the best thoroughbreds. Frank Irving's "Fred V." which is winning everything in sight this season, is entered in the 2:25 trot, and is picked as the sure winner, although Ray Edwards' "Maud O." is counted to make a good showing in this event.

There will be three other events, all of which look promising: A 2:30 trot, a free-for-all, and a three minute class for town horses. In the latter race, O. W. Sorber, Dr. H. H. Butler and A. Lance have entered their best stock.

The Driving Club is offering every inducement to local sportsmen, and the race meet tomorrow ought to be well attended. Following is the card:

2:30 Trot (Irving Cup)—Moline, bay mare, W. R. Hatchings, Westfield; Lady Sidnet, bay mare, O. B. Smith, Westfield; Rhyn, bay horse, O. B. Smith, Westfield; Judge Rippard, gray horse, George Ferguson, Plainfield; Queen, black mare, R. W. French, Westfield.

2:25 Trot (Egel Cup)—Maud O., bay mare, R. L. Edwards, Westfield; The Minister, bay horse, N. M. Giles, Lincoln; The Farmer, bay horse, I. N. Voorhees, Elizabeth; Fred V., bay horse, Frank Irving, Westfield. Free-for-All (Hatchings Cup)—Annot B., chestnut gelding, A. O. Blair, Plainfield; Foxy Todd, bay gelding, W. R. Hatchings, Westfield; The Rector, black horse, H. W. Evans, Westfield; Mary S., A. Schuler, Montclair; Bion Girl, Mr. Lawless; Powder Boy, F. L. Graves, Rahway.

3 Minute Class for Town Horses—Prince Virginia, bay mare, O. W. Sorber; Prince B., chestnut gelding, Dr. H. H. Butler; Persist, bay horse, A. Lance.

MISS JOHNSTON WEDS.

Westfield Girl the Bride of Frank M. Riley, of New Haven.

Miss Edna May Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Johnston, was married to Mr. Frank Milner Riley at his home in New Haven, Conn., last Wednesday evening at half-past eight. The ceremonies were performed by Dr. W. W. Bowditch, the presiding elder of the New Haven District, who christened Miss Johnston in her youth, when he was pastor of the First Place M. E. Church in Brooklyn. Alfred Riley, brother of the groom, was best man.

The newlyweds were the recipients of many beautiful gifts. After the wedding they started out on an automobile tour through Connecticut after which they will return to their own home in New Haven, recently built by the bridegroom.

The bride has many friends in Westfield and is a member of the First M. E. Church, of which her father is superintendent of the Sunday School. The bridegroom is a progressive business man in New Haven.

Board of Trade Booklet Ready.

A booklet of Westfield, New Jersey, circulated under the auspices of the Westfield Board of Trade, this week comes from the press of the Standard Publishing Concern. The booklet of sixteen pages and cover is printed on a light green woodcut and contains interesting information about Westfield, its enterprises and institutions. The booklet is illustrated with fine screen cuts of the Public Schools, the Library, Children's Country Home, Presbyterian Church, the Golf Club, Fair Acres Driving Track, Westfield Casino and the Westfield Park Lake. The cover is a dark green linotype. Five thousand copies of the booklet have been printed for circulation among the business and real estate men of the town.

Try the cent-a-word column. Brings sure results.

Council Favors Recommendation of Park Commissioners For Purchase of Park Sites.

MATTER REFERRED TO LAW COMMITTEE.

Chief Decker Wants a Driver for Fire Department—Routine Business Transacted at Regular Meeting of Council.

The Westfield Common Council gave its approval to the plan forwarded by the Park Commission for the purchase of the Peckham property on Mountain avenue, the triangle bounded by Central, Lenox and North avenues, and the triangle bounded by Broad and Clark street and North avenue, at its regular meeting, Monday night. The plan calls for the issuance of bonds of not less than \$20,000 for the purchase of those properties for park purposes.

All of the Council were present at the meeting except Mr. Hohenstein, who was detained at home on account of illness. Of those present, Mr. Malsbury was the only one voting in the negative. The question was referred to the law committee for advice, and will probably be brought up again in the near future. The Park Commission has placed the matter in the hands of Council for action, and it is the consensus of opinion among the Town Fathers that it should be disposed of as quickly as possible.

A letter was received from Fire Chief Frederick O. Decker asking for the appointment of Edward Williams as driver for the department at a salary. Mr. Decker urged the appointment of the ground that the department was seriously handicapped, with but one paid fireman at headquarters. He also emphasized the need of another paid fireman by January, 1910, in order that there might be a man at headquarters day and night.

Chief Decker's recommendation seemed reasonable enough, but it was not deemed advisable to act upon it in the absence of Chairman Hohenstein, through whose recommendation appointments of this nature are usually made. The matter was referred, therefore, to the Fire Committee for approval.

Bills amounting to \$5,541.11, of which \$200.64 was for tarvin, were ordered paid.

There were no objections filed against the curbing of the northwest side of Dudley avenue 901 feet west of Clark street.

The South avenue sidewalk and the Broad street curbing hearings were laid over until next meeting.

Improvement certificates of \$1500 were ordered issued.

The request received from Harry Willoughby to have a fire hydrant placed on his property on Rahway avenue, was referred to the fire committee.

Councilman Davis said that he had received many complaints from citizens of his ward against the unnecessary blowing of locomotive whistles during the night. Councilman Wilson said in answer to a query said that all of the engineers are strictly ordered never to blow a whistle unless it be for the purpose of preventing an accident. He also said that the engineer did not know upon which track he was to be switched and this was the possible cause of the noise. Nevertheless he would speak to the railroad officials.

Grover Traylor was appointed special policeman, provided he passed the regular examinations and requirements.

As Dr. Tabbs has left town, Dr. R. G. Snygo was appointed medical examiner for the police department.

Another car of oil was ordered purchased for sprinkling the roads.

A thirty foot right of way was received from French and Wittke for laying a sewer from Prospect to Elm streets.

The ordinance for the curbing of the northwest side of Dudley avenue 901 feet west of Clark street, was passed on its first reading.

Councilman Wilson suggested that the salary of the Building Inspector be changed to four dollars a day during actual service instead of sixteen dollars for four days a month. This change was suggested because there are so many buildings and houses being constructed that Building Inspector Cox is unable to oversee the work in the specified time. This suggestion was referred to the building committee.

—Mr. W. M. Pletcher, of Fairbairn, Minn., formerly a teacher in the Westfield High School, and Miss Miriam Rice, of Gloucester, Mass., left last Wednesday after a weeks stay at the home of Mr. Eugene Hanford, on Dudley avenue.

THE NEWEST MONTHLY INCOME POLICY

protects the wife in the most practical way. It gives her a cash payment after death of insured and pays her a Monthly Income for life. Income is payable for 20 years, even if beneficiary does not live that long.



The Prudential

Cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Torpid Liver and Chronic Constipation. Pleasant to take

ORINO

Laxative Fruit Syrup

For sale at Gales Pharmacy.

Cleanses the system thoroughly and clears sallow complexions of pimples and blotches. It is guaranteed

Ingrowing Nails, Perhaps.
A man who can fall 3,000 feet out of a balloon and hit the earth so lightly as to injure neither himself nor the ground is not immortal, of course, but it would be interesting to know just what will finally carry him off.

War Cry Affrighted Heathens.
Alleluia or Hallelujah Victory was a victory by the Saxons under St. Germanus over the Picts and Britons. The Christians all shouted "Alleluia!" and so terrified the heathen that they took to flight.

Don't Be a Robber.
He that neglects his work robs his master, since he is fed and paid as if he did his best; and he that is not diligent in the absence as in the presence of his master, cannot be a true servant.

Not Looking for Too Much.
"Dey sez poverty is a blessin' in disguise," said Brother Dickey, "but w'en I sees him comin' I prays de Lawd dat I won't be blessed out er house an' home."—Atlanta Constitution.

Those Deserving a Monument.
Those only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.—Hazlitt.

Dissimilarity.
"You're not like lightning, anyhow, Dinguss," said Shadbolt, reluctantly taking out his pocket-book. "You can strike the same man dozens of times."

About Men.
Many a man would have more friends in this world, if he didn't spend so much time criticizing the friends he already has.

Pertinent Observation.
"Some men," says Hans, the baker's boy, "was always like der kerhole on der back of a clock. They was behind time."

Provided For.
Even when the man of few words hasn't any money to do his talking he usually has a wife.—Dallas News.

Consolation of Wise Men.
It is from books that wise men derive consolation in the troubles of life.—Vistor Hugo.

Envy.
There is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy.—Sheridan.

Inaugurated New Era.
The first practical quick firer, the Gatling gun, was perfected in 1861.

Is Kept Too Busy.
The real martyr never has time to enjoy the honor.

Most cases of Colic are caused by undigested and fermenting foods in the horse's stomach. Fairfield's Blood Tonic for Horses Only strengthens the digestive organs and prevents Colic by preventing fermentation of foods. Sold under written guarantee by Patrick Traynor.

Everyone would be benefited by taking Foley's Orino Laxative for stomach and liver trouble and habitual constipation. It sweetens the stomach and cleans the bowels and is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the digestive system. Sold at Gales Pharmacy.

COZZENS WAS PERPLEXED

He Couldn't Pick a Quarel with His Wife

"What!" cried Mr. Cozzens. "Isn't dinner ready yet?"

And as he strode around the dining-room in a tempestuous and aggrieved sort of way he contentedly attuned his ears to catch a spirited reply from Mrs. Cozzens, but as for Mrs. Cozzens, Mrs. Cozzens fooled him, and the only response he heard was a rattle of dishes in the kitchen, where Mrs. C. was preparing the evening meal.

"Isn't ready yet, eh?" he cried. "Isn't ready yet, eh?"

And again he attuned his ears to catch the customary "No, it isn't, eh!" but again Mrs. Cozzens disappointed him, placing her head through the kitchen doorway (instead of speaking sharply to him through the door) and saying: "Just a minute or two, Henry. I'm sorry I'm so late."

"O, you're sorry, eh?" cruelly demanded Mr. Cozzens, flinging himself into his evening chair and rattling the evening paper. "You're sorry, eh?"

"I'll only be a minute now," said Mrs. Cozzens.

"Huh!" cried Mr. Cozzens. "When I come home hungry I like my dinner, I work hard all day, I do, and I need it!"

But Mrs. Cozzens had returned to the kitchen.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Mr. Cozzens, bitterly, raising his voice. "Yes, sorry. But sorrow doesn't feed me! No! Sorrow doesn't butter my parsnips! No! Sorry! Huh! And so you're sorry, eh?" he cried.

And glancing toward the kitchen door he gave it a look and said: "There, that'll fetch her on the run!"

But, on the contrary, Mrs. Cozzens appeared on the walk with a plate of bread in her hand.

"Have you had a hard day, Henry?" she asked.

"I always have a hard day," grumbled Henry, "and I want my dinner."

"Just a minute," said Mrs. Cozzens.

"Just a minute, eh?" demanded Mr. Cozzens with a look like a griffin.

"Yes, just a minute," said Mrs. Cozzens.

"Just a minute, eh?" demanded Mr. Cozzens again, in such a nasty tone of voice that ordinarily it would have brought Mrs. Cozzens around his ears like a swarm of bees.

But only silence greeted him, so that at last Mr. Cozzens gathered his eyebrows together with an expression that said: "Now, that's funny! Now, that's very funny!"

"Ready at last," said Mrs. Cozzens, hurrying in with the soup.

"O, so you're ready at last, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Cozzens, inexorably laying down the challenge again.

"You must have been tired of waiting," said Mrs. Cozzens.

"Huh!" said Mr. Cozzens.

"I'll give you plenty of soup," said Mrs. Cozzens, "because you're hungry."

"That's all right, too," grumbled Mr. C. "You needn't try to fill me up on soup."

"Well, who's trying to fill you up on soup?" cried Mrs. Cozzens (before she could stop herself).

And as for Henry, Henry rejoiced in his heart and was glad.

"You are!" he cried.

But Mrs. Cozzens didn't shout back.

"I say, 'You are!'" he cried again.

But Mrs. Cozzens only passed him the butter.

"Hasn't this been a beautiful day?" she exclaimed.

"O, it's been a beautiful day, has it?" exclaimed Henry.

"So mild and warm," said Mrs. Cozzens.

zens.

"So mild and warm, eh?" demanded Mr. Cozzens, fiercely.

"Will you have another slice of bread, Henry?"

"Mmmm," grumbled Henry.

And, pining for the excitement of warfare, he cast his eyes around the room and searched his mind for a cause upon which he could insult Mrs. Cozzens grossly.

"It's a wonder," he cried at last, almost surprised at his own daring, "that you wouldn't dust the furniture once a week, anyhow!"

"It is dusty, isn't it?" sighed Mrs. Cozzens.

"Jane," said Mr. Cozzens.

"Yes, Henry?"

"What's the matter?"

"Why, nothing."

"Don't you feel well?"

"Why, yes; I feel all right."

"Worried about anything, Jane?"

"Why, no," said Mrs. Cozzens, rounding her eyes. "What makes you think so, Henry?"

"Well, you—you don't—don't sass me back like you generally do—and you seem to be so thoughtful—"

"Henry," she said, "I love you too much to be irritating you all the time—"

(And as for Mr. Henry Cozzens, Mr. Henry Cozzens looked ashamed of himself.)

"And besides," continued Mrs. Cozzens gently, "I was thinking of something I saw to-day; the most beautiful hat, Henry, all covered with lilies of the valley. Henry, do you think I'm getting too old?"

And as for that musical instrument named Henry (in the hands of that virtuoso named Jane), he thrummed away with all the emotions, and the only time he chided Mrs. Cozzens again that evening was when he lovingly reproached her for not hurrying a little more so that they could go right out and buy that hat before some one else might happen along and snap it up.

Has Poetry Enough; Wants Wood.

We have on hand more poetry than we can find room for. What we need is more wood. It is true, the poetry is pretty wooden, but it doesn't flag out the warmth of oak and pine. We therefore prefer an ordinary load of wood to a cord of poetry.—Adams (Ga.) Enterprise.

Keep Character Unspotted.

If you would have the respect, not to mention the confidence, of your fellows, you must keep the cloak of character virgin white; never allow its luster to be dimmed by the breath of suspicion or soiled by the mud of wrongdoing.—Dr. Madison C. Peters.

His Vain Regret.

A Duluth four-year-old hopeful, who was receiving an application of the corrective rod, looked up to his offended mother, who had told him of his pre-historic whereabouts, and said: "Oh, mamma, I wish I'd stayed in heaven!"

Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops chronic coughs that weaken the constitution and develop into consumption, but heals and strengthens the lungs. It affords comfort and relief in the worst cases of chronic bronchitis, asthma, hay fever and lung trouble. Sold at Gales Pharmacy.

The Secrets of Success to the stock owner, dairyman and poultry-raiser, are: Fairfield's Blood Tonic for Horses Only; Fairfield's Blood Tonic and Milk Producer for Cattle Only; Fairfield's Blood Tonic and Egg Producer for Poultry Only and Fairfield's Blood Tonic for Hens Only. Sold under written guarantee by Patrick Traynor.

AT THE VERY LAST

By CYNTHIA GREY

"Is this the place, aunty?"
"Yes, Bluebell."

"And is this the very spot where you fell after the man said good-by to you?"

"Yes."

"Then you lay back on the beautiful green moss and shut your eyes, for your ankle hurt just awfully, and then a dog whined close to your ear and you opened your eyes right into the big, beautiful black eyes of a very tall, handsome knight, who lifted you up in his arms and carried you to yonder gate."

"You know the story well, but you must not forget that it is a secret."

"I have not forgotten, but you and I may talk of it here."

"Yes, you and I may talk of it—until to-morrow."

"To-morrow you are to be married. What is he like, that man you are to marry—like the knight?"

"No, child, no! Let us talk now of the knight, and not of—of him!"

"And after he reached the gate," continued the child, "he lifted you up, way up high onto the horse and walked, yes, walked every step of the way to the house close beside you, didn't he?"

"Yes, and then?"

"And then after that he came to the house to see you and brought you flowers, and books, and music, and grew to love you very much, and you loved him, and didn't know it for a long time, and when you found out you sent him away because—for—I never knew just for what you sent him away, aunty."

"For honor, Bluebell."

"Whose honor?"

"A woman's honor, dear, a woman's honor," groaned the woman, and to herself: "Heaven knows I love him still, and to-night Clarence comes back, and to-morrow I shall marry him because I promised—promised, before I knew what love meant."

"Who was the man who was saying good-by to you just before you fell, aunty? You never told me."

"His name," said the woman, slowly, "was Clarence Duncan."

There was a sound of footsteps on the gravel path.

"You have come," said the woman, rising from among the shadows about the door, and she held out her hand.

He pressed his lips to her cool forehead. "It seems natural to be back," exclaimed Clarence, as he followed her into the hall. "I always hung my hat on that hook and my coat here. I think I expected to see the house in dress-up clothes, ready for the—for to-morrow."

"It will all be very simple and quiet," said the woman, "if that pleases you."

"The simpler the better for me, all right," said the man, laughing.

There was the sound of small feet running down the hall. "Aunty, aunty, here's a letter; I put it away this morning and forgot it," and Bluebell clung to her aunt's skirts in a tremor of remorse. "Please read it right away, for it may be 'portant, you know."

To humor the child she tore open the letter. "Make yourself comfortable, Clarence; you always liked this chair," and she drew the letter from the envelope.

The letter was without beginning, plunging at once into a subject which evidently absorbed the writer.

"I know I ought not to write to you but I am sure you would understand and forgive me if you knew how my heart aches. Clarence doesn't know that I am writing. He went away as soon as we found out how much we cared for each other. He is coming back to you because he promised, long ago, and he is breaking his heart and mine. I thought, maybe, if you knew you would save us. Forgive me, forgive me, I am so unhappy."

"This letter will interest you, Clarence."

"So," smiled Clarence; "it is a woman's writing—why—" and he flushed hotly, "she should not have written; I—"

"Read it," said the woman, softly.

"The letter is very important. Bluebell, it has something to do with our secret. Will you tell the story to Mr. Duncan?"

"The one about the handsome knight?"

"Yes."

The little girl told the story to the wondering man, pausing here and there to look at her aunt, who always nodded for her to go on. "And at the very last—but this part is all my secret, for I have never told even aunty—at the very last, the knight came back on his big black horse that pranced and jumped and made aunty and the knight laugh a great deal."

That night Hugh Vernon received a telegram which read: "All is well; can you come home?"

Less to Do.

The late Russell Sturgis," said a New York architect, "continually marveled at the swift passage of time. This great architect and critic continually found new examples of the swift way men grow old and ugly while still believing themselves young."

"He repented to me one day a remark he had heard in a barber shop. 'An old chap, with hardly a hair on his head, snipped at the young barber, on the completion of a haircut: 'You are not the thorough workman your father was, my boy. He used to take a good half-hour to cut my hair.'"

Proves the Odors of Metals.

Every metal is believed by Gratin, a German chemist, to have its peculiar odor, which he regards as a gaseous transformation product. He has made some of the odors perceptible for a few moments at intervals by heating the metals to 122 degrees Fahrenheit.

Lacking.

"The mechanical piano player can hardly beat it. It is equal to the human performer until it renders music so dusty and feebly as to get itself drowned out by conversation whenever it attempts to entertain company."

THE STANDARD PRESS.

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Upon the payment of \$1.00, we deliver to your home, to any part of the State, one of the best Sewing Machines made. The balance of the amount we cheerfully charge. We are not allowed to advertise the name of this machine because of the low price at which we sell them.

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31 to 37 Market St., Newark, N. J.

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THE PIKER SHOE COMPANY.

EVERYTHING FOR THE FEET.

WESTFIELD N. J.

By Order of the Deceased.

An Atchison man died lately, and when his remains were viewed at the funeral a placard was lying on his breast which read: "Now, will you let me alone?" There is a good deal of talk about the affair. The undertaker says he placed the placard there at the last request of the deceased.—Atchison Globe.

Kidnaped.

Little three-year-old Margie was always anxious to relate to her young friends the interesting things that her father read in the paper. She was overheard a few days ago telling her little neighbor: "Yes, Edith, my father readed it in the morning paper, a little boy just as big as me, was kidnaped."

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Lacking.

"The mechanical piano player can hardly beat it. It is equal to the human performer until it renders music so dusty and feebly as to get itself drowned out by conversation whenever it attempts to entertain company."

Albert E. Snyder

Stationer

Newsdealer

Elm Street, Westfield

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ROBERT V. HOFFMAN, Editor.

FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1909.



WESTFIELD MUST MOVE CITYWARD.

By the epoch-making event of a Monday morning, commuters of the Lackawanna, the Erie and the Pennsylvania Rail Roads are placed from within eighteen to twenty minutes nearer in time to their places of business in New York. The McAdoo tunnel plan has been made effective through the foresight, indomitable grit and energy of William G. McAdoo. The achievement is destined to revolutionize methods of transportation; it is likewise destined to make New Jersey a mecca for suburbanites. With the tunnel scheme in full swing, New York business men will find it preferable and a saving of time, and expense, to live in some residential center in New Jersey, and within twenty or twenty-five miles of New York, rather than in the dizzy altitudes of Harlem flats.

Since Mr. McAdoo first undertook tunnel building, those who have believed sincerely in his ability—and there have been many—have anticipated the future growth of New Jersey towns, and not a few of them have hastened to acquire properties in desirable localities for the purposes of realty development and improvement. They have hit the mark, and today their properties are worth in cash more than fifty times what was paid for them. Real estate in any up-to-date town in New Jersey is a good investment. Experience has taught us that much. An increase in the local population of approximately 2300 in less than five years tells the story.

But there is more of it to be told in the next few years. Westfield is only in the beginning of its growth. Recent development has been accomplished by speculative enterprise; future development ought to come with comparatively little effort.

Yet one thing must be accomplished before this may be confidently expected. The New Jersey Central must be connected with the tunnel. There have been reports that this work was now being undertaken. Mr. McAdoo is even quoted as final authority for the report. But, even so, it has been generally believed that Central commuters will not enjoy the benefits of the tunnel before 1911, unless it be that the following report, clipped from a New York paper, is true:

There is a prospect that the Central Railroad of New Jersey will rent the Jersey City station of the Pennsylvania Railroad when the latter moves into its new Thirty-Fourth street station in Manhattan. The idea seems to be that in this way the Central can avail itself of the newly completed tunnels. An official of the Hudson and Manhattan said last night that he understood that the Jersey Central, whose New Jersey terminus is now at Communipaw and over whose lines the Reading and B. and O. trains come in, was considering the proposition.

Once in the tunnel zone, Westfield will move cityward rapidly. The population of today ought to be doubled within a decade. We shall then become a suburban city of homes. We are inclined to give credence to the prophesy of the local business man who said that

within twenty-five years Elizabeth and Plainfield and intervening towns would appear to be one big city. Well, when that day comes, Mountaineers will enjoy the distinction of being typically suburban.

A BOND ISSUE.

The people of Westfield are confronted with the proposition of issuing \$20,000 in bonds to provide funds for the purchase by the Town of certain properties regarded as most desirable for Public Park purposes.

These are:

1. The Peckham Property on Mountain avenue, extending to the east, to the Westfield Park Lake, and, to the north, to Euclid avenue, west.

2. The Triangle Lot bounded by Lehigh, Central and North avenues.

3. The Triangle Lot bounded by Broad and Clark streets and North avenue.

The last mentioned property is, in its present condition, to use a pet phrase of Owen Wister's "The Dirtiest Smeer on the Map" of Westfield. There is no hope for its improvement unless it be purchased by the Town.

The necessity for action looking to the acquisition of these properties by the town seems imperative enough to need no defence. It is only a question of how the necessary funds shall be raised. In the opinion of the Westfield Park Commission and the Common Council a bond issue is the safest and surest way to obviate a pecuniary embarrassment. It is now up to the law committee of Council to determine the feasibility and practicability of the proposed bond issue.

Diplomatic Rather Than Historical.

The Local, Kittanning, Penna., July 12, 1909.

Editor Union County Standard. The statements in Dr. Morgan's autobiography, in your impression of 9th inst., are most important, as unwritten history. We can see that patriotic Democrats, holding that above all other things the Union should be preserved, may have felt that an actual occupation of Richmond, by a hostile northern army, was the only thing that would render the preservation of the Union impossible. I see no objection to be attached to such a belief, or to an effort to arrange for carrying it out.

In two European wars—after Leipzig, and after Sedan, the victorious armies of the allies—and the Germans, were restrained from entering Paris—in order that the reconstruction desirable should not be embarrassed. Dr. Morgan's revelations are diplomatic, rather than Military History.

Respectfully,
T. A. P. HOGROX.

Dudley—Burr.

Mrs. Charles A. Burr was married to William MacMillan Dudley, of Scranton, Pa., in the Westfield Presbyterian Church at five o'clock, on Saturday afternoon, by the Rev. Dr. W. I. Stearns, pastor of the church. Mrs. H. N. Taylor played the wedding music. There were present at the wedding relatives and friends of the bride and groom and a number of local people. Mrs. Dudley was a former parishioner of Dr. Stearns and a friend of the family, when the doctor was pastor of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church. After the wedding the bride and groom left for New York. They expect to spend their honeymoon on the Pacific coast. The flower committee of the church supplied the artistic decorations.

Lee's Job in Collision With Wagon.

While driving down Orchard street, Elizabeth, Wednesday afternoon, Walter J. Lee's touring car crashed into a wagon. The accident caused considerable excitement, but little damage was done. Mr. Lee turned his car into the wagon to escape collision with a big touring car which was running at a high rate of speed. By his presence of mind a serious and possibly fatal accident was narrowly averted. There were six people in the touring car.

Mr. Lee's machine was but slightly damaged. The horse attached to the wagon was bruised about the legs and ribs.

Stiles Awarded Contract for Bridge.

Mason A. W. Stiles was last Wednesday awarded the contract for building the new 79 foot bridge on Clark street, near Brightwood avenue. There were four bidders for the job. Mr. Stiles' bid was \$623.

In a Bad Way.

An Atchison brakeman has a friend who was recently tried in the district court. The other day, when the trial was in progress, the brakeman was seen coming from the court house. "How is your friend coming along?" he was asked. "He's up on the highest limb of the tree and the county attorney is sawing it off," replied the brakeman.—Atchison Globe.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church.

Morning service at 10:30, preaching by the pastor.
Sunday school at 12:00, W. A. Dempsey, superintendent.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Congregational Church.

There will be the regular morning service in the Congregational Church next Sunday when Dr. Loomis will occupy the pulpit.
Sunday school has been discontinued for the summer months.
Wednesday evening there will be the regular mid-week prayer meeting. The pastor will be in charge.

Holy Trinity Church.

Mass will be said in Holy Trinity Church on Sunday at 8:30 and 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 3 p.m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. The pastor, Rev. A. W. Hayes, D. D., will preach at both services.
Sunday School session at noon. J. S. Johnston, Superintendent will conduct the service.

"The Healing Touch" is the subject for the Epworth League meeting on Sunday evening at seven o'clock sharp. Mrs. Thomas Hyslip, Jr., will lead.
Bible Study Class on Tuesday evening at eight o'clock in the church parlors. Mr. O. H. Shiras will be in charge.

Mid-week prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. The pastor will be in charge.
Jun or League meeting this afternoon at 3.15 o'clock.

Class meeting on Friday evening at eight o'clock. Leader J. S. A. Wittke.

Presbyterian Church.

Sunday. Public worship at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. The pastor, Rev. W. I. Stearns, D. D., will preach at both services. 11:50 a. m. Bible School. 7 p. m. Christian Endeavor meeting. Subject, "Heroes of Missions in China." Matt. 3:13-16. Missionary Committee.
Wednesday 8 p. m. Mid-week prayer service.

St. Paul's Church.

Next Sunday, Rev. Joseph Rushoon, D. D., of New York, City, will preach at eleven o'clock.

The Church will be closed during the month of August for repairs.

POT LUCK BESIEGED.

Many Call to See Freak Toad, and are Disappointed.

Uncle Alfred Pearsall, of Pot Luck, entertained as many as fifty callers last week-end, and the singular thing about it, so the callers say, is that Uncle Alfred failed to produce his two-headed, six-legged toad.

"Well, the reason I won't show it," declared Uncle Alfred, "is because I am afraid some one will steal it. You know its worth some money. I've been saving all my spare cash to buy cement for the side walls of Pot Luck and I figure that I can buy a whole car-load if I get the right price for my fr'a't toad."

"How much do you want for it?" he was asked by the leader of a party of twenty-eight from the Germantown section.

"Well I'll sell it for a car-load of cement."

"It ain't that I want to see it, but the children reads about it in the papers and they would like to have a look. I ain't got no cement, but I'll give you lots and lots of potatoes for it."

"No," said Uncle Alfred, "I've got potatoes to sell. I want cement."

The company departed feeling very much hurt, while Uncle Alfred expressed deep regret at their disappointment, and assured them that he couldn't possibly exhibit the toad. He had intended to, but being apprised by an expert of its value, he had decided to hide it, and had entrusted it to the care of a friend who had stowed it away in a remote place.

Enoch Miller and party drove up in a carriage, Sunday morning, to see the toad, and they too were disappointed. Being told that the editor of the STANDARD had been appointed custodian, they visited him, but he refused, under specific instructions from the owner, to divulge the place of its keeping.

Many others went to Pot Luck Sunday on a sight-seeing expedition. They were received with characteristic hospitality by Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall, but they were not allowed to see the toad; in fact they were told that the freak catch was to be deported to the city soon, and—O, well, all the other reasons, which, as Uncle Alfred pointed out, were sufficient to prove a case.

The toad goes to the city tomorrow. Uncle Alfred says he has sold it to the proprietor of a dime museum. He says he got his price for it, but will not mention the figure.

The "Standard Press" is at all times willing to estimate on and show samples of any description of job printing.

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The Life Insurance Agency of Wm. Edgar Reeve

Tel. 61 Cortlandt.

115 Broadway, New York.

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Rates Reasonable

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Lessons Given at House.

Post Office Address,

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545 North Avenue, East

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through the Summer, apply

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Standard. "Want ads." bring

results.

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.

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

FOR SALE—Horse and cart also horse for sale. 501 Broad street.

FOR SALE—Italian Piazza coach, perfect condition. 501 Westfield avenue.

THOMAS FLYER, full equipment, top, perfect running order, looks like new. Price \$50 for quick sale. Hayes, 514 Madison avenue, Westfield.

TO RENT—A floor, bath and laundry, 501 Westfield avenue.

TO RENT—Two furnished rooms for wagon, 501 Westfield avenue.

TO RENT—Large house, all improvements, the location. M. care of Standard.

TO RENT—Furnished or unfurnished large house, party wishes to break up householding on account of health. M. care of Standard.

TO RENT—A pocket book with letter W on side in ladies room at depot July 23, 8 a. m. Finder will be suitably rewarded. Care of Standard.

WANTED—A girl for general housework, either white or colored, 8 in family. References required. Inquire 127 Park street.

PULPITS for sale, 250 Loghorns, barred (Bucks and White Wyandottes, from two to three months old, \$6.00 per dozen, \$40 per hundred; will lay by November if treated right. H. Prudhomme 71 Chestnut street, Westfield.

FOR SALE—Tandem bicycle, also gear in good condition. Price reasonable. 222 Lenox avenue.

Six room house to rent, 3 minutes to station. Consult Walter J. Lee.

Several amounts to loan on bond and mortgage. Consult Walter J. Lee.

FOR SALE—Restored road mare, with pedigree. Can be driven by man or lady. Inquire L. Powers, 429 First street.

WANTED—Boarding, good table board, in good locality, 4 minutes from depot at Prospect street.

TO RENT—Two furnished rooms, near station. G. Standard.

FOR SALE—Second hand typewriter. Cheap. Inquire H. L. Abrams, Pearsall Building.

WANTED—Door Warden for the Town of Westfield. Salary \$25.00 per month and fee while actually employed. Address applications to Lloyd Thompson, Town Clerk.

HANDSOME offices to rent in the Pearsall Building. Inquire The Pearsall Company.

TO LET—Five rooms, to a small family or adults. Inquire 433 S. Elmer St.

TO RENT—Two furnished rooms, 400 Summit Avenue.

Consult Walter J. Lee "The Man Who Knows" about Westfield real estate.

WANTED—Two or three girls. Apply 429 Summit Ave.

TYPEWRITERS, all makes, rented, \$5.00 per month. \$10.00 machines, \$15.00 to \$20.00. Six months' rental allowed to apply if purchased. Sold and rented everywhere. Write for catalogue and net prices. TYPEWRITER SALES CO., 5 Courtland St., New York.

GENUINE Ruberoid Roofing and Roof Putty; 10 years actual test. For sale by C. A. Smith.

CARPENTER—Jobbing and Scaffolding. Charles H. Mann. Phone 328 W. 270 North avenue.

WILLIAM F. BLOSS, THE BIRD ROOM. Makes and sells your birdhouses. Address: Chamberland street, Westfield, N. J. House of all sizes, white and stable brooms. BARNBROS.

TO LET—No. 521 Lenox avenue, unfurnished, 8 rooms and bath, reception hall, this location, nearly new house. Possession February 1st. Apply at address or to Charles Christenberger, 104 Broad street.

KRASNEY and MATTISON CO.'S "Asbestos Century Siding," for sale in Westfield through H. G. Boardman, 114 Park St., make the best roof.

FOR RENT!

Ten-Room House on Prospect St.
One of the best locations in town.
Possession at Once!

HERBERT L. ABRAMS
Tel. 135-L. Pearsall Building

\$7,000

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Lot on South avenue, 50 by 200—\$700, all improvements, high and dry. Also Triangle on North Ave. with 276 ft. frontage—one thousand dollars.

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Phone 114 Murray Hill.

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Never Too Busy to Answer Questions!

It is one of the functions of a bank to answer the questions of its customers. Our banking knowledge is always at the command of our patrons.

THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK of Westfield.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

—George Larson, of New York City, visited friends in town this week.

—Mrs. Harry Schanze, of Camden, is visiting Mrs. A. K. Gale, of South avenue.

—William Heinicke, of East Broad street, is spending his vacation at Pittsfield.

—Miss Rosalie Davies, of Prospect street, left last Wednesday for Summit, New York.

—Mrs. P. J. Windfeldt and children, of Elmer street, are spending two weeks at Asbury Park.

—Mr. G. W. Cornwell, of Harrison avenue has bought the Shucker property on Westfield avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wells, of Scranton, Pa., spent Sunday at the Presbyterian manse.

—Peter Randolph, of south avenue, returned last week from an extended trip through the south.

—The Woodmen of the World will hold an important meeting in Odd Fellow's Hall, tonight.

—Mayor Schoonover of the borough of Mountaintop returned last Saturday from a week's stay in Sussex County.

—Mrs. J. C. Rubie, of Washington, N. J., is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. S. Yard, of West 1 road street.

—Mrs. Robert Lee, and her daughter and Miss Coombs, of Orchard street, will spend two months at Rye, N. Y.

—Mrs. Arthur Allegor and her son, of Broad street have returned from a two week's stay at Washington, N. J.

—Mr. Edward Alpers, of Brooklyn, spent the week and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Alpers, of Elm street.

—Raymond Smith, of Clark street and Stanley Marsh, of Mountain avenue are spending the summer months at Block Island.

—Stanley Williams and Joseph Laurent, graduates of the Westfield High School, have won scholarships for Rutgers College.

—Oakes Worl, of New York City, will leave Sunday after a week's stay at the home of his sister, Miss Hazel Worl, on Orchard street.

—Mrs. A. F. Winkler has returned to her home on Elm St. from St. Elizabeth Hospital, where she has been ill for nine weeks with typhoid fever.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Troland, of Malden, Mass., leave today after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Irving and family, of Dudley avenue.

—Mrs. K. G. Felt, her son Austin, and daughter, Katherine, of Orchard street, left yesterday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Frank Jay Dapigne, at Mamavoneck, N. Y.

—Miss Bertha Hansen, of Mountaintop, was surprised last Saturday evening at her home by thirty of her friends. She received many beautiful and expensive gifts in honor of her sixteenth birthday.

—Mr. Robert Perry returned to his home on Walnut street, last Monday, after a vacation spent with his family at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Mrs. Perry and her son Robert will remain in Nova Scotia for the remainder of the summer.

—All aboard! For Baynton Beach! Three cars will leave Westfield avenue and Broad street at seven-thirty next Thursday evening, under the direction of the Men's League of the First M. E. Church. It will be a jolly bunch, no doubt. If you don't have your ticket by Monday, they won't let you go!

—Harold Francis has been visiting his brother, Edwin, at Allenhurst.

—Zack Weston, of New Brunswick, is visiting Mrs. Martin Snyder, of Central avenue.

—Mrs. James Corrigan, of Jersey City, is visiting Mrs. Daniel Boyle, of Prospect street.

—Miss Jennie Tobin of North avenue, is spending a week with relatives at Oorn-Wall-on-the-Hudson.

—J. O. Hall and family, of West Broad street, will return to-morrow from a stay in the Catskills.

—"Genial Gene" Hanford has returned to his home on Dudley avenue, after a business trip to Chicago, Ill.

—Miss Helene Gladwin of Kimball avenue, left last Monday for a three weeks' stay at Avon-by-the-sea.

—Councilman E. D. Floyd, and family, of Elm street, have returned from a vacation spent in Boston, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. George F. Marsh and their daughter, Hazel, are at Block Island for a two weeks' outing.

—Lawrence Sinclair, of the Boulevard returned last Saturday from a two weeks' vacation at Asbury Park.

—Salter S. Clark, Jr., of Mountain avenue, leaves today for a week's visit with Charles Orth at Oyster Bay.

—Artist and Mrs. Arthur Garfield Learned, of New York, will spend Sunday visiting friends in this place.

—Miss Ruth Alpers will return next Thursday, to her home, on Elm street, after a two months' stay at Pulaski, Va.

—The Gibson Girl Cantata, given by the young folks of St. Lukes A. M. E. Zion Church, Thursday evening, July 22, despite the inclemency of the weather, was well attended and much enjoyed.

—Walter J. Lee has rented W. L. Brown's house, Park street, to Frank Bowman, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Chicago and Alton and Toledo, St. Louis and Western Railroads, and for Lawrence Powers, his house, 521 South avenue, to Henry Danter, of New York, and the flat of Charles Sortor's on Elmer street to Mr. Tombs.

—Herbert Abrams, Jr. is now entertaining Raymond D. Jackson, Roy Collins, and Lindsay Dallas, at his cottage at Nassau-by-the-sea, Long Beach, L. I. These guests have been enjoying their visit since last Monday. Today Wesley Collins, Richard Tice and G. O. Tobin, leave to spend the week end.

—Batter out, Harrah! This is what you'll hear at the ball game tomorrow afternoon at Recreation Park, when the Congregational Men's Club team will play against the Men's Club nine of the Presbyterian church. Hegeman will pitch for the Congregationalists' team and Manager Morgan, who has a strong aggregation, guarantees a close score.

Happiness.
I believe in getting as much good out of life as you can—not that I ever set out to look for happiness; seems like the folks that does never find it. I see do the best I can where the good Lord put me; and it looks like I got a happy feeling in me most all the time.—Mrs. Wiggs.

Antidote for the Nerves.
The reading of Ebers' romances, from the story of Joshua down to that of the Emperor Hadrian, is of great assistance in adjusting into the mental perspective the petty annoyances of to-day.—Dr. G. L. Walton in Lippincott's Magazine.

To Save Children's Shoes.
Take one-fourth rosin and three-fourths tallow, put it into a dish and set on stove. Heat until it boils and is thoroughly mixed. Let cool, but not too much. Put it on the soles of children's shoes and they will wear twice as long.

Did You Neglect It?

To subscribe for stock in the 25th series of the "old Building and Loan Association" we mean.

Well it's too late now but the 26th is open for subscription and will cost you less—only \$1.50 per share.

Don't delay any longer. One opportunity has gone but if you begin now you will find that the start was all that you needed.

ROBERT W. HARDEN, the Secretary, will be glad to give you any further information that you may need relative to the

Westfield Building and Loan Association.

Incorporated Dec. 4 1888.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE, Made No. 1003 under the National Pure Food Law, No. 1003, COOK & what you are now paying for extras.

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NEXT SUNDAY
Lake Hopatcong
Children free.
LA VERE'S BAND WILL PLAY
Special Train leaves Westfield 8:47 a. m.

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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.

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TROSPER has a full line of good groceries all the time. Headquarters for tea; just the thing for icing. Good coffee, too. Other things just as good. Ring up 249 w. or call.

ICE-CREAM made so sweet and always on hand here, offered in pleasant surroundings, to gladden and nourish the young and the old, because of purity of ingredients, freshest of flavorings and richest of creams. Perfect ice-cream warranted to make a joy of every sizzling hot day. You never knew what ice-cream was until you've tasted ours. All flavors—richest, purest, best. Try it today. Try it every day, and try it in the evening if you want to win a soft spot in "her" heart. New York County Kitchen.

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Don't forget R. M. French & Son keep a full line of furniture and do the best upholstering. Phone 23-L. 14 Elm street.

Now is the time to manure your flower beds and lawns. Call on H. Willoughby.

An Ill Behaved Cluck.
Q.—My one cluck hung six chicks in two days. I never had such a peculiar experience and can find no reason for it. Can you? A.—You give your hens too many eggs or too small a nest box; result, broken eggs that smear the feathers, which sticking together make loops which catch chicks by the neck. Make box 18 inches square and set from 13 to 15 eggs, according to size of hen and season.—Cape May Star and Wave.

What Women Are For.
Every good woman, if I may call myself one, turns the men she cares for round her little finger, and it's the men who are worth most in life who submit most readily to the process. Do you know why God created angels? It was to whisper good thoughts to women. Do you know why he created women? It was to whisper good thoughts to men.—Inner Shrine.

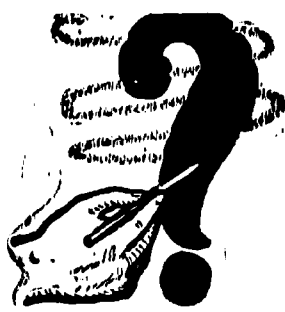
Britain's Coal Troubles.
We hear a great deal in these times of the folly and wickedness of war between civilized peoples. What, then, shall be said of industrial civil war in our midst? In every dispute there must always be a reasonable middle course. If it cannot be found that is nothing short of a disgrace to our civilization.—London Weekly Dispatch.

Be Not Too Ready with Excuses.
That man who always is searching for excuses for his short-comings is a disgrace in business life. To find an excuse almost always involves some one or more of his fellows. To have his excuses accepted tends to place his fellows more or less under censure, and whether the censure be just or unjust, friction results inevitably.

Makes for Safety in Mines.
To prevent an explosion of dust or gas in the event of an incandescent globe breaking in a mine, a new lamp has been devised in which the usual globe is inclosed in another, filled with air. Should either globe break it is said the air would extinguish the carbon before it could ignite the dust or gas.

Cold Storage Eggs.
Some of those eggs now going into cold storage may never come out again, but will remain, like the gold reserve in the Bank of England, as a part of the capital stock of the cold storage concern. In some future geological era, as they are dug up, the experimenters of the day can have great fun seeing whether or not they will hatch out.—Chicago News.

Insisted on Wedding Veil.
This from Serbia: "The parish priest of Nish refused to perform the wedding ceremony for Peter Golubovitch and Mara Ietnar in Belgrade cathedral because the bride wore a hat instead of the traditional veil. The shops being closed, it was impossible to procure a veil and a substitute was finally improvised from a lace curtain."



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No Question, as to the class of development we are striving for.
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A Little Flutter in Literature

By F. Harris Dean

"Sit!" said Betty sharply. She was seated at a small writing table, and formed an attractive oasis in a desert of bookshelves.

I paused abruptly in the doorway and stared.

"I mustn't be interrupted," she exclaimed, "because I'm busy."

"So I see," I rejoined. "What are you doing—sorting your dressmaker's bills?"

For a fraction of a minute I was permitted to gaze into a pair of deeply wounded eyes. "I'm writing," she said coldly.

"O," I said, somewhat impressed. I subsided gently into an armchair, and eyed her admiringly. "Er—what are you writing?"

Betty looked at me thoughtfully, and sucked an ink forefinger before she replied. "I'm writing a novel," she vouchsafed at last.

"A novel!" I cried. "You didn't mention it yesterday."

"Because," she answered, simply, "I hadn't thought of it yesterday."

"Is it finished yet?"

"Finished!" She regarded me scornfully. "Have you ever heard of a novel being written in a day?"

"No," I admitted, "though many could have been—easily."

"I don't expect to get it finished," she resumed, "before the end of next week."

Too impressed by the magnitude of the work to offer any comment, I lit a cigarette.

"I'm glad you've called, though," she resumed "because there's something I want to know. What is the least number of words you can have in a novel?"

"Not less than 70,000," I informed her.

Betty gave a shrill cry and gazed at me in dismay. "Truly?"

I nodded.

For a few moments Betty involved herself in a minor maelstrom, and eventually emerged flushed and disheveled. "Thirty pages," she announced. "It's foolscap, though, mind you. How many words would that be?"

"About 1,500 altogether," I calculated, glancing at her handwriting.

"Oh!" she wailed. She resumed the sucking of her ink-stained forefinger.

"Have I got to write another 40 times as much!" Her tone was tragic.

"Why not make it a short story?" I suggested.

Betty reflected over this for a few moments. "Should I get as much?" she queried.

"As much?"

"Money, of course. What else do you think?"

"That depends. Some authors get more for a short story than others for a long novel. It's a question of reputation."

Betty wrinkled her brows at me for a few moments. "How do you get a reputation?" she inquired at length.

"By writing," I affirmed stoutly.

She pondered over this for a while.

"I see," she evolved at last. "At least, I think I do. You have to write a story first to make your name, and another to make money. Is that it?"

"That's the theory of it, anyhow," I assented.

"Ugh!" she cried, with a shudder, instinctively putting her hand behind her back.

"How many words do you want for a short story—a very short story?"

"That depends how short the story is. Say two thousand."

She pursed her lips reflectively. "And I've written—how many did you say?—fifteen hundred. So I only want another five hundred, don't I? It wouldn't be dangerous to write that number, would it?"

"Dangerous!" I echoed. "There's never any danger. If the editor doesn't like it, he only sends it back. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Don't be silly," said Betty, scornfully. "I meant danger of getting writer's cramp. And, anyhow, when I've written the story I shall take it to some editor personally. You don't suppose I'm frightened of an editor, do you?"

"Look here," she cried, suddenly, "what will you bet that the first one I take it to doesn't accept it?"

I looked at her laughing face, and imagined myself an editor. I shook my head.

"A dozen pairs of gloves," she pleaded. "A lady editor!" I bargained.

She looked at me reproachfully. "That's mean—I won't bet at all with you now." She paused, and then added, "You might have won, you know."

"In any case," I said, undisturbed, "I've plenty of gloves."

"Gloves! Why, I—needn't have bet you gloves."

"What were you going to bet me?" I said.

"Oh, well," She meditated awhile. "Well, what do you think is worth a dozen pairs of gloves?"

I told her.

"Done," she said; "but only one, mind."

And then a horrible, disturbing thought came to her. "If I finish the story," she said, aghast, "I may get writer's cramp and then I shan't be able to wear the gloves!"

"If you don't finish it," I pointed out, "it can't be accepted, and so I shan't win."

"I don't know that I mind," said Betty, with a dimple.

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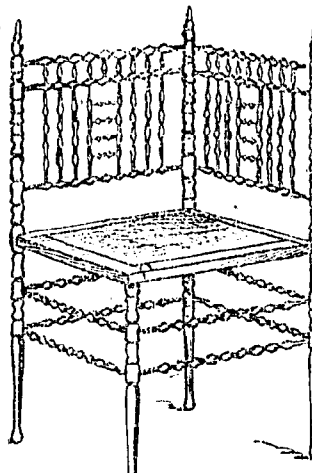
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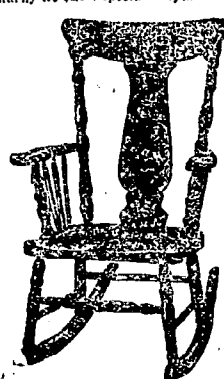
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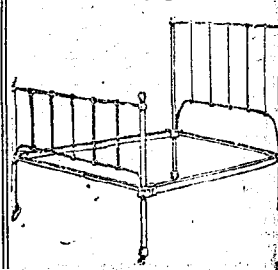
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Less Without Consolation.

The consolation in losing a vermiform appendix is that a man can go through life, after the operation, and no one can tell by his appearance that he is something short. But when it comes to losing hair, it is different.

A Bad Taste, Perhaps.

Did you ever notice how much more homely a crowd looks to you on some days than on some others? It is a fact, however strange as it may seem, and, noticing it, did you ever take any thing for it?

The Argument.

"When you come to figure in the loss of time, temper and mebbe friendship," said Uncle Eben, "it's mighty hard for anybody to say for certain that he has had the best of an argument."

Maybe He Does.

When we remember that a woodpecker often works his way into a tree with his bill, we wonder that a woodpecker doesn't have headache constantly.—*Atchison Globe.*

And So Many Do.

"Dar ain' no doubt," said Uncle Eben, "dat money does no' harm dat good to a man dat regards it simply as a license to git proud an' foolish."

Shoes of Ancient Jews.

Shoes among the ancient Jews were made of leather, linen, rush, or wood; and soldiers' shoes were sometimes made of brass or iron.

Kissology.

A girl can make a young man believe she doesn't want him to kiss her when she is almost daffy for fear he won't.

Stick to One.

There is more than one road to success, but no one ever gets there by trying them all.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Usually.

A judge of human nature usually makes a mistake in his estimate of himself.—*Smart Set.*

May Have Been Asleep.

The man who cannot remember the text or ought of the sermon is hypnotized or has worked himself into a trance, and sleepiness and inability to tell what the preacher has said must be considered as an indication of a plenty that has passed beyond the control of its possessor or of attention so acute that it concentrates itself on the words and face of the speaker, to the disregard of thought expressed by words.—*Christian Advocate.*

Beware Becoming Wet Blankets.

The pessimist wears a face that looks as if it had gone through the wash-wringer. She casts gloomy, weariness about and forecasts gloomy weather. We all have troubles enough to make us grim and wretched, but we also have joys enough to make us cheerful. Why let the gloom and the grouch get possession first? The Lord loves a cheerful giver of cheer. Let the wet blanket shake herself and dry up.

Pity the Poor Horse Fly.

Every purchaser of a motor car discourages the life of the horse fly. Some sort of a bug or fly will have to be invented to bite autos and make them stamp, switch their tails, and kick up. We don't know what effect a slender beetle would have on autos. The question is referred to Judge Adna P. Gristlebone for an expert opinion.—*Ossawatimie (Kan.) Globe.*

Martyrs to Science.

At Lisbon, during the plague, Dr. Camara Pestana was infected while searching for plague in a person supposed to have died of pneumonia. It was plague; and the intrepid searcher died, also. He wrote down his horrible symptoms to the very end, for the benefit of medical science.

Pat's Appreciation.

An artist had finished a landscape; on looking up, he beheld an Irish navy gazing at his canvas. "Well," said the artist, familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?" The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment. "Sure, a man c'n do annything if he's druv to ut!" he replied.

Fairfield's Blood Tonic for Horses Only is a Declaration of Independence from all disorders and diseases to which Horses are subject. Feed Fairfield's Tonic to your Horses regularly, and the hot weather will have no ill effect upon their health or working ability. Sold under written guarantee by Patrick Traynor.

BACK GIVES OUT.

Plenty of Westfield Teachers Have This Experience.

You tax the kidneys—overwork them—

They can't keep up the continual strain.

The back gives out—it aches and pains;

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Westfield people tell how they get it.

John Dwyer, 31 Elm street, Westfield, N. J., says: "For some time I suffered from kidney trouble and though I used several well known remedies, I failed to obtain relief. My back was very painful, I had frequent headaches and my general health became much run down. I also consulted a physician but his medicines failed to benefit me. There were also other symptoms which showed that my kidneys were disordered and when Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention, I prepared a box at Fratcher's Pharmacy. They gave me such prompt relief that I continued until cured. I cannot say enough in favor of Doan's Kidney Pills.

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Summer stocks, constantly replenished, are up to the mark every day. Full assortments of inexpensive Hosiery and Underwear, in light-weights, for men, women and children, offer many suggestions for hot-weather comfort. The Men's Store bristles with Suits, Hats, Shoes and other garments designed for mid-Summer wear.

The spice of variety marks the up-to-date assortments of cool linen and serge suits, sheer muslin and silk dresses, lingerie waists, dainty underlinings, Summer millinery, parasols, gloves and other articles of dress for women and girls. Every woman enjoys picking up bargain plums. Daily, a lively hum at some counter shows that some specially-priced article is finding appreciation.

If you want to shop for the home, you will find the Galleries of Furnishing and Decoration rich in things for every room in the house from kitchen to parlor, from porch to lawn.

There are other things, besides merchandise to interest you when you come for a day's shopping. The Wanamaker Auditorium, with one of the largest self-playing Organs in the world. There are rest rooms, a restaurant, commanding a superb view of the city, and a cozy tea room, in which delicious food is served. Other points of interest are the "House of the Future"—a magnificent mansion, an organic part of the new building—containing twenty-two superbly furnished rooms in correct period styles; and the Fur Storage Vault, with its temperature of ten degrees below freezing. We are glad to provide guests with fur coats and conduct them through it.

Visitors are invited to feel at liberty to use the store's conveniences and enjoy its attractions with the utmost freedom—they will never be urged to buy.

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not only possesses the combined judgment and experience financially, commercially and legally, but the investment of its trust funds are under distinct legal restrictions, all aimed to protect the estate.

The Mortgage Department has money to loan on improved real estate in Essex and Union counties. Application blanks on request.

To Our Poor Relations.

There is no way a woman can be so sweet to poor relations in the country as to send them a package of old clothes by freight, with a postal card telling of the thing, so that everybody in the village will have the news of the expected second-hand clothes before the postal card gets out of the postoffice.—New York Times.

Patient's Grave Mistake.

"So you're feeling perfectly well again, and never touched the medicine I gave you, eh? You made a grave mistake, Mrs. Tibbs, a grave mistake." "How so, doctor?" "Why, if you'd taken my medicine, you'd have known what cured you, and, as it is, you haven't the least idea."—Life.

Wants a Ham Sandwich Mine.

Really, we cannot fully express our pleasure at the discovery of a new diamond field in South Africa. Now, if a ham sandwich mine, near enough to Macon for our children to work in, could be located, our happiness would be complete.—Macon News.

Fate of the First Reformer.

The first reformer in any movement has to meet with such a hard opposition and gets so battered and bespattered that afterward, when people find they have to accept his reform, they will accept it more easily from another man.—Lincoln.

Enthusiasm.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus. It moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Bulwer Lytton.

Something Worth Remembering.

There's no reason for a man to get swelled up because he's so fastidious that he puts on a swallowtail and open-faced vest promptly at 6 o'clock every night. Every waiter does that.—Fort Worth Record.

Algeria Taking to Condensed Milk.
Algeria, in common with many other of the backward countries of the east, is taking with avidity to one product of western civilization—condensed milk. The Swiss exporters get nearly all the trade.

On Husbands.

There is always the consolation at the bottom of the cup of spinsterhood—"Better no husband than a bad one." And the bad ones are over-plenty.—Frances, in London T. P.'s Weekly.

The Secret of Happiness.

The secret of marital happiness is not always in letting a woman have her own way, but in letting her have it without letting her know that you know that she's getting it.

There's a Reason for It.

When an actress gets old enough to be willing to publish all her love letters it may be taken for granted that the last of her copy was in several years ago.

Easy.

It is always easy to retain your confidence in your own superior wisdom by deciding that the man who doesn't agree with you is narrow-minded or a fool.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Keeping Friends.

It is one thing to make friends, but quite another to keep them. Remember that friendship will not thrive on discourtesy or neglect. Little courtesies and attentions to those with whom we are most intimate help to smooth and sweeten life.—Home Chat.

Note for Wives.

It is said that no man can tell a fib and keep his big toe still. If the women will induce their husbands to take off their shoes before they begin to question them they can catch them in a falsehood every time.—Atchison Globe.

The Important Feature.

Katherine, aged two, who had on a new pair of shoes, had her picture taken, and when asked why she did not look up instead of down, said: "I wanted to see if my new shoes got their picture taken."—Delineator.

Knew His Lordship.

"Anyone called, Perkins?" "Yes, my lord; man with a bill. Used awful language! And abusive! Why, if he'd been your lordship himself he couldn't have been more so!"—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

Simple Cure for Stuttering.

A German writer declares that stuttering can be cured by simply enforcing the rule: "Do not open your mouth till you are quite clear in your head exactly what you want to say."

Reasonable Explanation.

The reason a poor man wants to be rich is so he could spend his money; the reason a rich man doesn't want to spend his money is so he won't be poor.—New York Press.

Boss Here Also.

In Abyssinia the wife is said to be the head of the household. But it isn't necessary to go as far as Abyssinia to find such a condition.—Augusta Herald.

The Modern Flat.

Jack: "Hello, Tom, old man, got your new flat fitted up yet?" Tom: "Not quite. Say, do you know where I can buy a folding toothbrush?"

A Woman's Way.

A woman can always make her husband feel guilty by walking to the window and looking wistfully out into the dark.—Atchison Globe.

Bearing Another's Burden.

"I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian."—Pope.

Immense Prehistoric Animal.

At Yale university there is a skull of a prehistoric animal which measures 9 feet long and 6 feet broad.

When the Interest Lags.

As soon as a woman finds out that a man means everything he says to her he becomes tiresome.

Uncle Ezra Says.

"The chief reason why the tater bug is such a success is becauz he keeps right at it."

Once Enough.

The amateur gardener is generally cured by one good dose.

"An Ounce of Prevention is worth a Pound of Cure." All Poultry diseases are prevented by the regular use of Fairfield's Blood Tonic and Egg Producer for Poultry Only. Fairfield's will cure disease. It makes young chicks thrive, fattens "broilers" for market rapidly and makes hens lay. Sold under written guarantee by Patrick Traynor.

Many people with chronic throat and lung trouble have found comfort and relief in Foley's Honey and Tar as it cures stubborn coughs after other treatment has failed. L. M. Ruggles, Reesor, Iowa, writes: "The doctors said that consumption, and I took no better and I took Foley's Honey and Tar. It stopped the hemorrhages and pain in my lungs and they are now as sound as a bullet." Sold at Gale's Pharmacy.

Open Friday Evenings; close Saturdays at Noon

Mail or Telephone Orders Promptly Filled
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SAMPLES ON APPLICATION.

STRAUS'S
HONEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES AND LIBERAL
TREATMENT GUARANTEED TO EVERY CUSTOMER.
STRAUS'S
685-687 BROAD ST. 21 W. PARK ST. NEWARK, N. J.

July Clearing Sale is in Full Swing

Bargains in All Departments

IN NEWARK'S BEST CLOAK AND SUIT DEPT.

Stock Reducing Sale

has brought out a host of enthusiastic shoppers despite the hot weather, because buying summer garments in July is advantageous from many standpoints. The styles are settled; nothing but what has proven good is now on the racks. We get rid of all sample garments and odd lots at this time. The public has learned that all we advertise is absolutely true; the cut prices, in many instances, do not cover the manufacturer's cost. It will pay you to shop at Straus'. Come and get your share of July bargains.

Linen Coat Suits

Para linen coat suits two and three piece styles, long coats graduating to point in back, slashed skirts, the Princess gimpes are neatly trimmed with fancy trimmed buttons and braids, skirts are flare or plaited styles, worth \$6.98, at..... 4.98

Rain Coats

Rubberized heavy striped Taffeta Ponze effects, Redgalines, etc., in plenty of blues, browns, blacks, greens and grays; made in the universally desired semi-fitted full length styles; neatly trimmed with piped bands on shoulders and large decorative pockets; pretty novelty buttons; values up to \$10.00, at..... 5.98

Coat Suits

Dressy two or three piece suits, in all desirable shades of excellent quality Linon; the dresses are a handsome Empire silhouette, clearly trimmed with strapping and buttons, made with squares of Linon in contrasting shades; the coats in Directorate models; correct in every detail; worth \$13.98 to \$25.98, at..... 3.49

Tub Dresses

A handsome collection of dainty Lawn and Percale Dresses, striped and figured; the lavins have square necks outlined with embroidery insertion, the same insertion is used to form a Clifton effect waist; the percales are neatly plaited and ornamented with strapping and piping; worth \$3.98 each, at..... 1.98

For Shore and Country. Pastel Shades Special

Capes \$5, \$6 and \$10

Lingerie Dresses

Charming dresses in dainty pink, blue or plain white, trimmed with rows upon rows of narrow Val. insertions, and plenty of pin tucks, skirts and sleeves elaborately trimmed. \$3.98 would scarcely pay for material and trimming, and a dressmaker would certainly demand more for a gown with far less work in it; here at..... 1.69

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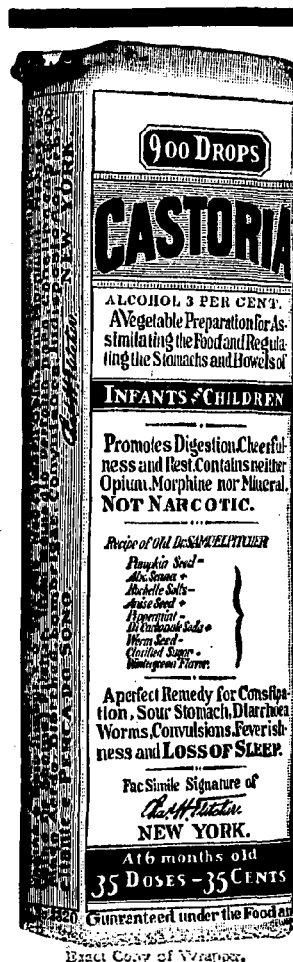
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Elm and Quimby Streets,

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Bears the
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In
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For Over
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CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A Wedding That Could Never Be

By Helen Atherton

The announcement had been in the morning paper, but she had had a long and busy day with shopping, errands and afternoon parties. And so the little paragraph had escaped her notice. Now, as she came down into the drawing room to await her mother preparatory to starting for a ball, she fully took up the paper.

It stared her in the face. She read it and smiled to herself. It seemed something that she had often read before. . . . and then she read it . . . and knew it was impossible . . . and knew that it was true.

A marriage had been arranged. . . . She had often seen it in her dreams, the well-known name, the regiment, the son of . . . but the girl's name, that had never appeared in the dream fancies. . . . no one she had ever heard of before.

Was she still living, or had she gone out of the world, this very strange world, altogether? Could people and things be turning in the same brilliant social kaleidoscope when this—the unexpected—had happened? Could such things be?

And then the girl smiled at herself again, smiled as her mother came into the room, pleasant, dignified, bejeweled, looking with complacent eyes at the daughter who had never failed to do her credit. The bells of the waiting electric brougham sounded below, and the girl still smiled—smiled all that evening as she danced to the echo of five words beating time in her heart and brain, while she listened to the comments on the engagement, and met with splendid composure the inquisitive eyes that asked questions and received no answer from a bravely smiling young face that told them nothing. Yes, the world was still going on merrily. . . . even, though a marriage had been arranged.

And now she must write to him. It was four months since she had sent him a timid little note at Christmas, a letter which, to the eyes that could read it, contained another letter written between the conventional lines. It had been answered in the same—they had not met since—and now was writing to congratulate him.

"Dear . . . this isn't true. They may say so, that you are going to marry some one else, a girl called Daisy, whom I have never heard of, but, until you tell me so yourself, I won't believe it. Oh, I know it's in the papers, but they don't count, do they? You and I know."

"You haven't quite forgotten last July? I don't think you have, any more than I have myself, up in Scotland, that day in the glen, you and I."

We had always been such friends. . . . coming down over the stepping stones—how wet and slippery they were!—I knew you for something more. Oh, didn't you guess? I felt, yes, I felt that you cared, and you never said a word. Is it my money, my hateful money, that stands between us? Surely God never meant a girl to have the millions that I shall have (and you know it) all her own! Was that the barrier? It can't be that you didn't—don't—care. I shall never believe that until you tell me so yourself. . . . not through the papers."

"Do those three weeks all count for nothing? Three weeks nearly a year ago. Months in which I have lived, and suffered, and waited—for this. Months out of my life which I give to you, Jack. . . . and then you hurt this at me. Wouldn't it have been kinder not to let me think. . . . I expect that it was my fault. Well, I can only wish you luck, quite the best of luck, even with some one else. Good-by, Jack, write and tell me if you can that it isn't true."

"MAJORIE."

But this was the letter she sent: "Dear Capt. Atherton: I am writing to wish you all good luck. Don't bother to answer this, as I am sure you are bored to death with congratulations. Yours sincerely,

"MAJORIE MANNERING."

"Little girl, little princess, what are you thinking of me, I wonder, if you are thinking at all? You have seen the announcement in the papers, and your gray eyes will stare at it, and you will smile, that brave little smile of yours I know so well, and probably go on and dance at somebody's ball, and forget all about it. Not to-night, I think, Majorie, will you forget?"

"And all the time you are asking yourself, what does it all mean? I ask myself that question, too. . . . did you care, or was I mistaken? You did not let me see. I thought so, but if I had been sure—Well, God knows how hard it is for a man without a penny to speak to the daughter of a multi-millionaire. Ah, those three weeks that evening in the Glen. . . . and those wet stepping stones. I wonder if you remember? . . . or do women forget? I care for Daisy, yes, honestly care, but deep down in my heart is buried my love for you. I dare not think how easy it would be to resurrect it. I think I must put 'Resurrection' over it. Forgive me, little girl, if there is anything to forgive—and good-by."

"JACK."

But this was the letter he sent: "Dear Miss Mannering: Thank you so much for your charming letter. It is so nice to get one's friend's good wishes, and perhaps I appreciate them more than you think. Yours sincerely,

"JOHN ATHERTON"

Saved by Brass Helmet.

Brass helmets worn by English fire fighters occasionally prove useful. At a recent fire 14 tons of glass fell on one man's head and completely buried him and when he had been dug out down to his shoulders another shower of glass came down and buried him again. He was in a hospital for four months and glass was coming out of different parts of his body for six months afterward, but he is still one of the best men of his company.

The Public and Its Papers.

We are sure that it is a delusion to suppose that the public likes a slavish paper—i. e., a paper always terrified that it may offend its readers. If it spends its real mind, they prefer one which is independent, though, no doubt, they do not like to see their pet theories handled too roughly. Yet even here they will stand a great deal of opposition to their own views if they know that the newspaper is acting sincerely.—London Spectator.

Rules for Right Conduct.

If you want to be somebody, do something in the world which will benefit yourself and your fellows, lay the foundation of character strong and solid to resist the temptations and trials the world will put in your way in your onward march through life. Nail your colors to the mast of integrity and defend them with the ammunition of right thinking and well doing.

Pig Errantry.

The report of the cattle market committee presented at Colchester town council the other day contained an item as to a pig starving, followed by "Resolved, That the town clerk communicate with the offender, warning him against committing any offense in future." It was touching to hear that penitent animal giving its word of honor that nothing of the sort should occur again.—London Globe.

Cheeriness.

Cheeriness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Boarding Houses.

The first time a man eats at a boarding house he is a Chesterfield in manners, but before he has taken three meals there he is playing a grab game like the rest of them. It is impossible to cultivate repose of manner and get enough to eat at a boarding house.—Atchison Globe.

China's Multiple Crops.

China has three crops of tea—the spring crop in April, the second in May and the "even flower" crop about the first of July. The export season is throughout the year. Three crops of rice are harvested; export of this product is prohibited.

A Texas Chattel Mortgage.

A peculiar chattel mortgage was filed with the county clerk of Gonzales county recently, wherein nine turkey hens, one gobbler, and all their increase, are mentioned as collateral.—Gonzales Inquirer.

No Harm in Air Castles.

Building air castles is a solace to the overworked and overburdened. It may be a blessing or a curse. If you can do a day's work cheerfully and control your castle-building there is no harm.

The Spreader of Joy.

A chirping woman in the house may be told that silence is golden now and then, but in the long run her music will be looked upon as an angelic accompaniment to the day's work.

March of Progress.

Every institution is a scaffolding, to a better one. Do not overturn one until you are ready to erect another which, in turn, will be a scaffolding for something nobler.

One Can Repulse or Attack.

If you would remove evil, do good. Be a growler and you will drive men and women away from you. Be sympathetic and you will attract the world.

We Know.

"Ah, what is staler than a stolen jest?" sighs a sonneteer in a current periodical. We have the answer. The jokes in college magazines.

Daily Thought.

The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing; that of today is bearable; but that of tomorrow is gigantic because indistinct.—Burleighs.

First and Last.

When a girl begins to call a man by his first name, it generally indicates that she has designs on his last.—Lippincott's.

Hard Work All Along.

"It's pretty hard work getting to the top, but them who have been there say it's harder work holding on."

French Cynicism.

In their first passion women love their lovers; in all others they love love.—La Rochefoucauld.

GEORGE FOSTER MAKING GOOD AS CRACK SHORT SPRINTER.

Local Boy Picked as Coming Champion by Experts.

George Foster, of Academy Place, is now competing with champions on the track and, judging from newspaper reports, he is destined to be a world's "champion." Foster has made good progress, and locally, was rated as a "champion." He was the star winner in the local Marathon A. A. winning all the short sprints handily. In the Junior championship meet recently held at Travers Island, Polham Manor, N. Y., Dawson, who holds the intercollegiate record, only defeated Foster by a few inches in the 100 yard dash. In the 220 yard run Foster finished third, his fastest time being 21 3/5. Foster will run in Boston tomorrow, in the Metley Relay, against many other fast sprinters. Following is the New York Globe's account of Foster's work:—

"Those who think that Lawson Robertson, the new Irish-American A. C. track coach, is a 'greenhorn' and all at sea in his present position have no more guess. Proof of this statement is forthcoming in the recent performances of George Foster, the young Jersey sprinter, who is now wearing the winged fast in open competition.

"A year ago Robertson spotted Foster as a comer, and after a hard tussle landed him in the F. A. A. C. The Acorns of Brooklyn wanted Foster, too, and claimed him as a member, but Robertson landed the prize for Celtic Park. At that time Robertson predicted that Foster would be running neck and neck with the champions this summer. Many laughed at 'Robbie's' forecast but they realize now that the big sprinter is no slouch at judging youngsters.

"Foster has won race after race from short marks this spring. Only last Saturday at the Brighton A. C. meet he took the 60-yard dash from the 3-foot mark in easy style. Then on Monday he ran at Troy—in a 180-yard scratch event against Gus Elkman, the Canadian champion. At 100 yards Foster was about five feet ahead of the Acorn flier. The lack of experience and campaigning told, and the youngster faltered. Elkman beat Foster at the tape by a scant 6 inches."

LAUD SENATOR KEAN.

Union County G. O. P. Commends His Work For Lower Tariff.

Thanking him for "his untiring efforts to make the new tariff all that shall be for the benefit of the nation as a whole," resolutions highly eulogistic United States Senator John Kean were passed by the Union County Republican Committee at its regular meeting in the Dix building Monday night in Elizabeth.

Following is the resolution: "Resolved, That on behalf of the citizens of Union county, this committee expresses to the Honorable John Kean, United States Senator from New Jersey, its hearty appreciation of his services in the revision of the tariff."

"We thank him for his untiring efforts to make the new tariff all that shall be for the benefit of the nation as a whole, subordinating to the good of the country, the interests of any one locality."

"We particularly commend his successful endeavor to add to the free list a number of articles entering our industries as raw materials, as a result of which we anticipate increased prosperity for our manufacturers and the consumers of their product; recognizing in such action a fulfillment of the pledges made during the last campaign by the Republican party and its candidates to enact a revenue measure that should revise the Dingley tariff downward and give our manufacturing industries free raw materials."

Arrangements were made for the annual Dollar Dinner to be held at Turn Hall, Elizabeth, on Wednesday night, September 23. For that purpose County Chairman Frank H. Smith appointed these as a committee to cooperate with a committee of the Downtown Republican Club: J. Stephen Higham and H. H. Williams, of Plainfield; John R. Moxon, Robert J. Kirkland, William Penderand Neil McLeod, of Elizabeth; Henry Krouse, of Roselle; John W. Olt, of Summit; F. O. Decker, of Westfield; William K. Hall, of Cranford, and William Randolph, of Rahway.

ARTHUR FLAGG SURPRISED.

Twenty Friends Help Him to Celebrate His Thirty-ninth Birthday.

Arthur Flagg was surprised last Wednesday evening by twenty of his friends in honor of his thirty-ninth birthday, at his home on Mountain avenue. Mr. Flagg was interested in a game of dominoes when his friends suddenly "dropped in." All present passed a pleasant evening playing games, after which refreshments were served. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon, and their daughter Miriam, Mr. and Mrs. A. Allegor, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hutchings, and their daughters Olu and Emma, Mrs. Nixon and her daughter, Edna, of Washington; N. J., Charles E. Cox, Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. England and their grandson, Thomas Beaman.

PRESBYTERIANS WIN FROM THE CONGREGATIONALISTS IN A WALK.

Lack of Practice Accounted for Poor Showing of Morgan's Men.

The Presbyterian Men's Club team defeated the Congregational Club nine, last Saturday at Recreation Park by the (close?) score of 17-3. With nice weather and a fairly good crowd the hand-alle game started. The Clark aggregation was in its usual good form, but the Morgan team charged its poor showing to non-practice. The game was a medley of errors and ridiculous plays. A few of the plays of the game are as follows:

The first inning left the Congregationalists one run above the Clark naught. Herrera struck out with three on base.

The second inning, let the Presbyterians put six runs over the plate. This was partly Provan's error. With two out Provan let Danker get first and steal second and third. Danker scored on Provan's error. These errors let the "would be" third out become a run. Brown hit a peachy three bagger to left field and scored Wheeler and Carlson. "Barry" Dallas hit to Wilcox, who stole the ball with the form of a professional, but threw wild to first and let Dallas get third. Brown scored. Squires and Wilcox, afraid of running into each other, let Jackson's fly touch the ground.

The third saw Danker find Herrera for a hit into left field, and reached home on many errors.

In the Morgan team's half, Green nailed Herrera's fly and made a double play unassisted.

The fourth gave the Clark team two more runs.

Jackson and Brush hit two baggers in the sixth.

The eighth saw Jackson get first and steal second and third; Brush singled and stole second; Doerrer singled; Brush forced Jackson, who scored and Brush was touched out, letting Doerrer get second. Danker walked and again reached home on errors.

In the ninth Brown hit a two bagger; Jackson, at the bat, was hit in the hip pocket by a pitched ball. "Tar" happened to have a box of "Lite up" matches in the pocket which were set afire by the blow. He ran to first, looking like a steam engine, with thick smoke coming from his pocket. At first, he began to feel the heat and soon disposed of the burning matches. The Congregationalists began to get excited when with two out they scored two runs.

Brown and Danker were certainly hitting the sphere sound.

That was a "classy" double play of Green's.

Wilcox showed his college athletic education by his many star catches and plays.

Dallas and Kimball were also shining stars.

Honestly, Tobin is studying the rule book.

The official score keeper was unable to keep record of the many errors.

The batting order:

Presbyterian. Congregational.
Green, 1b. Bent, 1 f.
Wheeler, 1 f. Price, r f.
Carlson, s. s. Boardman, c. f.
Brown, c. Squires, 2b.
Dallas, 2b. O. Wilcox, s. s.
Jackson, 2b. C. Kimball, 3b.
Brush, r. f. Herrera, p.
Meyers, 1 f. R. Hanford, 1b.
Doerrer, 1 f. Provan, c.
Danker, p.

Score by Innings:

Presbyterians 0 6 1 2 0 4 0 2 2—17

Congregational 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—3

Bases on balls—off Herrera, 7; Danker, 5. Struck out—by Herrera, 6; Danker, 14. Umpires—W. Collins and Tobin.

TUNNELS OPENED TO PUBLIC.

Continued from Page 1.

Hudson tunnel to the same point is eleven minutes, making a saving of thirteen minutes. The average time commuters will save by using the Hudson tunnels instead of the ferries is sixteen minutes for each trip, or thirty-two minutes a day.

'ighly 'Armful.

If you are an Englishman, don't think that 'ugging is 'armless; it is 'armful.—Northwestern Academician.

Not Always.

The greatest reformer doesn't always wear the longest hair nor the biggest necktie.

Hooked.

A man feels like a fish out of water when a girl lands him.—N. Y. Times.

The March of Cholera.

Epidemics of cholera always travel from east to west.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. H. Miers*

One Reason For Our Low Prices

Is that it is not our policy to carry a large stock. We keep in stock only "specials." You can readily figure for yourself that if we carried, say, \$100,000 worth of jewelry on hand, we would have to earn \$5,000 to \$7,000 above our regular margin simply to pay the interest on the investment, without considering depreciation.

As it is, we save this—and so do you. We are located in the heart of the jewelry district, and right in the center of the most convenient downtown section. Within a stone's throw of our offices are the firms from which jewelers buy—millions of dollars' worth of jewelry—and just as convenient as though on our own shelves.

Send for information regarding our Anniversary Record and Reminder Cards.

Bring in your rings, brooches, pins or other pieces of jewelry: we will clean them and see that stones are secure, with no charge.

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JEWELRY and SILVERWARE

Brunner's

is the place for you to buy your rings, bracelets, jewelry, silver-ware, stick pins, watch fobs, watches, chains, necklaces.

Don't Delay! Come in and look over the line of handsome articles. Anything you want in the jewelry and silver-ware line at New York prices.

Special Attention Given to Fine Watches and French Clocks
DIAMONDS AT LOWEST PRICES REPAIRING

R. Brunner, Watchmaker and Jeweler

131 BROAD STREET,

WESTFIELD, N. J.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"It's love that makes the world go round," says the Philosopher of Folly. "Isn't it a pity that it wouldn't make it go square, now and then?"

Question and Answer.

"Do you eat, drink or wear clothes?" asks the Augusta Chronicle. Speaking strictly for ourselves, we wear them.—Houston Post.

Be Open to Conviction.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.—Cicero.

Greek Shoes and Sandals.

Greek shoes were peculiar in that they reached to the middle of the legs. They also used sandals.

The Mean Things.

A good many married men would regard a tax on bachelors as a tax on intelligence.

Process of Building.

From little things men go on to great.—Dutch Proverb.

Science and Imagination.

Science does not know its debt to imagination.—Emerson.

Unsurveyed Land in Arabia.

The London Times of recent date shows that Arabia is considered as containing one of the most considerable areas of unknown land in existence.

Mighty Close.

"Riches may not fetch what dew" calls "happiness," said Brother Williams, "but dey comes mighty clost ter it w'en dey pays house rent."

Two and Twice.

Do some men a favor and they will do you two. Do some other men a favor and they will do you twice.—Smart Set.

Funny, But Probably True.

"One uv the funniest things uv life is thet the faster 'you hustle along the sooner success will overtake you."

The Stingy Thing.

A husband who allows his wife only \$40,000 a year to spend ought to be sent to jail for cruelty.

Amendment to Old Proverb.

"Never look a gift horse in the mouth, but if you do, keep one eye on your fingers."

Various Pigments from Coal. Pigments of more than 400 different colors are obtained from coal.

Juniors Active For School Funds

To the Officers and Members of the Councils of the Jr. O. U. A. M. A. New Jersey.

Greeting:—

The Order for two years past have, as is well known, been making a fight for the preservation of the school money of this State. Last year, and this year, a persistent effort was made by the administration to turn the school money, derived from the tax on the main stem of the railroads, into the State Treasury for miscellaneous uses. Through the efforts of our Order these attempts proved unsuccessful.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

The effort to divert these money from the schools has in no wise ceased, and the influence that is working to this end is endeavoring to secure the nomination of candidates for the Legislature from the various counties, who if nominated and elected will favor this policy. We urge every member of the Order in this State to be on guard and to see that the nominees for Legislature are friendly to the schools, and will resist any effort to divert from the use of the schools such proceeds off the main stem railroad as under the act of 1906 are pledged to the free public schools of the State.

Yours in V. L. and P.

Grafton R. Day,

Everett Gray,

Wm. H. Miers,

J. Morgan Read,

Jos. H. Thompson,

Board of Managers.

Attest:

Wm. H. Miers,

State Council Secretary.

Proctor's Theatre.

The bill at Proctor's Theatre, Plainfield, next week will be an especially good one.

This is the programme:—The Special Train, with their own scenery; Draw & Co., sketch, "The Special Train," with their own scenery; Everett Gray, black face comedians, known as the Elk Boys from the J. & P. circuit; Livingston Sisters singers and dancers; Thomas & Dell, in their famous "Apache" dances; Lottie Burnell, singing comedienne.

There will be new pictures put on every day.

THE STANDARD PRESS

The "Standard Press" is at times willing to estimate on and show samples of any description of job printing.