



"FOUR MORE YEARS FOR GROVER"

There was gloom in Republican Westfield. A most shocking thing had happened. Not only had Grover Cleveland been elected, but this citadel of Protectionism had given its standard bearer a slender majority of twelve votes. Uncle Sam Reese, chief of the G. O. P. wigwam, Postmaster Luther Whitaker, N. B. Gardner, Freeman Bloodgood, Dr. Sherman Cooper, John Dorvall, C. A. Smith and the Doleful Deacon sat in the back of Bayard's Drug Store, talking things over by the light of a solitary gas lamp. Doors were locked, shades drawn. Said Uncle Sam, "We've a mighty poor opinion of the Democratic party, but we've got to put up with it for four years more." Luther whispered, "The boys are in bad shape, Bayard."

Dr. Bayard was a Democrat, but obliging. He took a tall bottle and vial down from the shelf. "This," said he, holding the vial to the light as he poured, "is prescribed by Dr. Cooper. How about your asthma, Sam?" Uncle Sam coughed—"This campaign has worn me out." Pop Gardner said, "We all feel about the same amount. I don't suppose Mul Scudder would want any. He'll be our next postmaster." This was a sly dig at Luther whose expectations of reappointment had vanished with Harrison's defeat.

Uncle Sam grinned, "Mul will be around tomorrow night to tell us about it. He's a smart politician.

Make a good postmaster—hey, Luther?" Luther lit a cigar and answered softly, "It's bed time, boys." They moved cautiously into the front of the store, leaving something on the shelf for the Deacon. Then someone rapped on the window. In the street, a band played—and how they sang!

"Grover, Grover, four more years for Grover;

Out he goes, in he goes, now he's in the clover."

In the drug store, they peeked from behind the window shades. Broad Street was a dazzling spectacle of torches, colored lights, flaring rockets, streaming flags and banners. Bare headed, Ira Lambert stood on top of his Mt. Ararat Dairy wagon, cheering. Nearby were Chris Harden, Mul Scudder, John Marsh, Will Alpers, Charlie Clark Sr. and other party big wigs. Under the arc lights, J. T. Lawrence read a telegram from "our distinguished fellow townsman, Chauncey B. Ripley," predicting that the Democrats would control the government for the next 25 years. This excited some satirical comment in the drug store. "Ripley was a candidate for Governor and received one complimentary vote in the Democratic state convention," chuckled Uncle Sam. "Cost him two hundred!" whispered Luther.

Again, the tapping on the window and a shrill voice called, "Come on out, Luther! And you, Uncle Sam! How about a big laugh now, Doc