Cooper? Haw! Haw! Haw! Has the Deacon wet his whistle yet?"

The band struck up Yankee Doodle and the paraders, flanked by torch bearers, moved on. Jim French's mule, hitched to a dumping cart driven by Charlie MacQuoid, led the procession. In the cart was an effigy of Benjamin Harrison with a horse collar around its neck, labeled "Tariff Fraud." Theo. McGarrah, J. W. Arkell, Pat Traynor, Will Keeler, Theo. Bushnell and Addison Clark followed, carrying banners reading, "Four More Years For Grover" and "Bill McKinley Did It With His Big McKinley Bill."

Charlie Clark said afterwards that it was the biggest Democratic parade in the history of Westfield, and he was right. It was also the last. They'd given up such things when Woodrow Wilson was elected. The Great Commoner with his silver tongue and Cross of Gold nearly wrecked the party. After Cleveland, the G. O. P. ran the country for sixteen years. And most of the old line Democrats who cheered long and loud for Old Grover, in 1892, cheered longer and louder for Republican Bill McKinley, four years later.

Startling Stops By Chet

Young Chester Wesp was always in a hurry; the more he hurried, the more he stuttered; the more he stuttered, the funnier his remarks. He had an individual way of saying and doing things. His favorite sport was baseball and, though his style of handling the ball was strictly unorthodox, he was a good player. One day, in a game between pick-up nines, he chose to play first base, and the boys thought they would have some fun, throwing the ball at his feet. Chet made some startling stops, let the wide ones go by, and while the rightfielder was chasing the ball, he sat on the bag, as silent as a mummy. Following his turn at bat, he moved over to shortstop. "Hey, Chet!" called John Traynor, from behind the plate, "you're first baseman!"

"Y-y-yep," stuttered Chet, reaching for a high bounder. "Bu-bu-but I g-g-got t-ta ge-ge-get some p-p-practice. Yu' g-g-got ta b-b-be a g-g-go-od shotstop to p-p-play first b-b-base on this t-t-team." . . .

One cold day, when hurrying down North Avenue, Chet was hailed by the driver of a moving van who inquired the road to Rahway. Chet blew on his hands, then pointed a skinny forefinger down the road. "Y-yu g-g-g-go down t-t-t-that c-c-corner and t-t-t-tuh t-t—O, hell! g-g-go ahead! Yu-yu can b-b-bee there b-b-before I can t-t-tell yuh!"

A few days later, a proverbial joker met Chet on Broad Street. "Hey Chet," he parried, "how do I get to Rahway from here?"

"Who t-told y-y-yuh my name was Chet?" returned Chet.

"Jim Fogarty."

"Then g-g-go ask F-F-Fogarty!"

"Mountainside" Became A Borough

The Borough of Mountainside was formally established at the election of the "Border Folks" on Tuesday, September 24, 1895. Eighty-two votes were cast — seventy-seven for, and four against. The officers in charge were William Schoonover, judge; J. B. Roll, clerk; William Darby, L. S. Robbins and J. B. Holmes, inspectors.