



Another

nothing for the young man to worry about. His meeting with the directors was brief and cordial. They were as glad to do business with him as he was to do business with them and henceforth he numbered them among his best customers. "Strange," he observed some forty years later, "how a trivial incident like that will change the process of a man's thinking."

Strange, indeed; but how trivial?

Suppose the reverse had been true, suppose that the gentleman, the Napoleon of Finance, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the elder, had inadvertently trodden upon the tender great toe of the young man! Considering his dubious state of mind at the time, imagine the diabolical change which might then have taken place in the psychology of our own, our now magnanimous, Mr. C. Rutherford Swaney.



He's Walked 276,000 Miles!

In point of service, Philip Winter is the oldest mail carrier in the Westfield Post Office. Phil began when the house-to-house delivery system was instituted 'way back in 1901, and by January 2nd, 1947, he had made twenty-eight thousand three hundred and thirty-six diurnal rounds. For twenty-one years, he delivered mail, twice daily, to three hundred homes, and, for fifteen years, or since the new and reduced routes were established in 1932, to one hundred and ninety homes, twice daily—which, allowing for holidays and other necessary impediments to continuity, all adds up to the amazing total of two hundred and forty-three thousand visits.

Any professional long-distance hoof-er who thinks he can stand the pace, is welcome to train under Phil's direction. Preliminary training dates are determined by the weather. To qualify, a hoof-er must be able to go at least one round in zero weather, and during blizzards, sleet, hail and slush; or in the perspiring August days when the thermometer registers ninety in the shade, and when it thunders and lightnings and rains cats and dogs. Nothing stops Phil, and he has no time to waste on fair weather strollers. He is now nearing the half-way post on his twelfth lap around the globe, having already covered two hundred and seventy-six thousand miles. He expects to add an-

other fifty thousand and more miles to his credit before he hangs up his old leather mail pouch and stows in the trunk, among his keepsakes, his one hundred and seventy-sixth pair of walking shoes.

The Assemblyman From Union

It gave everyone attending Friday's session of the Legislative Investigating Committee genuine pleasure to observe the frank, able manner in which Assemblyman Lloyd Thompson, of Union, the only Republican member of the Board, clarified the testimony of witnesses, and with non-partisan endeavor, helped his colleagues on the committee, all Democrats, to understand the evidence.

Even rock-ribbed Democrats, who see nothing good in anything a Republican does, were asking with admiration, who is that brainy little fellow who asks so many pointed questions? If Mr. Thompson is a true type of the Republican members, then long live the Republicans! the county and the state needs them.

—From the Atlantic City Daily Press, Editorial, Feb., 1911.

It Was The Westfield Station

Auctioneer J. M. C. Marsh sold the Westfield Station to Levi Hart on Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1891, for \$500. Hart removed it to his triangle lot, Quinby and Elm Streets, and sold it to Realtor Walter J. Lee in 1910. Now, encased in a brick frame and generally improved, it is the home of Junior Lee's Westfield Leader.