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AMERICA!  
AMERICA!  

GOD SHED HIS  
GRACE ON THEE  
... AND CROWN  
THY GOOD WITH  
BROTHERHOOD  
FROM SEA TO  
SHINING SEA!  

KATHERINE LEE BATES
GARMENTS

of Future Will Not Shrink

Textile Mills and Laundrymen Co-operate to Prevent Fading and Shrinkage in Materials

[Editor's Note: The Journal is greatly indebted to the following companies for information and assistance in collecting material for this article: The Mount Hope Finishing Company, The American Printing Company, the Aurora Cotton Mills, and the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada. A great deal of assistance was also given by Allan R. Fuller, textile chemist with the Staley company.]

SHIRTS that laugh at the laundry are no longer a myth and a vaudeville joke. Frocks that are too big when new and too small after the first washing are a thing of the past. Mistaking a sheet for a lace curtain after a few trips to the laundry is simply not done any more. In fact, laundries have ceased to be the rich field they once were for the funny man and the jokster, and all because of a bit of co-operation between the man who makes the cloth and the man who launders it.

For years the textile manufacturer attended strictly to his business of weaving, bleaching and dyeing cloth, while the laundryman stayed as closely on his own side of the fence and washed the finished garments. Clothes faded and shrank in the washing and the laundry took the blame, evidently agreeing with the general public that it deserved it.

Science Enters

Then science stepped in and someone thought that it might be a fifty-fifty proposition. It was suggested that improved washing methods combined with improved methods in the textile mills might bring about relief for everyone concerned. During the last few years great effort has been made to bring the groups representing the laundries and dry cleaners together with those of the textile processors and color manufacturers to deal especially with shrinking and fading problems. Naturally the garment manufacturers and retailers are interested in this work. Much success has been attained through the cooperation of the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada, the National Association Institute of Dyers and Cleaners, The American Association of Textile Chemists and Colorists, the United States Bureau of Standards, the Silk Association of Dyers and Finishers, the National Retail Dry Goods Association and the testing laboratories of various textile mills and retail stores.

Formerly, although the textile processor may have been interested in what happened to fabrics after the general public received them, he was rather helpless to do anything if the customer had trouble with the fabric. In processing goods manufacturing plants used to stretch fabrics as much as possible to get a good gain over the original yardage. As a result, a garment made from this cloth would shrink three or four sizes on being washed.

When this happened the laundry was generally blamed, and after so long a time, tired of the old story. Elimination of this type of stretching, which was thought to be the entire trouble, did not stop shrinkage entirely, so now textile concerns actually preshrink goods by various methods before sending them to the garment manufacturers. One of the best methods, known as Sanforizing, is being played up considerably by laundries, textile manufacturers and garment manufacturers.

Terrific Strain on Fibers

The stress and strain put upon the individual fibers during the course of their manufacture into yarn, and subsequently into fabrics, is terrific considering the nature of the raw material. These fibers are twisted together and are so entwined with one another that they fail to completely regain their original shape when the strain is removed. Furthermore, many fabrics are stretched purposely both warp-wise (threads running parallel to the selvedge)
ami filling-wise (threads running at right angle to the selvedge). A cotton fiber with a normal amount of moisture is elastic, but when wet it can be stretched and, if dried quickly under hot pressure, will retain this stretched condition. However, if wet again and allowed to dry without stretching the fiber tends to resume its natural shape, and hence we have shrinkage.

To combat this shrinkage before the advent of controlled pre-shrinkage processes, the following methods were used: (1) Wetting or soaking the fabric and then drying it with as little strain on the cloth as possible. (2) Chemical shrinkage. (3) Washing or laundering. These methods, still largely used, will shrink cloth it is admitted, but the degree of shrinkage cannot be controlled.

**New Pre-Shrinkage Process**

The newest development for shrinkage is a process whereby, within reasonable limits, one can pre-determine the dimensions of a fabric. In other words, the process can be so applied as to shrink or elongate either the warp or the filling or both to any desired dimensional change. It is not necessary to go into the details of the machine used for this purpose except to say that in the case of shrinkage the warp is first shrunk by applying a spray of water to the cloth and a tension on the filling. The cloth is then dried and the filling is shrunk by a reverse process.

The question naturally arises “How much should a fabric be shrunk in order to guarantee the consumer that there will be no further shrinkage?” This is done by first determining the P. W. S. or “potential wash shrinkage.” To find the P. W. S., a 20-inch test sample is cut from a web of the cloth to be shrunk and 18 inches in both warp and filling is marked off accurately on it with indelible ink. It is then given a normal laundry washing treatment, squeezed out by hand, and air dried. After drying, the swatch is dampened with a spray of water and pressed with a hot iron, care being taken not to rub the cloth with the iron as is customary in hand ironing, but simply to press out the wrinkles and smooth the cloth without stretching. The markings on the cloth are then measured and the P. W. S. noted. The machine is then set to effect a corresponding shrinkage in the cloth being processed. A similar test piece is cut from the finished fabric to determine whether the process has been accurately carried out. It is claimed that it is not difficult to reduce the shrinkage of a fabric to within $\frac{1}{4}$" per yard in both warp and filling.

A year or so ago most of the fabrics pre-shrunk by this method were used for shirtings and collars. This is not surprising, as the inventor of this process is a shirt manufacturer. However, the fabrics being processed by this method have been greatly increased both in kind and amount, and articles made from them are readily available.

**Fading Another Problem**

Another worry of the laundry man is whether or not a dyed or printed garment is going to fade when washed. He hasn't as much cause to worry about this now as he did formerly, because the American Association of Textile Chemists and Colorists has set certain standards to which they strictly adhere. The degree of fading caused by chemical action can be determined in the laboratory and the effect of months of sunshine can be gauged by a few minutes' exposure to ultra violet light known as the Fadometer. In addition, the Laundryowners Association research department instructs its members in the best method of classifying the goods before washing. This includes grouping colors such as reds and oranges, blues and violets, etc., and also various types of fabrics.

At one time textile chemists and colorists advocated a washing test for colors which consisted of soaping a small swatch of the cloth in an open container over a heating unit. This did not seem to be the equivalent of a power laundry, for investigation showed that seams and such turned over places were not faded to the same degree as the open, single thickness. This seemed to prove that friction played an important part in the fading of colors and a new fastness to washing test was made.

The machine which was finally developed consists of a tank which contains a rotor which carries pint jars in which the tests are made. Rubber or metal balls or cubes are added to the jars along with the material to be tested in order to increase the intensity of the action, and more near-
Nearly a hundred acres of vegetables, as seen from the top of our elevator!
Staley employees' gardens stretch in orderly green rows for almost a mile east of the plant.

ly duplicate the actual conditions of the laundry and scouring practice. The tests are equal to about twenty washings.

Again the laundryowner and textile manufacturer both take blame which often belongs to the garment manufacturer. When an article is made, it should consist of colors all of which are of the same fastness to washing. As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, neither is a garment any faster to washing than its most fugitive color. A striking example of this is a garment made of fast color print and trimmed with binding that has been dyed with a fugitive dye. The first time it is washed, the fugitive dye "bleeds" into the rest of the material and the laundryowner has to pay the claim.

Laundry Laboratory

At the Laundry Institute during the last two years a great deal has been done to head off complaints about shrinking and fading at their source—before the merchandise gets into the hands of the consumer. At the request of the textile and garment manufacturers, tests have been made with buttons, trimmings, wash goods, towels, sheets, work clothing, shirts, collars, blankets, cotton rugs, undergarments, hosiery, awnings and many other important items. One firm checked its entire line of work clothing for fastness to laundering and light. One blanket manufacturer makes public the statement that his mill no longer offers a new blanket to the public without first determining its laundering qualities. Still another firm submitted its entire line of fast cotton prints to the laundry laboratory for test to make certain that it was sound in advertising that the materials were satisfactorily resistant to laundering and light.

All industries concerned have made such excellent progress since this plan of co-operation was adopted that they continue to seek other ways in which, by working together, all concerned can benefit still more. One of most recent steps has been to educate the buying public to insist upon garments made from tested materials.
Winners and Their Gardens

Top—John Carmean and his buddy, Otto Nichols, shared the first prize. Center—J. N. Armentrout took third and bottom—Bradford Bean second, in the plant superintendents’ prize.
JOHN CARMEAN
Wins Garden Prize
Second and Third Places in Contest Go to Bradford Bean and J. N. Armentrout

"BEST gardens I ever saw," was the verdict of J. F. Mattes, garden expert, after he had inspected the gardens of Staley employes recently.

Mr. Mattes was the judge in a contest sponsored by the plant superintendents, and in making his decision he spent the best part of two days going over all the gardens, and then going back again and again. As a result he selected three winners, but admitted afterwards it was one of the biggest jobs of the kind he had ever tackled.

The first prize went to John Carmean. He shared it with Otto Nichols. Both are kiln house men, who had their garden plots side by side and worked them together. This plot was outstanding, according to Mr. Mattes, who said: "It was judged on the condition of the garden and of the crop. The tending of the soil showed perfect attention. I believe I could not have found a blade of grass nor a weed with a glass. The cabbage plants are the most remarkable I ever saw. As early as it is, some of them have solid heads as big as a quart cup.

"The corn in this garden was properly spaced and the hills of uniform size. In some of the gardens the corn looked as if it had been thrown in. The beans, tomatoes and carrots looked fine. I liked the way the peas were staked and corded. The whole garden gave evidence of perfect attention, and is outstanding in a whole group of outstanding plots."

Bean Wins Second Place
Second prize went to Bradford Bean, of 21 building, who has been able to keep his garden in almost perfect condition in spite of the fact that he has been laid up for several weeks with a broken ankle. The third prize went to our night time keeper, J. N. Armentrout. He has worked his garden in the early morning hours before going home to bed, and his toil has been richly rewarded.

In telling of his experience later, Mr. Mattes said: "I was delighted to be able to serve as judge for to me that big group of gardens, all worked by Staley people, is one of the most interesting things I have ever seen. A few show that they are neglected, and some show that they have been planted and worked under a handicap, but for the most part they are in unusual condition.

"I think the project itself is one of the most worthwhile things I ever heard of, and I was so glad to see that it was being carried through so competently by the people themselves. These gardens are certainly going to help a lot of families live a lot better next winter, if the gardeners take care of the vegetables they are raising, as they should.

"To select the winners was no small job. The first place garden was outstanding, but when it came to selecting a second and third place garden I had a terrible time. There were so many good ones. I feel though that the ones finally decided upon were the right ones."

See if you believe this any more than we did: Oscar Knoebel says that he often gets out to his garden by 4 o'clock in the morning, and works until time to go over to the elevator. It IS a good story, though.

Kenneth Higdon, mailing room, took his vacation the first of June and actually got homesick for his job before the time was up. While he was away, Bob Siweck took charge of mailing room activities.

Phil Bateman, who drives the mail truck, spent part of his vacation in June seeing some of the big league games in Chicago.
When our salesman, Grady Hemphill, third from the right, visited Stroud's store in Dolores, Colo., recently he got the entire staff to pose for this picture. In the group, left to right, are J. E. Nelson, Harry Haskins, Myrtle Stroud, George A. Thornton, Vernon Miller, Lulu Todd, Goldie Puett, Mr. Hemphill, Myrl Sperny and Albert Stroud.

Parent-Teacher Head

Mrs. T. J. Gogerty was elected president of the Parent-Teachers association at St. Theresa's High school in June. Mr. Gogerty, shipping inspector, and Mrs. Gogerty, have a son, Bill, who is a student in that school.

Bill Diffenbaugh, tinner, who weighs plenty, and Sam Wolf, of the same gang, who doesn't weigh enough, had a great time getting out to the tin shop for fire drill one day recently. Bill can't run very fast so Sam ran along behind him and pushed.

Subby Kalb says to our nurse, "You remember the time I went out to the hospital to see my boy and you fainted and we had to hoss you around?"

F. H. Knowlton, paper sales manager, and Mrs. Knowlton spent their vacation, early in June, in New England.

Bud Bresnan, sales messenger, took his vacation the last part of June, and spent most of the time in and about Decatur.

President of Club

Russell Dash, sales office, was named president of Alpha Kappa Alpha in the annual meeting in June. This is a club of young men affiliated with the Y.M.C.A.

Slim Mullis is "agin" the law which makes you appear before a justice because the bass you caught was one-quarter of an inch too short. It was just Slim's luck that he met the game warden when he was displaying the bass, totally ignorant of the fact that it was 9\(\frac{3}{4}\) instead of 10 inches long.

Someone said that during his vacation Dizzy Wills had joined a company playing "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." The company was playing on a vacant lot near the plant.

Helen Harder says if you want to be sure of a ride home in the evening bring your own car to the office.

F. H. Knowlton, paper sales manager, and Mrs. Knowlton spent their vacation, early in June, in New England.

Bud Bresnan, sales messenger, took his vacation the last part of June, and spent most of the time in and about Decatur.

Mrs. Dan Buzzard, wife of our printshop foreman, underwent a serious operation in June, but is recovering rapidly.
Gives Methods for Caring for Garden Produce

STALEY gardeners who have watched their vegetable crops grow are now faced with the problem of preserving some of this crop for winter use. The gardens were planted with the idea of supplying not only enough for immediate use, but to furnish a supply for next winter. Some time ago letters were sent out giving directions for cold-packing peas, beans and beets which had to be cared for at once.

Below are given directions for preserving most of the other vegetables. These directions are sent out by Prof. J. C. Readey, of the University of Illinois, who has been a true friend of the Staley company in this gardening project.

The following methods of food conservation are well tried. They have the advantage of not requiring any special equipment or large numbers of special containers.

**Beans (green)**

Use kegs or crocks for containers. Mason jars may be used if they are available. Pick the beans at the same stage of maturity as for cooking green. Wash and prepare in the usual manner. Slit the beans lengthwise and then cut into short pieces. Put the cut beans into the container in thin layers and cover each layer with salt. Use salt in the proportion of one to four of the weight of the beans. Place a loose-fitting cover over the beans when the container is full and weigh it down. Be sure the brine formed from the juice of the beans covers the beans at the end of twenty-four hours. If it does not, add a strong salt brine until it does. Set away in a cool place. If the beans are to be kept for a long time, it is well to seal the container by pouring hot paraffin over the contents.

**Beets**

These may be stored fresh. Harvest the beets as late as possible but before they begin to crack, decay, or are frosted. Place them in boxes or other cheap containers, putting them in layers and covering them with sand. Soil may be used if sand is not available, though soil may set up conditions for rot more readily than sand. Set the boxes containing the beets in a cool place, preferably in a basement. If nothing better can be done, set the boxes in a shallow excavation in the back yard and cover them over with loose material such as straw or excelsior, and over this place a layer of soil.

**Cabbage**

Sauerkraut. Remove the outside leaves from the cabbage. Cut these in strips crosswise and shred very finely with the rest of the cabbage. Use crocks or kegs as containers, preferably of small capacities for family use. Use salt in the proportion of one pound for forty pounds of the shredded cabbage. Sprinkle a little salt in the container and then add three or four inches of cabbage. Pound this down tightly, add a little more salt, then cabbage, and so on till the container is full. Cover the surface with a cloth, place on this a glazed plate and weigh down.

The temperature of the room in which the kraut is kept will determine the rate of fermentation. A film will form over the surface, and this should be removed daily to prevent its forming a scum. If this scum is allowed to remain, the kraut will spoil.

As soon as bubbles cease rising through the kraut, remove the cloth, wash cloth, cover and weights, pour off old brine and add new. If the kraut has to be kept for a long time, or must be kept in storage that is too warm, it is desirable to cover the surface of the kraut with about one-fourth inch of paraffin.

**Cabbage (salted)**

Those who do not care for sauerkraut may conserve the cabbage by salting it. This is done in the manner described for green beans. Use one pound of salt per four pounds of cabbage. Add the finely shredded cabbage in one-inch layers, cover each layer with salt, being careful not to use more salt than the amount called for. Add strong brine to cover the cabbage if sufficient brine to do so does not accumulate from the cabbage juices within twenty-four hours. Seal by covering with hot paraffin over the contents.
Carrots (see beets)

Corn

Pull the ears the morning of the day on which the corn is to be dried. The kernels should be firm but not altogether free from milk. Sweet corn deteriorates rapidly after being removed from the stalk. Husk, remove silk, and boil for five minutes. Cut the corn from the ear with a sharp knife. Do not cut too close, but remove the tips of the kernels from the ear by scraping with the back of the knife.

The corn kernels may be dried by various means: (1) Spread on trays and place in the oven with the oven door open. (2) Place a sheet of tin or other metal over a pan on the stove, gas jet or flame. Put water in the pan or pans and turn on sufficient heat to keep the water hot. In this way there is no danger of scorching the corn. Drying requires from one to two hours. (3) On days when there is not too much moisture in the air, much of the drying may be done under the sun. A plate of glass over a box in which the corn is placed is a useful device. Provision must be made for the moisture to escape from the box. Store the dry corn in sugar sacks where mice cannot reach it, or in tin containers.

Onions

Allow the onions to dry thoroughly in the sun before storing them. When they are well sun-dried, pack them into open crates or open-mesh sacks and store in a dry, cool place. Do not allow the containers to sit on an earth floor or other moisture-conducting surface. Frequently onions in sacks are hung from the ceilings of basements.

Peas

Pick the peas when firm but not fully mature. Dry and store as in the case of corn. Soak them enough to restore form before cooking for serving.

Tomatoes

Pick the tomatoes when they are fully ripened to the stem end. Peel them. Peeling may be done more easily if the tomatoes are dipped for about one minute in boiling water and then plunged into cold water. Cut the peeled tomatoes in pieces and boil down until they are about one-half the quantity. Pour while hot into airtight containers. No further processing is necessary.

There are many other methods of conserving food, some of them probably more generally accepted by food nutrition laboratories. The above methods, however, will conserve the food safely in a nutritious, palatable form and provide a means whereby the inexperienced gardener or housewife may insure against the needs of the coming winter.
Our tank cars look decidedly aristocratic in their new silver coats.

New Paint Brightens Up Plant

ANYTHING in the plant which came in the way of a paint brush this spring, is now looking much better for the encounter. Paint—particularly aluminum bronze—has been used wisely and widely and the result is pleasing from several angles. Fences which surround the entire plant glisten like silver from their new coat, and tank cars, which have always been a dingy black, are now taking beauty prizes because they are getting silver baths.

Window frames and screens, door frames and walls are all being treated to new paint. Inside the process buildings, white paint has been used to good advantage, and it is surprising how it brightens up the buildings.

Even the garden tracts on the company land have not been missed, and all fence posts and trees have been given a coat of the good old farm standby—whitewash.

To add to the general trim appearance of the plant, the drive which circles the company property inside the plant fence has been remade. Cinders have been used as the foundation and the surface has been hardened by rolling. Before this was done, all twists were taken out and the new road is as straight as our engineers can make it.

Long Distance Commuting

E. K. Scheiter holds the record in Decatur, at least, for long distance commuting. Recently he was in Washington, D. C., when urgent business called him back to his office. He finished his business in Washington late in the afternoon, got a plane to Cleveland, landing there in time to catch an over-night sleeper to Mattoon, and there was met by Russell Dash, who had him at the office in Decatur in time to start work on time that morning.

Maxine Bon, grain department, spent her vacation in June, in Omaha.

Lois Sagstetter, grain office, remained in Decatur during her vacation in June.

Attends Convention

Javais Cochran, grain office, attended the Kappa Delta Phi convention in Fort Wayne, Ind., in June, as a delegate from the Decatur chapter.

Kennie Davidson, who admits he is a dub at tennis, was matched for his opening game with Lowell Gill, classed as one of the good players. Kennie said he thought he should have been given a first chance, at least.

The next time the general superintendent borrows the chief chemist, the chief chemist is going to send along a chauffeur.
PLENTY OF GRANDSONS

Mrs. Mary Owens, 92 years old, likes to live out in the neighborhood of the Staley plant, for, in addition to a son of hers who works here, she has six grandsons and one grandson-in-law employed at the plant. Her son, D. E. Owens, works in the yard. Her grandsons are H. A. Owens, who works in the garage; D. H. Owens, packing house; Ollis, feed elevator; Ed Smith, timekeeper; Harvey Smith, millwright, and Louis Smith, extra board. Frank Starbody, electrician, married Mrs. Owens' granddaughter.

Mrs. Owens lives alone, by preference, in a small house near that of her son, east of the plant. She has her own garden, and whenever a caller wants to find her he looks first in that garden, for she is perfectly able to work in it and takes her greatest joy in so doing.

Judge Parker decided the boiler house would have to struggle along without him one morning. That was the morning his son, Paul, was graduated from St. Theresa's high school.

Bill Heer, who is never away from his post of duty in the syrup mixing room, took a whole morning off the day his daughter, Margaret, was graduated from St. Theresa's high school.

FROM AN ENGLISH FRIEND

That there are other versions of the "three on a match" story, is evidenced by a letter we recently received from a British reader of the Journal. Harry Pearce, of York, wrote, after reading the article in the May Journal on the subject:

"I was told some years ago that the superstition of three to a match arose from happenings in the Boer war. At that time the Boers were expert with the use of the rifle and it was considered very unlucky for an Englishman to pass a light to his two comrades for smoking purposes as by the time the three of them had lit their pipes the Boer had had time to fire a bullet at two of them and to reload his rifle and again fire at the third man, or the one who had the third light. I do not know if this is a true reason, but there certainly appears to be a possibility of it being correct."

Mike O'Donnell is still anxious to have his yard look trim, but he is going to let someone else cut the grass with the sickle. The last time he used one he tried to cut off part of one foot.

Earl Holmes, of the engine room, is still a patient in a St. Louis hospital, and his condition is still considered serious.

Robert Fields, 17 building, and Mrs. Fields drove to Indianapolis for a weekend visit with Bob's mother in June.

C. B. Whitney believes in patronizing home industries. He runs a big grocery near the Staley plant, so he features Staley products.

[ 12 ]
MR. STALEY RETURNS

Looking better than ever, Mr. Staley, Sr., chairman of the board, returned the middle of June from his annual winter in Miami, Fla. He and Mrs. Staley prolonged their stay in the south this year because they were superintending some extensive changes which they are making in the gardens and house at their home there.

The day he returned to Decatur he found his office here filled with flowers, and messages of welcome from various departments and individuals.

“Can I shoot?” asks Charley Baker, indignantly, when asked about his qualifications as a special police. “Woman, what do you think I did those four years I was with the machine gunners?”

Tom Gogerty and Harry Walmsley have a new side line—selling silver (?) spoons! If all customers are as eager to buy as the first one they dealt with, they will be rolling in wealth in a short time.

Frank Rucker, who has been ill for some time, visited the old 17 building gang one day recently. His condition is showing marked improvement.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Martin Trolia, June 16, a son. Mr. Trolia works on the extra board.

Marjorie O'Steen sent us this nice picture from her home in Griffin, Ga. Marjorie, the girl in the center, is the daughter of Bill O'Steen, one of our southern salesmen. The girl on the left is Margaret Mitchell. The girl on the right is Tudor Trotter, daughter of M. M. Trotter, of the Manchester mills. Tudor, by the way, is a good friend of Governor Franklin Roosevelt, whom she has met at Warm Springs, Ga., which is just three miles from their home.

LEAVES TO BE MARRIED

Ara Rawlings resigned her position in the personnel office in June, giving as a good and sufficient reason that she was planning to be married. She and A. J. Waggoner, the extremely fortunate man, were married June 16 in Bloomington, Ill.

Ara has been with the Staley company for more than five years, and most of that time has been stenographer for W. L. Davis, personnel manager. Mr. Waggoner is buyer for the Atlantic & Pacific markets in Decatur, so they will continue to make this city their home.

There are those people who have told us that the present much-discussed financial condition does not exist, but we thought they were only talking until Lucile Schulz, stenographer in Dr. Kutsch's office, demonstrated just what she thinks of economic conditions. One pay day recently she calmly tore her check into tiny pieces and threw the pieces into the waste basket. By the time she got downtown she had thought the matter over, and evidently decided conditions were more serious than she first thought, and she made a hurried trip back to Helen Harder for a duplicate check.
Our auditor, R. C. Scherer, about the time the Journal started publication. Incidentally, two of the pictures show our cashier, Helen Harder. In the first picture Helen is sharing honors with Nell Hackley Huchison, but in the center she and Ray are shown without any assistants. To show that he is impartial Ray has two other girls in the other picture. (These pictures are from Mr. Scherer's private collection without the consent of the copyright owner.)

ANOTHER VERSION

It seemed selfish to keep to ourselves the following good letter from our well-known night superintendent of the refinery:

Dear Miss Cade:

In the pre-war days, a "Hangover" was generally considered to be the lingering effects of the evening before on the morning after.

A few mornings ago a certain well-nourished person was sitting on a stool in the plant cafe eating happily and contented when in came our very efficient and capable plant nurse.

Addressing herself to the contented one she said: "Say, why don't you use two stools instead of one like I do? It is so much nicer. One stool makes such a hang over."

This is one of the reasons why dictionary's have to be revised from time to time.

Now about this person, Van Hook, that draws pictures about me occasionally, I have this to say: At my house I keep two bottles of medicine for external application. One is labeled "Backache medicine," and the other is labeled "Medicine for the other side." I am able by reason of my physical proportions to locate definitely such pains as I have and am able to apply the correct remedy in the proper place.

The aforesaid Van Hook being quite thin is unable to do this and, I am told, has to mix both kinds of medicine together and rub both sides in order to remedy his ills, as he cannot tell whether the pain is located in his back or the other place.

However, I bear no ill will toward this noble gentleman and hope that some fine day not too distant he will be sporting a double chin and wearing arch supports.

With a lot of admiration and respect, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

L. B. H.

Warning to Umpires

When the umpire was leaving the grounds after a game he was approached by an irate fan.

"Where is your dog?" demanded the fan.

"Dog?" ejaculated the umpire. "I haven't any dog."

"The Helya haven't," bawled the fan. "You're the only blind man I ever saw who didn't have a dog."

"That girl shows distinction in her clothes."

"You mean she shows distinctly, don't you?"

Sincere courtesy, natural friendliness and a smile cannot breed enmity.
TAKES SCHOOL HONORS

The Merrimack Manufacturing company, in Huntsville, Ala., has every reason to be proud of record recently hung up by the Joe Bradley High school there. The school baseball team recently won an exciting game from the former county champions, Rison's Pilots. The other honors held by the school are junior and senior boys' basketball championships and senior girls' basketball championship.

This school was founded and is named for J. J. Bradley, Sr., who, until the time of his death, was agent for the Merrimack company. He was always interested in the welfare of the village and took an especial pride in the school. His son, J. J. Bradley, who succeeded him as agent, is also carrying on the other activities in which his father was so heartily interested.

Stella Hatfield, who has been working in the auditing department, has been transferred to the cashier's office, succeeding Dorothy Dayton, resigned.

Friends of Bill Johnson, of the loading gang, are going to see if they can't help him find a good cheap bicycle, so that he can make more frequent trips to Herrick, Ill.

Granville B. Milhoan just finished high school in his home in Muskogee, Okla., this spring. His father, G. W. Milhoan, is a salesman out of our Dallas office. The young man plans to be a draftsman.

CLUB BUDGET READY

In a recent meeting of the Board of Governors of the Staley Fellowship club the budget for the coming year was planned. Receipts of the club last year, from company donations, initiation and membership fees, club house income and interest on securities, totaled $33,410.24. With this as a basis the following budget has been planned:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Sick Benefits</td>
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<td>Relief</td>
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<td>Maintenance of Club House and Fixtures</td>
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<td>D. H. S. Band Concerts</td>
<td>37.50</td>
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<td>Reserve</td>
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Ordinarily it takes two to make a bargain but in the case of the teaspoons it took four—and it was some bargain. Tommy Gogerty and Harry Walmsley thought they were good salesmen but after Gertrude had purchased the spoons she in turn sold them to Luther for a good profit. Ever since she has been trying to explain to Luther that she had a perfect right to make that profit. She is afraid that she has not convinced him.

Fellows in starch packing say that “Cowboy” would be a good ball player if he didn’t have such big feet. As it is, they get in his way.

Martha Huffman, traffic, took a week of her vacation in June, but stayed at home most of the time.

Bessie Neyhard, sales department, had one week of her vacation in June. She spent it resting at the family farm.
Mary Connard finished a two-year kindergarten teacher's course in Millikin University this spring. She is the daughter of W. H. Connard, of the table house.

Glimpses

—Five or six messengers crowding around Dick Ryan, trying to read a new book.
—Gardeners at office building, sleeping in the shade during their noon hour.
—Dr. Kutsch eating an eskimo pie.
—John Anderson making his regular noon-time dash to the plant cafeteria.
—Bob Siweck trying to explain how they lost that ball game.
—Charley Baker displaying his new police star.
—Billy Morrison dashing down the street in his car, looking straight ahead.
—Frances Wheeler trying to decide between chocolate and butterscotch pie at lunch.

Now when Dr. Kutsch enters the first-aid room he goes prepared. He takes a dictionary with him. He says that Lucile May uses so many long, technical words in her conversation that he can't keep track of what she is saying without that book.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Staley, Jr., in Decatur and Macon County hospital June 3, a son. He has been named Henry Mueller Staley, for the late Henry Mueller, Mrs. Staley's father.

Mrs. Colbert, wife of Henry Colbert of the mill house, has been ill recently.

Missing Books

Once in a while someone takes a library book from the Journal office without putting his name on the card, and then forgets to bring it back. When that happens the book is marked as lost at the city library, where it belongs, and we have to pay for it. There are several “lost” books on our list now. They are being listed below, and we suggest that everyone who has taken books from the library here during the last year, look for them at home. You may find them. If you do, please return them. “No questions will be asked.”

The missing books are:

Lucky Lawrences
Cy Whittaker’s Place
Me an’ Shorty
Ridgway of Montana
Possession
Sophie
Deputy Sheriff
Windmill on the Dune
Man with the Scarred Hand
Wilderness Patrol
Cimarron

Nearly anyone can read a book in two weeks. Please return your books to the library then, and you can be sure it is not lost. If you wait longer, you may forget it.

No—Lois Sagstetter wasn’t cold the day she was wearing that pink smock. That was the day that she decided to pour a pint of chocolate milk over the front of her dress, and the smock was her only chance of staying in the grain office the remainder of the afternoon.

After Eleanor Miller had been giggling for two days she told what the trouble was—a curtain in the purchasing department had dropped on her head, and evidently “knocked her silly.”

We had rather a surprise the other day when someone told us that Mrs. Lahniers says she has never seen any of these fish that Eddie is always telling about having caught.

Vivian Frantz has recently been added to the staff of the auditing department.
TEN YEARS AGO
(These items appeared in the Journal for July, 1922)

Samuel A. Grecley, one of the engineers in charge of its construction, wrote an article about Decatur's new sewage treatment plant.

Dr. Fitzpatrick wrote an article on safe and sane automobile driving.

M. E. Craig, of starch shipping, wrote an article about his trip to the Shrine Conclave in San Francisco. He went with the Ansar Shrine band.

A want-ad asked for collapsible fenders for the car which L. R. Dickinson, our Boston manager, was then driving.

An article on the use of chlorides in warp sizing, by Howard File, chief chemist.

The club house roof was being fitted up for summer dances.

Among the people giving dances at the club house during that month were Paul Rollins, who entertained thirty Moweaqua friends, Ed Scheiter, Lloyd Spicer and Frank Moore.

Meryl Moore and Mildred Hodgins went to Chicago for their vacations.

Buster Woodworth had gone to Bloomington to play ball; Avery McGlade to Springfield, Walter Meinert to Springfield, George Watkins to San Francisco, and Arthur Watkins to Maysville, Ky.

Lucile Schulz established a record by making an ice cream cone last from 12 until 1 o'clock.

MILLWRIGHT ILL
Walter Hansen, millwright, is still unable to return to work. He has been ill for several weeks, suffering from influenza.

Mrs. Homer Carter and Homer, Jr., are shown in their lovely home in Opelika, Ala., where Mr. Carter is agent for the Pepperell Mfg. Co. A number of their Staley friends have been entertained by the Carters.

TO HOSPITAL
Herman Herbert, stone dresser, has recently been admitted as a patient in Macon County sanatorium. He has been ill for some time, but for the first few weeks of his illness was at home. He is showing great improvement.

If Staley girls ever have a track team they are going to put Mary Doran in as star. After the race she put on with Doc West's Ford one Saturday noon recently, there is no doubt but what she would win. Mary ran down the sidewalk on Twenty-Second street, with Doc and the Ford hard after her and Mary reached safety first. Safety in this case happened to be a position just behind our nurse who stood her ground and told Doc to come on if he wanted to wreck that car.

Eibo Frerichs, mill house, took his vacation in June, and spent part of the time visiting in Peoria.
Too many motorists, according to a recent writer in the Enka Voice, depend upon legislation and forget the personal responsibility which, after all, must be the greatest factor in safe driving.

Consideration for other users of the road will do more than all the laws on the statute books to reduce the appalling toll of human life now taken by the motor car.

The courteous driver may be the victim of an accident—he is never the cause. He must oftentimes go out of his way to compensate for another’s carelessness.

There is no substitute for the Golden Rule as the ideal of human behavior, and nowhere is the constant application of that rule more necessary than at the wheel of an automobile.

A group of seven nationally known traffic and safety experts have defined the characteristics of a good and safe driver as follows:

1. The good driver has a high degree of self-control at all times.
2. The good driver always maintains his car in such mechanical shape that it responds easily and quickly, thus assuring control.
3. The good driver regulates his speed in accord with the conditions of the road over which he is traveling.
4. The good driver always exercises due regard for the rights of others and applies the simple axioms of courteous behavior.
5. The good driver respects the safety of the pedestrian as a primary consideration.
6. The good driver keeps his attention on the road ahead.
7. Courtesy to and consideration for others is the surest way of preventing punitive and restrictive legislation.

John Harris, our salesman in Alabama, says that some rain is great, but too much rain makes Alabama roads awful. He found this out when the pavement on which he was riding ended abruptly one rainy evening, and he had to walk through some wet, red Alabama clay for assistance.

Almost anything might happen now. Alice Wahnsley is driving the family car at last, and the thing hasn’t even hurt her.
WILLIAM J. DIPPOLD

Staley friends were grieved at the news of the death of William J. Dippold, salesman in the bulk division, June 10. Mr. Dippold had been in poor health for some time and for the last few months had been on leave, but was planning to return to his work when he suddenly died at his home in New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Dippold had been with the company for many years, his first connection with Staley's being with the Baltimore office many years ago. Then he sold the chief Staley product at that time—Cream Corn Starch. About ten years ago he returned to the company, this time in the bulk department, working out of the Boston office. He was a native New Englander and practically all of his life had been spent in that part of the country.

He leaves his wife and his mother. Funeral services were conducted in New Haven.

MRS. MINNIE KLAUS

Mrs. Minnie Klaus, wife of William Klaus of the mill house, died in St. Mary's hospital June 8. She had been ill for several months. She was born in Germany in 1859 and was married there in 1919. The family came to the United States about ten years ago, and have lived in Decatur ever since. Beside her husband, Mrs. Klaus leaves four children.

HILER-RICKETTS

Ruth Hiler, stenographer in the sales department, and Mack Rickett, were married in Stewardson, Ill., Sunday morning June 5. Rev. E. Edmonds performed the ceremony in the Methodist church.

The bride wore white organdie, and her sister, Ruby, who was her maid of honor, wore orchid silk. The best man was Al Smith, of Effingham.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Belle Hiler, of Bethany, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ricketts, of Stewardson. He is manager of the Clover Farm store in Harristown, but the young people will live in Decatur and Mrs. Ricketts will continue with her work in the sales department.

Brother Dies

Mervyn Strohl, who died June 22, was a brother of Harley Strohl, of the kiln house. Mervyn at one time worked in the plant.

The father of Paul Watters, of the packing house, died June 21.

We wish to thank our friends for their thoughtfulness and kindness while Mrs. Buzzard has been ill.

D. E. Buzzard Family.

Jennie Cochran Smith and Jeanne Ball have been working in the offices during vacations this summer.

Hank Potrafka spends so much time out on location—looking over company property and especially the gardens, that the only proper way to photograph him is with his car.
GARDENERS

Some of the gardeners paused while they had their pictures taken. At the top are Jimmy Rickey, who says the work in the sun is helping him recover from serious injuries of several months ago; Gerald Teeters, of 17 building; and Martin Trolia. In the group below are Mr. and Mrs. Bert Napier and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stinson.
GIRLS GIVE SHOWER

Mrs. F. Bartley Wilson gave a shower in her home June 9, for Ara Rawlings, of the personnel office, who left the company later in the month to be married. During the evening, bridge was played with the honors going to Mrs. Earl Bailey. Mabel Payne was given the consolation prize.

Our friend Scotty Butler says he is seriously considering taking up golf this summer. Just now he is waiting for someone to furnish the balls and the greens fees. Noble Owens has already promised to furnish the necessary "bats." Perhaps Noble's generosity is inspired by his desire to see Scotty on the golf course. Someone might furnish a ball just to see how long Scotty would hunt for it if he lost it.

Mrs. Forrest Marmor brought her five-months-old daughter, Ruth Laverne, to call on some of her old Staley friends recently. Mr. Marmor works in the packing house, and before her marriage Mrs. Marmor, who was Anna Smith, worked in the tray room.

The starch packing crowd had great hopes for Carl Yarnell's future as a baseball player until he announced that since they were practicing at noon he would have to quit. He said he simply had to have his rest during the noon hour.

After he has been refusing to answer to the name of Mike, and has insisted for years that he be called Ed, why does our shipping inspector, Mr. Lonergan, carry about a gold pencil engraved, "M. Lonergan?"

Someone said to Danny Owens, who was playing ball: "Are you playing with a hard ball?" and Danny said, pointing to his wife, who was sitting nearby: "No, there she is over there."

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spicer, June 3, a son. Mr. Spicer is on the extra board.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Larry Yunker, June 1, in St. Mary's hospital, a daughter. Mr. Yunker works in the store room.

WILLIAMS-PARKER

Edna Williams and Leroy Parker were married in Effingham May 28. They tried to keep the matter a secret for a few days but the boys in the loading gang, who work with Roy, found it out.

After the last Saturday-to-Tuesday holiday the sales department resembled nothing as much as a ward for crippled children, according to one of the patients. Horseback riding, canoe-riding and minor automobile accidents made hobbling the popular mode of locomotion.

Philip Wills, superintendent of 16 building, spent at least one hour of his vacation in June, working in his garden. Some of the men were unkind enough to say that until that time Dizzy had not even seen the place, but he needed no guide to get out there.

Dudley Boren has one of the show gardens this year, rather to the surprise of a lot of his friends who didn't know that Dud could garden.

Mrs. Colbert, wife of Henry Colbert of the mill house, is seriously ill, following an operation.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Larry Yunker, June 1, in St. Mary's hospital, a daughter. Mr. Yunker works in the store room.
From one of our earliest issues these two pages with pictures of well known Staley folk were taken. Gale Garrett, the male star in the first company romance, is now in charge of the packaging department, while Alma has left us to keep house for him. Ray Scherer and Louis Brand have long since returned "from the front." Ray is no longer wearing a flower in his buttonhole and Louis wears more becoming collars.

**THE FIRST STALEY COMPANY ROMANCE**

Gale Garrett, our popular young millwright, and Alma Robb, the little lady of the scoring room, sprung a surprise on their friends by eloping to St. Louis.

We all wish them success.

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Our congenial Traffic Manager, T. F. W., is back from a trip east. Yes, on business.

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We expected to have a little story from our jovial salesman, Mr. Anderson, who at the last report was sojourning in Wisconsin, but to date we have received no word. However, we expect to have a contribution from Mr. Anderson for the next issue.

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Rambo and K. Sherman are away on a trip. From reports the fishing is good at Lincoln.

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Watson, our congenial chemist, reports a fine time while getting the City Chemist married.

Joseph Pollock and John Keene in the last week are passing cigars in honor of the arrival of daughters.

__THE STALEY JOURNAL__

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**OUR BOYS AT THE FRONT**

Ray C. Scherer
Louis Brand

While out on a business trip, Mr. Wolf, our traffic manager, had an opportunity, on Oct. 8th, of visiting Ray C. Scherer and Louis Brand, two of our Staley boys, at the Naval Training Camp located at Norfolk Va., which is within a few minutes walk of the business center of Norfolk. Both of the boys show a fine coat of tan from being out in the open, and are getting in good physical condition due to daily drills, exercising and other work laid out for them, such as washing daily their white uniform suits. About 5,000 seamen are in training at the Norfolk station. During the past four days our boys have been sent to a newly built camp located at Hampton Roads, Va., which is about nine miles from Norfolk. Like all of the boys that have recently entered the army and navy, our boys would like to get letters from their acquaintances at home. Their present address is "A. S. Regiment, U. S. Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va., Co. II R.B."

Jack Lasser, one of our boys who answered the call, is located at Fort Benjamintts, Ind. in the last letter received from Jack he states that he bought a "Cole 60," so we are all waiting for the next letter stating that Jack has received his officer's commission. Good luck and success, Jack.

F. W. Samp, the well liked driver helper, is now acting Corporal at Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa. He would welcome some word from his former fellow workers. Address Machine Company No. 1.

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WITH this July number the Staley Journal starts its sixteenth year, and like all other sixteen-year olds, is feeling very much the grown-up. Many things have happened to it since the first number appeared in those war days of 1917.

Primarily the Journal was a safety organ, and was edited by the safety director, C. E. Murphy. Its eight pages, including self-cover, were devoted to safety material almost exclusively the first month, but in a very short time news of
HOW I WON THE CAPITAL PRIZE

In the first place by constantly being on the alert for some improvement in conditions and listening to hear any suggestion offered by anyone of greater experience and knowledge.

The arrangement of anything new I find is not hard to put in effect, and not hard to keep there, if it is easier to accomplish results. But one must be constantly on the alert for bettering conditions in general and more on the alert to keep one's self from getting into a rut; and imagining one is getting the best results where you may find, by looking at matters in an honest way, that you are far from the standard you have set for yourself.

It is my motto to set myself a standard and trying, to the best of my ability, to keep there.

K. D. SHERMAN.

THE WINNER OF THE BEST SUGGESTION PRIZE FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

I think that there could be less accidents if the playing and throwing among the men was let out.

Quite a number of accidents happen in this way which are charged to something else.

W. D. BOREN.

The workmen of the plant should get busy and look for any improvement on Safety or Welfare, so that monthly prize can be used by anyone.

THE CLOCK THAT TICKED BUT FOR A DAY

The rooster crows in accents wild,
I must have a clock, my darling child.
The good old Purchasing Agent pulled the wires
To have a clock by the eternal fires.
The shops in town he tried them all
And soon the clock hung on the wall.
It ticked its tick the whole day long,
Each hour a pleasing, passing song.
The multitude they came to gaze—
What were their looks of pain amaze!
A hill "refused" sealed the tick-tock's fate;
So from the wall came the sun's own note,
A thing of beauty and all alive
Became a dead flower at half past five.

MORAL:
For there would be no bell to pay
If all clocks ticked but for a day.

These two pages from the first issue of the Journal will let some of us see how we looked fifteen years ago. Kay Sherman, the man in the iron hat, was interested in plant welfare then as he is now. Dudley Boren, still an electrician at the plant, was one of the leaders in the early safety work. Harry Walmsley, now our syrup house superintendent, evidently took time in the old days to write poetry which at least one editor accepted.

The above is a picture of our well known Purchasing Agent—
and one of the editors. We all like Harry, but we would like for him to spend a little more time at home. Harry has the usual young man's idea, the poet inspiration. Below is one of his latest.
True Patriotism

Just as the Christian world is intensely religious on Easter—and then slips back into the old rut after Holy Week, so the people of these United States are inclined to be noisily patriotic on the Fourth of July—and then suffer a relapse. True patriotism—true love of one's country, can be expressed in as practical and everyday manner, as can pure Christianity. Elihu Root expresses this feeling in this paragraph:

"True love of country is not mere blind partisanship. It is regard for the people of one's country and all of them; it is a feeling of fellowship and brotherhood for all of them; it is a desire for the prosperity and happiness of all of them; it is kindly and considerate judgment toward all of them. The first duty of popular self-government is individual self-control. The essential condition of true progress is that it shall be based upon grounds of reason, and not of prejudice. Lincoln's noble sentiment of charity for all and malice toward none was not a specific for the Civil War, but is a living principle of action."

Those Gardens

If you haven't taken a ride around the territory which includes the Staley gardens, do so at once. There is something about them that fascinates, and they are well worth the short trip out there. It may be that vast expanse of straight rows of green growing things. It may be the fact that just last summer most of that space was waste ground, covered with rank weeds and grass.

At any rate it is worth being put at the top of your list of interesting places to show visitors to our fair city. It is especially interesting when the fields are dotted with busy gardeners.

Bad Practice

While schools and parents and radio clubs are doing a great deal to teach children that danger awaits those who run out into the city streets, we still have accidents of that sort. Sometimes it is the fault of the child, sometimes the fault of the driver, but placing the blame will not replace a life.

Children must hear constantly, day after day, to remember that it is better to let their ball lie in the street until there are no cars in sight. They must be told again and again, to take time in crossing the street—not to dash over in front of a car. They must be warned about stopping their wagons and roller skates in such a manner that they will not roll out into the street in front of a passing car.

Children are only children after all, and when grown-ups are so careless, with supposedly developed reasoning powers, it is to be expected that younger folk will forget. Too many motorists place the entire responsibility on the children playing along the curb. Of course they must watch—but the motorists must watch too. It is much better to drop to a safe speed than to share in an accident, even if it is the other fellow's fault.
Learn to Laugh

One of the finest persons we know is a man who knows how to laugh. Maybe he was born with the ability, or maybe he learned how as he went along. We haven't known him long enough to know which, but we have known him long enough to see how much good it does him, and everyone with whom he comes in contact.

He has a keen mind, a quick insight into big affairs, and he has made a success of a profession taking quick and dependable judgment. He is trusted with great responsibility, but one seldom finds him unable to respond quickly with a laugh. He does not shed responsibility and he does not brood over it. When big tasks arise he seems to have a good time bringing them through to a finish.

Of course everyone imposes on him. Lazy people go to him for advice, instead of sitting down and thinking things through themselves. People in trouble like to take up his valuable time because he always makes them welcome, and always lets them stay as long as they want to. If he has any troubles himself, he hides them carefully under his laugh.

Walking

One of the nicest things about walking is the opportunity it gives you to get acquainted with the things along the way. Driving about the city day after day one sees the buildings only as landmarks, measuring off the distance to the next stop sign. We use one street because the pavement is good, and avoid others because the pavement is bad.

But walking is different. Then you have a chance to see the gardens behind those buildings. One corner, which to the motorist is just a corner with a little brown house on it, gives the fellow who walks a charming view just now of a tiny little garden, with a pool and a bridge and a rustic bench.

Riding to the office day after day, we almost forget there are flowers blooming. Walking out one bright morning recently we realized that purple and scarlet and gold are the popular garden colors this summer. Poppies and hollyhocks, roses and larkspur and daisies, are perfect pictures in the most unexpected corners.

Persistence

Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not do it; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent. The slogan "Press on" has solved and always will solve the problems of the human race.—Coolidge.

Bulgarian Sayings

Who’s healthy’s wealthy.
Walk slow—go far.
Silence makes no heads ache.
Who promises most gives least.
Chase two rabbits and catch none.
Patch not the old, shiver from cold.
Stretch your feet according to your quilt.
Won’t and Can’t are brother and sister.
A silver saddle makes the horse no better.
The hen laid an egg and the rooster cackled.
If you would eat with a big spoon work with a big hoe.
Celebrating Journal's Birthday

(Continued from Page 23)

into service, and everything was at a high pitch. It required constant preaching to keep men's minds on safe practices.

Always on the lookout for some new way to bring home these safety lessons, the company hit upon this plan of publishing a monthly magazine devoted to the subject. Prizes were offered for suggestions about safe practices in the plant and some of the old-timers—like Frank Starbody, Dudley Boren and K. Sherman, tell us that they got quite a thrill when their suggestions were published in the Journal along with their pictures.

After the first month, Mr. Murphy realized that if he was to keep alive the interest in his little magazine he would have to sprinkle in bits of other news, so he wisely included baseball pictures and stories, news about the Fellowship club, and finally, about the third month, general news items about the people in the plant.

The Staley plant by that time had taken on the size of a small village, and its people needed some tie to hold them together. Plant and personnel activities, while of great interest to the Staley people themselves, did not get space in the city newspapers. The Journal proved to be the needed tie. Later, when the company took over the publication, its policy was changed and more space was devoted to the people and their activities, and less given to just one subject—safety.

In looking back over those old Journals one realizes again how well Staley people stick to their jobs. Most of the men and women whose names and pictures were in the first three or four numbers are still with the company. This list includes Mr. Staley himself, whose picture was on the cover of the first magazine; C. A. Keck; Lige Leaser, Dr. Fitzpatrick, W. H. Broadbear, Harry Walmsley, Faye Brausen (whose picture appeared in a baseball suit), Alma and Gale Garrett, Kay Sherman, Fred Klumpp and J. H. Galloway.

Fortunately, before all the early numbers of The Journal were lost, someone thought to collect the issues each year and have them bound. Now this collection of bound Journals, at present fifteen volumes in number, is one of the most valued possessions of the Journal office—and one which we never loan.

ON FISHING TRIP

W. L. Davis and Jack Hufnagle, industrial department, left late in June for a camping and fishing trip in the Hudson Bay country. They took plenty of equipment with them and expect to return with a lot of good stories if not with a lot of fish.

F. T. Claghorn, Chicago salesman in the oil department, motored to Decatur for a week-end visit in June. He was accompanied by Mrs. Claghorn, who was making her first visit to Decatur. They were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Galley.

John Rodger, who at one time was in the laboratory at the plant, is again with the company, this time working in the industrial department.

Puss Williams, laboratory, is having a fine summer in his new cottage on Lake Decatur.

Essie Howell, who formerly worked in the traffic office, has taken Ara Rawlings' place in the industrial office.

Joyce Elaine Semelka looks quite grown up in her bonnet. Her father, M. H. Semelka, is an electrician at the plant.
Our new stone gate house has just been completed, and adds greatly to the appearance of the park surrounding the administration building. Arnold Rosenbury, on the left, and Gerald Sutherland, right, divide the hours from 4 in the afternoon until 8 in the morning, as watchmen. On Sundays and holidays, Charley Baker is on duty.

**SOME GOOD RULES**

Here are some health rules which a textile mill worker outlined, but which will hold good any place.

1. Sleep with your windows open and your mouth shut.
2. Have a variety of foods. Don't live on the same article or you'll get to look like it.
3. Stand up straight, there's a lot more ahead of you than there is on the ground.
4. During the year you should eat fruit not less than 365 days.
5. Play at least one game every day and do your best to win.
6. Brushing the teeth twice a day won't wear them out.
7. The way to close the doors on disease is to open the windows.
8. A hole in the screen means a whole lot of flies.
9. Fresh air is plentiful but scarce.
10. Let your favorite cake be a cake of soap.
11. Yellow carrots make pink cheeks.
12. A regular hour for every meal, not a regular meal for every hour.
13. When you're hungry between meals, eat a glass of water.
14. When you are washing, remember you are the only one who can't see the back of your neck.
15. A fried egg is a bad egg.

Jack: “Do you object to petting?”
Juanita: “That's one thing I have never done yet.”
Jack: “Petted?”
Juanita: “Objected.”

—The Pitchfork.

Wife: “'Ere you are just 'ome after doin' two years for arson, and now you can't even make the kitchen fire draw!”

—Indemnity.

A writer states—“Billiards require the greatest finesse and most expert touch of any human endeavor.”

The writer, obviously, hasn't tried to borrow money from a bank lately.

Cheer up, things might be worse. Just suppose there were women truck drivers!
How Kuhns Takes Golf

Some people, when they take up golf, are sane on the subject and then some people are like John Kuhns, our electrical engineer. Last year John began to play—this year he is moving out to the South Side club so that he can play every waking hour that he is not at the plant. Of course he says they are moving to the club this summer so the children can swim in the lake there.

Harry Lichtenberger took one week of his vacation late in June, so that he could get in a lot of good practice for the July tennis tournament.

L. A. Dillon, division manager in the bulk sales department, who spends most of his time in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, paid a short visit to the home office in June.

We didn't promise John Kuhns not to tell about his trouble on the golf course, but we won't tell the whole story. We think John must have looked funny with only his head and feet sticking out of that mud hole, though.

H. P. Dunlap and John Rodger were the only Staley golfers entered in the City Open, played at Sunnyside club, this year.

Their marriage was very romantic. He proposed to her in an automobile and she accepted him two hours later in the hospital.

TENNIS STARTS

With the completion of six new clay courts in Fairview park, tennis has taken a sudden upward trend in Decatur, and as a result a group of Staley players are starting a tournament. This is the first time Staley men have had a tennis tournament, but forty-one men signed up for play. Play for the Haines and Essick trophy starts the first of July.


For several weeks before he started his vacation, Henry Scherer told all and sundry how he was just going to play around for a whole week—going to do nothing but play tennis. And when he did have his vacation—he spent the time painting the house!

One of the latest converts to golf at the plant is Bart Wilson, industrial office. Evidently he is thoroughly sold on the game, because he is using all his influence to drag Andy Percival out to the course with him. Andy, we hear, is flirting with the idea.

W. H. Barnes, grain department, moved out to the South Side club in June so that he would be nearer the golf course.

Howard Winings, traffic, had his vacation in June, routing the family lawn mower instead of starch shipments.
SOFT BALL POPULAR

Soft ball, which for several seasons has been popular among Staley people, is more popular than ever this year. A ten-team league has been organized and nearly every evening at least one game is in progress on the diamond east of the office building.

The teams are numbered as well as named. Each team has at least ten men on it, but some of them have several extra and the laboratory team, in order to always have enough has twenty-three men on its squad. The teams follow:

1—Syrup House: John Golenbach, cap., Peters, Hanson, Collett, Carr, Williams, Barnes, Trent, Jones, Erwing, Borchert, Heer and Harless.


4—Sugar House: Dorr Collins, cap., Clyde Jones, Sigmon, Beasley, Pygman, Williams, Balderson, Feeback, Charley Ellis, Norvel Smith and Bill Grant.

5—Laboratory: R. Long, Clyde Williams, McDonald, Bowman, Stewart, G. Roberts, P. Wills, C. Gidel, H. Baker, Bishop, Young, Torre, Sherman, McFadden, Kerr, C. Smith, Beilsmith, Hoyt, Wrightsman, Lappen, Truebe, Marmor and Milton Williams.


7—Packing House: H. C. Majors, Robert Hall, E. Grennett, Vest, Conder, Hoyt, D. Owens, D. Hall, L. Jackson, Overfield, Jackson, Dick Beals, R. Weger.


GOLF GETS STARTED

Golfers are always so eager to get started on their summer play that they generally are well into the season before other sports are well planned. This year, when the other things are just getting started, Staley golfers are starting on their second tournament of the season. The first—a class tournament—was used as a basis for determining the handicaps for the tournament which is now under way.

In the first tournament there were three sets of winners. In Class A the winners were Ed Yochum, Noble Owens and W. H. Barnes. In Class B they were Gil Boren, Joe Lahme and Paul Torre. In Class C they were Wayne Michel, Buster Woodworth and A. H. French.

During June the men have been playing to the Haines & Essick trophy. During July play will be for the Morehouse & Wells cup and the last tournament of the season will be for a new Haines & Essick trophy. This trophy, an extremely attractive silver column, is to be a rotating affair.

John Kuhns has about decided to qualify as the golfing equivalent of a mud horse. He played Doc Hettinger in a driving rain, and, playing way over his head, defeated Doc. Then, on a bright, windless afternoon, he went down in defeat before Lisle Brown.

M. M. Durkee says he knows he isn't the world's best golfer, but he wants it known that he recently sank a long approach, thereby getting a par on a tricky hole.

William Gordon, of the mill house, was called to Mississippi in June by the death of his father.
Purchasing Agents — Please Copy!

It seems that a printer somewhere down in Texas got slightly peeved at a letter from a doctor who wanted bids on a few hundred letterheads and statements, different sizes, different grades of paper and printed in various colors, with the request that the forms be kept standing for possible reprint orders.

So Mr. Printer diagnosed the case carefully and answered somewhat on this order:

"Am in the market for bids on one operation for appendicitis—one, two and five inch incision, with and without nurse. If appendix is found to be sound, want quotation to include putting same back and order to be cancelled. If removed, successful bidder is expected to hold incision open for about 60 days, as I expect to be in the market for an operation for gallstones at that time and want to save the cost of cutting."—Royal Metal Co.

Took Him Literally

Judge—Well, here you are again, Rastus.

Rastus—Yassuh, boss, I'se back afore you again, but dis time Ah got a cause.

Judge—Well, what is it, Rastus.

Rastus—Judge, what would you do if someone steal your wife?

Judge—I'd cut her company, Rastus, and let it go at that.

Rastus—Dat's jes' what Ah did—and Ah cut him deep.—The Fellow.

"Mr. Johnson, I'm sure you'll help us out with a song."

"Sorry, but my vocal efforts are confined to singing in my bath."

"Oh, but do sing, and I'll warn them that you're rather out of practice!"

Salesman: "Do you prefer a desk set or a hand-set?"

Customer: "I really can't say."

Salesman: "I understand, I'm married myself."

"Something must be done," said the lil' woman as she smelled the biscuits burning.
What Made the Wildcatter Wild

An oil promoter was trying to gain admission into Heaven, but St. Peter refused, saying that the oil men he already had were giving him more trouble than all the rest of the population. The would-be angel made St. Peter a proposition that he would get rid of all the other oil men providing he were allowed to remain. He was admitted on these terms. In a very short time all the oil men came to the gate and asked to be let out, and they were immediately given their freedom. St. Peter was curious and when he saw his deliverer he asked him how he managed to make such a clean sweep.

“Well,” said he, “I just whispered around that a wildcat gusher had been struck in Hell. And you had better let me out, too. With all that bunch prospecting around down there they might strike something good, and here I would be out in the cold. So, goodbye.”

AN average wife is one WHO loves and respects HER husband but has a FEELING that she might HAVE done much better.

“Well, maybe there’s something in these rumors about a depression, but it seems to be just as hard as ever to find a space to park your car.”

The Bergener twins found the family car too slow, so take this form of riding. Harry and Marjorie are the children of Harry Bergener, draftsman. Of course, their aunt is Marjorie Allman, of the soda fountain.

A Special License for Fishermen Recommended

A “liars’ license for fishermen” has been proposed to the Oklahoma game and fish department as a means for swelling that department’s funds.

The department has not acted on the suggestion, but announced the contents of the license thus:

“The bearer, So-and-So, having, by reputation and long practice, coupled with a vivid imagination, exhibited all the proper requirements therefor, is hereby empowered to lie, prevaricate and show every other recklessness with the truth considered expedient by him in connection with all matters relative to fish and fishing, for the current season, subject, however, to the regulations on the back hereof.”

And on the back:

“Lies may be told at any place or time without notice (not advisable to game wardens); cameras may be used, scales doctored and elastic rulers employed; borrowed or rented fish may be used at all times; guides or others may be bribed or otherwise induced to corroborate all good lies; no lies may be retracted, but may be added to, at will; an extra quarter pound or half inch will improve all lies.

“This license is null and void if used for any other purpose, including weight of babies, tire and gasoline mileage, golf scores, prohibition matters, all private or business purposes.”

Why Worry?

“Tommy,” said the teacher, “What is one-fifth of three-seventeenths?”

“I don’t know exactly,” replied Tommy, “but it isn’t enough to worry about.”

The teacher was drilling her class in the principles of subtraction. “Now, if you subtract 25 from 35, what’s the difference?”

“Yeah, that’s what I say,” answered one of her pupils, “I think it’s the bunk, too.”

Hospital Matron—“How’s this? The telephone message said you were bringing one accident case and you have brought three.”

Ambulance Driver—“That’s all right. I knocked the other two down on the way.”

JULY, 1932
Mary Helen Grant, daughter of Walter Grant, and Catharine Heer, daughter of Bill Heer, visited at the office one day in June.

**Found on Examination Papers**

Bigamy is when a man tries to serve two masters.

When England was under an Interdict, the Pope stopped all births, marriages and deaths for one year.

The pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

Liberty of conscience means doing wrong and not worrying about it afterwards.

Artificial perspiration is a way to make a person alive when he is only just dead.

A buttress is a wife of a butler.

A schoolmaster is called a Pedigree.

The American War was started because the people would persist in sending their parcels through the post without a stamp.

A Kaiser is a stream of hot water springing up disturbing the earth.

Wind is air in a hurry.

An equinox is a man who lives near the North Pole.

“William,” said the Sunday-school teacher, “can you tell me what we must do before we can expect forgiveness of sin?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the boy, “We must sin.”

She will not sing the old songs
That used to be the rage;
She fears that some smart suitor
Will figure out her age.

After Many Years

The earnest young man strode into the office of the gentleman who would not remit and spoke deliberately.

“Sir,” he said, “Mr. Hogswash has sent me to collect the money you owe him, and he has instructed me not to return until the bill has been paid.”

“Think he’ll recognize you with a beard?”

Pat was at the bedside of his dying wife.

“Pat,” she said, “if you ever marry after I’m gone, I will scratch my way out of the grave and haunt you.” About two weeks later Pat went to the priest and told him he wanted to get married again. The priest said: “Why, Pat, have you forgotten your wife’s last words?” “Begorra, no!” said Pat. “I buried her face down, so the more she scratched the deeper she will go.”

Mrs. Newlywed—“I’m going out to buy a book.”
Her friend—“A book—why?”
Mrs. Newlywed—“Yes, my husband bought me the most adorable reading lamp yesterday.”

Widespread fear that business may never return to normal isn’t so great as the widespread fear that it has.—Life.

Fond Mother: “I hope my little darling has been as good as gold all day.”
Nurse: “No ma’am, he went off the gold standard about tea-time.”—Humorist.

**Shee-Cago Saint-Lou-I-e-Papers—**

**Fred Gentry—** 
**Has a Paper Route, in Terrace Gardens**

THE STALEY JOURNAL
Summed Up

John rushed round looking for his coat. "What do you want it for, dear?" asked the wife.

"That fellow Smith across the road has just telephoned to ask if I can lend him a corkscrew."

"Well, what do you want your coat for? Surely there's no need to go out? You can send Mary with it."

John turned upon her more in sorrow than in anger.

"My dear," he said, "your last remarks sum up the whole reason why women cannot lead armies, control nations or take anything but a subordinate part in the affairs of the world."

"Mother, may I go out to play?"
"Yes, my darling daughter—
But remember the things you want to do
Are the things you hadn't oughter!"

George Ade tells this story on himself. He was sitting with a little girl of eight. She looked up from her book of fairytales and said:

"Does m-i-r-a-g-e spell marriage, Mr. Ade?"

"Yes, my child," was all he found time to answer.

Little Jennie told little Bessie that she was a "little fib," and little Bessie said a fib is the same as a story and a story is the same as a lie.

Jennie—"It is not."

Bessie—"It is too, because my father said so, and my father is a professor in a university."

Jennie—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real-estate man, and he knows more about lies than your father."

"Why don't you typewrite your poems?"

"If I knew enough to run a typewriter, do you suppose I would be writing poetry."

Film Star—"Will you love me when I'm old?"

Third Husband—"Don't be silly, dearest. We'll be divorced long before that."

Fred Klumpp, our miller, took time out one day to show some of the boys the good old German way of edging a flower bed with bricks. The flower beds are in front of the clock house.

When Actors Need Legs

Then there's the one about the actor who toured the country in "Hamlet."

"What kind of a run did you have in Savannah?" he was asked.

"Well," was the reply, "we beat the audience over the county line by three minutes!"—The Pitchfork.

Baker's Dozen

"Henry VIII, in between weddings, decreed that a baker's dozen rolls should weigh a certain amount or he would be beheaded. The baker, in order to keep both ends together, gave thirteen for a dozen and hence the baker's dozen. Since that day thirteen has been an unlucky number."—Betty Lou.

Customer: "Last week I bought a tire cover from you and now I want my money back."

Clerk: "Why?"

Customer: "I put it on one of my tires and hadn't driven ten miles before the blamed thing wore out."
Clarence Brewer, grain department, is one of a group of Staley men who celebrate their birthdays on July Fourth.

Fatherly Advice

A little boy had been reported to his father for stealing apples from the stall outside a fruiterer's shop, and the parent was pointing out the evils of theft.

"My boy," he said, "you must have known that it is dishonest to steal. And, in any case, didn't your conscience tell you the man was watching?"


Judge (rapping for order): "The defendant will please remember he is in a court room."

"So, you're not going to Paris this year."

"No—it's London we're not going to this year; it was Paris we didn't go to last year."

We know what's the matter with business. The economic experts have had it turning corners so long it's dizzy.

The fellows you'd like to recommend never seem to need a recommendation.

School Humor

Syntax is what one pays in a police court for being wicked.

An organizer is the man who makes the music in a church.

A high churchman is a churchman who believes in burning innocents.

Finally

So live that after the minister has ended his remarks, those present will not think they have attended the wrong funeral.

When a person gets into the habit of wasting time, he is sure to waste a great deal that does not belong to him.

Two colored boys were having an argument about ghosts. One of them claimed to have seen a ghost as he passed the cemetery the night before.

"Whut was dishere ghos' doin' when yo' las' seen him?" asked the doubting one.

"Jes fallin' behin', mistah; fallin' behin' rapid."

Our reputations are made by what people say of us behind our backs.

If you think you're not appreciated just try resigning from some club that needs your money.

If the person who stole the alcohol out of my cellar in a glass jar will return grandma's appendix no questions will be asked.—Ad.—Yowl.
Obliging

Individuals, cities and community centers find that it pays to be obliging, because it creates good will.

A young man from the country, walking along a city street, stopped in front of the fire station and looked in.

"D'ye have many fires in town?" he asked.

"Yes, we have them pretty often," replied the fireman.

"Ever try to see how quick you can get out?"

"Oh, yes!"

At that moment an alarm was sounded. At the first stroke of the gong the men rushed to their posts, the doors of the station opened, and within a few seconds men and engine were speeding down the street.

The young man watched the proceedings with admiration.

"Well," he exclaimed, "there ain't many places where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they can do!"

Jack—Why do you suppose that Bill takes only one flower a day to his girl friend?

John—Well he is saying it with flowers, and he stutters.

When a man asks for criticism, he is usually seeking praise.

Pants Also Soluble

The old prof. entered the lab., and spotting a freshman busily engaged in what appeared to be pouring water on himself, he approached nearer and asked, "What seems to be the trouble, my boy?"

"Well, you see, sir, I spilled wet salt all over my pants, and as it is soluble in sulphuric acid—gosh, where are my pants?"

1st B & C—Your husband is simply wild about you, isn't he?

2nd B & C—Yes, he raves about me in his sleep, but the absent minded fellow nearly always calls me by the wrong name.

Hubby: "Another new dress! Where am I to get the money to pay for it?"

Wife: "I don't know. I am your wife, not your financial adviser."

"Out of a job?" asked the big business man of the gentleman who had minded his car.

"Yessir. Been out three months."

"Well, I want an odd man about my place. If you like to, show up to-morrow morning, you can start right away."

"Can you make it the day after, guv'nor? I've got to take part in the big Unemployment March to-morrow."

—The Green Can.
Fine Point of Testimony

"So," said the judge, "you say that you never went to Chicago from Kansas City? Now this is a very important point in the case, and I give you one more chance to explain, for you and Thompson were seen on the same train. Now you must be precise."

"No, sir, I never went to Chicago."

"Didn't Thompson go?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you were with him. Now, out with it."

"Yes, sir," answered the witness, after a pause. "You see I told the truth, because it was this way: We sat opposite each other. He faced the engine. I didn't go to Chicago; I just backed away from Kansas City."

A Matter of Choice

Old Lady (on platform): "Which platform for the Chicago train?"

Porter: "Turn to the left and you'll be right."

Lady: "Don't be impertinent, my man."

Porter: "All right, then, turn to your right and you'll be left!"

"Don't bother your head about him any more, daughter, there are lots of other railroaders in the world."

"I know, but he's one that still has a job."

Rae—Do you like promiscuous kissing? Betty—I never had a date with him,

He Arise to the Occasion

A young couple came to the manse of a popular minister to be married. After the ceremony, there was an awkward pause. The man and his bride maintained an embarrassed silence. The minister, in order to relieve the situation, said to the bridegroom: "Well, salute the bride."

Whereupon the bridegroom shook her by the hand, saying: "I congratulate you."

Teacher: "Where is the capital of the United States?"

Smart Student: "All over the world!"

Traveler: "Is this hotel run on the American plan?"

Clerk: "Yes, any of the bell boys will supply you with liquor."

The meek little man was walking home from the funeral of his big, masterful wife. Suddenly a roofing tile fell and struck him on the head. "Gosh," he said, "Sarah has arrived in Heaven already."

A colored man injured in a motor accident died, and the insurance adjuster went to investigate. "Did Washington P. Johnson live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door. "Yassah," she replied between sobs. "I want to see the remains."

With a new sense of importance the dusky widow drew herself erect and answered proudly, "I'm de remains."
Fat or Money?

Aunt Hetty: “Sakes alive! I don’t believe no woman could ever have been so fat.”
Uncle Hiram: “What y’ readin’ now, Hetty?”
Aunt Hetty: “Why, this paper tells about an English woman that lost 2,000 pounds.”

Then there was the telephone man’s little daughter who, when told that prayers were little messages sent to Heaven, wanted to know if they were always sent at night because it was cheaper.

Shop assistant (pointing to a row of chickens): “This chicken, ma’am?”
Customer: “No.”
“This one?”
“No.”
“This one?”
“No.”
“Well, let me know when I’m getting warm.”—The Weekly Scotsman.

“I’m glad you’re so impressed, dear, by these explanations I’ve been making about banking and economics,” remarked the young husband.
“Yes, darling. It seems wonderful that anybody could know as much as you do about money without having any of it.”

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Marjorie Ann Wilson here makes her initial bow to Journal readers. She is the daughter of Bart Wilson, employment office. Her mother was formerly Thelma Wright, of the mailing department. With Marjorie is shown another member of the family—Skippy.

That’s Right!

Pompous Physician (to man plastering defective wall): “The trowel covers up a lot of mistakes—what?”
Workman: “Yes, gov’nor—and so do the spade.”—Bystander, London.

Bank Clerk: “So you wish to open a joint account with your husband. What kind?”
Mrs. Bright: “Oh, just a deposit account for him—checking for me.”—Mo. Pac. Lines.

“Did you water the ferns in the drawing room, Norah?”
“Yes, mum. Don’t you hear the water drippin’ on the carpet?”

Clown: “Look here, I object to going on after that monkey act.”
Circus Master: “You’re right. They may think it’s an encore.”—Safety Bulletin.

Gus: “I’ll have you understand there’s good blood in my family.”

“I wonder why my girl closes her eyes when I kiss her?”
“Look in the mirror.”—House Dope.
Bill and Bus were evidently having a game of some sort in the Randolph garden down in Georgia. Bill, by the way, is celebrating his birthday on the Fourth of July.

What Kind of Bills?

"I had a pleasant surprise this morning. I put on a suit I hadn't had on for nearly a year, and in one of the trouser pockets I found a roll of bills I had entirely forgotten."

"Were any of them receipted?" asked the listener.

Dora was in love, and was anxious to hear the news.

"So you've seen daddy, darling? Did he behave like a lamb?" she asked Billy.

"Absolutely! Every time I spoke, he said—'Bah!'" declared her sweetheart grimly.

The day he returned from his vacation, Kenneth Higdon rushed through his lunch, carefully put his check on the tray rack and then took his tray over to the cashier. WHY?

She wanted to be in the beauty chorus, so she wrote her application, enclosed her photograph, and was asked to come for an interview.

Imagine her surprise when told by the manager she was too late.

"Are all the positions filled then?" she asked.

"No," was the reply, "but you should have come when you had this picture taken!"

A Negro boxer was to fight a heavy-weight champion. When he reached the ring it was noticed that he hung back.

"It's all right, Sam," said his second. "Just say to yourself, 'I'm going to beat him,' and you'll win."

"That's no good," replied Sam. "I know what a liar I am."

An old farmer was complaining bitterly to the minister of the terribly bad weather for the crops, when the latter reminded him that he had much to be grateful for, all the same.

"And remember," said the good man, "Providence cares for all. Even the birds of the air are fed each day."

"Aye," replied the farmer darkly, "off my corn."

Arrived at a Concussion?

A group of workmen were discussing the evolution and origin of man. One of the party remained silent, when a companion turned to him and demanded his opinion.

"I ain't goin' to say," he replied doggedly. "I remember as 'ow Henry Green and me thrashed that out once before, and it's settled as far as I'm concerned."

"But what conclusion did you come to?"

"Well," he said slowly, "we didn't arrive at the same conclusion—no, we didn't. Henry arrived at the hospital an' me at the police station."

Ted Threlfall, yard superintendent, has the lovely garden at his home in Riverview Avenue.
She is a rarely beautiful girl. Very rarely.

“No-sir-ee, my father never thrashed me in all his life.”

“Too bad—just another wreck due to a misplaced switch.”

If you sleep with your money under your pillow every night, does it mean that you have enough to retire on?

The man who is always trying to borrow trouble, finds that he has unlimited credit.

“Why so sad?”

“It’s all on account of a dream I had last night. I dreamed I went to see the boss at his house and he asked me to have a drink. I was willing, and he asked me if I wouldn’t like a nice hot old fashioned toddy. ‘Fine,’ sez I. While we was standing around waiting for the hot water, I woke up and have been kickin’ myself all day to think I didn’t take it cold.”

Horace Greeley insisted that the word “news” was plural. Once he wired a reporter—“Are there any news?” The reporter wired back—“Not a new.”

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QUICKEST RELIEF FROM COUGHING

IN THE FAMILIAR YELLOW PACKAGE

5¢

10c IN CANADA

The Staley Journal
Scratched Off Menu

“Did you rescue your poor friend who was captured by cannibals?”

“Unfortunately, when I arrived he had already been scratched off the menu.”

“You say you can’t stop the car! Good Heavens!”

She—“It doesn’t make any difference. There’s no place to park anyway.”

Wife—“John, mother says she wants to be cremated.”

Hubby—“All right, tell her to get on her hat and I’ll take her around now.”

“Buy these flowers and give them to the one you love,” said the attractive young lady at the church bazaar.

“It wouldn’t be right; I’m a married man.”

The old grouch had a son in Yale. At the end of the first year, the son came home exalted. He stood second in his class.

“Second,” said the old man. “Second! Why didn’t you stand first? What do you think I’m sending you to Yale for?”

The young man returned the second year determined to stand first, and at the end of the year went home triumphant and announced his standing to his father who looked at him a few minutes in silence, then shrugged his shoulders and said:

“At the head of the class, eh? Well, Yale can’t be much of a university after all.”

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SAMPLES TO JOBBERS ON REQUEST

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OSWEGO, N. Y.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FINE BULK CANDIES
Had Overlooked That

Irate Customer—"I've worn these calf-skin shoes only two months and now look at 'em."

Salesman—"My dear sir, you must remember the calf had already worn that skin five months, making seven months wear, which is very good, I think."

Teacher—"What is the plural of hippopotamus?"

Boy—"The plural of hippopotamus is h-i-p-p-o. Oh, well, who'd want more than one, anyway?"

His wife determined to cure him of his bad ways, and with the aid of a sheet and an electric torch transformed herself into a very fair imitation of a ghost. Then she went out to the drunkard and shook him.

"Whash that?" murmured the toper.

"Satan," came the reply in a sepulchral tone.

"Shake handsh, old horsh. I married your sister."

"I guess you're getting a good thing out of tendin' that Smith boy, ain't you, Doctor?"

"Yes, I get a pretty good fee."

"Well, when you get paid, I hope that you won't forget that my Willie threw the brick that laid him up."

"Have a good hunting trip?" asked the first sportsman.

"Rotten," replied the second man. "Ran out of booze and lost three hundred at poker."

Her Turn

Smith got married. The evening of his first pay-day he gave his bride $14 of the $15 salary and kept only a dollar for himself.

The second pay-day, Smith gave his wife $1 and kept $14 himself.

"Why, John," she cried in injured tones, "How on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?"

"Darned if I know," he answered, "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."

Our neighbors in the country, who are troubled by trespassers, may profit by the sign put up by a farmer who couldn't keep city folks out of his hazel nut bushes. He consulted a botanist, who furnished him with the technical name of the hazel. The farmer then put the following notice at conspicuous points:

"Trespassers take warning. All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk, for though common snakes are not often found, the Corylus Avellana abounds everywhere about here and never gives warning of its presence."

The Mistress (meeting her maid)—"Why Lucy—what do you mean by wearing one of my gowns on the street?"

Lucy—"You told me yesterday that your clothes needed airing."

"Uncle Mose, they tell me you remember seeing George Washington."

"No, son. I used to remember seeing him, but I done forgot since I jined church."
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Because we know that one taste of this really "different" candy will make you a regular Sanders customer, we shall be glad to send you a liberal sample of Butter Almond Toffee together with a copy of our 68-page candy booklet, illustrated in full color. Please enclose ten cents to cover the cost of packing and postage.

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IT takes a pound of butter to every pound of sugar to make this famous candy. A crisp, crunchy, nut-filled candy that just melts in your mouth—with a tantalizing flavor that's unlike any candy you've ever tasted! Liberally intermixed with selected, roasted almonds; topped with ground almond meats. Made in clean, light, airy kitchens of the finest ingredients; developed through 57 years of fine candy making; a pure, wholesome candy. Packed in unique Japanese wood-paper box, half-pound, 50 cents.

SANDERS - Confectioner - 2467 Woodward Ave.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

COUPON

SANDERS, Manufacturing Confectioners
2467 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Please send a sample of Butter Almond Toffee and copy of your Hostess Book. I enclose 10 cents.

Name

Address

City State
STARCHES for:
Textile Manufacturing
Baking Powder
Explosives
Manufacturing Confectioners
Laundries
Bakeries
Grocery Packages
Adhesives
Dextrine Manufacturing

CORN SYRUPS (unmixed) for:
Manufacturing Confectioners
Tobacco Manufacturing
Rayon Manufacturing
Table Syrups
Bakeries
Jellies, Jams, Preserves
Tanners
Textile Manufacturing

CORN SUGARS for:
Rayon Manufacturing
Vinegar Manufacturing
Sugar Coloring
Leather Tanning

PAPER MILL PRODUCTS for:
Tub Sizing
In Beaters
Coating—All Grades of Paper

CORN GLUTEN FEED for:
Feeders
Feed Dealers
Feed Mixers

CORN OIL for:
Oil Refiners
Compounds
Soap

SALAD AND COOKING OIL for:
Grocery Packages
Repackers
Mayonnaise and Salad Dressing Manufacturing

SOY BEAN MEAL for:
Live Stock
Feed Dealers
Feed Mixers

SOY BEAN OIL for:
Paint and Varnish
Soap
Compounds
Edible Purposes

TABLE SYRUPS for:
Home Consumption—in five delightful flavors
Golden Table
Crystal White
Sorghum
Maple
Honey