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Published monthly in the interest of the employees of the A. E. Staley Manufacturing Co., Decatur, Ill.

Editor. RUTH E. CADE.

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The Angler

The patient in the asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. An affable visitor inquired: "How many have you caught?"
"You're the ninth, so far," replied the patient. —DePauw Daily.

Oh, You November

John: "Just imagine how the woman would look on Broadway in Garden of Eden costume."
Henry: "Not bad in summer, but how about autumn when the leaves begin to fall?"

Diner: "Waiter, I'll have pork chops with fried potatoes, and I'll have the chops lean."
Waiter: "Yes, sir, which way?"

Guide: "This is one of the original rooms of the castle; it hasn't been touched for 400 years."
Visitor: "That's just like my landlord—he won't do a thing."

"I hear you've got a new maid at last. Is she a good cook?"
"Oh, yes; she goes to church twice on Sundays—but she can't cook."

"Hey, you," thundered the rushee from Salt Forks, when they brought in his napkin at dinner. "Take this thing away. I guess I know when to use a handkerchief without having no blamed hints thrown at me."

"Why do you call them the '9 by 12' sisters?"
"You feed them at 9 and at 12 they are hungry again."

Customer: "I want a muff."
Assistant: "Certainly madam. What fur?"
Customer: "To keep me 'ands warm, of course."

Rastus: "We done sold all our black mules cause we figgered they et more 'an the white ones."
Sambo: "How you all figger dat?"
Rastus: "We figgered and we figgered and all we could find out was dat we had more black ones than white ones."

First Spinster: "Do you think one long stocking will hold all that you will want for Christmas?"
Second Spinster: "No, but a pair of socks would."

Boarder: "Mrs. Jones, may I have another cup of your November coffee?"
Mrs. Jones: "Why November coffee?"
Boarder: "Because its cold and cloudy."

The Reason Why

A matron was confiding her domestic troubles to a friend: "I find," said she, "that my husband has charged some one in his office with the duty of calling me up every afternoon to mumble terms of endearment. That's a pretty way to treat one's wife, isn't it? He's been spending his afternoons at his Golf Club."
"How was it," asked the friend, "that you didn't at once notice that it wasn't his voice that called?"
"Well," explained theaggrieved, "I've been pretty busy with bridge every afternoon and I've been having the maid answer the telephone."

Correct

Teacher: "Now, Gracie, you may tell the class what it is that elephants have that no other animal has."
Gracie: "Little elephants."

Fleeced Him

Mary had a little lamb.
His hair was white as snow;
Poor Mary's lamb went broke at last,
'Cause Mary fleeced him so.

Ed Wynn, famous comedian, tells of a lovers' quarrel between Abe and Anna.
He was watching them when they quarrelled and parted and that was the first time, he declares, that he ever saw Abe and Anna split.

"When you couldn't pay your fare did the conductor make you get off and walk?"
"He made me get off but he didn't seem to care whether I walked or stood still."

Oy Oy! Hoot Mon!

While Cohen was in Scotland he went out for a game of golf. A club member came out, and, as both were lone starters, a match was suggested.
"My name's McGregor," the Scot said.
"What do you go around in, McGregor?" Cohen asked.
"Oh, around 112 or 114," the Scot answered. "What's your game?"
"Just about the same," Cohen replied.
"How about $2 a hole?"
"And do you know," Cohen replied, "that dirty crook went around in 78 and took $1 from me?" —Boston Globe.

Oh, Mr. Burbank

She: "How do they get the water in the watermelon?"
He: "They plant the seeds in the spring."

She: "Would you wear a rented bathing suit?"
He: "That all depends where the rent was."
Proper Method
Blacksmith: "You say you can shoe a horse. How would you proceed about it?"
Applicant: "Toot my horn until the rascal got out of the way."
Abie: "Papa, what's 'science'?"
Papa: "Don't be dum-like, Abie. It's them things like what says 'Keep off the grass'."
Meyer: "Do you think ignorance is bliss?"
Mr. Nieman: "Well, you seem happy."

Playing Safe
A sergeant was checking a colored recruit's insurance papers.
"Have you got a beneficiary?" he inquired.
"Nosuhree," replied the negro, grinning proudly. "Yo' don' ketch me wid no contretemps goods in mah possessin'. Ah done tuhed ever'thing ovah to de quatahmas tah."

Quite Correct
A teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history. She asked if anyone could tell her what a groundhog is. Up went a little hand.
"Well, Tommy, you may tell us what a groundhog is."
"Please, ma'am, it's a sausage."
He: "What do you say to a tramp in the woods?"
She: "I never speak to them!"
"What's your name?"
"Casey, yer honor."
"Your full name?"
"Just the same, yer honor, full or sober."

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

In New York
Berry: "Henry, does your wife understand cars pretty well?"
Beasley: "Well, let me see; I'm afraid she don't, for she asked me yesterday if the engine got hot must she strip the gears!"

Another Problem Solved
Ethel (studying grammar): "Say, Reggie, if a man druggist is called a pharmacist, what would you call a woman druggist?"
Reggie: "A pharmacister, of course."
"John, does bleaching the hair cause softening of the brain?"
"No darling, but softening of the brain leads to bleaching the hair."

A Hundred Years Ago
A hundred years ago today a wilderness was here;
A man with powder in his gun went forth to hunt a deer;
But now the times have changed somewhat—are on a different plan.
A Dear, with powder on her nose, goes forth to hunt a man.—The Printer's Devil.

Photos by telephone being now a fact, we suggest an up-to-date simile: "She has a face like a wrong number." — Keith Preston.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

Men are four:
He who knows, and knows he knows—
He is wise—follow him.
He who knows, and knows not he knows—
He is asleep—awake him.
He who knows not, and knows not he knows not—
He is a fool—shun him.
He who knows not, and knows he knows not—
He is a child—teach him.

—Arabian Proverb.

Regrettable Experience of a Relative
"What you need is electric baths."
"Nothin' doin', doc. I had an uncle drown that way up in Sing Sing."
The Man (having surrendered his seat): "I beg your pardon!"
The Girl: "I didn't speak!"
The Man: "Sorry, I'm sure. I thought you said 'thank you'."—Keene Thrusts.

Parson: "Why don't you go in and attend the services?"
Mose: "Cain't, Boss, Ise de crepe."

Diner (contemplating piece of chocolate cake the waiter had set before him): "I say, waiter, I ordered Washington pie. Shouldn't the icing be white?"
Waiter: "Only on George Washington pie, sir. This is Booker T. Washington pie."

She: "Men never seem to be able to look me in the eye."
He: "Then wear 'em longer."

Silas: "Ma, I certainly do miss that old cuspidor you took away!"
Ma: "You certainly did—that's why I took it away!"
Like th' tentacles of sin,
Winter just keeps edgin' in;
Makes a monkey as it were,
Of your porch thermometer.
Climbs a little, then it stops,
Rests a while an' then it drops;
Keeps you wond'rin' what to wear
If you're goin' anywhere.

Wake up chilly at th' dawn,
Want to put your flannels on;
Then, by noon, or thereabout,
Drag your old Pa'm Beaches out.
Winter does things just that way.
If you'll notice—ever' day
It keeps slyly edgin' in
Like a schoolboy with a pin!

Winter never lets you know
When to look for ice or snow—
Just comes sneakin' in an' heaves
Jack Frost's whitewash on th' leaves.
Slips in where old Autumn still
Lingers 'round on vale and hill.
Spring an' Fall have always been
Marred by Winter's edgin' in.

Still, I guess, if facts were known.
Seasons ain't that way alone;
I'll confess I hate to say
Lots of folks are just that way.
Keep your nature sorely vexed—
Warm one day an' cold the next
Make a monkey, as it were,
Of your heart's thermometer!

—William Hershell.
Farmer, is, as pleasing and equally enticing as the ratty-tat-tat of the drummer rhythm to the ears of a trained musician.

Like all honest labor, the knack of shucking corn is acquired by hard licks of experience. Neither is it a "snap." After the corn which was planted in rows three and one-half feet wide and as long as each field would permit, has been laid by, that is, undergone the last step in cultivation to kill weed growth and mulch the ground, the crop has been left unmolested to follow its natural growth to maturity.

From a beautiful panoramic deep green, the field has changed, as the hot sun of late summer and crisp cool weather of Indian fall gradually dries up the sap in the stalk, and this hastened ordinarily by cold, crisp and frosty mornings gives us a variegated color of a buff to yellow landscape.

He who tills the soil is now contemplating on cashing in on his season's labors, and begins to look about to get his paraphernalia in shape.

First the horses who have enjoyed a rest for quite a spell are hitched to the wagon box, which since the harvest of small grain has had little service. The wagon now carries a double set of side boards, forming an oblong box about three feet wide, three feet deep and ten feet in length. On the "fur" side is built up another side board about four feet high to serve, in baseball language, as a back stop but in this instance as a "bump board."

The husker now equipped with wagon, team, a shucking peg and plenty of tar with which to keep his gloves resistant against the rough usage ahead, as well as to act as an antiseptic to his cut hands starts forth early in the morning, when the frost and chilly air keeps him stepping around to keep up blood circulation. Quite often on his first round the ever handy, useful lantern is resorted to for artificial light.

As is usual with farm work, the time clock, whistle or union hours are forgotten, as to get his two loads per day he must get out even before the chickens think of getting off their roosts, for husking prevails during the shortest days of the year.

On arriving and in opening up the field, the first row is straddled with the wagon (to be gathered later) and the husker, by use of his shucking peg, strips the shucks from the ear with one twist and with a twist of the other hand breaks the ear from the stalk, and with a simultaneous move throws the ear "at the wagon" hitting the bump board and falling in the bed.

The first, second and sometimes third rows are shucked in this fashion clear through the field, the wagon turned 'round on another "down row" and the operation continued back over the field.

When the wagon is full it is then transported to the crib, ordinarily on the same farm, and hauled up along side the crib, either dumped in power driven conveyors and carried to the top of the crib and there dropped in a compartment or scooped by man power into the crib.
Under modern methods one hundred bushel shuckers are common, but even under ideal conditions and equipment this is considered a good days work.

Even before this year’s crop is husked the far sighted farmer is looking for his next year’s seed corn. Many go through their fields before gathering time, and pluck good specimen ears, while others have a box on the front end of their wagon and while shucking, as they run onto an extraordinary good specimen, separate it from the balance of the load and throw it into the seed box.

The inclemencies of the weather and unusual season are to be combated from the time the corn is first planted until it is husked. A wind storm hitting a field of corn after it is matured means that a great deal of corn lays on the ground and rots, not only decreasing the value of the cereal, but raising the charge for “shuck- ing”.

Thanksgiving is usually the goal for the farmers to get their corn out of the fields. Like all their other work, husking must be gotten out of the way as quickly as possible, before the snows set in.

During delayed seasons, it is nothing uncommon for fields to lay out throughout the winter without being husked. Obviously, a great deal of corn is blown down, left to rot and not recovered in a commercial way.

Husking time, therefore, calls for a great deal of extra help on the farms—the compensation varies, according to conditions, shortage of help, etc. The rate of compensation this year will be approximately four cents per bushel and “board”.

After the corn is gathered from the fields the live stock are then turned in to clean up the foliage and many scattered ears of down corn especially is this true when the ground is frozen, so that the soil will not be “tramped” at the expense of it working up properly the following spring.

Literally speaking, we now have the corn in the crib, where it will be held pending each farmer’s disposition—either fed to live stock or sold through commercial channels.

“But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod
Still let us, for this golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.”
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers and are famous preservers of good looks!—Barnaby Rudge.

A pessimist is a person who would look for splinters in a club sandwich.

** An Ancient Corn Mill **

Because the Staley company is interested, before anything else, in grinding corn, G. E. Ven Tramp Govier has given to the Journal office an antique grinding stone. This grinding stone, or metate as it is properly called, was found by Mr. Govier a few years ago in the northern central part of New Mexico.

This metate is of volcanic lava, a stone which is so hard that all efforts to chip it have been in vain. Evidently it was originally a flat slab about eighteen inches long and ten inches wide and two or three inches thick. But the constant friction of the corn and crusher have worn the top surface into a shallow bowl shape.

Because of its evidences of years of use, Mr. Govier places the age of the metate which he found at 1000 years at least. It probably was used, he believes by some peoples before the American Indians—perhaps Cliff Dwellers, or Pueblo people.

In the September 1925 issue of the National Geographic Magazine, Neil M. Judd devotes several paragraphs to metates, in writing of the explorations of the National Geographic Society Expedition in the Choca Canyon National Monument, New Mexico. He says, in part:

“Step into almost any Pueblo home of today and you will find metates (grinding stones) powdered with freshly ground meal. These characteristic stone mills have been inherited from remote antiquity. They were utilized alike by cliff-dwellers, occupying caves in the sheer-walled canyons of the Colorado drainage, and by equally ancient peoples who erected huge clay houses on the flat, cactus covered plains of the Gila.”

The method of grinding corn on a metate is simple. The shelled corn is spread on the stone slab, or metate, and then crushed and rolled with another smaller stone, until it is ground as fine as desired.
Mr. Johnson to Chicago

Announcement was made in October of the appointment of G. A. Johnson as manager of the A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., branch office in Chicago. Mr. Johnson is no stranger to Staley people or Staley customers, for he was general sales manager for the company for three years. His many friends with the company are glad to welcome him back into the official family.

Mr. Johnson came to the Staley company first in November, 1919, when he resigned a position with the National Grocer company to become general sales manager for Staley's. He remained with us until December, 1922, when the National company proved attractive enough to cause him to leave us. Now after three years as manager of the Decatur branch of the National Grocer Co., he returns to us again.

In the Chicago territory he will be no stranger for he has lived in Chicago, and is well known among Chicago grocers and brokers.

Under an improved arrangement the office and warehouses of the Chicago branch are now at one address, 363 West Ontario street, and the company officials feel sure that this arrangement will not only prove efficient but will be greatly appreciated by Chicago customers.

While Mr. Johnson is manager of the Chicago branch he has as an able assistant John Warren, who will be in charge of the office there. Mr. Warren, if he were not still such a young man, might be called a Staley veteran for he has been with the company for five years. Until about a year ago he was in the auditing department, but for the last year he has been sales office manager at the Decatur office. He will have much the same work in the Chicago office.

Mr. Johnson and Mr. Warren have both moved to Chicago. Mr. Johnson's family consists of his wife and two children—a daughter in the secondary schools and a son, Walter, who is a student and prominent athlete at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Warren was married more than a year ago to Mildred Hodgins, of the Staley sales department force. He and his wife have taken an apartment on the north side of Chicago.

In pioneer days
When a man
Reached for his hip
Everyone ducked—
Now he draws a crowd.

OUR COVER DESIGN

The pompous turkey and snappy little dog on this month's cover were drawn several years ago by R. D. Collins, father of Frank Collins of the auditing department. Mr. Collins, who was a commercial artist, died soon after he drew this design and for that reason it had never been used. Frank brought it to The Journal office several months ago and we liked it so well that we wanted you all to see it, too, and decided this was the best way of showing it to you.

Mr. Collins had a studio in Decatur for a number of years, and was well known as a designer. He specialized in cover designs for magazines, and drew a number of covers for the Country Gentleman and magazines of that type.

Mother: "Yes, my darling, those little boys next door have no father or mother, and no kind Aunt Jane. Wouldn't you like to give them something?"

Willie (with great enthusiasm): "Oh, yes, mamma! Let's give them Aunt Jane."
“Doctor.” To the lay mind the word usually suggests dire thoughts of an impending illness or the anticipated receipt of a huge bill for professional services. So a few words of explanation may be of benefit to our readers who are not thoroughly posted on the use or meaning of the word as it applies to the manufacturing of confectionery.

A doctor is a catalytic agent that has the power to split up or invert a crystallized sugar. Heat for example is a catalyst but heat alone cannot be applied to cane sugar in making candy to get the proper amount of inversion, for when the moisture contained in the syrup evaporates the result is a solidified mass of sugar crystals. If sufficient heat were applied to totally destroy the crystals the syrup would caramelize and would be only of value to the manufacturer as a coloring agent commonly called sugar color. From this fact it is very readily seen that heat and water alone have not sufficient catalytic power to split the sugar and prevent crystallization. It is therefore necessary to resort to a vehicle that can be used in conjunction with heat and water to cause the complete or the partial inversion of the sugar crystals sufficiently to prevent the sugar from recrystallizing. For a number of years acid doctors such as cream of tartar, tartaric acid, etc., were used to cause this reaction and produce the proper amount of inversion required at a temperature that would not sacrifice the color or quality of the confection. These acids or acid salts, however, could not be relied upon to work uniformly and so the modern manufacturing confectioner today uses a recognized uniform doctor made from corn. Corn syrup is a more uniform doctor than acid salts such as cream of tartar, tartaric acid, etc.

The action of acid doctors and corn syrup is not precisely the same. Acid doctors prevent crystallization by inverting a crystallizing sugar into one that does not crystallize and also is very hydrosopic and soft under humid conditions. Corn syrup on the other hand prevents crystallization by supplying another form of non-crystallizing sugar the presence of which prevents the cane sugar from recrystallizing. Thus an acid doctor changes the cane sugar to a different form while corn syrup does not, and the resulting candy made with an acid doctor contains more invert sugar than one made with corn syrup.

Very often inversion of the sucrose (cane sugar) is carried too far due to the excessive amount of acid doctor used, the result being a piece that will not stand up and in a very short time will become sticky and soft. What really happens in the over-doctored batch is that the excessive amount of acid used splits up the physical or molecular proportions of the sucrose (cane sugar) which is C\textsubscript{12}H\textsubscript{22}O\textsubscript{11}, forming an excessive amount of dextrose and levulose in equal proportion of C\textsubscript{6}H\textsubscript{12}O\textsubscript{6} known as invert sugar. The levulose formed by the over inversion, being of a very hydrosopic nature, will draw the moisture to the piece and thus cause it to become sticky.

On the other hand if insufficient doctor is used to get the proper inversion of the sucrose to give the best results, an excessive amount of crystallizable sucrose is still held in suspension when the batch is finished. This condition of course has the opposite effect to that mentioned above, as the over amount of uninverted sucrose will cause the finished product to take on a cloudy and unsightly film, known to and spoken of by the candy maker as graining off.

Either of these conditions, which are very detrimental to the sale and eating quality of the confection can be materially reduced and in fact very often entirely eliminated by the use of a quality corn syrup. When the candy manufacturer hits upon a formula consisting of cane sugar, corn syrup, and water in the proper proportions, and the degree of temperature of the cook to suit the various conditions under which the product is manufactured result in a hard, dry, high glossy finished piece; there will be very little if any change in the finished product from day to day. This is due to the fact that very little variation occurs in a properly refined confectioner’s corn syrup.

Characteristics

Admiral Sims was talking about racial characteristics at a dinner party.

“Eight men,” he said, “were once wrecked on a desert island. A year later a ship picked them up. The skipper of the ship noted in his log that:

‘The two Irishmen had fought each other twice a day during the whole year.

‘The two Scotchmen had founded a Caledonian society.

‘The two Englishmen had not spoken because they had never been introduced.

‘The two Americans had opened a real estate agency in a palm-leaf hut, with a Kiwanis club, a Boosters’ league and a hooch-making plant in the cellar.”
Mr. Cardozo, of the Amsterdam, Holland, firm of Cardozo & Boekman, visited us late in September and renewed acquaintance with Staley friends he made on his last visit to this country several years ago. On this trip Mr. Cardozo was accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Miranda, whose first visit to America this was. In the picture Mr. Cardozo is seated at the left, Mr. Miranda standing in the center and Mr. Chamberlain, our general superintendent at the right.

Preparing Rice

Within the last few years, particularly since the war, Americans north of the Mason-Dixon line have begun to realize the possibilities of a food which the orientals discovered centuries ago, and have been using ever since. This food is rice, the little pearl-like cereal which many of us grew up believing was used by the Chinese as food and by Americans as a fitting weapon with which to salute a departing newly married couple.

But while the people in the northern part of the United States were using rice externally only, our neighbors to the south were raising it in their swampy fields and their famous black cooks, true artists every one, were originating new ways to cook the highly nutritious grain.

Then the war brought its strict food rulings, and we were urged and kidded into eating rice, and now we like it. All this urging naturally has increased considerably the demand for rice, and with the growing demand, as usual, has come an improvement in the methods of preparing and packing the grain for the market.

And in this process of preparation the A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., has a small but important part to play. For glucose, or pure corn syrup as it is more properly called, is used in preparing rice for the market.

According to the Standard Rice Company, Inc., of Memphis, Tenn., packers of White House rice, the process is this:

After the rice (the finished product) has passed through its last process of bleaching, it is taken into drums or large cylinders. These drums are twelve feet long and five feet in diameter, and hold from 4,000 to 5,000 pounds each.

The cylinders are set so that they are tilted to a slight degree, and the tendency of the grain is to discharge itself from the lower end. These cylinders, which are called trumbols, revolve slowly.

As the grain enters the trumbols a thin stream of corn syrup, no bigger than a match, flows over it. This corn syrup washes each grain and leaves the surface just sticky enough to cause the thin stream of talcum powder, next allowed to flow into the trumbol, to adhere to each grain.

Then as the grains of rice are tossed about within the trumbols the friction causes the talcum to "finish" the grain, giving it a high lustre.

The Standard company then packs the polished rice in neat cartons which makes it much more attractive to buy than the old method of tying it up in a brown paper bag which often sprang a leak on the way home from the store.
The Kidneys

By Dr. M. W. Fitzpatrick

The kidneys are among the most vital organs of the body and as might naturally be expected any disease of them or disturbance of their function reflects itself upon the well being of the individual. They may be likened to the sewer system of a city. It does not require much effort of the imagination to picture to ourselves what would happen if the whole sewer system of one of our cities were damaged in such a way as to put it out of use. Less degrees of damage would be less serious but still demand prompt and careful attention in an effort to repair the damage. When the kidneys are diseased their function is impaired, and health suffers accordingly.

There has been, and is even now, a great deal of mystery and misinformation on the part of the general public concerning kidney disease. This situation has been brought about and is fostered principally by quacks and advertising physicians. In former years when a considerable portion of the income of a newspaper was derived from medical advertisements, one could pick up almost any periodical and find in it a picture of a man bent over, his hand on his back, and an expression of agony on his face, and under this picture the caption: "If you have pain in the back you have kidney trouble." Nothing is much farther from the truth. Very rarely does the patient with real kidney trouble have pain in the back. Only when there is very acute inflammation does this symptom manifest itself. And for this reason it is a very treacherous disease for many times the trouble is well advanced before its presence is suspected. There is nothing in the early stages to indicate its presence and thus make the patient seek medical aid.

The normal kidney is a well balanced organ composed principally of a multitude of tubules whose function is to filter waste products from the blood as it passes through these organs. While this function is very definite it is also capable of a wide range of accommodation as to amount of work. It may be called upon one day to do twice as much work as it is on another, and assume the new burden very readily.

But as there is a limit to the possibilities of every organ, so there is a limit beyond which the kidney cannot go. When this is exceeded its function begins to be impaired. At first this damage may be only slight and if the overload is removed, normal kidney action may be restored. Too often, however, there being no warning as to impairment of the organ, the diseased condition goes on and on for a long time until there are permanent structural changes before the patient is aware anything is wrong and aid is sought. Then it is too late to obtain complete relief.

What is this overload that brings on kidney trouble? That is a question that has puzzled investigators the world over. There is no decisive and definite answer. Probably there are a great many different things that enter into the conundrum, and either alone or in combination with one or more circumstance cause damage to the kidney tissue.

It is well known that kidney disease is apt to follow the acute infectious diseases, notably scarlet fever. Many times it has been found soon after an attack of pneumonia, typhoid, measles, small pox, diphtheria, or in fact any of the infections causing fever. Or chronic poisoning, as from diseased tonsils, abscessed teeth, or other points of infection in the system, may be held responsible. It is a moot question whether the ingestion of certain foods or condiments might be blamed, some claiming that the use of much salt irritates the kidneys while others are not impressed with its danger. However, this may be, a physician who plays safe by advising the rigid restriction of salt will usually be met by the exclamation from his patient: "Oh, my! I just dearly love salt." This is such a common expression that so much that he had resumed his work after several months of all evidence of kidney trouble. His health had improved so much that he had resumed his work under certain restrictions and was doing
Kidney disease is a serious ailment, but one need not be at all despondent under proper management the patient may live many years of useful and comfortable life. One Decatur man lived more than twenty years after the first discovery of albumin in his urine and during this time he continued to manage his business very successfully. When he finally died it was from pneumonia and not from nephritis.

In the treatment of kidney disease medicine plays a minor role. The all important thing is to make the work of the kidneys as light as possible. Their function is to take waste products out of the blood. If the least possible amount of waste is thrown into the blood there will correspondingly be less work for the kidneys. Therefore the diet should not be more than is needed to maintain proper bodily activity. Other organs of the body that may aid in elimination should be kept active. Chief among these is the skin. While the skin can not entirely replace the kidney function yet it can aid very greatly. Therefore sweat baths under proper supervision aid us in the fight for health. Free elimination through the bowels, by keeping a certain amount of poison out of the system, lightens the task of the kidney. Even the lungs aid in throwing off some of the poisons.

Where a diseased condition is found in any part of the body that might be an underlying factor of kidney impairment, that should receive appropriate treatment. Diseased tonsils should be removed. Mouth infections should be looked after carefully.

If you should find you have kidney trouble seek the advise of the best physician you can find.

But always bear in mind that pain in the back is not a symptom of kidney disease. It may be severe enough to require a careful examination by a physician, but only in very rare instances will it be found that there is any kidney involvement.

TO DIRECT RESEARCH

Harry F. Watson has been appointed director of research in the Staley laboratory, and will supervise the operation of the research men there. This arrangement follows the appointment of L. R. Brown as director of routine control in the laboratory. Both Mr. Watson and Mr. Brown will co-operate with Howard File, chief chemist in directing the policies of the technical department. Mr. Watson has been with the company for several years. Mr. Brown has been in the laboratory for about a year.
Something for Nothing

He's out again—the fellow who carries a grouch about, complaining all the time because everything costs so much. If you are willing to listen, which you probably are NOT, he will go into detail about prices. Well, the next time he corners you, (he likes best to get off in some corner during working hours and talk) just give him a little list of the good things which are free—then tell him to forget his grouch and shut up—at any rate to shut up.

What are the free things? We seem to be especially blessed with them here in Decatur.

The one which offers the widest choice to its patrons and is most easily reached is the public library. Tell Old Grouch that one of the best cures in the world for what ails him is a daily dose of reading. He can walk to the library (he probably needs the exercise anyway and walking is free) and in one evening's reading there he can travel to any part of the world. Or for that matter he can drop into the Journal office, where a branch of the public library is established and get a book to read at home without even possessing a library card. What could be more free than that?

Then there are pictures. Not the moving kind for theater men are in the business to make a living—but paintings and etchings done by world famous artists and brought from the far parts of the earth for the pleasure of Decatur folk. Scarce a week passes but what something worth while is on exhibit at the Decatur Art Institute and there never is an admission charge. Of course Old Grouch will scoff at this, but that is because he has never taken a few extra minutes to look at such an exhibit. Once get him out there and you will have a hard time dragging him away.

December would be a good time to take him to the Art Institute for two Decatur men are exhibiting their work there that month. Robert Riggs, Decatur born and educated, is bringing some of his drawings from his Philadelphia studio. Many of them are drawings he has made in his travels in odd corners of the world. The other Decatur artist is L. C. Shellabarger, whom doubtless many of you know. He does not paint pictures, but works in silver and his exhibits will be of lovely pieces of jewelry and tableware which he has made. And both exhibits will be free.

Then, if Grouch wants something livelier tell him about our Fellowship club entertainments—our winter programs, our dances and our summer movies. Tell him that this winter we are having ten entertainments in the high school auditorium—musical programs and plays—given by high salaried lyceum entertainers, and that all Fellowship club members and their families can enjoy them free of charge. The same holds true of the club dances held once each month, and of the weekly movies during the summer.

After all that he should be convinced that there are some good things in this world which are free, don't you think?
George E. Radasch, that healthy looking man on the right, is our Iowa representative, and it was under his direction that this display of Staley Syrups was arranged at a fair in Keokuk. W. W. Daley, a Staley salesman, is shown with him.

**Former Editor Here**

One of the most charming things which has happened to us recently was the sudden appearance in The Journal office one morning in October of Mrs. Fred Suddarth. Mrs. Suddarth is better known to all Staley people as Dorothy Baker, the first editor of The Journal.

Mrs. Suddarth was back in Decatur from her home in Kansas City for a short time, and gave us part of one day during her brief visit. It has been five years since Mrs. Suddarth resigned her position here as editor of The Journal and in that time she has made only one visit here, but in those five years she had remembered Staley people as they have remembered her.

She came into The Journal office with her same old smile and put us to shame with the ease with which she named off the various Staley people about whom she wanted to enquire. She recognized The Journal office fern, which was installed in office, as it were, during her reign, she asked if Fred Klumpp was married, if Charley Burkey still worked in the laboratory, if Harry Wamsley had ever got fat. She visited as many of the offices and saw as many of the men as her limited time allowed, and in every instance was greeted with a warmth which showed how much all Staley people thought of her.

Mrs. Suddarth came to the Staley company to take charge of The Journal in January, 1919, when The Staley Journal was scarcely more than a pamphlet. Under her editorship it was reorganized into its present form and almost its present size, and the three editors who have followed her have found themselves striving to live up to the high ideals she set for the publication.

Although her visit at the plant was much too short, it was thoroughly enjoyed by all the old friends who saw Mrs. Suddarth, and we are hoping that she will be back to pay us a longer visit before another two years have passed.
November Entertainments

Wednesday, Nov. 4 ............... Snider-Haig Recital Company
Tuesday, Nov. 10 ................ DuMond Serenaders
Tuesday, Nov. 24 ................ "Adam and Eva," a play
Monday, Nov. 30 ................. "Two Fellows and a Girl," a play

We have had entertainment series which have started off well but our 1925-26 lyceum series started off with a regular bang. The opening number of the year's entertainment series was given by the Solis Marimba Band. It was perfectly evident that everyone at Staley's was glad that the season was opening, for at no other Staley entertainment had there ever been such a big crowd.

The program was announced for 8 o'clock, and long before that time every good seat on the main floor of the High school auditorium was taken, and by the time the curtain went up, much of the balcony was filled. And the crowd wasn't disappointed, for the Solis Marimba band is one of the best in the country. The program given by these genial South Americans was enjoyed by every one present.

During November we will have four entertainments in the High school, each one just a little better than the one before it. As before, these programs will begin at 8 o'clock and are free to all members of the Staley Fellowship club and their families. Practically everyone was seated before the program began at the last entertainment.

The first entertainment this month is the one to be given by the Snider-Haig Recital company, Nov. 4. Miss Nelle Snider and Miss Joan Haig, who make up this company, sing, play the piano and give readings. Their program is varied and interesting as well as entertaining.

The DuMond Serenaders, who entertain us Nov. 10 give an entirely different sort of program. This company is made up of four men and a girl, who sing, and play almost an un-numbered variety of instruments. One man sings, plays the piano and the accordion. Another sings and plays the saxophone, another sings and plays the banjo, and another sings and plays another saxophone and the clarinet. The young woman sings and plays the piano and the banjo.

Just before Thanksgiving, on Nov. 24, we have a play, "Adam and Eva" which is one of the famous comedies of the last season. It is full of laughs and well worth seeing.

A week later, on Nov. 30, we will have another play by an entirely different company. This play is also full of laughs and one which you will all want to see. It is "Two Fellows and a Girl".

So you see there is a great time in store for all of us during November.

THANKSGIVING

Don't talk to me of solemn days
In autumn's time of splendor,
Because the sun shows fewer rays
And these grow slant and slender.

Why, it's the climax of the year—
The highest time of living!
Till naturally it's bursting cheer
Just melts into thanksgiving.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.
A picture like this should be entitled "What the well dressed man is wearing in the country and at the seaside". George Dean, our Spartanburg, S. C. manager is the well dressed man. In one picture he is standing in front of his home in Spartanburg. In the other he is shown idling on the beach at Ocean City, N. J.

Mr. Weir to Russia

Mr. J. M. Weir, until recently in charge of the civil engineering department of this organization, has accepted a position with the Georgian Manganese Company at Tchiatouri, Russia. This company is making elaborate plans for the development of what is understood to be the largest deposit of manganese in the world. This deposit is located 125 or 150 miles due east of the eastern extremity of the Black Sea. A narrow gauge railway from the Black Sea now runs eastward about 80 miles. This is to be rebuilt to the Russian standard gauge, five feet, ballasted and possibly double tracked; in any case it is to be made a first-class freight line. From the point 80 miles east of the Black Sea the new standard gauge line swings to the northeast for an additional distance of perhaps 45 miles. In this district are many problems of heavy construction, the terrain consisting largely of cliffs, canyons and narrow turbulent water courses. The design and completion of this work will require the greatest ingenuity and daring on the part of the chief engineer. He will be compelled to overcome many other handicaps—difficulty in securing machinery and other material, and the development of trained labor from the native moron type. It is a work that will crown its builder with a halo of professional glory. It will require all the ingenuity, experience and indomitable stamina with which our friend Weir is so amply provided to even make a mark on the job.

The Shamrock of dear old Ireland has been transferred into many strange and remote parts of the glove and we have no doubt that it will take strong root in the Caucasian mountains, and that there will follow a strong market for blackthorns and Bushmil lall through that district. In all probability future generations will speak with a touch of Irish brogue.

We are glad that our friend Weir has found a job which measures up to his ability; we are glad the Georgian Manganese Company have found a man who measures up to their job, and we predict that both will be highly pleased with results.

Speak Only Well

O be not the first to discover A flaw in the fame of a friend, A fault in the faith of a brother Whose heart may be true to the end, For we none of us know one another And oft into error may fall. Then let us speak well of each other; When we can't, let us not speak at all.
Rice in Many New Forms

These recipes for cooking rice are used by the courtesy of the Standard Rice Co. To those housewives whose rice dishes have been limited to rice au gratin and rice pudding, these recipes will be a relief.

**SALMON RICE CROQUETTES**

One cup rice, 1 can salmon, 2 eggs, 1 cup cracker crumbs. Boil rice until tender and set aside to cool. Shred salmon with fork, removing all bones, and mix well with the rice. Roll in small balls, then dip into the beaten egg and roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat.

**CODFISH BALLS WITH RICE**

One cup boiled rice, 1 cup codfish, 2 cups mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter (melted), 2 beaten eggs, 3 teaspoons cream. Mix together, shape into balls and fry in butter or lard.

**CREAMED SALMON IN RICE CUP**

Two cups rice, 1 large can salmon, 3 cups milk, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 canned pimentos, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 quarts cold water, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, bread crumbs. Make a white sauce, using half the butter, and add pimento rubbed through sieve, and salmon.

Cook the rice with water, and half cup of butter, until tender. Spread out on a platter about two inches deep, and when cool, cut into rounds with cookie cutter, dip in eggs, roll in crumbs and brown in deep fat. Drain and when cool, scoop out center. Reheat in the oven, fill with creamed salmon and serve hot.

**WHITE HOUSE ARROZ**

One-half cup rice, 3 cups water, 1 tablespoon chili powder, 1 chopped onion, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, 1 small can tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne and paprika. Fry raw rice in bacon fat until brown. Add three cups of water and let simmer until rice is soft. Add tomatoes, chili powder, salt, cayenne, onion and paprika. Cook about half an hour.

**CAROLINA RICE PIE**

One pound of rice, 1 three-pound chicken, 4 eggs, ¼ pound butter. Stew chicken in salted water slowly, until well cooked. Strain to remove meat from bones. Cook rice in 1 pint of the chicken broth, for 20 minutes.

Pour 1 cup of broth in bottom of pudding pan, then half the rice, then half the chicken, then sliced hard cooked eggs, and seasoning. Repeat, and then pour two cups of broth over it all, and put into the oven to brown.

This is an old southern method of cooking chicken and rice, but it is well worth the longer time it takes.

**CHICKEN WITH RICE AND PEPPERS**

Two cups boiled rice, 2 cups cooked chicken, 1 cup gravy or stock, 1 green sweet pepper, ¼ cup buttered crumbs. Put layer of cooked rice in bottom of baking dish, dot with chicken and strips of pepper. Repeat until dish is filled. Pour gravy over it, sprinkle with fine buttered crumbs and bake 30 minutes.

**HAMBURG STEAK WITH RICE**

Three cups boiled rice, 1 pound hamburg steak, 1 chopped onion, 1 cup water, salt, pepper and powdered sage. Cook the meat, with onion, sage, 1 cup of water and seasoning for 15 minutes. Then put into baking pan which has been lined with rice cooked until tender in milk. Cover with a layer of rice and bake 15 minutes. Turn out on a hot platter and serve with tomato sauce.

Pack the rice into six small cups or molds and set aside. Arrange the slices of pineapple on crisp lettuce leaves and turn a mold of rice over each slice, pour French dressing over the rice and garnish with a stiff mayonnaise.

**RICE POP OVERS**

One cup boiled rice, ½ cup flour, 1 pint sweet milk, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt. Stir dry ingredients and butter into scalded milk. Beat thoroughly and add well beaten eggs. Bake 20 minutes in hot oven.
RICE WAFFLES
One and one-half cups boiled rice, 2 cups flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted fat, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, ¾ cups milk. Mix dry ingredients and sift. Beat egg yolks, add milk and stir into rice. Add dry ingredients and beat until smooth. Stir in the fat and then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Cook on a hot waffle iron and serve with butter and syrup.

BACON AND RICE
Eight slices of bacon, 2 cups of boiled rice, 4 eggs. Fry bacon carefully. Pour off half the fat and to the remainder in the frying pan add the cooked rice into which the eggs have been stirred. Cook until the egg is set and then heap in the center of a hot plate and surround with bacon.

COMBINATION SALAD
Two cups boiled rice, ½ cup chopped pimento, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ cup green pepper or olives, ½ cup chopped celery, salad dressing. Mix rice well with other ingredients and serve on lettuce leaf with French dressing, mayonnaise or a cheese dressing. If cheese dressing is used, omit the cheese in the salad.

RICE DAISY SALAD
Two cups boiled rice, 1 head lettuce, 1 cup raisins, 3 hard cooked eggs, French dressing. Place lettuce leaf on salad plate; put a tablespoon of raisins on center and a roll of cold boiled rice around them. Cut a hard cooked egg into strips and place around the rice, like daisy petals. Serve with a mild French dressing made with lemon juice instead of vinegar.

RICE PATTIES
One cup boiled rice, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 pinch salt, 1 pinch nutmeg. Mix thoroughly rice and flour. Add boiling milk and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Add butter, salt, nutmeg and egg yolks. Beat well and fold in egg whites beaten stiff. Cook for a few minutes. Drop into greased gem pans and bake in moderate oven until brown.

DATE RICE PUDDING
One-half cup rice, ¼ pound dates, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup milk. Boil rice in two cups of water until water is absorbed and rice is soft. Stone dates and cut into pieces. Mix dates and sugar with rice, pour into greased baking pan, add milk and bake one hour. Serve cold.

RICE SNOW BALLS
One cup boiled rice, 3 egg whites, 3 teaspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon lemon flavoring. Mix rice, sugar and melted butter thoroughly. Form into balls and place in flat baking dish and bake, without browning, for ten minutes. Pour over the balls, egg whites beaten dry, to which have been added three teaspoons pulverized sugar and the lemon extract. Set in a warm oven to dry but not to brown and serve with whipped cream.

MERINGUE OF RICE
One cup rice, 3 cups boiling water, 1 pint milk, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, rind of 1 lemon, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cook rice in boiling water and when water has boiled away add milk, butter, beaten egg yolks and lemon rind. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake until set. Beat egg whites until dry, add sugar and lemon juice. When pudding is done spread meringue over it and brown light on top.

RICE FRUIT PUDDING
One cup rice, 1 cup cooked apples, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt. To rice add apples, cinnamon and salt. Beat eggs, add butter and stir into mixture; bake half hour and serve with sauce.

PINEAPPLE SALAD
One and one-half cups boiled rice, 6 slices canned pineapple, lettuce, French dressing and mayonnaise.

Not the Only One
"I see you have furnished rooms," said the man who had rung the bell.
"Thot we have, begorra," said the woman who came to the door.
"Well, if you have one that's suitable I'd like to rent it for a while."
"But I don't rent me rooms. Me family takes up the whole house."
"Don't rent any rooms? Then why have you that sign 'Furnished Rooms' in the window?"
"Well, it's this way. Last week thot Mrs. Kelly next door she puts up a sign in her front window, an' whin I see her put up wan I just had to show the people thot Mrs. Kelly ain't the only wan on this street thot has her rooms furnished."

Census Taker (to middle-aged spinster): "And what is your age, madam?"
Spinster (coyly): "I've seen just twenty-five summers."
Census Taker: "How long have you been blind?"
National Safety Congress

To be thoroughly convinced of the importance with which the world regards the safety movement in industry one need only attend one session of the National Safety Congress. The National Safety Council, the membership of which is made up of industries of various kinds all over the United States and Canada, holds its annual congress each autumn. The fourteenth annual congress recently closed a most successful session in Cleveland.

At this congress are men from all branches of industry. Presidents of railroads and directors of big industrial plants feel the matter is important enough for them to devote their own time to. Men from the shops and factories attend and compare experiences and needs with the men higher up.

Because of the wide variety of industries holding membership in the National Safety Council, there are always 5,000 or more persons attending each Congress. The Congress has been divided into sections so that each person attending can devote all of his time to the special branch of safety work in which he is most interested.

In the section devoted to editors of plant publications one of the most interesting talks was made by a machinist from the Baltimore & Ohio railroad shops, W. L. Stephens. Mr. Stephens has been a machinist for years and in his work in the railroad shops he has seen the great necessity for safety work. He sketched over some of the things which he had seen happen because of disrespect of safety, and then told how the company magazine, through stressing safety had been educating the people away from such carelessness.

Practically every speaker emphasized the fact that carelessness is now the one big thing which causes most of the industrial accidents. The desire to take a chance is the desire which leads to accidents and deaths. To lead people to think safety always, to act safety always, was laid down as the mission of everybody attending the meeting.

One safety speaker said, "I tell my men to always remember this, 'How will it affect my wife if some fellow has to go home and tell her I got an arm cut off or an eye put out this morning?'"

The two Decatur representatives at the Cleveland Congress were J. K. Stafford, of the Mississippi Valley Structural Steel Company, and Ruth Cade, of The Staley Journal. As it happens these two companies are close neighbors and during the coming year should stand as safety examples for the other industries in Decatur.

But if we do that we will each have to

THINK SAFETY,
ACT SAFETY,
TALK SAFETY
ALWAYS.

Business Is Good

The farmer sells a load of wheat,
And all the world grows fair and sweet;
He hums a couple of cheerful tunes,
And pays the grocer for his prunes.
The grocer, who has had the blues,
Now buys his wife a pair of shoes;
The ten the shoeman thinks God sent,
And runs and pays it on the rent.
Next day the rentman hands the bill
To Dr. Carver for a pill,
And Dr. Carver tells his frau
That business is improving now,
And cheers her up and says 'My dear,
You've been quite feeble for a year,
I'm thinking you should take a rest;
You'd better take a trip out west;'
And in a couple of days the frau
Is on the farm of Joshua Howe,
Who takes the bill and says 'I swow,
Here's something that cannot be beat,
This bill's the one I got for wheat.'
He hums a couple of cheerful tunes,
And goes and buys a lot more prunes.

—A. W. Manuel.
WIN PRIZES

Now Staley company cattle are taking prizes at the National Dairy Show. As one of the 10 companies which makes up the Associated Corn Products Manufacturers the Staley company has its share in the honor which comes with the prizes awarded the cattle entered by the association in the Dairy show, recently held in Indianapolis.

The association entered 97 cows in the show—all cows which had been fed on corn gluten feed—and these 97 cows took 110 ribbons. This included all champion and first prize ribbons. The prizes won by the Association cows amounted to about $2500.00. When 52 of the cows were sold after the show they brought $7417.50.

Ten companies in the United States, corn products manufacturers, who make corn gluten feed, have formed this organization and have become joint owners of these cattle. The cattle are used as shining examples of what corn gluten feed will do, and the National Dairy Show in Indianapolis gave the association an opportunity to show the world at large these results.

These corn gluten feed cows were one of the chief attractions, according to E. W. Martin, our feed sales manager, who attended the show in Indianapolis.

FOR RUEL COCHENNOUR

Ruel Cochennour, who left the company in October after several years in the auditing department, was the honored guest at three parties just before he left. His sister gave a surprise party for him in his home one evening, the guests being some of his intimate boy friends. Late in the evening a supper was served.

The following night Marguerite Dooly, of the auditing department, gave a small party for him. The night before he left town several boys gave a party for him in Al Lukey's cottage in Faries park.

Ruel left Staley's to take a position with a firm in Newport, Ky.

He: "Dearest, why do you always answer a question by asking another?"
She: "Do I?"—Jack-O-Lantern.

Robert Eugene Mueller, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ebert Mueller, is the only grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Staley. For that matter he is the only grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mueller, so it is easy to see what an important young man his relatives think him. This picture was taken when he was three months old, but that was three months ago, so he is a much bigger boy now. His mother was Miss Ruth Staley.

LEAVES FOR CANADA

Mrs. R. J. Mossner, who until Sept. 22 was Clara Bauer of the general office force, visited her friends at the Staley plant Oct. 13. She called to tell us goodbye, for on the following day she and her husband left for their new home in Champaign, Alberta, Canada.

Miss Bauer and Rev. Mr. Mossner were married in St. Paul's Lutheran church in Decatur, Sept. 22 and left immediately for a motor trip to Michigan. Later they returned to Decatur for a visit before going on to Canada where Mr. Mossner has a church.

Teacher—"Name the five senses."
Ikey—"Nickles."
New Engineer

One of the newest members of the Staley technical staff is George F. Klein, mechanical engineer, who took up his duties at the plant Oct. 19. Mr. Klein is to be the chief operating engineer, a position which his education and training has well fitted him to fill.

Mr. Klein was graduated from the University of Missouri school of engineering. Since then he has had wide experience in the operation and management of central stations and district steam heating plants. He comes to the Staley company from the Union Electric Light & Power Co., of St. Louis where for the last eight years he had charge of central station work. He is best known to the engineering world through his work as mechanical superintendent of the 300,000 K.W. Cahokia super-power station of the Union Electric Co.

Mr. Klein is married and has two small sons. He has taken a house in Summit Avenue, in Decatur, and has already entered his children in the Dennis school here.

Lucile Schulz, who worked in the sales department once before, has returned and is working in Mr. Martin's office. We are glad she liked us well enough to return.

Robert Urfer, of the purchasing office, was called to Olney, Ill., late in October, to attend the funeral of a relative.

Margery Robb, of the sewing room, visited in Arthur, Ill., the first week in October to attend the Arthur fair and the Sullivan-Arthur football game.

When Virgil Johnson made a hurried trip to Herrick, Ill., and returned with a dog, his friends believed the reports that he is planning to spend most of the winter hunting.

Homer Rebmon of the pumping station, spent some time in Irving, Ill., in October, settling up the estate of his father, who died in August.

James, of the tin shop, said he was going to get married, but he didn't. It is said that he was too young.

One day, when it was simply pouring rain, George Long was whistling gaily, "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More".

Margery Robb said that it wasn't because she had lost all her money that she stayed over in Arthur a day longer.
Service for Confectioners

One of the latest additions to the staff of Staley chemists is James J. Sleigh. Mr. Sleigh comes to the Staley company from the Franklin Sugar Refining Co., in Philadelphia, Pa., where he has been in charge of the service and research department. Through his work there he was in touch with a great number of manufacturers throughout the United States who use sugars, and he is recognized as an authority on the proper sugars to use to give the best results, irrespective of the nature of the product.

His work with the Staley company will be of much the same nature, for here he will be in charge of the confectioners' technical service department. He probably will be at the plant most of the time for the next few weeks, becoming acquainted, but within a short time he will start his "service" work. Practically all of his time will be given to manufacturers who are interested in using Staley products.

In his work Mr. Sleigh has made many warm personal friends throughout the manufacturing world and many of these he will meet again when he starts in this service work here.

CHEMIST HONORED

G. E. Van Tromp Govier, textile chemist at the plant, was in September elected by the council to membership in the Textile Institute of Great Britain, which has recently been incorporated by Royal charter. To be elected to membership one must have specialized in textile work for ten years, and write a thesis.

Fred Klumpp was having a wonderful time the day some of his Staley friends saw him west of Decatur. Fred was on his vacation then, so it was all right for him to be away from the mill house. But who would ever have thought that Fred, staid, silent Fred, would go joy riding with two girls in his car. But there he was and he and the girls, especially the one in the front seat with Fred, seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Three new men in the auditing department are Clarence Walser, Clarence Connelly and Gilbert Boren.

Just one thing keeps Ralph Fitch from going hunting—that is the cold weather. As soon as it warms up he is going to take his gun and start out, he says.

Lawrence Skelling wants to know why people call him Uncle Newt.

James Sleigh is our new chemist, whose duties will be that of technical expert. Mr. Sleigh has had several years experience in this particular work and is a recognized authority. It may be of interest to know that Mr. Sleigh is not married.

MR. STALEY BETTER

Mr. Staley returned to his office Oct. 20 after having been confined to his home for several weeks, suffering with rheumatism.

Flo Wheeler has recently taken the place in No. 17 building office made vacant when Frances Gladden left.

Mrs. Ray Judy, formerly Margaret Leaser, and her small daughter Patsy Ray, returned to their home in California in October after a six weeks' visit here with Mrs. Judy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lige Leaser.

Chester—I think I'll have to start a drive to get me a new pair of pants. Dorothy will you subscribe?

Dorothy—No, I think I will have to start a drive for myself pretty soon.

Pat: "Say, Fred, when can I see that new baby of yours?"
Fred: "Come around about two o'clock some morning, he has the most pep then."

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Carl Oakes is willing, but he is a much better machinist than he is an eye specialist. Bill Stewart took a lot of chances when he asked a fellow-workman to take something out of his eye.
GO TO THE NURSE

Mrs. Chandler, our nurse, has the proper instruments and the proper training. Her first aid room is easy to reach. She is the one to go to when you get something in your eye.
NEW EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

W. L. Davis, who has recently taken over the work of employment manager and personnel man, has the offices in the first floor of the main office building, formerly occupied by the traffic department.

Under the new arrangement Mr. Davis interviews all applicants for work in the process and mechanical departments in the plants.

First Eddie Koshinski admits and then denies that he is married to that good-looking girl he is seen with so often. If they are in order we offer our congratulations.

Auditing department friends of Ruby Keily say that they are going to help her buy that fur coat after all. Ruby, be it known, was saving her money for such a purpose when the bank in which she had put all her faith and fortune, simply died a sudden and expensive death. Now Ruby is left shivering in a spring suit, with winter at the door. Pity the poor working girl. Next time, she says, she will patronize the August fur sales.

Mr. Shinn, chemist, had had a long and, to him, tiresome talk with a book salesman, but he was at loss to know how to get rid of the pest. "Finally", he says, "I risked insulting the man and I said, 'Sir, the interview is closed'."

Howard Sheets, of the packing house, is greatly in demand as a teller of large pigeon stories lately.

Doug Williams is not buying tobacco since the World Series.

Robert Lester and Mary Illa Powell are the children of Orville Powell of the feed house. Their grandfather is Bill Ooton, foreman in the feed house.

Dr. and Mrs. John Chamberlain, of Wyalusing, Pa., visited our general superintendent, G. E. Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain during October. Dr. Chamberlain, who is Mr. Chamberlain's uncle, has visited in Decatur before, and has many friends at the Staley plant.

Louis Brand had a terrible time one evening recently. He went for a ride ALL ALONE in his nice new car, and out on the hard road jammed right into a big truck which was parked on the road but had no lights, Louis says. Anyway, his car suffered but he got his pound of flesh.

Newt Simpson can't go near the reclamation plant any more since he caught Doug with the snipes in his pocket.

Eva Leaser, of the grain department, had her vacation in October. Part of the time she visited in Indianapolis and the remainder of the time she spent at home in Decatur.

The phone rang, Charley Fitch answered it, it was for him. "Another soul made happy," said Turkey Grant.
Down on the beach, where they went to fish, these three boys surely did dress up. Ted Belinski is the one in the big picture hat, Sonny Myers is the one in the middle and Frank Saloga is on the extreme right.

Have you noticed the checkered shirt which Spud Moran is wearing? Well he won it in a cross word puzzle contest at the Empress this fall.

Mable Payne, of Mr. Augur’s office, took her vacation the last two weeks in September.

After Herman Herberts, of the mill house, lost his baseball bet he said only six words and, we are sorry to say, they can’t be printed. One hearing them might have believed that Herman had seen the famous war play, “What Price Glory?”

_Misery_

“I like the springtime.”

“Why?”

“Well, you see, I don’t care for work at any time, but it is only in the spring that the attitude gets any sympathy.” —Boston Transcript.

Robert Walker, whom it seems, has long had a desire to go to Alaska, has about completed arrangements for renting an airplane and starting on the trip soon. His friends all agree that the fall of the year is the time to make such a trip.

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**AUDITING DEPARTMENT BAT**

Practically every man and girl in the auditing department, and his husband and her wife, attended the annual party of that department Oct. 22. The party started off with a wiener roast in Nelson park. Two roaring fires served as the chief centers of interest around which the crowd grouped itself and there roasted wiener’s and marshmallows and made coffee until the visible supply was exhausted. Then, when everyone had eaten until he was well filled, Mrs. Ray Bass, wife of the assistant auditor, brought out a surprise in the form of a dozen golden pumpkin pies. To say that her surprise was greeted with shouting and thanks, is putting it mildly.

After supper the crowd went on to the Staley club house where dancing and cards were enjoyed the remainder of the evening.

Cap Morthland says that as a bass fisherman Mr. Chamberlain is a total loss, but when he goes after croppie he gets ’em.

Bill Pollock (commenting upon the number of his men he had got to subscribe to the community chest): “I’ve got all but one to subscribe, and he’s in the hospital.”

The Boss: “I am afraid you are ignoring our efficiency systems, Jones.”

Jones: “Perhaps so, sir, but somebody has to get the work done!”

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**The Parting of Besalki and Shubert Was Very Touchin’**
Syl Ivens Takes a Vacation

Above—The open air theatre at Arlington, Va.

Above—At top of Lookout Mountain.

Right—Syl is enjoying himself at a family reunion.


Below—The porch of Mt. Vernon, Washington's home.
L. B. Humiston, our poetical friend from No. 17 building, says he is dieting but Henry Dubes says a better pronunciation is di-eating.

When all else fails Vivian and Margery might succeed on the stage. They are becoming quite famous as a song team now.

It is understood that the boys in the time office and store room asked for two hours off one morning in September to attend the prayer-meeting in the Van Hook home. It is hoped that the prayer meeting was not held there because of any tendency which our Brother has shown to fall from grace.

Henry Potrafka has been quite ill with an infected eye for the last few weeks.

Mary Eloise Howley, small daughter of Jack Howley of the store room, has heard her father talk of Walter Morenz, mail truck driver, and recently made his acquaintance. Walter made an impression upon the young lady and she talked about him a lot to the family later. Only Mary Eloise was unable to get his name just as it was spelled and insists upon calling him "Watermelon".

Fred Kessler recently took a bunch of office girls to town one evening in his car, and got so interested in his passengers that he forgot all boulevard stops.

She Was a Live Wire
Dick Dumbbell—When I read of the wonderful inventions in electricity it makes me think a little.
Miss Smart—Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?

Jay Brown, of the table house, owns this cozy home in Terrace Gardens, 2182 Avery street. If you look closely you can see Jay himself on the porch.
When the announcement of the engagement of P. D. Rallins and Kathryn Day was published, P. D.'s friends posted it thus near his desk in the traffic office. Even after that he slipped away and got married without inviting any of them.
MASK PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stimmel entertained at a masked party in the Staley club house Saturday night Oct. 17. All of the guests came in masks and fancy costumes. The evening was spent in dancing and playing games.

Robert Patton, store keeper, returned Oct. 19 from a two weeks vacation. During his vacation Mr. Patton spent part of his time with relatives on a farm south of Decatur.

L. M. Banning, of the time office, had his vacation the first two weeks in October. He had planned a motor trip for part of the time but almost incessant rain caused him to change his plans and remain in Decatur.

Mrs. Ivens, wife of Syl Ivens of No. 17 building, returned late in October from a two months' European trip. She made the trip with her sister and niece, Mrs. Mueller-Blair and Miss Lenore Mueller, of Decatur.

A Staley man, who had contributed to the Community Chest, went home that night wearing the little button which was given to all contributors, and which read, "I have a heart". His five year old daughter saw the button and asked what it said. When told she said:

"Well, Dad, don't they have any which say, 'I have a liver'?"

Ed Smith says that recently a man by the same name as his, and from the same part of Kentucky, applied for a job at the Staley plant. After he was hired he got into conversation with our friendly time keeper, and asked who the president up here in Illinois was. Ed looked at him a moment then said:

"Why, Coolidge."

"That's funny," the new Ed Smith replied. "Coolidge is the name of the president down in Kentucky too."

GOLDEN WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hamilton celebrated their golden wedding with a family party in the Staley club house Oct. 4. There were 75 members of the family present, and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were presented with fifty dollars in gold. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are relatives of Mrs. Dickey, wife of Everett Dickey.

Vol—"I suppose you are saving for a rainy day?"

Stead—"No, but I've got twenty bucks laid by for a wet night."

This is an engraver's idea of man's importance. The good looking blond is Mrs. Walter Morenz. The tiny chap might be Walt after his wife had given him a good talking to, but it really is Walt when he was a little boy. Now he's grown-up and drives the Staley mail truck.

Doug Williams claims that his wife has some friends in the plant who keep her posted every day on what he does. He insists that during the World Series games he went home one night and tossed his hat into the house. When it bounced out again he decided to spend the night in Cap Enlow's garage.

Several people from the plant and offices braved the weather Oct. 24 and went to Champaign to attend the University of Illinois Homecoming, and especially to see the Illinois-Michigan game.

Red Heddinger, of the laboratory, says he is proud of that new sweater he wears for when he bought it in Paris (Ill.) the salesman told him there was only one other like it and the Prince of Wales had bought it.
MONSKA-WALTENS

Emily Monska and Arthur Waltens, both of Decatur, were married in St. Johannes Lutheran church, Thursday, Oct. 15.

The bride has been working at the Mueller factory. The bridegroom formerly was a tinner at the Staley plant but for the last two months has been employed at the Nafziger Baking Company. He is a brother of Carl Waltens, of the auditing department.

The couple are living in the 200 block in Central avenue.

ANNOUNCE ENGAGEMENT

Announcement has been made of the approaching marriage of Dorsey E. Gragg and Bernard H. Walker. The date set for the marriage is Nov. 10.

Mr. Walker is in the auditing department and is well known about the offices and plant. He is the son of Mrs. Margaret Walker of Decatur. Miss Gragg is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gragg of Decatur. She was graduated from St. Theresa’s Academy in June 1925.

The wedding will take place in St. Thomas’ Catholic church with Lorretta Foran and Robert Tauber as the attendants.

Ed Borchers is cautioned to look to his laurels. Jay Johnson is said to be a great clock watcher.

If Staley’s ever start a circus of their own, Dan’l of the table house will be the fat lady.

Joe Rippie—“May I borrow your scissors?”

Mr. Galloway—“What’s the matter? Doesn’t your girl have bobbed hair?”

Joe—“Sure she does. I’m going to the football game.”

Some of Maggie Prell’s friends have about decided that it is hardly safe for her to wander around by herself in some of the buildings, especially No. 10.

T. C. Burwell, our second vice-president and traffic manager, was the speaker at the Decatur Kiwanis club luncheon meeting Oct. 27. Mr. Burwell spoke on “Industries Dependent Upon Transportation.” The luncheon was in the Hotel Orlando.

Although he was a day late for the Illinois-Michigan game, Lloyd Spicer, of No. 17 building, says he thoroughly enjoyed his visit at that sorority house at the University of Illinois. He said it was rather queer to be the only man among so many girls, but they treated him fine.

GUSHARD PARTY

Girls employed in Gushard’s department store gave an informal dance in the Staley club house Oct. 12. Marie Cannon, one of the girls, is a sister of Chester Cannon of the general offices.

Lately Ray Scherer has been blaming all of his woes on the long horse back rides he has been taking, but what about that enlarged jaw. Did the horse kick him in the face?
Carl Russell Up in the Air

Above—Plane McMillen took to the Pole.

Left—Carl ready to leap.

Right—In the lucky "13" he flew at Ran- toul.

Below—One of the World Flight ships.
MRS. ORA BREWER
Mrs. Ora Brewer, wife of Thomas J. Brewer, of John White's gang, died in St. Mary's hospital Monday night, Oct. 19. She was born in Cumberland county and had lived in Decatur twelve years. She was a member of the Grace Methodist church and of the Royal Neighbors. Besides her husband Mrs. Brewer leaves two daughters, Mrs. Ruth Annin and Mrs. Verna Keys, both of Decatur, her mother, Mrs. Nannie Scott, three brothers and three sisters and two grand children. Funeral services were conducted from Moran's chapel Thursday afternoon, Oct. 22.

MRS. NETTIE J. CASLEY
Mrs. Nettie J. Casley died in Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 7 after a year's illness. At the time of her death she was making her home with her son, Theron Casley, where she had lived for five years. Before that, for twenty years, her home had been in Decatur. She was active in the work of the W. R. C. and the Eastern Star in Decatur, and had many friends here. Two of her three sons, Harry J. and B. E. Casley, work at the Staley plant. Harry is foreman at the corn elevator, and his brother works in the same department. Harry Casley went to Kansas City when his mother died and returned to Decatur with the funeral party. Funeral services were conducted from the Grace Methodist church in Decatur, and burial was in Decatur.

LILLIAN MAE HARLESS
All Staley employes sympathized with Frank Harless, fireman, and Mrs. Harless, when their daughter Lillian Mae, died Oct. 12. The little girl, who was twelve and a half years old, was a victim of typhoid fever, and died in St. Mary's hospital after an illness of several weeks. She was born in Decatur, April 5, 1913 and had made her home here always. She was a pupil in the H. B. Durfee school where she was well liked and was a bright, industrious pupil. In addition to her parents she leaves three sisters, Mrs. Pauline Chapman and Mrs. Mildred Stickels of Decatur, and Miss Helen Harless of Toledo, Ohio, and three brothers, Clarence, Stanley and Donald, all of Decatur.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the different departments of the plant and to the Fellowship club for the aid and kindness, and beautiful flowers which showed their thoughtfulness during the illness and at the death of our daughter and sister, Lillian Mae.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harless and family
THE STALEY JOURNAL

WILLIAM WHITLEY

William Whitley, for some time janitor in the manufacturing department offices, died in the state hospital in Jacksonville, Sept. 25. Bill, as everyone about the Staley plant knew him, had been ill for several months, being forced to give up his work at the plant last April. He had been a patient at the hospital for five months.

Bill came to the Staley plant in June, 1919, first working in the yard. After a short time he was brought in to do the janitor work in the manufacturing offices, and served in that capacity until his last illness.

He was born in Middletown, Tenn., March 15, 1879, but had lived in Illinois much of his life. Before coming to Decatur he had lived in Taylorville, and both there and in Decatur he worked as houseman for several prominent families and he never tired of telling of the famous people he had served as guests in these homes.

Bill was prominent in the colored Masonic lodge, being a member of Decatur Lodge No. 17 A. F. & A. M., and St. Mary's chapter O. E. S. He was also a member of St. Peter's A. M. E. church.

He leaves his widow and one sister, Mrs. Letha Webb, of Hartville, Mo.

Friend of Christy Mathewson

When news of the death of Christy Mathewson reached Decatur, none felt the loss more keenly than Joe McGinnity, famous Iron Man of baseball, who has for several years been with the Staley company. Joe and Christy were both pitching for the Giants when their friendship started. For a time they were roommates and they were always the closest of friends.

Joe is a man of the fewest possible words, and when he tries to tell how much he thought of his old team-mate, he says very little. But those of us who know Joe know that that little means much.

"Christy was a prince—white as they make 'em", is the way Joe sums it up. But that from Joe means a lot.

We wish to thank the yard men at Staley's for the beautiful flowers, and their sympathy and kindness shown us during the illness and at the time of the death of our loved one.

T. J. Brewer and Daughters.

Someone has said that music is the language of love, but we can't believe it of the saxophone.—Des Moines Register.

Imogene Grolla gave a wonderful birthday party at the Pines to celebrate her birthday October 17. Imogene is the little girl in the center, standing just behind the little boy. Mrs. Grolla, Imogene's mother, is at the extreme left at the rear. Of course the children had a wonderful time at the party playing kindergarten games. Imogene's cake with its birthday candles was the high point on the table where refreshments were served. Ribbons stretched from the center of the table to each place and held the favors for the small guests.
When Lige Leaser, night millwright at the plant, had his whole family together recently, this picture was taken. Top row, left to right, Mable who works in the Staley sewing room, Mrs. Albert Leaser, Mrs. Jack Leaser who works in the Staley grain department, Jack Leaser, Mrs. Welch mother of Mrs. Jack Leaser, Mrs. Mont Leaser, and Mrs. Margaret Leaser Judy of California.

Bottom row, left to right—Albert, his son Arthur, Mrs. Leaser, Mr. Leaser, Mont Leaser carpenter at the Staley plant.

Patsy Rae Judy is standing in front of her grandmother, and John Robert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Leaser, is standing in front of his grandfather.

**CLUB MEETS**

The In-for-Fun club met in the Staley club house Oct. 7 with Mrs. Urfer, wife of Robert Urfer of the purchasing office, as hostess. Husbands of the members were the special guests. Dinner was served at 7, and the remainder of the evening was passed in dancing.

It was rumored that when Paul Whiteman and his orchestra played in Decatur in October, Howard File sent a special request to the management of the Lincoln Square theatre that the seats be removed and the audience be allowed to dance during the last half of the program. But, although Mr. Whiteman was willing, the management of the theatre said the thing was impossible. So our chief chemist had to enjoy his music in ordinary concert goers style.

Have you seen our own Harold Lloyd? Yes, its Red Thornborough, but the new glasses were just what he needed to make him as good as the best.

**FAMILY PARTY**

W. R. Van Hook, of the store room, and Mrs. Van Hook, entertained at a family party in the Staley club house Oct. 11. Several members of the Van Hook family from Decatur and Mt. Pulaski were the guests. A big chicken dinner was served followed by dancing and cards.

Announcement has been made of the approaching marriage of Lloyd Spicer. So far the name of the girl has not been announced.

Was She Right?

Little Marion and her next door neighbor, Donald, were engaged in an absorbing conversation.

"What are anarchists?" asked little Marion.

Then Donald swelled with wisdom.

"They want everything anyone else has got, and they never wash themselves," he replied.

"I see," said little Marion; "they is jest little boys grewed up."
HAS NEW DAUGHTER

Mr. and Mrs. Ben J. Moody announce the birth of a daughter, in St. Mary’s hospital, Oct. 23. Mrs. Moody was formerly Edna Coyle and until her marriage two years ago was the editor of The Journal. Her many Staley friends join in sending her and her daughter heartiest congratulations and best wishes. The young lady’s name is Barbara Susanna.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watson, Sept. 29, in the Decatur and Macon County Hospital, a daughter. She has been named Barbara Jean. Mr. Watson is a research chemist.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. George Sheuemaker, Sept. 26, a daughter. She has been named Alice Lorraine. Mr. Sheuemaker works on No. 17 loading gang.

Gene Morrow may lead a hard life, dealing as he does with bricks and plaster, but this bright-eyed little doll goes a long way to making things softer for him. For she is Joan Elizabeth Morrow, Gene’s grand-daughter. Her father, William Morrow, is his father’s right-hand man at the plant. So it is quite a family affair.

This picture of this happy little chap might have been taken just anywhere but it happens that it was taken at the seaside in Holland. And the sturdy little fellow in the picture is Harald de Miranda, the four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Miranda, of Amsterdam. Mr. Miranda visited us in September and left with us this charming picture of his son. Mr. Miranda is associated with Cardoza & Boekman, our Amsterdam brokers.

Upon being informed by Luther Humiston that the gases which soar upward from the great smoke stacks were heavily laden with alcohol, Frank McCann replied: “I suppose that is the reason everybody wants to go to Heaven. And if this is true I would not object much to going there myself.”

Three new people in the sales department are Mary Heffernan, Margaret Dickinson and Harry Eppstine.

Mrs. Bertha Chandler, our nurse, visited her niece, Tillie Chandler, the week end of Oct. 24. Tillie is a student nurse at Burnham hospital in Champaign, Ill.

Mrs. John Warren, of Chicago, visited her mother, Mrs. F. J. Hodgins, in October.

Frank Rucker went fishing and caught a lot of bass but by the time he reached home they had turned to red horse and hickory shad.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the Staley people who showed such great thoughtfulness and kindness at the time of the death of our mother.

Children of Mrs. Nettie Casley.
Although he looks altogether pleasing in this picture, no camera can half tell of the charms of John Benny Longbons. He is the five months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Longbons. His father works in the Staley auditing department and John Benny made his debut into Staley society when he appeared at the recent auditing department party.

ENTERTAIN AT CLUB

Nellie and Charley Hughes entertained at the club house Friday night, Oct. 23. The affair was a Halloween masquerade. Sixteen couples were present, and spent the evening dancing. At a late hour refreshments of pumpkin pie and chocolate were served.

Mildred Simonds has recently been added to the staff of the cost accounting division.

It is supposed that Henninger, of the laboratory was invited to the party at the Nurses' home because his friends call him "Doc."

SEWING CLUB MEETS

Mrs. L. C. Waltens, mother of Carl Waltens of the auditing department, entertained her sewing club in the Staley club house Oct. 8. Several women from Lincoln, Ill., members of a club there, were guests at the meeting.

Lamb's Tales

Charles Lamb had no patience with prudery. Some small boys were enjoying a swim when he chanced to pass that way with a very prim lady.

"Isn't that shocking, Mr. Lamb?" she said, "to see those little boys in bathing without any clothes?"

Lamb peered in their direction. "Really Madam," he said, "until you called my attention to it I wasn't sure whether they were little boys or little girls."—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

We are not going to tell you who this charming child is, but are leaving it to your own imagination. We will say that he is a prominent Staley employee, one you all know and like, and who has lived in Decatur all of his life. He is a grandfather now, but he hasn't lost his good looks.

Guess who he is and send your guess in to The Journal office. Next month we will publish the correct name along with the list of guesses. We are willing to bet that none of you will recognize him.

WIENER ROAST

All of the girls in the sales department joined in a wiener roast Oct. 20. The girls went out to Nelson Park, after the office closed, and there had a grand time cooking the festive wiener over a fire which finally did roar.

From present indications the office at No. 17 is soon to be turned into a zoo.

Excitement was rife in the tray room one evening in October. When the girls started home they found that it was raining and there was a wild scramble for umbrellas. Mrs. Facius especially scrambled but she couldn't find her's. She asked several girls if they had seen it, and made quite a commotion, when someone turned and looked at her and there the umbrella was hanging by the strap to her arm.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Augur spent the second week of their vacation, the latter part of October, visiting friends in St. Louis.

'Tis said that Scotchmen don't like rubber heels because they give a little.
When Loretta Broadbear celebrated her fifth birthday she entertained her small friends at a party in the Pines. This picture was taken while they were at the table where the refreshments were served. Loretta is the daughter of W. H. Broadbear, foreman of the electricians, and Mrs. Broadbear. From the center, front, around to the left the children are: Ella Barski, Violette and Loretta Broadbear, Imogene Grolla, June Margaret Slavis, Helen Hupp, Jack Osborn, Madeline Weisley, Darel Jean Sherman, Henry White, Jean Connard, Beverly Bowman, Jack Potrafka, June Krumaiek, Ruth Hill, Edwin Yatsko, Tommy Stephens, Betty Jane Smith, George Jacobs, Dorothy Jean Anderson, James Potters, Margaret Knorr, Catherine Songer, Billy Anderson, Junior Bryan, Betty Lee Stewart, Robert Lewis Lowe.

And could you call a girl who sits up and eats a big box of candy on you a stuffed date?—O. P. News.

Julius Grabenhofer has been transferred to the auditing department.

It isn't often that we catch our chief engineer, Mr. Larsen, napping, but we certainly caught him at it one noon. He must have had a most satisfying lunch just before he took his nap for the click of the camera did not disturb him.
Frank Shields, at the age of 16, was one of these heart-breakers one reads about. Please take special note of the side burns, the careless attitude and the arm chair. That arm chair looks as if it would be more comfortable to lean upon than to sit on. Frank is now one of Staley's faithful employes.

GAVE A DANCE

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fields entertained a number of friends at a dance in the Staley club house Oct. 9.

"Dad" Gentry says he knows by experience that it is safer to stay at the plant and work than it is to stay at home, on the day the family is moving. He recently moved to Second street, between William and Prairie.

Mrs. Stewart, wife of William Stewart, machinist, is still a patient in the Decatur and Macon County hospital, although she is showing a slight improvement now. Mrs. Stewart underwent an operation several weeks ago and has been quite ill ever since.

AN OLD SOLDIER

Although you probably never suspected it, Bob Sattley, our far-famed restaurant keeper, is an old soldier. At any rate he is old enough to get a pension, and what is more to the point, he is getting that pension.

It's this way—back in the days of normal waist lines and horse drawn buggies, young Sattley enlisted as a soldier in Uncle Sam's army, and the first thing he knew somebody started a war off in Cuba. Bob shouldered his gun and marched off and served like a good fellow.

Then, as if that was not enough, he enlisted again, and again his Uncle sent him overseas with his gun—this time to quiet the uprising in the Philippine Islands. In both campaigns he saw lively service, but when his enlistment was over he retired to civilian life.

If he had stayed on in the army it is altogether probable that he would have seen even livelier service for his commanding officer was one of the men sent to quell the Boxers in China, and later was overseas during the recent World War.

But Bob did his bit, we all know that, and now, after so long a time, the government has recognized his service by adding him to the list of Spanish War pensioners.

Henry Dubes invited the gang to a chicken fry and then asked them to pay for their own meals.

ICE COLD POP

Walter Morenz is said to have drunk nearly all the pop to be found at the Macon Co. Fair.
TAKE MOTOR TRIP

C. E. Goodman, watchman, and Mrs. Goodman, and their daughter Viola Goodman of the purchasing office took an extended motor trip during their vacation in October. Their goal was Huntington, W. Va., where they visited with relatives. They also visited several other places in Ohio and West Virginia before returning home.

Joe Kanariem asked Turkey Grant to help him find his dinner bucket and the first one they asked was Doug William.

One night in October the geese flying south over Decatur made so much noise that Glen Dash thought he was being held up, and rushed out in his night clothes, with a gun to defend his home. He followed the geese to the south side of the lake but couldn't bring them down.

Since George Coles has had so much trouble with his slack tub, he has gotten a higher one. Now if he wants to fall in it he will have to get a ladder first.

The boys of No. 17 building want to know why Bob Fields and Fred Stone never sing any more.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Mrs. Gertrude Knapp, of the tray room, and her sister, Mrs. Price, entertained sixty of their friends at a party in the club house on the evening of Oct. 24. Practically all of the guests were masked, and the decorations, in orange and black, carried out the Hallowe'en idea.

The prize for the prettiest costume went to Bernice Sawyer, who was dressed as a gypsy, and Mrs. Maude Harlowe was selected as wearing the most comical costume. Mrs. Wright wore the most perfect disguise for no one recognized her.

During the evening the guests had their fortune told, played Hallowe'en games and danced. Supper was served late in the evening.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Fred Rucker, son of Frank Rucker of No. 17 building, entertained a number of his university friends at a Hallowe'en party in the Staley club house Oct. 21. The guests masked and came in fancy costumes.

Walter Knackamuh, of No. 17 building, has missed two Saturday nights at the East William Street movie theatre, and the management has sent out an S. O. S.
That Henry Dubes says never again will I volunteer as a taxi driver for the A. E. Staley Mfg. Company.

That the company's car was in the repair shop and the hour midnight and Henry promised Bill Morrison he would take Kokendorfer to the pumping station.

That Henry's adventure ended after a gruff voice in the back seat of his car ordered him to drive to West Main Street and informed the indignant Henry the taxi service was as slow as the Missouri mule.

That Herman Herbert makes good use of the Holy Bible Henry Dubes gave him two years ago.

That every night before he goes to bed he reads a verse or two and prays that all his enemies be forgiven with the exception of Ed Borchers.

That Borchers is Herman's pet aversion, yet he has been trying hard to forgive and forget him, but has failed so far.

That Shelbyville, the birthplace of Joe Kanarian and Buster Woodworth, will be accessible to tourists this coming winter.

That Joe's home town was the ancient capital city of the cave men so Kanarian claims.

That north and south of that beautiful city there are hills and valleys, byways and highways accessible only to goats and Fords.

That Miss Goodman is back again, hale and hearty, after spending two weeks' vacation in the sunny south.

That she admits failing to capture a Kentucky Colonel, but reports having had a glorious vacation.

That after returning to work, she was very anxious to know how much money Fred Klumpp lost in the bank failure.

That John Kuhns says the greatest thrill he got in the Illinois-Michigan game was when the band played "We are Loyal to you, Illinois."

That the game itself was in doubt until the whistle blew ending the hostilities.

That Red Grange was the hero. He gained more ground than any other player and John wants to tell the world he is loyal to Illinois.

That Howard File is posing as an authority on tees and holes, doglegs and hazards.

That the ancient game of golf is becoming very popular with the highbrows and their followers.

That Howard says the Park Board should build a rest room close to the ninth green as the shady bowers are too conspicuous.

Yours truly,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.
While in Chicago with his Kansas City football team recently Jack Mintun called on his old friend, and former Staley baseball player, Windy Lotshaw. Windy is now trainer for the Cubs and travels about a lot with his team, but he doesn’t forget his old Staley friends.

When Jack arrived Windy invited him in and then said, “Say, Jack, I want to show you something.”

He took Jack into the next room where a big green parrot was sitting in a cage talking incessantly.

“Some parrot,” said Jack. “What do you call him?”

“Well,” said Windy, “I call that parrot Avery after my old friend Avery McGlade.”

“You call the parrot after Avery McGlade? What do you do that for?”

“Because,” said Windy, “the parrot never stops talking.”

He: “I couldn’t take you to dinner last night because circumstances over which I have no control prevent it.”

She: “What a funny name to call your wife.”

Charlie: “Please reconsider, Helen. If you don’t, I swear I’ll blow my brains out.”

Helen: “Oh, that would be a good joke on dad. He thinks you haven’t any.”

It was during the impaneling of a jury the following colloquy occurred:

“You are a property holder?”

“Yes, your honor.”

“Married or single?”

“I have been married for five years, your honor.”

“Have you formed or expressed an opin’-on?”

“Not for five years, your honor.”—Sovereign Visitor.

Well, when at last Ford has all the money we can use Ford parts as a medium of exchange.—Associated Editors (Chicago).

Experimenting

“When the eyes are shut, the hearing becomes more acute,” says a medical authority.

A lot of people try this experiment in church.

——

Everything Clear

Teacher: “Johnny, what are the two genders?”

Johnny: “Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided in temperate and intemperate and the feminines into frigid and torrid.”

——

Dizzyrhythmic

A pert protozoa yclept Phyllis Remarked to a microbe named Willis: “Don’t call me a germ, Invisible worm—My dad was a deadly bacillus.”

—A. L. L. in Judge

Bill: “Say, Foley is a little dumb.”

Ed: “How so?”

Bill: “He went out with me the other night and I told him it was going to be a wet party.”

Ed: “Yes.”

Bill: “Well, the dumbbell brought an umbrella.”

——

Give ‘em Time

A peach came walking down the street; She was more than passing fair; A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye, And the peach became a pair.—Medley.

Sex Who?

There’s many a man can be happy and gay, With a lass, and a glass, and a song; But the man that’s worth while, Is the one that can smile, When he’s got the old lady along. —Spruce Splinters.

Very Simple

Little Girl (to grandfather): “Grandpa, why don’t you grow hair on your head?”

Grandpa: “Well, why doesn’t grass grow on a busy street?”

Little Girl: “Oh, I see; it can’t get up through the concrete.”—Contributed.

Sure

It doesn’t do a bit of harm to grin; It never causes much alarm to smile; Men have been known to laugh while at their work, yet win— With cheerfulness to do their tasks, nor shirk the while. So, if you like your job— As you pursue it— And feel like smiling— Why, my boy, go to it! —B. A. A. Bulletin.
There's a Good Reason for Insisting On

POLAR BUTTER
and
POLAR BUTTERMILK
—They’re Better

Cause and Effect

The little four-year-old girl came in crying. "Gammie," she said, holding out a chubby little arm in which teeth marks were plainly visible. "Teddy bit me."

Teddy was the little boy who lived next door. Usually he was a quiet well-behaved little fellow, but incidents like this had happened so often that "Gammie" was losing patience.

"Look here," she said. "You are just as big and strong as Teddy, when you see he is going to hit you or bite you, you hit him first."

The tear filled eyes grew bigger and brighter. "But, Gammie, I did. I socked him on the head with a tire before he bit me."

No Explanations Necessary

A sign displayed in front of a church reads: "The Rev. Rastus Jones will preach here Sunday morning and evening; after which the church will be closed for necessary repairs."—Juggler.

Visitor: "I hear you've lost your parrot that used to swear so terribly."
Hostess: "Yes, poor dear, we found him dead on the golf links."

Tourist: "But what do you do here when you're lonely?"
Mountaineer: "Oh, I shoot at ol' Bill Scroggins down in the valley."

Engine Driver's Sweetheart: "And, do you always think of me during your long night trips?"
Engine Driver: "Do I? Why, I've wrecked two trains that way already."
Engine Driver's Sweetheart: "Oh, you darling!"

"What do you do when you are kissed?"
"I yell."
"Would you yell if I kissed you?"
"No, I'm still hoarse from last night."

"It's a Young Man's Game"
(From Elmira (N. Y.) Star-Gazette)
M—G. G—, 19, veteran newspaper and advertising executive, died at his home at Flushing, L. I.

Extra! Army Invades Fijis!
(From McAlester (Okl.) News Capital)
The order states that hats and shirts will be the only uniform necessary.

The Star Witness
"Look here, chief," demanded the captain of the tramp steamer, "what became of that missionary I put ashore here about six months ago?"
"I refuse to answer, by advise of counsel," replied the cannibal chief, "but I don't mind telling you that there's nothing in the theory that you can't keep a good man down."

Explained at Last
An exceptionally dull speech had been made, but the diners broke into the customary hand-clapping.
"Why, the dickens do they always applaud a thing like that?" growled a veteran banqueteer.
"Oh," replied his table neighbor, "that's to give the fellows whose cigars have gone out a chance to light up without making a noise."

"Every time I take castor oil, mother puts five sentimes in my money box."
"And when your money box is full?" "She buys a new bottle of castor oil!"
—Pele Mele (Paris).

"And how are you little gentlemen enjoying the picture exhibit?"
"Rotten! There ain't no jokes under any of 'em!"

The man from Texas put away his gun and Stepped over the body: "There are some things," he said, "I don't allow. Playing three aces when I only dealt him two just gets my goat."

Patronize Our Advertisers
WHICH ARE YOU?
There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people—no more I say.
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well under-stood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.
Not the rich or the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the kind of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you the leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Unfair
"Didn't your daughter pass her examination?"
"No. Why, the examiners asked her questions about things which happened before she was born!"—Pele Mele.

Two negro teamsters were arguing as to how long crapshooting had been a popular pastime in certain circles. "Ah tell yuh hit was invented in the Spanish-American War," insisted Moses.
"Niggah, yoh ignorance am shocking," declared Rastus. "A man wrote a book called 'Pair o' Dice Lost' befo' Gawge Washin' ton was hawn!"—Ex.

"I see Zeke is packing two guns these days."
"Yeh—sorta dressed to kill, as the fellers say."

Heartless Wretch
Wife: "You don't love me any more. I'm going into the garden to have a good cry."
Hubby: "If you really mean that, Phyllis, go and cry over the roses. They need watering."

"I want some intelligent men as hospital orderlies," announced Lieut. Worley. "Any pharmacists in the company?"
A flaxen-haired individual shuffled forward.
"'Ye gods," said the lieutenant, "are you a pharmacist?"
"Sure ay bane pharmersis," was the indignant reply. "Vy, ay bane work on pharm all mae life."

Joan: "Mummy, was baby sent down from heaven?"
Mother: "Yes, dear."
Joan: "They like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"—Belle Hop.

An old colored man attended a movie for the first time. When he came out he was asked:
"Well, uncle, did you enjoy the picture?"
"Oh, yes," he replied, "the picture was all right, but the piano made so much noise I couldn't hear a word they said."
—Exchange.

Still, if you slow down to enjoy the scenery, pass'ng cars w'll make you eat it.—Quincy-Whig-Journal.

Officer: "Eyes, right!"
Negro Private: "Who's right?"
Negro Serg.: "Shet up, nigger, he's right."

I'm going to quit being a hold-up
I'll hang 'round these joints no more."
Thus spoke the garters
As they fell upon the floor.
Stop, Look, Listen

He was speeding in his flivver, Rushing eastward by the river, He was giving lurching lizzie all The gas that he could give her; Till he jammed upon the brake, Making lizzie snort and shake, But the train came roaring on him; He had made his last mistake.

He got stalled upon the track; Hadn't time to start or back. So he made heroic efforts to Abandon his old hack. All too soon he breathed his last, For the train was much too fast; He was greeting old St. Peter by The time three coaches passed.

Never more he'll speed his flivver, Urge it eastward by the river; Never more will he give lizzie all The gas that he can give her; After he was struck that day, He stopped; but people say That he'll never look and listen 'Cose he's too darned far away.

We thank you! The Exhaust.

Greek: "I dreamed last night I was a king, so the first thing this morning I went to the dentist." Sharp: "What for?" Greek: "I wanted to get a crown.

Property Manager (to villain): "Say, take those off. Those aren't your whiskers." Villain: "What are they?" P. M.: "They're one of the costumes for the Hawaiian chorus.

Finkelstein was a good customer of Abe and Mawruss, manufacturers of ladies' dresses. He was, however, getting lax about his payment of invoices, and Abe suggested that Mawruss write him a strong but diplomatic letter calling his attention to this laxity.

Mawruss worked for several hours over the letter, then showed it to Abe for his approval. After reading it over carefully, Abe said: "By golly, that's a wonderful letter. Strong and to the point, but not personal or insulting. But you got a couple mistakes in it, Mawruss. 'Dirty' you should spell mit only vun 'r' und 'cockroach' begins mit a 'c.' "—Chesterfield in A Line O' Type.

Johnnie (to new visitor): "So you are my grandma, are you?" Grandmother: "Yes, Johnnie. I'm your grandma on your father's side." Johnnie: "Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll soon find that out.

Heard in the Employment Office


Fair Question

Lawyer (to flustered witness)—Now, sir, did you or did you not on the date in question, or at any other time, say to the defendant or any one else that the statement imputed to you and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment or otherwise—answer me, yes or no?

Bewildered Witness—Yes or no what?

Raw! Raw! Raw!
The rookie had lately joined a crack cavalry outfit, and after several imitations of the Prince of Wales had lost some of his exuberance. He was standing on the sunny side of the canteen looking like the spirit of melancholy when the genial chaplain approached.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked the chaplain. "Homesick?"

"Oh, a little I guess," was the answer. "You see, I'm just a raw recruit.

"Cheer up, you'll be all right. But you shouldn't say 'raw recruit.' The 'raw' is superfluous." The rookie rubbed his anatomy reflectively and then replied with sad emphasis: "Not when you join the cavalry."—American Legion Weekly.

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