


The **MUELLER RECORD**

AUGUST, 1925



View from Starved Rock showing Illinois River. Taken July 4 by Clifford Gillibrand




The Second Fiddle

I like the little fellows who don't count
for very much;
It isn't from the 'cellos that you get the
finer touch;
The roaring of the basses and the rattle of
traps
May have their proper places in the har-
mony, perhaps;
But down there in the middles, inconspicu-
ously there,
Is the little second fiddle that is carrying
the air.

The crashing of the cymbal shakes the
ceiling with its "Blam!"
The piccolo is nimble; "Boom!" you hear
the drummer slam;
The trombone slides and screeches; "Tut,
tut, tut," the proud cornet
Just a little higher reaches than it's ever
tutted yet;
The main High Diddle Diddle runs his
fingers through his hair—
But the little second fiddle still is carrying
the air.

We talk about the bosses with the big and
busy brain,
Making profits, taking losses—but the boss
would boss in vain
If he didn't have assistance, someone handy
he could trust;
He would never go the distance, and the
company would bust.
Here's the secret of the riddle of successes
ev'rywhere—
There's some little second fiddle that is
carrying the air!

—Exchange.



THE MUELLER RECORD

VOL XIII

AUGUST, 1925

NO. 159

Picnic September 19th at Fairview Park

Why Fairview Park? This question naturally has been asked a number of times. We will now try to answer it. It was hoped that the picnic this year would be held at Mueller Heights, but the facilities for handling so large a crowd as we would have are not yet ready. In providing for a gathering of this size and variety of interests, the main consideration is to have it at a place easily accessible to everyone. Fairview Park is much nearer to the homes of the majority of our people. It is served both by street cars and buses.

The next consideration is a ground layout that will provide for the many different activities of that day. Fairview Park has a good pavilion which will be in constant use during the day. It has a good baseball diamond. There is plenty of shade and water. The ground so lies that a natural theatre can be used during the President's address and for the presentation of awards which is one of the big features of the Picnic.

There is no danger from drowning or from other water hazards.

For these reasons the Company has decided that the Picnic should be held in Fairview Park this year.

Salesmen's School

The week preceding the picnic is filled with many interesting activities. The salesmen from all the territories will be here and their school opens Monday, September 14. All of the first day is spent in visiting the Mueller plants. The forenoon will be occupied by a trip through the Main works, followed by lunch at the Mueller Club.

In the afternoon the salesmen will visit the Pottery in the Tait Building on East Cerro Gordo street. Thence they will go to Plant 8 and be at the Iron Foundry when the heat is poured.

From there they will proceed to Plant No. 9, or the new Pottery, and inspect the progress of construction on this building. About 5 o'clock they will return to the Lodge.

On Tuesday morning the first regular session of the Salesmen's School opens with an address by Adolph Mueller.

The next day, Wednesday, the matter of advertising will be discussed by an expert. At noon the members of the National Convention of Sanitary Engineers will be guests of the Mueller Company at a luncheon with the salesmen at Mueller Lodge.

At 2:30 on Wednesday, the Sanitary Engineers will come to the Main Plant and

spend the remainder of the afternoon in a tour of inspection.

On Wednesday evening, September 16, the Mueller Company holds its annual reception to the Salesmen, to the Twenty-year Men, to the Foremen and their wives. This is the big social event of the year.

The school continues through Thursday and Friday and on Friday evening the Sanitary Engineers and the Foremen and the Salesmen are again the guests of the Company at a stag social at which there will be something doing that will not be previously announced.

Picnic Day

The feature of central interest will be the afternoon session addressed by President Adolph Mueller. He will have just returned from several months' of travel in Europe and will have some very interesting things to tell us. Again this year rewards for long time service will be presented after the address. Direction of this section will of Superintendent J. M. Wilkins.

Children's Picnic

Under the direction of Charles Auer, Burt Jackson, and a committee, a splendid program has been arranged for the children. They will meet at the Mueller Club at 9:00 a. m., where moving pictures will be shown. At 10:15 novelty balloons will be distributed, and the children will march to Edward street, where street cars will be waiting. The next hour will be occupied with a car ride about town, ending at Fairview Park.

Children's contests will be held this year at the northeast corner of the Park, and a number of contests will be pulled off with the usual amount of refreshment tickets for prizes. This program starts at 1:30 in the afternoon. At 3:30 James Morris and his acrobatic clowns will put on a series of tumbling acts. This will be an interesting novelty.

Athletics and Games

The boys of the night shift have been reckless enough to challenge a team from the day shift for a game of baseball. The challenge, of course, has been accepted and the contest will begin at the diamond at 10 o'clock. Walter Behrns is umpire. Plant 8 has a baseball team which they think can compete with any other team in the Mueller organization. They will try conclusion in the afternoon for a nine inning game

Don't carry your wishbone where your backbone ought to be!

and a substantial purse. P. D. Ruthrauff and Walter Behrns and W. G. Cranston have charge of the games. Those who wish to have other athletic games at the Picnic should see C. G. Auer or E. H. Langdon at once so that a place may be reserved on the program.

Baby Show

The annual baby show for children born since the last Picnic, takes place in front of the speakers' platform at 3 o'clock on Picnic day. At this time bank accounts for the new babies will be distributed.

The parents of babies entered in previous years who are making annual deposits of \$2.00 in order to secure the Company's dollar, should see to it that the deposits are made by the first of September.

Pictures

The Mueller Record can often use good pictures taken at the Picnic. The Record offers one dollar each for amateur photographs taken by employees that can be used to illustrate the Mueller Record. These pictures will be in the hands of Mr. Wagenseller by Wednesday, September 23.

Exhibit

It is the plan this year to have at the pavilion an exhibit of Mueller goods and to offer a sink combination and tub shower faucet to be given at a time and place named on the program. Paul Andrews of the Sales Department, assures us of an interesting exhibit.

The Refreshments

The plans are being made for handling the distribution of refreshments on an adequate scale to this important feature.

Check Room

Dick Shaeley will again be in charge of the check room.

Dressmaking

A tent for the use of women will be placed north of the pavilion and in one end of it will be an exhibit of the dresses, bread and cake submitted in competition for the prizes offered by the Company. Mrs. James Diveley, who has twice won first place for dressmaking, informs us that she will not compete this year.

The dressmaking contest is open to the wives and daughters of Mueller employees. The material for the dresses must not cost more than \$6.00 and each exhibitor will be asked to furnish a statement showing the cost of the goods, trimming, and thread. Don't forget this.

Class A contest is for the wives of the employees. First prize is \$10.00 for the best dress; the second \$5.00. Class B is for the daughters and the prizes are \$10.00 and \$5.00. Dresses will be judged on the following points:

- Workmanship—40.
- Taste—10.
- Style—10.

Suitability—10.

Ease of Construction—10.

Ease of Laundering—10.

Wearing Quality—10.

Entries should be left at the tent by one o'clock.

Bread and Cake Contest

The wives of employees may compete in a bread baking contest. There will be cash prizes of \$5.00, \$3.00, and \$1.00. The loaves of bread presented for entry should be of fairly uniform size, about $3 \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$, and baked in individual pans to assure thorough baking. Each loaf must, of course, be baked by the exhibitor. Each loaf should be 24 hours old at time of judging. All entries should be at the tent by one o'clock. Bread will be scored on the following points:

General appearance—20

Flavor—35

Lightness—15

Crumb—30

For the wives and unmarried daughters of employees, there will be a cake baking contest, with cash prizes of \$5.00, \$3.00 and \$1.00 in each class. Contestants may enter one cake, either layer or loaf. The following layer cakes are suggested:

Caramel (or burnt sugar).

Chocolate layer with chocolate frosting.

White layer with white frosting.

Cocoanut.

Fancy layer.

The loaf cakes may be spice, sponge, nut, marble, angel food unfrosted, devil's food and fancy loaf.

Cakes will be scored on the following basis:

General appearance—10.

Flavor—30.

Lightness—10.

Crumb—25.

Crust—10.

Filling—15.

Entries should be at the tent by one o'clock.

The cakes that win prizes will become the property of the Mueller Athletic Association and will be sold at auction after the awards have been made. Any other cakes that the makers will donate to the Association will be thankfully received and likewise sold.

The judges in these contests will be domestic science experts who have no connection with the Mueller plant.

Dance

The dance will be held at the Pavilion again this year and the committee in charge will make every effort to prevent congestion and crowding. You will, of course, cooperate with them. In the afternoon there will be informal dancing at the Pavilion. But at the evening dance it is required that

On the great clock of time there is but one word—Now

Octavius and Orlando



Octavius Schooley and Orlando Draper. Octavius, now of the New York Office, was here recently on a short visit.

all who participate shall wear tags which must be secured before the day of the picnic. Requests for dance tags shall be made at the proper time to the clerk of the department. Dance tags will be issued only to Mueller employees and to their guests. No one may receive more than two tags, one for himself, and one for a guest. It is desired that the guest's name be on the tag.

The Mueller Fountain and Fixture Company will be at the picnic again with us this year. The men at Plants Nos. 7, 8, and 9 are all in the big family and of course they will be counted in all the preparations.



Mrs. Brown: "We are going to live in a better neighborhood after this."

Mrs. Green: "So are we."

Mrs. Brown: "Why, are you moving, too?"

Mrs. Green: "No, we're staying here."



He kissed her in a burst of passion.

"You have no business to do that," she shrieked at him.

"It wasn't business," he replied sweetly.

"It was pleasure."

Believe in yourself, in your goods, and in your firm. This is the simple triology of Salesmanship

Song Writer



Lawrence B. McKinney, of Department 8, who has written several popular songs

FORTY-FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE

There was a day, it seems, when garden tools were something more than garden tools. A thrust hoe made by the late Hieronymous Mueller for T. W. Stevenson of Hudson, Illinois, is a survivor of that day.

The hoe began its years of usefulness before the Spanish-American war, before the panic of '92, before the inauguration of President Garfield. Until last year it was still in service.

At the McLean county fair in 1880 Mr. Mueller gave the hoe to Mr. Stevenson who was in the hardware business at the time. Mr. Stevenson pronounced it the best type of garden tool ever made.

The hoe, carefully cleaned and polished, will rest for the remainder of its days in a place of honor at the Mueller Lodge.



WE LOSE THREE GIRLS

Three competent stenographers and three good scouts were lost to the organization during the last two weeks when Mildred Hill, Hazel Virden, and Elsie Michael, in what seemed almost a general walk-out, resigned to accept positions elsewhere. Mildred, better known as "Mid," is now at Staleys, Hazel is a stenographer at Sproat's Feed Store, while Elsie is in the Union Iron Works office.

With Hazel and Elsie gone, the newly organized dictaphone department isn't quite what it used to be. It's a bit strange, too, not to see Mid at her look-out post in the front of the office. But, fo' that, good luck, girls!



Safety News



TEACH HIM ITS REAL MEANING

How many of us know the real meaning of safety? To some, the slogan, "Don't get hurt," is the beginning and end of the safety movement. "Safety First," which became popular in the early days of accident prevention, also has its limitations. Of course, if safety isn't first there may be no opportunity for anything else, but there are times when it is necessary to relegate safety to second place.

When the lives of others are in danger, disregard of personal safety rises to heights of nobility; when safety is ignored to save a few seconds or to get a thrill from some unnecessary dangerous act, it is plain dumbness.

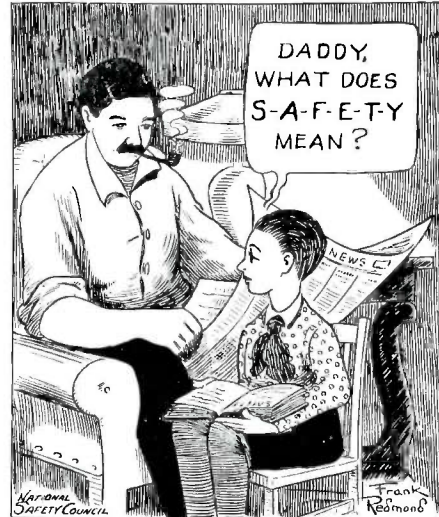
We adults can usually judge when it is advisable to play safe or take a chance, even though we sometimes disregard common sense in our actions. Experience has taught us a few things, often at a stiff price. The youngsters, however, must learn from our teaching and example. We would hate to see them take some of the fool chances we sometimes boast about. If they get the idea that safety means avoiding all sports in which there is an element of danger, they will either lose their initiative or else regard all safety teaching as bunk. Teach them what you yourself have learned through accident prevention work at the plant—that there is a safe and an unsafe way of doing almost everything. Show them the hazards of the street and playground, and how they may be overcome successfully. Teach them to avoid danger when the result is not worth the risk, and to face it squarely and calmly when necessary. There is no place for fear in the safety movement.

Be sure to back your teaching with a good example. Can you expect others to have confidence in you if you talk safety and practice recklessness?



HEALTH FADS

If we can believe all the advertisements in newspapers and magazines there is no excuse for anyone dying before 100, having a day's sickness, or being bald or fat. By filling in a coupon you will receive absolutely free directions for developing a set of muscles that would make Samson look like a tubercular runt. In support of the claims is a picture of bare chested giant, with arms the size of a hindquarter of beef, and a flock of glowing testimonials.



These "schools" invariably offer something free as bait. But while the promoters claim to have as their sole interest the promotion of other people's health, they themselves are not in business for their health. The free stuff is worth exactly what it costs. To get what you are after, it will be necessary to remit so much down and so much a week—results positively guaranteed or money refunded. There are no statistics to show how many have regained health and pep through these methods, or got their money back.

These fads, as a rule, are harmless, except to the pocketbook. Any "apparatus" that may be furnished with a mail order course can be bought at a sporting goods store for less money. This is not necessary, however, in this organization. The Mueller Gymnasium has the best and latest equipment money can buy and its use by employees is FREE. The results of any physical culture course can be obtained by boxing, cross country hikes, tennis or regular workouts in a gymnasium. But physical training will not work any miracles and there are no secrets to be learned by sending in a coupon.

Those who are physically sound will benefit by systematic physical exercise but anyone with a weak heart should go slow and let the doctor prescribe safe exercise. Some

It is a light-minded engineer who calls his cow-catcher his Lizzie-lifter

men get all the exercise they need at their regular work while others need outdoor sports to keep fit. Everyone, however, needs enjoyable recreation of some kind, regardless of his or her occupation.

But remember this—enormous biceps are not necessary for good health, however impressive they may seem in physical culture ads.



"DOWN ON THE OKAW"

Down on the Okaw they are born early and die late. Must be due to the climate, the soil, or the water. When men down there reach 80 or 90 they are just in their prime, and are middle-aged at 100. One of the latter turned up at a soldiers' reunion the other day, according to the following telegram from Centralia to the Decatur Herald:

"One hundred two years old, and still marching along with the boys in blue, is the record of Comrade James Owens, of Vandalia, who attended the soldiers' and sailors' reunion at Salem Friday. The celebration will close Saturday.

"Veteran Owen is the oldest man ever registered at this reunion for the last two annual sessions.

"Owen, who served in Company A, 8th Illinois Infantry during the Civil war, attracted considerable attention three years ago at the G. A. R. encampment at Milwaukee, where he participated in all activities."

The correspondent's story lacks one thing that generally accompanies stories of this kind, to-wit:

"He attributes his long life to the constant use of tobacco and liquor."



A NEW VARIETY OF SIN

A gladiolus grower of Goshen, Ind., has been excommunicated from the strictly orthodox church he attended on the ground that, in hybridizing gladioli to produce new varieties, he was interfering in the divine scheme of things. "If the Almighty had wanted gladioli to be hybridized, He would have made them that way," said the church authorities solemnly showing Mr. Kundred the door.

"According to this reasoning," says the Ohio State Journal, "an orchardist could not improve the quality of his fruit by grafting and be a Christian. No Christian stockman could improve the grade of his cattle by scientific breeding. To raise mules would be an abomination before the Lord. By a slight extension of the theory perhaps, but a perfectly logical one, it would be wicked to ride in an automobile or to drink out of a thermos bottle or to scratch a match or to take advantage of anything which we regard as an improvement over its primitive predecessor."

About the only person who can genuinely sympathize with the President is the average baseball umpire

STARVED ROCK

On the cover is an interesting view of Starved Rock, the rock from which Starved Rock Park, a tract of hundreds of acres owned and kept by the state, takes its name. A number of Mueller families have visited the park this season.

From the very earliest explorations Starved Rock, located about 110 miles northwest of Decatur, was one of the best known features of the Illinois Valley. Legend and history connect it with the Illinois Indians who were formerly lords of the stream and surrounding regions. Early French explorers admired it and availed themselves of its defences, fortifying it first in 1683. It was the site of the first white settlement, and opposite it was established the first mission in the state.

One account of the legend with which the rock is usually associated relates that "in 1769 Pontiac, chief of the Ottawa Indians, while on a visit to Cahokia, was killed by an Indian of the Illinois tribes. The Ottawas, aided by the Potawatomis, to avenge this loss, began a war of extermination against the Illinois. The remnant of the Illinois finally sought refuge on the Rock and were immediately besieged. Cut off from food and water, most of them died from hunger and starvation, and driven to desperation, they finally strove to cut their way through the ranks of the enemy and, in their enfeebled condition, were an easy prey, all save less than half a dozen perishing in the effort."

There are a great many interesting features in the park in addition to the rock itself. There are canyons and cliffs which may be explored by means of trails marked for that purpose. By traveling up the Illinois River, which flows at the foot of the rock, the tourist may see Eagle Cliff, Lovers' Leap, Bee Hive Rock, Pulbit Rock, Wildcat Canyon, and Horseshoe Canyon.

Special provisions are made for campers in the park. Many thousands of auto tourists can be accommodated.



"Hurry, doctor, you're needed in the next town; I'll accompany you," panted the live wire salesman.

After a wild ride in the doc's flivver, the town was reached.

"How much do you charge for making a professional call in this town?" asked the L. W. S.

"Three dollars."

"Here you are," said the L. W. S.

"Where's the patient?"

"Is no such animal. The garage man wanted fifteen dollars to drive me over."

IS YOUR BABY ON THIS LIST?

At the Picnic each year it is the custom to have a meeting of the new babies that were born since the last Picnic. Each child receives from the Company a savings bank account of \$1.00. If the parents put in \$2.00 more before the year is over, the Company will add another dollar the second year, and so on for ten years.

Thus at the end of ten years the thrifty

child will have at least a capital of \$35.00. His family have contributed \$20.00 of this, \$10.00 has been received from the Company, while the interest at 3 per cent will amount to a little over \$5.00. Surely this is a good object lesson in thrift.

If your baby was born since the last Picnic be sure to see that his name is added to this list. Notify Mr. Langdon in the Employment Office.

Father's Name	Baby's Name	Date of Birth
James W. Borders	(son)	Feb. 5, 1925
Luther Voyles	Lawrence Franklin	Feb. 13, 1925
Chas. Riley	Charles Francis	March 24, 1925
Ebert Mueller	Robert Eugene	March 21, 1925
Roy Fleckenstein	Mary Elizabeth	March 23, 1925
J. E. Bridgewater	Marilynn Mae	April 12, 1925
Wm. Koontz	Jola Wandaline	April 24, 1925
Louis Wyant	Norma Jean	March 10, 1925
Clarence Foster	Robert Clarence	March 17, 1925
Arthur Nash	Florence Irene	March 30, 1925
J. C. Martin	Leslie Keith	May 4, 1925
Lester Ruthrauff	Barbara Jean	June 9, 1925
Wm. L. Shockley	Glendale La Verne	May 9, 1925
Philip Cruikshank	Gertrude Parke	July 7, 1925
Oscar Taylor	Margaret La Verne	July 2, 1925
Bart L. Allen	Leon Edward	July 4, 1925
Lewis Bland	Doris Louise	April 14, 1925

LAWRENCE McKINNEY WRITES
POPULAR SONG

The men of Department 24 were pleased and surprised the other day to hear that one of their number, Lawrence McKinney, a tool clerk, had received a check from an Eastern music publisher for \$250.00 as advanced royalties for a song that Mac had written.

This, however, is not the first venture that he has made in musical composition. His mother was a woman of talent and as a small boy Lawrence learned to play the piano. His interest in music led him to composition. When he was in the army in 1917 he wrote a popular war song entitled "LaFayette." He sold the copywright for \$600.00.

His latest success, "Memory's Lullaby," is an adaption of a song that his mother sang to him when he was a child. He has written both the words and the music. Publishers believe that this song will have a wide acceptance and he has reserved royalty rights for the music on piano, victrola, and piano player. "Mac" has other songs in preparation and his friends wish for him a like success when they appear.

Mr. McKinney came to work at Muellers in November, 1920, and has held a variety of jobs in Department No. 24.



To avoid the run-down feeling, cross crossings cautiously.

Men who try to do something and fail, are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed beautifully

SUPPLEMENTAL INCOME TAX
REPORT

A friend of ours who is acquainted with a young lady whose second cousin is engaged to the secretary of a congressman tells us that next year the income tax blank will be increased in size so that Uncle Sam can ask us a number of additional questions regarding our affairs. The complete list of questions has not yet been compiled, but among them are the following pertinent (or impertinent) queries:

1. Are you married or single? State which and why.
2. Did you withdraw any money from the bank within the past year? If so, how did you manage to get any to deposit?
3. Are you on friendly terms with your relations? If so, explain fully how you keep that way.
4. Give names and addresses of all persons you know who are less intelligent than yourself, yet who make more money. Use as many sheets of paper as necessary to answer this question.
5. State average monthly grocery bill and payments, if any.
6. Do you drink? If so, where do you get it?
7. Exclusive of bootleggers, how many persons are dependent on you for support?
8. Do you keep chickens? If so, does your wife know it?



Spoon and Duster



(Editor Note: Believing that there are women who read the Mueller Record, hoping that we may be able in some small way to serve them, we have dared to found a page "dedicated to the ladies.")

The lunch-box furnishes a real problem for many women. Most men who carry lunch boxes need a substantial combination of foodstuffs, and the women who put up the lunch every day often find it difficult to work out menus which are at once hearty enough to supply the necessary energy and varied enough to keep up the interest. Fruit or meat pies are favorites with the men. Individual pie tins are usually most satisfactory for the lunch-box. The following menu has excellent features:

Individual Meat Pies
Rye Bread Sandwiches
Fruit Salad
Crackers Cheese
 Coffee

Concerning Gingerbread

For many years gingerbread, that fragrant delicacy of the old-fashioned kitchen, has been a favorite as a simple desert and as a nourishing item in the lunch-box. Its popularity is well-deserved. Not only is gingerbread inexpensive, but it can be varied in combination of ingredients and in serving. Perhaps the most inexpensive gingerbread recipe is this one:

- ½ cupful of sugar
- 1 cupful of molasses
- ½ cupful of lard
- 2 well beaten eggs
- 2 teaspoonsful of soda dissolved in 1 cupful of boiling water
- 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 2½ cupful of flour



Experienced cooks say that pastry or cake flour makes more tender gingerbread than bread flour. Gingerbread may be baked in muffin tins, layer cake pans, glass baking dishes, or deep cake pans. A little more flour or a little less liquid may be required for a loaf of gingerbread.

Gingerbread, it is little surprising to note, may be served in as many as twenty-five different ways. We list a few of the twenty-five:

Gingerbread with cheese.
Gingerbread with sauces: whipped cream, hard sauce, lemon pudding sauce, or hot chocolate sauce.

Gingerbread with maple sauce.

Gingerbread with ice cream.

Gingerbread sandwiches.

The standard recipe may be varied, too, for there is applesauce gingerbread, prune gingerbread, and date gingerbread.

It is reported that a model ten-room American home will be lifted up bodily with all its contents and placed on exhibition next October in Paris, France. It will be a part of an international exhibition of household and labor-saving devices.

The house will be made in every respect, equipped as it will be with every known labor-saving device. "In order that it may be truly representative of American taste, it is being built in the colonial style with wide clapboard sides, leaded windows, and green shingle roof. There are wide fireplaces for open fires, but heat is furnished by the most modern kind of furnace and hot water plant. The laundry is to be as convenient as can be made with electric washer and wringer, mangle and other electrical ironing devices."

The lot of the American woman is envied by most foreign women. Because of the comparative cheapness of labor-saving devices, American women in general have an easier life than their European sisters. In almost every home in France the housewives are still using appliances a quarter of a century behind American times. This was one of the first things the American dough-boy noted about French homes.

In this, the canning season, tips on pickles and relishes are timely. Since this is a good year for cucumbers, cucumber pickles are being canned in abundance. One family for a couple of generations has cared for its cucumber pickles in this way: The cucumbers are soaked in strong salt water for twenty-four hours. They are then placed in a fifty percent solution of vinegar and water to which a piece of alum—for 200 pickles the alum should be about the size of a walnut—has been added and heated to a scalding point but not boiled. Place the pickles in pure vinegar, add sugar and spices to the taste, again heat to a scalding point, taking care not to boil. Place the pickles in jars, pour in boiling vinegar, and seal.

(Continued on page 10)

Don't cultivate a grouch. Try potatoes

(Continued from page 9)

The Efficient Housewife Says:

In baking cakes, biscuits, etc., in an oil range it is usually more satisfactory to use flat or shallow pans.

"Double-decked" Dover egg beaters are made with two eight-bladed propellers which, of course, mean rapid and efficient beating.

To insure getting whole kernels from hickory nuts or other hard-shelled nuts, pour boiling water over them, let them stand a few minutes, pour off the water, then crack the nuts.

"Apple Snow" may be substituted for whipped cream. The "snow" calls for one apple grated, three teaspoonsful of powdered sugar. Add the white of one egg and beat hard and fast until the mixture is light and fluffy. This may be served on gelatine desserts or fruit salads.



COMING AND GOING

Arthur Teike of the automatic machine department has been transferred to the tool room, where he will begin his apprenticeship.

Nell Wickes of the Drafting Room resigned recently and her place has been filled by Thelma Roberts.

Troy Roushe, who was formerly in the Iron Foundry, has been transferred to the Claims Department.

Archie Sefton of the Brass Shop has been transferred to the Service Box Department in Plant 8.

James Wilkins Junior, who has been working in the Polishing Department, will take a little vacation before returning to school in September.

C. W. Varner of the Shipping Department has returned to the farm near Bondsville, Ill.

Lela Harris of the Core Department is going to take up training for a nurse.

Lewis Offner of the Grinding Department who suffered an attack of apoplexy in May, is still confined to his home. He is gradually but slowly regaining the use of his hand and foot. He would be glad to see his friends at his home, 1505 East Clay street.

Cecil Doran, who suffered an injured back in an automobile accident in May is still confined to the St. Mary's hospital. We are glad to say that his condition is improving.

Ezra Utsler has returned from the farm and is now working in the Shipping Department.

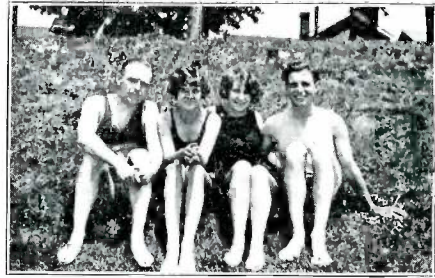
Several people in various departments have recently been given permanent vacations for irregular attendance.

Otto Yenny of Department 9 is now working in Louisville, Ky.

Homer Brock is a new clerk in the Production Control Department.

Jess Oldham, formerly of the Polishing

At Lake Geneva, Wisconsin



Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Moffet, Dorothy Shaw, and Robert Hoffman, taken at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where they spent a week in July.

Department, has been working as a carpenter helper at Plant No. 9. He had the misfortune to fall from the roof. He was shaken up considerably but suffered no serious injury. It was the first accident of any consequence on this job.



BRASS CHIPS

W. H. Snyder, who has been a clerk in the Night Assembling Department for several years, is now devoting all his time to the keeping of bees and inspecting apaires. In fact he is now assistant chief inspector for the state of Illinois. He will continue to make his headquarters in Decatur.

Julius Rewski, assistant foreman in Department 8, went home two weeks ago feeling somewhat worse for the year. That evening he was climbing the stair steps from the basement and fell, cutting a gash in his forehead, which required a number of stitches. He is back to work after an absence of ten days.

Marshall Yeaw, who was factory messenger for a number of months, and who left us to attend school, has recently been commissioned as a lieutenant in the Salvation Army and is stationed at Pana, Illinois. At present he is on probation and if he continues his studies and makes good in his work he will get a regular commission of this rank.

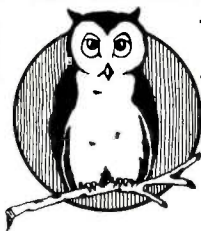
Ed. German of Department 18 broke his right arm on July 25 while cranking a car. A similar accident laid up William Bradford of the Night Shift, last Sunday.

Ed Springer is the new truck driver in the Metal Storage Department.

A winner never quits and a quitter never wins

THE OFFICE OWL

HOO! HOO!



Bill Gustin lives at the South Side Country Club. Recently he drove out there and parked his Willys-Knight at the brink of a rather steep incline. During the night the old boat rolled down the hillside, breaking down a 3 inch tree on the way. Bill and about fourteen men and a team finally got it up on the level ground the next morning. He now carries a hitching-strap as he did in his h. and b. days, and when he has not that with him, he turns his car out in the pasture. Old times and old customs are best and safest, after all.

Jennie Richards of the Employment Department asked at the Stationery Department for some legal size paper. When she looked at it, she remarked that it was too long, and asked if it didn't come in shorter lengths. When Ollie told her that was legal size, she exclaimed, "Well, give me the un-legal size."



Edna C.: "Have you a comb, Bob?"

Bob W.: "No, we haven't any wires out our way."

To judge from the special care with which certain girls in the office have been dressing the past two weeks, considerable interest has been aroused by the new additions to the stenographic department.

Arlowylene Eckert, in order to keep up with the recent craze for new positions, took up her residence on the south side of the desk on the north side of which she was formerly located.

Everybody in the office is glad that the painting is all done, but Harold Probst rejoices particularly. The fact is, Probst has tried to keep this quiet, but our readers have a right to know. The order-drummer came dangerously close to some of that paint. He was closer than that. Unable to decide for a moment whether to eradicate the traces of the paint or to walk backwards the rest of the day, he determined upon the less painful course and hastened to the nearest gasoline can for first aid. He soon reappeared.

looking quite as immaculate as usual.

"O, girls, what do you know, someone called up the other day and asked if I had a brother in California, and I said, 'Wait a minute, I'll ask mother.'"

That sounds like Mary Schultz.

Easy to Get Divorce

Editor: Can you give me a good and sufficient cause for obtaining a divorce?

Mabel.

Yes, a man.

Mrs. Bob Howard, formerly Myrtle Stephens, who was for several years a member of the stenographic force, was a visitor on the 18th.

Willard Hake joined the office force August 17 as a stenographer to Orville Hawkins.

As the thermometer soars, Betty wipes her brow and bursts into rhyme:

"I'm losing a pound a day.
The Mueller way."

Everett Mueller and J. W. Simpson left on August 17 for a ten day business trip. They drove through Ohio and Indiana.

The entire office force was kept busy Monday afternoon, August 3, chewing free sample chewing gum.

Edna Porter began work in the Stock Up-keep Department August 10. She will succeed Geneva Bennett, who will return to school this fall.

It is quite evident that some first class material for a cartoon was overlooked recently. While the plaster was being removed from the show room, spectators who were not unfortunate participants, were amused to watch Marie fight off the falling plaster, and answer three or four telephones at one time. When she donned her hat and the apparatus which she wears on her head, the

(Continued on page 17)

The difference between one person and another is not mere ability—it's energy!

TRIPS and TRAVELS

The vacation journeys of Mueller employes touch almost every corner of the country. Some men and women of our organization have gone to the Pacific coast, others to the Atlantic; some have traveled north, others south. If it were possible to capture and put on paper all the impressions of new faces and new scenes that have been made during the past weeks, there would be fascinating reading for many a long winter evening. As it is, we can give only a brief suggestion of experiences that have doubtless been, in many ways, extraordinary.

Billy Knight, the blind filing boy, of Department 18, has returned from a three months' vacation in California. He stopped in Denver on his way home, and he has much to say of his climb to the top of Daniels and Fisher tower there, from which Pike's Peak can be seen.

Billy is warm in his praise of the climate of both Colorado and California. The surf water, he says, is glorious. He went bathing and reports that he heard the movie stars fluttering all around him.

Astrid and Kaj Olsen were at the geographical center of the United States when they visited a great-aunt in Dwight, Kansas, and cousins nearby. They were gone from July 17 to August 2.

Astrid confesses that the joke was on her when the two arrived at 4 o'clock in the morning. She had written that they would take a taxi from the station, but she discovered, soon after getting off the train, that there were some 300 people in the town, that taxis were about as scarce as hen's teeth, and that the man she had supposed to be a taxi-driver was a cousin of hers.

Kansas, Astrid says, is a beautiful "wild west" country with hills covered with white rocks that resemble snow. There is always a strong wind with marvelous ability to give to visitors a healthy coat of tan. There is a great deal to be said for the climate, too, for Astrid gained seven pounds during her stay.

The Decatur people saw great numbers of cattle that were shipped into Dwight from Texas to graze in Kansas. They also visited Fort Riley.

The Olsens went horse-back riding, swam in a creek which in no way compared with Lake Decatur. They hunted almost every day, for everywhere there are jack-rabbits whose ears are worth a nickel to every youngster who kills one of the animals. They fished, too, and they insist, in all seriousness, that it is nothing for a fisherman of that

vicinity to catch twenty-four good sized fish in a single hour.

J. W. Wells, accompanied by Mrs. Wells and son, Winston, returned last week from a trip to Washington, D. C. Mr. Wells says that a life-sized book could be written about his experiences on the road and in and around Washington, but he confines himself to this concise account:

"We left Decatur Thursday morning, July 29. We went by way of Tuscola and Chrisman to Indianapolis by the old National trail. We arrived in Indianapolis about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and drove on to Eaton, Ohio, the same day. It was raining when we started from Decatur and continued to rain or drizzle all day long. After we came to the traveled roads in Indiana, we made good progress without difficulty.

"The second day we drove to Wheeling, W. Va. The tourist finds the first hill of any consequence just west of Wheeling, although the country is quite hilly in eastern Ohio, from Zanesville on. We came to the Allegheny mountains just east of Uniontown, Pa., which is 68 miles from Wheeling.

"The third day we drove to Hancock, Md., 104 miles. There we first saw the Cumberland mountains. The roads through the mountains are exceptionally good, and almost any car in good state of repair can make the trip without difficulty, although it is necessary to go up the steep grades in second gear, and it is at least wise to go down the same way. I noticed that natives of that section went down steep hills at full speed. I was informed that they have a system of braking that enables them to make rapid progress with safety, but I did not take any instructions from any of them.

"The third day we drove in a leisurely way to Washington, stopping at the caverns near Boonsboro, Md., which is also near the battlefield of Antietam. There are many things to see along the way, and the scenery is beautiful and varied along the entire route from Decatur to Washington. We found the trail well marked in all the cities and plenty of danger signals to warn motorists where steep hills or curves are located. We saw no evidence of any accident along the way, although cars passed us by the hundreds, some of them going at terrific speed. The great advantage in taking a trip in an automobile is in having a car to travel about in at different places. We had very little trouble on the trip either going or returning. Altogether the trip was very pleasant.

"In returning we were delayed in getting started and did not leave Washington until

Success comes in cans; failure in can'ts

4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. We drove to Hancock, Md., that evening, and the next day we reached St. Clairsville, 11 miles west of Wheeling. We were delayed there and did not leave that village until 11:30. We continued on and reached Decatur about 4:30. We returned by way of Danville and had a detour of about 15 miles on the other side of Danville and another of a few miles on this side which made the trip about 50 miles longer than it would have been had we returned by the old trail, via Chrisman.

"While in Washington we witnessed a big parade of the Ku Klux Klan—35,000 men and women wearing white robes and caps marched from the Peace Monument to the White House. By order of the police department they were compelled to keep their visors raised. They made quite an unusual spectacle. They were very orderly in their parade and seemed to be fairly well drilled in marching.

"Many interesting short trips can be taken from Washington, and these trips can be enjoyed much better by automobile than in any other way.

"The roads are paved all the way from Indianapolis to Washington although the pavement is somewhat worn in spots."

Clara Behrend of the Core Room is back from a week's vacation. She visited her sister in Peoria.

Louis Fagan had a four weeks' motor trip with his sister and brother-in-law. The party drove through Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma.

J. Hoots of Department 18 had a two weeks' rest at home for his vacation.

Alice Mercer will leave about August 26 for Detroit where she will visit with friends.

Charles Robb of Department 18 was gone on a three weeks' motor trip to Minnesota.

Mae Turner, with her brother-in-law and sister left August 15 for Detroit. They drove a new car home.

John Ronan will check out August 31 for five weeks. He expects to rest.

Dorothy Hill was in Chicago for her vacation. She visited her sister and brother-in-law and went sight-seeing. Among other things she visited the convict ship "Success."

Jolly, of Department 20, was in Vandalia August 15 and 16.

Johnny Lawler went to Starved Rock where he, with relatives and friends, camped out. He was gone from August 3 to 8.

Ben Tarr went to Turkey Run last week to visit his grandmother.

Mrs. Walker, the night cook, is in Minneapolis visiting her daughter.

Charles Sipes of the Shipping Department has been in Rockford for two weeks with the 130th Regimental Band of the Illinois National Guards which has held an encampment.



MRS. ROST'S TRIP

In a vacation trip that lasted just exactly three weeks and fifteen minutes, Mrs. Ella B. Rost and her son, Louis, saw a great many things. They looked upon the dome of the national capitol building, passed by the grave of the unknown soldier, attended performances of plays with long runs on Broadway, gazed at the wonders of the New York scy-scrapers, admired the peaks of the Appalachians, visited with friends, inspected the cafeteria at the Port Huron plant.

Leaving Decatur June 4, Mrs. Rost and her son first went to Washington, D. C. by way of Chicago. They were in the capital three days. While there they too a limousine tour over the city and, under the guidance of a special conductor, saw many points of historic and current interest. They visited the buildings of the Smithsonian Institute, the National Institute of Learning, endowed by J. L. M. Smithson. They went to Arlington cemetery where they were just in time to see a special ceremony at the grave of the unknown soldier.

From Washington the Decatur people went on to New York where they remained four days. Every night they attended the theatre. They saw the musical comedies, "Rose-Marie," "The Student Prince," "Abie's Irish Rose," and "What Price Glory," a well known drama of a more serious nature. During the days there were in the metropolis they took several trips in and around New York. Two of these trips were conducted by the New York office.

The Rosts went on to Ithaca by way of the Lehigh Valley. It was then that they saw all the beauties of the Appalachian mountains. In Ithaca they visited with Mrs. Martin who is a sister of Mrs. Philip Mueller. Mrs. Martin has in her back yard a waterfall of over 100 feet.

The next stop was Buffalo. Mrs. Rost and Louis went to Niagara Falls, crossed into Canada, and went down to Detroit. After a day in the automobile city they took a

(Continued on page 14)

One may not be able to retain his youthful appearance, but he can keep his mind young

(Continued from page 13)

bus and went up to Port Huron. They spent the day with Mrs. Oscar Mueller there. In Port Huron they compared notes on cafeterias. The Port Huron plant maintains a cafeteria for its employes similar to the one in the local club house.

After three days in Chicago the travelers came home June 25.



FRANK ZETTERLIND HAS THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

Frank O. Zetterlind, head of the Blacksmith Department, for 45 years a Mueller man, has returned from a summer in his old home, Gottenburg, Sweden, full of enthusiasm, confident that he has had the time of his life.

Frank left Decatur May 24 and sailed from New York on the Danish ship, "United States." He reports that the trip over was a fine one. Although it is more than forty years since his sea-faring days, he was not at all seasick.

There have, of course, been many changes in Sweden in 49 years, for that country is thoroughly up-to-date. Frank says that he scarcely recognized many of the old landmarks with which he was once quite familiar. He saw many of his old friends and his sisters and brothers. He had no language difficulties in his travels as he speaks Norwegian and German as well as English.

Frank visited Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and his accounts of what he observed are highly interesting. He had ample opportunity to see much, for in Sweden the summer days are long, and it does not become dark until 11 o'clock at night. The flowers are numerous and beautiful in the Scandinavian countries and excite the admiration of all the tourists. The houses are, for the most part, stone, and, as Frank says, "last forever." The frame houses are made of unplanned timber, similar to that used in pioneer days in this part of the country, calked between the logs and plastered on the inside.

Work in Norway, Frank reports, is rather slack, but conditions are better in Sweden where a mechanic is pretty sure of a good job and fairly good wages. Food and rent are high. Two rooms rent for about 40 kroner, or about \$12.80 a month. Clothes are high. A \$25 suit sells for about 150 kroner, or \$40.50. Frank wore out a pair of shoes in his energetic sightseeing, and for the new shoes he bought he paid 22 kroner, or \$5.94. Conditions in Germany seem to be improving. Five marks and ten pennies are now equivalent to the American dollar.

Frank brings home a unique angle on the prohibition question. In his native country all property owners who have paid their taxes are permitted by the government to

buy certain amounts of liquor each week. There is no bootlegging.

The pedestrian's life in the north European countries is even more strenuous than it is in America—especially if the pedestrian is not acquainted with traffic procedure. Left-hand turns, left-hand right of way are the law. There are a great many automobiles of Swedish, French and American make. American cars predominate, and the Ford is seen more frequently than any other car. There are many moving picture theatres which show American films. In dance halls the modern fox-trot and the old Swedish dances are found side by side.

Mr. Adolph and Frank were together on July 11 and 12 when Mr. Adolph came to Gottenberg. Frank took him about to see the sights of his old home town. The two men at that time had the photograph taken which appeared on the cover of the July Record.

Frank sailed July 31 from Hamburg, Germany, after four days in that city, on the German-American liner, "Cleveland." He landed at New York August 10. He enjoyed the whole trip thoroughly. "I never felt better in my life," he says as he tells of gaining ten pounds while he was gone. He arrived in Decatur August 12 and returned to work August 17. The boys behaved themselves while he was gone and had all the work finished that Frank had laid out for them. In fact, Frank is a little worried because there isn't much for him to do just now.



Chic Roberts of the Shipping Room has gone on an eastern trip.

Charles Daniels expects to go to Cincinnati about the first of September.

William Casey of the Assembly Department, Ed. Kushmer of the Paymaster's Department, and Adrian Hathaway of the Engineering Department, have been at the citizens' military training camp at Camp Custer, Michigan.

All three have been at this camp before for one month each summer and move up from class to class. The camp opened July 22. It is a training camp for reserve officers.

The Illinois unit of the Better Lives National Guard has been in camp at Camp Grant from August 14 to 20. The following were there: Carl Robb, Howard Robb, Fred Davey, Ellis Poole, Emil Schlesier, and Merle Berry.

Blue Lusk and his son, Robert W. Lusk, spent the week of August 24 on the Okaw.

(Continued on page 24)

A mill will never grind with the water that is past



Leisure Hours



FAMILY REUNION AT LODGE

Members of the Yonker and Boll families held a family reunion Sunday, August 16 at the Mueller Lodge. Forty-nine attended. A basket dinner was served on the porch. Games and contests were arranged for the children. A grab-bag was a feature of the afternoon.



FOUR MUELLER BOYS AT CAMP CUSTER

Four Mueller boys, E. H. Kushmer of the Paymaster's Department, William Casey of the Assembly Department, Adrian Hathaway of the Engineering Department, and Luther Jordan, have returned from a month in the Citizens' Military Training camp, at Camp Custer, Michigan. There were some 4,000 C. M. T. C. students in camp. With the regular army officers, the total reached about 10,000. The enrollment is drawn every year from the sixth corps area, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

Our boys were all well pleased with the month's training. Ed Kushmer makes the following report:

"We left Decatur July 20, driving through by way of Bloomington, Pontiac, Joliet. We stayed over in Chicago one day. We stopped at the South Side park where we rode on the roller-coaster. We were nearer heaven at that time then we probably ever will be again.

"We left Chicago Tuesday evening and got into camp at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning with a flat tire. We went to Battle Creek for breakfast. Returning in the afternoon, we enrolled and received our military uniforms. Each student was directed to his company by a regular enlisted soldier. After enrollment we had a good sleep in the open air in God's country and were much the better for it.

"The first few days things were rather easy. We had opportunity to get settled and become accustomed to out-of-doors life. On the first Monday all companies were out on the drill field ready for business. Training is pretty hard for the beginner, so that it is taken gradually. During the first part of the morning we had the "school of the soldier." Later each student was given the actual training applying to what he had studied. After the first day's training all students were tired out; they were given the afternoon to rest up. Every day was spent in reviewing the Manual of Arms and in

On Lake Erie



The above picture shows cabin on Lake Erie at which Mr. Archer and his family have camped at various times. Those in the picture are Mrs. Archer and Jean and Marshall Archer, and Mr. and Mrs. Gould and children of East Palestine, Ohio.

taking up new drills. All drills were simplified because of the short time for training.

"Friday, August 14, was set aside as visitors' day when there was a great demonstration of fire-arms. Many relatives of the boys as well as people from nearby towns were present. The demonstration took place on the government reservation just east of the Eagle Lake. During this exhibition the use of all fire-arms was explained to visitors as well as to the C. M. T. C. students. Regular enlisted men did all the firing and exhibition work. Everyone who attended received a clear idea of just how the boys across the sea did their fighting. After the demonstration a parade was given by the C. M. T. C. boys to show just what development they had made in the two weeks' training.

"During the last two weeks all students were given a chance to prove themselves as marksmen and sharpshooters. Some of the small fellows had a hard time handling a rifle weighing nine pounds on the firing line. Medals were awarded to all marksmen and sharpshooters.

"The last week of training was a review of the work of the first three weeks. All supplies that had been issued to us were handed in. The last day of our stay was a

(Continued on page 16)

The emptier the head the less it takes to fill it

As It Was



These five girls originally made up the Dictaphone Department, with the exception of Angeline Eckert. They are: Mary Schultz, Elsie Michael, Hazel Virden, Ethel Waymire, Eloise Dickerson.

(Continued from page 15)

day of labor for everyone. Tents were taken down, floors stacked, and everything in general was cleaned up and put in order for our departure on the next day.

"Friday morning, August 21 everyone was up early. After breakfast every man washed his own dishes so that no one would be left behind. Later in the morning the government payroll was distributed among the companies. The captain of each company called his men together for the last time, paid them off, bade them goodbye and 'return in 1926.'"



J. W. DISCOVERS

J. W. Wells has discovered the most dangerous place in the factory. It's in the main office at the top of the stairs just four seconds after the whistle blows. Almost any day at that spot there is a good case for theory of the survival of the strongest.



"LOUIE KNOWS"

Thinking it was the dry squad knocking at his door, a man hurriedly dumped his home brew into the gold fish globe.

Next morning he found the fish had gnawed their way out of the globe, killed the cat, and had the bull dog backed up in a corner thoroughly cowed.



A maiden entered a Decatur bus
And firmly grasped a strap,
And every time they hit a hole,
She sat in a different lap.
The holes grew deeper, and jerking
worse,

'Til at last she gasped a smile,
'Will someone kindly tell me, please,
How many laps to a mile?"

Responsibility develops some and wilts others

EMPLOYEES' DANCING CLUB



Mueller Employees' Dancing Club will start having dances in September. Dues will be the same as last season, \$1.00 a month for members, payable in advance. There will be no membership cards this year, as each joiner will be receipted for his money and his name entered on the club books.

Any employe of Mueller Co. or friend of employe may join the club. A membership entitles the member and one guest to admission to all dances for the calendar month. Additional guest tages may be secured by members in any quantity for 35 cents each. A guest tag admits one person to any one dance during the season.

No money will be taken at the door and only members and guests will be allowed entrance to the club dances.

The season will open with a carnival ball Saturday night, September 12, from 8:30 to 11:30.



Why is it—

That some won't believe a wet paint sign until they get their fingers smeared, will bet \$10 on a tip from a race track tout or take any white mule vender's word that the hooch is genuine.



We wonder just how many hours Billy Campbell has spent standing at the west door watching his new car. Better borrow Gustin's hitching-strap, Billy.

Mrs. Anna Read is a new helper in the cafeteria.

Barney Marty, returning from Sarnia and Port Huron, boasts of the fact that in going 210 miles he used just four gallons of gas. In the last Record it was mentioned that Otto Halmbacher paid Mr. Burke one dollar for gas for one afternoon's ride. Seeing that he used only two gallons of gas, he is really 70 cents ahead of the game. You can't beat Burke.

According to the above item, it does not seem possible that 4.4 beer would make Mr. Marty talk that way.

(Continued from page 11)

fun began. In fact, it struck some people as so very funny that you only have to say "plaster" to Marie to get her "riled" up.

Repulsive odors, deafening noises, and showers of plaster from above, indicated to the second floor that repairs were being made on the roof.



The dictaphone department, added to its varied accomplishments, has taken up painting and fancy-work.

Lina: "Paul, what's an accordian?"

P. Andrews (moving his hands back and forth): "One of those things that goes this way."

Lina: "Keep it up; it's good exercise."

Mary S.: "Eloise, put your hand on your head and abbreviate 'mountain.'"

Eloise (with both hands on her head): "M. T."

And now Eloise wonder why the dictaphone department broke into a general giggle.

We wonder why Ethel Waymire wants to go to Jacksonville.



"MILDRED VERNER, C. O. D."

Mid Verner with two other girls spent a week-end at Camp Kiwanis. The story goes, however, that they didn't spend the whole time there. They craved excitement and lots of it. Accordingly, they induced a simple-hearted swain to row them over to the beach. The next episode occurs several hours later, after the swain had wandered to other parts and the three mermaids had frolicked about upon the sandy shore. Suddenly they felt all the unmistakable signs of hunger. Moreover, the sky was growing dark. Worse still, they were broke. There wasn't a soul around that they had ever seen before—not a single borrowing acquaintance in sight. The three sat down and thought.

For a question that would have daunted a stranded fair one, Mid found a solution. Putting on her best smile, she asked the life-guard to row the three to camp. "We'll pay you when we get there," she added sweetly. And it worked! The castaways were delivered right to the front door of the camp.

At an early hour this morning we had not discovered whether the boatman got his fare or not.



The price of Safety is only a thought but some people are bankrupt.

Prejudice is the child of ignorance

Lasting Poems

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

—Robert Browning

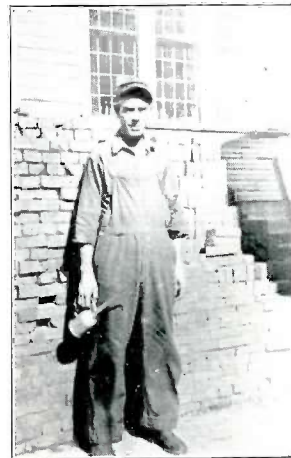
Those eight lines are perhaps those by which Browning, one of the greatest literary figures of the past century, will be longest remembered. They are taken from a long poem, "Pippa Passes," and represent a song sung by Pippa, a little worker in the Italian silk-mills. By the songs she sang on her one holiday in the year, the little girl unknowingly affected for better the lives of a number of people who heard her.



NEW CATALOGUE IS COMPLETED

The new G edition of the catalogue has been completed. Copies have been mailed out to the water works trade, and the plumbing mailing list is being revised and rechecked. Altogether 35,000 copies were printed.

The new catalogue has 350 pages. It differs in several respects from the E edition. The cover, red, as was the old one, has gold trimmings, for the red and gold color scheme was considered more harmonious than red and white. It is slightly smaller and thinner in volume. Plumbing goods is featured in this edition, whereas water works goods were given the most prominent place in Catalogue E.



Maurice Hopper, oiler, of Department 57

Waggie Takes a Shower



When the new offices were built, they were equipped with all the latest improvements. However, free shower baths were not intended to be included. During the last hard rain the window panes caught and held considerable water, and when they were let down the unsuspecting victims were given a shower bath. Among the victims were C. N. Wagenseller, E. H. Langdon, and Hugo Hendrian.

THOSE "POWDER PUFF BLUES"

A "Steno" had a powder puff
Its fleece was white as snow.
And every place that Steno went
That puff was sure to go.

But one fine day, it strayed away
To where, I could not tell.
She missed the old puff greatly
And "snapped" into a spell.

Oh, rich rewards were offered
And even threats were used
But all the talk of "Old Home Town"
Just made 'em all amused.

Of course, they all felt sorry
To see the poor girl pine.
They looked around, and some puffs
were found
And the bunch to us looked fine.

These puffs and powder compacts, too,
Were duly sent to her
But the way she looked when her eye
they drew
Said plainly, go to—(Pana).

We're Moving Along

Only twenty-five years ago:
There were no Ford jokes.

Farmers did not have silos.

Young men stood the liveryman off in-
stead of paying cash for gasoline.

Nobody had appendicitis because they did
not know they had an appendix.

The butcher threw in a chunk of liver and
gave the kids bologna.

Farmers came to town Saturday instead
of every day.

The maid was a hired girl.

Radio was still unknown and the telephone
still cause for wonder.

Girls with short hair were "Tom-boys."

Women wore furs in the winter.

Girls indifferent to exposure of ankles
were called bold.

Men kept their shirt fronts clean by wear-
ing whiskers.

There were more beer parties and fewer
petting parties.

Coal cost \$2.75 per ton.

Mothers sat in the parlor with daughter
and her beau. Now mother "sets in" on
bridge and daughter and beau "sit out" on a
machine.

"One iron man" bought the best seat at
a good show.

No one ever heard of Volstead. If they
had he never would have gotten within the
three mile limit.

Young men did not make their heads re-
semble seals by liberal use of grease.

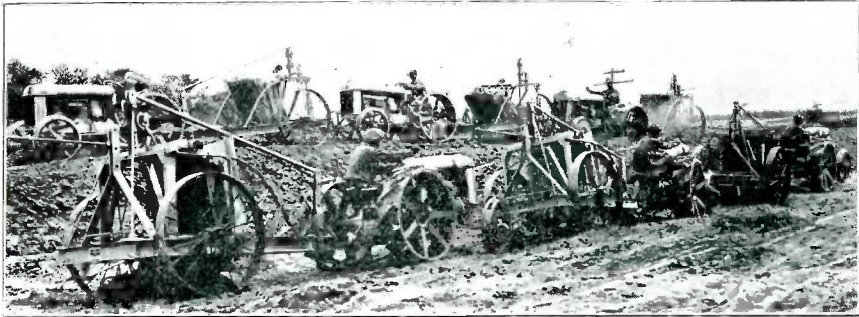
No one drove to work in automobiles.

Moving pictures were a novelty and screen
stars were unknown.

Schooners sold at 5 cents per.

P. S.: The Mathematician is still figuring
what a real one would be worth now.

Every hard boiled egg is yellow at heart



WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN

The Mueller Vitreous Plant, south of the city, is over 500 feet long and 200 feet wide. It's a whale of a building, one of the biggest single buildings under one roof in this section of the country. Hundreds of auto drivers on Route 2 have watched the progress of the work with great interest.

A good many of them don't know what it is, and some are poor guessers. One man telephoned to the Review to find out "who's building that big dance hall just south of Decatur."

One waltz or two-step around that building probably would satisfy the most enthusiastic dancer, and we are not excepting Mr. Philip.

It might be a good idea to dedicate that building with a dance as the traction company did their building some months ago.



DID NOT KNOW JOHN

On a little trip through southern Illinois recently we found John Shelton is not as well known in Vandalia as we have been led to believe he was.

We had come to believe that should he run for town clerk down there he would be elected to congress. Now we have serious doubts about it.

Stopping at a garage in Vandalia, we asked the attendant in the course of a kill-time conversation, if he knew John Shelton.

"Never heard of him," answered old gasoline and oil.

While we were struggling to conceal our surprise at the fact that even one man in Vandalia did not know John, the attendant added, "you see I've only lived here two months."

Next time John goes down there we shall expect him to look this guy up and get acquainted.

AT PLANT 9

Work on the new pottery is progressing rapidly in spite of occasional hindrance by bad weather. More than 100 men are at work on this job. W. T. Mason expects to have the roof on the pottery by the first of October.

The grading with a dozen tractors continues and a new railroad switch track is being laid. It comes down the west side of the building. The storage bins for clay and sagger are in. A high tight wire fence is under construction. Most of the brick work has been finished and the carpenters are now proceeding rapidly.

Throughout this job there has been no serious injuries and very few minor ones. It pays to be careful. We hope that the job may be finished without an accident.



GRINS AT HUMAN NATURE

There are a good many people who believe they are real go-getters when in reality they are half dead, a fact which the Philadelphia undertaker realized when he advertised:

"Why go around half dead,
when we can bury you for
\$37.50.

Enthusiasm sometimes carries one to extremes as illustrated by the old darkey at a camp meeting:

"Give Him a portion of all you have!" shouted the parson. Give Him a tenth. A tenth belongs to the Lawd." "Amen!" yelled a fervent member of the congregation. "Glory, Hallelujah! Give Him mo. Give Him a twentieth!"

(Continued on page 20)

All the dead ones in the world are not buried

Anita Lavonne Bethard



Anita Lavonne Bethard, 7 months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bethard. Leon is employed in the Shipping Department and is a cousin of Mr. John Shelton.

DEATHS

Lazarus Shorb



(Continued from page 19)

Another type of enthusiasm springing from an entirely different cause was exhibited by an excited citizen who rushed into the little bank and slapped down a fifty-dollar bill to the cashier.

"Gimme two cases!" he cried.

"What?" asked the astonished cashier. "What? Two cases of what?"

"Two cases—this ought to cover it."

"What sort of a place do you think this is, and of what do you want two cases?"

"Anything. I'll drink it, whatever it is. I saw a sign outside that says, '4 per cent.'"

Then there is a short lived enthusiasm. Young Jerry Brown got married. The first pay day he gave his wife \$20 of his \$25 salary. The second pay his enthusiasm had subsided and he reversed process.

"Why, Jerry," said the bride, "how on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry five dollars?"

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

We were startled when the word went the rounds last Monday afternoon to learn that Lazarus Shorb had died suddenly at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. J. Fickes at 725 North Mercer street. We knew that Mr. Shorb had been failing for several months, but were not prepared for his sudden passing as a result of heart failure.

Since the death of his wife, May, 1924, Mr. Shorb had been grieving.

Lazarus Shorb was born March 26, 1857, at Green Castle, Pa. He came with his parents to Decatur when only a boy and had resided here since. He is widely known in Decatur and leaves the following children: Mrs. J. J. Fickes, Charles A. Shorb, Mrs. E. B. Miller, Mrs. M. K. Pollock, all of Decatur, and John Shorb, of East Chicago, Ind. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Philip Mueller of Decatur, Mrs. Clarence Martin of Ithaca, N. Y., and a brother, William Shorb, of Decatur.

Before coming to work for the Mueller Company Lazarus Shorb had been employed for a number of years as a steamfitter by the Field & Shorb Company. He first worked for the Mueller Company from January 1, 1901, to February 26, 1904. He returned to service here February 9, 1910, and had been in continuous employment since that time until last May when he gave up his work on account of his health.

Mr. Shorb was a good mechanic and a

It's all in the one word: THOROUGH—Abraham Lincoln

hard and conscientious worker. When anything went wrong with the pipe lines it was the first thought of everyone to "Send for Lazarus Shorb." When once he was on the job the trouble disappeared. He will be missed by a large circle of friends in this plant.

Mary Elizabeth Walter

Mary Elizabeth Walter, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Walter, died at 1:15 o'clock Wednesday morning, August 11. She was born November 9, 1924. The funeral was held at Fairfield, Ill.



ANNOUNCEMENT

The engagement of Miss Clara Bauer to the Rev. R. J. Mossner of Champaign, Alberta, Canada, has recently been announced. Clara is the daughter of John Bauer of Department 18.



WEDDINGS

Monska-Rambo

Wade Rambo, truck driver in the Traffic Department and Emma Monska were married on the evening of August 19 at the home of the Reverend Mr. Heyne. They will reside in R. F. D. 2, northeast of Decatur. Mrs. Rambo formerly worked in the Core Department.



BIRTHS

Harry Tertocha of the Polishing Department is the proud father of twin boys, born August 23.

At this writing their names have not been assigned.



AUTOIST KILLS HELPFUL DOG

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mertz, 322 West Leaf-land avenue, are mourning the loss of their fox terrier dog, which was run over and killed by a passing motorist Saturday evening. The driver is said to have been going rapidly. A newsboy got the number of the car and turned his information over to Mrs. Mertz.

The loss of the dog is more than is usually the case in an accident of this kind, as neither Mr. or Mrs. Mertz can hear or speak, and the dog performed with his ears many services for them. The dog always told his mistress when someone was at the door, not by the noise he made, but by his actions. Because of his services he was doubly valuable to them.

Ask Brugh Where He Got It



For the benefit of those who saw Werner sneaking down Monroe street the other evening with a young chicken under his arm, we wish to make a little explanation for Brugh.

It wasn't a lost chicken, and he was not trying to find its owner, nor was it one he found in some one's back yard. It was the result of a trade between Brugh and Harley Himsted.

Out of appreciation for Brugh doing some very nice picture work for him, Harley presented Brugh with this young cockerel, and from the smile on Brugh's face as he was carrying it home we believe Harley rather knew his stuff.

Imagination is all right until curiosity butts in. Tell a man there are 267,543,201 stars and he will believe it. Hang out a sign, "wet paint," and he will make a personal investigation. The old phrenologist had an active imagination. "Reading a head" one day he saw:

"This bump on your head indicates great curiosity."

"Righto!" answered the subject.

"I got that sticking my head into the shaft to see if the dumb waiter was coming up. It wasn't—it was coming down."

The fellow who is hard boiled with regard to accident prevention is only half-baked.

The less a man's time is worth the less willing he usually is to take the necessary precautions for safety.

Fear much and you won't go far

DEPARTMENT 8

John Marty is getting mail from Chicago, and it's not from a mail order house, either.

Charles Laughlin is still off with a broken ankle.

Julius Riewski is off duty on account of a fractured forehead. He was carrying some ladders into his basement when he fell and struck his head on the concrete steps. Eight stitches were required to close the wound. We are hoping for Julius' speedy return.

Lost, strayed or stolen: J. C. Berry, Jr. The young man shook the dust of Decatur off his shoes and mysteriously disappeared. When Barney investigated, he discovered that a blue-eyed maiden in the hills of Kentucky had sent a wireless to J. C. We are now waiting to see if there will be a Mrs. J. C.

Department 8 will soon be able to boast of a composer of real music and songs. Charles Bertol is burning late oil working on the music and words for a song about the Mueller factory. We hope he will have this ready for the picnic so that Charles Auer can get a quartet ready to sing it.

W. A. Love spent a few days in southern Illinois and has returned.

Cecil Hines is ready to take on all bets for horse races at the county fair. Cecil is a good judge of horse flesh; all the boys in the plant who have the sporting spirit can expect a good run for their money from Cecil.

Frank Keen was off a few days a short time ago, to help settle a neighborhood disturbance. The nature of the disturbance has not been learned, but at any rate the trouble was settled immediately on Frank's arrival.

Kenneth Overfield has been absent from work on account of the death of relatives.



DEPARTMENT 30

Bob Tauber, scornful to put on the back of his bus anything so commonplace as "chicken coupe," has doped out something new and original. He expects soon to tack on a placard with the words "Good Rattle for Some Baby."



DEPARTMENT 18

Ed Harris had a toothache and left work. He did not return for a week. It is rumored that he was out of town. We wonder if he had to take the tooth away for a change of scenery or if the lure of catfish and bass was just a little too strong to resist.

Heavy Carter has been putting in some time in Olney. He says that he ate so much fried chicken there that he swore he was a preacher.

E. J. Willis was barely dragging one foot after another. His pep was gone, and, if he was as bad off as he looked, he must have been in bad straits. Some sympathetic

Joint Wiper



Ralph Adams, champion joint wiper in the Lead Department

soul inquired the trouble. Willis replied, "O, I just wasn't arranged right."

Jack DeFratus, the watchman, had two chickens. That is, he started with two chickens. There was a time, though, when he didn't have any chickens. He placed the fowls in his "dog-house" for safe keeping. The dog-house wasn't made for chickens, it appears, for when DeFratus looked for the feathered pair, they were not to be seen. He searched everywhere, all through the factory, even in the machines parked along the curb. He caught sight of the chickens. He thereupon shouldered a loaf of rye bread and coaxed the strays to a corner behind a gate. And so, as a result of a little strategy, DeFratus had chicken for dinner.

Three new men have come to work in Department 18. They are Horatio Allen, A. L. Grammer and Earl Rurgin.

Lulu Stoker has transferred to 18 from the core-room.

Allen Travis has a new framed post-card. It is not the gift of a fair admirer, either. It was sent to him by Mr. Adolph, and, because it began "Dear," Travis at once decided that the only fitting and proper thing to do was to buy a frame.

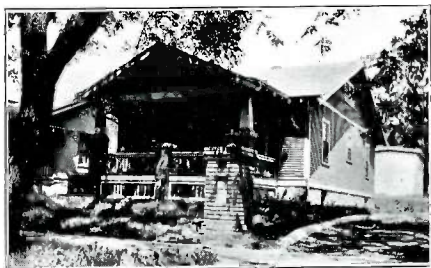
Earl Bergin is the new bell-hop in Department 18.

Alice Mercer was discovered the other day in a car tagged "chicken coupe."

Flossie Poe has a brand new admirer. He may not be anything more yet, but it isn't his fault that he isn't. Well, persistence wins, and much can be accomplished even by waiting on North Water street.

Dreams of the future depend on staying awake

Gillie's New Home



This is the new five room modern home of C. L. Gillebrand. It is located at 818 S. Webster and is equipped with Mueller goods.

DEPARTMENT 20

August 14 and 15 certain fish not so far away were entertained royally. During the feast provided during the two days they consumed several pounds of dough-balls, bucketfuls of minnows, and pecks of worms. The fish enjoyed the feast hugely. To them the entertainment was a great success. John Shelton, however, is not quite so sure of it. All he got in return for all the fish-food he supplied is a pair of beautifully tanned arms.

Arthur Goldsborough has gone to Helena, Montana, to live.

Florence Evans, we notice, is wearing a new diamond. Tell us some more, Florence.

PLANT NO. 8

Plant No. 8 is always a busy place but of late activity seems to have increased. Various changes are under way in the arrangement of departments, in stock keeping, in the production control system, and in manufacturing methods.

As one enters the main gate he notices in the Service Box Department that new bins for the storage of service boxes have been built. The new office rooms which will open on Eldorado street, are being fitted up on the south side of the building. One of these will be the headquarters for the Production Control Department and in the other Ebert Mueller and Chat Winegardner will have their offices. The present office will become the workmen's rest room.

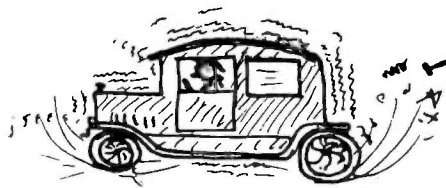
An enclosed tool storage room is also being added and this will be in charge of L. B. McKinney.

Jack Frye is in charge of Production Control and he is assisted by Lester Ruthrauff.

Lucien Mueller is recasting the organization and making the preliminary statistical studies for the installation of a graphic production control system.

Charles Atchison is in charge of Depart-

Cross Word Limerick



1. There was a guy named Henry.
2. He had a Ford that would sometimes play tricks.
3. He hit a guy on the leg.
4. And broke down a leg.
5. And they say it has never been fixed.

1. A foreman's name that has three letters.
2. A six letter word meaning pranks.
3. A part of the foot.
4. A part of a car that is closest to the ground.
5. A five letter word meaning corrected.

ment No. 24 in which iron castings are machined and stored. There are now forty-four men in this department. The force in the Galvanizing Department has grown to eleven. Part of these work at night.

An inspection of the plant and yards shows that the stock and materials are in good order. The grounds are neat and clean and an air of general tidiness prevails. New sand houses have been erected north of the switch track. A number of minor improvements have been introduced in various points.

Among the improvements in manufacturing methods a new way of painting iron castings should be mentioned. This method, which is the invention of Chat Winegardner, speeds up this operation materially. The iron pipe and castings used in service boxes are usually greasy and unless this grease is removed it makes painting difficult and drying slow.

By the new process the boxes, after assembly, are placed in a steam chamber and subjected to a play of live steam for twenty minutes. This evaporates all the oil and grease and heats the castings. While still hot they are moved by a mechanical device to the dipping tanks and immersed in paint. The heat quickly dries the paint and within an hour after steaming the castings are ready for shipment or for storage. There is also a considerable saving in paint by applying it thus to the hot castings. An order for two hundred boxes was received the

(Continued on page 25)

A football could never score a goal were it not for the kicks it gets

(Continued from page 14)

Emma Leipski visited her sister in Eldorado, Arkansas, for two weeks. She stopped at Little Rock, and now has a great deal to say about "down in Arkansas."

Madge Daniels was in Knoxville, Tenn., for her vacation. Red McIntyre of the Shipping Department was there at the same time. Isn't that an interesting coincidence? We have heard rumors that it wasn't a coincidence at all, but there—maybe it's only a rumor, after all.

Barney Marty came home last week from a combined business and pleasure trip to Port Huron and Sarnia. He was accompanied on the trip by his niece, Miss Auel Bertol of Chicago.

Barney speaks enthusiastically of the new Port Huron plant country club which contains 980 acres. There are eight or ten cottages there to be rented to the Port Huron employees. There will ultimately be, according to present plans, 36 cottages. A golf course is to be laid out. Boats are to be provided. Toboggan slides, swings, and sand-boxes have been arranged for the children. A meeting hall, about 60 by 120 feet, in which there is room for dancing and banquets, has been erected. The building has a tower, too, in which there is a bell which, Barney is told, is used to prevent Decaturies from getting lost in the tall timber.

Coonskin Thompson, he reports, has a Studebaker with a speedometer that will register 80 miles an hour. Eighty miles was too slow for Coonskin as was evident by the fact that the speedometer was broken—an occurrence possible only when the car is driven beyond the limit.

The country about Port Huron with its sloping hills and splendid pines is magnificent. Barney pronounces the drive up the Huron shore to Port Sanilac very fine.

The Decatur man saw the first Mueller catalogue printed in French. This translation was necessary to care for the great amount of business in the Province of Quebec, where French is the mother tongue of most of the inhabitants. He saw three orders for Mueller brass goods written in French. A new French salesman is selling Mueller goods in the east province.

The Port Huron plant is very busy. Everywhere in and around the plant there and over at Sarnia, Barney says, he was impressed by the conditions of uniform neatness and cleanliness. He was well received by all the boys who did much to make his visit a pleasant one.

F. B. Willis has been on a two weeks' visit in and around Findlay.

H. C. Spaar will leave August 29 for a two weeks' vacation. He will attend the Church of God Central Illinois assembly in Jacksonville. Mr. Spaar wants it distinctly understood that he will be back to work.

O. C. Draper reports a pleasant trip "up north," where he is sure he would willingly have stayed longer had his exchequer not become sadly depleted.

One of our men who formerly worked in Department 18, spent the summer in Yellowstone National Park. He visited Jackson Hole Region, south of the park, which was recently disturbed by earthquakes and landslides.

The hillside slipped into the valley of the Gardener river, making a dam which backed the water up for many miles and formed a large lake. Eventually the pressure became too heavy for the natural dam and cut through it and flooded the lower valley. Some cattle were drowned but most of the ranches were able to get their herds out of the way.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Jackson motored to Indianapolis the week end of August 7. They report a satisfactory trip through some interesting country. The wooded hills in Indiana with their winding roads of crushed gravel were especially attractive.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lincoln. "Link," it will be remembered, used to belong to the Shipping Department gang before he went over to sell Mueller goods to the Hoosiers.

On Saturday morning Burt went with Link to call at the office of the Central Supply Company, one of the big Mueller jobbers.

O. C. Schooley of the New York office was a visitor during the week of August 12. To judge from his increase in weight, he must be finding the metropolis a great place to live. He confesses to a gain of three-quarters of a pound in the several years since he left Decatur.



TO PACIFIC COAST

F. B. Cruikshank and P. D. Rutthrauff returned August 23 from a two weeks' trip to the Pacific coast.

During this time they traveled considerably over five thousand miles and spent seven nights out of twelve on the sleeper.

The trip out was over the Wabash and Union Pacific and brought them to San Francisco where they spent two days. They found the branch house and all its

The anvil chorus doesn't turn out any horseshoes

affairs in excellent shape and business good. Mont Henderson, who is always glad to see somebody from Decatur, sends us his regards and says that he will come to our picnic in 1927, but cannot be with us this year.

One evening Frank Cruikshank, Harry Clark, and Dewitt went deep sea fishing three miles or more from the shore. Such fishing, of course, is done with a hook and line. The party caught 130 pounds of fish that evening. Was Frank pleased? P. D. says he was, and then some.

Mr. Ruthrauff visited one evening with his sister, Mrs. E. M. Sutton, who lives in Los Angeles.



(Continued from page 23)

other day, at 11 o'clock in the morning. By 4:30 that afternoon all of these boxes had been assembled, painted, and shipped.

Under the old method it sometimes took castings three or four days to dry. Now all black enamel castings are put through the steam dryer.

Another time saving device is an air blast for cleaning large castings. This is also one of Chat's ideas.



IRON CHIPS

Fred Wyant is now in charge of rough and finished stock.

Austin Seay who has been an assembler for several years, returns to his old job clerking in a general store in Macon. Milo Wright succeeds him as an assembler.

Watchman Mayberry has been made a special city policeman and wears an appropriate star.

Lester Ruthrauff assure us that Plant No. 8 has a ball team which will give us a good account of itself at the afternoon of the Picnic day.

Mrs. Charles Atchison and her sons, Harold and Morris, are spending a month at Poseyville, Ind. This region is famous for its canteloupes and the Atchisons chose the melon season for the time of this visit. The boys write to their father that they are having a fine time and are in no hurry for school to begin.

Mrs. Lucinda Ditty of Bement died at her home Monday, August 10. She leaves five children of whom Jesse Ditty is one. He wishes to express through the Record the appreciation of the family for their sympathy in this time of bereavement.

The iron pillars for the ornamental lights on Nelson Park Bridge are the work of the Iron Foundry. You might mention this to your friends the next time you drive out that way.

Those who wish to visit Plant 8 should apply at the gate with their badges and secure from Chat Winegardner or Ebert Mueller special visitors' passes for that plant.

Geraldine Lorraine



Geraldine Lorraine Youker, daughter of Gerald Youker of the Shipping Department. Geraldine was one year old last March, and has one aunt, two uncles, and one grandfather working at Muellers.

An employees' badge does not give admission without a visitors' pass.



JIMMY EDWARDS STROLLS

One more unfortunate has taken to the tall timber down at the Okaw. On the week end of August 16 Jimmy Edwards disappeared from the Mueller cabin. Mrs. Edwards, who, with George LeBrash, Billy Mason, Kitty Wilkins, and their good wives, had gone along to take care of Jimmy, began to worry. Just what happened nobody will tell, but we have heard of others who went strolling down by the Okaw.

The party reports a good time although the river was up and fishing was out of the question. They all stick to it still that Jimmy hasn't lost; he just strolled. There's something crooked someplace.

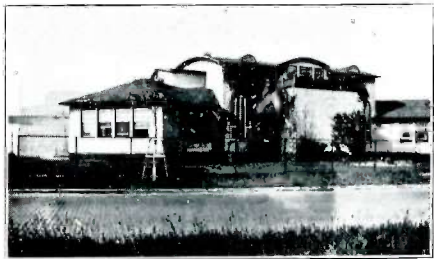


Ulie's Persimmon Wine

Ulie Friend was asked one day how his persimmon wine turned out. He replied, "O, it puckered up the bottle so I couldn't pour it out."

Another very annoying place to live is just behind your income

Port Huron's Recreation Hall



This is the Recreation building at Port Huron. The dining room, which is also used for an auditorium, is under the curved roof. The central projection is the stage. The wings at the ends are used for offices.

"FREE TOURISTS' CAMP"

By Opal Jackson

Just at sunset one more car turns into camp. Half a dozen khaki-clad tourists climb out stiffly and look about. The day has been exceedingly hot, the roads dusty, and driving over three hundred miles has not been as comfortable as it might be. Rather pleasant looking camp, it seems, with its trees, big space, water, firewood. It must have a pretty good reputation since so many cars have stopped in it for the night.

Martin Harrison, bank cashier, his wife and children, after three nights on the road, are acquainted with the more efficient methods of procedure to be observed in going into camp for the night. The older boys and Harrison set up the tent after a short consultation on the slope of the ground and the direction of the wind. When they have driven in the last stake, bacon and coffee are being cooked by Mrs. Harrison, over a small fire. The group eats supper from a picnic table carried up by the boys. After the food has been consumed, Mrs. Harrison quickly washes the dishes and places them on the table ready for an early breakfast. She is anxious to follow her husband in the most interesting diversion of the evening, becoming acquainted with the other tourists.

Several women have gathered around one of the cars. They are talking with as little restraint as though they had been running in and out each other's kitchen for years. They possibly are not always certain about names—their greeting usually lack the directness characteristic of most men who ordinarily say, "My name's Smith; what's yours?" and shake hands before going further—but they are always able to identify one another by the place from which they come. For years, they perhaps foresee, they will say, "Reminds me of those people from Wichita that we met at Cameron."

Mrs. Williams is to most of the other women, "that lady from Peoria," but Mrs. Harrison she impresses us by her mannerisms and, most of all, her acquaint-

ance with Mrs. Harrison's brother's wife, a resident of the same city. Small, nervous, energetic to her finger tips, the woman from Peoria is easily the most striking in the gathering. Her gray hair she wears drawn back severely from her tanned forehead. Her khaki knickers and blouse seem to have a six months' covering of dust. Her fingers thin and not too clean, clutch for a second every once in a while at turquoise brooch incongruously placed in the collar of her blouse. She has been speaking, after establishing the Peoria relationship, of the round-up at Cheyenne. She makes a quick gesture with her left hand, concluding in her high-pitched voice, "And so he was killed, too. It was quite perfect. You should try to see it."

Presently she resumes, "It's a long time to wait for a real trip like this, but we've enjoyed it—every mile of it. There's nothing like the freedom, the chance to see and learn. We've been gone three months—next week we'll be home again. We've gone slowly and taken time for everything. You see, we wanted, my husband and I, to do something like this for several years, but we couldn't get away. I've been looking after my little granddaughter since her mother died, and I didn't feel before this that she was old enough to leave. Yes, my daughter-in-law, such a lovely girl, had the flu. It was quite terrible."

Mrs. Harrison has the feeling that the monologue might continue indefinitely. Other women, it seems, though, can talk too. That dark gypsy-looking woman, sitting on the running board of the big car around which the group is assembled, has started several times to say something beyond her one remark, beginning, "Now, in Ohio we—" She does look like a foreigner. In the growing dusk her aquiline nose, her masses of black hair banded loosely around her head, her teeth flashing white when she smiles all suggest to Mrs. Harrison the unusual. There is a vague trace of an accent in her thick voice as she asks of Mrs. Harrison, "And you are from—where was it?" She appears to be tall and slender. She wears a dark blue sweater with thin white collar and cuffs and has the air of being carefully dressed without intending to be.

"We've been south," she says in answer to a query. "We were called there by the death of my husband's mother. Now we are going more slowly on our way back to Columbus. The children enjoy it so much," she adds, her arm about a small, silent boy of four or five. "Seems a pity to live in such a hurry one can't enjoy things. Mr. King, my husband, and I, wanted to take time for something lovely for once. We've been two weeks coming from Memphis," her low voice goes on.

"Good gracious!" a stout, matronly person exclaims. "We left Memphis yesterday morning. We live there. We're on our way to see our daughter. Isn't it the most interesting way to travel! It's the first time I ever took an auto trip—we just got our car this summer. It seems sort of foolish for two homebodies like us to run off this way. My brother is with us, but then he's always lived with us. It's just a little odd—" She stooped uncertainly, then continues, "but we hadn't seen our daughter for over four years, and we decided this was the best way to do it. My, but it'll be nice to see her." Her round

Some husbands have a den, while others growl all over the house

face takes on a smile of satisfaction. She unconsciously throws back her gray head and stands a little straighter in her stiffly starched brown gingham. "My husband has just two weeks' vacation. That's the reason we're in such a hurry. I never thought I'd enjoy driving so fast, and I don't say I think it's becoming for Daniel—a minister—to speed the way he does, but I've never had such a good time since I was a girl. Then when we get to Denver—"

"Denver ain't what people say it is," begins some one else in a tired voice. She is tall with dark hair and cheeks that even in the glare of the spotlight seem highly rouged. Weary, dissatisfied, she appears, not altogether at ease among the others. "For my part, I think all this talk about western scenery is bunk. And nobody would make the dirty trip in a machine who could afford to go in a Pullman. I'm simply tired to death of the whole thing—roads, dirt, camps. We've been gone for three months. Went out to the coast in a vaudeville act and came back, my partner and me, broke. Hope we get home by the first of August. It was kind of nice at first, so much room and everything, but mountains and prairies and things are lonesome. Pretty good to be back where people maybe don't have so much hospitality, but maybe ain't got so much curiosity."

"You live—Mrs.—" questions the cashier's wife.

"Miss Leska, Volga Leska, New York. Not really Russian. My mother was. She had the rep as a dancer, but I didn't have the luck. My voice's pretty rotten, too."

"Why don't you try—" begins the minister's wife, a little timidly.

"I'm tired of trying. Hope we can junk the flivver for enough to get some decent clothes. I'm sick of this suit. I used to wear it in an act about a stenog. Pawned everything else." She shrugs her shoulders and walks away.

"Queer, what people get in here." Mrs. Williams remarks. "I think there ought to be some rule made about respectability in these places. I'm pretty sure that partner of hers isn't her husband."

"Why," asks the woman from Tennessee, "you don't think—"

"After all, we're not responsible for her or the camp, either, you know," Mrs. Harrison says lightly. "Where are you from?" she asks, turning to a girl of eighteen or nineteen who is standing with an older woman a few feet away. The girl wears knickers and a bright red middie, her mother a well-fitting tweed sport suit.

"Chicago," answers the girl. She is delicate looking, slender. Her voice has a note of eagerness. "Mother and I are going west on account of my health."

"Yes," agrees her companion in a loud whisper. "That seems the only chance. She's been working too hard—going to school and all that. Foolish, I think, because she's never been strong, but then she would do it. She's always been ambitious."

"You're going to Colorado?" someone asks.

"Yes—at first, anyway," returns the girl.

"We may have to go down to Arizona," sighs the mother. "It's a pity to have to leave home for so long. My husband may come on later, but we're

making this trip alone. The responsibility of it quite shatters by nerves. I guess it will all come out all right," she ends, doubtfully.

"O, yes, it will," says the girl.

Presently Mrs. Williams asks in her abrupt way, "How are the roads east?"

Someone answers, "Rough. We made awfully poor time today. Just outside of Monroe City there's a hill that's a fright. Why, we spent twenty minutes trying to climb it, and we met another car at one turn and almost slid down an awfully steep embankment."

"Well, when we started this morning—" another voice begins.

Mrs. Harrison recognizes the first of a long list of experiences—the kind that men swap for hours. The men of the families will doubtless receive many suggestions tomorrow—suggestions, taken from the story of "those people from Ohio," many of which they will, perhaps, disregard.

Mrs. Harrison decides to return to the car. She passes the group of men sitting on the ground beside a dying fire built by one of the camping parties—the Williamses, probably. She stops a short distance from the group and listens and looks.

"Don't take the south detour," admonishes a deep voice. Worst thing I ever say. Newly worked. Get in loose dirt up to the hubs. Hell of a mess! My advice is, don't go to these travelers' clubs and things for advice. They've got an ax to grind," the voice continues, savagely. "Mostly run by women that don't know which end of a flivver to crank, or by fellows that are working for road contracts for their friends."

The speaker seems heavy-set. The light, where it falls upon his face, shows rugged brows and a broad nose. He picks up his pipe and lights it after he has done with his remarks.

"Dad, that's not true of all those information joints," insists another voice—a young voice. "That one in Kansas City was—"

"You college freshmen don't know everything yet," answers the father, shortly.

The boy—a bright looking youngster with sleek hair that shines in the firelight—turns away whistling under his breath.

"If you're going east, Williams," add another voice, dry and rather shrill, "keep away from Bucklin. Go around the town. Worst streets I ever saw, for a fact. Bumps, chuck-holes, mud. In Ohio we avoid all that." Mrs. King's husband is evidently talking. He is little, wears spectacles, looks as though he were probably a business man. "Absolute rock roads, the only sure thing. We've had 'em for years. You'd think they'd try it around here. Plenty of rocks. Guess it's too far south for people to have much gumption. Southerners, even people this far south, don't have much energy. Energy—that's the thing. Can't run the world without it." He pauses for approval.

"Yep," chimes in another voice. "Good thing—energy. Some people can get too much of it, though. Makes 'em restless, not good for much but to want something they ain't got. Yep, a man can have too much of it. I like to be contented. Just now I'm takin' this trip with my brother-in-law here, Kincaid.

No man can live by charge accounts alone

I reckon I'll be glad to get back to Tennessee to my chicken farm, though I ain't sayin' there's nothin' fetchin' 'bout all these sights."

The words came from a thin man with a drooping reddish moustache. He continues: "You oughter seen the auto show we had at home this winter—biggest in the state and that's sayin' considerable. Pretty fine place we've got—"

A fine delicate voice with a little humor thrown in between the words interposes, "Other cities have auto shows and other things." It must be the minister. Pleasant, wasn't he? His face seamed and furrowed, his white hair, his knotted hands seem to point him out as an old man with a life of hardship. He has a way, nevertheless, of throwing back his head and shoulders, when he laughs at what the rest say, that gives to him an air of being almost as young as the freshman. He laughs heartily as though he were quite at home here. Indeed, he probably would not feel much out of place anywhere.

"Of course, Memphis is all right," he says a bit slyly. "But if we'd start in on this civic admiration line we'd sit here till morning."

A man laughs unexpectedly. He has not spoken before, but now he draws, "You've got us there, you know. Queer how we like to ramble on about our towns. Usually there are hundreds of others, just like them. Wonderful, this sense of attachment, devotions, affection. After all, it's a great emotion. At the risk of being stereotyped, I might say the world turns upon affection. Affection might make this place beautiful. It isn't a bad place, anyhow, you know.

Those shapeless thickets of trees there are really quite lovely. And this fire casting brightness and magic over all of us."

Mrs. Harrison wonders if this man may not be a poet. His white shirt he wears open at the throat like Keats—or somebody—wasn't it? He must make the others feel a little uncomfortable. Fascinating person, he seems. Perhaps he is collecting material for more work, perhaps he has left his writing for a time to get in tune with nature as seen from the tourists' trail. Mrs. Harrison imagines the feeling of contempt growing in the minds of several of the men.

"Is that detour really so bad?" asks the man from Ohio.

"Yes, is it?" asks Harrison.

"Well, of course, it depends on what you call bad," retorts the freshman's father in a deep voice carrying a note of satisfaction.

The talk seems interminable. Mrs. Harrison goes on to the tent beside the car. The children, she finds, have already gone to bed. She is thinking that Martin should be coming in when she hears him. He asks her what time she wants to start in the morning. Five-thirty should be all right. Doesn't she believe so? He has decided to take the north detour.

Presently Mrs. Harrison calls, "Martin, Martin, I like these people more than those folks last night at Springfield. I feel like I've known 'em for years. Where do you suppose we'll stop tomorrow night?"

CARNIVAL BALL AT MUELLER CLUB

Saturday Night, September 12, 1925

8:30 p. m. -- to -- 11:30 p. m.

For Members and Guests Mueller Employees' Dancing Club



Ideals are funny little things. They won't work unless you do