

The Clow Employees News

Dedicated to the Welfare of the Men and Management

Vol. 2, No. 1.

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Published Monthly

NEWCOMERSTOWN FOUNDRY NOTES

Mr. A. M. Shurtz has resigned his position as Pipe Foundry Foreman, effective April 1st and this resulted in the following changes in the management of the Pipe Foundry.

Mr. Frank Sells is Production Foreman, Mr. Oscar Sheets is Raming Foreman, Mr. John Carney is Core Foreman and Mr. John Beauregard Labor Foreman. The new management gives each foreman a separate part of the work to supervise and we are hopeful that the proper co-operation will be effected to give better results in the production of pipe.

Mr. Shurtz has asked for a month's vacation and will still remain in the employ of the Company but in a capacity not yet determined.

The Pipe Shop had hard luck Apr. 13th. The Cupola blower pipes got on fire and the heat created such damage that it was necessary to drop the bottom and repair the blower pipe so that the proper amount of air could be furnished for the following day.

Clarence Warner, Heavy Casting Foreman is very busy these days getting out necessary castings for the rebuilding of the Coshocton plant. No 5 pit has been temporarily covered and the moulding floor extended over the top of the pit, using the heavy cast iron covers to make the floor.

A new system of making radiation is soon to be installed at the Rad. Fdy., which will relieve moulders and helpers of a great amount of the present heavy work connected with making the castings. The proposed plan looks like it will work out to the advantage of the men and the Company.

Bob Howard, No. 2 Core Maker, met with quite a painful accident the other day. Cores were being lowered into the moulds and one struck on top of the flask, unloosing the shackel from the crane hook, allowing the core to fall striking Bob across the shoulders. Fortunately no bones were broken but he was very badly bruised which will cause him a few days of pain and a lay off.

Prosperity must be knocking at the door of the Loading Gang as three of the bunch have taken unto themselves new homes in the past month.

Russell Simpson received a very bad burn on his foot while tapping a cupola at the pipe foundry. This will cause him a layoff of several weeks which is too bad at this time for Russell was doing work that he enjoyed and was making steady time and getting along in good shape, but the unexpected often happens and in this particular case we are sorry that it happened as it did.

Gen'l Manager W. C. Clow was in Chicago Tuesday April 13th, attending the Annual Board of Director's meeting.

Harvey Cramblet and family have been going through a seige of the measles.

Melvin Noe, Craneman Loading Gang and his family were recently confined to their home with the flu but are alright again.

What is Success?

It's doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money—but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends.
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,

It's dreaming a little and doing much;
And keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed.
It's going onward, despite defeat,
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet.

It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin.
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest—that's success!

—BERTON BRALEY

ANDREW CARNEGIE

AN APPRECIATION

By Sarah G. Lam Morrison

The conditions of the present day form a most favorable background for a sketch of the life of Andrew Carnegie, the great iron master. Against the unrest of the industrial world, against the heavings and strivings, the tugs and pulls, of labor and capital, Andrew Carnegie stands out clearly, boldly, massively powerful, the simple answer. The laborer of today is the capitalist of tomorrow. Labor, became capital, remembering its struggles, labors harder than ever to lift those who are still laboring and give them the opportunity to climb farther and more rapidly by surrounding them with uplifting influences—books and music—forces which stimulate and point the way—forces which rest and lead from sordidness and pessimism to healthy thought and optimism.

Labor and capital cannot be separated. They must work together if either gets the best out of life. You cannot say of the vast majority of men that they are 100 per cent capitalist or 100 per cent laborer. The average man is both. A 100 per cent laborer, if he has any percentage of efficiency soon has capital—money earned and saved—and nothing makes money like money. In time, through the toil of the hands, and the work of his brain, he reaches the point where he is practically compelled to spend all his time in looking after his capital, seeing that it works with 100 per cent efficiency. Then, in the eyes of the world he is 100 per cent capitalist. A criminal who in the eyes of the world is to have his accumulations wrestled from him? Why belittle the golden blossom topping Thrift? Every man is his own gardener. Andrew Carnegie was a good gardener. His garden produced such a wealth that he was able to give and give and give.

His father who had been a fairly well-to-do weaver in Scotland, failed to make a living in this country. His two boys had to start "garden- ing" very young. Andrew Carnegie

was then 100 per cent laborer, turning over all his wages to his mother. He was a good workman, cheerful and obliging, helping reporters, when a telegraph operator, and thereby pocketing many a stray quarter and half. Soon he had enough to buy a lot, and then he went into the Building and Loan, and borrowed enough to build the house. The buying of that home he considered the biggest event of his life. His evenings he spent in reading. Is it any wonder that in after life he recommended young men to buy property? He knew how he had gotten his start. Then came the day when an older man advised him to buy a small block of stock—five shares of Adams Express, if I remember correctly. From that day to the day of his death he was never without seasoned, dividend-paying stocks and bonds. But he kept on working, making his money work. And because of the benefit he himself had derived from books taken from a public library, when the day came that he could do so, he started other libraries in other places to help other boys and girls to help themselves.

His ability to win friends was a great asset in early life. To have friends, one must be a friend. His success in building up the great Carnegie Steel Company, by far the greatest unit in the mammoth United States Steel corporation, he ascribed to his ability to surround himself with better men than himself. Co-operation was the one solid rock of foundation upon which he builded. It is the principle upon which the Carnegie Steel Company and the United States Steel Corporation still do business—co-operation of managers and men, of capital and labor. There is no greater influence in the industrial world today. It is the spirit instilled into it by Andrew Carnegie, whence this appreciation of the men whose example furnishes so much food for thought both for Capital and Labor.

THE COSHOCTON FOUNDRY NOTES

Walter Glass is not the only one of the Clow men who has gone into the poultry business, as "Bill" Swigert is now furnishing Superintendent G. P. Clow with fresh eggs.

The second billiard tournament is now under way in the Club rooms, and to date Mike Smotzer has won the most games, but to hear the other entries talk, one would not think Mike had a ghost of a chance.

"Lew" Merrell was about to offer a reward recently for the capture of the burglar who entered his home at night and stole the top from his lunch box, but was saved the amount of the reward by learning the lost treasure was found in the pipe foundry. Why not leave the bucket too, Lew?

Machinist Phil Allen was heard to say "If I had some snakes and frogs I know of a good place to keep them," but not now Phil.

We thot for a long time machine shop foreman Frank Gosser's hobby was "coon hunting" but we beg your pardon Frank, since we have the proof on you, you are the best mil- liner in town. You had better be prepared to meet the worst, for if "the red wire" comes home this spring with a newly designed bonnet, we will know who to go after.

Some of the men of the Coshocton works who have recently bought homes through the plan of home buying as announced by the company are: John Matis, Wm. West, Henry Clark, Phil Crater, George H. Farmer, sr., Walter Bordenkircher, Wm. Bordenkircher, W. E. Glass, John Criswell, W. L. Glazier and Owen Fagan.

Millie Shurtz of Newcomerstown, was a recent visitor of the Coshoc- ton works.

A new electric sign with the words "Clow Club" has been put up outside of the Club Room windows. "It is with much pride that we mingle with our neighbors and fellow townsmen and say that we have an industrial club, the only one in town, with a club room given us by our employers."

The industrial track between the foundry building and the pattern storage building has been moved to the east side of the pattern storage and blacksmith shop building. By this change the motorman and his crew will not be exposed to the danger of getting hurt while scrap is being broken at the scrap pile.

Contractors McNabb & Ernest have poured concrete for the foundation of a new building, 27x156. This building is located between the machine shop and the loading yard, and will be used for the storage of flange fittings.

Electrician Harry O. Miller wants to know if Virgil Bucklew was ever a porch climber or a steeple jack.

Foreman H. L. Kinney has been suffering for a long time with internal ear trouble and for a while it was thought that an operation would have to be performed, but his many friends are glad to learn the operation will not be necessary.

The Clow Employees News

W. R. Todd }
W. A. Beers } Editors

EDITORIAL STAFF

Newcomerstown—Ass't Manager F. W. Schwab, Robt. W. Tempest, Harry Tyler, Oscar Sheets, O. C. Moore.

Coshocton—Guy P. Clow, E. D. Patterson, Laura Cooper, Paul McNary, Gus Kratz.

EDITORIAL

We are celebrating our first anniversary with this issue. Just a year ago we entered into the journalistic field with fear and trembling, and today, we are not sure that we have made a success. No one has told us that they really have enjoyed or been benefitted by the "News," but if we happen to be late with the issue, we have several inquires as to when the next issue will be out. Men seem to be interested in reading and taking the "News" home with them, but we don't know if we have accomplished one bit of good or not. We have endeavored to get the men better acquainted with the men who direct and manage the affairs of the company. To keep them advised of the mechanical changes and the improvements in the plants; to tell of the social and industrial life of the employes and families; to advance company policies and give you a better understanding of its intent and purpose than might otherwise be possible; to bring employer and employe a bit closer together, to more closely co-operate for the mutual good of each concerned; to give a higher thought to our present day troubles; to encourage those who cared to succeed in either or both the industrial and financial way. Now have we made good so far as you and your family are concerned? We hoped to make the Clow family larger and more happy by having been in existence for the past year, have we? We started out to produce a paper of the workmen, for the workmen and by the workmen, but the workmen themselves have failed to have but little to do with it. We believe it would be profitable to have you all express your opinion as to the good or bad in the "News." Tell what you think has been commendable in past issues and give your ideas as to what you think would make the paper more worth while; we would like to have volunteers offer their services in giving in the social news from their departments. For the coming year let us all strive to make the "News" better by each of us contributing a part of it. We are not looking for boquets but we do want your earnest criticism and your help. Let us make the paper truly an employes paper. A little help from some of you will be a big factor in greatly improving the paper and making it more what you want.

The Editors.

"Gentle Dullness Ever Loves a Joke"

An editor received this letter from a fresh youth:

"Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her."

To which the editor replied:

"If you will send us your photograph we may be able to tell you the reason."

BASE BALL

The birds are sweetly singing,
All nature seems in tune,
But one thing there is missing,
It will be here soon.
'Tis when the Bleacherites are yelling
And the players one and all,
Like soldiers at attention
Await the command, "Play Ball!"

At the request of Chairman Dillehay of the Athletic Committee, a meeting was recently held at the Clow Club rooms for the purpose of organizing a ball team for the season 1920.

After reports of business manager as to condition of grounds, etc., the players decided to select a playing manager, one to take full charge of the team while upon the field, in other words, one who from past experience knows the inside of base ball.

The players selected Mr. L. Hamilton, who at present is employed in the Gasteam Department. Mr. Hamilton was in the professional ranks for several years with the following clubs: Trenton, N. J., from which team, John McGraw of the New York Nationals picked up Billy Gilbert, one of the best second basemen of his time who is now manager in one of the western leagues; also with the famous Morrisville Reds, of Morrisville, Pa., who for two seasons met all comers. It was from this club that Hamilton was sold to the Etna Steel Club of Pittsburg, Pa., one of the strongest semi-professional clubs in that section at that time. After remaining with that club for one season he jumped to the Sheyboygan, Mich. league which was composed of the following teams: Petoskey, Boyne City, Molverine, Alpena and Pelston.

We feel confident that a man with this experience should build up a team that will play ball as it should be played and not only be a credit to the Clow Co., but to the town in general. All we ask is the support of employes and fans.

Anyone wishing to try out should get in touch with Mr. Hamilton at once. From present outlook there will be an industrial league in town this season. This with our Saturday afternoon and holiday games will furnish enough base ball for the most ardent fans.

Be a booster, show the outsiders that Newcomerstown is on the map. Everybody on the job, Play Ball!!

J. Macmillan, Secretary.
H. Dillehay, Mgr. & Treas.

SAFETY FIRST

Within the past month, many enameled iron signs have been placed at points of advantage, in the various departments, calling attention to practices which may prove unsafe, and at the main entrance gates a sign has been placed which calls attention of the many seeking employment, that unless they are willing to use every care and caution to make themselves and fellow workmen safe, we do not want them in our employ. The Company is trying to so surround we employes with safety suggestions that we will not carelessly get hurt. The Free Safety Show given at the Grand Theatre on Tuesday night, April 6th, was very well attended considering the weather conditions. The next show will be given Tuesday evening May 4th, and for this show we have secured for the Safety film 2 reels of "Lesson of the Flames," a thrilling fire picture; two reels of "Me and Bill." A beautiful story of a soldier and his sweetheart during the Civil War, and then the usual real comery. Bring your families and come to these shows as they are worth your while. First show at 7 and the second one at 8:15, free to Clow employes and their families and to all others a charge of 15c will be made.

Mr. Richard Wills of the Industrial Track was married in Caldwell Saturday, April 24, to Miss Mabel Boone. Friends wish them a happy married life.

SOME GOOD VERSE

BE CAREFUL

In speaking of another's faults,
Pray don't forget your own,
Remember those in homes of glass,
Should never throw a stone.
If we had nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin.
'Tis better we commence at home
And from that point begin.
We've no right to judge a person,
Until they're fairly tried;
Should we not like their company,
We know the world is wide;
We have our faults, and who have not,
The old as well as young
Perhaps we may for all we know,
Have fifty to their one.
I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works quite well,
To try your own defects to cure
Before of others tell.
And though sometimes I hope to be,
Not worse than some I know;
My own short comings teach me,
Let the faults of others go.
When let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do,
To those who little know.
(Remember)
Curses frequently like chickens
Roost at home,
Don't speak of other peoples fault
Until you've tried to solve your own.

APPRECIATION

He was whistling at his work
With a grin upon his face,
Not a solitary shirk
Seemed to loiter in the place;
But this youth who caught my eye
Seemed to glory in his task,
So I stopped to find out why,
And this question paused to ask:
"Tell me this, my cheerful lad,
As you whistle at your bench,
Why is it you seem so glad
To employ that heavy wrench?
Why so earnestly to-day
Do you labor at your task?"
And he looked as though to say:
"That's a foolish thing to ask."
Then he answered with a grin
As he laid aside his wrench:
"Just to-day the boss came in
And stood beside my bench
And he spoke to me like you;
Then took up this work of mine,
Looked it over, looked it through,
And then said: "It's simply fine!"
"You can talk about your pay
And the pleasures of a raise,
But I'm telling you to-day
That a little word o' praise
From the man you're working for
Does a fellow lots o' good,
And it makes him, more and more,
Want to keep on sawing wood."

—Edward A. Guest.

A FEW PIPE STORIES

"I am not going to talk long this evening. I have been cured of that. The other night I was making a speech when a man who had been imbibing in Bevo and raisins entered the hall and took a seat right in the front row. I had not been talking an hour when I noticed he was becoming fidgety. Finally he arose and asked:
"Shay, how long you been lecturing?"
I smiled good-naturedly at the interruption and replied:
"About four years my friend."
"Well," he remarked, as he sat down, "I'll stick around—you must be damn near through."—Arizona Magazine.

A young lady who taught a class of young boys in the Sunday School desired to impress on them

the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:
"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"
"He says 'Go slow on the butter kids; 75c a pound,'" replied the youngster.

Morpheus With The Muffler Open
I've imagined the cry of a soul in Hell,
I've listened to cyclones roar;
I've heard the alarm of a fire bell,
The grunt of a maddened boar;
I've heard the roar of forest fires in drought,
And shell that thru a wall tore,
But nothing can equal the sound from the mouth
Of a fat man who starts to snore.

WOMEN'S CORNER

Among those who long for the "good old days" are those who remember when the butcher used to throw in a piece of liver every time a customer bought round steak.

Generally speaking, your idea of an elderly person is one who is twenty years older than yourself.

Little Mark, aged five, had been imparting to the minister the information that his father had a new set of teeth.

"Indeed!" said the good man, patronizingly, "And what is he going to do with the old ones?"

"Oh," replied Mark, "I suppose mamma will cut them down and make me wear them."

"Dearie, what is the man running for?"

"He just hit the ball."
"I know, but is he required to chase it too?"

"I heard today that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician?"

"Not at all."
"I don't like to contradict you, but I'm positive you did say so."
"You misunderstood me. I said he followed the medical profession."

Lemon Cookies

½ cup of shortening.
Two eggs.
½ cup sugar.
The grated rind of one lemon.
¾ cup milk.
2 teaspoonsful baking powder.
Flour enough to roll out.
Cut into cakes and bake in quick oven.

Peach Stone Salad

Drain a can of solid peaches. Lay one-half on a nest of lettuce strips and fill the cavity with a ball of chopped almonds, dates and candied cherries. Surround the ball with a whipped-cream mayonnaise tinted green.

Apple Bloom

Core bright red apples leaving enough of the core at the base to hold apple intact after being slashed into eight sections, allow the sections to fall apart enough to suggest a flower. In this center put a large spoonful of salad made of chopped English walnuts, celery and stuffed olives. Top with mayonnaise. Let the apple rest in a nest of lettuce.

Fish can be easily scaled if they are first dipped in scalding water for about 1 minute.

PICK-UPS

The construction gang has completed new foundations for the middle supports in the pipe foundry building and Mr. Coffee and his corps of able assistants are placing the new steel structure to properly reinforce the present columns. This work has been needed for some time and will be completed as quickly as possible.

J. W. Mugford, Supt. Rad. Fdy., was in Chicago Tuesday March 23rd, on company business.

Asst. General Manager F. W. Schwab was in Chicago, March 23rd attending to his duties as Trustee of The Employes Savings and Profit Sharing Pension Fund.

Chas. Berkheimer, Engineer of the Industrial Railroad has been off duty with something like the "flu," and we are mighty glad to report his return.

Edward Pickering of the shipping department has purchased a home on Neighbor st., and moved into same.

O. C. Moore, Shipping Clerk has purchased a home at the foot of Case's hill and moved into same.

Leroy Hamilton of the Gasteam Dept. has been off duty for a few days on account of sickness.

Mrs. Floyd VanKuren and son left here the first of the month, going to her home folks in Portland, Maine where she expects to spend the Summer.

Miss Bonnell returned to her office duties April 12th and looks perfectly fit for the summer.

Vice Pres. Kent S. Clow was at the foundries April 20th and 21st and while here made a thorough inspection of the plants.

John Mardis of the Industrial had an operation in the City Hospital of Coshocton to relieve him of a rupture which has caused him no end of trouble for the past two years. We will all hope for his early return.

Mr. J. F. Kent was a visitor at the foundries for a few days recently.

Mr. John Barnes has been on the sick list for the past month, and unable to work, but is slowly recovering.

WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP

What is friendship? To you has it any particular meaning? Could you get along without friends as well as with friends? No, a thousand times no. You have true friends who prove to you every day their friendship. Yes, you are taken care of as if you were the only child in the family. You are made comfortable and warned against dangers from accidents. You are given a No. 1 chance to provide for your family while you live, and after you are dead, provided you, while living, appreciate a friend who is willing to do something for you. But you ask who are your friends! Just think for a few moments and you can answer the question yourself.

She—"I'll never go anywhere with you as long as I live."
He—"Wh-Why?"

She—"You asked Mrs. Smith how her husband was standing the heat, and he's been dead two months."

School Boy (excitedly)—Father, I passed Shakespeare today.

Father (the poor fish)—Did he speak?

Song of 10,000 Lines Being Written for India's Pariah Water Drawers

Missionaries encounter strange problems in their work of spreading the doctrine of Christianity. But generally they are able to work out a good solution. Doctor Walter F. Scudder, for years a missionary of the Dutch Reform Church in India, but now attached to the Foreign Survey of the Interchurch World Movement, tells of one curious problem well solved.

For centuries the Pariah water drawer of India has measured the number of buckets of water he draws by means of a song of 10,000 lines. Unable to count, much less to add or subtract, the water drawer had to be given some method of measurement. So this song was adopted. It runs:

"Three Hundred and Thirty Million Gods have I,"

"Five Hundred Million Rishi have I,"

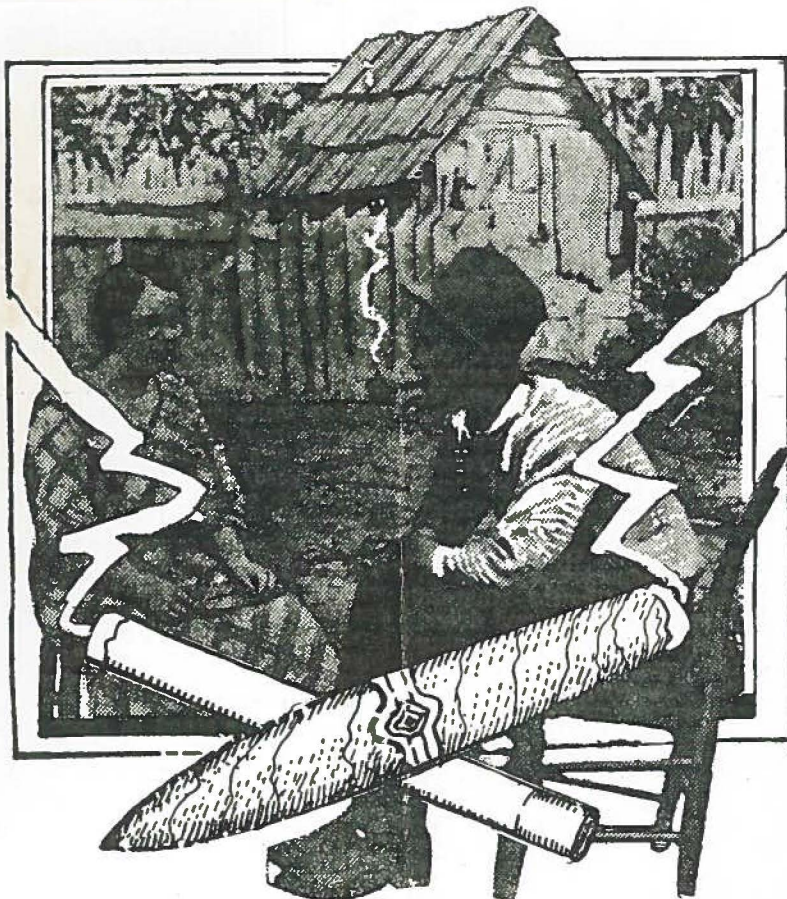
and so on for 10,000 variations.

The employer desiring a certain number of buckets to be drawn, tells the water drawer to stop his song at such a verse or line. The drawer pulls up one bucket for each line of the song and stops at the appointed place. He will have exactly the number wanted.

Now that many of these humble laborers of India have been converted to Christianity, they are faced by the problem of how to count without chanting a song which no longer represents their religious belief. So the missionaries are writing a song of 10,000 lines dealing with the life and teachings of Christ to be substituted for the chant now used.



An East Indian Water Drawer at His Primitive Well Pump, Which Has Not Been Improved Since the Days of the Pharaohs



This Young Mountain Matron Is Enjoying Her Afternoon Chew While Her Husband Smokes His Favorite Pipe.

Here is an unusual picture of marital felicity. It was snapped by a worker for the Interchurch World Movement during a survey of living conditions in the Tennessee Mountain district. The young woman in the picture, a bride of a few weeks, is using the mountain substitute for the cigarette, a "snuff stick"—a stick coated with snuff and industriously chewed. The habit has two advantages over the gold-tipped cigarette of the city girl. It is more economical

and it lasts longer—a well made "snuff stick" having only one rival for longevity—the "all day sucker" of school days.

The Interchurch World Movement finds distressful ignorance and poverty among these mountain folks and suggests a new religious program—to couple the Bible with practical instruction in agriculture, carry it out on model farms, with schools, good roads and other community needs as the ultimate goal.

DEATHS

We regret to have to chronicle the death of Junius Boltz which occurred in a hospital at Columbus March 30. He was born in this town March 24th 1898 and had made his home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Boltz, all his life. He was united in marriage with Miss Mary Leonard of this city about a year and a half ago, and they have since resided with his parents. He was in the employ of the Company for several years and at the time of his death was working with the Repair Gang. He was a young man of very good habits and was very much liked by all who knew him, and his untimely death has been a severe shock to his many friends. Just two weeks before his death he developed severe pains in his head and a few days later was taken to Columbus and placed in the care of a specialist who had hopes for his full recovery up to the very last few hours of his life, when he lapsed into a slumber from which he did not waken.

Death came so quickly and unexpectedly that it was quite a surprise to his attending nurse, when the change came, the wife and mother, who were rooming near by were quickly summoned but life was extinct before they arrived. The body was brought here by Undertaker H. J. Lydick and the funeral services were conducted from the M. E. church, of which he was a member, on the following afternoon and burial was made in the local cemetery. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the wife, father, mother, brother and near relatives and friends.

The two-months-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hammersley died very suddenly Sunday morning April 11th and was buried the following day. Much sympathy is felt for this young couple in their sorrow.

WEDDINGS

The wedding bells have certainly been ringing some lately for some of our fellow employes.

Mr. John Smith of the Rad. Core Room, was married at New Phil's Saturday April 3rd to Miss Mabel Haver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Haver. As Mr. Elmer Haver is one of the employes, it makes this wedding an inter-Clow family marriage.

Mr. Frank Worthington, machinist of the Rad. Machine Shop was married at New Phil's Saturday, Apr. 3rd to Miss Lena Haver, granddaughter of Mr. John Haver of State st. Frank has already provided a home for his bride and they will be at home to their many friends at their McKinley ave. residence.

The following couples of colored folks were very quietly married in New Phil's Monday, April 19th: Mr. Frank Burns to Miss Laura Jones, Mr. Frank Mason to Miss Myrtle Burns and Mr. Oscar Taylor to Miss Ethel Bryant. The men are all good dependable pipe shop men and deserve to have wives and good homes and we hope for them their full share of happiness and matrimonial bliss.

Some of the boys say they have just had so many wedding cigars passed to them that they are just naturally sick of cigars.

BOOKS OR BOOZE?

Card from a railroad station agent to a studious citizen: "Sir—Please send, without delay, for the case of books directed to you which is lying at this station and is leaking badly."

Coshocton Notes

(Continued from first page)

Assistant superintendent J. A. Byers was a recent visitor to Birmingham, Ala., on company business.

Pattern changer C. B. McComber was off from work several days on account of illness.

Crane runner David Anderson, jr. is all smiles these days, for there is a fine new baby boy at his house.

Cal Rummel, of the cupola charging department has been on the sick list, but we are glad to announce he is convalescent.

George Wood of the chipping shed is exceedingly happy and wears a smile that will not come off, for he too has a fine new baby boy at his home.

Supt. G. P. Clow and foreman "Jack" Mullett are firm believers in spring house cleaning. They have had their offices repainted and given a general overhauling.

Repair foreman Archie Jennings says he is now a poultry dealer and can supply all Clow employees with fresh eggs, as he recently bought six hens that were highly recommended.

Congratulations are being extended to electrician Harold Hardesty, who was recently married to Miss Dora Savage, of Elyria, Ohio. They are at home to their many friends on South Third street.

Electrical foreman Frank Begley can accomplish almost the unbelievable when it comes to working with electrical contrivances, but when he tries to get an automobile to run without gasoline, he gets just far enough that he has to take a long walk back for gas.

Walter Glass has sold his residence in Pleasant Valley to his brother Ernest Glass, and bought a farm near Tyndal. Walter says he is going to give much attention to the poultry business, and as soon as he gets started, old H. C. L. is going to take a decided downward slant.

The first pool tournament has come to a close. There were three persons, namely, M. C. Smotzer, Geo. Schoenberger and Gus Kratz, tied for first place. The tie was played off with very exciting and close games with M. C. Smotzer winning first prize cue and George Schoenberger second prize cue.

Now that the winter days are over and the warm spring days are with us once more we see blacksmith "Bill" Womer and pipe foundryman "Bob" Maitland at the noon hour getting the horseshoe pitching game going. It is rumored that it will not be long until these two gentlemen will have to take a "back seat" for there are some "dark horses" entering into the famous pastime.

One morning foreman Homer Kinney came into the office having such a down cast expression on his face that we were sure Old Dolly had died, but on inquiry, learned that he had lost his pocketbook containing a very valuable receipt and a few "Williams." Quite a force was sent out to look for the lost treasure, but Homer remembered where he had jumped a mud hole and evidently went there and was made to smile once more.

While the moulding floor has been closed to the making of castings, it has by no means been an idle place, for all the machines and cranes are being thoroughly overhauled and all flasks repaired and stored in an orderly manner. The sand screen has been adjusted so as

CREATED FREE AND EQUAL

By R. H. Clark

The lawyers had gathered up their papers and left the room. The four heirs with their wives sat dumbly fumbling the thing over in their minds. Fifty thousand dollars apiece! To these men who had reached the exalted pinnacle of \$100 a month, fifty thousand were riches uncountable.

They were all agreed on one thing. They would hang on to this money like grim death so that nevermore would the gas run out of the meter, nor the water be turned off, nor the landlord make insulting hints about "out on the street." Finally Albert and Jasper and Earl and Carl with their wives arose and departed.

Ten years later: Jasper laid down his bank book with satisfaction. His fifty thousand had grown to two hundred thousand. Rents from a block of flats poured in each month. His personal expenses were almost nothing. His clothes, food and lodging were of the simplest, while a cheap flivver served to carry him to and fro. He was happy in the knowing that his income was far greater than out-go.

Albert kissed his wife and drove away in a handsome car that was of good quality. His clothes were fine and he appeared well fed and prosperous. The house he had just left was in keeping with his car, his apparel and his well-fed body. Fifty

thousand in government bonds assured him of plenty for his wife if anything should happen to him. His own income was large, he having seized the opportunity to finish a law course and work into a good firm.

Earl sat on the deck of his yacht in Cuban waters. His original fifty thousand had been used in successful though risky speculation some few times, enabling him to send the children to a fancy school, buy a mansion, a steam yacht, several automobiles and what not. But it had fastened upon him the habit of gambling in stocks with the result that he had again ventured every penny on a sure thing. A telegram that fluttered from his shaking hands to the deck announced that he had been stripped clean of everything. Not even enough to make a new start was left.

Carl looked up at the gas jet in the cheap bedroom. He crossed to the window and closed it. He stuffed sheets into all the cracks. Then he turned on the gas without lighting it and lay down on the cheap bed. His fifty thousand had gone in a wild frenzy of dissipation. A profusion of chorus girls had early induced his wife to divorce him. Booze softened his brain. Money slipped from him in chunks. For the last two years he had mucked with a shovel in the ditches until sickness had brought him to this.

A TIP TO A. P. A. PUGILISTS

The following written by the editor of a country weekly and a man who has spent many years in writing up accounts of accidents should be sufficient tip to those in A. P. A. circles who feel that they might like to come back at the next annual convention and take away from the Leghorn breeders what the breeders would in an open fight and which should be a matter of history unless these opponents are anxious to open up old scars and "jump in where angels hesitate to tread."

"Take a walk through the cemetery alone and you will pass the resting place of a man who looked into the muzzle of a gun to see if it was loaded. A little farther down the slope is a crank who tried to show how close he could stand to a moving train while it passed. In strolling about you will see the monument of the hired girl who tried to start the fire with kerosene, and a grass covered knoll that covers the boy who tickled the mule's tail.

"That tall shaft over a man who blew out the gas, casts a shadow over the boy who tried to get on a moving train. Side by side the pretty creature who always had her corset laced in the last hole and the intelligent idiot, who rode the bicycle nine miles in ten minutes, sleep unmolested.

"At repose is a doctor who took a dose of his own medicine. There with a top of a shoe box over his grave is a rich old man who married a young wife. Away over there reposes a boy who went fishing on Sunday, and the woman who kept strychnine powders in the cupboard. The man who stood in front of the mowing machine to oil the sickle is quiet now and rests beside the careless brakeman who fed himself to the 70-ton engine, and nearby may be seen the grave of the man who tried to whip the editor.

"Aha!" said the head clerk. "I'm glad to notice that you're arriving punctually now, Mr. Slocombe."

"Yes, sir. I've bought a parrot."

"A parrot? What on earth for?"

"I told you to get an alarm clock."

"Yes; I did. But after a day or two I got used to it, and it didn't wake me. So I got the parrot. And now when I go to bed I fix the alarm clock and put the parrot's cage on top of it. When the alarm goes off it startles the parrot, and what the bird says would wake up anybody."

Raising from Nothing to \$25,000 a Year

What are the qualifications of a \$25,000 a year man? What is demanded of him?

Well, the man who earns \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year must first of all know his business from the ground up. Large salaries are paid because of ability to systemize and organize that the same effort will produce greater results, and so organize operations that neither effort nor material or time is wasted. Mere drivers are not valuable. It is organization, system, ease, and comfort in operation with production that is valuable.

He must be absolutely efficient; that is, he must have ability, judgment, courage, enthusiasm, self-confidence, energy, initiative, foresight, experience, a great knowledge of human nature and personality enough to be a real leader of men.

He must take infinite pains in small things as well as in large. He must demand of himself as well as of others nothing but the best.

He must win and retain the confidence and friendship of his superiors, his associates and his subordinates.

He must always be ready to take responsibility, to decide quickly, and to be right more than half the time.

With all that he must have backbone and a real desire not only to excel but also to serve.

Of course, a man has to earn a big salary before we can pay it; but we are only too anxious to pay it to men who can earn it.—Theodore N. Vail in Forbes Magazine.

LOST CITY DISCOVERED

A city of 20,000 homes has been found in the great canyon barely forty miles from the city of Sante Fe, N. M. It is reputed to be the first known city of the Cochiti tribes of the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest. The place is called Rito de los Frijoles or Tyu-on-yi, and one of the world's wonders. Here in little caves in the sides of gigantic cliffs, lived the prehistoric cliff dwellers of America in communal dwellings, that were almost immune from attack by either man or the giant beasts of the stone age.

The great ceremonial cave of Kiva, where the people's councils were evidently assembled, is located two-thirds of the way up the cliff in a cave inaccessible save with ladders. The temple is carved out of the solid rock, partly by nature and partly by hand. Little is known about the forgotten people that once lived in this beautiful retreat in New Mexico, although many of the symbols of the race that was are visible in the interiors of the recently discovered homes.

KNOCKER DEFINED

Without any introductory remarks, Friends—A "knocker" is a skunk with a little narrer mind and sole who has no hope in this world or the next.

He's a species without branes and his one ambish is to try and get the other fellow down and kick him in the slats. He's the kind of a bird that wants a horse-shoe concealed in his mitt in a scrap, and a marked deck or a cappel aces up his sleeve in a little seshun of the great American indoor sport—he wants to gouge, bite and kick in a little frenly four roun' Marcus o' Queensberry, and he'd rob the widders and orphants or do anything that's unfair if he could get away with it. (Exchange.)

"How is it that Arthur never takes you to the theatre nowadays?" queried Marie.

"Well, you see," her friend replied, "one evening it rained and we sat in the parlor."

"Yes?"

"Well, ever since that we—oh, I don't know; but don't you think theatres are an awful bore?"