

but before he found him he got the cigars mixed, and kept the loaded one himself. Oh no, nothing serious happened; he will be all right in a short while.

Mr. Landis Burns and Mr. Lee Swagerty are going to school, and also making a shift in the Pot Rooms. They attend school from 8.30 until 2.30, then work in the plant from three until eleven. This speaks well of these young men.

Inspector Brookbank has been confined to his home for a few days, on account of sickness. We hope to see him back on the job soon, for we notice some of the boys are getting a little careless in their dress since he has been away.

Mr. "Frenchie" Howison, of the Control Department, was called away by his Uncle Sam a few days ago on some very urgent business, the nature of which we do not know. Yes, Maudie Dear; he wore his boots.

Ore is coming in more plentifully, and we hope in a short while to have all the rooms running again on full time, after some of them being shut down for awhile.

Mr. Harry Standridge is confined to his room by sickness. Nothing serious, we hope.

Main Office Notes

Mr. Wharton will leave the service of the Company January 31. He is going to Goldsboro, where he will be connected with the Barnes-Harold Grocery Company. Mr. Wharton has been in Badin for quite a few years, and has many friends here who will regret to see him leave.

Miss Ruth Kendall, who will be remembered as former mailing clerk, has returned from Poughkeepsie, New York, where she took a stenographic course, and is now working for the Efficiency Department.

"Zeb" Robinson, of the Electrical Department, is running up and down the stairs with a much lighter tread lately. He is now the father of an 8½-lb. baby girl, Sarah Margaret.

Mr. W. H. Smith, one of the Emerson engineers of New York, has just arrived from Massena to install our New Efficiency Department in connection with the Carbon Plant.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, twins, Caroline and Margaret. The Main Office force extend their heartiest congratulations.

—R. V. R.

Laboratory News

Mr. W. G. Dotson visited St. George, Charleston, and other points in South Carolina during the early part of January.

At this writing, Mr. Dotson is confined to his home, on account of sickness. We hope that he will soon be well again.

When it comes to snowballing Dermid, you will find Hunley and Cherry right on the job.

Mr. J. C. Dick has been sick with an aching tooth for the past few days.

Starkey's Oompah Horn

You may have a taste for music, and know something of its notes, Perhaps you pine for Rover's whine or grunt of youthful shoats.

But of all the blissful earfuls I've had since I was born,

Give me Starkey Burns's *oompah* on his big bass horn!

Some folks prefer Victrolas with Caruso's dago guff,

Some jazzy souls play raggy rolls of Badin Drug Store stuff;

Some love to hear the birdies in the dewy hours of morn,

But give me Starkey's *oompah* on his big bass horn!

To some the grand piano's voice appeals at fall of night,

The rolling bones have soothing tones when they are rolling right:

But there's something grand and noble, like a waving field of corn,

In Starkey's *oompah oompah* on his big bass horn!

Gomo was made for violins—he's scraggly and thin;

The going—comin' trombone plumbin' sore of fits Erb's grin;

But you'll never know how Starkey does this world of ours adorn

Until you see him *oompah* on his big bass horn!

When you're sick of seein' red rods, and you're sick of punchin' pots,

And you hope the bo that hollers "yo" will see 'em when he rots,

There's one thing that will cheer you; all your troubles it will scorn—

It's old Starkey Burns's *oompah* on his big bass horn!

—J. G. T.

Mrs. York, wife of Mr. York, of our Cost Department, is now home from her trip to South Georgia.

"Kernel" John McGregor

When a man first takes hold of safety work, either as a member of a Safety Committee—upon whom it is wished—or, as one of the men on the job—to whom it is constantly preached—he is no doubt somewhat skeptical until he begins to see the fruits of his effort. His interest is then quickened, and he naturally begins to dig into this "Safety Business," and the deeper he digs the more he digs up, with the result that he is generally known as a "Safety Nut."

Later, as he realizes the great need of more and more safety work, and recognizes its unbounded possibilities, he then becomes a real enthusiastic worker for "Safety First" in the home, on the street, and on the job, and you then know that he has acquired the highest rank attainable in the Army of Safety Workers, that of "Safety Kernel."

That he is ever alert, not only for his own safety, but the safety of others; constantly cautioning the older, and advising the new man, and extending his aid wherever needed, goes without saying, and we hope that before the end of 1920 we may have a regiment of "Safety Kernels," such as our friend Uncle John McGregor.

How It Figures Out

The reason "why" is always a vital question, so I stopped beside the road, and let the old mare browse sedge grass while I figured it out, and this is it:

"The average Tennessee farmer gets up early at the alarm of a Connecticut clock; buttons his Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls; puts on a pair of cowhide shoes made in Ohio; washes in a Pittsburgh tin basin, using Cincinnati soap; dries on a cotton towel made in New Hampshire; sits down to a Grand Rapids table, eats hot biscuits made with Minneapolis flour, Kansas City bacon, and Indiana grits fried in Omaha lard, cooked on a St. Louis stove; buys Irish potatoes grown in Michigan, and canned fruits put up in California, seasoned with Rhode Island spices; claps on his old wool hat, made in Philadelphia; harnesses his Missouri mule, fed on Iowa corn, with New York harness, and plows his farm, covered by a Massachusetts mortgage, with an Indiana plow.

"At night, he crawls under a New Jersey blanket, and is kept awake by a Tennessee dog, the only home product on the place, and wonders why he keeps poor."

—HENRY W. GRADY