A selection from “The Weather Vein” magazines of Carrier Engineering Corporation, USA, held by the Heritage Group
The Messrs. Pill and Powder make chemicals and drugs,
Most everything from Paris Green to bottled little bugs.

Their drying kilns for powders, in spite of every care,
Will not dry uniformly, fast—they need *conditioned* air.
And when they've left the dry kilns their powders rare and dear
Become a caked and sorry mass in summer atmosphere.

The dust from open windows contaminates their goods,
And too-moist air makes G. E. salts stick tight in filling hoods.

Machine-rolled pills, when coated, are checked and have no gloss,
"Mech" can avoid this trouble, too, and save their daily loss.
The Messrs. Pill and Powder, convinced by "Mech's" display
Of wisdom, put it up to him to make their business pay.

"Mech" waves his magic wand, then, conditioning the air,
And all their costly chemicals which used to cause despair

Are standardized exactly and made superior,
While everything competitive becomes inferior.
The Weather Vein
August 1921
ADVENTURES OF

The Mechanical Weather Man

THE FILM MYSTERY

Film-em Brothers, movie-makers, register dismay,
A dozen cancelled contracts is the total for the day.

"Look here!" A wrathful Lab man's voice makes
Film-em Brothers quake—
"The piece of film I'm holding here is cloudy and
opaque!"
"And look at this!" The camera-man exudes an irate yell—
"The film I gotta use is scratched and full of dust as well!"

"And how in blazes can we work"—a crazed director cries,
"In ninety-six degrees of heat, with dust clouds in our eyes?"

"What's more, developing's a crime— in weather like today! The coating softens on the film, gets smudged, and 'pulls away.'"
"Zounds!" In bursts Sam, the dry-room man, and starts to rave and cuss—
"Conditioned Films, across the way, dry twice as fast as us!"

Then just as all seems inky gloom, there comes a ray of cheer,
(It's Mech—the grinning little scamp!) "What ho, my friends, I'm here!"

"Zing! Zip! No more close-ups today of trouble and despair—
We'll try instead a second reel called "Clean Conditioned Air!"
Then like a flash through all the plant there runs
the joyful news,
That Mech, the weather wonder-man, has killed the
movie blues!

And since that day when Film-em's films are shown
upon the screen,
The movie fans declare the show the best they've
ever seen.

So Film-em Brothers smile with glee—as well the
brothers may—
When contracts by the earload flood their office
every day.
The Messrs. Flour and Water are in an awful mood.
The macaroni that they make comes back marked "Checked, No good."

They take it to their Foreman,
"What makes the stuff so bad?"
He says "If you'll just come with me, to show you I'll be glad."
"Our dryroom, sirs, is hopeless,
the goods will check and sour.
In spite of all that I can do
we're losing every hour."

"We either sweat too slowly,
which sours the stuff, just so,
Or else we dry so rapidly
we check it 'fore we know."

The partners then examine,
some goods the dealers say
Is just the kind they're looking for,
the best in every way.
They write the other people
and ask them please to tell
What makes their goods so wonderful
and how they dry so well.

The answer came back quickly
its wording you can see
The partners read it hurriedly
and nodded happily.

They quickly 'phoned to Carrier
to come and tell them how
To make their plant a modern one
as fast as things allow.
And with his usual promptness comes "Mech", his face asmile, "We'll have Ejector dryers here within a little while."

"Mech" kept his word and shortly their dryers were complete, With automatic instruments to regulate the heat.

And now when Flour and Water their finished goods inspect, They smile at competition for their goods have no defect.