

# MUELLER RECORD

Vol. VI

*Christmas 1915*

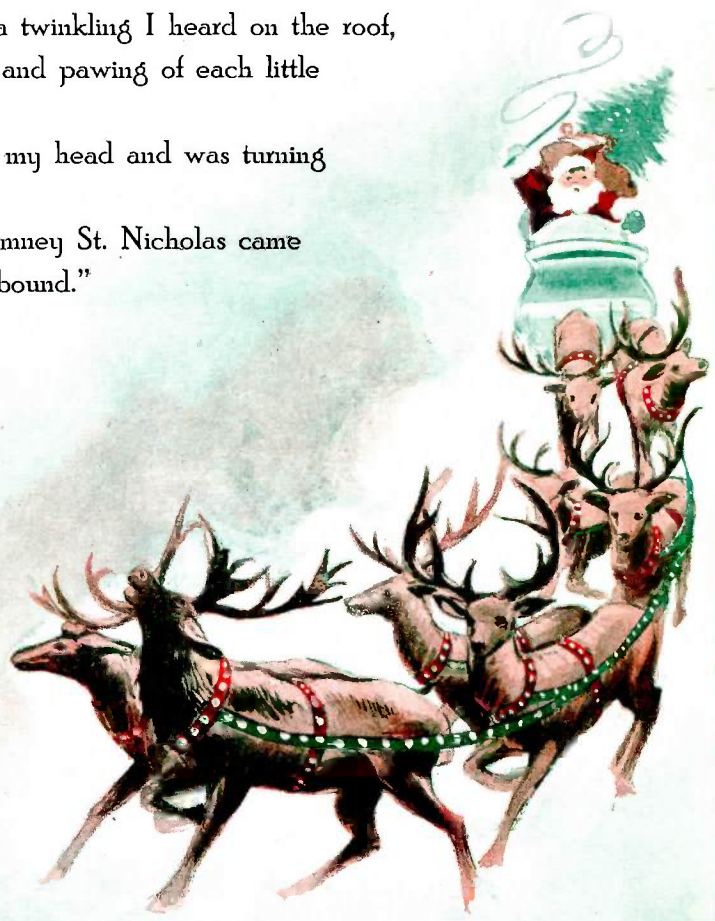
No. 66



"He comes in the night! He comes in the night!  
He softly, silently comes;  
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white  
Are dreaming of bugles and drums."



And he whistled and shouted and called them  
by name:  
'Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer and  
Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all,  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane  
fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the  
sky,  
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys, — and St. Nicholas  
too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing of each little  
hoof,  
As I drew in my head and was turning  
around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came  
with a bound."





# The Mueller Record

VI

CHRISTMAS 1915

NO. 66

## Christmas Greeting

We are all sailors on the sea of life. We sail from the same port, and eventually cast anchor in the same harbor, no matter what course our ships may take.

Some sail in ships with silken sails through calm seas, where the spice laden air of pleasure and indolence mingle, while others journey in old hulks with blackened and tattered sails, buffeted by the winds of toil and adversity throughout the voyage.

There are a few ports on the way which all ships may make if they will, where all of us may linger for a few hours as common sailors, and the most inviting of these is CHRISTMAS. It is here that differences in station may be forgotten and the Brotherhood of Man typified in the spirit of goodfellowship enriched with little acts of kindness, consideration, sympathy and love.

Let every sailor make PORT CHRISTMAS today, and if there be any difference of station, or if by chance one sails in more luxury or comfort than another, forget the fact and meet as common sailors whose ultimate destination on the sea of life is the same.

With this thought in our hearts let us look into each other's eyes today and with a sincere grasp of the hand put new meaning into that old, old wish—

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

H. MUELLER MANUFACTURING CO.



# The Moonbeam's Story

Eugene Field

“WHILE you were sleeping, little Dear-my-Soul, strange things happened; but that I saw and heard them, I never should have believed them. The clock stood, of course, in the corner, a moonbeam floated idly on the floor, and a little mauve mouse came from the hole in the chimney-corner and frisked and scampered in the light of the moonbeam upon the floor. The little mauve mouse was particularly merry; sometimes she danced upon two legs and sometimes upon four legs, but always very daintily and always very merrily.

“Ah me!” sighed the old clock. “how different mice are nowadays from the mice we used to have in the good old times! Now there was your grandma, Mistress Velvetpaw, and there was your grandpa, Master Sniff-whisker—how grave and dignified they were! Many a night have I seen them dancing upon the carpet below me, but always the stately minuet and never that crazy frisking which you are executing now, to my surprise—yes, and to my horror, too.”

“But why shouldn't I be merry?” asked the little mauve mouse. “Tomorrow is Christmas, and this is Christmas eve.”

“So it is,” said the old clock. “I had really forgotten all about it. But tell me, what is Christmas to you, little Miss Mauve Mouse?”

“A great deal to me!” cried the little mauve mouse. “I have been very good a long time; I have not used any bad words, nor have I gnawed any holes, nor have I stolen any canary seed, nor have I worried my mother by running behind the flour barrel where that horrid trap is set. In fact, I have been so good that I'm very sure Santa Claus will bring me something very pretty.”

“Well, that is remarkable,” said the old clock. “But if you believe in Santa Claus, why aren't you in bed?”

“That's where I shall be presently,” answered the little mauve mouse, “but I must have my scamper, you know. It is very pleasant, I assure you, to frolic in the light of the moon; only I cannot understand why you are always so cold and so solemn and so still, you pale, pretty little moonbeam.”

“Indeed, I do not know that I am so,” said the moonbeam. “But I am very old, and I have traveled many, many leagues, and I have seen wondrous things. Sometimes I toss upon the ocean, sometimes I fall upon a slumbering flower, sometimes I rest upon a dead child's face. I see the fairies at their



play, and I hear mothers singing lullabies. Last night I swept across the frozen bosom of a river. A woman's face looked up at me; it was the picture of eternal rest. ‘She is sleeping,’ said the frozen river. ‘I rock her to and fro and sing to her. Pass gently by, O Moonbeam; pass gently by, lest you awaken her!’”

“How strangely you talk!” said the old clock. “Now I'll warrant me that if you wanted to, you could tell many a pretty and wonderful story. You must know many a Christmas tale; pray tell us one to wear away this night of Christmas watching.”

“I know but one,” said the moonbeam. “I have told it over and over again, in every land and in every home; yet I do not weary of it. It is very simple. Should you like to hear it?”

“Indeed we should,” said the old clock; “but before you begin, let me strike twelve; for I shouldn't want to interrupt you.”

When the old clock had performed this duty with somewhat more than usual alacrity, the moonbeam began its story:

“Upon a time, Little Dear-my-Soul,—so long ago that I can't tell how long ago it was—I fell upon a hillside. It was in a far-distant country; this I know, because although it was the Christmas time, it was not in that country as it is wont to be in countries to the north. Hither the snowing never came; flowers bloomed all the year, and at all times the lambs found pleasant pasturage on the hillsides. The



night wind was balmy, and there was a fragrance of cedar in its breath. There were violets on the hillside, and I fell among them and lay there. I kissed them and they awakened. 'Ah, it is you, little moonbeam!' they said, and they nestled in the grass which the lambs had left uncropped.

"A shepherd lay upon a broad stone on the hillside; above him spread an olive tree, old, ragged, and gloomy; but now it swayed its rusty branches majestically in the shining air of night. The shepherd's name was Benoni. Wearing with long watching he had fallen asleep; his crook had slipped from his hand. Upon the hillside too, slept the shepherd's flock. I had counted them again and again: I had stolen across their gentle faces and brought them pleasant dreams of green pastures and of cool water-brooks. I had kissed old Benoni, too, as he lay slumbering there; and in his dreams he seemed to see Israel's King come upon earth and in his dreams he murmured the promised Messiah's name.

"Ah, is it you, little moonbeam?" quoth the violets. 'You have come in good time. Nestle here with us and see wonderful things come to pass.

"What are these wonderful things of which you speak?" I asked.

"We heard the old olive-tree telling of them tonight," said the violets. "Do not sleep, little violets," said the old olive-tree, "for this is Christmas night, and the Master shall walk upon the hillside in the glory of the midnight hour." So we waited and watched; one by one the lambs fell asleep; one by one the stars peeped out; the shepherd nodded and crooned and nodded, and at last he, too, went fast asleep, and his crook slipped from his keeping. Then we called to the old olive-tree yonder, asking how soon the midnight hour would come; but all the old olive-tree answered was, "Presently, presently," and finally we too fell asleep, wearied by our long watching, and lulled by the rocking and swaying of the old olive-tree in the breezes of the night."

"But who is this Master?" I asked.

"A child, a little child," they answered. 'He is called the little Master by the others. He comes here often and plays among the flowers of the hillside. Sometimes the lambs, gamboling too carelessly, have crushed and bruised us so that we lie bleeding and are like to die; but the little Master heals our wounds and refreshes us once again.'

"I marveled much to hear these things. 'The midnight hour is at hand,' said I, 'and I will abide with you to see this little Master of whom you speak.' So we nestled among

the verdure of the hillside and sang songs one to another.

"Come away!" called the night wind; 'I know a beautiful sea not far hence, upon whose bosom you shall float, float, float away out into the mists and clouds if you will come with me!'

"But I hid under the violets and amid the tall grass, that the night wind might not woo me with its pleading. 'Ho there, old olive-tree!' cried the violets; 'do you see the little Master coming? Is not the midnight hour at hand?'

"I can see the town yonder," said the old olive-tree. 'A star beams bright over Bethlehem, the iron gates swing open, and the little Master comes.'

"Two children came to the hillside. The one older than his comrade, was Dimas, the son of Benoni. He was rugged and sinewy, and over his brown shoulders was flung a goatskin; a leathern cap did not confine his long, dark curly hair. The other child was He whom they called the little Master. About His slender form clung raiment white as snow, and around His face of heavenly innocence fell curls of golden yellow. So beautiful a child I had not seen before, nor have I ever since seen such as He. And as they came together to the hillside, there seemed to glow about the little Master's head a soft, white light, as if the moon had sent its tenderest, fairest beams to kiss those golden curls.

"What sound was that?" cried Dimas, for he was exceeding fearful.

"Have no fear, Dimas," said the little Master. 'Give Me thy hand and I will lead thee.'

"Presently they came to the rock whereon Benoni, the shepherd, lay; and they stood under the old olive-tree and the old olive-tree swayed no longer in the night wind, but bent its branches reverently in the presence of the little Master. It seemed as if the wind, too, stayed in its shifting course just then; for suddenly there was a solemn hush, and you could hear no noise, except that in his dreams Benoni spoke the Messiah's name.

"Thy father sleeps," said the little Master. 'and it is well that it is so; for that I love thee, Dimas, and that thou shalt walk with Me in My Father's kingdom, I would show you the glories of my birthright.'

"Then all at once sweet music filled the air, and light greater than the light of day, illumined the sky and fell upon all that hillside. The heavens opened and the angels singing joyous songs walked to the earth. More wondrous still, the stars, falling from their places in the sky, clustered upon the old olive-tree and swung hither and thither





like colored lanterns. The flowers of the hillside all awakened, and they, too, danced and sang. The angels coming hither hung gold and silver and jewels and precious stones upon the old olive where swung the stars; so that the glory of that sight, though I might live forever, I shall never see again. When Dimas heard and saw these things he fell upon his knees, and catching the hem of the little Master's garment he kissed it.

"'Greater joy than this shall be thine, Dimas,' said the little Master, 'but first must all things be fulfilled.'

"All through that Christmas night did the angels come and go with their sweet anthems; all through that Christmas night did the stars dance and sing; and when it came my time to steal away, the hillside was still beautiful with the glory and the music of heaven."

"Well, is that all?" asked the old clock.

"No," said the moonbeam, "but I'm nearly done.

"The years went on. Sometimes I tossed upon the ocean's bosom, sometimes I scampered o'er a battlefield, sometimes I lay upon a dead child's face. I heard the voice of the Darkness and mothers' lullabies and sick men's prayers — and so the years went on.

"I fell one night upon a hard and furrowed face. It was of ghostly pallor. A thief was dying on the cross, and this was his wretched face. About the cross stood men with staves and swords and spears, but none paid heed unto the thief. Somewhat beyond this cross another was lifted up, and upon it was stretched a human body my light fell not upon. But I heard a voice that somewhere I had heard before—though where I did not know—and this voice blessed those that railed and jeered and shamefully entreated. And suddenly the voice called 'Dimas, Dimas!' and the thief upon whose hardened face I rested made answer.

"Then I saw that it was Dimas; yet to this wicked criminal there remained but little of the shepherd child whom I had seen in all his innocence upon the hillside. Long years of sinful life had seared their marks into his face; yet now at the sound of that familiar voice, somewhat of the old-time boyish look came back, and in the yearning of the anguished eyes I seemed to see the shepherd's son again.

"'The Master!' cried Dimas, and he stretched forth his neck that he might see Him that spake.

"'O Dimas, how art thou changed!' cried the Master; yet there was in His voice no tone of rebuke save that which cometh of love.

"Then Dimas wept, and in that hour he forgot his pain. And the Master's consoling voice, and the Master's presence there wrought in the dying criminal such a new spirit that when at last his head fell upon his bosom, and the men about the cross said that he was dead, it seemed as if I shined not upon a felon's face, but upon the face of the gentle shepherd lad, the son of Benoni.

"And shining on that dead and peaceful face, I bethought me of the little Master's words that He had spoken under the old olive-tree upon the hillside. 'Your eyes behold the promised glory now, O Dimas,' I whispered, 'for with the Master you walk in Paradise.'"

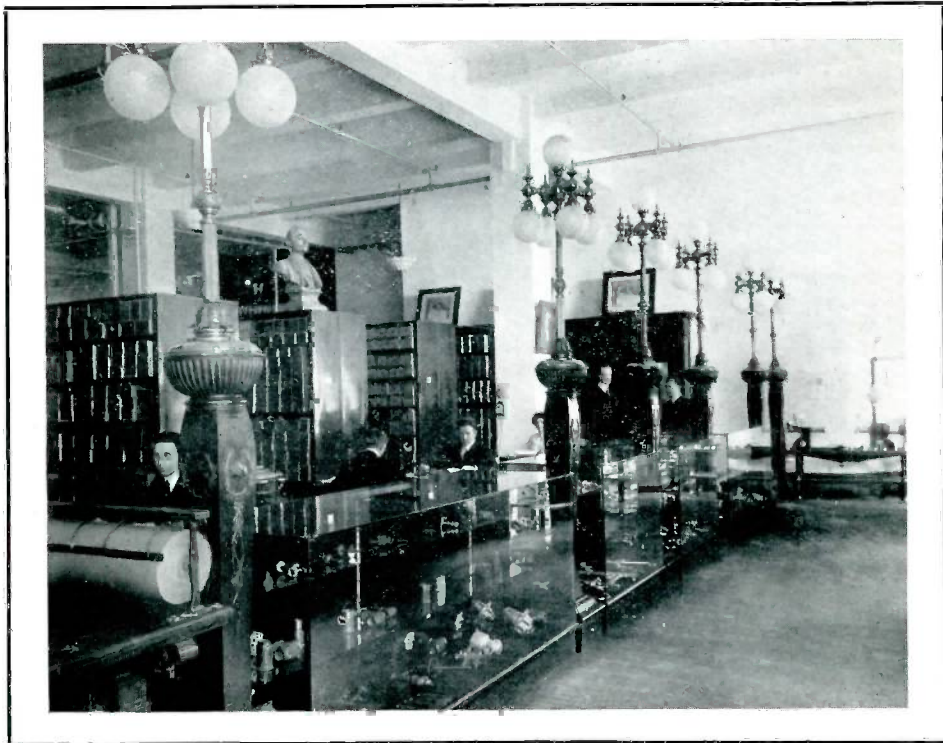
Ah, little Dear-my-soul, you know—you know whereof the moonbeam spake. The shepherd's bones are dust, the flocks are scattered, the old olive-tree is gone, the flowers of the hillside are withered, and none knoweth where the grave of Dimas is made. But last night again, there shined a star over Bethlehem, and the angels descended from the sky to earth, and the stars sang together in glory. And the bells—hear them, little Dear-my-Soul, how sweetly they are ringing—the bells bear us the good tidings of great joy this Christmas morning, that our Christ is born, and that with Him He bringeth peace on earth and good-will toward men."

### This Would Please Adolph





## Mueller Eastern Division



WHEN our company, following the World's Fair at St. Louis, decided to establish an eastern division in New York City, considerable doubt and skepticism as to the success of such an undertaking was manifested by eastern manufacturers. We don't know that they felt that this particular territory belonged to them, and that we were intruding on their rights, but we strongly suspect that this was the real reason which prompted the belief that no western manufacturer could profitably sell goods in that locality. Our first office was at 254 Canal Street, from which point it was moved recently to 145-149 West Thirtieth Street. This new location is farther up town and is much more advantageous. We are only a block and a half from Broadway, a few blocks from the Pennsylvania station and within easy reach of leading hotels.

An interior view of our new office is shown here. Some of the fixtures are those made specially for the display at the St. Louis World's Fair. As arranged in the New York

office they lend character and dignity to the surroundings. In fact, it has been said that this is the handsomest office of its kind in the country. We are certainly proud of this office.

While we were said to be very foolish to attempt to establish ourselves in eastern territory, the years have proved our wisdom. We are firmly established in the East. Our goods are widely known and widely used in that section of the country.

Fourteen salesmen travel from the New York office, which has always been under the personal direction of Mr. Oscar Mueller, assisted by Mr. H. M. Flemming. The latter is quite well known to many Decatur employes. He has visited here at different times and a year ago last summer was here to work about the factory for a few weeks for the purpose of broadening his knowledge of the goods and of our methods.

In the above picture Mr. Flemming may be seen at the extreme right standing below the picture over the door. This picture, by the way, happens to be one of the awards made to our goods at the World's Fair held in St. Louis in 1904.







## Is There A Santa Claus?

(The following, reprinted from the editorial page of the New York Sun, was written by the late Mr. Frank P. Church:)

“WE TAKE pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

“Dear Editor: I am 8 years old. Some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus.

‘Papa says “If you see it in The Sun it’s so.”

‘Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O’Hanlon.’

“Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men’s or children’s, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

“Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

“Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that’s no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

“You may tear apart the baby’s rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united

strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

“No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.”

### Whatchy Goin’ T’ Gimme?

“WHATCHY goin’ t’ Gimme?” says the youngest boy to pa;

“Whatchy goin’ t’ gimme?” says the youngest girl to ma;

“Whatchy goin’ t’ gimme?” says the maiden to her beau;

Everywhere the answer is, “Oh, sumpin, I dunno.”

“Whatchy goin’ t’ gimme?” asks the little boy at school—

His just ’fore Christmas goodness makes him mindful of each rule;

“Whatchy goin’ t’ gimme?” sings the gamin in the street;

“Whatchy goin’ t’ gimme?” on our every hand we meet.

“Whatchy goin’ t’ gimme?” asks the yawning money-box

Meant to catch the coin to feed the hungry folks in flocks.

“Whatchy goin’ t’ gimme?” ask the wretched and the poor,

Living in their penury a stone’s throw from your door.

“Whatchy goin’ t’ gimme?” asks the great big world of you;

“Lifetime full of usefulness, heart sincere and true?”

“Whatchy goin’ t’ gimme?” Hear it everywhere you go—

Always comes the answer, “Oh, just sumpin, I dunno.” —The Baltimore American.

### No Salesmen’s Meeting

CONTRARY to our usual custom the salesmen will not meet here during the holidays. For several years past the men have assembled here immediately after Christmas and remained in session for one week. It was decided by the company to pass up the winter meeting this year and hold the next session during the summer months.

According to the present plans the men will be here during the summer and their sessions will be held at Allen’s Bend, combining an outing with business.





## Addition To The Factory



**T**HE picture printed herewith gives a fairly good idea of the splendid new addition being made to the factory. It will cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000 and is located at the corner of Cerro Gordo and Monroe streets, just west of the old Advertising Building where the salesmen's meetings have been held.

This new addition is 65 feet wide on Cerro Gordo street and 152.6 long on Monroe street. It is built of brick, steel and concrete, and is absolutely fireproof. Beneath the south end which shows in the picture is a basement 60 x 65 feet, which will be used for the heating plant and stock room. The heating will be done by the Sturtevant Blast system, which is the same as used in our other buildings, but the operation is somewhat different. The hot air will be carried through concrete conduits in the floor, instead of through pipes.

The new addition has a sawtooth roof and all steel sash, being lighted from the west, south and north sides.

It will be a strictly modern structure, complying in the smallest detail to the requirements of the state law. There will be wash sinks with running water to accommodate forty men. There will be four shower baths and each man will be provided with a steel locker.

As soon as completed the machine shop and regulator department will be housed here, and the space vacated by them in the old factory will be devoted to other uses.

R. H. (Bobbie) Mueller will have charge of the departments in the new building.

During the holidays the employees propose to dedicate this handsome new structure with a band concert and dance. The Mueller band will furnish music and a gay time is anticipated. The finishing touches are now being put on the new building.

### Christmas at the Factory

**T**HE coming of Christmas on Saturday gives the office and factory employes two days of rest. The entire plant will close down Friday evening, December 24, and will remain closed until Monday, December 27.

As usual, all employes will be remembered with a Christmas present. Following the custom of several years a good sized ham and a slab of bacon will be given to those who desire it, while others receive magazine subscriptions. It was a happy thought on the part of some one when ham and bacon were suggested. To the men of families this is most acceptable. It means more than a gift of poultry, which furnishes a feast for one day and is forgotten. The ham and bacon stick around the house for a week or so. This year nearly every one took the meat gift.

This year the employes gave individual presents to the firm in the shape of umbrellas.

### Has Resigned

Chester Hathaway, who was connected with our drafting room for fourteen years past, has resigned his position. He did not advise anyone of his future intentions.

### Heine in the West

Harry Eggleston, who has traveled out of Omaha for the company during the past two years, has left the service of the company. He has been succeeded by W. C. Heinrichs who is already on the job.

"Heine" has a wide acquaintance among the western trade, and is looked upon as being capable of producing great results.





## History and Legends of Christmas

THERE is so much that is historical and so much that is legendary concerning Christmas that one scarcely knows where to draw the line. In fact, nearly all writers on the subject make no attempt to do so—they just mix them up. In consulting numerous volumes on Christmas for an appropriate article for this Christmas Record, the writer was mildly astonished at the vast amount that has been written on the subject. To deal with it adequately would mean an article of extended length—too great for these columns.

To accomplish the desired result—that is, to give to our readers a cursory glance at the day, its history and significance—it is deemed advisable to merely summarize Schaffler's introduction to his book on "Christmas." In passing we might say that any reader desiring knowledge on American holidays, can get it quickly and easily by consulting the same author—Schaffler.

"It is peculiarly fitting," he says, "that the anniversary of Christmas, when it was first celebrated in the second century of our era, should have taken from heathen mythology and customs the more beautiful parts for its own use." "Christmas," he quotes from Dean Stanley, "brings before us the relations of Christian religion to the religions which went before; for the birth at Bethlehem was itself a link with the past."

The pagan nations of antiquity had a tendency to worship the sun, under different names, as the giver of light and life. Their festivals in its honor took place near the winter solstice, the shortest day in the year, when the sun in December begins its upward course, giving the first promise of spring. This holiday was called Saturnalia among the Romans, and was marked by great merriment and license which extended even to the slaves. There were feasting and gifts and the houses were hung with evergreens. Among the rude peoples of the North, great blocks of wood blazed in honor of Odin and Thor, and sacrifices of men and cattle were made to them. Mistletoe was cut then from the sacred oaks with a golden sickle by the Prince of the Druids, between whom and the Fire Worshipers of Persia there was an affinity, both in character and customs.

The ancient Goths and Saxons called this festival "Yule." The ancient Teutons celebrated the season by decking a fir tree, for they thought of the sun, riding higher and higher in the heavens, as the spreading and blossoming of a great tree. Thus our own Christmas fir was decked as a symbol of the celestial sun tree. The lights, according to Professor Schwartz, represent the flashes

of lightning overhead, the golden apples, nuts, and balls symbolize the sun, the moon and the stars, while the little animals hung in the branches betoken sacrifices made to the sun god.

Christianity, in replacing paganism, adopted these beautiful old usages, merely changing their spirit. The Lord of Misrule who long presided over the Christmas games of Christian England, was the direct descendant of the ruler who was appointed, with considerable prerogatives, to preside over the sports of the Saturnalia.

"Merrie old England," writes Walsh, "was the soil in which Merrie Christmas took its firmest root." Even King Alfred, holding high revelry in December 878, allowed the Danes to surprise him, cut his army to pieces, and send him a fugitive. Court revelries increased in splendor after the conquest. Christmas was not then a single day of sport. It began December 16th and ended on January 6th, or Twelfth Night. All this period was a holiday time, and all classes mixed in its merry-making. Hospitality was universal. English country gentlemen of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries held open house. With daybreak on Christmas morning tenants and neighbors thronged the halls. Ale was broached. Blackjacks and Cheshire cheese, with toast and sugar, were plentiful.

The Hackin, or great sausage, must be boiled at daybreak. If the cook failed in this two young men ran her round the market place until she was ashamed of her laziness.

The rise of Puritanism threatened the existence of Christmas. The most harmless amusement was looked upon as pagan or what was worse—Popish. Puritans complained that England could not celebrate Christmas or any other festival 'without drinking, roaring, healthing, dicing, carding, dancing, masques and stage-plays \* \* \* which Turks and Infidels would abhor to practise.'"

This anti-Christmas feeling was brought to New England in the Mayflower. In 1621 Governor Bradford administered a rebuke to "certain lusty yonge men," who had just come over in a little ship Fortune. Governor Bradford called the young men out to work which they refused to do because it was against their conscience, and they proceeded to celebrate Christmas with sports. He found these young men "in ye streete at play, openly: some pitching ye barr, and some at stoole-ball and such like sports. So he went to them and tooke away their implements, and tould them that it was against his conscience that they should play and





others worke. If they made ye keeping of it a matter of devotion, let them kepe their houses, but there should be no gameing or revelling in ye streets. Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly."

In England the feeling culminated in 1643, by decree of the Roundhead Parliament abolishing observance of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide,—“any law, statute, custom, constitution or canon to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.” The King’s protest was useless. London showed a disposition to observe Christmas anyway. Mobs attacked those who by opening their shops flouted the holiday. Parliament adopted strong measures and for twelve years, in which the great festivals were discontinued, there was no further tumult, and observance of Christmas as a general holiday ceased.

The General Court of Massachusetts followed the example of the English Parliament in 1659, enacting a law that “anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting, or any other way, any such day as Christmas day, shall pay for every such offense five shillings.”

The restoration of English royalty brought about the restoration of the English Christmas. But it was not until 1681 that Massachusetts repealed the ordinance of 1659.

Puritanism, however, kept up an ever attenuating protest down into the early part of the present century.

There are many superstitions connected with Christmas. Bees are said to sing, the cattle to kneel in honor of the manger, and sheep to go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angels to the shepherds. In upper Canada deer were believed to kneel and look up to the Great Spirit.

In the German Alps it is believed that cattle have the gift of language on Christmas eve, but it is a sin to play the eavesdropper upon them. The legend runs that a servant played eavesdropper in his master’s stable on Christmas eve and as a result was buried that day a week.

Shakespeare put into the mouth of Marcellus, in Hamlet, a beautiful superstition about the cock:

“Some say, that ever ’gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir  
abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets  
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to  
charm;

So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.”

No other holiday has so rich an heritage of old customs and observances as Christ-

mas. The Yule log has from time immemorial been haled to the open fire-place on Christmas eve, and lighted with the embers of its predecessor to sanctify the roof-tree and protect it against those evil spirits over whom the season is in every way a triumph. Then the wassail bowl full of swimming roasted apples, goes its merry round. Then the gift-shadowing Christmas tree sheds its divine brilliance down the path of the coming year; or stockings are hung for Santa Claus (St. Nicholas) to fill during the night. Then the mistletoe becomes a precarious shelter for maids, and the Waits—descendants of the minstrels of old—go through the snow from door to door, singing their mellow old carols, while masqueraders and the merry Christmas game of Snapdragon are not forgotten.

The Christmas dinner has its special observances. In England the stately custom still survives of bearing in a boar’s head to inaugurate the meal as a reminder of the student of Queen’s College, Oxford, who, being attacked by a boar on Christmas day, choked him with a copy of Aristotle and took his head back for dinner. The mince pie is supposed to commemorate with its mixture of Oriental ingredients, the offerings of the wise men of the East.

Elise Traut relates the legend that on every Christmas eve the little Christ-child wanders all over the world bearing on His shoulders a bundle of evergreens. Those who would invite Him and long for His coming, set a lighted candle in the window to guide Him on His way hither. They also believe that He comes to them in the guise of any alms-craving wandering person who knocks humbly at their door for sustenance, thus testing their benevolence. In many places the aid rendered the begger is looked upon as hospitality shown to Christ.

This legend embodies the true Christmas spirit which realizes, with a rush of love to the heart, the divinity in every one of “the least of these” our brethren. Selfishness is rebuked, the feeling of universal brotherhood is fostered, while the length of this holiday season, by encouraging the reunion of families and of friends, provides a wonderful rallying place for early affections.

They that won’t be counseled can’t be helped.

He that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half-shut afterward.

Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.





## Inside Facts about the "Good Old Times"

THE more deeply one looks into the conditions of life in the "good old times," the more likely is he to find reason for exclaiming, "Thank Heaven, I live in the Now!" Life held out comparatively little for the American working man three-quarters of a century ago. Wages were small, education was hard to obtain, and the comforts of life were few.

Stephen A. Knight of Providence, R. I., a former president of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, in his reminiscences of old time mill work, says he began as a bobbin boy in a mill at Coventry, R. I., in 1835, more than seventy years ago. He says:

"My work was to put in the roving on a pair of mules containing two hundred and fifty-six spindles. It required three hands—a spinner, a fore side piecer, and a back boy—to keep that pair of mules in operation. The spinner who worked alongside of me died a few years ago at the age of one hundred and three, an evidence that all do not die young who spend their early life in a cotton mill. I am hoping to go him one better.

"The running time for that mill, on an average, was about fourteen hours per day. In the summer months we went in as early as we could see, worked about an hour and a half, and then had a half hour for breakfast. At twelve o'clock we had another half hour for dinner and then we worked until the stars were out.

"From September 20th until March 20th we went to work at five o'clock in the morning and came out at eight o'clock at night, having the same hours for meals as in the summer time. For my services I was allowed forty-two cents per week, which, being analyzed, was seven cents per day, or one-half cent per hour.

### Old Time Profit Makers

"The proprietor of that mill was accustomed to make a contract with his help on the first day of April for the coming year. That contract was supposed to be sacred, and it was looked upon as a disgrace to ignore the contracts thus made. On one of these anniversaries a mother with several children suggested to the proprietor that the pay seemed small. The proprietor replied: 'You get enough to eat, don't you?' The mother said, 'Just enough to keep the wolf from the door.'

"He then remarked, 'You get enough clothes to wear, don't you?' To which she answered, 'Barely enough to cover our nakedness.' 'Well,' said the proprietor, 'we want

the rest.' And that proprietor, on the whole, was as kind and considerate to his help as was any other manufacturer at that time.

"The opportunities for an education among the factory help were exceedingly limited as you can well see, both from the standpoint of time and from the standpoint of money.

"But, gentlemen, we are living in better days. We work less hours, get better pay, live in better homes, and have better opportunities to obtain an education.

"In place of eighty-four hours we now work fifty-eight hours per week, a difference of twenty-six hours, and as an employer of help I am glad of it. We get better pay for our services. There is at least an advance of two hundred per cent and in many cases more than that.

### More Opportunity Today

"We live in better homes; our houses are larger, better finished, and kept in better repair. When I was a boy, if we wanted a room re-papered or painted or even white-washed, we had to do it at our own expense. It is quite different now. Every village of any size employs painters and other help enough to keep our houses in good, neat and healthy condition, while the sanitary condition receives especial care. Many of our employes have homes of their own, built with money earned in our manufactories—a thing almost unknown seventy years ago.

"I have many times been asked if in my opinion, the young man of today had as good a chance to make his mark in the business world as did his elders? My answer is: Never since our Pilgrim Fathers landed on the shores of Plymouth were the opportunities for the young man's success greater than they are today. It is for him to determine whether he will be a success or not. The gates and the avenues are open to him, and it is for him to elect whether he will or will not avail himself of the golden opportunities awaiting him."

Such a comparison as Mr. Wright makes does the work of volumes of argument. That the span of one life could bridge extremes so widely separated is evidence enough that our country has made remarkable progress.

Few ladies are aware that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their heads; the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning.

Buy what thou hast no need of and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.

One today is worth two tomorrows.





## A Genius for Work is the Secret of Success

THE Springfield, Mass., Union has this to say about the right way to work:

"A genius for work is the secret of success. The slave works. The tramp works. The genius works. The slave is accursed. The tramp is despised. The genius is honored.

"How can it be that work seems to be so different, when viewed from different points? Can the same thing be honorable, despised, accursed?

"To the slave, work is toil, because he is driven to a task by a force outside of himself. His work is not of himself, and for himself. Others seize the product of his labor. His mind does not comprehend the significance of that which his hands perform, and his heart is not in his work.

"Slavery was not wholly abolished when Lincoln signed the proclamation of emancipation nor when the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution was ratified. Work devoid of intelligent interest and with no adequate remuneration for the workman is in reality slavery. Slaves of all colors are yet to be found bound to their tasks. No slave counts work a blessing.

### The Elusive Soft Snap

"There are other tramps beside those poor creatures who travel through highways from pillar to post, working their way on a never-ending journey.

"There are more than sixty thousand persons tramping from the cradle to the grave, seeking, day after day, the elusive soft snap that shall afford a living without working for it. Their only object in life is to have a good time.

"The true man is he who knows that labor is divine. The source and inspiration of effort lie within himself. He sets himself to work. He is his own employer.

"He forms a purpose; he chooses an end. It is his joy to plan his work and then to work his plan. His work is the expression and outgoing of himself.

"He never sacrifices himself for his work, for were the artist dead, where were the picture?

"He never wastes his energies in dissipation, but his genius for labor is also a genius for rest.

"His holidays are for recreation in the real sense of the word. He re-creates enervated tissues, takes a new breath, strengthens his mind, gets new inspiration, discovers fresh motives, that he may come back to his work a better and stronger man, fertile in resources, full of zeal, abounding in enthusiasm.

"The man who has a genius for work so masters his work that the more he works

and the better the product of his industry, the greater and better becomes the worker.

"The work that degrades the workman, the work that belittles the soul and weakens the body, should never be wrought.

"A man's work should be so chosen and so performed that at the end of each day's labor the laborer himself shall be the better for his effort. When at the end of each working day not only shall be increased the material wealth of our nation, but also shall each workman be the better for his toil, then will our people have solved the great problem of the twentieth century. Let our schools and our colleges send forth graduates with a genius for work. Let our plutocrats be greater than all their millions, then will their wealth become the people's treasure."

### Long Ago

"I ONCE knew all the birds that came  
And nestled in our orchard trees;  
For every flower I had a name—  
My friends were woodchucks, toads and  
bees;

I knew where thrived in yonder glen  
What plants would soothe a stonebruised  
toe—

Oh, I was very learned then—  
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill  
Where checkerberries could be found;  
I knew the rushes near the mill  
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!  
I knew the wood—the very tree—  
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,  
And all the woods and crows knew me—  
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,  
I tread the old familiar spot,  
Only to learn the solemn truth—  
I have forgotten, am forgot.  
Yet here's this youngster at my knee  
Knows all the things I used to know;  
To think I once was wise as he—  
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain  
Of whatsoe'er the Fates decree;  
Yet—were not wishes all in vain,  
I tell you what my wish should be;  
I'd wish to be a boy again,  
Back with the friends I used to know;  
For I was, oh! so happy then—  
But that was very long ago."

—Eugene Field.

All Mueller Records published since 1910 up to and including October, 1915, have been bound in book form and may be found for reference in our office library.





# The Nuremburg of the Unemployed

Holland Hudson

**T**HIS is the story of the most unique toy-shop in the world, where old and crippled men are given employment making charming and inexpensive toys.

One of the most difficult problems which confronted the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment in New York City last year was the task of finding work for men whom age, accidents, and illness had rendered ineligible for heavy tasks, but who were willing and eager to do any work within their strength to earn their living and retain their self-respect. Especially this problem challenged the interest of Miss C. S. Foster—so much that she set her keen woman's wit at work to solve it. And she did solve it.

The mad war which has plunged the whole world into unhappiness has struck even at the happiness of children by shutting off completely the supply of imported toys. American tradesmen have tried to fill the breach with wonderfully realistic dolls, with ingenious mechanical playthings, but they have failed to produce toys that children love as they love the wooden products of old Nuremburg. The American doll is too perfect, it lacks the faults for which one is loved; the American toy leaves nothing to the imagination, that especial suzerainty of childhood.

Miss Foster has solved her unemployment problem by setting the old and crippled men to work at the manufacture of lovable toys—handsomer and more American products than the contents of the old Noah's arks—but just as quaint. The toy-shop means to the men employed a steady job at which they can earn a living; to parents and lovers of children it means a fresh supply of welcome gifts at reasonable prices; to children it means lovely St. Bernard dogs on wooden wheels, pussy-cats in black and white, tortoise shell or Maltese coloring, with their backs magnificently arched, bears and tigers and dicky-birds, and a whole farmyard of familiar animals.

Bishop Greer, of the Episcopal diocese of New York City, was the first to give Miss Foster's plan substantial aid by allowing her the use of almost the entire diocesan house, made famous by the late Bishop Potter, as a toy-shop. Miss Foster began with about twenty men. In a short time the number doubled and tripled and is still growing.

Anticipating continued expansion and recognizing the community value of the toy-shop, the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has absorbed

it as one of its manifold activities, retaining Miss Foster as manager.

The men who make the toys are as interesting as the toys they make. They have been sailors, farmers, carpenters, and machinists; most of the trades are represented. Today they are too old, or too handicapped physically to qualify in their old occupations. The animals are painted by a skilled draftsman, whom failing eyesight has deprived of his old occupation. There are several pairs of crutches in the shop.

When I visited the shop to take photographs, I was prepared to placate some fussy old men who didn't want their pictures taken. I found, instead, the most cheerful and harmonious group of craftsmen I have ever met. They were interested in the toys and their destination, and most of all in the fortunes of the toy-shop. Here is a work-room that needs no stereotyped placard instructing the employes to smile; the smiles grow out of the opportunity to work; they go into the toys as they are cut out and painted, and I know they reappear on the faces of the children who get the toys.

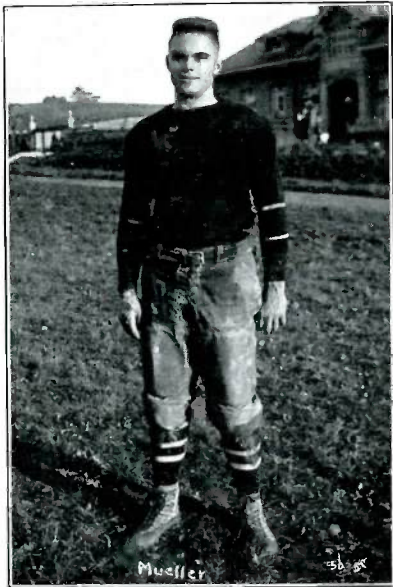
This Christmas the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor offers a new avenue of Christmas giving through the toy-shop; it proposes to those who send children's gifts to hospitals and poor homes that they send toys from the toy-shop, thus helping to provide work for these men.

## When Phil Won't Be Disturbed





# Mueller Foot Ball Star



**L**UCIEN (DUKE) MUELLER, son of Superintendent Phil Mueller, has brought additional fame to the family name, already known throughout the land as manufacturers of high grade water, plumbing and gas brass goods, by his performance as fullback on the Cornell football team. Following the close of this team's sensationaly successful season, "Duke" has been chosen as captain of the 1916 eleven. This is a great honor in college athletics and of course every one joins with "Duke's" parents in the pride they naturally feel over his achievements on the gridiron. The honor which has been conferred upon him is one which any collegian aspires to. It is an especial distinction to be chosen captain of the Cornell team at this time and to have been a member of the 1915 eleven. Cornell is the eastern champion this year and is looked upon as the greatest football organization that ever donned the harness. The eleven won several decisive victories and suffered no defeats. Harvard was beaten for the first time in four years. The Cornell eleven was practically a perfect football machine, and in its remarkable work "Duke" as fullback played an important part, and was frequently referred to by the sporting writers, while his picture was published in many of the metropolitan papers. Following is Cornell's record for 1915:

- October 10—Cornel 46; Williams 6.
- October 17—Cornell 41; Bucknell 0.
- October 24—Cornell 10; Harvard 0.

October 31—Cornell 45; Virginia 0.  
 November 7—Cornell 34; Michigan 7.  
 November 14—Cornell 40; Williams and Lee 21.  
 November 26—Cornell 24; Pennsylvania 9.  
 "Duke's" factory and Decatur friends are hoping that under his leadership next year Cornell will stand up as champions once more. He will be 21 years old next March and is a young giant in stature and hard as nails. He stands even 6 feet and weighs 196 pounds stripped.  
 "Duke" is now in his junior year. He is taking a course in mechanical engineering, and is being prepared for important work in the Mueller organization.  
 In his coming business life we are looking forward to some good team work from "Duke." We feel that he will play the game of business just as successfully as he has played the game of football.

### Wisdom of Webster

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote."—Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826.  
 "God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it."—Speech, June 3, 1834.  
 "Labor in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labor."—Speech, April, 1824.

### Bob's Hopes Realized



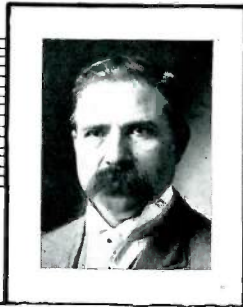




N. A. Johnson



W. E. Pease



Anton Schuermann



F. O.



U. G. Moon



W. H. Campbell



B. J. Marty



Paul Kastner



Len Herman



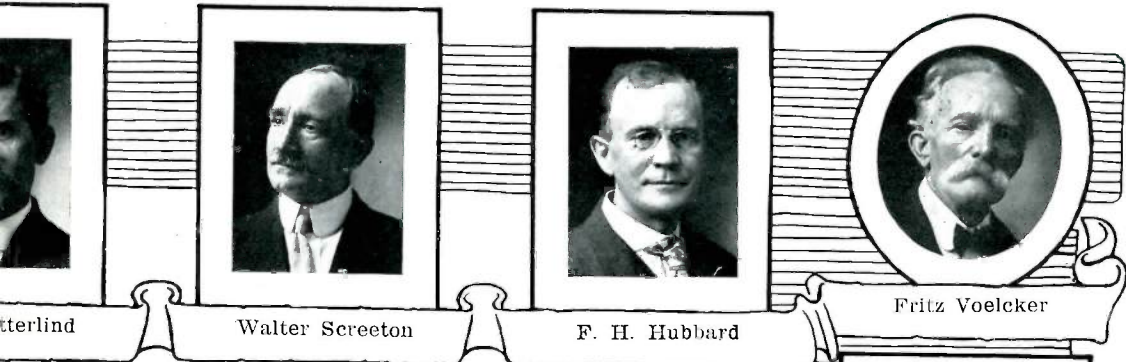
Nicholas Coy

HERE are twenty men who have completed twenty years of faithful service with the Mueller Company and received a gift of \$500 each as a reward. The company inaugurated this policy in 1907 when the Golden Anniversary picnic was held at Mechanicsburg, Illinois. Since then on various other holiday occasions employees who have completed twenty years with the company have been rewarded. This is not an established policy of the company, that is there has never been a distinct understanding between company and employes that this reward would be forthcoming. It has simply been a voluntary act on the part of the company, which sought to show its appreciation of men who proved faithful through a long course of years. However, the precedent has been established and other rewards will doubtless follow in years to come when other men complete their twenty year term.

Of the members shown here N. A. Johnson, W. E. Pease, Anton Schuermann, F. O. Zetterlind, Walter Screeton, F. H. Hubbard and Fritz Voelcker received \$500.00 each, Sept. 7th, 1907, at Mechanicsburg. Three of them—N. A. Johnson, F. H. Hubbard and Fritz Voelcker, have since died. The others are still employed in different departments of the factory.



John



atterlind

Walter Screeton

F. H. Hubbard

Fritz Voelcker

Six other men—W. H. Campbell, Paul Kastner, Len Herman, George Zwilling, Philip Reab and Harry Hays, received their reward on August, 1912. There was no special occasion or ceremony to mark the event. The checks were mailed to the men with a letter of appreciation. Of this number Harry Hays died and Paul Kastner removed to Oklahoma to become a farmer. By the way, Paul is the only 20 year man who has left the employ of the company, unless removed by death. He left, however, with the best wishes of the company.

At the annual picnic in Fairview Park, August 22, 1914, four other men were given their reward, namely U. G. Moon, B. J. Marty, Theodore Scherer and Otto Scharnetzki, and all are still members of the Mueller family. Nicholas Coy, John Ronan and William Seeforth were the last three to receive the reward. At our annual picnic in Fairview Park, July 24, 1915, they were presented with checks for \$500.00 each. The combined services of these men is something over 550 years—more than five and a half centuries. Their record is one to be proud of, and the men are proud of it and the company is proud of them.

The example which they have set and the reward which they have received should encourage young men to emulate them.

nan

George Zwilling



Theodore Scherer

Philip Reab



Otto Scharnetzki

Harry Hays



William Seeforth



# Old Scrooge and Christmas

Charles Dickens

O H! But he was a tight fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge!—a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle?" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure!"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose. You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle sternly,

"keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you."

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of the people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and WILL do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk (Bob Cratchit) in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from YOU," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in the extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only thing in the world more ridiculous than a Merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.





"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry with all my heart to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, a Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"And a Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; "Cratchit, my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a Merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

(That night in his desolate room Old Scrooge was visited by the ghost of his former partner, Jacob Marley, and the spirits of Christmases Past, Present and Future. They turned his eyes into his very soul and exposed to him his true character. He awoke Christmas morning worried and puzzled by the events of the night.)

#### The End of It

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of the bed-curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here—I am here—the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath, and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a

feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!

He had frisked into the sitting room, and was now standing there; perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in," cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha."

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell; bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash; Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window he opened it and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo," returned the boy.

"Do you know the P. Alterer's, in the next street but one at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy," said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy." "Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there?—Not the little prize turkey; the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge.





"It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, No," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell them to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you a half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be."

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker! — Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It WAS a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant in a word, that three of four good humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A Merry

Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterward, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far when coming on toward him he beheld the portly gentlemen who had walked into his counting house the day before, and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath was taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munif—"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear that he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps toward the nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with the mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."





He turned it gently and sidled his face in round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred. "Who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when HE came. So did the plump sister when SHE came. So did every one when THEY came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo," growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I AM behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again; "and therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a straight waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another I, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us Every One!

### Makes Fred Love Him





**T**HE Rocking Chair Club is an old established institution in the Mueller Factory, and withal a very happy one. To every employe entering the state of matrimony the company sends as a wedding present, a handsome rocking chair. This custom had prevailed a number of years, when two employes were married. Thereupon the company adopted the plan of sending one rocking chair and one dining room chair.

During the past year twenty-five employes have married, and have thereby become members of the Mueller Rocking Chair Club. The names of these employes follow:

William Baker	Alice Kirkendall
Charles Taylor	Katie Morgan
Otto Salefski	Elta Busby
B. D. Gillespie	Eugene Zoellner
Logan Henderson	M. Henderson
Bert Branson	Grace Frantz
Florence Barger	C. E. Witts
May Myers	Edward Gordon
L. Moore	Ed Kwasny
H. Pierce	Minnie Schminsky
Charles Schwitek	Blanche Harshbarger
C. Black	R. M. O'Rourke

Henry Plate

### The Proper Age for Marriage

**T**HIS question has been discussed until it is threadbare and is still undecided. Within legal restrictions, the proper age for marriage seems to be when opposite sexes are mutually attracted to each other, regardless of age, fitness or opinion.

Here are some precedents:

Adam and Eve, 0; Shakespeare, 18; Ben Johnson, 21; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho, Brahe, Byron, Washington, Bonaparte,

27; Penn and Sterne, 28; Linnaeus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth and Peel, 32; Wordsworth and Davy, 33; Aristotle, 36; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, last time, 120.

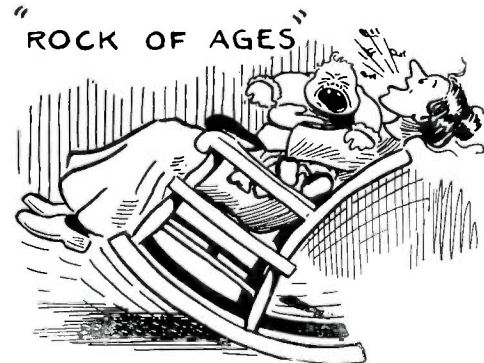
If Adam and Eve married before they were a year old and the veteran Parr buckled with a widow at 120, bachelors and spinsters may wed at any age they like, and find shelter under great names for either early or late marriages.

President Wilson and Mrs. Galt have recently established another precedent in the United States.

### Minimum Age of Marriage

**T**HE minimum age at which marriage is permitted varies in different countries.

In Spain, Switzerland, Hungary and Greece a boy may marry at fourteen, a girl at twelve years of age. In Austria the age is fourteen for both sexes. In France, Belgium and Germany the age is eighteen for a youth





and fifteen for a girl, though the rule in Germany is modified by the special law in Saxony, where girls are required to be at least sixteen before marriage. The minimum in Russia is eighteen for the youth and sixteen for the girl.

In the United States a girl must attain the legal age of 18 and a boy 21. Otherwise they must have the consent of parent or guardian.

### Chances of Marriage

A physician drew up an exhibit of the registered cases of 876 married women in France. Of that number there were married—

Age	Age
3 at.....13	28 at.....27
11 at.....14	22 at.....28
16 at.....15	17 at.....29
43 at.....16	9 at.....30
45 at.....17	8 at.....31
77 at.....18	5 at.....32
115 at.....19	7 at.....33
118 at.....20	5 at.....34
86 at.....21	3 at.....35
85 at.....22	0 at.....36
59 at.....23	2 at.....37
53 at.....24	0 at.....38
36 at.....25	1 at.....39
24 at.....26	0 at.....40

In the United States the marriages of women over forty years old are not uncommon.

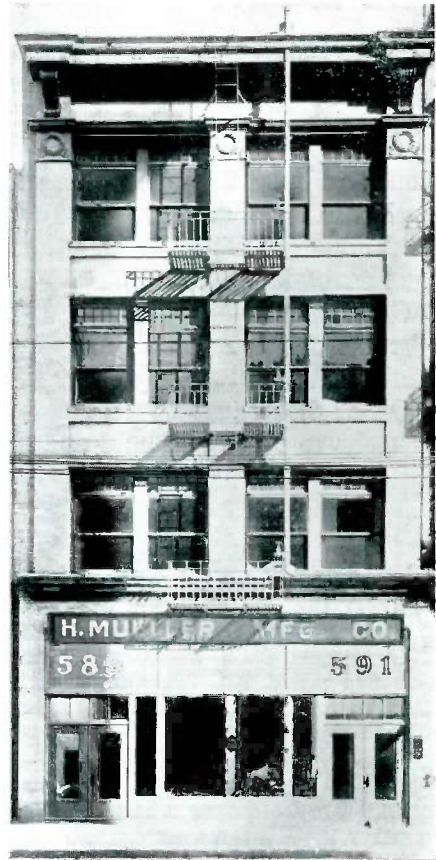
### Friday Finds Defenders

EVIDENCE is not wanting that Friday is one of the luckiest days in the week. Charles Dickens says that nearly all the fortunate events in his life occurred on this day. In Scotland, Friday is the favorite day for weddings.

Below is given a list of some important events that have occurred on Friday:

- Moscow was burned on Friday.
- Washington was born Friday.
- Shakespeare was born Friday.
- America was discovered Friday.
- Richmond was evacuated Friday.
- The Bastille was destroyed Friday.
- The Mayflower pilgrims were landed Friday.
- Queen Victoria was married Friday.
- King Charles I was beheaded on Friday.
- Napoleon Bonaparte was born Friday.
- Julius Caesar was assassinated Friday.
- The battle of Marengo was fought Friday.
- The battle of Bunker Hill was fought Friday.
- The battle of New Orleans was fought Friday.
- The Declaration of Independence was signed Friday.

## At The Golden Gate



AT 589 Mission Street, San Francisco, is located the Pacific Coast branch of our company. This was established in 1913. Thomas F. Leary, one of our oldest and most experienced salesmen, was placed in charge as manager, and the office was manned with employes taken from our office and factory. There have been a number of changes in the personnel of the San Francisco office since it was established, but we now have a force that is apparently satisfied. Several of the men who went there originally graduated into other positions, while one or two pined for the Middle West, and returned. Mr. Leary himself is delighted with his work and location. He has become an out and out Californian. He has the "bug" from the climate up, and he can talk "California" almost as well as he can "Mueller."

The California branch is growing steadily. The special purpose of this branch is to give prompt service to our western patrons. An exterior view of the office appears with this article.







# The Laughter of Childhood

Robert G. Ingersoll

“THE laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo’s golden hair, fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keps; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering ’mid vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood’s happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy.

“O rippling river of laughter! thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care.

“O Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy! There are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.”

## The Foremen’s Club

AMONG the organizations within the Mueller Company at Decatur is the Foremen’s Club, which was formed four or five years ago. This organization includes all foremen and assistant foremen and all members of the firm. The men who have served twenty years are honorary members.

Meetings are held once a month. When the weather is good the meetings are sometimes held at Allen’s Bend south of the city, and at other times in the old Advertising Department building. The company provides a dinner and cigars and the sessions last about two hours. Business affairs are discussed and many little kinks are straightened out at these meetings. Discussions are free and open and employes speak their minds, likewise the company, but the meetings are singularly free from ill will or ill feeling. Frequently the discussions result in placing responsibility for some error which would not otherwise be brought to light. The men whose departments are thus found to blame, have learned not to attempt to evade the issue, because it has been made clear innumerable times that there is no desire or intent to be personal in these matters. It is all for the good of the service—that is the predominating idea. The purpose of the organization is to help each other and not to pull any one down.

It is now an admitted fact among the men and the company members that much good has resulted from these meetings.

## O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

“O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And, gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!”





## The Sunny Side of the Street

**T**HERE are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street.

These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists; sometimes people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people; but wherever they go, their characteristic is this: their shadow always travels on before them.

These disagreeable people travel forward enveloped with gloom and hopelessness. One of them was in the Subway last Wednesday when the tunnel was full of smoke from a burning fuse. That man will carry the odor of smoke in his conversation, to terrify his friends, for the next ten years.

One man was ungrateful to him and henceforth he will represent the whole world as made up of ungrateful wretches. Having read the new book on "The Menace of Privilege," henceforth this man will represent plutocracy, and corporations as hanging over New York as the day of judgment hung over Sodom.

These people never bear their own burdens but expose all their wounds to others. They are so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky.

These folks live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies."

## Where Santa Claus Has His Workshop

**T**OURISTS wandering out of the beaten tracks of their kind, occasionally come to a little village in Austria which presents the aspect of a corner of toyland.

The name of the village is St. Ulrich, and nearly all of its inhabitants are toymakers. Each household, too, has its specialty. One old woman has done nothing but carve wooden cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants.

She has made those six animals her whole life-long and she has no idea of how to cut anything else. She makes them in two sizes and turns out as nearly as possible a thousand of them a year.

She has no model or drawing of any kind to work by, but goes on steadily, unerringly, using gauges of different sizes and shaping out her cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants with an ease and an amount of truth to nature that would be clever if it were not utterly mechanical.

This woman learned from her mother how to carve those six animals and her mother

had learned, in like manner, from her grandmother. She has taught the art to her own granddaughter, and so it may go on being transmitted for generations.

In another house one will find the whole family carving skulls and cross-bones for fixing at the bases of crucifixes, for the wood-carving industry has its religious as well as its amusing side. In other houses are families that carve rocking-horses or dolls or other toys; and in still other houses whole families of painters.

## Henry Ford's Philosophy

**I**F any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

You can't live without your income, so you'd better learn to live within it.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

There is an honor in business that is the fine gold of it; that reckons with every man justly; that loves right; that regards kindness and fairness more highly than goods or prices or profits. It becomes a man more than his furnishings or his house. It speaks for him in the heart of everyone. His friendships are serene and secure. His strength is like a young tree by a river.—Lumber.

The American cents of 1787 bore the motto "Mind your business."

## Would Satisfy Oscar





# The Employees' Aid Society

**T**HE Mueller Employees' Aid Society is an organization designed for mutual benefit, and after a somewhat varied experience, is now a strong organization, which has done and is doing good work.

The idea of such a society was first presented by Robert Mueller, W. E. Pease, Oscar Mueller and Charles Ray, and the original organization was effected under the name of the Mueller Benefit Association, Sept. 4th, 1897. The object, as indicated by the name, was to assist employes in cases of sickness, accident, etc. There were 32 charter members, and Robert Mueller was the first president.

This organization continued until May 3rd, 1904, when lack of interest due to the fact that many had formed other alliances, caused a disbandment.

On April 12, 1906, a reorganization was effected under the name of the Employees' Aid Society of the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., and C. C. Armstrong was elected president of thirty charter members. Since that time the society has gained in members and in strength, and is today in good condition and has a commendable record of relief work among the employes.

This paragraph from the Constitution expresses the purposes of the society:

"This Society is formed for the purpose of giving substantial aid to its members in case of sickness, accident or death, and is further designed as an Aid Society to both employer and employe in working for the interests of each other."

The initiation fee is fifty cents. Monthly dues are thirty-five cents. When there is \$275.00 in the treasury, no special assessment is made for the death benefit, but when the amount falls below \$275.00 a special assessment is made to cover the \$50 death benefit. Sick members receive a \$5.00 weekly benefit for a period of 26 weeks. The death benefit amounts to \$50.00 and is raised by special assessment, under the conditions named herein.

In 1909 J. M. Ehrman was made secretary of the Society and has since continued in that position. His work has been satisfactory and he has proved a very efficient secretary.

The present membership numbers 325 employes and the society is in better condition in every way than it ever was before.

The amount of benefits paid out monthly varies. It has run as low as \$10.00 and as high as \$60.00. The present officers are:

President—John Shelton.  
Vice President—E. H. Parker.

Treasurer—A. Randall.

Secretary—J. M. Ehrman.

Since the organization of the society in 1906, the following deaths have occurred:

Arthur Pease	Fritz Voelcker
William Scheibly	Albert Bachman
Henry Mueller	Harry Hays
Thomas Marshall	

## Some Articles Omitted

**W**E received several articles which were intended for the Christmas Record which were unavoidably crowded out because of the fact that the paper was practically made up and ready for the press and the further fact that time was limited.

This issue of the Record had to go through the press three times, and after each printing there was a lapse of a day or so to allow the ink to dry.

We hope this explanation may prove satisfactory to any whose contribution was thus unavoidably left out.

## The Outlook

**W**E are coming to the close of the year, which has not been as good as we might have wished, but it also might have been a great deal worse. In fact, while we may feel some disappointment, we may likewise feel that we have cause for congratulation after surveying the field.

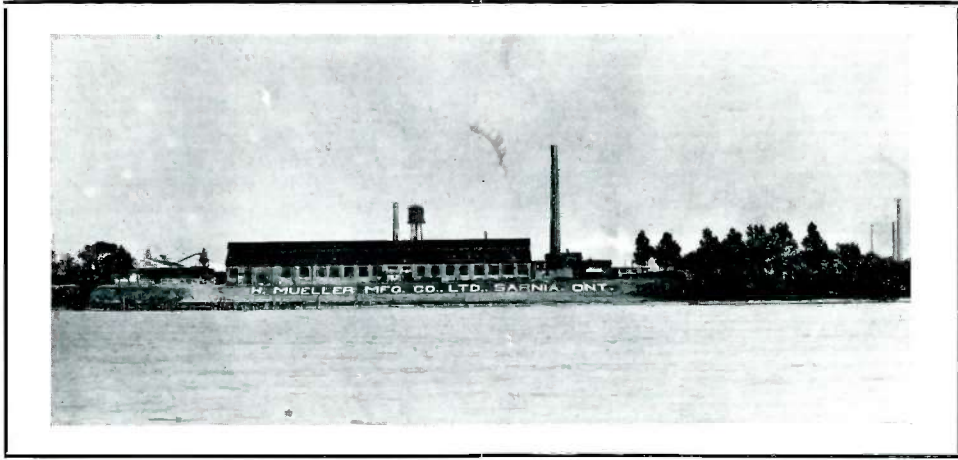
We have maintained our organization and have kept the factory running, although not on full time. Throughout the field in our line many manufacturers have been running on very short time with smaller forces than usual. In order to keep going we made sacrifices in profit by taking many large contracts at very close figures. In doing this we were enabled to furnish our employes with work and keep our organization together.

Early in 1915 we saw that this policy was going to be necessary. We looked beyond 1915 and were satisfied that 1916 would witness a revival of business. Now we feel that our judgment has been vindicated. The past three months have shown a very nice improvement and we view the coming of the new year with great optimism. The wave of big business which was first noticed in the East a few months ago has sent its ripples westward. They have just reached this section. In another month or two the wave will engulf the West and dealers who have been hanging close to shore and allowing stocks to dwindle, will soon be demanding goods, and we believe that we are going to have a busy year keeping up with our orders. All signs point that way.





## Mueller Factory at Sarnia, Ont.



THE above is a picture of the plant of the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., Ltd., at Sarnia, over which Mr. Oscar Mueller presides, aided by a number of men trained to the business at Decatur. There are 350 men employed at Sarnia.

The Sarnia plant is on the east bank of the beautiful St. Clair river, which connects Lake Huron with Lake St. Clair. The city of Sarnia is only a few miles south of the lower edge of Lake Huron, and directly across the river from Port Huron, Michigan.

The view of the plant is from the river, which is one of the busiest streams in this part of the world, a large portion of the vast shipping business of the lakes passing that way.

In the foreground of the picture may be seen in white, the letters "H. Mueller Mfg. Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont." These letters are made of stones, which are painted white. The letters are ten feet high and can be easily seen from the boats passing up and down the river.

The buildings at Sarnia are model structures, splendidly lighted, ventilated and heated.

### Mueller's Entry into Canada

THE Sarnia Board of Trade always has been keen after new industries, and when it was rumored that a branch of the H. Mueller Manufacturing Company, the largest brass goods manufacturers in the States, would locate somewhere in Canada, the board members were jubilant. All Sarnia talked about it, and demanded that some action be taken at once. A deputation of three of our leading citizens, John McGib-

bon, Thomas Doherty and Johnston McAdams, went to Decatur to interview the company, and to advocate the advantages of Sarnia. The deputation was royally entertained, and some of the members of the Decatur company will remember a convivial little party the deputation attended at the Decatur Country Club. Even our staid Board of Trade members enjoy a real good time when they are far enough away from home.

The deputation returned home very optimistic and Sarnia was quite sure that they would get the new company. Then rumors were spread that the company was going to Port Arthur, and various other places. However, this didn't last long, and negotiations were begun by mail. There is nothing slow about the Sarnia bankers, and about this time Mr. Harvey, manager of the Royal Bank, made a trip to Decatur to try and secure the business of the new company when it came to Sarnia. A little later, some of the members of the Decatur company came up to look over the ground, and a deal was put through for the purchase of seventy-two acres of ground at the south side of the town on the river front. This made it certain that the company would come, and in the fall of 1912, ground was broken for the new plant.

At this time, Mr. O. B. Mueller came from New York, bringing a few men with him. Mr. Carl Heiby, Mr. F. L. Riggin, and some of the foremen, also came from Decatur. The old chain works building, which was on the ground, was fitted up as a machine shop, and Jack Simmons, a Canadian, and a native of Sarnia, was engaged as foreman.

The office was in a small frame building,





twenty by sixteen, already on the ground, and it was here that the entire office staff worked that winter. The people of Sarnia were very much interested in the building of the plant. Visitors were numerous, especially on Sunday. Only those who were with the company then can appreciate the hardships and difficulties of the first winter. There was a lot of hard work in it for everybody.

The first mail boy, and the first Canadian in the office, was Charlie Havers. Charlie had a good desk to begin with, but as new people were added, he was moved, and removed until finally he was reduced to a packing box in the corner. The office was about as full as it could possibly be, and the chief duty of the mail boy was to keep the stove red hot. Taking it altogether, it was some office. Charlie liked a good joke, but his sense of fun got him into a serious scrape when he was caught red-handed, writing letters to the cook, signing the janitor's name. The members of the firm managed to keep their faces straight, but it is said that they had a good laugh over it all on the side.

The young men of Sarnia were very anxious to secure positions with the new company, and from this time out, Canadians were employed wherever possible, with the result that all the new people coming into the office were Canadians.

Eddie Marshall, better known as "Old Lady" Marshall, started as stenographer in the purchasing department, and to this day they tell a joke about the "old lady" ordering down six pounds of limberger cheese for dinner instead of six pounds of hamburger steak; some say that they can smell it around the place yet.

On June 1st, 1913, all the Canadian business of the H. Mueller Manufacturing Company was taken over by the Sarnia office, and Brock Palmer, a Sarnia man, was added to the sales department. Meantime, the plant was being completed, and about this time, the first mold was run in the foundry, and the first wheel turned in the brass shop. "Buzz" McMann, a Canadian, started working in the foundry about this time, and a little later, was transferred to the accounting department. Other Canadians were added to the office staff from time to time.

Early in 1915, we put in a stock of enameled ware, and trade goods, and it was necessary to employ someone familiar with this line of goods, and Arthur Ashton, of the Standard Sanitary Company of Toronto, was employed as purchasing agent.

The growth of the new company has been watched closely by the people of Sarnia. They have been glad to see that the Canadians going with this company have been

given a fair chance, and are working themselves into good positions. There were doubts in the minds of some of the young men coming with the company on this point, but they have found that they have always had an equal show with the American employes.

Considering the short time that the plant has been in operation, the growth of the company has been marvelous, and the advance of some of the office men has been very rapid. In the fall of 1914, the office was moved into the west end of the finishing building, which was especially fitted up for that purpose, and the main office now has a staff of thirteen men, and five stenographers. The factory is running night and day, with 350 employes on the pay roll. Arthur Ashton is now spending a good deal of his time calling on architects and looking after big contract jobs, and "Buzz" McMann is right in line to take over all the work of the purchasing agent. Brock Palmer is head of the billing department and assistant to Mr. Riggan, office manager and sales manager.

The expectations of the Canadian employes, as well as the people of Sarnia in general, in connection with the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., Limited, have been realized, and although they were a little slow at first (there are a good many Scotchmen living in Sarnia), they have gradually taken the Mueller Company into their hearts as a valuable asset to Sarnia, and as an institution of which they are more than proud.

### Progress in Sarnia

**P**ROGRESS is the watchword of the American business man, of his staff and of his employes.

We all know that the H. Mueller Mfg. Co. was one of the original companies or rather one of the pioneer manufacturing concerns in automobile construction. Since the time our president raced with his brother in an antiquated gasoline wagon, great progress has been made. The invention of the aeroplane, the perfection of the submarine, wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony have all surpassed the automobile in their own line, but it takes the ingenious Sarnia youth to provide a new sport, a new invention and a novel idea.

Although it is not a common occurrence at this time of the year we soon expect to see motor-bobsleighs chugging down the streets of Sarnia.

The idea is indeed clever. A small set of sleighs are used with a seating capacity for three people. Since the invention is not perfected, the sleigh is steered by the feet.





The motor is a small single cylinder, one wheel type, and develops about one-half horsepower.

A coasting bob-sleigh equipped with one of these motors was seen running around the icy roads of Sarnia this week at a speed of about twelve miles an hour.

It is evident that the day is not far distant when horse drawn sleighs will be superseded by motor driven sleighs, just as automobiles have outdone horse drawn vehicles.

### An American Likes Canada

UPON my arrival in the town of Sarnia, Canada, the 24th day of March, 1913, I was delightfully surprised for a number of reasons. I had expected to find the town to be a smaller one. Again, although I had some idea of the picturesque scenery along the River St. Clair, one could not conceive its beauty until after one has visited Sarnia.

Sarnia, located at the gateway of the Upper Lakes, where the water of Lake Huron merge into the blue and beautiful St. Clair, is the home of the Mueller Brass Goods, "Made in Canada."

My first look at this home was when the plant was still in course of construction. Upon reaching the office, then located in the little frame building used now as a storage for our stationery, I was presented to an old style mailing desk, which later proved to be the foundation for the building of the Accounting Department. The dethroned mail boy was relegated to the rear, nearer the stove and was given a cracker box on which to sort his mail.

Soon after this, the plant was completed and we began doing business on July 1st, 1913.

At that time, I handled all of the accounting work. Later, as the department expanded, we were obliged to get a stenographer. Mr. Moore was employed. The business grew steadily and we opened up many new accounts with new friends all over the Dominion. We were successful from the start. It seemed only a short time until we moved the departments from the little frame building into the west end of the new Brass Finishing Building, which was especially fitted up to receive the office. Adjustments and re-adjustments have since been made in the accounting staff, which is now composed of five persons—Mr. Moore, who looks after accounts receivable ledgers and collections; Mr. Finkbeiner, who does the general ledger work, looks after accounts payable and assists with the cashier's work; Mr. O'Neil, who handles all the pay roll work; Miss Ashby, stenographer; and myself, as head of the department. We have an organ-

ization that is loyal in every respect and of which I am proud. All the other departments have expanded similarly. The factory has grown until now we have over 350 men on the pay roll.

In closing it might not be out of the way to mention that I, personally, am very much pleased, and I am proud to be associated with the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., Limited. There is no questioning their success. The men at the head of the company are all big men. I am glad that I live in Sarnia, a city of unlimited possibilities. I find the people to be very broad minded and, while at the beginning I did not think the people as a whole progressive, I have changed my mind, especially regarding the people of Sarnia. The progress that has been made in this city since my arrival has been wonderful. Only last year there were over a hundred new houses erected and all of a very good type. Also, on May 7th, last year, the town was proclaimed a city by the Duke of Connaught.

The population of Sarnia has increased very rapidly. A few years ago, it was 9000, while today is nearly 12,000. While Decatur people have not been responsible for all of this increase, at the same time they are entitled to some credit. Personally, I have added two, Mr. Riggin one, Herman Bennett one, Pete Blair one, and some other Decatur people that came to Sarnia have done their bit.

There is quite a sprinkling of Scotch people here so that Pete Blair is at home. They tell a good story on Pete. It seems he told an Englishman one day that the Scotch were the bravest soldiers in the world and gave as his reason that they were never known to retreat. The Englishman pondered a while and then looked Pete straight in the eye and said: "I guess you're right. I never knew one of them to treat the first time."

We can not help but feel that we have had a great deal to do with this awakening. At least the biggest progress ever made by the city has been made since the erection of our plant. The people of Sarnia appreciate and are proud of the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., Limited. We mean a great deal to the city and while we do not want to throw bouquets, believe that we are progressive people, and Sarnia welcomes with open arms this class of men. —R. S. Thrift.

### A Canadian Boy with Muellers

EWART McMANN, born in Sarnia on December 29th, 1895, was intended for a Christmas present but was four days late. At the tender age of sixteen, having absolutely refused to obey the paternal com-





mand to complete his education by graduating from Collegiate Institute and finishing at the Toronto University, he secured a position with a wholesale grocery house in London. While reading a copy of his hometown paper he noticed in big headlines that the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., of Decatur, Illinois, had purchased seventy-two acres of Indian land, also the old Sarnia Chain Company's property. This paper also showed pictures of the officers and members of the company. He at once resigned his position and returned home, where he took a three months' course in the Sarnia Business College, graduating in June, 1913.

He secured a job with the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., Ltd., July 15th, 1913. The job was supposed to be clerical work in the foundry, but resolved itself into furnace tending, skimming crucibles and in fact general utility work. After six months he was placed in the accounting department, also handling the billing, until November, 1914, when he was given a two months' vacation in the New York office. On his return he was transferred to the purchasing department, as assistant to Arthur Ashton, the purchasing agent, who came from the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Ltd., of Toronto, to look after the general purchasing and handling of jobbing.

Just recently it has been decided that McMann is to look after the purchasing of raw material and factory requisites, and Ashton is to devote practically his entire time to the development of the demand for Mueller plumbing fixtures, looking after the architects, jobbers and large plumbers along these lines.

The plant has made such wonderful progress since its location here that the decision of its officers has been most duly justified. The company has risen from one employing about one hundred men to its present force of about three hundred and fifty.

Owing to Sarnia's location and shipping facilities by lake and rail, we are ideally situated to take care of our continental wide trade. The possibilities for this company are unlimited, as we believe the resources of this country are practically unknown as yet.

The employes are unreservedly loyal and enthusiastic for the welfare of the company and believe implicitly in its great future. In fact, the citizens very often remark about the way our employes boost the "Mueller" goods.

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A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last.

## How They Began Life

**M**ARSHALL FIELD began as a clerk at Pittsfield, Mass. His employer said he was the greenest boy he ever saw but quick to learn.

Andrew Carnegie was a bobbin boy in a Pittsburg cotton mill at ten years.

Abraham Lincoln split rails or did anything else that he could to relieve poverty and assist him in securing an education.

Thomas Edison began his career as a train boy and was later a telegraph operator.

Thomas Lipton was an errand boy in a stationery store in Glasgow.

H. H. Rogers, of Standard Oil fame, did odd chores at Fairhaven, Mass., earning 50c a week.

Richard Henry Stoddard, who won fame as a writer, poet and journalist, sold matches on the streets of New York.

Frederick Krupp in 1818 built one little steel furnace at Essen, Germany, announcing his determination to make Essen a greater steel center than Sheffield. He died in his effort, leaving his son Alfred, 14 years old, to fulfill this ambition. Burdened with his father's debts but supported by his mother and four faithful workmen, the boy began the Herculean task which the world has seen fulfilled.

James G. Blaine began as a teacher of mathematics in a Kentucky college.

John Wanamaker began at \$1.25 per week in a Philadelphia book store. The first money he ever earned was seven cents for turning sun dried bricks in a brick yard.

David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, did all kinds of chores, from waiting on table to husking corn, to work his way through college.

Alexander Graham Bell, discoverer of the telephone, taught school.

Albert J. Pitkin, afterward president of the American Locomotive Works, was a machinist's apprentice at 60c a day.

George M. Pullman, at 14 years of age, was working in a country store helping support his mother's family, who were very poor.

W. N. (Butsy) Dill began life as a messenger boy for the Mueller Mfg. Co. And look at him now—a cracker-jack salesman.





# Playing The Game

C. H. Threlkeld

"RED" began his first year in the state university with a swelled head. In his estimation he was "it" with a very large capital "I." He had been a high school football star and he had made the all-state team.

He walked onto the field for the first practice with much ego. This feeling lasted just one week, when the "it" left, for real work began on the freshman varsity. The coach was case-hardened. He had been through the game and his heart was home in the ice box, so he wasn't hampered. Talk was all he did but it cut. Not all the bruises and bumps Red got hurt as much as the pet names the coach lauded his work with. The coach had never said, not even once, "Good work," so it was a surprise to "Red" to be patted on the back at the end of the season and urged to go out for varsity.

He went out the second year. The varsity coach was a past master of the art. He thought machines and speed. "Red" worked, fought, and literally bled to make the team. He didn't say much but he kept both ears open. He dreamed of a large orange letter on a sweater, but he didn't even make the team.

Next year he made the team but it took hard work and thousands of bruises. Even better, he became a star. He dragged through a grilling week of practice to play in the game Saturday, then to do it all over again the next week.

It was great to hit the line, feel it give and let him through. It was tough though to drive into the struggling men and find no hole, when some cog in the machine had failed. The coach said: "Every man is a cog wheel in this machine and that wheel must turn." Two years "Red" played varsity and had two letters on sweaters he received. Then came his sheepskin and, best of all, at last, some praise from the heartless coach.

He landed a job in the office of a large corporation and large corporations, like coaches, have no hearts; that is, they seem not to have. Mistakes he made and bone-head he was called. He remembered his gridiron days and the coach who never praised his good work but pointed out his mistakes in no pink tea terms. Then "Red" would grit his teeth, hit the line hard, scratch and dig until the whistle blew, and look up to see if he had made first down. Football games he knew were built on first downs, and, well, so is business.

"Red" got the habit of trying to make first down. To him every pile of correspondence was a line, every claim a tackler ready to throw him. Each mistake he made was a fumble, a cog slipping, and he took the boss's remarks about it as he had previously taken those of the coach, in silence. He made no excuses, he gave no alibis, he just pulled up his pants and fixed his headgear on more firmly, then plunged. One thing he did was not to get angry. He lost his temper once on the football field and struck an opponent. The referee told him he was excused for the remainder of the day, but the coach! Well, "Red" didn't get angry again, it didn't pay.

Sometimes he felt the boss was wrong, and that he was blamed in error, but he did not say so. He had felt the same about the coach and said so. During the next game he sat on the side line. He discussed the error with the boss and got his way of doing the work. He soon saw that business was a game of football. Each competitor was an opponent, trying to cross your goal and get the largest score. There were signals, systems, machines, team work, line plunges, end runs and trick plays, all laid down by the coach to beat the competitor. So "Red" followed his interference and did not hesitate to make it for his fellow players.

He saw people in his office, players of the game, who were jealous of some one higher up. He saw the higher-ups jealous of each other and doing all they could to thwart their own team mates. Then he remembered his college days when his team lost the championship through lack of teamwork plus plenty of jealousy. He also saw these "Green-eyes" in the office taken from the game and other players put in their places, so he got in and played football, holding down his little position on the team and keeping his cog wheel going. He helped the others, he did work not his, he kept his man from getting the runner and he helped others keep their man from stopping the progress of the play.

He did his work and more. He helped players in his office keep their wheel going and he saw some who loafed in the game when the play went through the other side of the one. He remembered a man on his college team who had his leg broken because the play doubled back and caught him loafing.

He remembered speed and he never forgot that fumbles are costly and lose games. His coach had said "Learn to handle the







ball and then speed up." He saw players who speeded up and thought they were doing wonders but they fumbled the ball when a tackler struck them and their opponent got it. He didn't tell others what he thought of the players or coaches in his office, he talked teamwork and what his team would and were going to do. He advised rooters to see them play. Nowadays "Red" is a coach in his office.

Moral: "Don't let your cog wheel stop, lest you watch the game from the side lines."

### At the Panama-Pacific Fair



At the Panama-Pacific, or as familiarly called the San Francisco Fair, we made a small display which is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is a very neat little display but not an elaborate one. Originally we did not intend to make any showing at all. At the last minute, however, yielding to the desire of our San Francisco office, and pressure from some of our friends in the trade, we concluded to make the showing above. At the time the decision was reached the Fair was so far advanced that there was no opportunity for us to show more than a few samples. As any Mueller employe will see at a glance, the display is not a representative one. Notwithstanding this fact, it attracted a considerable amount of attention and was awarded

### Value of Personal Letters

We have received copy of a letter from W. L. Jett to Manager T. F. Leary on the subject of this Christmas Record, the latter having asked his salesmen for something interesting to print.

In replying, Billy said that as a story

writer he would never be able to pay for his Ford, but he proceeded to give an interesting little incident. In 1913 he wanted to remember some of his best customers, but in checking up his finances found that "the home brigade" had taken about all there was, due especially to the fact that it was his first Christmas after getting married. He adds:

"I was at a loss just what to send my customers that would be appreciated and still not cost very much, so I thought of a personal letter and it seemed to just fit in with the conditions, and I really believe now that it was the best thing I could have done. I will give you a few of the replies as I now remember them:

"I wrote one of these letters to a friend of ours and the reply I got was a nice order, with a note 'our Xmas Greeting to you.' Another I sent to another friend and patron and he replied with a nice letter wishing both the firm and myself the best Yuletide greetings.

"So now, as a suggestion to any of the boys who are at a loss what to send the trade for Christmas, will state that a nice, personal letter is the best and cheapest thing."

Hawthorne always washed his hands before reading a letter from his wife. He delighted in poring over old advertisements in the newspaper files.

### Frank is Willing

