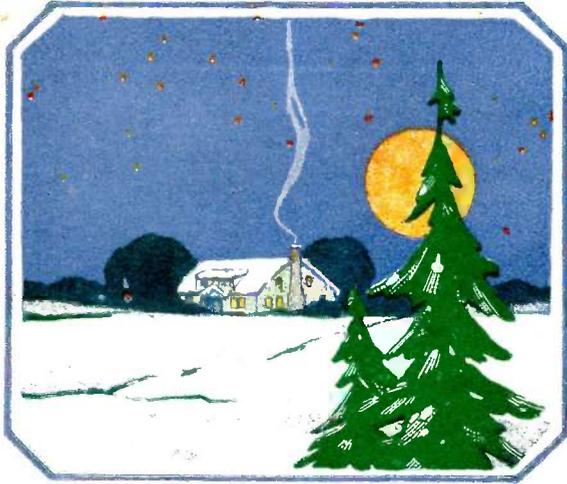


MUELLER
RECORD



Christmas
1907







A Merry Christmas

ONCE MORE in time's eternal flight we have come to that season of good cheer when the busy, care-laden world lays aside its burden and for the moment forgets the ceaseless strife and struggle which is the heritage of the human family.

In that spirit of good fellowship and "peace on earth, good will toward men" our troubles, griefs and woes vanish as if by magic, and we breathe deeply of an atmosphere of kindness and affection for our fellow creatures.

Thoughts of enmity and selfishness, of pride and pomp, of superiority and selectness, are lost in the better feeling which prompts mankind to recognize the common level upon which we all travel to eternity, and makes us all as one.

At Christmas we are all children of the same mother; and more nearly so than at any other time, we delight to feel an equality of men, uninfluenced by birth, wealth or position.

And with that feeling flowing out from all that is best in our hearts, we say to each other, and we say to you:

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, brother co-worker and friend, and a HAPPY NEW YEAR."

H. Mueller Mfg. Co.

The Mueller Record

VII

CHRISTMAS, 1917

No. 90

The Story of the Goblins Who Stole a Sexton

By CHARLES DICKENS

IN an old abbey town, down in this part of the country, a long, long while ago—so long, that the story must be a true one, because our great grandfathers implicitly believed it—there officiated as sexton and grave digger in the churchyard, one Gabriel Grub. It by no means follows that because a man is a sexton, and constantly surrounded by the emblems of mortality, therefore he should be a morose and melancholy man. Your undertakers are the merriest fellows in the world; and I once had the honor of being on intimate terms with a mute, who in private life, and off duty, was as comical and jocose a little fellow as ever chirped out a devil-may-care song, without a hitch in his memory, or drained off the contents of a good stiff glass without stopping for breath. But notwithstanding these precedents to the contrary, Gabriel Grub was an ill conditioned, cross-grained, surly fellow, a morose and lonely man, who consorted with nobody but himself, and an old wicker bottle which fitted into his large deep waistcoat pocket—and who eyed each merry face, as it passed him by, with such a deep scowl of malice and ill-humor, as it was difficult to meet, without feeling something the worse for.

A little before twilight, one Christmas eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself toward the old churchyard; for he had got a grave to finish by next morning, and feeling very low, he thought it might raise his spirits, perhaps, if he went on with his work at once. As he went his way up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements and heard the loud laugh and the cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them; he marked the bustling preparations for next day's cheer, and smelt the numerous savory odors, consequent thereupon, as they steamed up from the kitchen windows in clouds. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub; and when groups of children bounded out of the houses, tripped across the road, and were met, before they could knock at the opposite door, by half a dozen curly headed little rascals who crowded round them as they flocked upstairs to spend the evening in their Christmas games, Gabriel smiled grimly, and clutched the handle of his

spade with a firmer grasp as he thought of measles, scarlet fever, thrush, whooping-cough, and a good many sources of consolation beside.

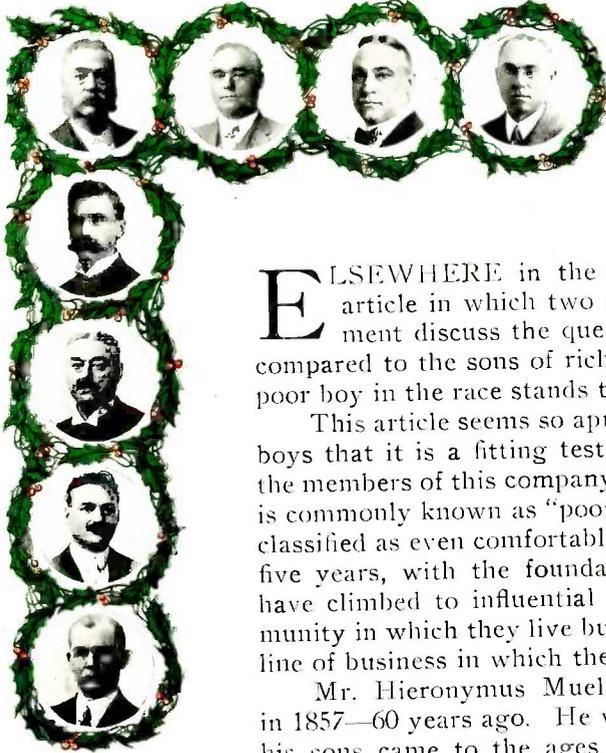
In this happy frame of mind, Gabriel strode along; returning a short, sullen growl to the good-humored greetings of such of his neighbors as now and then passed him; until he turned into the dark lane which led to the churchyard. Now Gabriel had been looking forward to reaching the dark lane, because it was, generally speaking, a nice, gloomy, mournful place, into which the townspeople did not much care to go, except in broad daylight, and when the sun was shining; consequently he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some jolly song about a merry Christmas, in this very sanctuary, which had been called Coffin Lane ever since the days of the old abbey, and the time of the shaven headed monks. As Gabriel walked on, and the voice drew nearer, he found it proceeded from a small boy who was hurrying along to join one of the little parties in the old street, and who partly to keep himself company, and partly to prepare himself for the occasion, was shouting out the song at the highest pitch of his lungs. So Gabriel waited until the boy came up, and then dodged him into a corner, and rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times, to teach him to modulate his voice. And as the boy hurried away with his hand to his head, singing quite a different sort of tune, Gabriel Grub chuckled very heartily to himself and entered the churchyard, locking the gate behind him.

He took off his coat, put down his lantern, and getting into the unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so, with right good will. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no easy matter to break it up, and shovel it out; and although there was a moon, it was a very young one, and shed little light upon the grave, which was in the shadow of the church. At any other time these obstacles would have made Gabriel Grub very moody and miserable, but he was so well pleased with having stopped the small boy's singing, that he took little heed of the scanty progress he had made, and looked down into the grave, when he had finished work for the night, with grim

(Continued on page 28)



M



ELSEWHERE in the Christmas Record appears an article in which two men of splendid mental attainment discuss the question of a poor boy's chance as compared to the sons of rich men, and it is agreed that the poor boy in the race stands the better show.

This article seems so apropos of the lives of the Mueller boys that it is a fitting test for a word or two concerning the members of this company. The Mueller boys were what is commonly known as "poor boys." That is, they were not classified as even comfortably rich. And yet within twenty-five years, with the foundation laid by their father, they have climbed to influential positions not only in the community in which they live but throughout the country in the line of business in which they are engaged.

Mr. Hieronymus Mueller began business in Decatur in 1857—60 years ago. He was industrious and thrifty. As his sons came to the ages of 14 and 15 years they were taught the practical part of the business. They have all served their apprenticeship in the shop and in addition several of them were given business educations. As they grew to manhood they began in a small way the development of the business which their father had established, but it soon reached proportions that commanded attention and trade throughout the United States, and in fact every civilized country. Surely they demonstrate in a marked degree the possibilities open to young men to start life with a well-defined purpose and a determination of sticking to it. The history of the Company has not been one of unruffled seas, for it has met and breasted many storms before reaching a harbor which guaranteed safety.

The achievement of the Mueller boys is one which excites the admiration of all those who know their history. It really is a wonderful story when we stop to think that these boys whose opportunities seemed limited have by their own efforts established a business which not only places them among men of independent means, but provides employment for some 2,000 persons and depending families. The big factories at Decatur, Ill., Sarnia, Ont., and Port Huron, Mich., are all busy, and it goes to show that the influence of these progressive men has not been confined to their home city, but has spread out and will doubtless spread still farther.

This page is ornamented with likenesses of the founder and present members of the Mueller Company. They are, reading from the left corner to the right: Hieronymus Mueller, founder (deceased); Philip Mueller; Robert Mueller; Adolph Mueller.

Reading from the elder Mr. Mueller down, they are: Henry Mueller (deceased); Fred B. Mueller; Oscar B. Mueller; Frank W. Cruikshank.

**They Wish You a Merry Christmas
and A Happy New Year**

Mueller Business in Decatur, Christmas, 1857

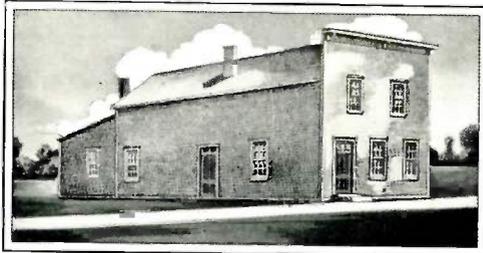
CHRISTMAS in the Mueller Plant 60 years ago lacked nothing in the happiness which characterizes this holiday with us, but it was restricted to Hieronymus Mueller and his wife, parents of the "Mueller Boys" who comprise the present company. It's a striking contrast. The stout-hearted father in his little gunsmith shop was laying the foundation of a business which today carries his name into all parts of the civilized world. He had nothing upon which to build but a rugged character. Money was not so plentiful then as now, and financial accommodations were not to be had for the asking. The possibilities of business were neither great nor varied. But there was a need in this community for the services of a type of man of Mr. Mueller's mold, and while he met that need his farsighted nature opened to him a vision fraught with possibilities of future success. In his dogged, methodical, thorough way he plodded on, year after year, building carefully, securely and permanently. Character, thoroughness and honesty were woven into his products and into his daily life, so that in after years as each step of progress led him to the door of larger opportunities, the foundation for a great business was there, a foundation capable of carrying a big enterprise such as the Mueller Company of today.

While the business has changed and developed into varied lines, the policy is practically the same as that of 60 years ago. The rugged characteristics of the founder are inseparable from the business, and Mr. Mueller still lives in every piece of goods which the company sends out.

It is not the purpose of this article to follow minutely the gradual changes from that little gun shop on West Main street 60 years ago, to the present modern plant of today on West Cerro Gordo street. It's too long a story. The developments have been too many. Some of them would seem trivial, and yet the least and most inconsequential of these have had an influence on the business.

Our purpose is purely one of contrast—to show briefly by comparison what we may attain when our purpose is strong and sure and our principles are right. Of this there is no more striking instance than the growth of the Mueller business. Some people think it phenomenal, others say it is luck—it is neither. It's the positive and inevitable result of plain, hard old fashioned persistent adherence to an idea, to a purpose and a principle.

In that little gun shop of 60 years ago there were about 80 square feet of space and an unlimited amount of ideas, ambition and energy. That was the Christmas of 60 years ago when Mr. Mueller doubtless closed his shop and



with his wife, whose character and purpose were equally strong, enjoyed a holiday. There were no employes on whom presents and good wishes might be showered.

Today when we rest from our labors for the enjoyment of a cheery holiday, Mueller doors swing shut in—

Decatur
New York City
San Francisco
Sarnia, Ontario
Port Huron, Michigan

and some 2,000 employes in these cities go to happy homes feeling, or they should feel, a glow of satisfaction in being a part of the Big Mueller family. Not only in America do we know and feel the influence of the genius, who was the spring from which bubbled the inspiration and original energy of the enterprise, but on foreign soil also there are many men and women and children whose livelihood is now directly traceable to efforts of this one man.

Here in Decatur on Christmas, 1917, we close a factory which occupies about three city blocks instead of 80 square feet of floor space. Instead of one man locking the door and leaving his little frame shop, 750 come forth with the whistle and hurry to homes of far greater comfort on the average, than the founder of the business enjoyed 60 years ago. There are hundreds of young men in our employ today who have more money each week, better homes and greater material comforts than the founder had when he launched this business 60 years ago.

It's a wonderful story. A word painter might deftly clothe the plain facts in the filmy garb of romance, but it offers better food for thought. It has the germ of philosophic study. It has a lesson which seems very apropos of this festal season when we carry in our minds the thoughts of better things. It shows what a vast and potential, far reaching influence the life of one right-thinking, right-acting man may have upon the lives of thousands of his fellow beings. In that little gun shop there was the seed in the shape of energy and practical ambition which has blossomed into an industrial undertaking that provides employment for

hundreds. One pair of hands directed by one capable brain have made it possible for about 2,000 pairs of hands to find pleasant daily toil and provide a generous share of the comforts of life for thousands of wives, mothers and children. It is wonderful when you stop to think it over, is it not?

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

An Interesting History of Francis Scott Key's Immortal Song

FOR the first time in a half century the martial spirit mingles with that of Christmastide. It is bringing out in increasing intensity the dormant patriotism of the American people. This patriotism finds most frequent expression perhaps in the stirring words of the "Star-Spangled Banner." If a stranger doubted the loyalty of the American people he would only have to mingle with a large gathering where the fire of patriotism had been kindled and listen to the assembly sing this inspiring national air. In view of this military period it is interesting to all of us to know the history of the American national song.

Francis Scott Key wrote only one poem that entitled him to a lasting reputation, but so firmly has that poem gripped the patriotic consciousness of the American people that its fame is assured as long as the nation continues.

Key was born in Maryland, August 9, 1780. He practiced law at Frederick, Maryland, in 1801, but he subsequently removed to Washington, where he became a district attorney for the District of Columbia.

When the British ascended Chesapeake Bay in 1814 and captured Washington, General Ross and Admiral Cockburn set up headquarters in Upper Marlboro, Md., at the home of Dr. William Beanes, one of Key's friends. Later Dr. Beanes was made prisoner by the British. Interesting himself in securing the release of his friend, Key planned to exchange for him a British prisoner in the hands of the Americans. President Madison approved the exchange, and directed John S. Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners, to accompany Key to the British commander.

General Ross consented to the exchange. He ordered, however, that Key and Skinner be detained until after the approaching attack on Baltimore. They had gone from Baltimore out to the British fleet in a vessel provided for them by order of President Madison. Now they were transferred to the British frigate *Surprise*, commanded by Admiral Cockburn's son, but soon afterward they were permitted to return, under guard, to their own vessel, whence they witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry.

By the glare of guns they could see the flag flying over the fort during the night, but before morning the fire ceased, and the two men passed a period of suspense, waiting for dawn, to see whether or not the attack had failed.

When Key discovered that the flag was still there his feelings found vent in verse. On the back of a letter he jotted down in the rough "The Star-Spangled Banner."

On his return to Baltimore, Key revised the poem and gave it to Captain Benjamin Eades, of the Twenty-seventh Baltimore Regiment, who had it printed. Taking a copy from the press, Eades went to the tavern next to the Holiday Street Theatre—a gathering place for actors and their congenial acquaintances. Mr. Key had directed that the words be sung to the air "Anacreon in Heaven," composed in England by John Stafford Smith, between 1770 and 1775. The verses were first read aloud to the assembled crowd and then Ferdinand Durang stepped upon a chair and sang them.

Key died in Baltimore, January 11, 1843. James Lick bequeathed \$60,000.00 for a monument to his memory. This noble memorial, the work of W. W. Story, stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. It is fifty-one feet high. Under a double arch is a seated figure of Key in bronze, while above all is a bronze figure of America with an unfolded flag.

(Continued on page 32)

Northcliffe's Turndown

As the burly and distinguished figure of Lord Northcliffe hurried down the hotel lounge a correspondent said:

"There goes the most successful and deservedly successful journalist in the world. In this war he has done more for the Allies' cause than any other man, except Lloyd George.

"A hard chap to interview, though. I could never land him. The last time I wrote him for an interview he wrote back:

"I am sorry, but I must ask you to excuse me from acceding to your request. I am like the little boy at the school treat who, when the Squire's wife came round to him with the strawberry jam, promptly said:

"No, thank you, ma'am. I works at the place where they make it."—*Washington Star*.

Going Up

"I feel like 50 cents," said Floyd.

"You mean like 30 cents," replied Dean.

"You forget everything is being marked up, don't you?"

The Oldest Mueller Employee

June 7, 1880



FRANK O. ZETTERLIND, the head of our blacksmith department, holds the honor of being the oldest Mueller employe. He has been employed by the company for over a quarter of a century, and during that time has been connected with the blacksmithing department of the factory.

Frank received his reward of \$500 for 20 years' service at the Golden Anniversary picnic held at Mechanicsburg, Illinois, in 1907. Since that time on the occasion of our annual picnic the past year, his son Harry Zetterlind, received his reward of \$500 for a like term of service. The father-in-law of Frank Zetterlind, N. A. Johnson, was also a 20-year man, which creates the unusual condition of three generations having worked for the same company for 30 years each or a total of more than 60 years' service.

Mr. Zetterlind has an interesting history. In his younger days he was a sailor, from Swedish ports and from the port of New York. He has been all over the civilized world and in some portions which are not civilized. He followed his trade on the high seas as a ship's blacksmith and during his life he has visited China, Japan, African ports, the West Indies, South American ports, and in fact nearly all ports open to commerce of the world.

Frank has always been an earnest and industrious employe, faithful to the interests of the company.

Among the other older employes who were in the first group of men to receive their \$500 reward in 1907 are—Anton Schuermann, W. E. Pease and Walter Screeton.

Self-Reliance

Self-reliance is what gives us the courage to tackle the thing we have never done before, and see it through to the end.

It is confidence in one's own self and the nerve to put one's ability to the test.

Back of it all there must be knowledge, experience, and the spirit that will never give up.

Those who possess it are those who will be chosen for the important places.

Mine Pipe und Cup

(Dedicated to Anton Schuermann)

Ven clouds are plack above
 Und mud is plack below,
 'Tis den that I do love
 A cloud of smoke to blow.
 I takes my meersham down,
 I takes mine lager up,
 Und cares not who do frown
 Upon my pipe und cup!

Mine frow, she scolds a bit,
 When mine old pipe is seen,
 Because sometimes I shpit,
 Upon her floor so clean;
 But dat is like de rain
 It doesn't last alway,
 She soon gets pleased again,
 Und so I smokes away.

Oh! pless mine pipe und cup,
 Und pless my scolding frow,
 Der schmoke goes curling up,
 Almost as vite as shnow,
 Und down the lager slips,
 Yust like a loving kiss,
 When lingering on der lips—
 It is der soul of bliss.

God Save the King

The story of the rival bootmakers, which appeared recently, is matched by a correspondent of an English paper with another story, equally old but equally worth repeating. It concerns two rival sausage-makers. Again, they lived on opposite sides of a certain street, and one day one of them placed over his shop the legend:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country."

The next day, over the way, appeared the sign:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."

Not to be outdone, the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely:

"We sell sausages to the King."

Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausage-maker the simple expression of loyalty:

"God save the King."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

His Life's Blood

Carl—Would you give your life-blood for your country?

"Sure!" said Merle, who's always in a hurry. "I've done so already. I was in such a hurry to get downtown this morning to buy Liberty bonds that I cut myself shaving."



Mueller Roll of Honor

Already in Service or Awaiting Call



Gone to the Colors



Everett Mueller



Chester Cooper



M. F. Sullivan



George E. Henry



Hugh McAlpin



Charles Whitaker



J. B. Clark



P. J. McGoldrick



James Ferguson



Harold Maxwell



Lucien Mueller



James Judge



Ray F. May



Nelson Fisher



Paul Dever



Joseph Hayes

The Kid has gone to the colors,
 And we don't know what to say;
 The Kid we have loved and cuddled,
 Stepped out for the Flag today.
 We thought him a child, a baby,
 With never a care at all;
 But his country called him man-size—
 And the Kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting,
 Where, fired by the fife and drum,
 He bowed his head to Old Glory
 And thought that it whispered "Come!"
 The Kid not being a slacker,
 Stood forth with patriot-joy
 To add his name to the rest—
 And, God! we're proud of the boy!

The Kid has gone to the colors;
 It seems but a little while
 Since he drilled a schoolboy army
 In a truly martial style.
 But now he's a man, a soldier,
 And we lend him a listening ear;
 For his heart is a heart all loyal,
 Unscourged by the curse of fear.

His dad, when we told him, shuddered;
 His mother—God bless her! cried;
 Yet, blessed with a mother-nature,
 She wept with a mother-pride.
 But he whose old shoulders straightened
 Was grand-dad—for memory ran
 To years when he, too, a youngster,
 Was changed by the Flag to a man!

In the Service of Uncle Sam

THE Mueller Company is thus far represented in the military and naval service of Uncle Sam by 19 men, either stationed at contonments or else awaiting the call to the colors. The draft recognized no distinction, as we all know, and among the men who will represent their Uncle Sam at the front are two Mueller boys, Everett, son of Adolph Mueller, and Lucien, son of Philip Mueller. Everett Mueller will enter the next training camp for officers of the Naval Reserve, and Lucien Mueller will enter the next training camp for officers of the Reserve Corps. The rest of the Mueller employes in service at this time, in addition to the two Mueller boys, follow:

Chester Cooper, located at Camp Dodge, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

H. J. Maxwell, Company A, 124th M. G. B., Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Nelson L. Fisher, Company A, 124th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Ray F. Mays.

James Ferguson, Aviation Corps, Rantoul, Illinois.

M. F. Sullivan, Regimental Band, 130th U. S. Infantry, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Hugh McAlpin, U. S. S. Agamemnon, New York City.

George E. Henry, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Paul Dever, Aviation Corps, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

Glenn Butcher.

J. E. Powel.

C. E. Sharpe.

Frank Staley.

Charles Whitaker.

P. J. McGoldrick, New York Office.

Joseph Hayes, salesman in New York territory.

J. B. Clark, salesman in New York territory, Sergeant, Company C, 38th Infantry, Camp Green, Charlotte, N. C.

There doubtless will be other young men who will enlist in the service of their country. In fact, it is becoming almost a daily occurrence for us to receive notice that some employe of military age has given up his position to join the army, navy or aviation corps.

The Mueller Company over a year ago announced that it would pay to young men enlisting in the service of the country the difference in salary paid them by the government and salary paid them by the Company, so that the young man who sacrificed his position to go into the army would

still be earning just as much as he did before the call to the colors came.

These rules were made to apply only to 5 per cent of the young men of military or draft age, and we already have that 5 per cent in service, whose families receive each week the difference between what the young man is earning in the army and what he could earn in our factory. The Company went farther than this by making this rule applicable to persons who enlisted in the National Guard so that if they were called out on military or camp duty in this country they would not be making a sacrifice of wages.

On the opposite page we are showing pictures of as many of these young men as it is possible to obtain and feel justified in saying that they are as fine a body of young men as will be found in any department of the service of their country.

It Was the Cook

WHEN the National Army cantonment at Camp Funston had been organized civilian cooks were employed in the officers' messes. Many of the cooks were darkies who were unfamiliar with military usage and were awed by it.

One dark night, early in the days of the camp, a fat negro cook was returning, late, to his barracks. As he stole up a company sirect a guard perceived him and barked out:

"Halt! Who's there!"

"I'se de cook," muttered the darky and kept sullenly on his way.

Again the guard shouted:

"Halt! Who's there!"

The negro was puzzled at this persistence. Nonplussed, he stopped in his tracks, silent.

Then the guard yelled loudly for the third time:

"Halt! Who's there!" at the same time advancing threatening.

The negro quavered:

"Mister, what is it you-all wants me to say when you says 'Halt'?"

"Say 'friend,'" instructed the guard.

"But, Mister, Ah done said Ah was de cook!"—*Judge.*

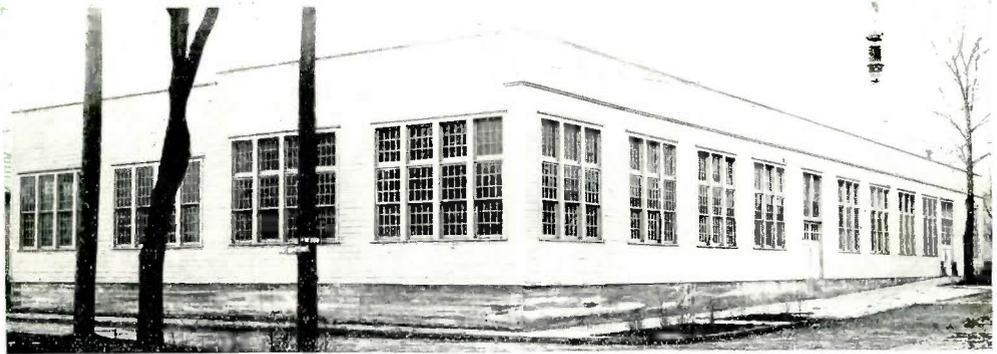
Billy Gets 'Em

Mr. Robert—Lots of kings out of work now.

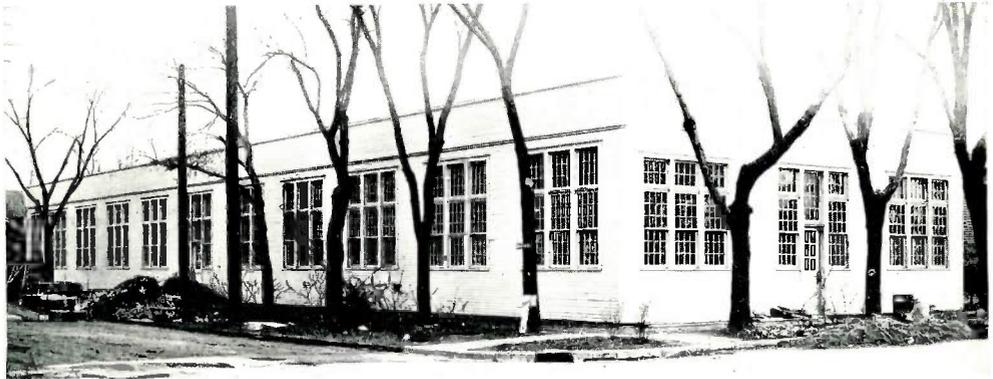
Billy Mason—Yes, and judging from results, I am inclined to think I have hired several without knowing it."



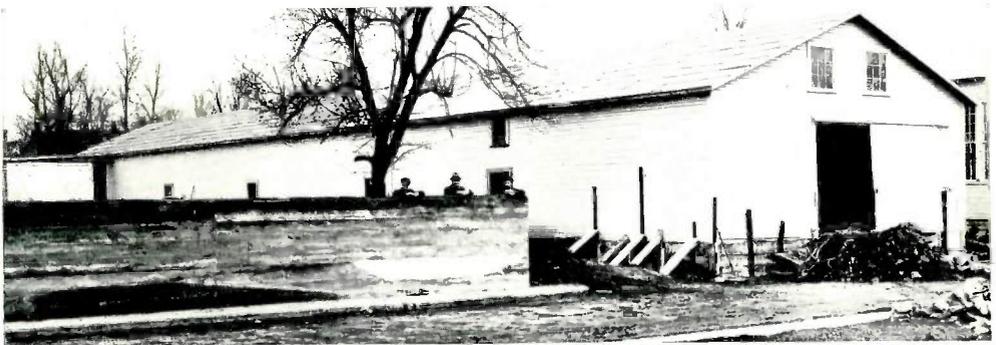
Lead Room and Service Box Building



New Core Room



The New Warehouse



Visible Additions in 1917

DURING the year 1917 quite a number of important additions were made to the factory. These started with the building of what is known as the new warehouse, shown at the bottom of the opposite page. Other departments about the factory were cramped and it was impossible to find within the original building sufficient space in which to carry on their work to advantage, and other buildings were immediately designed and erected.

At the top of the page is a building given to the lead room and service boxes. It is an adjunct to the machine shop just across the street. In the center of the page is a building which will be occupied by portions of the foundry and core room, it being just across the street from the old factory building and connected to the same by a tunnel, making communication and the shifting of goods back and forth an easy matter.

These buildings are called temporary structures, but they are, in fact, very substantial, although of frame construction, excepting the very heavy concrete foundations. Adjoining the building known as the new warehouse building will be noticed a foundation on which is to be located a reverberatory furnace and metal room. The framework of this building is now well under way, but has been temporarily stopped by the cold weather. Just as soon as there is some slight moderation the work will be picked up again and pushed to completion. It will now require but a few weeks to finish this building.

These buildings will add about 43,113 square feet to the factory. They are splendidly lighted and are steam heated and have concrete floors. They were constructed by Mr. W. T. Mason, head of the Mueller construction department, and went up in a hurry after work was once well under way. In doing this work Mr. Mason had the able counsel and advice of Fred B. Mueller, who displayed an unlooked for talent in arranging factory buildings. Fred also surprised everybody by his technical knowledge of building material and the way work should be done, and during the hottest summer days he could be found prowling around these structures and figuring out the most advantageous plan for their equipment.

The fact that few people were building this year because of the unusually high cost of materials cut no figure with the Mueller Company. They decided that the buildings were necessary, and that being necessary

the only thing to do was to put them up, and they did so.

This by no means represents all the money that the company has spent in 1917 for additions and improvements. For instance, a new tool storage room of brick, steel and concrete construction was erected, but it is inside and does not show on the street front. Then there was the additions and changes made in the Mueller club house, and other additions of lesser importance.

In fact, ever since spring opened the company has kept a large force of men busy in bringing the plant up to the highest standard of efficiency, thereby increasing the capacity for a greater output when called upon. There has been a general clearing and cleaning up of the grounds.

Courage, Dear!

GONE are the days when my heart just sang all day;
Gone is my lad from his Home, Sweet Home, away;
Gone from his work to a task that knows small cheer—
I still can hear my Hero saying, "Courage, dear."

Why should I weep?—it cannot bring me gain;

Why should I sigh?—he will come back again!

Love spans the sea—e'en now he seems so near

I still can hear my Hero saying, "Courage, dear."

Sing, then, my heart—be glad again and free!

For he, so brave, comes back one day to me.
On France's shore my soul now sees him clear;

I still can hear my Hero saying, "Courage, dear."

I'm smiling, I'm smiling, though my heart is torn with fear.

I still can hear my Hero saying, "Courage, dear."

—Edmund J. Kiefer, in *Life*.

At Quiver Beach

Mason—Throw me two dozen of your biggest perch.

Fisherman—Why throw them?

Mason—I want to tell the bunch at home I caught them.



The Noon-Day Luncheon



THE accompanying illustration shows the members of the company and heads of departments at their noonday lunch in the private dining room of the company. These noonday luncheons have become an established feature and a very important factor in the business of the company. Any one of the heads of departments having subjects to bring up with the company, present them at the noonday luncheon. When the whistle sounds for the noonday intermission the company members and heads of departments go at once to the dining room where they are served with a splendid meal by the company. This is a sample:

Menu

Fried Lake Superior White Fish	
Mashed Potatoes	Escalloped Tomatoes
	Lettuce Salad
Rye Bread	Pickles Cottage Cheese
	Apple Sauce
	Coffee

The luncheon is generally over at 12:30, and pipes and cigars are brought forth for a little smoke while the business proceeds.

Mr. Adolph Mueller as a rule presides over these meetings, and in his absence Mr. Robert acts. This noonday meeting and luncheon furnishes a regular clearing house for the day and has been a means of increased efficiency as well as expediting business. Whenever we have visitors they are invited down to the luncheon and during the past summer many guests have

sat with the company and heads of departments and enjoyed the occasion, at least they always gave us that assurance.

The dining room is very handsomely equipped. The hardwood floor is covered with a rug, there is a big 16-foot dining table, a side-board and buffet. There is special silverware for extra occasions and the china was made to order with the name "Mueller" burned in.

Let Something Good Be Said

By James Whitcomb Riley

WHEN over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall,
instead

Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head:
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

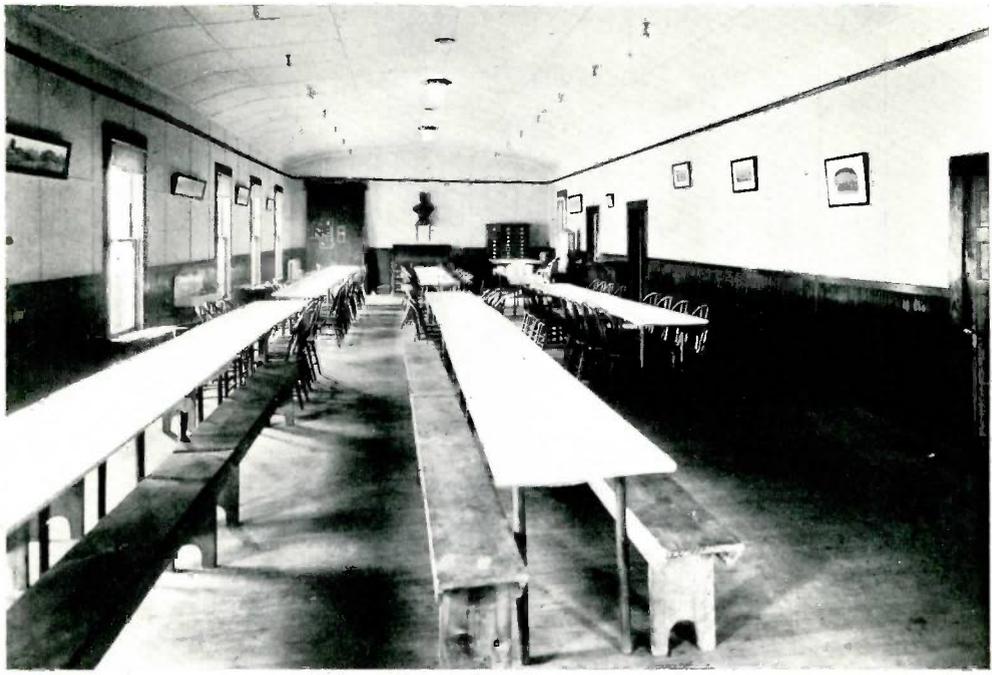
No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge you, by the thorny crown,
And by the Cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!

—*The Lockerbie Book, 1911, p. 292.*



The Mueller Club House



IN THE company organization there are a number of heads of departments whose duties bring them in close contact with the members of the company. Sometimes it is very difficult for these heads of departments to get the attention of the members of the company. Last spring the idea was conceived of having a noonday luncheon, served by the company and attended by those heads of departments whose duties bring them in close relationship to the company. The first of these meetings was held in what was known as the "old Advertising Department." The room was not inviting in appearance. At the second luncheon the company members got together and decided that we should have something better. Mr. Mason of the Construction Department was asked how long it would take him to remodel the room, and he agreed to do it within a very short space of time, which he did. The result is the beautiful assembly room, or Mueller Club House as it is now known, shown in the illustration above. This immediately led to other important improvements, namely the kitchen, shown elsewhere, and a private dining room for the members of the company. When this latter room was completed the noonday luncheons were held there.

Existing conditions at that time made it necessary for the company to provide a place for all factory employes bringing their lunch, and the assembly hall of the club house was there-

fore turned over to them. The big coffee urn which shows in the picture at the west end of the hall, was installed, and coffee is furnished to the employes who bring their lunch. With the advent of cold weather it was decided to serve soup, meat and potatoes to those employes who desire to purchase these, at a nominal price. A great many employes take advantage of this arrangement and for 10c they can get sufficient warm lunch to answer the needs of any man. The Victrola installed in this club, is provided with a nice assortment of records and as the men eat their noonday lunch, and gossip over factory or personal affairs, they are treated to musical selections. Those employes who bring their lunch leave it in the club house when they arrive in the morning, and receive a check for their bucket or basket, from the attendant who is always in charge. This keeps the men from carrying their lunches into the factory and eating it in the rooms where they work. The result is that at the noon hour the factory is entirely cleared of employes, and they have a much better, cleaner and more inviting environment for their meals. In this big assembly hall we hold all our foremen's and department meetings. When it was completed last spring it was opened with a dance, participated in by the office and factory employes and their families and friends.



Office Girls' Dining Room



THE improvements in the Mueller Club House led to building a dining room for the office girls. It has long been a habit of some of the third floor office girls to eat their lunch on the main floor and it was decided that it would be more in keeping with the policy of the company to provide a suitable and more private place, which they did as shown by the accompanying illustration.

The girls have a very cosy little room. It is equipped with a gas stove, sink, kitchen cabinet, dining table, and chairs to match. The floor is covered with a pretty new rug, and the girls through a little organization of their own provide eatables for their noonday lunch, do their own cooking, and have a jolly time while they are getting their lunch and refreshing themselves from the morning's work. This room connects to the firm's dining room but the girls have a private entrance so that they do not have to go through the firm's dining room, nor do the members of the noonday lunch company ever have to pass through the girls' dining room.

This club house idea with its various rooms has a very marked influence for the good of the Mueller organization.

Out of Style

Marie—She said she had to buy some warm clothes for winter.

Ann—Horrors! Hopelessly out of style.

Why Buddy Simpson Wept

Buddy came into the house weeping and Billy was naturally solicitous. "What's the matter, Buddy?" he asked.

"The boy across the way hit me," he replied.

"Oh, well, I wouldn't cry for that," Billy returned. "Show that you can be a little man."

"I ain't crying for that," he retorted. "He ran into the house before I could get at him."

Coal Is Coal

Shaw—Send a ton of coal to my house.
Dealer—Yes, sir. What size?

Shaw (meaningly) — Two thousand pounds, please.

In the Supt.'s Office

"I have no use for these Decatur young men. They remind me of a Dresden china doll I had once," said Mary.

"Too beautiful, eh?"

"No. Broke."

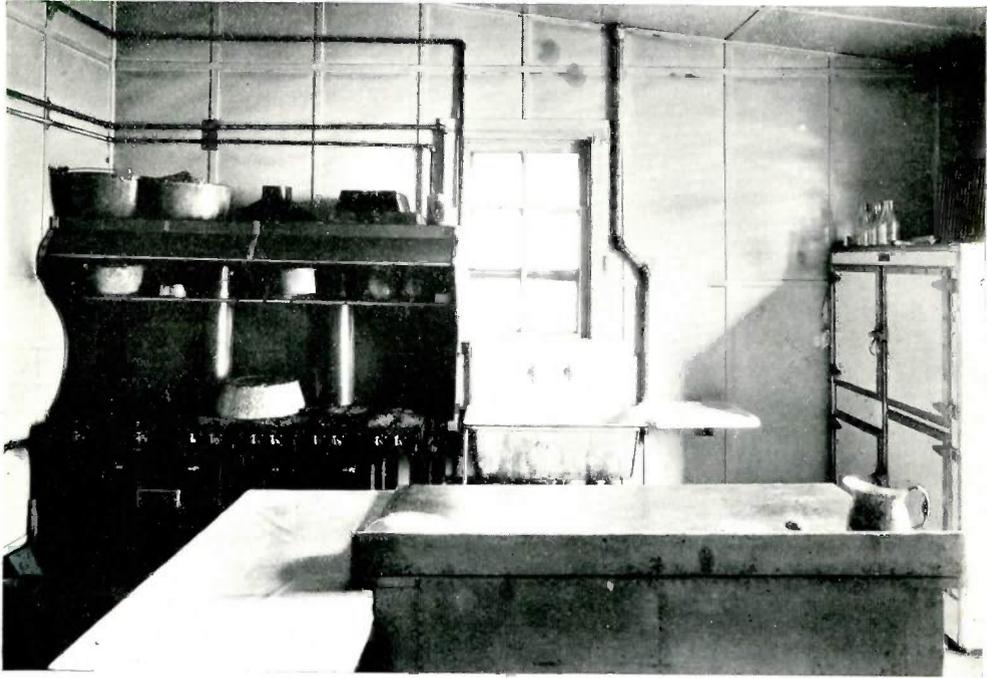
Successful

You say Duke is making a success, even after his football career at college?

Everett—Yes, he's president of a wrecking company.



Where the Good Eats Come From



HERE is a real sanitary kitchen. It connects with the Mueller Club House and the firm's dining room. Mrs. Sturgis, the presiding genius of this culinary annex, provides the meals for the noonday conferences and luncheons which causes those who partake to rise up and call her blessed. They don't do this literally—they do it gastronomically. What Mrs. Sturgis sends to the table never goes back to the kitchen which is the finest compliment that could be paid to a cook.

This kitchen is thoroughly done as our company aims to do everything. The idea that a thing worth doing at all is worth doing well is beautifully exemplified in this kitchen. No expense was spared to make it right. Limitations of photography made it impossible to show in a picture all that we desire. Enough is shown, however, to give to the writer a very good idea of the completeness of this part of the club house.

Note the large gas range in the corner—big enough to prepare a feast for two hundred persons with but little more effort than preparing a meal for two on the ordinary gas stove. In the other corner is a beautiful ice box—one of those dazzling white affairs with every known convenience for caring for large quantities of supplies. Between the two stands a large sink with hot and cold water making the cleansing of the dishes and pans an easy

and simple matter, almost a real pleasure. The floor of this kitchen is concrete. The east wall does not show at all in the picture. It is lined with metal cupboards made in the factory. It is a rat proof, mouse proof kitchen and everything about it is kept as clean and inviting as you would find in any home. Mrs. Sturgis, who presides over this kitchen, naturally takes great pride in it. Everything in connection with it has been made as convenient as possible. From this kitchen 150 or 200 persons are easily fed when we have meetings which call together a large number of employes, and it is done without any confusion whatever—system, that's all—the Mueller way of doing it.

Fine Figuring

Burleigh to Knauss—"Lend me a dollar in halves."

H. W. K.—"All right, here's fifty."

Loren—"How much have I got coming now?"

H. W. K.—"Fifty."

Loren—"All right, you have fifty coming from me and we'll quit and call it square."

Bobby as a Speeder

Justice Saxon—"Were you ever arrested for speeding before?"

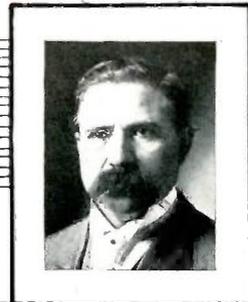
Bobby—"Honest, Judge, do I look like a bud just making my 'dayboo'?"



N. A. Johnson



W. E. Pease



Anton Schuermann



F. O.



U. G. Moon



W. H. Campbell



Harry Zetterlind



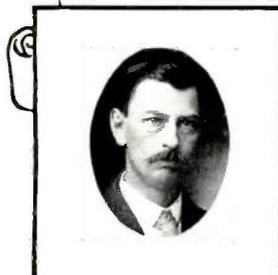
Louis W.



B. J. Marty



Paul Kastner



Len Herman



Nicholas Coy



E. W. Larrick



John

Beginning in 1907 the Mueller Company adopted the plan of rewarding men who had served faithfully for 20 years, with a present of \$500.

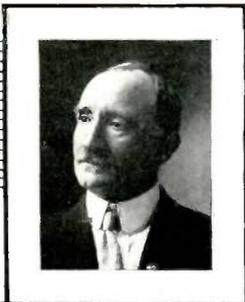
So far twenty-five men have been thus rewarded. Their pictures appear on these pages.

The following of the Company:
Paul K
Theod

The other nine found at their daily tory.



etterlind



Walter Sreeton



F. H. Hubbard



Fritz Voelcker



lenbrock



Wm. Donnewitz

George Zwilling



Theodore Scherer



Philip Reab



Otto Scharnetzki



Harry Hays



William Seeforth

Of this number the following have since died.

- N. A. Johnson.
- F. H. Hubbard.
- Fritz Voelcker.
- Harry Hays.

ve left the service

stner.
e Scherer.
een men may be
tasks about the fac-

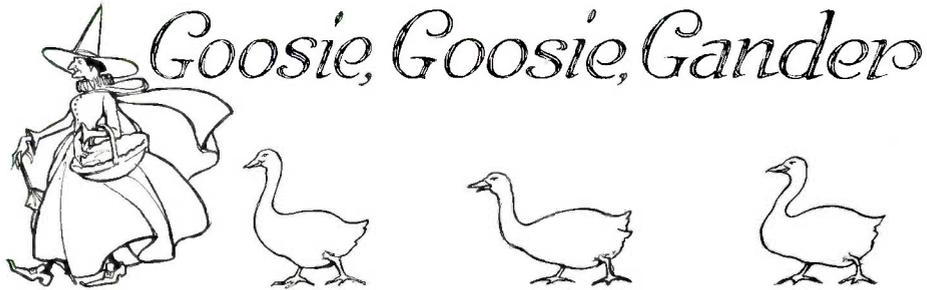


Theodore Shepherd



Ronan





Goosie, Goosie, Gander,
Whither dost thou wander
Up hill and down hill,
Away over yander.

THERE is a special significance in Christmas to all of us. With our company it is always emphasized by the firm's remembrance of the employes. This custom dates back many years to the time when the number of employes was limited. The object of the company in its selection of Christmas presents is to bring the greatest cheer to the greatest number. Therefore the presents are not of an individual character. They reach not only the employe but his family as well.

Like everything the company does, the plan has been carefully thought out. Formerly turkeys were given. When this gift was analyzed it was found that turkey was a one day meal with the possible "working over" for a second day. This led to something more practical and staple in the shape of ham with a slab of bacon. That meant not one but many meals for a family. It proved to be a most excellent and desirable gift, and it was one which the company wished to make this year, but conditions make it inadvisable. Uncle Sam has assumed control of food supplies, and has said that our meats, pork especially, must be conserved for our soldier boys. Earnestly desiring to do its bit in patriotic co-operation, the company gave up the plan of furnishing ham and bacon. This was done, however, after the matter had been taken up with the national food commission.

Then came the question of a substitute and the goose was finally selected, with celery and cranberries for trimmings.

And a wonderful dinner is thereby provided. Baked goose is a rare and delectable dish. If you have never eaten goose, with sage and onions, or goose stuffed with apple dressing, you have missed a feast fit for the Gods. Sol Smith Russell, the famous American comedian, used to recite a piece entitled "Goose with Sage and Onions," and when he got through his auditors were licking their lips in anticipation of the savory Sunday dinner which they then and there determined to have.

Have you ever read Charles Lamb's "Disser-

tation on Roast Pig"? Here is how he ends it. Read it:

"There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, crackling, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean but a kind of animal manna—or rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

"Behold him while he is 'doing'—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! He hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

"See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood?

"Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, and obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die."

And having read this extract from an essay which has a permanent place in English literature, and also having eaten your Christmas dinner of "Goose with Sage and Onions," or goose stuffed with apple dressing, ask yourself what the brilliant Charles Lamb might have said had he been one of the fortunate partakers.

New Private Offices

AMONG the improvements which the company is making this year is the building of private offices on the third floor for Messrs. Adolph and Robert Mueller, and Wilbur Simpson and Charles Auer. This work was commenced too late to enable us to show illustrations of same.

The offices are located at the south end of the main office building, and will give the members of the company and Messrs. Simpson and Auer the privacy which the duties of their positions require. Heretofore the members of the firm have occupied desks on the main floor with the rest of the employes. This was a very democratic way of doing and strictly in line with the company's ideas of putting themselves on an equality with their employes. However, it made it so easy for any and all employes to reach the company members with trivial matters that it became a necessity to be so situated that they could only be reached by those who had matters of sufficient importance to bring to them for decision.

It's an excellent move and will be productive of greater efficiency. Company members will be enabled to discharge their important duties which are increasing every day under present conditions, without the constant interruptions by little matters which should never be brought to their attention, but should be decided by the heads of departments.

How Much Do You Work

After all none of us work too hard. There are 365 days in the year. One third of each day is spent in sleep, one third we have to ourselves. That leaves 122 days of work. Take out 52 Sundays and 10 holidays. That leaves 60 days. Subtract 14 days vacation—that leaves 46 days. And if you get 52 half holidays, on Saturday or some other day, that takes away 26 more days, leaving only 20 days of work. Figure it out for yourself.—*The Coach*.

Carry the deductions a little farther and subtract the time some men "sojer," and it will be found that they don't work at all.

An Irishman in Heaven

They were strolling through Fairview Park last summer when she looked up and said:

"How bright Orion is tonight."

"So that is Orion, eh?" said Mac. "Well, thank the Lord there is one Irishman in Heaven."

English Speaking

She—Wat's de English speakin' peoples, Chimmy?

He—Us an' dem Chonny Bulls, you mutt!
—*Judge*.

Adolph Making a Point



Other Days of High Prices

WE grumble at the high prices, but high prices are the inevitable result of war. You can't have one without the other. In hotels and cafes things on menu cards greet us with foreign names. We grow suspicious. We don't know whether it is the name or the food we pay for. While we are allies of the French we do not all *parle vous francais*. Those of us who do not, would much prefer to pay the high prices than to try to pronounce the names of cabbage or turnips, masquerading under some name that looks like a foreign chef.

But high prices and strange appellations on menu cards are nothing new. The golden west had them in the days of the gold fever. Here is a San Francisco menu from the 50's:

Soup

Bean\$1.00 Oxtail (short) \$1.50

Roast

Beef, Mexican (prime cut) 1.50
Beef (plain) 1.00
Beef (tame) from the States 1.50
Beef (up along) \$1 with one Spud (fair size) 1.25

Vegetables

Baked Beans, plain 75c; Greased 1.00
Two Spuds (fair size) 50c; Peeled75

Entries

Sauerkraut, \$1.00. Bacon, fried, \$1.00;
Stuffed 1.00
Hash, low grade, 75c; Hash, 18 carats 1.00

Game

Codfish Balls, per pair, 75c; Grizzly roast 1.00
Grizzly, fried, 75c; Jackass rabbit (whole) 1.00

Pastry

Rice Pudding, plain, 75c; with Molasses.. 1.00
Rice Pudding with Brandy Peaches..... 2.00
Square Meal, \$3.00, payable in advance.
N. B.—Gold Scales at the end of the bar.

We All Want to Be Rich

But the Wise Men Figure That the Poor Boys Have the Best Chance

NEARLY everybody wants to be rich. We have all wished that we were. We have all envied the rich and then pictured in our mind's eye the wonderful things we would do if we only had money. And yet the wise men, those who have studied and drunk deeply from the springs of philosophy, say that poverty is not a burden. In fact they look upon it as a blessing—in disguise perhaps—but still as a blessing.

The once Lord Mayor of London, Walter V. Morgan, said:

"The best thing that can happen to a young man is to be poor. Extreme poverty may sometimes hamper a youth's progress, but in my opinion, he is far more likely to make his way in the world if he starts with the proverbial half crown in his pocket than with a thousand pound note."

Former President Eliot of Harvard College, upon the occasion of an address to the student body, said:

"The very rich are by no means the healthiest members of the community, and to escape the perils of luxurious living requires unusual will power and prudence.

"The most serious disadvantage under which the very rich have labored is the bringing up of children. It's well nigh impossible for a very rich man to develop his children from habits of laziness and indifference. These children are so situated that they have no opportunity of doing productive labor, and do nothing for themselves, parents, brothers or sisters, no one acquiring the habit of work. In striking contrast are the farmers' children who co-operate in tender years in the work of the household."

Mr. Morgan and Mr. Eliot display great wisdom. They give to every poor man's children food for thought.

If any further evidence is necessary look over the field of great and rich men—President Wilson, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Schwab—all poor boys—all great or rich now by reason of individual effort. Then look over the very rich of the country—idlers and non-producers.

It's the poor that really rise—that's the country history. The very rich—that is those rich by inheritance—have a level above which few of them ever get. So if you're poor today you are not so badly off, provided you are rich in purpose, ambition and determination to rise.

Two Third Floor Stenos

"How many times did he kiss you?"
 "Oh, I don't know."
 "Didn't you count them?"
 "Oh, my no! I was too busy!"

Mueller Company in 1876

AN interesting reference to the early days of the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., was recently discovered by Attorney Charles C. Leforgee, who in ransacking a lot of old books at his residence came across a volume entitled "History of Macon County from its Organization to 1876." It was a thin little volume, restricted both as to size and text. This book contained among other items, the following concerning H. Mueller & Co., as the company was then known:

H. MUELLER & CO.

Manufacturers of Water Main Tappers, Toy Pistols, Gunsmithing and General Repairing of Machinery

This firm has been in business since April, 1874, the senior member having carried on a gunsmith and general repairing shop for a great many years. He is thoroughly conversant with his business in all of its branches, and the firm is wide awake and thoroughly energetic in all things pertaining to their line of work. Their annual manufactures will run from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars per annum, and the monthly payroll will not fall short of nine men. Their business is increasing, and their shops, machinery, etc., speak well for the present and future. The water main tapper made by the firm is an ingenious and very simple invention, perfected and patented by H. Mueller.

Klinck's Dog

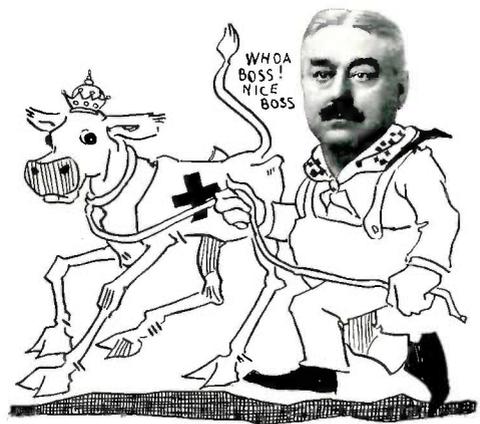
"Yes, sir," boasted Freddie Klinck to Bobbie Mueller, "that dog's the best rat catchin' dog in the state."

Even as he spoke two big rats scurried across the floor. The dog merely wrinkled his nose.

"Rat dog!" scoffed Bobbie. "Look at that, will you?"

"Huh!" snorted Freddie. "He knows them. But just you let a strange rat come in here once!"

Farmer Fred



Winner of America's First Auto Race



IN THESE days of luxurious limousines and closed touring cars, speedy roadsters, and heavy trucks, there are many people who do not know that our Company was a pioneer in the automobile business. That fact has been written of repeatedly in automobile papers, magazines and periodicals, in connection with the history of the automobile business of America. Through the progressive ideas of the late Hieronymus Mueller in securing what was in those days known as a horseless carriage, a means was provided by which the name of Mueller has been carried into practically all corners of the country. The Mueller auto, or as it was then known, "horseless carriage," won the first road race ever run in America. It was driven by Mr. Oscar Mueller, who has since been written up in the papers as the first "speed king" in America. This race was run in November, 1895.

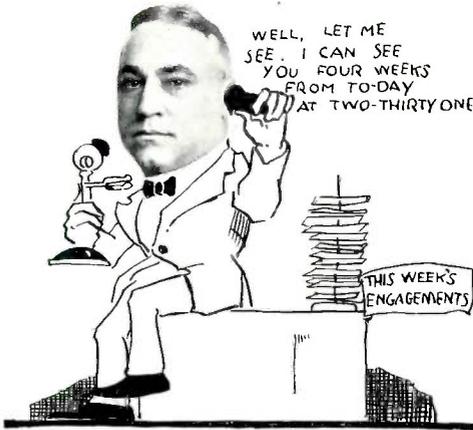
At the world's fair in Chicago in 1893 Mr. Hieronymus Mueller became very deeply interested in the development of the gasoline engine, which was then in its infancy. Likewise the horseless carriage or automobile was just then being generally discussed and in reading and studying about these two wonderful inventions Mr. Mueller placed an order with a German company for the automobile, an illustration of which appears on this page. It was made by

Benz & Co., of Mannheim, which was Mr. Mueller's home town. This car was received in Decatur on April 25, 1895. A local paper in speaking of it at that time said it was "a peculiar looking machine and attracted a great deal of attention as it was being towed from the freight house to a carriage shop by an express wagon." The paper further stated that the machine "used kerosene and would run 100 miles without refilling the tank, the average speed over an ordinary road being 12 to 15 miles an hour." The fact that the front axle was connected to the wheels by means of toggle joints was considered quite wonderful. The machine weighed about 1,500 pounds. It was given a thorough overhauling after its arrival and a few days later people in Decatur were astonished when it appeared on the street occupied by Mr. Mueller and members of his family. Horses tried to climb telegraph poles, small boys and bicyclists chased it in crowds and it was generally regarded as an eighth wonder of the world. All of this seems strange now with hundreds of automobiles buzzing up and down the streets with no horses to climb telegraph poles or small boys and bicyclists to chase them.

In the fall of that year the wagon was driven to Springfield to be exhibited at the state fair. Local papers spoke of the fact

(Continued on page 23)

Busy Bob



From the Golden Gate

REPLYING to your letter of the 4th under the above subject, will state that I am no story teller and for poems I will leave it to you, so the only thing that I could offer would have to be a personal experience. The following is an actual experience the writer had in the last week and one which he thought was very good.

"A certain large down town plumber was looking up some jobs with one of our salesmen, and returning from the jobs our salesman asked the plumber if he would mind stopping a few minutes for him to call on John Smith, another plumber, saying he would only be just a minute.

"The down town plumber said he would not mind stopping and asked if he might go in with our salesman, and of course was invited in. After introductions between Mr. Smith, the small plumber, and Mr. Jones from down town, Mr. Jones seated himself on a convenient rim of a tub to wait. He stated he sat there for three hours and took in the conversation. On the return to Mr. Jones' shop he remarked that this was the first time he ever had the pleasure of listening to one of his fellow craftsmen get one of Mueller's orations, and the funny part of it was that he would not have recognized it if he hadn't seen our salesman in person. He asked what page in Mueller's book of salesmanship this speech was on, as he thought he had heard them all, having been in business for a number of years. He stated that with the ten years he had known Billie Dill and about half as many more that he has known the writer, he never heard such beautiful language or such a plea for an order. Everything from the salesman's home

WHERE OUR GEESE CAME FROM

A Forty-Acre Farm Devoted to Raising Fowls of this Kind.

THE geese given to the Mueller employes this Christmas came from the farm of Mr. Firke, of near Mansfield, Illinois. He is engaged in the rather unusual business of conducting a goose farm. At the bottom of this page we show a picture of a large flock of geese on this noted farm. It does not begin to indicate to the reader the sight that greets the eye when one steps on Mr. Firke's farm. The limitations of the camera prevent showing a picture which would really do the industry justice.

The farm consists of about forty acres and it is devoted to nothing but raising and fattening geese. These are sold in Chicago and New York markets. Along about Thanksgiving and Christmas time the geese occupy practically every foot of space on the farm, and to a person not accustomed to the fowls the cackling is enough to make him wish for a padded cell. It is an indescribable din from morning until night. The geese are shipped to the city markets by the carload. Mr. Firke's farm is the center of attention for all the big poultry buyers who come from the cities to select their stock and buy from him. He does not raise all the geese himself, but is a big buyer through some of the southern and southwestern states. He ships geese in from hundreds of miles from Mansfield and then fattens them after a process of his own, and when they weigh between ten and twelve pounds they are ready for the markets. Sometimes it is

(Continued on page 24)

being mortgaged to his job depending on him getting this one order from poor John Smith went into the talk. He stated to our salesman that he had been neglected and that in the future if the salesman expected any business from him he would have to work for it like he did with Smith, and not come in and sit in his easy chair and write up an order on his stationery, using his own pencil."



(Continued from page 21)

that the distance of 40 miles was made in good running time, five hours actually being consumed in traveling. Continuing, the paper says that at the state fair in Springfield the automobile was a big sensation. Whenever it stopped on the street crowds of 100 and 200 people would gather round it. When it appeared on the race track and made the circuit the crowd cheered enthusiastically. Mr. Hieronymus Mueller, in discussing this Springfield trip with a reporter, said that "he expected to take a place in the first road race to be run in Chicago in November under the auspices of the Times-Herald, not so much in the expectation of winning as to get the benefit of the experience and knowledge which such a contest would develop." It is interesting to know that Mr. Mueller was partial to automobiles from the start because he liked driving, but had a wholesome dread of horses. He was confident from the day he received his machine that the automobile was to be the future mode of transportation and within a few years after receiving it he not only improved this machine by inventions of his own, but he built a number of automobiles, and had he lived the chances are that he would have become an automobile manufacturer. Mr. W. J. Wayne, who in those days was a carriage builder in Decatur, caught Mr. Mueller's fever and he built an automobile, too. Concerning the first road race there had been many postponements and it was finally agreed that a special race should be run on Friday afternoon, November 1st. The race was from Halsted and 55th streets to Waukegan and back, for a special prize of \$500. Papers of that day say that 150,000 watched the Mueller and Duryea wagons, which were the only ones entered. Concerning that race the newspapers refer to the finish as follows:

"Men, women and children began to congregate at Grant Monument in Lincoln Park, as early at 3 o'clock, in anxious expectation of the finish. Sunset came and the rising of a perfect Indian Summer moon.

"F. B. Mueller and his father, H. Mueller, the owner of the Benz motor, came after dark to the monument. Both were a trifle nervous. At twenty minutes of seven o'clock at the north end of the boulevard a flashing headlight shone out and F. B. Mueller shouted: 'Here she comes.'

"At 6:43 the Mueller wagon stopped in front of the monument and Judge Summers called out the official time of the finish. Messrs. Summers and Lundie immediately took charge of the motor and made a thorough examination of all its parts. When the judges had placed the machine in charge of Oscar Mueller again they made an official statement of the run as made by the Benz motor and is as follows:

"The number of miles actually run was ninety-two. The gross time taken by the Benz motor in traveling this distance was nine hours and thirty minutes. In making the run the only time delay allowed by the judges under the rules and conditions of the race was for stops at grade railroad crossings where trains

might temporarily block the way. The Benz machine lost several minutes through these causes. The judges therefore corrected the running time from nine hours and thirty minutes to nine hours and twenty-two minutes. This will be the official record of the length of time occupied, showing an average speed of ten miles an hour. But the machine lost other time than that at grade crossings. Its total loss of time was forty-six minutes, making its real running time for the entire distance eight hours and forty-four minutes. The judges remained at the monument awaiting the Duryea until 9:50; then they received a dispatch informing them that his motor was broken down and would not be able to reach the city. On learning this the judges awarded the prize of \$500.00 to Mr. Mueller, adding: 'We made a careful examination of the Benz motor at the end of the journey. We find the machine in good condition and it could have repeated the trip at once. It stood the test of the journey in a magnificent manner and we think it has justly earned the prize.'

"Oscar Mueller said: 'I am more than pleased with the test. On some parts of the way we made as high as twelve miles an hour, but our average time was ten miles an hour.'

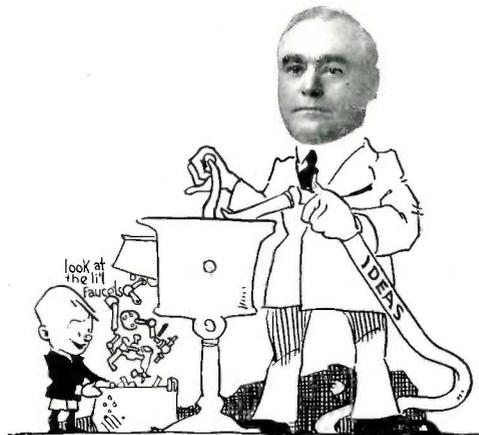
Another race was immediately arranged for Thanksgiving Day, and in this race the Mueller wagon was second, winning a prize of \$1,500. It is very interesting to go over the extended newspaper accounts of that day and note the intense interest of the people in this new phase of transportation. Within five years after, the development of automobiles had been such that they were then common sights on the streets and attracted little, if any, attention. However, were this former wagon of the Mueller Company to appear on the streets again, it would attract as much attention now as it did in 1895 in Decatur, but for an entirely different reason, as it is unlike any automobile to which the present generation is accustomed.

Otto Sharlock Sunday Night

Otto—Are you fond of indoor sports?

She—Yes, if they know when to go home.

Philip Grinds Them Out





Mueller Baseball Team, 1917



Standing: Left to Right—Mush Augustine, Arthur Watkins, Willard Adams, Walt Behrns, Roy G. Coffman, Manager.

Sitting: Elmer Young, Charles Dressen, William Barber, George Tolladay.

IN ATHLETICS and field sports the Muellers are always active. The Company members play golf, hunt and fish, and frequently join camping parties of employes for a day or two of recreation in the woods. The younger element devote their attention to baseball, basket ball and football. The baseball and basket ball branches of sport are under the direction of Roy G. Coffman, who has been very successful in getting together winning combinations. The baseball team of this year was a good one. The Company encourages the baseball team and provides uniforms, etc., being firm believers in the theory that diversion of this kind is a good thing for the organization. During the season just closed they played 12 games, won nine and tied three. In playing off the last tie they were nosed out of the local championship, which they won last year.

The basket ball team is always up and coming. In 1914, 1916 and 1917 this team won the pennant. In 42 games played they won 38, which certainly is some record to be proud of. The season of 1917 has just closed.

Len Herman in New York

Len—How much are your rooms?

Clerk—Two dollars up to twelve.

Len—How much are they up to half past nine?

(Continued from page 22)

necessary to drive these geese from the point at which they are bought quite a long distance to the shipping point, and the story is told that Mr. Firke "shoes" them to keep their feet from getting sore during the journey. He "shoes" them by driving them through a few inches of warm tar and then over sand, which adheres to the tar and toughens the feet so that they will not get sore on the journey. We don't know whether this is true or not, but we do know that the geese are fine specimens and the company is fortunate in being able to secure poultry of this class, which commands the highest price on the New York and Chicago markets.

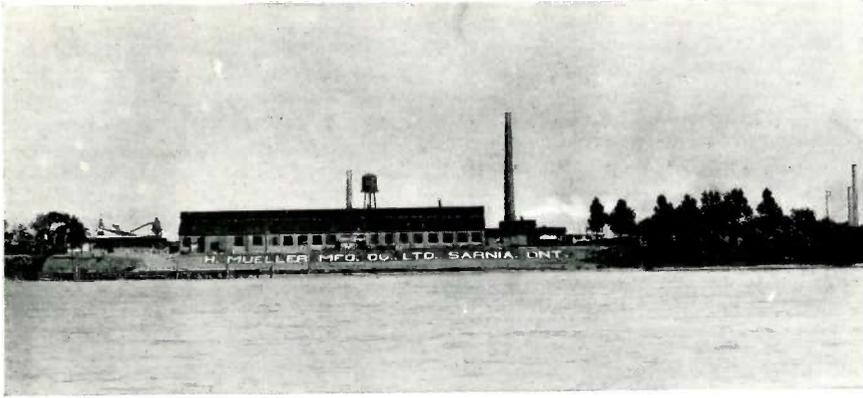
The geese for the Mueller employes will total about 650 and will be given out the Saturday before Christmas so that they may be properly prepared for the Christmas feast.

Re-decorating the Office

During the ten days preceding Christmas the main office, on the third floor of the warehouse building, was in the hands of the painters and decorators and is now as spick and span as one could wish. Ceilings and walls have been gone over and there has been a general shifting and rearrangement to add to the convenience and beauty of the office. This will all be completed before the salesmen come in and the office in every way will be far superior to anything that the company has yet enjoyed.



The Mueller Canadian Plant



THERE is one member of the Company with whom the employes are brought into contact only occasionally, but are always glad to see. And they appreciate the splendid work that he has accomplished in the upbuilding of the Canadian business. That member is Oscar B. Mueller.

When the Company determined to erect a plant on Canadian soil he was selected as the manager of that enterprise. The work on the plant began in 1912 and the Canadian business was taken over by the new company on June 1, 1913.

Mr. Oscar faced a task which would have made a less aggressive man quail. There were many obstacles to be overcome and there was a vast amount of constructive work necessary to put the business on a solid basis. That he has accomplished this, no one can doubt. The name of "Mueller," which was already well known throughout the Dominion, has become a household word. Added to the natural difficulties incident to the establishment of a new business, the war brought problems of manufacturing which called for business capacity of vastly more than ordinary ability. We all know how Oscar met these problems and solved them. He put the Company on the map in a way that will make it remembered by all Canadians.

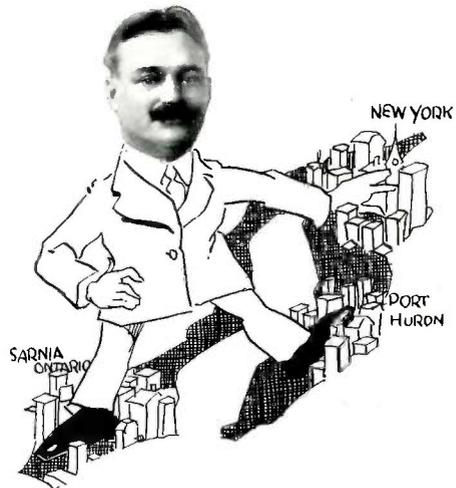
To meet the problems created by the war, all of which were new and unknown in manufacturing, he proved himself equal to the task of throwing together an organization and practically jumping into a new and untried line of business. He had to build from the ground up, not only his organization but his manufacturing facilities, and all the time that he was building had to feel his way and solve problems that were as new to him as they were to his advisors.

The wonderful business which the Com-

pany did in the manufacturing of munitions certainly reflects unusual credit upon the management.

Oscar is not happy unless he is busy. With a head filled with detail of the big enterprise which he successfully engineered on Canadian soil, he has straddled back into the United States and is supervising the building of the big plant at Port Huron, Michigan. Once more he is wrestling with complex problems, but now he has the advantage of his experience in Canada, and the task, while large in itself, is made easier by reason of his knowledge of the requirements. Incidentally, when Oscar is not busy at Sarnia or Port Huron he hops over to New York and looks the eastern division over, still maintaining supervisory management of that division. The fact that he has straddled himself out over two continents inspires the Mueller cartoonist to picture him as shown on this page.

Oscar Straddles Two Continents



We are reprinting here from a former Record the picture of the Mueller plant at Sarnia as it appears from the St. Clair river. This, however, does not do the plant justice because it shows one building only. The business of the last three years has necessitated the erection of many other buildings which do not show, but they are there, and they are all humming with industry under Oscar's competent management. Oscar's brothers and friends in Decatur are pleased to acknowledge the success that he has attained as a big business man.

He has had the loyal co-operation of Fred L. Riggin, Carl G. Heiby, John Burkam, Bob Thrift and others whose names do not occur just at this moment.

Sarnia

AS THE estimable Mr. Vollmer said in his report as the chairman of the smelling committee at the meeting of the Foremen's Club last Tuesday night, "The snow comes in the window when it snows." If the window of which he spoke is not fixed by this time, we are afraid that a whole lot of snow must have come in the window, because it is snowing. As we sit and grind out this copy the Lake Huron wind is driving down a fine dry snow that is steadily and surely giving the buildings and landscape a true Christmasy appearance. The dull, dead, leaden sky holds promise of sleigh bells and frostbite, but it is worth a nip from the icy fingers of Jack Frost to be able to enjoy the invigoration of the outdoor air. We are talking right at you, Decatur. You may have an idea that we are away off in a neck of the woods where the reed birds read and the bull-frogs bull, but we are quite sure we are just as satisfied to be where we are as you are to be where you are.

The Foremen's Club meeting of Tuesday evening was a very profitable one. The routine business was relieved by well chosen entertainment and the Mutual Admiration Society, on the famous "Trip to Boston," was allowed full sway in their "hammer throwing" contest. Each time this occurs we get a little nearer to the truth of that trip. We suppose that by the time La Monde and "the Colonel" get through sinking the harpoon into each other's carcasses that the facts will leak out. Maybe the Decatur Boston contingent can help to illuminate the dark spots in this respect. In justice to the Colonel, it must be said that his admission as to the condition he found himself in on the train on the way back from Boston may be responsible for the

very evident reticence on his part to elucidate.

In passing, we would like to say that we are more than glad to hear of the arrival of the addition to the family of R. L. Moore, and wish the boy all the luck in the world. We also hope that he will be the greatest little "shatterer of night time's Sylvan quietude" that the city of Chicago has ever seen, so that Dick can have a real excuse for "staying up nights." It seems kind of hard to imagine the "old war-horse" as a "Knight of the milk bottle."

The Mueller Metals Co. plant at Port Huron is well on its way. The bug of Mueller industry has gotten under the skin of the Port Huronites. This is plainly evidenced by the following conversation that was overheard by the writer of this "column" while in Port Huron last night. The writer is not going to tell where he was when he heard it for fear of complications. Two men of the better working class were talking. For the sake of brevity we will call them Jack and Bill.

Bill—Where are you workin', Jack?

Jack—Out at the Grand Trunk Shops.

Bill—Why don't you hook up wit' dat' Mueller outfit? That's where 'de action is in 'dis burg.

Truly this is the voice of the people. And it is the general idea that is carried by the entire community.

Well, Decatur, we do not want to occupy too much of your valuable space, but in closing let us say that every last little unit of our organization wishes every last little unit of your organization a mighty Merry Xmas and the happiest of Happy New Years. In mind as well as in actuality and in business practice, let us join hands in hoping that before another year has passed the all-suffusing glow of a worldwide peace will spread itself across the war-torn universe.

MR. J. H. MacMILLAN, the catalog man of the Decatur plant, spent a week with us this month. He came to Sarnia to look us over and get "squared around" for his arrival at the first of the year. He was an interested guest at the Foremen's Club dinner and meeting. We called upon him for a few words and he addressed the chair as "Mr." and promptly paid his fine, and then proceeded to tell us a story that had its point in relation to one of the arguments of the evening. "Mac" said some mighty nice things about our outfit and we appreciate them very much.

It has been suggested that in view of the expense and time necessary to Decatur

and Sarnia meeting in a bowling match in a neutral city, that each plant bowl its own team in its own city on the same night and telegraph the result. Let's get together on this as soon as possible.

The Victory Loan subscription of the Sarnia plant was a huge success. Over 95 per cent of the employes subscribed to the tune of \$29,700. Mr. O. B. Mueller's subscription was \$20,000. This is not included in the factory total.

The Port Huron Company was incorporated under the name of "Mueller Metals Company" on November 30, 1917. The new buildings are well on their way to completion and the manufacturing will start with a rush in a very short time. A great deal of credit must be given to Colonel Kip for the speedy construction of the different buildings.

Mr. MacMillan reported that the Decatur catalog was entering its final drive. That means that he should be able to start work on the Sarnia publication directly after the first of the year. He showed us a portion of the Decatur issue and it is going to be a very handsome book.

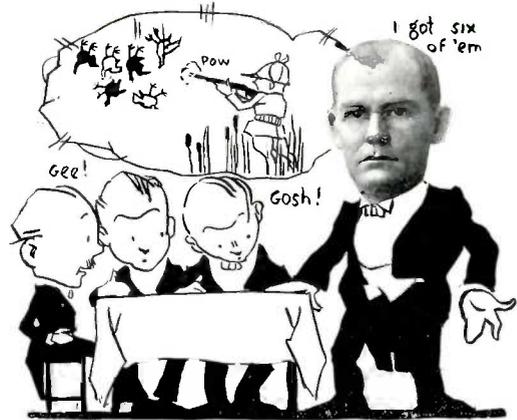
The bonus system for 1917 of the Sarnia plant has been worked out. To all employes with a record of six months' service or more we will give a bonus of 1 per cent of their actual salary multiplied by the number of years of service. To those whose service does not total six months a bonus of \$2.00 in cash will be paid. These bonuses will be presented in the form of a specially printed Christmas check. The intention is to guarantee this bonus for the year of 1918 also. This promises many a nice Christmas present to the employes.

"Here's to Heiby and Riggins and Maxey,
Here's to Thrift, Twaits and Lindquist
and all,
They're bucking the line all in concert,
And it's O. B. that carries the ball."

The Forgings Booklet that was issued for us by Decatur is a mighty fine sample of work and we are greatly appreciative. We think it would be a good idea to give one to each Mueller salesman at the Decatur Salesmen's Meeting. They often hear off-handedly of work of this nature and maybe some good business can be influenced in this way.

The Sarnia company remembered its 40 or 50 employes on duty at the front by sending them Christmas boxes which will doubtless be greatly appreciated by the young men who are now on the firing line.

Frank Never Misses



Salesman's Meeting

Preparations are now well under way for the annual meeting of the salesmen who are expected in Decatur on December 31st. The sessions will continue each day until January 1st. The program being made up promises to be the most interesting for several years. A number of salesmen will be called upon to read papers on given subjects which doubtless will bring out a considerable amount of good selling points. The sessions are to be held at the factory this year and the salesmen will be served their meals. Those who have had opportunity to test out the Mueller brand of cooking during the last few months can assure the salesmen that they will not leave the table hungry.

Presents for Our Soldier Boys

In the midst of the gladsome Christmas time the absent ones in the service of Uncle Sam are not to be forgotten by the Mueller Company. Each of the Mueller employes in the military or naval service of the country will receive a gift of a kit of tobacco, which will consist of the following articles:

- 1 Briarwood pipe.
- 8 Packages smoking tobacco.
- 1 Tin chewing tobacco.
- 200 Cigarettes.
- 1 Leather cigarette case.

These will be forwarded in ample time to reach the boys by Christmas.

Bobbie Gates Wasn't Worried

"Bobbie," said Mr. Adolph on a visit to the Allen Place, "beware of picking a toadstool instead of a mushroom; they are easy to confuse."

"That's all right, Mr. Adolph," said Bobbie, "we ain't going to eat them ourselves, we are going to send them to you."

(Continued from page 3)

satisfaction, murmuring as he gathered up his things:

Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,
A few feet of cold earth, when life is done;
A stone at the head, a stone at the feet,
A rich, juicy meal for the worms to eat;
Rank grass overhead, and damp clay around,
Brave lodgings for one, these, in holy ground!

"Ho! ho!" laughed Gabriel Grub, as he sat himself down on a flat tombstone which was a favorite resting place of his, and drew forth his wicker bottle. "A coffin at Christmas! A Christmas Box! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" repeated a voice which sounded close behind him.

Gabriel paused in some alarm in the act of raising the wicker bottle to his lips, and looked around. The bottom of the oldest grave about him was not more still and quiet than the churchyard in the pale moonlight. The cold hoar-frost glistened on the tombstones, and sparkled like rows of gems among the stone carvings of the old church. The snow lay hard and crisp upon the ground, and spread over the thickly strewn mounds of earth, so white and smooth a cover that it seemed as if corpses lay there hidden only by their winding sheets. Not the faintest rustle broke the profound tranquility of the solemn scene. Sound itself seemed to be frozen up, all was so cold and still.

"It was the echoes," said Gabriel Grub, raising the bottle to his lips again.

"It was *not*!" said a deep voice.

Gabriel started up, and stood rooted to the spot with astonishment and terror; for his eyes rested on a form that made his blood run cold.

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure, whom Gabriel felt at once was no being of this world. His long, fantastic legs which might have reached the ground, were cocked up, and crossed after a quaint, fantastic fashion; his sinewy arms were bare; and his hands rested on his knees. On his short, round body, he wore a close covering ornamented with small slashes; a short cloak dangled at his back; the collar was cut in curious peaks which served the goblin in lieu of ruff or neckerchief; and his shoes curled up at his toes into long points. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hat, garnished with a single feather. The hat was covered with the white frost; and the goblin looked as if he had sat on the same tombstone very comfortably, for two or three hundred years. He was sitting perfectly still; his tongue was put out, as if in derision; and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

"It was *not* the echoes," said the goblin.

Gabriel Grub was paralyzed and could make no reply.

"What do you do here on Christmas eve?" said the goblin sternly.

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stammered Gabriel Grub.

"What man wanders among graves and churchyards on such a night as this?" cried the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard. Gabriel looked fearfully round—nothing was to be seen.

"What have you got in that bottle?" said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever; for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought that perhaps his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

"Who drinks Hollands alone, and in a churchyard, on such a night as this?" said the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" exclaimed the wild voices again.

The goblin leered maliciously at the terrified sexton, and then raising his voice, exclaimed:

"And who, then, is our fair and lawful prize?"

To this inquiry the invisible chorus replied, in a strain that sounded like the voices of many choristers singing to the mighty swell of the old church organ—a strain that seemed borne to the sexton's ears upon a wild wind, and to die away as it passed onward. But the burden of the reply was still the same, "Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

The goblin grinned a broader grin than before, as he said "Well, Gabriel, what do you say to this?"

The sexton gasped for breath.

"What do you think of this, Gabriel?" said the goblin, kicking up his feet in the air on either side of the tombstone, and looking at the turned-up points with as much complacency as if he had been contemplating the most fashionable pair of Wellingtons in all Bond Street.

"It's—it's—very curious, sir," replied the sexton, half dead with fright; "very curious, and very pretty, but I think I'll go back and finish my work if you please, sir."

"Work!" said the goblin, "what work?"

"The grave, sir; making the grave," faltered the sexton.

"Oh, the grave, eh?" said the goblin; "who makes graves at a time when all other men are merry, and takes a pleasure in it?"

Again the mysterious voices replied, "Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

"I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," said the goblin thrusting his tongue further into his cheek than ever—and a most astonishing tongue it was—"I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," said the goblin.

"Under favor sir," replied the horror-stricken sexton, "I don't think they can, sir: they don't know me sir; I don't think the gentlemen have ever seen me sir."

"Oh, yes they have," replied the goblin; "we know the man with the sulky face and grim scowl, that came down the street tonight, throwing his evil looks at the children, and grasping his burying spade the tighter. We know the man who struck the boy in the envious malice of his heart, because the boy could be merry and he could not. We know him, we know him."

Here, the goblin gave a loud shrill laugh, which the echoes returned twenty-fold; and throwing his legs up in the air, stood upon his head, or rather upon the very point of his sugar-loaf hat, on the narrow edge of the tombstone; whence he threw a somerset with extraordinary agility, right to the sexton's feet, at which he planted himself in the attitude in which tailors generally sit upon the shop-board.

"I—I—am afraid I must leave you sir," said the sexton, making an effort to move.

"Leave us!" said the goblin, "Gabriel Grub going to leave us. Ho! ho! ho!"

As the goblin laughed, the sexton observed for one instant, a brilliant illumination within the windows of the church, as if the whole building were lighted up; it disappeared, the organ pealed forth a lively air, and whole troupes of goblins, the very counterpart of the first one, poured into the churchyard and began playing at leapfrog with the tombstones; never stopping for an instant to take breath, but "overing" the highest among them, one after the other with the utmost marvelous dexterity. The first goblin was a most astonishing leaper, and none of the others could come near him; even in the extremity of his terror the sexton could not help observing that while his friends were content to leap over the common-sized gravestones the first one took the family vaults, iron railings and all, with as much ease as if they had been so many street posts.

At last the game reached to a most exciting pitch; the organ played quicker and quicker; and the goblins leaped faster and faster; coiling themselves up, rolling head over heels upon the ground, and bounding over the tombstones like footballs. The sexton's brain whirled round with the rapidity of the motion he beheld, and his legs reeled beneath him as the spirits flew before his eyes; when the goblin king, suddenly darting toward him, laid his hand upon his collar, and sank with him through the earth.

When Gabriel Grub had had time to fetch his breath, which the rapidity of his descent had for the moment taken away, he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by crowds of goblins, ugly and grim; in the center of the room on an elevated seat, was stationed his friend of

the churchyard; and close beside him stood Gabriel Grub himself, without power of motion.

"Cold tonight," said the king of goblins, "very cold. A glass of something warm, here!"

At this command half a dozen officious goblins with a perpetual smile upon their faces, whom Gabriel Grub imagined to be courtiers, on that account, hastily disappeared, and presently returned with a goblet of liquid fire, which they presented to the king.

"Ah!" cried the goblin, whose cheeks and throat were transparent, as he tossed down the flame, "this warms one, indeed! Bring a bumper of the same for Mr. Grub."

It was in vain for the unfortunate sexton to protest that he was not in the habit of taking anything warm at night; one of the goblins held him while another poured the blazing liquid down his throat, and the whole assembly screeched with laughter as he coughed and choked, and wiped away the tears which gushed plentifully from his eyes, after swallowing the burning draught.

"And now," said the king, fantastically poking the taper corner of his sugar-loaf hat into the sexton's eye, and thereby occasioning him the most exquisite pain; "and now show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our own great storehouse."

As the goblin said this a thick cloud which obscured the remoter end of the cavern rolled gradually away, and disclosed, apparently at a great distance, a small and scantily furnished but neat and clean apartment. A crowd of little children gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown, and gamboling round her chair. The mother occasionally rose and drew aside the window-curtain, as if to look for some expected object; a frugal meal was spread upon the table; and an elbow chair was placed near the fire. A knock was heard at the door; the mother opened it and the children crowded round her, and clapped their hands for joy, as their father entered. He was wet and weary and shook the snow from his garments, as the children crowded round him, and seizing his cloak, hat and stick, and gloves, with busy zeal ran with them from the room. Then as he sat down to his meal before the fire, the children climbed about his knee and the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

But a change came upon the view, almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bed-room, where the fairest and youngest child lay dying; the roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from his eye; and even as the sexton looked upon him with an interest he had never felt or known before, he died. His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and seized his tiny hand, so cold and heavy. But they shrunk back from its touch, and looked with awe on his infant

face; for calm and tranquil as it was, and sleeping in rest and peace as the beautiful child seemed to be, they saw that he was dead, and they knew that he was an angel looking down upon and blessing them from a bright and happy heaven.

Again the light cloud passed across the picture and again the subject changed. The father and mother were old and helpless now, and the number of those about them was diminished more than half; but content and cheerfulness sat on every face, and beamed in every eye, as they crowded round the fire-side and told and listened to old stories of earlier and bygone days. Slowly and peacefully the father sank into the grave, and soon after, the sharer of all his cares and troubles followed him to a place of rest. The few who yet survived them, knelt by their tomb, and watered the green turf which covered it, with their tears; then rose and turned away; sadly and mournfully, but not with bitter cries, or despairing lamentations, for they knew that they should one day meet again: and once more they mixed with the busy world and their content and cheerfulness were restored. The cloud settled upon the picture and concealed it from the sexton's view.

"What do you think of *that*?" said the goblin turning his large face toward Gabriel Grub.

Gabriel murmured out something about its being very pretty, and looked somewhat ashamed, as the goblin bent his fiery eyes upon him.

"*You* a miserable man!" said the goblin in a tone of excessive contempt. "*You!*" He appeared disposed to add more, but indignation choked his utterance, so he lifted up one of his very pliable legs, and flourishing it above his head a little, to insure his aim, administered a good, sound kick to Gabriel Grub; immediately after which all the goblins in waiting, crowded round the wretched sexton, and kicked him without mercy; according to the established and invariable custom of courtiers upon earth who kick whom royalty kicks, and hug whom royalty hugs.

"Show him some more," said the king of the goblins.

At these words the cloud was dispelled, and a rich and beautiful landscape was disclosed to view—there is just such another to this day, within half a mile of the old abbey town. The sun shone from out the clear blue sky, the water sparkled beneath his rays, and the trees looked greener and the flowers more gay, beneath his cheering influence. The water rippled on with a pleasant sound; the trees rustled in the light wind that murmured among their leaves; the birds sang upon the boughs; and the lark carolled on high her welcome to the morning. Yes, it was morning; the bright, balmy morning of summer; the minutest leaf,

the smallest blade of grass, was instinct with life. The ant crept forth to her daily toil, the butterfly fluttered and basked in the warm rays of the sun; myriads of insects spread their transparent wings and revelled in their brief but happy existence; Man walked forth, elated with the scene; and all was brightness and splendor.

"*You*, a miserable man!" said the king of the goblins, in a more contemptuous tone than before. And again the king of the goblins gave his leg a flourish; again it descended on the shoulders of the sexton; and again the attendant goblins imitated the example of their chief.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub, who, although his shoulders smarted with pain from the frequent applications of the goblins' feet, looked on with an interest that nothing could diminish. He saw that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labor, were cheerful and happy; and that to the most ignorant, the sweet face of nature was a never-failing source of cheerfulness and joy. He saw those who had been delicately nurtured and tenderly brought up, cheerful under privations, and superior to suffering, that would have crushed many of a rougher grain, because they bore within their own bosoms the materials of happiness, contentment and peace. He saw that women, the tenderest and most fragile of all God's creatures, were the oftenest superior to sorrow, adversity and distress; and he saw that it was because they bore in their own hearts an inexhaustible well-spring of affection and devotion. Above all he saw that men like himself, who snarled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable world after all. No sooner had he formed it, than the cloud which closed over the last picture seemed to settle on his senses and lull him to repose. One by one the goblins faded from his sight; and as the last one disappeared, he sunk to sleep.

The day had broken when Gabriel Grub awoke, and found himself lying at full length on the flat gravestone in the churchyard, with the wicker bottle lying empty at his side, and his coat, spade and lantern, all well whitened by the last night's frost, scattered on the ground. The stone on which he had first seen the goblin seated, stood bolt upright before him, and the grave at which he had worked, the night before was not far off. At first he began to doubt the reality of his adventures, but the acute pain in his shoulders when he attempted to rise, assured him that the kicking of the goblins was certainly not ideal. He was staggered again by observing no traces of footsteps in the snow on which the goblins had

played leapfrog with the gravestones, but he speedily accounted for this circumstance when he remembered that being spirits they would leave no visible impression behind them. So Gabriel Grub got on his feet as well as he could, for the pain in his back; and brushing the frost off his coat, put it on, and turned his face toward the town.

But he was an altered man, and he could not bear the thought of returning to a place where his repentance would be scoffed at, and his reformation disbelieved. He hesitated for a few moments; and then turned away to wander where he might and seek his bread elsewhere.

The lantern, the spade, and the wicker bottle were found that day in the churchyard. There were a great many speculations about the sexton's fate at first, but it was speedily determined that he had been carried away by goblins; and there were not wanting some very credible witnesses who had distinctly seen him whisked through the air on the back of a chestnut horse blind of one eye, with the hind-quarters of a lion, and the tail of a bear. At length all this was devoutly believed; and the new sexton used to exhibit to the curious for a trifling emolument, a good sized piece of the church weathercock which had been accidentally kicked off by the aforesaid horse in his aerial flight, and picked up by himself in the churchyard, a year or two afterward.

Unfortunately these stories were somewhat disturbed by the unlooked for reappearance of Gabriel Grub himself, some ten years afterward, a ragged, contented, rheumatic old man. He told his story to the clergyman and also to the mayor; and in course of time it began to be received as a matter of history, in which form it has continued down to this very day. The believers in the weathercock tale, having misplaced their confidence once, were not easily prevailed upon to part with it again, so they looked as wise as they could, shrugged their shoulders, touched their foreheads, and murmured something about Gabriel Grub having drunk all the Hollands, and then fallen asleep on the flat tombstone; and they affected to explain what he supposed he had witnessed in the goblin's cavern, by saying that he had seen the world, and grown wiser. But this opinion, which was by no means a popular one at any time, gradually died off; and be the matter how it may, as Gabriel Grub was afflicted with rheumatism to the end of his days, this story has at least one moral, if it teach no better one—and that is that if a man turn sulky and drink by himself at Christmas time, he may make up his mind to be not a bit the better for it; let the spirits be ever so good, or let them be even as many degrees beyond proof as those which Gabriel Grub saw in the goblin's cavern.

Chat Gave It Up

Chat Winegardner was one day not long ago talking to Anton Schuermann about foreign born citizens in America.

"When you come to think of it," said Chat, "you are only intruders. You are apt to forget what you owe us natives when we open our doors to you."

"Is dat so," said Schuermann, "but here's one thing you have forgot. I came dis country in with my fare paid, und clothes on my back. Can you say so much as dot?"

Far In the Future

"Don't you ever expect to get married?" she asked.

"Well," replied Mr. Fred, "I may some day. But I have been reading up on the subject and the scientists agree that if a man takes proper care of himself there is no reason why his mind should begin to fail before he is eighty at least."

This Year's Model

The fussy old gentleman coming down from Chicago with Dick Moore, the other day, asked:

"Have you any children, sir?"

"Yes, sir; a son."

"Does he smoke?"

"He never so much as touched a cigaret."

"So much the better, sir; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, sir; a model young man. How old is he?"

"Just six weeks."

Right in Fred's Line

Mr. Fred—"Do you approve of dancing?"

She—"No."

Mr. Fred—"Why not?"

She—"Why, it's mere hugging set to music."

Mr. Fred—"Well, what is there about that you don't like?"

She—"The music."

Mr. Fred—"I agree with you."

Same Old Apple

"Why do you have an apple as your trademark?" asked Mr. Robert of his tailor.

"Well, well," replied the man, "if it hadn't been for an apple where would the clothing business be today?"

(Continued from page 6)

As Key wrote it the poem varies in several lines from the versions that are sung today. We reprint verbatim a copy written out by Key himself for James Maher, a gardener of the White House. But first, certain explanations of his phraseology:

He was describing an actual situation, and he appears to have addressed the lines directly to his companion, Mr. Skinner. The smoke of battle explains "the clouds of the fight." The line "This blood has washed out his foul footsteps' pollution," modified by later editors, was his answer to the boasts of a British officer who declared before the bombardment that the fort would quickly be reduced.

The change of "on" to "o'er" in the common versions of the phrase "now shines on the stream" is the result of bungling editing. Key was picturing the reflection of the flag on the water.

In the author's version, here given, the words that have been changed by compilers are italicized. The references by numerals indicate the variations of other editions.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight!¹
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?²
 And the rocket's red glare—the bombs bursting in air—
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
 Oh! say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?³

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half⁴ conceals, half⁵ discloses:
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on⁶ the stream.
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner—Oh, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the foe that⁷ so vauntingly swore
 That⁸ the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home and a country should⁹ leave us no more?¹⁰
 This¹¹ blood has washed out his¹² foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever! when freemen¹³ shall stand
 Between their¹⁴ loved homes and the war's desolation.
 Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

For Mr. Jas. Maher, of Washington City, from F. S. Key. Washington, June 7, 1842.

¹"Perilous fight."—Griswold-Dana. Common version.

²"Now."—Dana.

³"O'er."—Several versions.

⁴"Band who."—Griswold-Dana.

⁵"Mid."—Griswold-Dana.

⁶"They'd."—Griswold.

⁷"Their."—Griswold-Dana. Common version.

⁸"Their."—Griswold-Dana. Common version.

⁹"Freeman."—Griswold.

¹⁰"Our."—Griswold-Dana. Common version.

Kipling Meets Mark Twain

By Rudyard Kipling

I HAVE seen Mark Twain this golden morning, have shaken his hand, and smoked a cigar—no, two cigars—with him, and talked with him for more than two hours! Understand clearly that I do not despise you; indeed I don't. I am only very sorry for you, from the Viceroy downward. To soothe your envy and to prove that I still regard you as my equals, I will tell you all about it.

The things happened somewhat in this order. A big, darkened drawing room; a huge chair; a man with eyes, a mane of grizzled hair, a brown mustache, a strong, square hand shaking mine, and the slowest, calmest, levellest voice in all the world, saying:

"Well, you think you owe me something, and you've come to tell me so. That's what I call squaring a debt handsomely."

All my preconceived notions were wrong and beneath the reality. Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion when he is brought face to face with a revered writer.

Once, indeed, he put his hand on my shoulder. It was an investiture of the Star of India, blue silk, trumpets, and diamond-studded jewel, all complete. If hereafter, in the changes and chances of this mortal life, I fall to cureless ruin, I will tell the superintendent of the workhouse that Mark Twain once put his hand on my shoulder; and he shall give me a room to myself and a double allowance of paupers' tobacco.

Definite Aim

The first step toward success is to have a Definite Aim in life that is worthy of the best there is in us.

Nothing short of that will answer.

The Arabs say, "The thinner a thing is, the more it is inclined to spread itself."

Don't spread—Concentrate!

Settle on what you want to do or become. Go to it strong and forget the rest!

