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# The Mueller Record

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A  
Merry  
Christmas  
and a  
Happy  
New Year





# The Mueller Record

Vol. VIII.

CHRISTMAS, 1919

No. 106

Will you have a lighted candle in your window on Christmas Eve? Would you know, then, one of the legends of this beautiful custom, that is centuries old? Many Decatur people have followed this custom their whole lives long—one man gives assurance that there has been a lighted candle in his window every Christmas Eve of the sixty years of his life; and there are hosts of others who have done this, individually, always.



Where does anybody go when they want to hear the story that connects up with a sacred custom? To an Irishman, of course; and it was from an Irishman, sixty years old, that some of the legends, connected with the Christmas Eve candle were learned.

## Promised to Return

Some there be, who do tell that ere leaving the earth, the blessed Lord did promise that He would return every year on His birth-night, but that He might come in the guise of a beggar, and that His people must minister to those who come to them lest they turn Him away unawares. And so, lest He come again to the earth on the anniversary of His birthnight, and be a-hungred and a-thirst, and a-weary for shelter and have not where to lay His head His people do place the lighted candle in the window to light the Christ-Child on His way.

And they do tell the story of an old shoe-maker, far off in the old country, who in a dream saw the blessed Lord and received His promise to come to Him on the day before Christmas, needing a pair of shoes. And the shoemaker set to work and made for the blessed Lord, the finest pair of shoes of which he was capable; and he set them in the window of his tiny shop, to await the coming of the Christ.

## Shop Ready for Him

And when the day came, he was up betimes to await His coming. The shop was swept and dusted and cleaned as never before and hardly had the day dawned when a beggar stopped in the doorway to ask for alms. His feet were muddy, and he left great tracks on the shining floor of the shop, but the shoemaker ministered unto him; and then set to work to clean up the dirt his visit

had occasioned. Then, there came some children, who were cold and hungry. These he warmed and fed and sent happy, on their way. And again he tidied the shop to await the coming of the blessed Lord.

And throughout the day, they came to him for help and comfort, and he gave it them with a sorrowing heart because the blessed Lord came not. And the evening came, and he lighted a candle and set it beside the shoes in the window. Hardly had its tiny rays stretched out into the night, than there came to the door a woman and a child, thinly clad, hungry, thirsty. Sure, they were a sight to melt the heart within you; and the shoemaker drew them into the shop and warmed them and fed them and asked them questions about why they were out away from home at this hour of the night.

## Gave the Only Shoes

And when they were ready to pass on, he noticed that the child had no shoes; and the night was cruel cold. "But where," he questioned, "are the child's shoes? Why do you take him out without his shoes?" And the woman replied that he had no shoes, at all, at all.

Now, there was just one pair of shoes in the shop that the child could wear. That was the pair the shoemaker had made for the blessed Lord, and that had stood all the day in the window, awaiting His coming. Half-sobbing to himself, the shoemaker thought, "Surely, the blessed Lord will understand. He comes yet this night," and he took the shoes from the window and put them on the child's feet and sent him on his way, comforted.

And the evening waned and the blessed Lord came not; and the shoemaker, a-weary and sad, went to bed, leaving the candle burning brightly in the window. And in his dream there came a knocking at the door, and when he opened it, there came in to his house all of them whom he had sheltered and fed and warmed and comforted during the day. And in the midst of their coming, a voice said, "I was hungry and ye fed Me; thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; cold and ye warmed and comforted me."

## Unto the Least of These

But the shoemaker couldn't understand. "Lord," he exclaimed, "I waited all the day for you, but ye came not; and



## THE MUELLER COMPANY

Something More to It Than the Men  
Who Run It

We all boost the game because we believe in it and because we are working for real men who have a real interest in our welfare. Sometimes we overlook the privileges we have become accustomed to through our democratic associations with our employers. We have grown so accustomed to working "with" instead of "for" them that we place no particular thought on this happy condition.

But there is one department of our company which we quite generally overlook, and that is the wives of the members, because we are not brought into such frequent contact. However, when we are, we are at once made to realize that the feminine portion of the Mueller families is just as democratic as their husbands. We have an illustrative point in mind.

"The other day" said a foreman, "a member, of the company took me home with him. To tell you the truth I went reluctantly, because I'm not accustomed to entering such homes as he owns, and felt that I would be nervous and out of place. Say, I never had such a delightful surprise in my life. The front door was thrown open to me by Mrs. Cruikshank and without waiting for an introduction she held out her hand and with a welcoming smile told me that she felt that she had known me a long time because she had so frequently heard my name mentioned in the family talks about the shop affairs. Then she urged me into the living room, seated me in a comfortable chair and kept up a pleasant conversation until I felt just as natural and comfortable as if I were in my own home. Her reception was one of sincere cordiality and it pleased me to see this democratic spirit in the company homes, just the same as we see it every day about the factory. There is more to the Mueller Company than the Mueller men—there's the Mueller women.

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## "I DON'T"

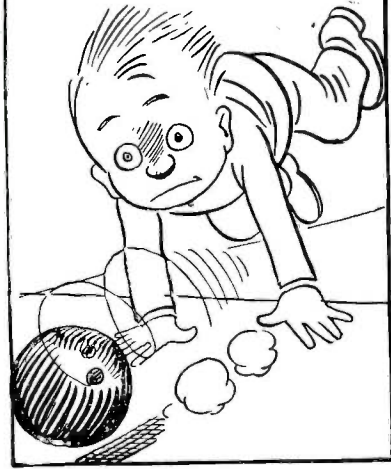
My parents told me not to smoke;  
I don't.

They made it clear I must not wink  
At pretty Girls or even think  
About intoxicating drink;

I don't.  
To dance or flirt is very wrong  
I don't.

Wild youth chase women, wine and song  
I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one,  
I do not know how it is done  
You wouldn't think I'd have much fun,  
I don't.

MR. ADOLPH  
MAKES  
A STRIKE

I but now retired, weary and sore discouraged. And the shoes I made for you, I gave to yon child." And as He looked toward the child, sure and it was the child who was speaking to him all shining bright, and in the likeness of the blessed Lord, Himself, and He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my children, ye have done it unto me." And as he looked, this shoemaker man there was the beggar, and there were the children, and the woman and all to whom he had ministered the day, and in every face was the shining likeness to the blessed Lord. He had entertained angels unaware. And in memory of the night, he forever after kept the Christmas candle burning in his window on Christmas Eve; for that is the night upon which the Christ-Child comes to earth again; and you never may know when He is at your door, even if He be clad in the poorest garments; and there's no luck for you if you turn away any beggar from your door, empty-handed on Christmas Eve.

—Reprinted from Decatur Herald.

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## Unfortunate Meeting

"Goodness, little boy!" exclaimed the kindly old gentleman to the weeping youth. "What on earth is the matter?"

"I had a turrible accident," bawled the boy.

"Gracious! What was it?"

"I met pop when I was a-playin' hookey."





# “Our Companee”

These are the members of our Companee—  
Phil, Fred, Bob, Adolph, Frank and O. B. ;  
They're all good fellows, and to us very near,  
And we wish them Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.



Phil

This is our “Supe,” a jolly good soul,  
Who shoots a good gun and flings a good pole,  
He does other things which divide his attention,  
And designs the new goods for every convention.



Fred

This is Big Fred, our Vice President,  
With his fastidious style he makes a large dent ;  
When he dons his glad rags he makes a warm glow,  
And when it comes to real business he's not very slow.



Bob

This is our Sec. so neat and so clean,  
Who never was known to do anything mean ;  
He's very methodical and also exact,  
And his very worst vice is smoking toback? (Little Rose).



Adolph

This is our President, full of pep and vim  
Who rolls up his sleeves and wades right in.  
When he's not on the job, he's out on the links,  
And when he makes a good shot, he's happy, By Jinks!



Oscar

This is O. B., all business and bustle,  
At Port Huron and Sarnia he makes the boys hustle,  
And in between times he's a regular old pill—  
With trips to New York to stir up Billy Dill.



Frank

This is Frank W. of Shipping Room fame,  
When he ain't packing boxes, he's out after game ;  
He shoots with true aim, and never a miss,  
And tells you about it with ecstatic bliss.



## TWO GOOD RABBIT STORIES



Among the departmental meetings, which have been rather numerous during the past two or three weeks, the one held on Monday evening, December 1st, was among the best. Owing to the absence of Mr. Adolph Mueller in the east, Mr. Philip presided, and acquitted himself with much credit.

In opening the session he made a neat little speech, explaining for the benefit of the newer members of the organization, the purpose of these meetings.

There was a good dinner and plenty of cigars, and during the discussion which occurred, some very good suggestions were brought out in relation to possible improvements in factory conditions.

The meeting was not without entertaining features. Some side remarks by Billy Burke about Bill Ferre shooting ten feet over rabbits, called forth a rejoinder that he probably was trying to kill them "on the wing." Of course the last hunter who tells a story is invariably the winner in contests of this character, and the one Mr. Philip related won him the championship for the evening. When the remark was made about trying to shoot rabbits on the wing, Mr. Philip got up and spoke, as follows:

"By George, I did it! A party of us were out near town hunting rabbits, and we started to beat across a 40-acre field, when I saw a big rabbit headed straight towards me, and not very far away. He was so close that I didn't want to shoot him, and by darn, if he didn't run right up over my foot. Just as he did this I raised my foot and kicked him about 10 feet in the air, and while he was in the air fired my gun and killed him."

Later on Mr. Robert Mueller had a rabbit story and he suggested that the rabbit he was going to tell about was the same one Philip shot in the air. He evidently hit it so hard that he knocked it clear from Decatur down east. This is the story that Bob told:

"There was a Connecticut farmer who never would admit that he didn't know all about everything that came up. He was never surprised. "Wa-al," would be his invariable comment upon some striking incident, personal or otherwise, "I expected it." At a County Fair he was invited on the platform and the magician after some manipulation extracted a rabbit from his flowing beard. When he returned to his seat, his wife laughed, and said: "Now you can't say you expected that." "Wa-al no, that is not exactly. For two days I have been feeling something was going on in them whiskers of mine, but I could not make up my mind it was a rabbit."

## GETTING EVEN

Bobby Mueller and his Uncle Bob, each claims that he is constantly impoverished by paying the other's bills, but Bobby says there is no complaint when the money flows in instead of out. "Listen man!" he says, "I loaned Blackie \$20.00, which he was to pay back at \$2.00 per week. Not wanting to be bothered, I told him to pay it through the cashier. The other day he asked me if I'd got my money yet, he having practically liquidated the obligation. Being in the main office soon after, I asked Charles Auer about it and he told me that for ten weeks he had been handing Uncle Bob two dollars per week on account. Now what do you know about that?"

"All that I know about it," said Uncle Bob, "is that it's easy money."



## PERSONALS

Mr. Adolph went to New York Thanksgiving night to attend the meeting of the Brass Manufacturers' Association.

F. T. O'Dell was here during the week of Thanksgiving.

Mr. O. B. Mueller, Sarnia, Port Huron and New York, was here for firm meetings during November, and his many friends in the Decatur plant were glad to greet him again. He has lost nothing in weight or good nature.

THESE OFFICE  
BELLES ARE  
PEELING A  
LITTLE LOWER  
EACH SEASON

DONALD RODGERS





## BRASS CHIPS

Is Fisher going after Knauss' job? We notice that he puts "Designed by" on blank forms drawn by him.

\* \* \*

A good loser is a fellow who can laugh at a joke on himself and make it sound real. Dick Moore is nearly one, except when he is picked up on historical points, such as confusing Stonewall with President Jackson.

\* \* \*

The world owes every man a living, but sometimes you have to pay about 90% of it to the bill collector unless you are a good dodger.

\* \* \*

The name of Rye, N. Y. is to be changed to Nut Sundae.

\* \* \*

Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robins, her second husband Sparrow, and the present one Quail. The children are birds.

\* \* \*

What Lydia told the man in the factory when he tried to jolly her over the telephone, kept him from freezing just at that moment, anyway.

\* \* \*

Merle says his wife bought a hat last week that cost a tire and two inner tubes.

\* \* \*

A lot of bartenders are surprised to discover for the first time that there really are jobs where the best customers will not want to kiss them goodnight.

\* \* \*

"Phew!" said Bob, "How can you smoke such cigars as this one you've given me?"

"I can't. That's the one you handed me yesterday," said Fred.

\* \* \*

Charlie Armstrong says that since sugar is so scarce, honey is one of the very best "vamps" as an article of diet and in order to educate any one who may not know of it's "Sweetening" value, he will be glad to furnish free samples.

\* \* \*

Otto Sharlock has a new recipe—he says it's great—the product not the recipe.

\* \* \*

Warren Aaron is a new salesman. He will travel in Michigan, taking Cameron's old territory. Cameron has quit.

\* \* \*

Why not send for the ex-Kaiser and make him cut wood for fuel. He cuts it for fun.

\* \* \*

Manager Leary of the San Francisco

office sent us a clipping from the Stockton Record which refers to the opening of a new cafeteria and the fact that it is equipped with Mueller Filglass cocks.

\* \* \*

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Klinck, October 25th, a son. The Noonday Luncheon Club smoked on Freddie and kidded him between puffs.

\* \* \*

Bobby Mueller attended a shooting match Nov. 24th, and he brought home the "bacon" in the shape of two geese, two turkeys, and an eighth of a young beef. When he first told of his success at the Noonday Lunch he said he won half of a beef, but after some rather persistent queries he said that it was one half of a front quarter.

\* \* \*

Miss Helen Gates is the new telephone operator in the Main Office.

\* \* \*

Duke Mueller as head of the foundry is upsetting traditions and old records. He has assembled a hustling force and is turning out the goods by the ton.

\* \* \*

"Please be careful" pleaded the old lady, in the madly racing jitney, which was barely missing street cars, telegraph poles and pedestrians, "this is the first time I ever rode in a jitney."

"You've got nothing on me," replied the driver, "this is the first time I ever drove one."

\* \* \*

Roy Hughes, formerly in the Drafting Room Record Department, is now located at Los Angeles, California, where he has a position with the Western Machinery Co. Billy Jett met him there the other day. Roy told him that he was making about the same money he did in Decatur but that he found living much cheaper.

\* \* \*

Speaking of an ex-office employe whose presence was always emphasized by a variety of odors which emanated and radiated from his person, Mr. Roberts, the janitor, remarked that "he had come in contact with several persons whose feet had died long before their bodies."

\* \* \*

As this issue goes to press, inventory is in full swing in the various stock departments. When it is done the force in these departments will draw a long breath and be ready for a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

\* \* \*

We are glad to see that Ralph E. "Bob" Collins who was so seriously ill last summer is now recovered and is

(Continued on Page 9)



I'M A MEAN  
FISHERMAN  
AND I CAST  
A WICKED  
HOOK—



WHO ELSE COULD IT BE, BUT  
PHILIP?

MRS. SHOEMAKER'S BIRTHDAY

Noonday Luncheon Party Did Not Over-  
look It

Mrs. Shoemaker had a birthday in November. She is the stewardess at the Club House, and her one thought in life just now is seeing that the noonday Lunch Party is properly fed. The party is unanimous in agreeing that she has never yet fallen down on the job. They wonder sometimes when brought face to face with the variety of dishes she prepares, how she continues to think up and so skillfully prepare so many different tasting dishes from one article. Take the humble potato for instance, why Mrs. Shoemaker can fix it so many different ways with so many different appetizing odors and tastes that the potato itself does not know its own name or what it really is.

We liken her unto the school teacher in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village,"—

"Still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all she knew."

But getting back to Mrs. Shoemaker's birthday, the Noonday Luncheon party remembered it by presenting her with a box of candy, prettily tied up and dec-

orated with fresh cut rosebuds.

In the absence of Mr. Adolph and Mr. Robert, the presentation was made by the writer, who said :

"The members of this luncheon party have feasted and fattened on your good cooking for a year past. Perhaps it is unnecessary to tell you that they have appreciated it. The empty dishes returned to the kitchen have conveyed that fact to you.

"You have fed us on substantial and delicacies, executed in the most finished style of culinary achievement. We have carried the message of your skilful and varied accomplishment to our homes, lauding your ability, until some of our wives have grown jealous. They entertain the fear that the old saying that "the surest way to a man's heart is through his stomach" may work out, and they'll lose us from their own fireside.

"You have reached our hearts and they respond in appreciation of your faithfulness, your devotion to your calling, and the discriminating judgment exercised in the arrangement of your menus, which are always different and always good.

We suspect that Meredith had in mind some such woman, when he wrote:

"We may live without friends, we may live without books

But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

So if cooks are the instrument that put vim and pep into civilized man, and fat on his ribs, he should in some small way at least show his appreciation of the effort, which we do now in this toothsome little reminder of our good will.

Mrs. Shoemaker was pleased, there is no doubt about that, but she was not embarrassed nor frustrated. She came back with a neat little speech of thanks and did it gracefully.



M. T. Whitney, who was for many years our representative in the Chicago territory, died Monday, November 24th and his funeral occurred Wednesday the 26th from his home, 5912 Normal Blvd. Chicago.

Deep regret was felt at his death. It was a privilege to have known Mr. Whitney. He was a kind, considerate and courteous gentleman. He had un-failing confidence and deep sympathy for all mankind. Mr. Whitney had been in the brass goods line for the greater part of his life and was known to the trade throughout the country. His widow, a son and daughter survive him.





(Continued from page five).

calling on his trade in the southern Illinois territory. Bob is very much alive and is selling the goods.

\* \* \*

During the Red Cross Drive, 226 memberships were secured in the Mueller Plant. In addition to these, many men gave in their memberships to solicitors who canvassed their homes. The exact percentage of memberships is not known, but it is much higher than the cash memberships taken would indicate.

\* \* \*

A new entrance to the old factory building has been made on College street. The Republic truck can now enter and unload directly into the Receiving Dept. The electric truck can go on in to the metal room next to the Foundry.

\* \* \*

Erwin J. Kleimeier of the Main Office has been transferred to the Mueller Fountain & Fixture Company.

\* \* \*

Bessie May Smith, typist in Dept. 20 has returned to her home in Elwin, Ill. where she is now on the telephone exchange.



Friends of E. H. Langdon are having a quiet laugh at him. He was enthusiastic in promoting magazines instead of hams. Between the appeal of the "brain or the b—" —ah, stomach— he felt that the brain should have the first call. Upon scanning the gift sheet, however, it is found that Mr. Langdon's b—, we should say stomach, came out a winner—he took the ham. Of course Mr. Langdon has more reading than he can utilize, while the other fellows probably had more eating than they could assimilate and needed brain food. "Let him who is not ham hungry make the first subscription."

\* \* \*

W. B. Burke chief electrician, had a few days off with a grounded wire—rheumatism.

\* \* \*

B. C. Humphrey, night engineer, was laid up a few days with congestion of the lungs.

\* \* \*

Laz Shorb was tightening a union on a pipe on the new oil burner in the furnace room, when the pressure suddenly came on and the escaping gas caught fire. He was painfully but not seriously burned about the face.

\* \* \*

Silk shirts and neckties to match! Oh, Boy, it's really worth while to be the beau of a Mueller Office girl at Christ-

EITHER PLAY  
BALL WITH  
YOUR HOME  
OFFICE TEAM  
OR JUMP TO  
ANOTHER  
LEAGUE!



mas time. Wonder what the girls will think about the price of those shirts, when some day clad in a house apron, they rub them out on a washboard with one hand, and rock the cradle with the other.



### HERE COMES THE GROOM

Next time you meet H. D. Nash make him buy. He has been married, as the following announcement received at the office, December 19th shows:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Barnett announce the marriage of their daughter  
ZELLAH RAMSEY



to  
MR. HARRY DELOS NASH  
Wednesday, December 10th  
nineteen hundred nineteen  
Ottawa, Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Nash stopped over in Decatur, December 17th,—the day the world did not come to an end—on their way to Rockford to visit his parents. An impromptu celebration was immediately staged. Beautiful roses were secured and presented to Mrs. Nash by Mr. Adolph, while the office force surrounded the couple. Just as he completed this pleasant task, the office folks who had been provided with rice, gave the couple a shower. What Mr. and Mrs. Nash could not get rid of at once they got out of their shoes at night.





### WE WONDER—

If Duke will ever get through drawing forms.

Why so many girls in the factory and core room get married, and so few in the office.

If Cranston got his Inventory completed.

What has become of Shorty, John Curtis' side pal.

What has become of all the social events in the club house, about which the girls talked.

What form of amusement Bobbie will follow now that the shooting match season is over.

How Freddie Klinck will view the question when the family gets as big as Chris Hendrian's.

How the firm liked their Christmas presents.

If some sleeping car porter is wearing Mr. Robert's nightie.

If Burleigh's ham will put any fat on his ribs.

If ten cents per person was too much to ask for the firm's Christmas present.

If Katie McKeown's fingers get cold without gloves.

Would you say "Merry Christmas" or "Mary Multigraph" to Mary.

When C. N. W. will acknowledge that in hunting Mr. Robert's nightie he lost his own.

If Mr. Robert will join any new organizations this year.

If Miss Bennett could lick kids as fast as she licks postage stamps.

If Mr. Philip will get behind on his hunting and fishing schedule during the year.

If Mr. Langdon, who suggested that the person called on the telephone give his name when taking down the receiver, will learn to do this.

If Mae Emerson and Mary Roth will change their names during the year.

If anyone sold Roy Coffman the Masonic Temple while he was in Chicago.

If Gustin really is a Jew or is it just the natural consequence of association.

If John Shelton enjoys keeping parts stock in collar boxes, mailing sacks, etc.

What kind of hair restorer Charlie Morris uses.

If Ed Bassey will ever outgrow his boyish disposition.

If Frank Cruikshank can keep on filling orders the way he has been doing and at the same time keep out of the bughouse.

If the Cost Department contains the champion "Gigglers" of the world.

### RECRUITS

Misses Inez Austin and Trella Hinton,

and Mrs. Nellie Wible who helped make munitions last year are now back in the Mueller organization.

Miss Anna Kushmerz, who spent the summer at Dalton City has returned to work in the Core Department.

Basil Mason who has been in the U. S. Navy for the past two and one half years is now working in No. 23. You should have seen the smile on Billy Mason's face when Basil got home.

Ira L. Auer, brother of Chas. Auer, cashier, is one of the new tool makers in Dept. 55.

Harold LaBrash has begun his apprenticeship in Department 30. Before beginning work here he had been in a boiler shop in Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Sidney Kissel has been added to the staff in the Credit Department. Several of the New York territories have been transferred to Decatur which has increased the work in this department.

### OUR NEW ELECTRIC TRUCK

A labor-saving device which has recently been put into service is a new electric truck which may be seen bumping along Cerro Gordo street or gliding down the aisles or passage ways of the plant. It carries ingot from the Reclaiming Plant to the Foundry and castings to the Brass Shop and finished goods to the Shipping Department.

It is loaded by depressing the platform and slipping it under the box body to be moved. This box is supported by runner-like boards on each side. The truck platform is then raised until the runners are several inches from the floor. The truck then moves off and on its arrival is unloaded simply by lowering the platform and backing away from the load.

### PRINTING PRESS

During the past two years we have taken care of a large portion of our printing on the multigraph. Now we have increased facilities for this work, having added a regular printing press to our equipment, and this will enable us to handle an increased number of our office forms.

### NEW MACHINERY

Quite a number of new machines of the latest type have been ordered during the past few weeks. The company is doing everything possible to get in the best possible shape to increase production. The early weeks of the new year will find us in first class shape.





## COULDN'T SELL FRED

### Nash as an Advocate of Matrimony Presents His Case

When Mr. Nash and bride visited the office, he backed Mr. Fred up into a corner and began to sell him on the marriage proposition. He dilated, illustrated, expostulated and buttressed his argument in support of the matrimonial game with biblical and poetical quotations. He warmed up to the subject in a manner which left no shadow of a doubt of his conviction. If Nash's selling arguments for Mueller Goods are made with half as much force, and sincerity during the coming years we shall be forced to put on a clerk to take care of Mr. Nash's orders.



"I'll tell you, Fred," he wound up, "a bachelor only about one half lives. The married relation is the natural state of man. To develop the good that lies dormant within him he needs the refining influence of a true woman. He wants something to share his joys and riches with, someone to look after him and care for him and cheer him in his despondent moments, some one"—

"To darn his socks and mend his shirts," suggested Fred.

"No, quit your kiddin' now. "I'll tell you Fred, its a serious question, but its a joyful one also. Why Fred, I can't begin to tell you of the happiness that I've already experienced and that I know is in store for me," panted Nash.

"Uh huh" said Fred. "I'll tell Bill Ford about it. In the meantime I'd suggest that you, Butsy Dill, Charlie Ford and Powell get together and form a union."

We don't think Nash made a sale of his ideas to Fred.



## COULD NOT FIND HER POCKET

In a crowded N. Edward St. car, Miss Mac vainly endeavored to get her fare out of the pocket of her cloak, which was tightly buttoned.

After she had been working in vain for some minutes, a gentleman seated on her right said, "Please allow me to pay you fare."

Miss Mac declined with some acerbity, and recommenced her attacks on the pocket.

After these had continued for some little time her fellow passenger said, "You really must let me pay your fare. You have already undone my braces three times, and I can not stand it any longer."

## WEDDINGS

Glenn A. Garrett, soldier and foundryman was married to Miss Mildred Bass recently. Garrett is on the job every day with a smile.

J. W. Carter, the amiable truck driver, was married to Miss Mary Wingate on Nov. 15. On Monday after his marriage he passed around cigars and chewing gum.

The Bachelors' Club of Department 30 is losing members rapidly, not through accidents or carelessness in safety practice, but due to the excellent marksmanship of Dan Cupid. The latest deserters are Paul Gaddis who married Hazel Moomey and Graydon Shepherd who married Doris Lighthall.

Mrs. Grace Larrick who was married recently to Mr. Marsh will live on a farm near Dalton City.

Miss Zelda Poe of Dept. 5 was married to Sergeant Allen Blake.



## STORY WITH AN APPLICATION

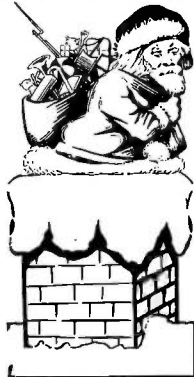
In another column we print a little story entitled "A Timely Conversation," by Brugh Werner. It is a real good story and worth while reading. Also it has an application to our daily work. You'll see what it is when you read the story.



**HENRY AS SANTA CLAUS**

**Our Well Known Florist Friend Discovered in a New Role.**

We present herewith a picture of our esteemed friend, Henry Gerstenkorn, of the South Side Nursery, and thereby hangs a tale. In looking up typographical ornaments wherewith to decorate this issue, we were shown the accompanying picture of Santa Claus and were impelled to exclaim, "That's not Santa Claus; that's Henry Gerstenkorn!"



It is preposterous for anyone to try to hornswoggle us on such a flimsy pretext.

We know Henry in the flesh and believe ourselves competent to recognize his likeness.

However, we wanted supporting evidence and showed the picture to eight different persons, asking the question, "Who does this look like?" We very promptly got eight replies, "Henry Gerstenkorn."

But here is the strange feature. The artist who drew it never saw Henry, but we suspect him of consulting his Ouija board or some other occult aid, unless Henry has surreptitiously loaned himself for a sitting unknown to his friends. At any rate the type foundry owes him a commission on every electrotype sold.

We are really pleased to present Henry in his Santa Claus role, because we know he has some of the attributes of the good-natured old saint. He has played the role to us many times in all seasons by his remembrances of office folks with his beautiful flowers, and we have come to look upon him as a sort of Santa Claus.

**NEW INSPECTION DEPARTMENT**

An inspection department has been added to the Foundry organization. W. A. Atkinson is foreman and Roy Woods his assistant. Most of the inspectors are women. After the castings have been through the sand blast they are inspected and any imperfect pieces are remelted. Thus, defects are caught before any machine work is done. This is a decided improvement in the way of efficient production. The inspection department is located in the room formerly occupied by No. 5 and the grinders are now in the space where No. 20 used to be.

**MASON'S NEW MAN**

"Is the new man I sent you any better than the last one," asked Mr. Langdon of Mason.

"Believe he is," replied Billy, "He don't get in my way quite so much."

**ONE EXCEPTION**

"Nowadays everything is done by electricity," remarked Duke.

"Is that so?" answered Klinck. "Well, it can't put my baby to sleep."

**FISHLINE FEAST**

Hawkins was entertaining his uncle from the rural districts and took him to Greider's for lunch.

"Guess I'll have coffee and sinkers," said Hawk.

"Sinkers did you say?"

"Yes, that's what they are called."

"Well," said uncle, eyeing a man eating spaghetti, "I'm going to try a dish of those fishlines like that fellow over there is eating."

**THE THRIFTY BOB**

"I wonder," inquired Otto Halmbacher, "Why Bob Gibson always says, 'ha'e' for 'have.'"

"Don't know," replied Charles Morris, "but I guess it is his Scotch thrift. He saves a 'V' every time he does it."

**BOBBIE EXPLAINS**

"You were found under a bed with a bag of tools," said Justice Saxon; "any excuse?"

"Sure," said Bobbie. "It's force of habit. I drive a machine."

**JIMMY AND MARY**

"A penny for your thoughts," said Jimmy.

"Oh I could not tell you," said blushing Mary, "until leap-year."

**HORACE AND ADDAH**

"But I'm afraid I could not make you happy," said Addah.

"Oh, yes you could," said Horace. "You don't know how easily pleased I am."

**BILLY GETS AN ENCORE**

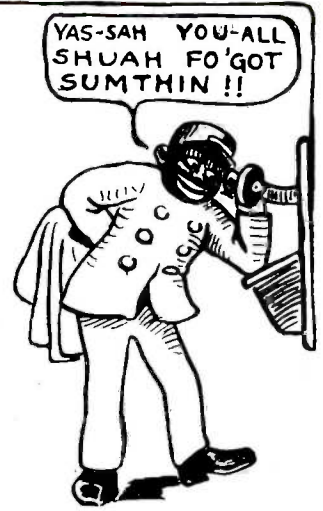
"Here," said Billy to Mrs. S., "is \$40, and I think I deserve some applause for the act."

"Applause? Why Billy I'll give you an encore," said Mrs. S.

**SPARED FEELINGS**

"Can you tell me, Mr. McKibbon," asked the fair young teacher, "where shingles were frsrt used?"

"Yes'm," answered the modest Mac, "but I'd rather not."



### *A Night Shirt Tragedy*

Bob had a nightshirt,  
Nice and clean and new;  
He left it on the Pullman  
And to the east he flew.

When the shades of night were falling,  
And it was time to go to bed:  
He searched through his belongings  
As he slowly scratched his head:

"My nightie, Oh my nightie!  
Whatever shall I do!  
I can't sleep in my underwear—  
It makes me bawl--Boo hoo!"

He drew his trusty memo book  
And therein made a note;  
"I'll get that nightie back again  
Or I'll get somebody's goat!"

Then he wrote some long epistles  
To the Pullman corporation,  
And demanded back his nightie  
With dire threats of litigation.

But the nightie still is missing,  
If you spot it run it down;  
For Mr. Robert's nights are restless  
While he sleeps without a gown.

Next time he goes a-traveling  
To towns of great renown;  
We will sew his nightie on him  
And thereby save his gown.





MR. ROBERT IS A  
CONVERT TO  
ADVERTISING



#### BACK FROM MANITOBA

Clifford Hodges who was formerly in the Foundry, spent the summer in Leadstone Manitoba with Everett Mueller who is developing some new land. They have returned home.

Clifford says that the growing season is short, but that the days are long and warm in the summer time but the nights are cool. There is a strong wind blowing during the day, but it is always still at night. Mosquitoes are plentiful and large enough to shoot with a rifle. It is sometimes necessary to wear mosquito netting over the face and neck while at work.

As help is scarce in that region, everything possible is done by machinery. Mr. Hodges, like others who have visited this country, is impressed with its possibilities. When he left there Nov. 6, the thermometer stood at 14 below zero and there was one foot of snow.



#### COULD USE THE LETTERS

"Then this," he said, "is absolutely final?"

"Absolutely," was Marie's calm reply. "Shall I return your letters?"

"Yes, please," answered the blighted one. "There's some good material in them I can use again."

#### BOB COLLINS ALMOST HELD UP

##### Timely Arrival of Police Saves Salesman From Taxi Bandits

When Bob Collins, our southern Illinois and Missouri salesman, was hurrying to catch a train in St. Louis the other evening, he noticed a taxi drive up from the rear and stop almost beside him, from which three men hastily alighted. It flashed through Bob's mind of the hold-ups he had read of in St. Louis recently, and he said to himself, "They've got me this time."

He set down his heavy grips full of Mueller goods and squared himself to meet the attack. At that moment, however, five plain clothesmen who had been hiding in the shadow of a nearby building rushed out and attacked everybody in sight, including Bob.

While the force of detectives covered the automobile bandits an officer searched Collins for concealed weapons, none of which were found on his person. The officer said to Bob:

"I'll have to search those grips."

Bob handed him his card and said that he represented the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., makers of finest line of plumbing goods in the world. Bob opened up his grips and set up a fine display of Mueller goods for the edification of the St. Louis police.

All seemed to be going well until some hammers and chisels used in caulking water mains were found.

"And what are these for?" asked the detective, probably thinking it was a burglar's outfit in disguise.

Bob then got out his catalog and showed him pictures of these goods and explained their use and then proceeded to elaborate upon the quality of the goods he was selling. He was able to convince the officer that he really was a salesman.

When the officer was satisfied that Bob was all right, he allowed him to move on, which Bob did without delay. He gave one glance back and the detectives were still searching and questioning the others.

This happened on the day that the lid was lifted temporarily in St. Louis.



Everett Mueller has taken a position in the main office and is acquiring a knowledge of the business which he is some day to assist in directing.





## FUTURE OF THE BUSINESS

### Mr. Adolph Addresses Sons of Company Members

Watching the Army and Navy football game recently, Mr. Adolph was deeply impressed by results possible of attainment through team-work. With this thought in mind he addressed a letter to the coming generation, or the sons of the present company members. He said:



"The next generation of Muellers have a wonderful opportunity. You no doubt will profit by the successes as well as the mistakes in our business made by your grandfather, as well as your fathers, which you should take advantage of in carrying on what may be developed into the largest industrial organization in the world, producing plumbing, steam water works and gas supplies.

There is room in our different factories for each and every one of you to occupy a position of authority and responsibility, which will carry with it adequate salary and income. We also have many additional positions of authority and responsibility which must be filled by men who are not members of our families, and care should always be exercised in the selection of such men, as we are relying on them to assist us in the expansion of our business.

"The name "Mueller" has been made to signify high grade brass goods for plumbers, water works and gas works—mechanical skill in all sanitary improvements in plumbing fixtures, and is cherished as a family tradition which should be nurtured by the next and future generations, in an effort to attain the ultimate extreme achievement in sanitary appliances. We have prospected and partially developed a wonderful field, bringing to light great possibilities and opportunities, the solution of which must be delegated to those who follow in the footsteps of the members of the present company."



'Some of the boys returning from France told me the soldiers 'over there' don't care to have us sing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" any more.

'Why?'

"Because they're afraid they'll have to shovel out the ashes when they get home."

## DEATHS

Since our last issue, a number of Mueller people have lost, by death, members of their families. Mr. M. B. Carder, father of Lester Carder, clerk in No. 23, died Nov. 11 as a result of an injury received in the Wabash Shop while at work there two years ago. He had been in poor health for some time.

Otto Sharlock, formerly of the Claims Dept. and now salesman for the western territory with his headquarters at Salt Lake City, was called home late in November on account of the serious illness of his mother. She passed away Friday, Nov. 21.

On Oct. 25 E. H. Langdon received word that his mother was very ill at her home in Laramie, Wyoming. He started west at once and arrived in time to see his mother while conscious. She died a few days later. She had been ill about a week.

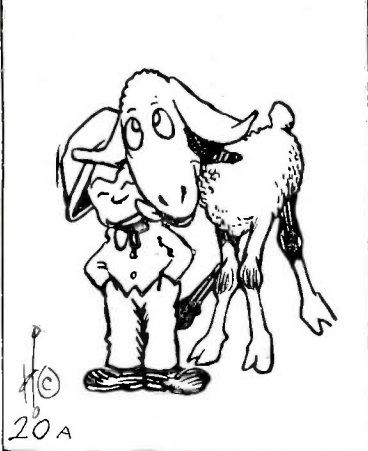


According to a summary made by the United States Fuel Administration, figures show that the saving in fuel consumption alone in 1918 due to the daylight saving was 1,250,000 tons. In one city the people saved \$60,000 in gas and much more in electricity; the average sized city saved from \$30,000 to \$40,000 in lighting and fuel cost.





OH YOU  
KISS OF  
SPRING



FARMER FRED AND THE LATEST  
ADDITION TO THE HERD

**MUTUAL INSURANCE PLANS**

**Sangamo Electric Company Work on  
Different Basis**

The Illinois Watch Company and the Sangamo Electric Co. of Springfield make watches and electric meters. They are separate companies but co-operate in many ways. The two companies have a sick benefit society known as the Employees' Relief Association which has over 1200 voluntary members out of a working force of about 2000. The membership is growing steadily.

One must be an employe one month before he can become a member. There are a number of departments in the plant in which every employe is a member.

The interesting thing about their plan is the fact that it provides for six classes of membership so arranged that a man may take more or less insurance as he wishes. He is limited, however, to 60 per cent of his wages. Below is a table of the membership classes and benefits:

Class	A,	Benefit	\$ .50	per day
"	B,	"	1.00	" "
"	C,	"	1.50	" "
"	D,	"	2.00	" "
"	E,	"	2.50	" "
"	F,	"	3.00	" "

There are more members in Class B than any other and a good many memberships in Classes D and E. Sick benefits are paid after the first three days. Accident benefits are paid for the first week. After that time the Workmen's Compensation Act is effective.

This plan is said to be very successful and popular and has now recovered what the deficit created by the influenza has caused.

These companies publish monthly a house paper called "Doings." Each month the affairs of the Relief Association are published. The number of members and income is given and a list of benefits paid.

The Mueller Employees' Aid Society pays sick benefits of \$5.00 a week at the rate of 35c a month. The value of a dollar has shrunk a good deal in the last few years, and the question arises as to whether some more adequate protection might be afforded our workers if the class system of benefits were established for this Company. If those who read this article would favor a plan of classified benefits will mention to Mr. Shelton, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Coffman or Mr. Langdon we can in that way know what you think about it.

An increasing percentage of the employes in this company are members of the Aid Society and it is hoped that all will eventually become members. It is planned to publish the financial affairs of the Aid Society in the Mueller Record, probably the next issue.

The Company has agreed to give to the Society each month an amount equal to 25 per cent of the dues and initiation of the Aid Society has received \$50 each month since July. In August the Company also gave to the Society \$500.00 which covered the deficit caused by the influenza epidemic last fall. With this help and the prevailing good health it is expected that the Aid Society will be able to accumulate a reserve fund.



One rainy day in the summer  
When the rain was snowing fast.  
A barefoot boy with shoes on  
Sat standing on the grass.

The organ peeled potatoes  
Lord was rendered by the choir.  
The deacon shouted, "Amen,"  
And some one yelled out "fire!"

"Holy Smokes," the preacher shouted  
And in the rush he lost his hair,  
And now his head resembles heaven;  
Because there is no parting there.







# A TIMELY CONVERSATION

By Brugh Werner

Once upon a time there was a clock. It was a good clock and had run and kept good time for years. One day the minute hand said to the hour hand, "You are too slow, I get around much faster than you do." The hour hand replied,

"Yes I know you do, but you are always in a hurry, rushing along and you do not accomplish any more than I do."

Just then the chime said, "You fellows would be almost worthless if it were not for me. I am the one who calls the attention of the people to your work, no one knows what you are doing unless they look at you, but I call their attention to the time with my beautiful tone, and thus cause them to think of me as a friend, mindful of their interests and pleasures. Both of you are too slow to suit me, I would like to make myself heard much oftener."

Then the pendulum spoke up: "If it were not for me, you would all go wrong. I am the one who holds you all steady at your work. If I stop no one of you can move. You all depend on me and are helpless without me."

I regulate your speed and control the amount of work you do." The wheels broke into the argument with a shout: "What about us? We go round and round, each one pushing a load. If it were not for us, how could the rest of you do anything?" All this time the main spring had been listening silently. Now he said, "Friends you are all wrong. I am the one who has the heaviest load. Sometimes it seems to me that I cannot longer stand the strain. Then the master who owns us winds me up and gives me fresh strength for my work."

As for the chime, we can get along without him sounding the time and do just as good work. Many good clocks do not have chimes at all. We each have a part to do and unless we each do the work for which we were put into the clock, the whole mechanism will be a failure.

You, pendulum, must not swing too fast or too slow or you will cause minute hand and hour hand to do their work wrong.

You, minute hand and hour hand must not get in each other's way, because if you do, you make trouble for the wheels, the pendulum and me, and we will all have to stop until the master sees the trouble and puts you right.

Let us all remember that each of us is

dependent on all the others for the proper telling of time to the people and that when we can no longer do this reliably we will soon be thrown to one side and forgotten.

The main spring had the best of the argument and all the other parts fully agreed with him and the master who owned the clock was much pleased because it did its work perfectly and kept correct time thereafter.

## THE RECLAIMING PLANT

Fred Klinck's Department, known as the Reclaiming Department, the building where the Christmas party was held last winter, has a great assortment of scrap metal. A new machine has been installed which will take all kinds of junk and do it up into neat little bales. The operator feeds into it two or three old wash boilers, a tea kettle, the tubing of a hot water heater, slams down the lid, pulls the lever, and the whole outfit is pressed down into a small bale about 6x6x15 inches. In this way bulky and irregular pieces of scrap metal are compressed into shapes convenient for storing and for putting into the reducing furnace.

In the great piles of scrap brass goods it is only occasionally that a Mueller faucet is found. Everybody knows that the Mueller goods last so long that they are seldom scrapped.

## NOT ALWAYS EASY

- To apologize.
- To begin over.
- To take advice.
- To be unselfish.
- To admit error.
- To face a sneer.
- To be charitable.
- To be considerate.
- To avoid mistakes.
- To endure success.
- To keep on trying.
- To be broad minded.
- To give and forget.
- To profit by mistakes.
- To think and then act.
- To keep out of the rut.
- To make the best of little.
- To shoulder deserved blame.
- To maintain a high standard.
- To recognize the silver lining.

—BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

—The Canner.



# CHRISTMAS IN INDIA

By E. H. Langdon



Of all the holidays in the calendar, Christmas is the greatest to the English-speaking peoples and we quite easily assume that it must be so for everybody. And yet, as a matter of fact, more than half the world's population do not observe it or know anything about it, but have many and varied holidays of their own. None of them, however, center around the idea of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."



At Christmas time in India there is no snow nor have any of the children ever seen any, nor can they imagine it. Bells, however, are common enough for they hang them on the cattle that pull the carts and the children sometimes wear them on their ankles. No one has ever heard of a sleigh. The houses have no chimneys so that Santa Claus would not know how to enter an Indian home.

But a real Christmas is observed in some places in India just the same. In a certain school conducted by Americans, the Christmas is the one big day of the year. On Christmas morning, the people of the community are awakened by children who gather before houses and sing Christmas songs in the Hindustani language.

On that day they have lots of rice and as a special luxury, butter, and native candies. Every child receives a sack with a plaything, a garment and a pencil or something that he can use in his school work. Marbles, tops, knives, mirrors, combs, are gifts that are highly

prized. The Indian boy does not care for mechanical toys.

The English custom of having Father Christmas instead of Santa Claus is followed and since Father Christmas could not come riding across the sky with sleigh and reindeer, he came in an ox cart, which was festive with red and green crepe paper. After he had distributed the gifts, little boys were given a chance to ride at the terrific rate of two miles an hour. Some of them had never ridden before and this was for them a great experience indeed. All Christmas Day the cart was going to the accompaniment of the school bell which one of the boys carried and rang all the while.

After a day of this amusement and games they gathered around the fire in the twilight and heard again the story of the babe of Bethlehem who had lived in a neighboring part of Asia.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent so much as the smallness of his wants.—Cobbett.

Are you a Drone or a Do-It Now?  
A Do-It-So or an Anyhow?  
A Hurry-Up or a Wait-a-While?  
It's none of my business, that I know,  
For you are the captain and mate and crew.  
Of that ship of yours, but the Where-You-Go  
Depends on the What-and-How-You-Do.



## FOREMEN'S CLUB

### First Meeting Held With Roy Coffman as President

The Foremen's Club held a meeting Monday evening, October 27th, with a good attendance. Roy Coffman, the new president, directed the proceedings and proved himself capable of handling the proposition.

There was a good supper, and during its progress Miss Zenda Frew gave selections on the piano, which were greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. J. D. Moore of Decatur, Chairman of the Home Bureau Association, accompanied by Miss Harris, the State Supervisor and Miss Harkins, County Supervisor, explained the objects of this organization, which is under the patronage of the University of Illinois, its main object being the economic handling of kitchen and household problems. The ladies very much desired to have the news carried to the wives of the men and expressed a willingness to meet with these wives at any time they should so desire.

One of the most interesting subjects which came up was that of a special training department for new employes. Bobby Mueller made a very clear statement of his ideas in the matter. He felt that this department should be put in with Charles Armstrong, where men would receive the benefit of a very wide variety of work. The purpose of this department of course is to fit men for more efficient service in different departments in the factory. One of the interesting features of this subject was the disagreement between Bobby and his father, Mr. Philip, as to whether the department should be with Armstrong or with some other department. Bobby claimed, the next day, that on the way home he talked fast and hard and his father expressed a willingness to let the experiment be tried out under Charles Armstrong.

Mr. Adolph, speaking on this question, expressed his desire to have the experiment tried out at once. He cited the fact that under union rules limiting apprentices, that manufacturers no longer had apprentices coming on to fill the ranks, and it was therefore necessary that beginners receive special training from experienced heads in order to build up a thoroughly efficient organization.

The result of it all was that R. H. Mueller, Chat Winegardner and Charles Armstrong were appointed a committee to settle the question.

Mr. Philip Mueller expressed his thanks to the Foreman's Club for

flowers sent him in honor of his recent birthday. In the absence of Chemist Klinck, A. M. Cobb read a paper prepared by him touching on laboratory work, and the meeting closed with a general talk by Mr. Adolph Mueller.

## GOOD WRITING

Business men are beginning to recognize the great importance of good letter writing. Its not enough to just answer a letter or merely write one asking a question. There should be something in it of interest—a little pep and a touch of personality—some evidence of personal interest. The Office Economist says:

"Big executives are coming more and more to realize that business is not a mass of humdrum routine. That letter on your desk is not a set of characters typed on paper. It is a message from a living, breathing, flesh-and-blood being much like yourself. If the letter is worth answering at all it is worth answering to the very best of your ability, and you cannot answer it to the best of your ability unless you know all the facts to which it relates, and then put just a touch of your own personality into the reply."

## SON DIES

Friends of Harry V. Seevers, of the Kansas territory, will regret to learn that his little son died on December 1st. Mr. Seevers, in wiring this news to the house, stated also that his mother was seriously ill. He is having more than his share of hard luck, as he lost his wife within the past year.

## ADD DESECRATED CLASSICS

Now the New Month, reviving old-time thirst,  
The Prudent Soul with many friends is cursed;  
Life-long abstainers, even, coming round!  
Why, dammit, they should all be lynched or burst.

And those perverted drinks they call Near-Beers,  
Which fill W. C. T. U.'s with lusty cheers,  
Lift not your hands to them for pep, for they  
Are absolutely free from Kick, my dears.


I'm glad that sometimes never glows so red  
The Nose as on some dam Teetotaler's head.  
And say, how can he sleep so sound o' nights  
When Fermentation helps to make his Bread?

Two Thermos Bottles underneath our feet,  
A pocket flask or two of Whisky neat,  
And Thou beside me in the tonneau—Well,  
Omar would swap his Bough to get my seat.

B. L. T.

Just because you take the world tragically,  
don't imagine the world is going to take you  
that way. It's too busy.

Sincerity is the keystone in the arch of success. Every gold brick artist knows that.





## THE YOUNGEST MEMBER

### What He Should Do to Win Recognition in the Organization

Some time ago the Arkansas Banker offered a prize of \$25.00 for the best article on the subject, "If I Were the Youngest Member of the Force—What I Would and What I Would Not Do." Mr. A. Bridges of the State Bank of Jonesboro won the prize with an article, which is worthy of a careful perusal, and equally worthy of emulation. The article follows:



Being in a reminiscent mood the other day it just occurred to me that some of the experiences I had passed through might be helpful, if not interesting to some fellow-worker toiling up the lower rungs of the ladder. So these experiences, both real and imaginary, are dedicated to the youngest member of the family in an earnest desire to smooth over some of the rough places, but if by chance, some few words may be applicable to anyone other than the youngest member of the family, remember they are not limited to him alone.

In the first place, I would not, on beginning my business career, go around with a chip on my shoulder, looking for someone to knock it off, for rest assured, there's some fellow looking for that particular chip, and he's not going to waste any time in taking a whack at it.

I would not stop to ask whether or not the job assigned to me was a menial one—one beneath the dignity of even a beginner, but rather would I dignify even the most menial task by performing it well, and then ask no better reward than my own satisfaction in knowing that it was a duty well performed.

I would not question the authority of anyone requesting my service of me, provided the request was not made in a manner intended to convey the idea of the superiority of the one making the request. I would assume, until experience taught me otherwise, that every other member of the force was my sincere friend and helper, and if I found that one or more of them failed to measure up to that standard, I would not waste any sighs on them, but rather mete out to them the pity they deserve for their narrow-mindedness, and keep right on "sawing wood." Serene and calm in the knowledge that I was doing my duties well, and keeping my eye on the man higher up, I would carefully plan my every action to fit and prepare me for that place higher up which is sure to come to the deserving.

I would not expect too much, either in salary, favors or promotion. No beginner will find the world on a greased skid, with a hand-spike placed ready for him to grasp, the very first day he is on the job. Such things don't happen in real life, even though they may sometimes be so depicted in reel life. I would ever remember that the choicest apples are in topmost branches and the delicious flavor of our Southern muscadine is only brought out by the frosts of winter. So would I remember that only by tenacious and never-ending effort, and in spite of hard knocks and chilling reverses, hewing ever to the line, could I expect to reach my goal.

And I would not forget those little things that everyone else leaves undone. Those things so simple that anyone can do them, and that from their very simplicity are so often overlooked. There is always a sort of dumping ground for unfinished tasks, and right there is the chance to make one's self invaluable to a business, for this accumulation of rubbish would soon block the progress of the best laid plans of the men higher up.

I would remember that accuracy in every detail of my work is of paramount importance, and that speed acquired at any sacrifice of accuracy is a waste of time—not only my own time, but the time of others who may have to correct my errors. I would remember that an error made in a momentary relaxation of vigilance on my part may be found only after hours of tedious effort.

I would consider any wanton, waste of time as a theft of just as much money as that particular period of time was worth, based on the amount of salary paid to me and to the other fellow, for invariably a waste of time by one employe interferes with the work of at least one other employe.

I would get the habit of saying, "We," with a capital W, when speaking of the business, and of feeling that "WE," from the top of my head to the soles of my feet. I would feel that if I made a mistake, it was not I alone that would be injured, but the business, of which I am part and parcel, even though my name does not yet appear on the list of stockholders.

I would study to get the customer's viewpoint, and keep ever before me that good old maxim, "The Customer is Always Right," for if a customer is worth having, he is certainly worth a little judicious catering to his individual peculiarities.

I would remember the pulling power of a smile and a cherry word, and a look that says louder than any words could say it, "I'm in love with my job, I've got my eye on the man higher up and I'm going to push him on and up and out of that place just as fast as brains and pluck and energy can do it."

Last, but not least, when I had, by long and tedious effort, reached the place higher up I would reach out a helping hand to the other fellows in line and cheer them on, for there's nothing helps half so much as knowing that someone who has been over the same rough places you are now traversing, feels an interest in you and stands ready to lend a helping hand.



## MODERN CAVEMEN

## Muellerites Take to the Woods for a Two Weeks Outing

In these modern times and in the highly developed commonwealth of Illinois, the opportunity for man to indulge in the primal sport of hunting and trapping is very limited indeed. The boy of today has not a fair chance for outdoor life when compared with the pioneers and explorers who put this country on the map.

But in spite of the handicap imposed by progressive civilization, some enterprising members of the Mueller organization were able to overcome the difficulties, and for two weeks in November they lived the happy care-free life of the cave man.

While the rest of us were ringing in at 7 a. m., Nov. 5, R. H. Mueller, Wilbur Simpson, Ulie Friend and Blacky were baking flapjacks on the banks of the Kaskaskia nine miles east of Ramsay, Illinois. This historic stream they called the Okaw river.

For two weeks they roughed it spending their time in hunting, fishing, and trapping. They bagged quail, squirrels, ducks, rabbits, one o'possum and two coons. Blacky trapped a number of muskrats.

These modern cave men took pains to be on good terms with the natives who supplied them with apples, milk and butter; but their trusty rifles and fish hooks supplied them with meat in abundance.

Simpson and Bobby did the cooking, and just to prove that the grub was edible they had an eating match. When Bobby had eaten one squirrel and 14 pancakes, he thought he had won out; but Wilbur went him one better and ate two squirrels and 15 cakes. Blacky was the official score keeper and vouchers for the accuracy of this statement.

Ulie Friend was missing one day, and after some search he was found perched on the upper branches of a persimmon tree where he continued to eat persimmons until he fell out of the tree. This shook him down somewhat and he was then able to eat more. Blacky, who helped him to camp, says that he is not unpuckered yet.

One day there was a disturbance in the bushes and Simpson started to run down a Belgian hare which turned out to be a coon. They trailed it to its hole and dug it out with sticks. The party considered labeling the animals of the region so that Simpson would not make a mistake of this kind again.

## MR. OSCAR IN THE FAR NORTH MEASURING THE DEPTH OF SNOW



## A GOLF STORY

A golf fanatic died and went to Heaven. "Where is your golf course?" was the first question he put to Saint Peter.

"We have no golf course up here," was the reply, "but I've heard there is a splendid one down in Hell. You might drop down there for the day and look it over."

The fanatic descended. Sure enough, there was the most wonderful links he had ever seen. An attendant imp led him into a club-house so perfectly appointed as to suggest Utopia instead of the infernal regions.

It took only a minute to find some togs which fitted him as if they were made to order. Never had he felt so correctly attired. The set of clubs which the imp handed him were those of which he had always dreamed during his earthly life.

The imp, acting as caddy, conducted him out to the first tee.

"But the balls? We have forgotten the balls," said the golf fanatic.

"Ah-ha! There ain't no balls!" shrieked the imp. "That's the hell of it."

## SEEING NO OBJECT

"If you take another drink of whisky," said the doctor, "you are liable to go stone blind."

"Well," replied the tippler, "I've seen about everything, anyhow."



**COONSKIN'S BADGER FIGHT**

Pilgrims from Sarnia bring a tale about our old friend Curly Thompson, or as he is known in hunting circles "Coonskin," which indicates that he still possesses sporting proclivities, limited only by the law, providing the law happens to be lying around handy.

For some time past "Coonskin" had been promoting interest in Badger Fights. He talked it earnestly, confidentially and seriously, especially to those who had never participated in an event of this character. When he came across a man who was hep to the old game he rang him in as an aid and made him chief of the propaganda. Eventually "Coonskin" created a seething, surging interest in Badger fights, and concluded the time was ripe to pull it off. Then he began another propaganda, having for its object the creation of a sentiment that badgers were fierce, intractable animals, and that the sport was very rough, also that spectators had best find seats of safety and perhaps



mouths shut about this affair—it's not just exactly according to law. Gosh, how I wish Uncle Ott, Uncle Bob and Uncle Phil were hree. They do love a badger fight. All ready, Mr. Puller—"



That's as far as Coonskin got. A big hulking policeman suddenly came from nowhere and laid heavy hands on him. "What's going on here—what you trying to pull off?" "Nothin'," said Coonskin weakly. "The boys just met here for a little sociable time."

"Looks like a Badger fight to me. You're under arrest. Come on." Curley was headed toward the door, moistening his dry lips and getting whiter under the gills every second. At the door he sparred for time, and asked to consult his friends.

FELLARS, WEVE GONE TO A "HELPAIDTATRAGUNLE TO BRING THIS "HOLE-EATH" BADGER UP HERE AND HES "HEEVED SOUL OVER IT TOO. HE AINT HAD NO EATS NOW FOR THREE DAYS AND I WARN YOU PROTECT YOURSELVES AS BEST "YOU CAN WHEN "ABE" PULLS THE CHAIN!!



it might be well for them to protect their bodies especially their limbs, because if the infuriated animal should by any chance get out of the pit it would surely inflict great injury on some. "Coonskin" shook his head ominously and hoped nothing of the kind would happen. For himself, having to act as master of the ring he proposed to take no chances but would be heavily armed. When the crowd assembled "Coonskin" not only had an interested audience but one that was about half scared to death. He did not know that some of the wise ones were preparing to double-cross him.

Coonskin came into the ring more heavily armed than William Farnum in the wildest of wild west movie impossibilities. "Now fellows I'm tellin' you that this is a rough game. I've got to look out for my own safety, and I will take care of the badger puller and see that he does not get hurt—that's all I can do. You guys will have to look out for yourself, and don't hold me responsible if anything happens to you. This is fair warning and exempts me from all claims for damage. Also keep your





"Say, some of you fellows go fix that cop. He's in earnest and going to lock me up. Thought he was only kiddin' at first, but believe me he is not."

Several fellows took the officer aside and "fixed" him, and he came back to see the fight.

But somehow all the joy was taken out of life for Coonskin. The crowd kidded him as much as they did the Badger puller.



## SHAKESPEARE AND NICK CARTER

We hope that all readers of the Mueller Record will take a moment's time and read the Chicago Tribune editorial on the above subject. It contains much truth, and likewise much food for thought. The editorial follows:

### Shakespeare and Nick Carter

All tempered radicals still are screeching the phrases of Marx, totally oblivious of the fact that all Marx contended for has been achieved. The democracies of today were the "proletariat" of yesterday.

The heartless, proud, and tyrannical mill owner of yesterday departed with Metternich. His departure was accompanied with many kicks and much resistance; but he departed. Notwithstanding his millions he could not be a success as a lonely and isolated autocrat. His tyranny produced a power greater—the power of labor. It conducted him forth.

Into his place has come this new factor. Its name is neither capital nor labor, but a combination of both. It may be called management—scientific management. It discovered that capital was likely to be too arrogant and that labor was likely to become too vindictive because of past wrongs, and that capital and labor poured into the same mold of management in proper proportions should produce the most desirable results.

Management is the chief factor in industry today. Capital is contributed by hundreds and thousands to single industries. A railroad is not the property of an individual but of thousands; stockholders, bondholders through insurance policies, through small direct investments, and in a dozen other ways. There are as many individual capital interests as labor interests. The governing influence of this machine is management.

Still there are those that clamor for control by the workers, as if labor alone were the sole directing energy. We beg leave at this juncture to offer for illustration the trade with which we are most familiar—printing. At random we select two publications, the works of Shakespeare and the works of Mr. Nick Carter. When laid side by side upon the bookseller's shelf each represents identically the various steps in the material progress of the other.

The same workmen felled the trees which entered into the manufacture of the paper upon which they were printed. The same workmen saw the pulp emerge as the white sheet. The same railroad workers conducted the paper to the pressroom. The same printers composed the types. The same pressmen made the impressions, and the same binders delivered Shakespeare and Nick Carter in the same packing box.

But here the parallel ends. It no longer is a matter of trees, of paper, of railroads, of type, of presses, or of stitching. There is something in the finished product, something not placed there by the industrial process which distinguishes one above the other with an eloquence

that cannot be expressed in terms of energy.

But in spite of this impalpable quality which makes one volume a treasure and another trash, though both are identical materially, the radicals propose to take what they require—the lion's share—and bid genius be content with what's left. This notwithstanding genius is the renaissance, the intangible force, incapable of being card indexed or time clocked.

Genius has shown the way from the crooked stick to the tractor plow, from the flail to the thrasher, from the stylus to the Mergenthaler, from tyranny to democracy. Genius has mixed more things better and cheaper. More than this, capital and labor in proportion and produced it makes one soap factory more prosperous than another, one automobile more desirable than another, one newspaper more powerful than another, one railroad more efficient than another.

Shall everything be on a common plane? If so, what plane: the high; low? Without the genius of management it must be the low; and sinking lower. Certainly there can be no competition, no advantage to one individual over another in the commune. But genius does compete; lives on competition; cannot help it. That is why there is a Shakespeare and a Nick Carter, produced identically save that one is sublime and the other is—well, is Nick Carter.



## LOW COST OF LIVING

A man in Old Mystic, Conn., has unearthed a couple of old account books kept by his father in 1814 to 1841. They indicate that the people who lived in that era did not have to worry much about the high cost of living.

Entries also show that labor was cheap. It's evident that unions and agitators were unknown. However, it is interesting to note that in the good old days, when intense specialization and keen competition were unknown, there was relative proportion between cost of living and wages. Here are some of the entries made in the book:

June 1, 1820—Eight pounds veal at 5 cents per pound, 40 cents; two pounds butter at 12½ cents per pound, 25 cents.

Jan. 1, 1827—Four bushels potatoes, 24 cents.

Jan. 1, 1828—Seven and three-fourths pounds codfish at 3 cents, 23 cents.

Aug. 25, 1829—One gallon vinegar, 17 cents.

Aug. 13, 1839—Thirteen and one-half pounds cheese at 6 cents, 81 cents.

April 12, 1830—One and one-half bushels sweet potatoes, 37 cents.

Oct. 12, 1829—Peck turnips, 6 cents.

July 2, 1825—Gallon molasses, 34 cents.

The rate of wages is recorded as follows:

July 16, 1822—Two days shingling house, \$2.

Jan. 4, 1840—Cutting wood, 30 cents.

April 16, 1828—One day making wall, 50 cents.

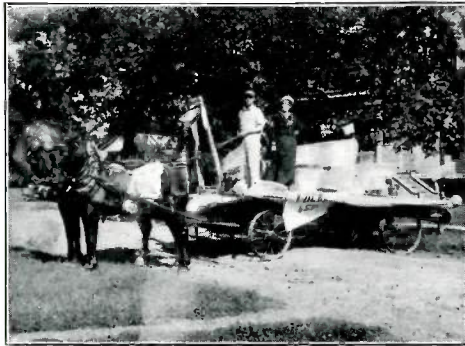
Jan. 17, 1828—Carting lumber, 66 cents.

November, 1824—Making eight logs and finding stuff, 32 cents.





## Successful Woman Plumber



Mrs. Pauline Merz of Salem, Ill., conducts a plumbing business. She is a good friend and customer of ours. A picture of Mrs. Merz on a float which appeared in a local parade is given herewith.

### THRIFT WEEK

#### An Opportunity to Save Instead of Spending Money Foolishly

The Savings Division of the United States Treasury Dept. is putting forth propagandea in favor of thrift and savings by the people generally for the year 1920. Two reasons are advanced, first, the well-being of the man who saves, and second, the increase in the nation's capital if all the people save.

The week beginning Jan. 18 is to be Thrift Week. The following program is outlined:

Sunday, Jan. 18—Sermons on the benefit of saving and sharing.

Monday, Jan. 19—National Life Insurance Day.

Tuesday, Jan. 20—Home Ownership Day.

Wednesday, Jan. 21—Make-a-Will Day.

Thursday, Jan. 22—Thrift in Industry to emphasize the need for Factory thrift and the economic value of cooperation between employer and man.

Friday, Jan. 23—Family Budget Day.

Saturday, Jan. 24—Pay-Your-Bills Day. To emphasize the moral obligation to pay debts.

Every Mueller employe is interested in this movement, and should give it his active and moral support. The war taught us that we can save, and what we did in war we can do in peace. Thrifty habits mean saving habits. All working people are getting bigger wages than ever before. They can save a portion of

this increase at least if they will do so. Plain living and self denial of luxuries will accomplish this result.

There isn't any doubt that we as a people are in a large measure responsible for the high cost of living. So long as people will pay fanciful and exorbitant prices, dealers will ask them. The moment we as a people reject this class of material, dealers will stop offering it. An instance cited recently by the Chicago Tribune is a fair sample of the mental attitude of the American people today.

A young man whose salary had been elevated far beyond any dreams of his, and we do not doubt far in excess of his real earning ability, entered a haberdashery and selected silk shirts costing \$16.00 each. The dealer told him that cotton or linen shirts at one-fourth the cost would wear him three times as long. His answer was:

"What the hell do I care if silk shirts do cost \$16.00 apiece. I'm making \$85 per week."

The attitude of this young man and the reply that he made, are typical of the present attitude of the American people. Its—"What the hell do we care about the price!" And that is one very potent reason why such exorbitant prices are demanded.

Working people who have been favored by advance in wages should pinch back on expenses instead of pushing ahead. Now is not the time for extravagance. It's the time for self denial and judicious buying. It means that you'll have more money to spend and will get better values when prices some day come back to normal.

"Thrift" for a New Year's resolution would be a most excellent one to make, and to stick to during 1920. Suppose you try it.



### BOTH ARE QUEER

Call a girl a chick, and she smiles;  
Call a woman a hen, and she howls;  
Call a young woman a witch, and she is indignant;  
Call a girl a kitten, and she rather likes it;  
Call a woman a cat, and she hates you.  
Women are queer.

If you call a man a gay dog, it will flatter him;

Call him a pup, a hound, or a cur, and he will try to alter the map of your face;  
He doesn't mind being called a bull or a bear,

Yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub.

Men are queer, too.





