

MUELLER RECORD

Christmas
1923



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Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

You can't get results if you don't go after each task and conquer it.

Supervision is the yard stick by which men are measured. The more a man has to be told what to do the less he is worth.

A thought from Elbert Hubbard: "Folks who never do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for anything more than they do."

Simply saying that business will be good in 1924 does not mean that it will but it helps create confidence and confidence is the foundation of all business.

Remember that "the years teach much that the days never knew." There were many days in 1923 that did not know much for any of us, but the year should teach us much. It's a good time to take inventory and decide how much 1923 taught you. If it is only one thing, profit by it, and you will have advanced.

Every person connected with the plumbing trade, either directly or indirectly, knows that a false impression prevails concerning this business. It is the outgrowth of years of vulgar cartoons, coarse jokes, and pointed satire.

Everyone in any way connected with the business knows that in the last decade the trade has been righting itself in personnel, intelligence and business methods, until today it occupies a position of which it is not ashamed.

All people do not know this. This offers a great opportunity for missionary work this year.

If every one connected with the trade would make it his duty to spread a good thought every day for the business it would soon result in changed public opinion.

There are many thousand persons identified in some way with this business. It's a powerful organization capable of a powerful propaganda for good. Let's use it.

DICKENS' IDEA OF CHRISTMAS

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

From "The Christmas Carol".

The dealer who has a show window and fails to utilize it is paying a salesman and permitting him to draw salary without working.

Every show window should be dressed up and saleable merchandise displayed therein.

Our actions are controlled by habit. Through this compelling force we do things almost unconsciously. As children we glued our eyes to windows and eagerly and longingly looked upon cakes, candies and toys. Our desire to possess these things was emphasized by the sight of them.

As boys and girls we were attracted by skates, guns, bicycles, rings, watches, etc., and as young men and women by clothes, shoes, perfumes, powders, etc., and as men and women by household goods, automobiles, etc. But we never lost pleasure in all the things that had gone before, because we had children who liked those same things.

Looking into show windows became a second nature—and so pronounced is the habit that "window shopping" is not a fad but a serious business just as store shopping is. Men and women study show windows

for suggestions. They expect merchants to display his wares in these public places.

If he does not an unfavorable thought arises in the mind of the passerby.

A show window neatly kept and utilized even in a modest way is an asset to any business—an ill kept or untidy window is a liability.

THE ORIGIN OF SANTA CLAUS



When the children begin quizzing about Santa Claus most people are unable to enlighten them, except in accordance with their own view of the case. This is probably the reason why Santa is the most lied about as well as the most loved of all saints, real or mythical. In addition to its religious significance Christmas is enmeshed in a tangle of tradition and custom, and the manner of its celebration varies widely according to peoples and country, as one may easily ascertain by consulting various books on the subject. After one studies these books he may accept as authentic any one of the legends or traditions which best fits in with his own imagination, as to the origin of the Santa Claus idea.

The origin of Santa Claus is thus accounted for by one of the writers on this subject, and we judge, may be as safely accepted as authentic, as any other version.

"The origin of Santa Claus," says the writer, "and the Santa Claus spirit originated with St. Nicholas, who was a lovable old bishop in the year 300. He was famous for his kindness to children. It is said that one night, wishing to help a nobleman who was so poor that he had no money for his daughter's dowry, the good Bishop looked in at the old man's window and saw him asleep by the fire. He then climbed upon the roof and dropped a gold piece down the chimney, thinking that it would fall upon the hearth. But it fell instead in one of the gentleman's stockings, which his daughter had hung up to dry beside the fire. This started the custom of hanging stockings over the fireplace and the legend of Santa coming down the chimney."

A STATE OFFICER

W. H. Snyder, clerk in the Night Assembly, and an expert on bees, was elected Vice-President of the Illinois' Bee Keepers at their annual meeting in Springfield. The Society has 1000 members. Mr. Snyder has charge of the supervision and county organization.

FIGURE IT OUT

John Moma of Dept. 9, and his father married sisters. John has four children. Figure relationships.

WHAT THEY ARE GOING TO DO

We may not all forsake some habit bad, good or expensive on New Year's day; we may not even make a good resolution and try to live up to it, but all of us are going to do something different in the course of the New Year.

It is told to us that some of our organization are making plans or thinking of plans for 1924 about as follows:

Billy Simpson is going to take up golf.

Carl Draper is going to quit grouching and do it with a smile.

J. W. Wells is going to buy up his birth-place in Arkansas. Tender memories of the place haunt him.

W. R. Gustin is going to win the National Bowling championship.

Miss Paradee is going to get married if — and if he does not propose he had better look out, for she may do so herself—Leap Year you know.

Dick Sheeley is going to have himself made over into a six cylinder. He says he can't go fast enough as now constructed.

W. G. Cranston is going to make us all over into athletes.

Adolph Mueller is going to camp out on the Okaw—surest thing in the world.

Katie McKeown is going in for social activities—she has proved such a good hostess—with assistance.

Margie Smeathers is going on as usual. Leap Year means nothing in her sweet young life.

C. G. Auer is going to quit kidding 'em—nix.

Angeline Eckert is going to join Barnum & Bailey as a bareback rider.

E. H. Langdon is going to attach a safety device to every employe.

Billy Mason is going to quit dancing provided they quit giving dances.

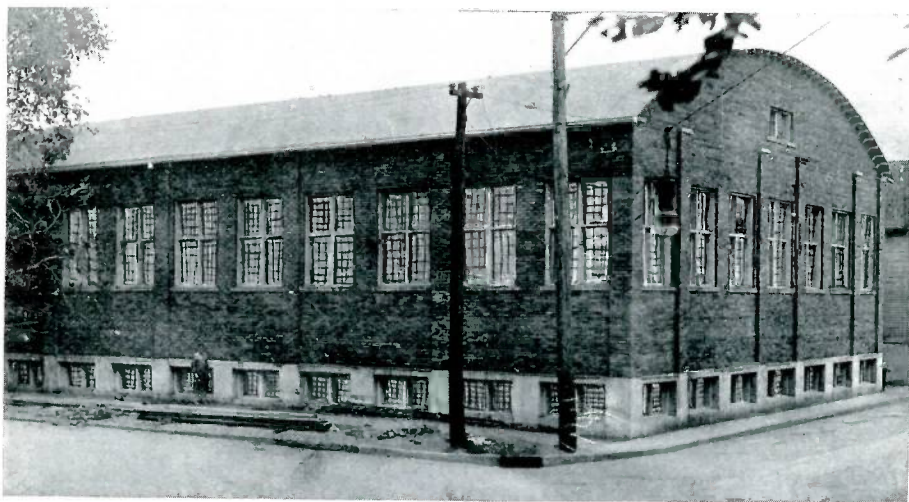
Ruth Chapman is not going to be sorry—she is going to be happy—she says so herself.

Ethel McKee is going in for her second \$500. She has worked 20 years for the company and Leap Years all look alike to her.

Robert Mueller is going to insist that the Golden Rule be more strictly observed.

A BUILDING DEDICATED TO PLAY

Handsome New Recreation Hall Formally
Opened on Evening of December 20, 1923



W. G. CRANSTON
Physical Director

This year Santa Claus has brought the Mueller employes a fine recreation building, which was dedicated on the evening of December 20th. It will, in the future, be the center of our social activities.

For several years the company has had in mind a building of this character, but it was a somewhat difficult matter to get a proper location. Through a system of change in location of several buildings at the corner of Cerro Gordo and Monroe streets, ground space was secured, and during the past summer construction work was commenced.

Today the plain, but substantial concrete, brick and steel building stands completed, and throughout the holiday

season it will be the theater of many social events.

The Recreation building is 100x60 feet, well lighted and ventilated. It consists of a basement with concrete floor and one story. The high ceiling provides ample space for such games as basketball, volley ball, indoor baseball, and other sports.

At the south end is a gallery seating about two hundred persons and the moving picture machine is located there.

The beautiful hardwood gymnasium floor is 60x85 feet. On this floor is located the small dining room for the Noon-Day Lunch Club, composed of foreman, and heads of departments who meet company members, each noon for lunch, followed by a business conference.

In the basement is the kitchen and a room about equal in size to the size of the



PHIL CRUIKSHANK
Ass't. Physical Director

"gym" where employes will eat their lunches. Warm food will be offered them and will be served cafeteria style at actual cost.

The equipment of this building throughout is modern to the last degree. It is steam heated, has numerous shower baths, an approved system of ventilation and carefully devised lighting system.

The completion of our Recreation building fulfills a plan the company has had in view for many years. The company members without exception are thoroughly sold on the idea that work must be seasoned with recreation. They practice it themselves and have now provided a place where all Mueller employes can find a convenient place for recreation at all seasons of the year, and in all kinds of weather.

Many of the social activities which have

centered at the Mueller lodge will now be transferred to the Recreation building.

The first week was a busy one, opening on the evening of December 20th with a dedication ceremony. The program consisted of orchestra music, brief addresses



ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE—Back row, C. G. Auer, Chas. Sipe. Front row, Emma Leipski, Pauline Verner, and Emma Musselman.

by members of the company and an address by Attorney A. G. Webber.

Saturday afternoon Dec. 22th, the Children's Christmas party was held. This was for children of employes and took in the little folks under 12 years. The hours were from 2 to 4 p. m. There was a beautiful Christmas tree, music, games, etc, including the appearance of Santa Claus who distributed the treat to the children.

On Thursday evening, the Foreman's Club with their wives, had a social session. This began with a fine dinner at 6:30 o'clock and was followed by games, dancing and cards. It was the first strictly social event held in the new building.

On Friday afternoon December 28, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock the second children's Christmas party was held. This was for employes' children over 12 years of age, and followed closely the plan of the first children's party.

While the company will of course retain general supervisory control of the building, the active management will rest on com-



DANCING—Wm. Doherty, Charles Cole, Robert Lusk, chairman. Front row, Mae Turner and Katie McKeown.

mittees of employes, for whose benefit the building was erected.

An executive committee with C. G. Auer as chairman, has general charge of the building, and the work is divided among five sub-committees; the chairman of which constitute the membership of the executive committee.

The sub-committees are:

Entertainment: C. G. Auer, chairman; Chas. Sipe, Pauline Verner, Emma Leipski, Emma Musselman.

Athletics: W. G. Cranston, Chairman; F. A. Marsh (Happy), Philip Cruikshank, Everett Jones, Angeline Eckert.

Games and Contests: Walter Behrns, Chairman; Ed Stille, Marshall Hobbs, Clifford Gillibrand, Fairy Hughes.

Dancing: Robert Lusk, Chairman; Charles Cole, May Turner, Bill Doherty, Catherine McKeown.

Cafeteria: Mrs. Ella Rost, Chairman, Emma Murphy Thomas, Clyde Oldham, Chas. Cochran, Niena Greening.

The membership of these committees is divided between the office and the factory.

The games and contest committee will have full use of club room Monday and Thursday evenings from 7:30 o'clock to 10:30 o'clock and Saturday afternoons from 1 o'clock to 6:00 o'clock.

The Dance Committee will have full use of club room Wednesday evenings from 8 o'clock to 10:30 o'clock, Saturday evenings from 8:30 o'clock to 11:00 o'clock and



GAMES AND CONTESTS—Marshall Hobbs, Ed. Stille, Walter Behrns, chairman. Front row, Clifford Gillibrand and Fairy Hughes.

Monday and Thursday noons from 12:20 o'clock to 12:50 o'clock.

The Entertainment Committee will have supervision of all entertainment features during the year, co-operating with all specially appointed entertainment committees. The committee will keep a schedule of all entertainment dates as well as assign entertainment dates. All applications for use of the club room must be made to this committee. This committee will have charge of the moving picture machine.

The Athletics Committee will have charge of all gymnastic exercises, boxing lessons, special physical training and massage treatments, and will have full use of the club room Tuesday and Friday evenings from 5 o'clock to 10:30 o'clock.

The Cafeteria Committee's duty shall be to work out constructive criticism, and help in every way to promote good feeling with the cafeteria.

While the various committees have not had time to complete plans, some of them are making good progress. Chairman Lusk of the dance committee says Wednesday and Saturday evenings will be open to the entire plant. Departments and clubs want-

ing dates should arrange with Mr. Lusk at least one week in advance.

Chairman Behrns of the games and con-



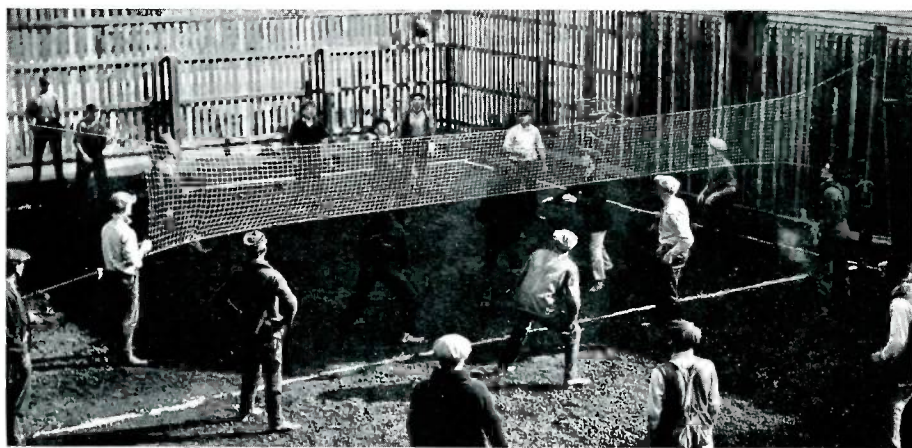
ATHLETICS—W. G. Cranston, chairman, F. A. Marsh, Everett Jones, Angeline Eckert.

test committee says there will be inter-department leagues in volley ball, basketball and indoor baseball. They will play Monday and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons. Any department may entertain.

is a 20-year man and has during his services with the company been at the head of the Receiving department. In addition to his other duties he will now devote some of his time to his position as physical director.

Throughout his life Mr. Cranston has been a strong advocate of physical exercise and in his spare moments has studied, practiced and taught this science. Before coming to the company he had a wide experience as trainer of the old Chicago clubs, and sparring partner with such celebrities as Young Griffio, Tommy Ryan and others. He is in no sense a fighter but is recognized as a very clever boxer.

His plans for the new Recreation building include gymnastic and boxing exercises for men on Tuesdays and Friday nights, girls class Wednesday night, and there will be women's classes during the afternoons and other special classes. His plans also



New volley ball court back of Recreation Hall where a hot game is played every favorable day in the year. This excellent picture was snapped on the first day the noon-day teams played on the new court.

The detail of the plans will be worked out and announced as soon as the building is ready for use.

One of the early results of the recreation buildings is a Mueller orchestra which



CAFETERIA—Mrs. Ella Rost, chairman, Charles Cochran, Clyde Oldham, Niena Greening, and Emma Thomas.

Charlie Sipe is organizing from among Mueller employees. It will consist of ten pieces.

Our physical director, W. G. Cranston,

include special courses in Anatomy and Physiology and scientific massage.

In fact, Mr. Cranston's duties are to keep Mueller employees physically fit if they care to take advantage of the opportunity of free instructions in a first-class building under a most generous and liberal plan.

THE FORMAL OPENING

The formal opening of the Recreation building Thursday evening was attended by many of the employees and families. After the exercises the building was inspected and its fine arrangement commented on.

For the holiday parties the interior was handsomely decorated in Christmas colors. The committee in charge looked the room over and made a few suggestions delegating the details of the work to a sub-committee composed of Ebert Mueller, chairman, Niena Greening and Ed Stille. This sub-committee is deserving of much credit for the effective execution of the plans.

OUR TROUBLES ANALYZED

Some of the Things Contributing to Our Discontent and Real or Fancied Wrongs.

We wish that every one who receives a copy of this Record would read the following article from the Commercial and Financial Chronicle of New York. Roger Babson, the noted statistician and analytical business man, passed the article on to all of his clients. It is an article singularly effective in straight thinking, and full of thoughts worthy of deep and careful consideration. It follows:

Economists are engaged in a search for the root of our domestic, commercial and financial troubles. While countless reasons are offered for our disappointed affairs it is constantly maintained in certain quarters that we must preserve what some are pleased to term our "American standard of living." This standard no one finds it easy to define. All are agreed, however, that it is much "higher" than that of our forefathers. Only a cursory examination of our social life discloses that many of our former luxuries have become necessities. The measure of truth in this claim is comparative. The social structure compels many expenditures that were unknown in former years.

COMPULSION IS SOCIAL

Yet the compulsion is social and not personal or individual in many cases. Plain living is not antagonistic to high thinking. Simple pleasures are often more enjoyable than the more complex. Allowing the "spenders" to set the pace for a "standard of living" will always keep many a "nose to the grindstone."

IS UNIVERSITY EDUCATION NECESSARY?

Let us consider a few of the conditions in which we find ourselves. Begin with education. It is the common claim that the bread-winner must have sufficient wages, salary or permanent income to "educate his children." But what is this "education?" Our universities are crowded to suffocation; their course of study expanded to an unheard-of degree. Huge endowments are sought; enormous State appropriations demanded. Does any sane view of our social life require a University education for every son and daughter? We come down the scale and find that colleges and high schools are miniature universities asking and receiving tax moneys never before appropriated; while private institutions of a preparatory character are more numerous than ever before save a time before "public schools."

WHAT DOES EDUCATION DO?

Passing still downward to our common schools, we find them doing work unknown in the early days, expanding their studies, combining their agencies, seeking new buildings, more apparatus, larger teaching forces and of course more money. The question here is, are we as a people in a social sense getting full value received in educated men and women, in studious and helpful lives, in character that devotes itself to spiritual things in contentment with things as they are and loyal support of Government as it is? Or, on the other hand, is this educational vision one that breeds discontent, induces undue striving after the flesh-pots inculcates a love of intellectual strife, rather than domestic quietude and spiritual aspiration?

THERE CAN BE NO STANDARD

All this questioning is not directed to a curtailment of educational activities but towards their consecrated direction to a "love of learning" for its own sake and the use of knowledge that it may insure personal happiness regardless of so-called inequalities in the physical conditions of living. For no "standard of living" in a free country can ever be established. To attempt it is tyranny. To seek for it is futile. Education itself is a preventive so long as the

individual has freedom and initiative. Commerce forbids it. What a dollar will buy is comparative—for one it buys meagre necessities, for another trifling frivolities. Yet we have come to believe that in business in the vocations and avocations of life we must each have what the others have.

MUST HAVE CARS

If we can not earn a fortune something must be done for us presumably by the Government. If a neighbor has a car, one must be secured even if the home is mortgaged. If one firm grants vacations all must. We have come in our common everyday life, to want the best and most of every thing. High wages, of course higher than war-time—for life is advancing—and we have escaped the decadence of old world centuries. We are never satisfied. Today is not complete in itself unless tomorrow is to be better. Pleasure for everybody and everybody for pleasure.

REACHES TO THE FARMER

Observing men in the Middle West can be heard to say—"Oh, the East is prosperous—but the rest of the country is 'black'." And in the next breath say—"But things are changed—the truth is the farmer does not work as he once did." Then we follow stories illustrative of changed conditions. The farmer has his automobile, a very serviceable part of his equipment, but too much "the boys" use it for joy-riding and for nightly transportation to the village movies. His "hired help" have been inoculated with the eight-hour-day virus and begin late and quit early. He "gets more" for most products he sells, but pays more for practically all that he buys. He is himself disposed to have the best and most of everything—complains of the price of wheat, but buys bread sent out by the truck load from large city bakeries. And so the story runs. In consequence of increased desire and limited power he is disgruntled and disposed to carry his complaints into politics.

GREATNESS LIES IN SERVICE

Blessings that civilization spreads broadcast along our way are not beneficial if they simply create unsatisfied desires. Some of the greatest scholars, statesmen, and spiritual type we have known emerged from humble surroundings into lives of patient toil and thought and in success never forgot their early training. The young man and woman who would be truly great may become so without special education or inherited wealth for greatness lies in service.

DOESN'T THIS EXPLAIN INEQUALITIES

The family that lives and works within itself need not fear the social climber for this often ends in strained finances and an ignoble fall. Poverty is hard to bear but is no disgrace. Riches do not make the man. Education that does no more than confer degrees of knowledge attained is misplaced. Ever seeking for something "higher" something that is the fad or fashion, something that gives hectic pleasure rather than gentle joy—distorts our social life, disorders the natural economics of our commerce and puts our business and financial endeavors upon stilted foundations. We want to begin at the top of the ladder and are unwilling to ascend from the ground. Take this thought in all its bearings and will it not explain much of our complaining over "inequalities, over contrasting 'standards of living', over rich and poor, over capitalist and workingman?"

Fun for the Family

The grocery clerk gave little Willie a banana and Willie's mother, noticing Willie's slowness in thanking the clerk, said, "Now, Willie, what do you say?"

Willie very promptly answered, "I say, skin it."—Scientific Refining.

The world is divided into two classes of people: Those who pursue happiness and those who flee from troubles.

ON THE BACK OF THE BLACK HORSE



The glorious fall weather of this year was extended well into November, and the picnic spirit usually associated with spring and summer gave a belated call to the golden brown fields and the gaily tinted woods.

And some of the main office girls could not resist the call. An organization of eight

young folks on a perfect November day hiked away to the vicinity of Oakley, a few miles east of Decatur, and if they did not have fun the camera is full of deceit.

The above combination of halftones certainly emphasizes the claim that it was a "wonderful" day and a "wonderful" time.

The party consisted of Angeline Eckert, Aurlie Eckert, Beatrice Vick, Rose Stephens, Myrtle Stephens, John Koessick, Bunnie Entler, and Robert Howard.

It was an all-day affair, beginning with breakfast, prepared over camp fires, and then games of all kinds for the remainder of the day. Equestrianism seems to have been popular. Notice the grace with which Miss Beatrice Vick and Rose Stephens sit their steeds, and marvel at the daring standing bareback act of the Eckert sisters, Angeline on the left and Aurlie on the right. Did they have fun "On the Back of the Black Horse, Far Away?" You tell 'em Myrtle.

SO HALLOWED AND SO GRACIOUS IS THE TIME

In that one line Shakespeare tells much more of the spirit of the Christmas season than hundreds of writers tell in a chapter. He does it in his reference to the crowing of cock, in these words:

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,

The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,

So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

WHEN TO CUSS THE BOSS

"I think if I worked for a man, I would not work for him a part of the time, but all the time. I would give undivided service or none, for an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

"If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply you with bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the company he represents.

"If you must condemn and always run him down, why, give up your job, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content."

ELBERT HUBBARD.

GETTING BOTH SIDES

There is a certain Congressman who has the reputation of being the neatest fence-straddler in the profession, a man who is always anxious to conciliate everybody. A measure, on which there was a marked division of opinion, was about to come up.

"Will the gentleman vote for this bill if it comes up?" demanded a member, aiming a finger at the Congressman in question.

The latter looked from one side of the house to the other and slowly answered:

"I will—"

Immediately the opposition broke into a storm of booing. As soon as the member could make himself heard, he continued:

"—not—"

The other side was now in uproar and the speaker added hastily:

"—answer that question."—The American Legion Weekly.

LET US BE BETTER MEN!

Let us be better men!
Let us find things to do
Saner and sweeter than any yet,
Higher and nobler and true!

Let us be better men!
Let us begin again,
Trying all over the best we know
To climb and develop and grow.

Let us be better men!
Whether with pick or pen,
The labor we do is a work worth while.
If our hearts are clean and our spirits smile,
And out of the ruck and rust and stain
We make some growth and we mark some gain.

Let us be better men!
In a world that needs so much
The loftier spirit's touch,
Let us grow upward toward the light
Wedded to wanting to do the right
Rather than wedded to human might.
—Author Unknown.

DEPARTMENT STORE SPECIALS

Why, hello, Pat, I hear you lost your job in the department store.

Oh, yes, I got fired.

You got fired? How did that happen?

Oh, I just took a sign from a lady's shirt waist and put it on a bath tub.

And you got fired for that? Well, tell me what the sign read.

It said, "How would you like to see your best girl in this for \$2.75?"

—Keeping in Touch.

JUST ONE MINUTE!

You can read this in one minute.

By the time you reach the last line, property worth \$923.00 will have been destroyed by fire somewhere in the United States.

Minute after minute, day after day, on the average, this appalling pace keeps up, to a grand yearly total of \$485,000,000.

That, at least, was the record last year. What the showing will be this year, and in the years to come depends, in large measure, on you.

Ninety per cent. of all fires are preventable, for they are due to

carelessness.

Take a look in your cellar, your attic, that closet. Clear out the rubbish—the old stuff stored away because "maybe some day we'll find a use for it." Many fires about the house are born in trash piles.

While fire insurance may mark the difference between protection and destitution, every American home has its treasured possessions whose worth cannot be computed in terms of money and can never be replaced.

A minute's thought now may save the patient accumulation of a lifetime from the ravages of fire.

After all, it's chiefly a matter of protecting your own dwelling and those whose presence there makes it home.

Isn't it worth a minute to you?

"BRADSTREET'S RECORD
OF WHY MEN FAIL"

Cause	
*Incompetence	38.2%
*Lack of Capital	30.3
*Inexperience	5.6
*Fraud	7.0
*Unwise Credits	1.3
Failure of Others	1.7
Extravagance	1.1
Neglect	1.7
Competition	1.1
Specific Conditions	11.3
Speculation7

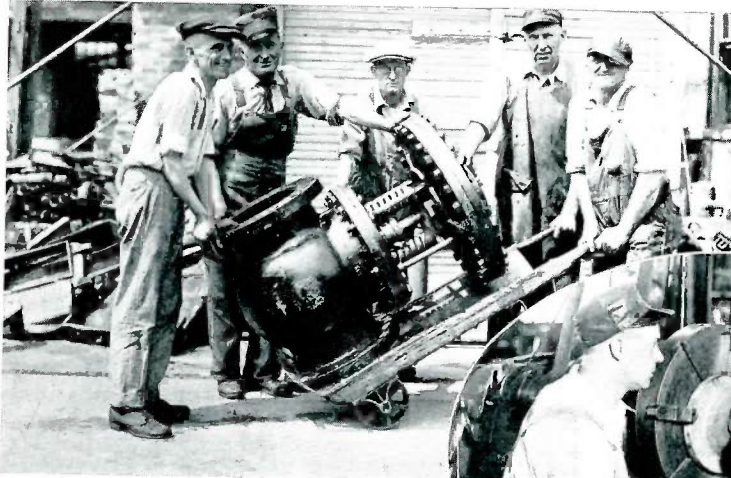
Total100.00%

*These are the needless failures that a well rounded business training would prevent.

HENRY RUNS FAST RACE

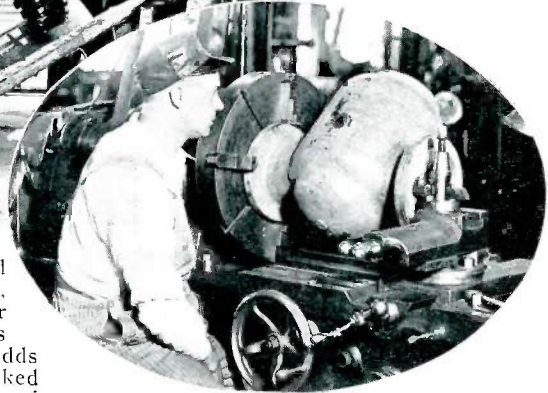
In 1906 the Scrapbook published the names of the 100 wealthiest persons in the world. The name of John D. Rockefeller with \$600,000,000 led all the rest. The name of Henry Ford was not even included in the list. But in 1923, seventeen years later, Mr. Ford is generally conceded to be the richest man in the world.

HANDLING SOME BIG GOODS



When we get into the reducing and regulating valves and the water strainers, the goods run into bulk and weight after they pass the four inch sizes. It takes men to handle these goods, and labor adds to cost, which fact is sometimes overlooked by the buyer. In this snapshot a crew of men is handling a twelve inch reducing and regulating valve of the 5030 type. The men in the picture are: Billy Campbell, E. V. Hirsch, John McDonald, L. W. Curtis, Al-fred Carter.

In the oval at the bottom right corner an eight inch water strainer is shown on the machine and Wallace Cochran is watching the progress of the tool as the face of the flanges are smoothed up.



George Fleckenstine is out to hold his laurels as champion big game hunter.

Alfred Wilkins has registered with Crau-ston for a physical culture course that will put him in condition so he can go hunting without getting sick.

George Taylor has reformed an alarm clock that over sleeps and makes him late.

The Polishing Room girls are planning some brilliant social affairs for the new Mueller club. Look out boys, it is Leap Year.

B. J. Marty has two jobs now, running the Foremen's Club and supervising Number 8. Never fear, both will be done well.

WHAT THEY WILL DO

R. E. Collins will devise a blank form on which he can send Rick excuses for his absence.

Harry Glenn is for the new Cafeteria as he wants to treat his stomach well.

George Bitroff will be on time in the morning. He has built a warm garage and now he will not need to spend a half hour trying to start his engine.

Frank Volkman hereby gives notice that he will not receive visitors. He is too busy on production to even look up from his lathe.

"Jap" Redmond resolves to train up to the point where he can get to the shop six mornings a week.

Polishing Department

Otto Halmbacher will learn something about radio from his son Paul.

SURPRISE PARTY

Willis Johnson went home on the evening of December 1st. He was a bit peeved because supper was not ready. Friend wife advised him to be patient a little while and there would be something to eat. So Willis put his feet up on the library table and started to read the evening paper.

His father and mother arrived with baskets followed by his brother Travis and family, and his married sister with her husband and youngsters. All swarmed around him and began to wish him many happy returns of the day. Then he remembered that it was his 33rd birthday. Surprised? Well, I guess.

A HOUSE IN THE TREE TOPS



The Decatur Shooting Club is less than a year old but the members who have visited the duck preserve on the Illinois river have had fifty years of fun already. Mr. Robert Mueller and Frank W. Cruikshank, with their sons Ebert and Philip and Len Gephart, are just home with a big bag of game. Above are two views of this shooting grounds, hundreds of acres under water. The "cabin," as you will note is an up in the air affair. Great sport to row up to your front yard, tie your boat to the stairsteps and climb up to the level of the tree tops to turn in. The cabin was built during the past summer and is only a temporary affair, but whatever comes afterward will have to be on stilts because there is seldom a time when the bottoms are not overflowed.

CHARACTER TESTS

Show him one hundred thousand dollars in gold. If he blinks rapidly, he is mentally alert.

Ask him to sit down and then pull the chair from under him. If he doesn't laugh he lacks a sense of humor and if he does not spring up lightly, he is lazy.

Demand his cork screw and cellar key. If he asks why, he is stupid.

Inquire what time he got in last night. If the answer takes over ten seconds, blame it to home-brew.

Exhibit a cock tail shaker. If he smiles, it's due to old memories.

Place in his hand a pale blue necktie with green and mauve spots with a "Merry Christmas". If he says thank you, he is crazy.

AND SHE WAS—

They strolled in the twilight together.

The heavens were blossomed with stars;

She paused for a moment in silence

As he lowered for her the bars.

She cast her soft eyes upon him.

But he spoke no loving vow—

For he was a rustic laddie

And she was a Jersey cow.

—Western Farmer.

THE CAMERA NEVER LIES



At the left is Ebert Mueller, and at the right Philip Cruikshank. The picture indicates that they have been very successful in the day's hunt. Considering the fact that they are not seasoned hunters like their fathers, you have got to admit that their pose is radiant with modesty. Conquering heroes—to the back seat with you, you're not in it.

THESE WOMEN INDISPENSABLE



Mrs. Laura Lawson, Mrs. Ella Rost, Mrs. Daisy Cole, and Mrs. Ruth Black.

While the Mueller organization is busy figuring out prices, writing letters, making brass goods, etc., this quartette of women is busily engaged in a finely equipped kitchen preparing a noonday meal. And when we represent at the club house or some social gathering, we are all of the same opinion, which is, that if there are any better caterers or cooks, they'll have to prove it to us. At the left is Mrs. Rost, chief matron and general supervisor of the culinary department.

Eddie Cushmer and Charlie Daniels stand at the rear. They are volunteers to the service, helping during the noon hour.

We can surely agree with Owen Meredith and his poetic tribute to cooks:

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

MAKE IT A LIZZIE

An applicant for work at the Ford plant asked a veteran Ford employe if it were true that the company was always finding methods of speeding up production by using fewer men. The veteran replied, "Certainly! in fact, I had a dream which illustrates the point. Mr. Ford was dead and I could see the pallbearers carrying his body. Suddenly the procession stopped. Mr. Ford had come to life. As soon as the casket was opened he sat upright and on seeing six pallbearers, cried out at once, 'Put this casket on wheels and lay off five men!'"

ORVILLE HAWKINS' DREAM

Believe this one if you want to—it's not compulsory—you don't have to—Orville Hawkins pulls it and you all know him.

"The other night," said Hawk, "I had a most vivid dream, and believe me it made me sweat. I don't know what hell is like but as a night fantasy of the brain it sure is a warm place. I had only been there a short time when a little imp with devilish eyes, naturally they would be that, paged me, and I answered the phone.

"Hello," said a distant voice, which I recognized as Tony Yonkers, 'what are you doing down there, Hawk, do they keep you busy?'"

"Oh, no, I answered, we have a rather hot time, but it ain't so bad when you get used to it, and a lot of real wicked fun. The old boy ain't so bad. He's strong on having a good time. All I do is to squirt the hose on the pavement about 30 minutes in every 24 hours. There are so many persons down here that its hard to give us all something to do."

"That's fine," answered Tony. 'You always were lucky. All you had to do in the office was to figure costs on regulators and gas cocks. I have to put in 22 hours a day up here. In the morning we have to hang out the sun and see that the daylight is properly diffused, and then we have to take in the moon and the stars and polish them up for the night. Same old thing day after day and long hours because we are short of help. Wish more people would come this way'."

Just then my wife punched me in the ribs, telling me to get up and milk the cow and slop the hogs before starting for the office. It was cold and raining. Believe me that was not as pleasant as my dream.

It was really ——— a hard job that morning if nothing more."

W. G. SAW IT FIRST

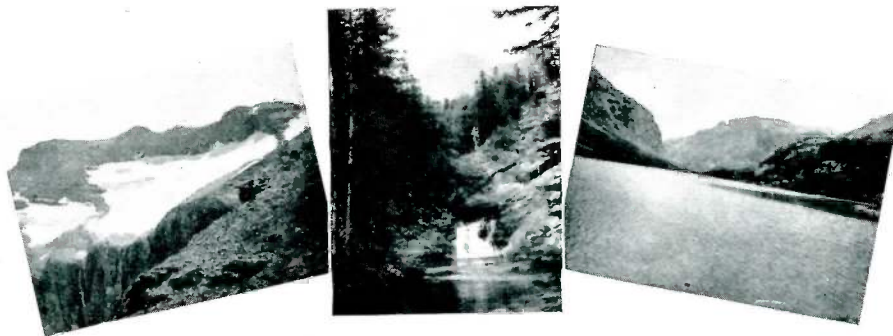
The Foreman's Club is one of the best known activities in this organization. It has been in force for 11 or 12 years. Meetings are held every month, always accompanied by a fine dinner. Formerly it was a strictly business organization. During the past year this idea was modified and the Foreman's club today is a semi-social organization. Every other month the wives and sweethearts are invited and after a special dinner, dancing, games, etc., follow.

The suggestion for a foreman's club came from W. G. Cranston as far back as December, 1910, when he brought the question of an organization of this kind in a letter to the company. Incidentally Mr. Cranston was the first president.

Beech—"Why did you break your engagement with that schoolteacher?"

Ash—"If I failed to meet her every night she expected me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother."—Tit-Bits.

SCENES IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK



Left square—Swift Current Glacier; center—Trick Falls; right square—Cracker Lake. These views were taken by Miss Margaret Marcott during the past summer while on a vacation trip in this wonderland of America. Cracker Lake, nestling in the mountain tops is one of the most beautiful lakes in the park. Trick Falls are so called because the water comes through crevices in the rocks instead of over them.

INVESTMENT PLAN LAUNCHED

The Company Offers Liberal Returns on Employees' Savings.

A thrift plan which has been under consideration for some months has just been announced by the Company. The purpose of the plan is to put within easy reach of the folks who work here facilities for regular savings. **SAVE A DOLLAR FIRST EACH WEEK AND LIVE ON WHAT IS LEFT.** Too many people plan to save the dollar that is left, but it never is.

The investments offered are classed as follows:

Class A 50c a week amounts to \$25.00 in a year (limited to those who draw \$15.00 or less a week.)

Class B \$1.00 a week amounts to \$50.00 in a year.

Class C \$1.50 a week amounts to \$75.00 in a year.

Class D \$2.00 a week amounts to \$100.00 in a year.

Class E \$2.50 a week amounts to \$125.00 in a year.

Class F \$3.00 a week amounts to \$150.00 in a year.

Class G \$4.00 a week amounts to \$200.00 in a year.

Class H \$5.00 a week amounts to \$250.00 in a year.

The investor who must be one of our employees, selects the amount in the class in which he will save. He has 52 weeks to pay the 50 installments. When all are paid he will be allowed 7% on his average investment for the year. The company does not agree to carry this account over into the second year. At the end of the year the employe withdraws the amount and in-

vests it in some good bank or other security, but he can begin over with the company for another year's saving. In other words the account with the Company is terminated at the end of each year, but a new account for the succeeding year may be commenced.

Installments are to be paid each week in cash at the Employment Office at noons on Wednesdays and Thursdays. The office will be open at 12:30. A book of account will be issued and entries made and signed at time installments are paid.

It is expected that one will see his investment through when he decides to go into the plan. But in case any investor must have his money it may be withdrawn at any time on application to the Personnel Supervisor. In case of withdrawal 3% will be allowed for the actual time and amount.

The saving service will be ready January 2d, 1924. Be ready to start with it. Learn to save. You will not regret it. The return on your money is equal to any investment you might make in the usual course of business, and it is safe because back of it are the resources of the H. Mueller Mfg. Co.

The idea back of this plan is to get you into the habit of saving.

Every man and woman intends to save money. Here is the chance right at hand. **YOU WORK FOR YOUR MONEY. START IT TO WORKING FOR YOU.**

Had the Makin's

The new minister was calling. Among other things he was lamenting the prevalent use of profanity, the habit growing even among small children.

The small daughter of the house, standing by, said timidly, "Mister, I don't swear, but I know all the words."

SNAP SHOTS AT THE NOON HOUR



In the upper left corner is Kaj Oleson of the machine shop, who attended the State Y. M. C. A. convention. Upper right corner, Marshall Yeaw, the factory messenger. Lower left corner, Grace Scoles and Helen Pound of the core department. Center, Sammy Weiser and Billy McClure of the printing department. Lower right corner, Lida Bass and Earl Bridgewater, who were married on December 18th.

OUR SAFETY CAMPAIGN

It is the aim of the Safety Committee and the foreman to reduce the number of accidents this year. As a help in that direction the number of accidents in the departments will be shown on a large blackboard, especially ruled for the purpose. In the old Mueller Club on the north wall may be seen a blackboard with horizontal rulings for each day of the month, and vertical columns headed with the names of the foremen.

Fred Oldham of the factory has been laid up since the 6th with a broken toe caused by dropping a casting on his foot. Sol Yoder lost three days when the platform holding a charge of metal came down and tore off a toe nail. Ellsworth Hill, wood pattern maker, ground his thumb on a revolving stone and was off four days. H. L. Batchelder of the metal storage got brass dust in his eye and was off two and a half days. Wm. Utzler of the Iron Casting department sprained his back trying to move a barrel that was too heavy for him and lost three days.

On the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 7, Homer Von Vleet of the Receiving department ran a wire in his hand. He got

first aid treatment and worked out the afternoon. That night intense pain developed, and the next morning he was taken to the hospital where he remained for a week. He is at home now, and in a few days will be at work again.

These accidents occurred during the first two weeks in December. All of these injuries would have been avoided by a little thoughtfulness at the right time. **THINK SAFETY.**

GOOSE MUST HAVE GUFFAWED

W. C. West of the Brass Shop met with an unusual accident last week. With his left hand he was holding the goose that he was going to have for his Sunday dinner, and in his right hand he had an axe. The goose jerked her head, the axe came down and West got a bad gash in his left thumb. He is at home nursing it now. Do not know how the goose is.

"Don't you find it hard these times to meet expenses?"

"Hard? Man alive! I meet expenses at every turn."—Upper Iowa Collegian.

ANOTHER ACQUITAL FOR SANTA

Great Minds In World of Literature Agree
He Should Not Be Shelved.

Every Christmas brings back the old discussion about Santa Claus, and whether old Santa should be maintained on his pedestal of myth and mystery, as the devoted friend of the children or kicked into the junk heap.

Collier's Weekly started this year and collected opinions of some of the best known writing and thinking men in the world. They, however, like common writers and poor thinkers, differ in their opinions.

W. J. Locke says any one who would annihilate Santa Claus should be chained up beyond the reach of his fellowmen.

G. Bernard Shaw, equally famous English author says Santa be blowed, which is about what one would expect of Shaw.

George Ade says keep him even if only the very young are deceived by him. With older folks he at least brings back memories of childhood.

Joseph Conrad, now regarded as the greatest writer of sea stories, says he has no feeling against Santa Claus personally, and if the American children want him, let them have him.

Sir Hall Caine says do away with Santa Claus, God forbid! The world would be a world the poorer without him.

Rupert Hughes says long may he reindeer over the roofs of our buildings.

Carolyn Wells says let him be the last of the pleasant myths to melt away.

H. G. Wells says he is disqualified to vote on the question being over fourteen years of age.

Wallace Irvin says he would have to vote "Not Guilty" if he could serve on the jury, but considers himself disqualified because he has known and loved Santa Claus for years and is very partial to him.

Henry Vandyke says he would vote for Santa Claus.

So, you may see, the verdict is just about what it always has been when some iconoclast came along to smash our idols of Santa Claus. We all believe in him, but express the belief in different forms. The innocent myth is dear to the hearts of all small folks. It's a benefit to them, it strengthens their imaginative power, stimulates their hope, and some times keeps them quiet and out of mischief for a week or two.

And with older folk, as Ade says, it renews memories of childhood. That's quite a lot.

Colliers did not ask the Record to vote on this question but we are going to vote for him anyway because Santa Claus and the spirit of Christmas always have been and we hope always will be very much in the system of this organization.

DOINGS IN DEPARTMENT 55

Dick Dannewitz gets to work on time at noons now. He explains to us confidentially that "she" now permits him to call at her home in the evening, so he does not have to over work the noon hour after pay day.

Louis Wallenbrock and Miss Anna Schlie were married December 12th. They drove to St. Charles, Mo., on a honeymoon trip. Louis has a nice little home all ready on Elm street.

It is reported that William Doherty and Mike Brille have been stepping out pretty lively of late. They will be in fine form for the dances in the New Mueller Club building.

Harry Woodruff has ordered a 21-foot power motor boat in time for delivery next spring. We hope he challenges Billy Campbell of the Machine Shops to a race. Harry is now ready to receive suggestions for a suitable name for his new craft.

BRASS CHIPS

Mrs. Bertha White has been on the sick list for the past month.

Otto Mackey of the Foundry, has been suffering with a strained back for the past three months.

Glen Reinhart returned to work December 3rd after several weeks off with an injured finger.

The following have been helping in the Cost Department with the inventory: Ruth Shelton, Helen Verner, Mrs. Ruth Williams, Mrs. Frieda Lankton, Mrs. Fleta Purdue, and Mrs. Helen Dressen.

Matt Trott observes that Billy Burke cleaned up his cellar for the first time since 1868 just after Judge Baldwin ruled that it was not a crime to have a little liquor in his house. Is it not significant that John Duffey happened along at this particular time to help Burke clean out his cellar?

It is evident that the Decatur Traffic Club is far sighted for Matt Trott has been elected Second Vice-President. If the President is not on hand and the First Vice-President doesn't show up, then Brother Trott will wield the gavel.

Young Wife—"If this is an all-wool rug, why is it labeled cotton?"

Shop Assistant (confidentially)—"That, madam, is to deceive the moths!"—London Mail.

GROUP OF EMPLOYEES' CHILDREN



Here is a group of Mueller kiddies that certainly make a strong appeal to lovers of child life. In the left panel is Gwendolyn Overton, daughter of Glen Overton, who operates a gas truck through the factory. In the oval is Charlotte May Musser, daughter of Bert Musser of the Polishing room. In the right panel is Mrs. Albert May, wife of Albert May of the Machine Shop and their little daughter, Edurna LaVerne. The three little tots are the children of Ed. Winholtz of the Automatic Machine department. Their names are June, Harry and Dorothy.



WHY THE YOUNG MAN WAS PROMOTED

He never watched the clock.
 He was always cheerful.
 He was always on time.
 He had iron in his blood.
 He was willing and capable.
 He believed in himself.
 He asked questions when necessary.
 He was helped by good books.
 He schooled himself not to forget.
 He was always ready for the next step.
 He put his heart into his work.
 He learned from his mistakes.
 He chose his friends from among men of high ideals.
 He was never content to be a second rate man.
 He developed his ability by doing things well.
 He dared to act on his own judgment.
 He thought it worth while to learn how.
 He never tried to make "bluff" take the place of ability.
 He thought his evenings were for study as well as for amusement.
 Familiarity with right methods strengthened his ideal.
 He was not ashamed of his parents because they were old fashioned.
 He learned that the best part of his salary was not in his pay envelope. —The Commonwealth.

VALUE VS. PRICE

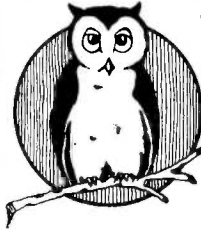
Don't try to buy a thing too cheap
 From those with things to sell—
 Because the goods you'll have to keep,
 And time will always tell.
 The price you paid you'll soon forget,
 The goods you get will stay;
 The price you will not long regret—
 The quality you may.
 They ought to cut this "price" word out
 Of dictionaries red,
 Make VALUE what men talk about,
 Not just the price instead.
 In food or tractors, cloth or woods,
 Remember this advice;
 Don't let the price control the goods,
 But goods control the price.

THE SPIRITS OF MORTAL

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud
 Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud:
 A flash of a bottle, some hooch from a knave—
 Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

THE OFFICE OWL

HOO! HOO!



Angeline at Gushards—Muff, please.

Salesman—Yes, what fur.

Angeline—Why to keep my hands warm, of course. Did you think I was going to wear it for an overshoe.

Bert Jackson—I have a Ford, what car have you?

Everett—A Packard.

Jackson—Well, that's a good car, too!

Wore Asbestos, Probably

Said the Story: "And over the steaming tea cups they sat and gaily talked."

Robert—I don't like my caddy. He laughs everytime I play badly.

Fred—I noticed that he never quit laughing.

James—What's the difference between a stoic and a cynic?

Kirchner—A stoic is a boid what brings the kids and a cynic is a place where you wash dishes with one of our E-3025's.

Just Like H'England

The dauntless hen rules proudly o'er us yet.

Immortal hen! her son can never set.

Owner: "Here, what are you doing? Don't you know you're not allowed to take fish out of this water?"

Gillibrand (three hours without a catch): "I'm not taking them out. I'm feeding them."

Bellhop (after Evans had rung for 10 minutes)—Did you ring, sir?

Evans—Oh, no, I was just tolling the bell, you see I thought you were dead.

Shaw (writing to customer)—"Your business seems to be tottering. You must have met with some staggering loss."

The Answer—"I have. My bank failed on me and I lost my balance."

Bob P. (haughtily)—"The only men I kiss are my brothers."

Draper—"Is that so? What lodge do you belong to?"

Mildred—Are you from the far north?

He—No, why do you ask?

Mildred—You dance as if you had snowshoes on.

Mr. Schulder—There is an awful rumbling in my head, doctor, just like a wagon going over a street car track.

Doctor—H'm, probably the truck you ate last night.

Mr. Wells—"Aren't you the same boy who applied for a job a week ago?"

Boy—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Wells—"Didn't I say we wanted an older boy?"

Boy—"Well, ain't I?"

Angry Conductor (as car comes to an unscheduled stop): "Did you pull that rope?"

Hawkins: "Yes I did; and I want you to reverse immediately. Half a mile back I saw a miscreant who must be captured and put into prison. He was waving a red flag."

Philip Mueller (engaging chauffeur): "I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character."

Chauffeur: "I'm sorry to say, sir, each of last two employers died in my service."

Mr. Wells (at Mueller Farm): "What has that cow got the bell strapped 'round her neck for?"

Bobby: "That's to call the calf when dinner's ready."

Bachelor Sullivan (meeting young mother)—How is your little girl, Mrs. Jones?

Mother—My little boy is quite well, thank you, Mr. Sullivan.

Sullivan (in confusion)—Oh! its a boy, eh! Well, I knew it was one or the other.

"They Both Knew"

Katie: "Charlie, the doctor says long rides in the country are beneficial to people suffering from heart trouble."

Wagenseller: "Katie, I believe you."

Gust: "Do you like pop corn balls?"

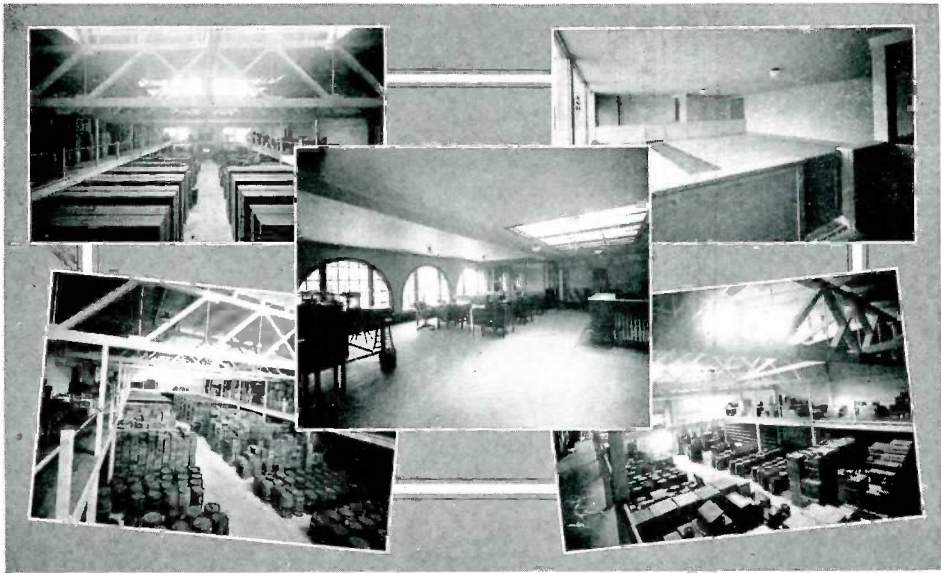
Betty: "I don't think I ever attended one. Are they nice?"

Dilapidated Dodgework: "Pardon me, sir, but have you seen a policeman round here?"

Polite Pedestrian: "No. I am sorry."

Dilapidated Dodgework: "Thank you. Now, will you kindly hand over your watch and purse?"—Exchange.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH



Manager Tom Leary and force are now comfortably located in our own building at 1072-76 Howard St., San Francisco, and in consequence are in better shape than ever to care for the business that has been developed on the Pacific coast.

Here are some views of the interior just received by the home office. They show office, show room and shipping room.

Manager Leary is ably assisted in the conduct of the San Francisco branch by Monty Henderson, who grew up and developed in the Decatur office.

Monty is or was a loyal son of Illinois until he got to San Francisco, and was stung by that California bug. Now he is a deep dyed son of the Golden West.

FARM LOGIC

A farmer walked into a country store accompanied by his wife and ten children, and said to the clerk, "I want to get the hull lot of 'em fitted up in shoes." After two hours of hard work, the clerk succeeded in getting each one fitted, and was beginning to make out the bill.

"Oh! don't bother about that," said the farmer. "I didn't want to buy the shoes. I just want to get the sizes so's I could order 'em from Sears, Roebuck."—Forbes.

THE CHIEF AIM OF MAN

At four.....To wear pants
At eight.....To miss Sunday School
At twelve.....To be President
At eighteen....To have monogrammed
 cigarettes
At twenty.....To take a show girl out to
 supper
At twenty-five...To have the price of supper
At thirty-five...To eat supper
At forty-five....To digest supper.

—Renfrew Review.

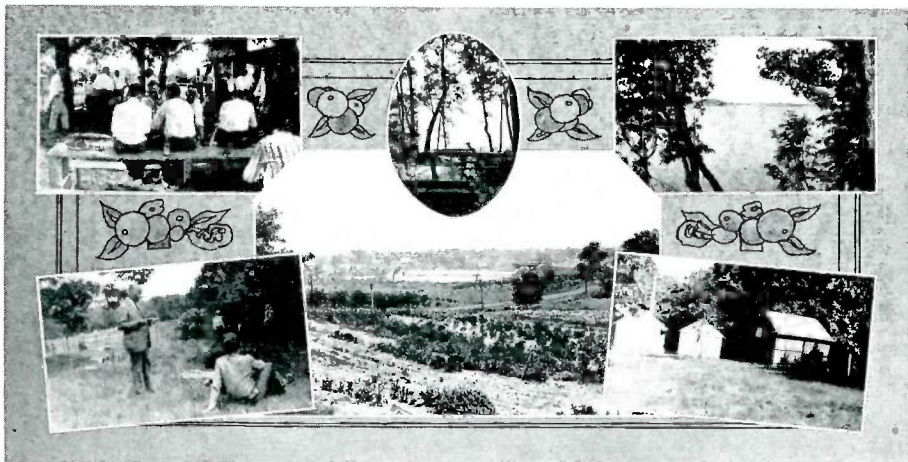
THOUGHT IT WAS KOKOMO

A Chicago train pulled out of St. Louis on its long journey to the Big City. The Pullman porter immediately settled himself into a vacant seat and was soon sound asleep. A salesman for a Wisconsin cheese factory opened his sample case in the smoking compartment, stuck his fingers into some over-ripe limberger and gently massaged the upper lip of the sleeping porter. A few moments later the porter yawned a bit, stretched out his arms and without opening his eyes, yelled loudly, "Next station—Kokomo."

WINS SILVER MEDAL

Miss Lela Harris, daughter of Ed. Harris, was greatly surprised the other day to receive a letter from the Headquarters of the Daughters of the American Revolution stating that an essay she submitted some months ago had won a silver medal. Her subject was "Early Transportation in Illinois." The contest was open to all the High Schools in a district comprising twenty-six counties in Illinois. Miss Harris ranked second among all these entries.

ON THE BANKS OF LAKE DECATUR



SOME PRETTY SUMMER VIEWS OF LAKE DECATUR

The center panel shows a glimpse of the lake through the hills, looking from the flower gardens at Mueller Floral Heights. Upper left corner, salesmen at the annual meeting at Mueller Lodge. In the oval, a restful little spot at the lodge. Upper right corner, the lake through the tree tops. Lower left corner, Mr. Adolph kidding salesmen in an idle moment. Lower right corner, sleeping tents at the lodge.

THE LITTLE LEAKS

Saving is not stinginess. It is only forethought and habit. The boy or young man who habitually yields to extravagance is not going to possess money when he is a middle aged or an old man. Extravagance is a vain and superfluous expense. Like saving, it is a habit.

The president of the company had an opportunity of giving a little advice on the subject recently. Entering the toilet room one morning he observed one of the youths use two paper towels to dry his hands.

"Why do you require two towels instead of one? I can always make one answer."

The youth had no valid reason for his action, and could not explain it satisfactorily.

"I'll wager you go down town and pay to have your shoes polished."

The youth admitted that this was true.

"Now let me tell you, my boy. The cost of the extra towel you use is nothing, but it is extravagance and it's wasteful. It is not right to use more of anything than is actually required. It is simply wasteful to do it, and if you form wasteful and extravagant habits now you'll carry them with you through life and you'll never get very far. It's extravagance for a boy of your age to pay for having his shoes polished. You should have an outfit and polish your own shoes. That's what I do. I never in my life paid to have my shoes polished, unless I happened to be traveling. When at home I look after my own shoes, and I don't use any more of anything than is actually

required. I was taught these things as a boy and they have remained with me as a man and I'm glad they did. It's too bad that boys of your age and generation are not taught similar, simple little economies."

And the president of the company who had polished his own shoes that morning walked away from the wondering youth who pays 10 cents every time he has his own polished.

It's the little leaks that finally sink the ship. Men learn this as they grow older. If the thought could be gotten into young heads there would be few wrecks and derelicts on the sea of life.

A CALENDAR ROMANCE

Our hero was the common sort, when all is said and done;

He worked his head off daily and was out to get the

reason for his diligence was commonplace, 'tis true—

He tried to swell his salary so it would suffice for

And maybe that's the reason why one day he lost his head,

And falling on his knees, he cried, "Oh, maiden, wilt thou

He may have thought this sudden, but it seemed not so to her;

She lisped a quick acceptance and said forcibly, "Yeth,

But when they went to keeping house he feared that he would die;

For, oh, that modern maiden could neither bake nor

She could not run a bungalow, or even run a flat,

So on many sad occasions in a restaurant they

But he forgave her everything—as man has always done,

When she presented him one day a bouncing baby

MOVING DAY



Chas. J. G. Haas, who has had a regular moving picture experience, ranging from cowboy in the still untamed west to the pedantic environs of a Bostonese has had other "moving experiences." Billy James says Haas is one of the easiest salesmen to keep his finger on when enroute but when it comes to his permanent address, he has to locate him by telegraph. Santa Claus was asked to bring Charlie a moving van for Christmas so that he will always have it handy. From cowboy to cultured Boston was not much of a change for Charlie, but shaking off that restless western spirit is hard to overcome.

SHIPPING DEPT. PLANS

Burt Jackson will eat, work, laugh and play volley ball just as he has in the past only more so.

After five years practice Frank Schwartz hopes for recognition as the chief high comedian of the department.

Charles Sipe will be leader of a flourishing and harmonious Mueller orchestra.

Arnold Kletzing aspires to be speed king among the millions of flivver drivers.

Goston Dixon will probably continue to wear his hat while at work. Evidently he has something under cover.

Judging from Al Bashore's increase in girth, there must be a glucose barrel in No. 73.

Unavoidable Delay

(From the Lush Herald)—Owing to the lack of space and the rush of the Herald's prize contest, several births and deaths will be postponed until next week.—Medical Quip.

Improvement on Nature

A new suburbanite was asked why he didn't make a garden.

"I prefer," he replied, "to depend on the grocer for my vegetables. When I ask him for beans, he doesn't give me jimson weed instead."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Bother to Him

Singleton—"It's such a bother deciding about vacation."

Wedmore—"It doesn't bother me. The boss tells me when to go and my wife tells me where."—Boston Transcript.

THE BOOTLEGGERS' WAY

Some Actual Incidents of the Way He Plies His Trade.

A Decatur man recently in New York brings back some first hand information concerning bootlegging methods as carried on in that section.

I was sitting in our office when a neatly dressed man entered and asked to see the manager, who happened to be busy at the time. The visitor waited quite a while and without introducing myself, I walked over to him and told him I would be pleased to serve him in the absence of the manager. The visitor blandly informed me that he was Mr. Jones of Canada, and mentioning my name and residence informed me that he had been supplying me with Canadian whisky and fine furs. You may well imagine my surprise, being a teetotaler and never having bought any furs outside of a fur store. I drew him out a little and then told him bluntly that he was a liar, that I was the person he was talking about, and that if he did not leave the office instantly I'd turn him over to the authorities. He did not appear particularly shocked and leisurely left me, but I'll bet he made good time getting away from the locality when he reached the sidewalk.

This incident reminds me of another one very similar.

A jobber in Chicago and a friend of the company states some one telephoned his office when he was out and his secretary answered. This man said he had an appointment with the president of the company and that he regretted his absence as he had three quarts of Scotch whisky which the president had agreed to take. The secretary knowing the president did have some liquor in his office in order to entertain some of his friends, had this man come up and he bought three bottles of Scotch whisky for \$25.00. Afterwards a nephew took some friends into his uncle's office for a drink and opened one of the bottles. The friends tasted it and spit it out and said "do you call this whisky, I call it tea." The so-called bootlegger had sold the secretary three bottles of tea for \$25.00.

I therefore think I'm real fortunate in not being inclined to indulge.

I noticed a bulletin on Broadway, pictures of a lot of confiscated liquor, which had been tested by chemists in New York City, and it was stated only 2% of the thousands of gallons of liquor, which they had taken from bootleggers, etc., was genuine, 98% of which was injurious, poisonous stuff.

It is really interesting how they put things over on not only fellows from the farm and the corn fields, but even these wise guys from the city are taken in.

ONLY THING LEFT

When you feel unkindly toward the man you work for—when your heart is full of resentment and your head full of revenge, stop and take a personal inventory.

There are always two sides to a situation.

You are not all wrong; and if this be true, is it not reasonable to assume that the man you work for is not all wrong?

No person on earth can do good work with a single head full of malice and two hands that are closed like fists.

After you have considered carefully that your hostility is justified—after you conscientiously weigh yourself and you are satisfied that you are all right in every particular—after you feel that the man you work for is wrong in every particular, the only thing left to do is to resign.

—Silent Partner.

MA'S TOOLS

At home it seems to be the rule
Pa never has "the proper tool,"
Or knack to fix things. For the stunt
That stumps ma, tho, you'll have to hunt.

The caster on the table leg fell out,
Pa said a wooden peg would fix it up,
But ma kep' mum an' fixed it with
A wad of gum!

We could scarce open our front door,
It stuck so tight; and pa, he swore
He'd buy a plane as big as life—
Ma fixed it with the carving knife!

The bathtub drain got all clogged up;
Pa bailed the tub out with a cup;
He had a dreadful, helpless look—
Ma cleaned it with a crochet hook!

So when my things get out of fix,
Do I ask pa to mend 'em? Nix!
But ma just grabs what's near at hand
And togs things up to beat the band!
—Mrs. R. Peters.

A CHANGE IN THE HOME

"There are a great many 'human interest' stories to be found in the 'want' advertisements."

"Well?"

"For instance, here's one in which Mary says: 'Come home, John, I've sold the poodle'."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE OPEN WINDOW HABIT

A man can live without food for weeks, without water for days, but for a few moments only without air. Destroy his contact with air and he dies.

There is a pressure of fourteen pounds of air to each square inch of his body. The inner air surface of man's lungs is 100 times the surface of the whole body. Along this inner surface a vital chemical process continuously taking place purifies his blood.

It is not the amount only, but the quality of the air which counts in building up health. Impure air which has already been breathed by many people naturally cannot serve the body as well as air which comes from the out-of-doors. Respiratory diseases such as colds, influenza, tuberculosis and pneumonia

develop most easily in those who do not breathe sufficient outside air.

During winter we live and work in closed rooms. Often they are poorly ventilated, but even if well ventilated, man needs the increasing vigor which comes from sleeping at night with open windows. This should be done in winter as well as in summer. Night air is not dangerous. Cold air, no matter how cold, is a tonic if the body is kept adequately warm.

We should keep our windows open, but use additional coverings as we sleep.

The man or woman who makes it an iron-clad rule never to sleep in a closed room will live longer, have a better mind and body, be happier and more free from colds, tuberculosis and other lung diseases.

Get the open window sleeping habit!—Philadelphia Health Council and Tuberculosis Committee.

A CORK NEEDED

The train came to a stop at the edge of town beside the glue factory, and the odor was most obnoxious. A dainty young miss took a bottle of lavender salts from her handbag and sniffed vigorously. In a minute or two the old gentleman behind her looked up from his paper, sniffed suspiciously at the air a time or two and tapped her on the shoulder.

"You'll have to cork up that bottle, lady," he said. "I can't stand that awful smell any longer."

NEW NAMES FOR GOODS

Important Decision by the National Association of Brass Manufacturers

Certain names applied to brass goods have a distasteful sound. Again they are in some cases purely technical, understood by the trade, but Greek to the consumer.

At a recent meeting of the National Association of Brass Manufacturers it was agreed to standardize on names which the trade and public alike could easily comprehend.

The old and new names of the goods are published herewith; the old name being given first:

Bibbs—Faucets; Stops—Stops; Stop and Wastes—Stops and Drains; Lavatory Stops—Lavatory Stops; Reversible Stop and Stop and Wastes—Reversible Stop and Stop and Drains; Self-Closing Stops—Self-Closing Stops; Urinal Cocks—Urinal Stops; Sill Cocks—Lawn Faucets; Garden Hose Valves—Garden Hose Faucets; Boiler Drain Cocks—Sediment Faucets; Ball Cocks—Float Valves; Rain and Well Water Cocks—Rain and Well Water Valves; Basin Cocks—Lavatory Faucets; Bracket Basin Cocks—Bracket Lavatory Stops; Pantry Cocks—Pantry Faucets; Double Pantry Cocks—Double Pantry Faucets; Double Basin Cocks—Double Lavatory Faucets; Double Shampoo Cocks—Double Lavatory Shampoo Faucets; Slop Sink Cocks—Slop Sink Faucets; Bath Cocks—Bath Faucets; Ground Key Stops—Ground Key Stops; Ground Key Stop and Waste—Ground Key Stop and Drains; Corporation Cocks—Corporation Stops; Gas Service and Meter Cocks—Gas Service and Meter Stops.

Different branches of trade have found it beneficial to change names because of antipathy on account of the public. Corn products furnish a good example of this. The public did not like the word glucose under which this product was formerly marketed. It was too suggestive of "glue", but this objection was quickly dissipated when this product was offered as corn sugar, corn syrup, etc.

What the plumbing trade needs is names which the buying public will recognize, remember and use. It will help business.

"THREES"—TAKE THE MONEY



Billy Mason, Matt Trott and Charlie Auer, three popular men in our organization.

UNCLE ZEB SAYS

A woman with a sharp tongue is probably afraid to hold it because of her fear of cutting herself.

The worst usury is the interest that some people pay on borrowed trouble.

Look out for the man with the flabby handshake—he may not be as soft as he appears.

If every one saved money how would any one get money to save.

There is a world of difference between delivering the goods and being caught with them.

The rooster is not unpopular because he gets up so early but because he has so much to say about it.

Experience may be the best teacher but only the already wise seem to be able to learn from her.

—Snyder.

Hot Place

The minister was delivering his farewell sermon. He had been having tough luck in collecting his salary and concluded to quit. Here is what he said: "Now, brethren, I have been appointed chaplain of the penitentiary of the state, and this will be my last Sunday among you. I will preach from the text, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' after which the choir will sing, 'Meet Me There.'"—Kiowa (Kan.) Review.

Unto the End

"How's this?" asked the lawyer. "You've named six bankers in your will to be pallbearers. Of course, it's all right, but wouldn't you rather choose some friends with whom you are on better terms?"

"No, Judge, that's all right. Those fellows have carried me for so long they might as well finish the job."—The American Legion Weekly.

Why the Editor Fleed

The bolt of lightning came down between Miss Carney and her sister, and ripped off a good deal of plaster.—From an account of a storm in the Hudson Evening Star.



THE VERSATILE BILLY



Billy Mason, head of the construction department, is a versatile individual. He can do other things besides throw up new buildings in a jiffy and put down concrete pavements. He can dance and he can cook. As to the latter accomplishment,

ask anyone who has ever been down on the Okaw if he can make pies, bread, biscuits or cakes. You who know him only as a construction man may not believe all this but here is a picture that proves it. Our cartoonist caught him in the act of frying griddle cakes. Note the skill with which he juggles them. Three in the air—brown side up—white side coming down. Billy proves conclusively that he is a good cook—he eats his own product. Some cooks will not do this. Could you blame them?

KUSHMER AND OLSEN

ATTEND CONFERENCE

Ed Kushmer, assistant to the paymaster, and Kaj Olsen of the Machine Shop, attended the Y. M. C. A. Older Boys' Conference at Galesburg, Illinois, November 30, December 1st, and 2d. Thirty-one other young men from Decatur also went. The total attendance from all over the state was more than 1200.

JOHN'S NEW COLOR LENS



Most Likely Raisins

At night when sudden tremors shake
And agitate the casement,
The cause may be a distant quake,
Or Raisins in the basement.

NIGHT SHIFT

Slim Kramer has a good start in the auto wrecking business. In the last month he has demolished two Fords, a truck and an Apperson with only thirty dollars damage to his own Buick. How is that for efficiency?

Frank Royce believes in safety all right. He dropped some cigar ashes on the back of his band, and went for first aid treatment. When he got there he could not remember which one it was, and had both hands bandaged.

Snyder wonders if the Directors of the Night of The Night Assembly will resume their convivial sessions after the first of the year.

Ed Hukill has worn out his teeth on Sterling fine cut and the dentist has removed the remnants. The boys were about to take up a collection for a set of new teeth, when Frank LaHew, Ed Carter and Frank Lynch all offered him their extra sets. George Moore, an ex-blacksmith, volunteered to make them fit and Joe Dial to finish them up. Heads of horseshoe nails were to be substituted for missing teeth.

We are not informed whether Ed accepted this generous offer, but we do know that he has been laid up for two or three weeks. Perhaps he did.

Tit for Tat

"You know," said the woman whose motor car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years."

"Lady, you have nothing on me. I have been walking for fifty-four years."

PASSING ON GOODS

Ed Harris of the inspection department is always looking them over.

It's his job to see that goods showing any imperfection are thrown out before they reach the stock room.

Of course Ed does not do it all but he does his part and has some able assistants.

The photographer happened to catch Ed in a characteristic pose with his eagle eye glued on the goods.

Far be it from us to compare Ed to a dog but he could give a red Irish setter some valuable points.



The MERTZ FAMILY

Here's happiness among Mueller employees. The picture shows Mr. and Mrs.



J. B. Mertz and their dog, an animal of considerable intelligence. The dog does any number of tricks. Mr. and Mrs. Mertz have a very pretty home and in season their yard is beautified by a great variety of plants and flowers, which John is busy caring for when he is not engaged with a monitor lathe in Dept. 9. John's affections are divided

between his wife, his home and his work. Oh yes, the dog gets his share, too.

DEPARTMENT 18

Frank Tosh has a radio set. Last Sunday he was listening in on a sermon. When this was finished, the minister announced that the collection was about to be taken. Frank's hand went to his pocket and found himself holding out a dollar to drop in the basket, before he noticed that he was really not in church.

The heavy rains last week put several inches of water in "Shorty" Williams' basement, where his famous dog, Mick, sleeps. Poor Mick got his feet wet and caught cold, which developed into flu. With great presence of mind and considerable coercion, "Shorty" gave the dog a hot dose of red pepper. Mick soon forgot the flu and is all right now.

Ben Tarr, who suffers from asthma, has found a guaranteed sure cure. All that stands between him and perfect health and happiness is five dollars. How to raise this sum occupies his mind. His friends in Department 18 are offering many suggestions, but no cash. Several say that if he would pawn his Ford he might be able to raise that amount. Here's hoping he does not call on the Aid Society.

Fully Prepared

He—"My dear, it's no use for you to look at those hats; I haven't more than a dollar in my pocket."

She—"You might have known when we came out that I'd want to buy a few things."

He—"I did."—Boston Transcript.

EMPLOYEES' AID SOCIETY

Since this "Mueller Record" will appear before the end of the month, we cannot present a financial statement of the Aid Society for the entire year. Accordingly we are presenting a report of finances up to the date of December 17.

Receipts

Balance on hand January 1, 1923...	\$ 810.25
Company's Contribution...	\$ 600.00
Interest on Bonds.....	175.00
Dues from members.....	6488.01
	<u>7263.01</u>
	\$8073.26

Payments

Nine Death Benefits....	\$ 675.00
Sickness and Accident Benefits	6806.23
	<u>7481.23</u>

Balance Dec. 16, 1923\$ 592.01

Resources

Cash in bank	\$ 592.01
Mueller Metals Co. bonds	2500.00

Total\$3092.01

A more detailed statement will appear in the January issue. However, the figures above show the significant fact that \$1000.00 more were paid to members in benefits than were received from them in dues. This will be increased by the benefits paid to members during the last half of December. This is ample justification for the Trustees in increasing the dues last September. It should have been done sooner.

The increase in accidents has cost the Aid Society a great deal. More care and fewer accidents will benefit the Society as well as the members.

Glenn Hester went home to Mt. Vernon for a week the first cold snap and helped father butcher.

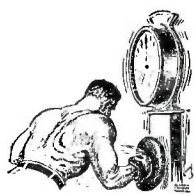
A YOUNG MUSICIAN

Ernest Melvern Foster, of Abner Shirk's boy band. Ernest is 12 years old. He is a son of Clarence Foster, production clerk in No. 14 and is quite a musician.

Mr. Shirk is an old-time band musician and cornet player, and in Ernest he is developing a promising future cornet player.



KNOCKING OFF THE FAT



With the completion of the new recreation building, W. G. Cranston of the Receiving Dept. was named as physical director. Cranston was formerly a trainer of the Chicago Cubs, and he trained young Griffo, one of the hardest hitting lightweights that ever put an opponent to sleep. Now he is going to train us. He is going to knock some of the fat off of protruding stomachs. He assures us it can be done, but when we suggested that he elevate his calling and knock some of the fat off of heads he declared it couldn't be done, unless he knocked the block off completely.

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

When Everett Mueller, now assistant sales manager and head of the Regulator Department, was 13 years of age he was made messenger boy in the office. Although he had no special privileges, he occasionally took them, being an average mischief loving kid.

When he was not shooting paper clips at the patent attorney's head to arouse ideas therein, he was promulgating office rules as witnesseth the following:

NOTICE

All men going to and from this building, must on no condition converse or cast sheep eyes at their lady friends.

Signature—
Zerdukteanyfstien.

OH, YOU CHICKEN!



Just how Mildred happened to acquire a chicken at the office no one is able to explain, but she did, and she was game to carry it home. More than this she was also game to pose for her photograph. The chicken did not seem to enjoy the occasion. It may have realized that the worst was yet to come.

It Was Overhead

Tom Leary—"What's this item on your expense account, 'Overhead expense, \$5'?"

Logsdon—"That was an umbrella I bought."

SCHOONERS CROSSING THE BAR

Special Correspondence

By T. F. Leary



Esquimalt, Aug. 23—Report confirmed that two German schooners, the Humbser and Pilsener, were taken off the Kaiserhof bar.

San Francisco, Dec. 13th.

In writing Billy Heinrichs regarding circulars of Filglas Faucets, we could not resist the temptation to call to Hein's attention (in making a comparison), the large Steins they formerly passed out in Milwaukee and which Heinrichs was very familiar with. His comeback is the above cartoon.

In the first place you will note Anton Schueman is attending bar. The other two lads are evidently a Scotchman and an Irishman, but not the two of the story you have heard told of these two who went in for a drink and the Scotchman didn't have any money, so they didn't get any drink.

We are bringing this to your attention as the card gives us a thought that you might run a column in the record under the heading of "Sometime Ago", or "That Reminds Me". Of course you will not need to give the entire space to B. V. D.'s (Before Volstead Days).

In the meantime you might make the rounds with this card. First to Anton Schueman, then Phil, Bill Simpson, Everett and I think maybe Adolph and Bob's eyes can be made to water with it, to say nothing of your own good self.

T. F. Leary, Manager.

Foretalled

"Now what shall we name the baby?" asked the professor's wife.

"Why," ejaculated the learned man in astonishment, "this species has been named for centuries. This is a primate mammal—'homo sapiens'."—The Forecast.

J. L. CAMPBELL'S DREAM



Editor Record:

Several years ago I read a story of an engineer on a fast Burlington train. He was on double time, very sleepy and desperately afraid he would fall asleep and have a wreck. His train was running 50 miles an hour and he was keeping a close watch when

all at once he fell asleep.

He dreamed his train ran off the track, and was smashed to pieces, and he appeared to be the only one left alive. Running to a signal station half mile away, he notified the operator and then ran back to his train to help care for the passengers; he put in several hours at that and then woke up.

Had Same Experience

During all this long dream his train had run sixty feet, a small fraction of a second. I always believed that story for the reason he duplicated my own experience. I often had such dreams but was never able to fix the time accurately.

A few evenings ago I started to read your Picnic Record. I read it clear through and by that time I could hardly keep my eyes open. I looked at my watch. It was exactly 11:30 and decided the watch had run down and stopped. I am hard of hearing and cannot hear it tick, so to tell when it is going I have to look at the second hand. It was just beside the minute hand—then I fell asleep and here is my dream:

Came to Decatur

I went to Decatur on the cars, and was all night making the trip. The night seemed to be of the usual length, and when I arrived at the Mueller Works the first person I met was Mr. Adolph Mueller. He said he would show me around the plant and we spent two hours at that. Then he said it was lunch time and we would go and eat. We put in another hour at that. I then told him what I had come for.

The old proverb that it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous is well shown here. I informed Mr. Mueller that I had come nearly a thousand miles to buy four sacks of flour for a friend in West Elizabeth. Imagine a plumber going to a manufacturer of brass goods to buy flour. He said all right, I will go and get it for you. He came back with four enormous hams with the remark:

"Here is your flour."

"Why, Mr. Mueller," I said, "those are hams."

He responded "I will soon make flour out of them for you."

He picked up an ordinary square end shovel and carved the hams up in big slices as neatly as you please.

"There is your flour", he said.

All In a Flash

By that time I had decided he was crazy. I said all right, and just then I was wide awake looking at my watch. It was still exactly 11:30. The second hand was in exactly the same place it was when I fell asleep. It was moving, however, and the watch had not been stopped. There was a clock right behind me. I looked and it showed 11:30.

I had dreamed all that long dream as quick as a flash of lighting—just merely a wink of my eye.

This was the first and only time that I had positive proof to satisfy myself that dreams are often if not always instantaneous. We apparently dream all night long, but merely dream at the instant of awakening.

J. L. CAMPBELL,
West Elizabeth, Pa.

DEPARTMENT 55

Bernard Schuerman has assembled an efficient radio outfit. One night last week he heard San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, and Calgary, Canada.

—:—

The radio bug has stung Herman Hill. His friends predict that he will have an attack of radioitis before long.

—:—

Al Radke likes fresh air and raised the window over Julius Grabenhofer's bench. The latter put it down and Al raised it again. This was repeated several times and Julius, out of patience, said to Al, "You're so fresh. If you want something you know where I fishin'. You chust come out there and you will find me all right and we will settle somedings."

At last reports Al has not gone fishing.

—:—

Herman Kelch goes out into society occasionally. He had a date the other evening to call on a young woman with whom he was not very well acquainted. Her mother answered the door and Herman, a bit flustered, could not recall her name. At length he blurted out, "Is Whatchamay-callit at home?"

—:—

The other day Arthur Diveley (Barney G.) drew an ivory manicure set in a punch board. Now the boys are wondering if Barney has a girl steady enough to give it to.

Katie: "Let's go to the library after office hours."

Mrs. L.: "Just what book do you want?"

Katie: "Oh, Doctor."

TWO FAMOUS HIGHWAYS

THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

Highways are the arteries of a nation's life blood. Through them flow steady streams of traffic carrying commerce and trade from production and distributing centers. The speed, safety and economy with which a nation is able to gather and distribute its products is an index of its progress and prosperity.

The white race holds dominion over the world—it has always been the builder of roads. In peace or war the highways of a nation are equally essential.

America has 2,500,000 miles of highways and only 365,000 miles of railways. The most famous of all American highways is "The Lincoln Highway" the "Main Street" of the continent, reaching from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 3,305 miles.

Started in 1913, the Lincoln Highway has not only wrought an ideal in concrete from Atlantic to Pacific, but has germinated the highway idea in all parts of the land so that communities everywhere are giving substantial encouragement to concrete road construction.

This period of concrete road building has been coincident with the development and wide use of automobiles and motor trucks. These vehicles now constitute a system of transportation as important to our prosperity and progress as our railroad and steamship systems. A tremendous burden of road maintenance is lifted when concrete highways are built.

Concrete, the magic medium of modern empire builders, is shortening the vast distances of America and making distant localities neighbors and building enduring prosperity into our industrial life.

ATTENTION OF THE KLEAGLE

Abraham Goldstein was almost reduced to tears when he met his old friend Patrick O'Brien on the boardwalk at Atlantic City.

"They von't let me in at any of these sveil hotels and I can't find any plaze to stay. Oy, what can I do?"

"Sure and ye aren't using the head the good Lord gave you. When ye go to register, sign the name of the finest Catholic you know and there'll be no difficulty."

A few hours later Patrick came across him again. Abraham's nose was gory, his eye was blackened and his clothes torn and dusty.

"Oy, yoy, vot a terrible business. I registered as you said and now look at me."

"I don't understand. What name did ye sign?"

"Archbishop Corrigan and vife."

THE APPIAN WAY

"All roads lead to Rome." Her highways made neighboring nations tributary to her greatness. Now, as then, civilization keeps step with transportation.

The roads of Rome rank with her aqueducts as masterful examples of engineering principle and practice. The men of valor who made possible Roman power were also men of vision—only as hard highways radiated from the Imperial City could her legions maintain order and peace throughout her domain.

The Appian Way was the first as well as the longest of the Roman roads. It ran from Rome to Capua and later to Brundisium (Brindisi) 360 miles. It was built by Censor Appius Claudius Caecus in 313 B. C. coincident with the construction of the Aqua Appian or first Roman aqueduct. It was paved with blocks of lava set in a crowned foundation of concrete. Massive concrete and stone arches carried it south through the valley of Arrica; tunnels cut through solid rock by Augustus brought it from Naples to Puteoli.

Julius Caesar was its Curator in 65 B. C. and on it was erected the first known monument to a road contractor—one of its actual builders—bearing this inscription "MANCIPE—VIAE—APPIAE."

This great highway so intimately identified with Roman progress and culture issued from the Servian "Porta Capena" and the Aurelian "Porta Appia" (modern St. Sebastiano).

Rome in her palmiest days possessed over 55,000 miles of improved highways. The ceaseless tread of thousands of years has worn away the surface but so wisely was it built that even now those ancient road foundations are sound and solid.

WAYS OF SAYING "HOWDY-DO"

American and English—How do you do?

French—How do you find yourself?

Italian—How do you stand?

German—How do you find yourself?

Dutch—How do you fare?

Swedish—How can you?

Egyptian—How do you perspire?

Chinese—How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?

Polish—How do you have yourself?

Russian—How do you live on?

Persian—May your shadow never be less.

Just different forms of salutation. They all mean about the same.

The doctor was watching Pat Mullen, the plasterer, at work. He remarked, "Well, Pat! Plaster covers up lots of mistakes, doesn't it?"

"Yes," replied Pat, "and so does a spade."

WEDDING BELLS

Are Mingling Their Happy Ringing With Christmas Bells.



Wedding bells are pealing forth their happy tones along with the chimes of Christmas bells in our happy family. Cupid is cutting a wide swath in this organization and the past holiday period will find us minus some of our most popular girls.

Bass-Bridgwater

Last July a young man applied at the employment office for a job. He had a pleasant manner and the easy address of a man of the world. The young lady in the office noted all these things and approved.

The young man was hired and went to work in the night foundry, but he managed nevertheless to make the acquaintance of the young lady. Soon his interest was more than that of a casual friend. A month or so later he was transferred to department 57 as clerk, and then Lida Bass and Earl Bridgwater could walk home together. When Miss Bass returned from her vacation after the picnic in August, she was wearing a neat little diamond on the third finger of her left hand. Of course it was from Earl.

This happy romance was consummated in their marriage, December 18, the bride's birthday, at the home of her uncle, the Rev. T. W. Bass of Saybrook, Illinois. Miss Bass intends to resume her position in the employment office after the honeymoon.

Chapman-Williams

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Ruth Chapman, stenographer in the Sales Department, to Eugene Williams occurred in an unusual way. Ruth and a number of the office girls are members of a social club. At a regular meeting, December 12, Miss Chapman and Mrs. Pope were hostesses at the Chapman home. Contests and stunts were underway.

Louise Brubeck went to the piano and played a wedding march. Doors opened and a bridal party appeared. The groom, Mrs. Ethel Marshall, appeared in conventional black and the bride in white with flowing veil and bouquet, was Hazel Cook. Mae Ratliff, best man, was attired for the part, and Myrtle Stephens was bridesmaid. Alice Colvin impersonated the minister. She wore a long black coat and whiskers. All proceeded in regulation style. The bride's bouquet was tossed to Ethel Dixon who drew from it a card announcing Miss Chapman's engagement.

The happy event is set for Saturday, December 29th, at the Grace M. E. church.

Curl-Wyant

Another announcement in which we all

were very much interested was the one concerning the wedding of Miss Vera Curl and Earl Wyant. This joyful news was given out at a recent party. The wedding ceremony was celebrated at the home of the bride on North Edward street, Saturday evening, December 22d. It was a quiet home wedding, but none the less happy for that. The couple left at once on a honeymoon trip to the south, and will be absent for ten days.

Upon their return they will take an apartment until spring when they will build a home of their own on West Forest avenue.

Miss Curl has been with us for more than a year, first as stenographer in the purchasing department, and more recently as stenographer for J. W. Wells, office manager.

Gray-Mier

Algie Mier of the nickel plating department, and Miss Leta Gray were married November 28th at the home of Rev. Golden. Mr. and Mrs. Mier went for a visit with relatives at Richview, Illinois. They live at 452 E. Condit.

Cox-Oldham

Jesse Oldham of the grinding department and Miss Ethel Cox were married at the home of the bride, 1341 N. Huron. November 22d. After a honeymoon in southern Illinois, they started housekeeping at 1508 N. Church street.

Janvrin-Doolin

We learned on December 10th that Florence Janvrin of the polishing department, and Clayton Doolin were married on the 5th of last July. They live at 315 N. Main street.

Kaminski-Jagusch

Miss Carrie Kaminski of the core department and William J. Jagusch were married at Chicago on December 10th. Mr. Jagusch is employed in the Wabash shops. The friends of Miss Kaminski were taken by surprise but they nevertheless, wish her much happiness.

WHAT THEY WILL DO

Foundry

Paul Luebbers will continue to eschew frivolity and to practice thrift.

Clint Allen has resolved not to drop molds, weights, or ingots upon his feet. Wm. DeLaughter will try to outdo Clint in safety. Hop to it boys, you all have a chance at this.

Henry Deterding may develop an analysis of metal fast enough to take samples and read results while pouring from the furnace to the pot. Why spend fifteen minutes at it?

Clark Masters will hesitate to loan his car to bridal parties again.

OVENS IN THE CORE ROOM



THIS IS THE "BAKE SHOP" OF THE CORE ROOM

A core in casting is a composition of a selected grade of sand and other ingredients shaped to conform to the inner part of the casting. It produces the openings through our goods for the passage of water. After the metal is cast around the core it disintegrates and leaves an unobstructed passage way. The cores themselves are molded into core boxes, removed and placed on pans, which are put on the slides of the oven, and baked until hard. A good oven man like a good housewife knows when they are "done" by their color. At the extreme end of the oven is Ed. Dodwell examining a pan of cores.

CORE ROOM DREAMS

Charles Tilton resolves to get snappy news items into the "Record" without getting in himself.

John Dorsey will start each day with a smile that will brighten up the whole Core Department.

Henry Gilbert expects another big apple crop, not to mention garden truck and chickens.

Felix Hodges will continue to laugh and grow fat.

Mrs. Laura Becker will be glad to see the new lunch room open, so that the girls can get a warm meal there.

All the girls look for Cupid to raise his present high record in 1924. Leap Year, you know.

FOUNDRY FLASHES

Perley Lupton, son of Chess, was hunting during the Thanksgiving vacation when he was accidentally shot in the abdomen with a 22 rifle ball. When the party who did the shooting saw that Perley was injured, he skulked away and has not been found. Perley is making good progress toward recovery.

Clint Allen gained twenty-five pounds while laid up with an injured foot. It is well that he returned to work when he did or in another month he might have difficulty in getting through the door.

The boys are wondering why Claude Smith did not ride to work December 12th. Two hands are better than one. Spark Plug got the shafts next day. The boys wanted to have him among us to get his Christmas ham.

BRASS CHIPS

Carl Hatch, the tool grinder, is a good hunter, he finds rabbits all right, John Marty says, but the gun shoots where the rabbits "ain't."

Since Roland Friend got his high top lace boots, he has to get up an hour earlier in the morning to get them on properly in time for work. Doubtless it is worth the extra effort for it makes "Mike" look like a college-made engineer.

A dog wandered through Department 18 the other day and it devolved upon Jack DeFratus to get him out. Jack had to chase the dog about and finally got him in No. 8, and at length forcibly ejected him. Charles Riley insinuates that Jack intends to run for dog catcher on the Democratic ticket and took this way to get a little publicity.

John Marty thinks that James Kuster, bellhop in No 92, is spending too much money on the girls. We hope that some of the girls will recommend the Company's thrift plan to him.

Howard Blackenship finds the best way to spend his vacation is shucking corn. This provides outdoor exercise, a fine appetite and some ready money besides.

Miss Katie McK—looks very healthy and well, yet they say she has to have the "Doctor" every night.

Eura French is Marion Pippin's assistant in the Tool Tempering Department. He was in Department 9 until last October.

The Blacksmith Shop and Iron Casting Department have been working until 6:00 o'clock during December.

Jack Robb of the Blacksmith Shop asked Olan Henry the other day, "What kind of wood is used in a rawhide mallet?"

Wonus McClanahan of the Automatic Department claims to be quite a checker player, and invited Al Spitzer out for a game with him. It was an exciting match and Wonus was so far carried away that he got to jumping his own men, and so Al won. We wonder what refreshments they had.

Simply because he changed his boarding place, Virgil Athey of Department 24 turned loose a lot of rumors to the effect that he was married. The boys say that he now boards at the girl's home. Virgil says there is nothing to it now. Too deep for us.

It is evident that Tom Goodman is a careful punch press operator, for he removes the work from the die with a wire. Tom has been operating punch presses for 16 years and has never yet caught a finger.

A TOM THUMB WEDDING



Do you recognize this best-man? No! Well, it is not to be expected, because the original is now a man grown. It happens to be Walter Coventry of the Assembling Department, and the theater of this early matrimonial venture, was Findlay, Illinois, where a home talent play was given, a feature of which was a Tom Thumb wedding. Evidently Walter took this "matrimonial" experience seriously. He has never tried to repeat the performance, which possibly is a sensible decision. He might spoil an otherwise happy memory.

Solving the Problem

A young salesman had embezzled from his kind-hearted employer a considerable sum of money and had lost every cent of it on the races. He was apprehended, and the boss didn't know just what to do about it.

"Keep him on the job and deduct what he owes you from his pay," counselled an adviser.

"But," wailed the victim, "the amount is too large. He could never make it up that way. His wages are too small."

The other ruminated for a moment. Then his face cleared.

"Well, then, raise his salary," he suggested.—American Legion Weekly.

Two women were talking together in the Union Station in Chicago.

"My sister and me," said one, "we ain't no more alike than if we wasn't us. Yes, ma'am; she's just as different as I be, only the other way."—Life.

MILLIONS FOR TOYS

Whatever religious significance may attach to Christmas is not of much interest to the "kiddies." To them it means goodies to eat and toys to play with, a season of dolls, horns, choo-choo trains, stuffed "tum-mies," and what not, and the reflected happiness in the parents is sufficient reward for the tremendous expense involved.

Few of us ever give thought to the grand total represented by these play things which serve their purpose for a few days, or perhaps weeks, and are then fit only for the rag bag or the ash pile.

Ida Clyde Clarke in a recent issue of the Pictorial Review has an interesting editorial on this subject. She says that on the best information obtainable, it is estimated that \$100,000,000 dollars were spent in toys during the current Christmas season. Manufacturers of toys regard one person in every three as a prospect. As in everything else Americans incline to extravagance in toys. The little china doll which made our grand mothers scream with delight or the more elaborate creation that shut its eyes and wore flaxen hair, and sent our mothers into girlish hysterics will not do for the present day miss. She'd think Santa Claus a tight wad to leave anything of that prehistoric character in her little silken stocking. Nothing short of a doll that not only shuts its eyes but walks and says "mama" and "papa" will satisfy the little girl of today. Cost is a secondary consideration, or rather no consideration whatsoever to her. And the rise of the doll in price is merely an example of the elaboration of the top industry of the present day.

Perhaps it is just as well that these recipients of gorgeous toys do not know and can not understand the contrasting picture the writer depicts in her editorial. She says one million children of tender age are working in the United States and some of them under shocking conditions. Many of these little folks are employed making the toys which bring delight and happiness to the more fortunate of their own age, and the Christmas happiness for which their skilled little hands are responsible will not be shared by them.

Did His Best

A Western exchange tells of a speed maniac who ran head-on into a seven-story office building and after regaining consciousness weakly murmured, "I blew my horn."—Boston Transcript.

DEATHS

Mrs. Maddock

Mrs. Jay Maddock died December 3d at the Tuberculosis Sanitarium. Their little seven months old daughter will be cared for by Mrs. Hassinger. Jay formerly worked in the shipping department.

HOMES OF MUELLER EMPLOYEES

On the opposite page are shown some homes of Mueller employes, and it is easy to judge thereby that the owners are industrious and thrifty folks, who not only desire "all the comforts of home," but have an eye to beautiful surroundings.

Among the homes shown here are some that any man might feel proud to own.

The Mueller company believe in and encourage its employes to own their homes. It is our belief that the man who has a home that he can call his own automatically becomes a better workman and a better citizen.

The taxes he must pay, the money he spends to keep up his place and the pride he feels in ownership gives him a greater sense and appreciation of his relationship to the community and the city.

WASPS



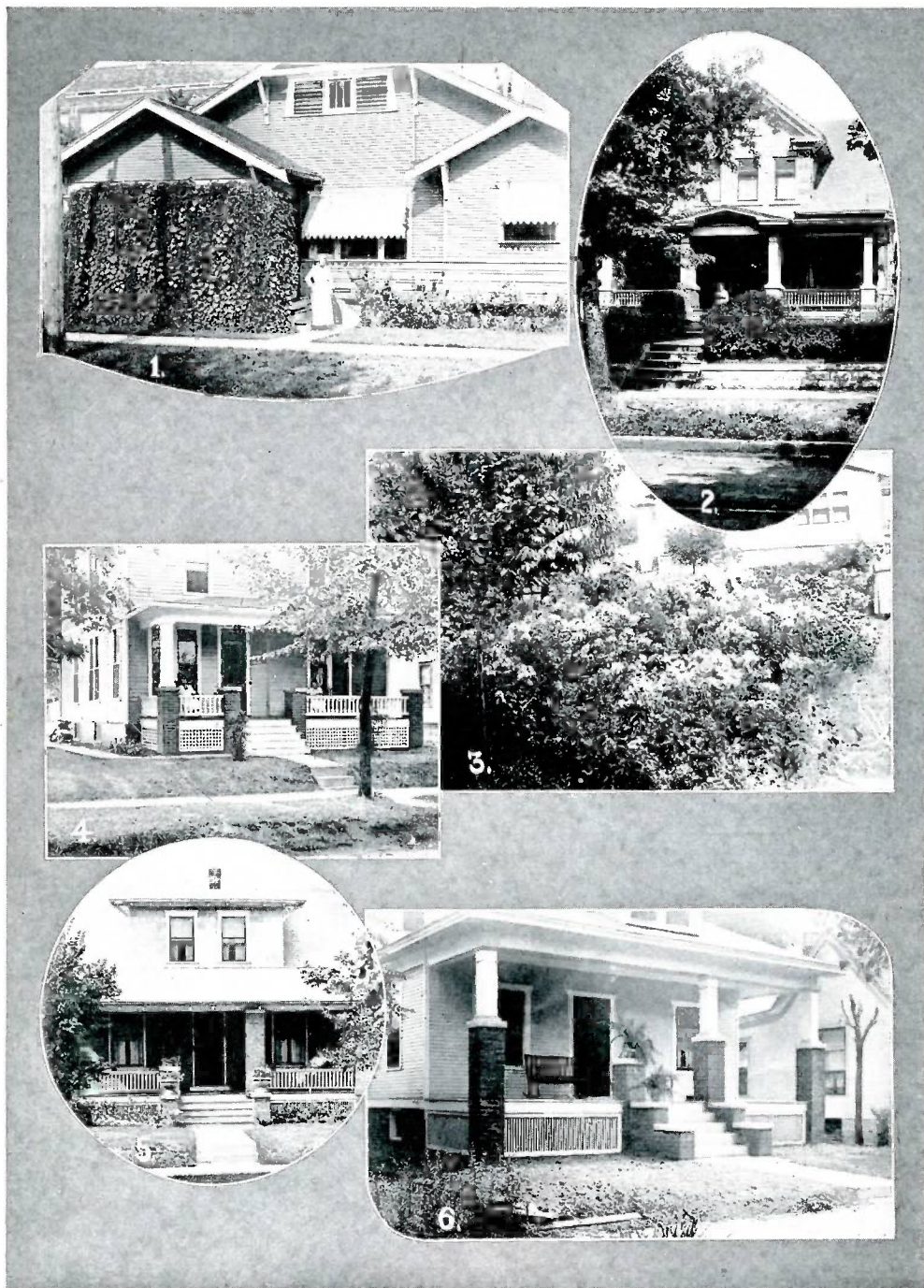
The Wasp is an aculeate hymenopterous insect as well as pestiferous when in action. He is all this and a few things in addition which Adolph suddenly added when one of the hot-foots crawled up his trouser leg and bored in. Adolph did not call the intruder by his Latin name, neither did he lose any time getting rid of the insect, and this was a somewhat difficult task, because it requires both mental and physical agility to express an opinion of a wasp doing business on your limb, roll up your trouser leg and execute a war dance all at the same time. It was his most exciting moment on the Okaw. And he held three aces, too.

The Reformer

"How many times do I have to tell you, Bobby, that one must keep his eyes closed during prayer?"

"Yes, mamma, how do ya know I don't?"
—Sun Dodger.

HOMES OF MUELLER EMPLOYEES



No. 1—Home of Billy Campbell, foreman of Machine Shop, and his best girl, his mother, 1252 North Pine Street. No. 2—Home of Barney Marty, 788 South Webster St., and No. 3 is his flower garden. No. 4—Home of Carlo Danaba of the Painting Department, 805 N. Pine St. No. 5—Home of Louis Rohr of the Regulator Department, 812 East Cleveland Avenue. No. 6—New home of Gotlieb Leipski, chief tester in the Assembly Department, at 1321 East Condit St.

MR. LANGDON AND LIZZIE

Gaze upon this picture and then upon that—the counterfeit presentment of two automobile periods in one season.

Here we have E. H. Langdon of the Welfare Department last April when he first courted Lizzie. He had a bouncing good time of it and actually succeeded in making his associates believe that he was enjoying himself.



And here we have him in November as he drives up to and from the factory each day.



What could be sweeter?

P. S.: The reason Mr. Langdon wears a hat in the second picture is owing to the fact that "Liz" worried him bald-headed. If you don't believe it look at his head when he takes his hat off.

CORE DEPARTMENT

After three days of downpour Henry Gilbert was heard to remark, "I don't look for any dry weather as long as it keeps on raining."

Gilbert was telling the boys the other day about a wonderful cow that they used to have down on the farm. They had to milk her three times a day. Once Henry neglected her for several days and when he returned he found her drowned in a pool of butter-milk. She had exhausted herself in an effort to get out but had only churned up a lot of butter.

Bill Adams usually comes to work with his face cut after shaving. The other morning Felix asked him "What do you do to yourself, Bill?"

Adams replied, "When I see this map of mine in the glass, it's so darned comical I have to laugh and laugh and so I keep cutting myself all the time."

As a safety measure, we suggest that Bill try shaving in the dark.

Erna Beck seems to have lost her voice. Finder will please return it as she has not yet learned to talk with her hands.

Henry Fletcher and his son, Duward, spent the last week of November with home folks at Herrick, Illinois. They were hunting about every day and quail and rabbit were plentiful. Of course, they stayed within the legal limits.

Ed Dodwell has an "as is" Dodge touring car that will keep him from spending any money foolishly on ginger ale and pop-corn for several seasons to come.

All the girls are on edge to know if Ed. Blank has yet selected his ten cent diamond and who will get it.

Since Felix Hodges has rounded out his figure so beautifully, all the slim girls in the department are asking where they may find the glucose barrel.

Ed. Blank has succumbed to one of the temptations of factory life and has learned to chew tobacco. He is now one of the boys. Was it worth it?

Wonderful

For Sale—Eighty purebred English White Leghorn hens and two roosters. All laying.—Classified Ad.

PAGE, MR. CRANSTON



Joe Baldridge of the Drafting Room caught the athletic spirit when Billy Mason broke ground for the Recreation building and has exercised assiduously since. The Physical Director says he can put on or take off fat. Go to it, Mr. Cranston. Let's see you prove your claims.

To
all Mueller
Employes, our
friends and patrons
and those we have met
only in passing, we send—
our hearty greetings at this
wondrous time of "Peace on Earth
Good Will to Men". We hope that
the Holiday Season brings you abund-
ant joy and that the New Year will be rich
in the blessings of health, happiness and
prosperity in excess of anything you
have heretofore realized. To
all of those with any claim
upon our acquaintance
and friendship
We
Wish
You
A Merry Christmas
And A Happy New Year