

Mueller Record



Christmas 1924



THE MUELLER RECORD

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EDITORIAL

There are a lot of us who think seriously but do not think straight. Both are necessary to clear thinking. As we look back over the rapidly receding twelve months and forward to the coming year it will pay us all if we think seriously and straight on the rewards which did or did not come to us in the old year. Many will be disappointed. They will feel that they did not get all they were justly entitled to. But let them give themselves a vigorous self-examination and it is quite probable, if honest, that they will find the fault lies with themselves. None of us are perfect and never will be. But we always have an opportunity to profit by our errors. When you make a New Year's resolution take these errors into account—it may at least save you from the same errors next year.



We are familiar with the man who is going to do it tomorrow. If they would all vote the same way they could carry a national election. We have this class in all walks of life. They are in every organization, doubtless in our own. It is suggested that an effective way to break him of the habit is to ask him what he did yesterday and what he is doing today.



Winter was due December 21st, but it swung into action sheeted in ice with a whirl and a roar on December 18. The muskrat that put on an extra fur overcoat knew his weather all right.



Walter Dill Scott, president of Northwestern, once wrote a book on the "Psychology of Advertising." He says: "Success or failure in business is caused more by mental attitude even than by mental capacities."



We all know the golden rule. And generally we practice it during the holidays. After that, why tell—most of us know and don't care to be reminded.



Did you shop early or surly?



Ask 'em to buy.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The same old wish in the same old words, but for all Mueller employes with more earnestness and sincerity than ever before. May the coming year mark a turning point leading upward to better things, more happiness, more progress and greater prosperity.

ADVERTISING 1925

On pages 20 and 21 of this issue of the Mueller Record there appears a reproduction, in reduced size, of our two page advertisement which will appear in the Saturday Evening Post of January 31st.

This is the most important advertisement we have ever published. We have taken single page spaces in the Post but never before a double page.

In fact we do not now recall any manufacturer in our line who has ever taken as much space in one issue of the Post.

With a circulation of two and a half million copies we are assured of the widest possible publicity among both consumers and plumbers. There is no publication in the United States, and perhaps none in the world, that is read by as many people as the Saturday Evening Post.

While the Post is regarded as expensive advertising, it is not, as we once before showed in the Record.

Exclusive of printing we could not reach as many readers with a one cent circular for less than \$25,000 postage only, providing we could handle 2,500,000 pieces of mail in our office, which we could not possibly do.

Mailing 10,000 pieces per day, it would require 250 days to cover such a list as we will reach through the Post.

And then again it is within reason to believe that no manufacturer in America has a list of 2,500,000 names to circularize.

We regard this advertisement as a good and sound business proposition which will react favorably.

It's one of the forces which will aid in keeping this factory going full tilt through the year.

Mankind is the only creature on earth that can be skinned more than once.

CHRISTMAS AT WARDLES

By CHARLES DICKENS

From the center of the ceiling of this kitchen, old Wardle had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion; in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick with a gallantry which would have done honour to a descendant of Lady Trollinglower herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch, and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. The old lady submitted to this piece of practical politeness with all the dignity which befitted so important and serious a solemnity, but the younger ladies, not being so thoroughly imbued with a superstitious veneration of the custom, or imagining that the value of a salute is very much enhanced if it cost a little trouble to obtain it, screamed and struggled, and ran into corners, and threatened and remonstrated, and did everything but leave the room, until some of the less adventurous gentlemen were on the point of desisting, when they all at once found it useless to resist any longer, and submitted to be kissed with a good grace. Mr. Winkle kissed the young lady with the black eyes, and Mr. Snodgrass kissed Emily; and Mr. Weller, not being particular about the form of being under the mistletoe, kissed Emma and the other female servants, just as he caught them. As to the poor relations, they kissed everybody, not even excepting the plainer portion of the young-lady visitors, who, in their excessive confusion, ran right under the mistletoe, directly it was hung up, without knowing it! Wardle stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene, with the utmost satisfaction; and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use, and summarily devouring, a particularly fine mince-pie, that had been carefully put by for somebody else.

Now the screaming had subsided, and faces were in a glow and curls in a tangle, and Mr. Pickwick, after kissing the old lady as before mentioned, was standing under the mistletoe, looking with a very pleased countenance on all that was passing around him, when the young lady with the black eyes, after a little whispering with the other young ladies, made a sudden dart forward, and, putting her arm around Mr. Pickwick's neck, saluted him affectionately on the left cheek; and before Mr. Pickwick distinctly knew what was the matter, he was surrounded by the whole body, and kissed by every one of them.

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the centre of the group, now pulled this way, and then that, and first kissed on the chin and then on the nose, and then on the spectacles, and to hear the peals of laugh-

ter which were raised on every side; but it was a still more pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick, blinded shortly afterwards with a silk handkerchief, falling up against the wall, and scrambling into corners, and going through all the mysteries of blind-man's buff, with the utmost relish of the game, until at last he caught one of the poor relations; and then had to evade the blind-man himself, which he did with a nimbleness and agility that elicited the admiration and applause of all beholders. The poor relations caught just the people whom they thought would like it; and when the game flagged, got caught themselves. When they were all tired of blind-man's buff, there was a great game at snapdragon, and when fingers enough were burned at that, and all the raisins gone, they sat down by the huge fire of blazing logs to a substantial supper, and a mighty bowl of wassail, something smaller than an ordinary washhouse copper, in which the hot apples were hissing and bubbling with a rich look, and a jolly sound, that were perfectly irresistible.

"This," said Mr. Pickwick, looking around him, "this is, indeed, comfort."

"Our invariable custom," replied Mr. Wardle. "Everybody sits down with us on Christmas eve, as you see them now—servants and all; and here we wait till the clock strikes twelve, to usher Christmas in, and while away the time with forfeits and old stories. Trundle, my boy, rake up the fire."

Up flew the bright sparks in myriads as the logs were stirred, and the deep red blaze sent forth a rich glow, that penetrated into the furthest corner of the room, and cast its cheerful tint on every face.

"Come," said Wardle, "a song—a Christmas song. I'll give you one, in default of a better."

"Fill up," cried Wardle. "It will be two hours good, before you see the bottom of the bowl through the deep rich colour of the wassail; fill up all round, and now for the song."

Thus saying, the merry old gentleman, in a good, round, sturdy voice, commenced without more ado:

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

My song I troll out, for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old.
We'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up while there's bite or
sup,
And in fellowship good, we'll part.
In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's much the
same trace

On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I sing 'till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall—
To the stout old wight, fair welcome tonight,
As the King of the Seasons all!

The Sales Department



Here is a group of heavyweights of the sales department which is the mainspring of the organization. After the factory plans and makes the goods, it is up to the sales department to market them. Some of these men are personally unknown to the trade and yet have a wide acquaintance through years of business and personal correspondence, while others, Tom Leary, for instance, by reason of his many years in the brass goods business, mostly on the road, is known personally by nearly every one identified with the trade.

At the left of the picture is J. W. ("Billy") Simpson, sales manager in the Decatur plant, and with him is William E. (Everett) Mueller, in charge of sales in the regulator department and the automatic system of Hot Water Heat Control.

Seated in the center at the left is T. L. (Tom) Leary, manager of the San Francisco branch. In the center W. R. (Billy) James, manager of the New York branch, while at the right is W. L. (Billy) Jett, manager of the Los Angeles branch.

L. M. Ross, salesman traveling out of Cedar Rapids, and R. L. (Dick) Moore, our Chicago representative, are at the right of the picture.

Below is a group of salesmen snapped at our annual picnic last summer. Standing, left to right: John P. Stenner, New York; Geo. F. Sullivan, Milwaukee; J. H. McCormick, Huron, Ohio; R. H. Powers, New York. Sitting: J. D. McGauley, Louisville, Ky.; Ivan Van Haafden, New York; Harry V. Seevers, Ottawa, Kansas; Lloyd Logsdan, San Francisco; W. L. Dewitt, Los Angeles, and Ellis E. Powell of Salt Lake City.



PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS Our Pioneer Work Is Beginning to Show Good Results

We have done a lot of pioneer work in educating the public to buy practical Christmas gifts like combination sink faucets. This has been done by our sales from and through advertising channels. The results for the first few years were only fairly satisfactory, but the seeds sown have taken root and are now sprouting. This year our work on this plan was enlarged and the effort intensified and the result has been much better. With co-operation of the trade and other plumbing interests, we feel that in a few years plumbing goods will become popular Christmas gifts. And why not? What finer or more useful present can be made to a woman, especially one who has never known its convenience, than a combination sink faucet?

Sunshine and twilight and night—
And the joy of day is gone;
Night and the dawn and the day—
And, behold, new joy has begun!
Have faith, O my soul, and go on—
Nor ever be ruled by despair,
The night-time descends? Keep advancing—
Lo, the sun lights your path everywhere!
—Henry Van Dyke.



Christmastide



LUTHER'S CRADLE HYMN

Away in a manger
 No crib for His bed,
 The little Lord Jesus
 Laid down His sweet head,
 The stars in the bright sky
 Looked down where He lay
 The little Lord Jesus,
 Asleep in the hay.
 The cattle are lowing,
 The baby awakes,
 The little Lord Jesus,
 No crying He makes.
 I love Thee, Lord Jesus,
 Look down from the sky,
 And stay by my cradle
 Till morning is nigh.

—Martin Luther.



GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
 Let nothing you dismay,
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
 Was born upon this day,
 To save us all from Satan's pow'r
 When we were gone astray,
 O tidings of comfort and joy!
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
 Was born on Christmas Day,
 In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
 This blessed Babe was born,
 And laid within a manger,
 Upon this blessed morn;
 The which His mother, Mary,
 Nothing did take in scorn,
 From God, our Heavenly Father,
 A blessed angel came;
 And unto certain shepherds
 Brought tidings of the same:
 How that in Bethlehem was born
 The Son of God by name.



FRIENDSHIP

This little verse on "Friendship" seems especially appropriate just at this season, when the whole world is made mellow and happy by the Christmas spirit.

Sweet is the journey on Friendship's Road,
 No matter how far or heavy the load.
 Bright are the rays of Friendship's light,
 No matter how dismal or dark the night.
 Even though the things of Life go wrong
 Friendship's arm is ever willing and strong,
 And Happiness dwells at the Journey's end
 In the laugh and smile of an Old Time Friend.

THAT'S CHRISTMAS

Mistletoe and tinsel stars, evergreen and holly,
 Children waking up at dawn and everybody jolly—
 Turkeys roasting in the stove, playthings everywhere,
 Home-folks feeling glad and gay and not one sign of care!
 That's Christmast!

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good will to men!
 And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good will to men!
 Till ringing, singing on its way,
 The world revolves from night to day.
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime,
 A peace on earth, good will to men!
 But in despair I bowed my head,
 "There is no peace on earth," I said,
 "For hate is strong
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good will to men!"
 Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
 "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep.
 The wrong shall fail,
 The right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good will to men!"

—Henry W. Longfellow.



DECEMBER

Oh! holly branch and mistletoe,
 And Christmas chimes where'er we go,
 And stockings pinned up in a row!
 These are thy gifts, December!
 The whole world is a Christmas tree,
 And stars its many candles be,
 Oh! sing a carol joyfully
 The year's great feast in keeping!
 For once, on a December night
 An angel held a candle bright
 And led three wise men by its light
 To where a child was sleeping.



CHRISTMAS DAY

Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 With the angelic host proclaim
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild, He lays His Glory by;
 Born, that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

—Charles Wesley.

Tissue-paper on the rugs, ribbons on the floor,
 Presents scattered all about and not one inch
 for more;
 Everybody clamoring, "Can't we light the
 tree?"
 Gladdest time of all the year—a better couldn't
 be!
 That's Christmas!

Christmas Celebrations at one time Prohibited

Schauffler, in his book on Christmas, says no other holiday has so rich an heritage of old customs and observances as this one. Those who have read of its history and various methods by which it has been celebrated will quite agree with him. There is so much to it that it is difficult to compress the facts in a brief space. A similar observance was held by the pagan nations of antiquity.

As Christianity succeeded paganism some of the beautiful old usages were retained but their spirit was changed. Still it required many years to bring the day into its present religious significance.

Took Root in England

It was in the soil of "Merrie Old England" that Christmas took its firmest root, but for a long time it was nothing more than a wild revelry which extended from December 6th to January 6th.

This was a democratic period of merry-making. Hospitality was universal. Country gentlemen kept open houses for their tenants and neighbors.

Strange as it may seem to us today, Christmas was at one time taken seriously, first in England, and then in America. This came about by the rise of Puritanism, which looked upon the observance as a pagan practice or, what was worse, Popish.

Prynne complained that the England of his day could not celebrate Christmas or any other festival "without drinking, roaring, heaving, dicing, carding, dancing, masques, and stage plays, which Turks and infidels would abhor to practice."

The anti-Christmas feeling came to America in the Mayflower. In 1621 Governor Bradford rebuked some who had come over in the little ship Fortune and who insisted upon not working Christmas day.

Ye Govr. Got Busy

An old record says: "Ye Govr. called them out to work (as was used) but the most of this new company excused themselves and said it went against their conscience to work on ye day. So ye Govr. tould them that if they made it a matter of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away ye rest, and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in ye streets at play, openly; some pitching ye barr, and some at stoole ball and such like sports. So he went to them and took away their implements, and tould them it was against his conscience that they should play and others work. If they made ye keeping of it a matter of devotion, let them kepe their houses, but there should be no gameing or revelling in ye streets.

Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly."

Observance Was Against the Law

Regardless of the King's protest, the Roundhead Parliament of England in 1643 abolished the observance of saints' days and the "three grand festivals" of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, any law, statute, custom, constitution or canon to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

This law prevailed in England for some twelve years, but not without protest. In the earlier years much tumult was provoked, and attempts were made to maintain the Christmas day celebration.

In 1659 the general court of Massachusetts followed in the footsteps of the English Parliament and enacted a law that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting, or in any other way, any such day as Christmas day, shall pay for every such offense five shillings."

With the restoration of British royalty came the restoration of the Christmas holiday.

Massachusetts, however, did not repeal its law of 1659 until 1681. The puritanical spirit was still strong and the repeal was followed by a long drawn out protest.

It seems strange to us when we think of the present day Christmas with its good cheer and good fellowship, that anybody, sect, or nation should have felt it necessary to human welfare to prohibit a celebration of the day which all civilized nations regard as the greatest of all holidays.

SIDNEY REGINALD PUMPHREY



Son of Wilmer Pumphrey of Department No. 15

MODERN HIAWATHA

Frank O'Dell gathered up the following modern version of Hiawatha, using names of popular advertised brands of goods instead of the unpronounceable Indian nomenclature of Longfellow's well known poem.

By the shores of Cuticura
By the Sparkling Pluto Water
Lived the prophylactic Chiclet
Danderine—fair Buick's daughter.
She was loved by famous Big Yank
Son of Palmolive and Victrola;
Heir apparent to the Mazda;
Of the tribe of Coca-Cola.
Through the dark strolled the lovers—
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered
"Lovely little Wrigley Chiclet,"
Were the fervent words of Big Yank.
"No Pyrene can quench the fire,
Nor can Aspirin still the heartache;
Oh—my Prestolite desire—
Let us marry—little Djer-Kiss.

QUEER WAYS OF MISTLETOE

The mistletoe which enjoys its annual popularity during the holiday season is really a degenerate, for it is a parasite. Instead of being a healthy tree itself, it fastens its roots upon the sturdy oak and gum trees, and even depends on others to have its seed carried to places where they will grow. The numerous pearly white berries covering the mistletoe all winter attract the birds. When a bird eats a cherry he swallows the meat and drops the pit, but the seed of the mistletoe is sticky and clings to the bird's bill. The only way for the bird to rid himself of the annoying seed is to wipe it off. This he does, on some branch of the tree on which he happens to be at the time. Later this seed sprouts, and not finding earth, which its habits have made it cease to want, it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and there receives the richest nourishment. It keeps its leaves all winter, and when the oaks are bare its waxy, pale-green leaves stand out prominently against the dull brown bark.

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS

The Herald's 25 years ago column mentioned the fact that the coal mine whistle blew at 7 o'clock and the men returned to work after a strike which had lasted for several weeks. Continuing, the item said:

"For the present, the company will charge the following prices for coal: At the shaft, single ton, \$2; half tons, \$1. Delivered, single tons, \$2.50; half tons, \$1.25."

"Them was the days." All the coal you could buy at \$2.50 per ton. Reads good and makes us grouchy when we think of the present price of coal—until we remember that wages in those good old days were in proportion to commodity prices, so that coal was just about as expensive then as it is now.

GETTING THE HABIT

Just as Easy to Save as It Is to Spend—
and More Profitable

"Well, that makes \$250.00 that I have saved this year more than I expected to," remarked Jasper Brown.

"How come," inquired Ezra Jones, his bench mate. "I thought you were buying a lot."

"I'm paying \$10.00 a month on a north side lot, and I thought that was all I could possibly stand, but several other fellows stumped me to save \$5.00 a week and I did it," said Jasper.

"You drilled up to the savings bank Saturday night, I suppose, and handed your five bucks over to them," said Ezra.

"No, Ezra, I went up to the Employment Office in my overalls every Wednesday noon and handed five bones over to the girl at the desk in there. She entered it in a pass book and on the 31st of December I will take my little book in there and cash it for \$248.75."

"Is the \$8.75 interest?" questioned Ezra.

"Yes siree, seven per cent. I will add \$1.25 to it and that will cover my first two payments for next year."

"Well, how did you manage to hold out through the year?"

"There were several other fellows I knew who were saving from \$1.00 to \$5.00 a week and we had all made up our minds to see it through. After about five months of this it began to be a habit to separate \$5.00 from my pay-check and hand it over to the Company to save for me. By October it was no effort at all, and now I have the habit which will be worth another \$250.00 and interest in 1925."

"And what are you saving all this money for?" asked Ezra.

"Well, by the time that lot is paid for I am going to have \$1,000.00 in cash and build a house on it, and have a little real money to start my home."

"I haven't done that way myself, but I believe that it is the right way. I'm married and can't save \$5.00, but I am going to start this week and save \$2.00."

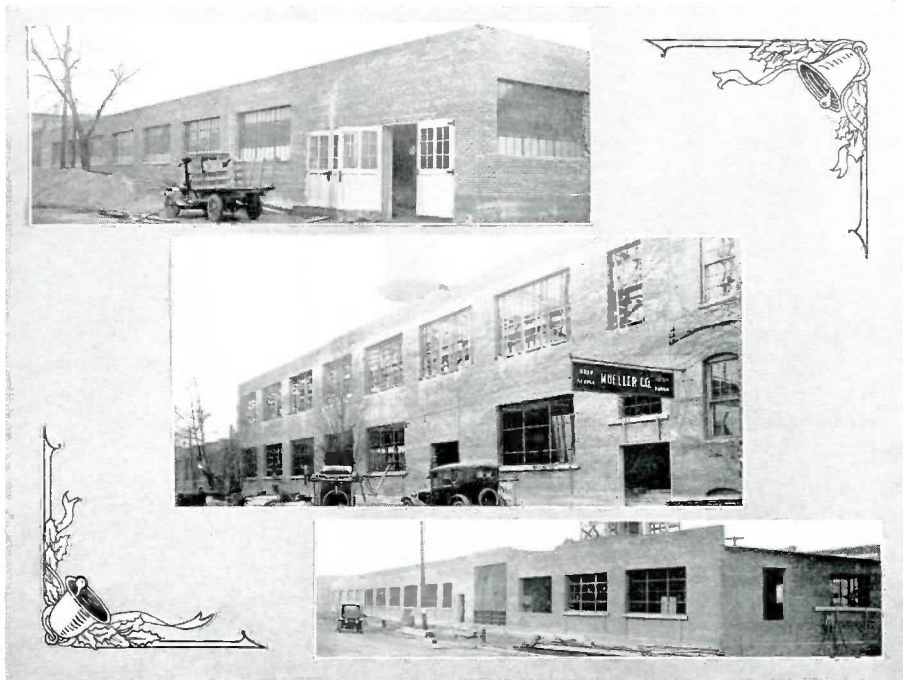
"Hop to it, old boy, and a year from now you will have \$100.00 and \$3.50 interest."

NEW SALESMEN

We have been advised by the Los Angeles office that two new salesmen have been added to the force working out of that branch. These new salesmen are Roy Baker and Robert W. Baugh. Mr. Baugh is unknown to the home office, but we all know Roy Baker, who was for a number of years connected with the shipping department. He was transferred to Los Angeles at the time of the opening of the branch there.

Great things happen when energy gets chummy with enterprise.

Big Building in 1924



The usual forebodings in the business world which have always seemed as much a part of presidential elections as the candidates, had no effect on us. We plowed right ahead, only we plowed faster and deeper than ever before. Three big buildings, pictured above, indicate about the way we felt about it. Billy Mason and his construction gang have been on the jump since early summer and they are not done yet, but they have everything under cover so that the finishing up can be completed in comfort. The completion of these buildings will give us much needed floor space and will provide for enlarging and rearranging some departments that are now cramped for room.

The building at the top is located on Mercer street and is 177 x 124. It will be used as a stock room and garage, which will give us added floor space for manufacturing in other parts of the factory.

The most important building is that in the center. It connects with the present office and shipping department and extends west 158 feet on Cerro Gordo street to the machine shop. This building is 150 feet wide and is solidly built. The lower floor is to be used for manufacturing purposes and the second floor for offices and such other needs as may

develop. The present plan is to have the paymaster, welfare and advertising departments occupy the second floor.

The third building shown at the bottom, is detached from the main plant. It is on East Eldorado street and is 213.6 on that street and 157 at the base of the triangle. It was an addition to our new iron foundry. The purpose is to locate all our iron work and galvanizing here. In this new building we will take care of service boxes, service clamps and straps, etc.

All this work has kept 100 men busy since early summer. Mr. Mason expects to have everything completed and ready for occupancy within a few weeks.

HAS HAD A HARD TIME

T. H. Dwyer, who joined the sales force about a year ago and took on the Texas territory, has had a hard time of it since the salesmen's meeting. He underwent an operation for a kidney trouble and we are just advised that is still confined to his bed and may have to undergo a second operation.

His friends in the factory and on the road will regret to hear of his misfortune.

Mailing Christmas Advertising



This shows a corner of the advertising department and a part of the crew sending out Christmas advertising. During the year hundreds of thousands of pieces of mail have been despatched from this department. Seated around the table, beginning at the left, are Mrs. Eller, Ollie Marmor, Helen Pope, May Turner and Lois Dunaway.

Our advertising program for 1925 is the most pretentious ever undertaken by our company. It will cost us thousands of dollars.

It will be very difficult at the end of the year to show specific benefits resulting from this expenditure. The good it does us must be determined by the volume increase in business.

Advertising is now a recognized business necessity and expense. There may have been a time when people "did not read advertisements". That time has gone forever. Today everybody who reads at all, reads advertisements. If it is not done purposely and consciously it is done unconsciously and the result is the same. The impression is created on the brain of the reader.

We know that many persons, doubtless some of our employes, regard advertising as an extravagance. They can't see the business need of so large an expenditure.

In the first place, if we did not advertise, this factory would not be running every working day and night in the year. Neither would we be employing 1100 to 1200 persons.

What One Company Learned

Those who have not studied advertising and learned its invisible, dynamic force as a business builder, must take the word of those who have and who know.

Coca-Cola furnishes a striking illustration of what advertising does. When Mr. Candler marketed this drink he advertised in a small way. As business grew he increased this advertising until Coca-Cola was a going concern, which he sold to a syndicate for \$25,000,000.

Coca-Cola carried a tremendous advertising expense. It was what had made Coca-Cola. The syndicate considered this an unnecessary expense and practically quit advertising.

The first year they lost 2,500,000 gallons in sales.

The next year, to re-establish their prestige they had to spend twice as much in advertising as had ever before been spent.

And they learned their lesson well. Today Coca-Cola is one of the most heavily advertised products in the country.

Without advertising it would be forgotten by the buying public in five years.

THE HOME OWNER

A family that owns its own home takes pride in it, maintains it better, gets more pleasure out of it, and has a more wholesome, healthful and happier atmosphere in which to bring up children.

The home owner has a constructive aim in life. He works harder outside his home, he spends his leisure hours more profitably, and he and his family live a finer life and enjoy more of the comforts and cultivating influences of our modern civilization.

A husband and wife who own their own home are more apt to save. They have an interest in the advancement of a social system that permits the individual to store up the fruits of his labor. As direct taxpayers they take a more active part in local government.

Above all, the love of home is one of the finest instincts and the greatest of inspirations of our people.

—Herbert Hoover.

HAPPY AT \$40 PER WEEK

Riches and Success Bring a Load of Responsibility

Some years ago a young man had a job that paid him \$40 a week. His financial responsibilities consisted in paying his board and his laundry bill. The only thing in the world demanding his serious attention was his job. He had a good time and saved some money. He was his own boss. Then ambition laid hold of his soul and he determined to go into business.

When he did this he was compelled to spend his spare moments in planning and scheming. His business grew and required helpers, foremen, managers, salesmen, etc. They added new and greater responsibilities. They had to be directed, advised, and trusted. There were other responsibilities besetting this man. This business he had built was an inexorable monster and master, demanding unremitting subservience. And adds a writer:

What Success Means

"Observe him now, a very successful man. He has experts to manage his industries, but he is facing a possibility his workmen will strike and cause him great loss. He has mining concessions in distant lands, but he realizes a revolution will wrest them from him. He owns railroads, but he knows lawmakers may cripple them. He has a great house full of rare treasures, but he knows fire might destroy them or thieves carry them away. He has millions, but beggars of one kind or another nag at him constantly for a share of them."

The Little Devils Nag Him

And this is not an overdrawn picture of what we call a successful man in these days. The men whom he employs have few troubles compared to his. He knows little peace of mind. Simple joys are no longer his. His responsibilities are no longer left on his bench with his tools when the whistle blows. They are an inseparable part of his being—a horde of little devils nagging him in every waking moment, disturbing his very sleep.

There are times when he would gladly dump the entire load if he could, but the chains of responsibility, of habit, and ambition hold him prisoner with small chance of escape. And he is not happy because happiness comes with peace of mind and contentment.

So after all, we who work with no responsibility but our job, are fortunate. The man with the money and business is the one who has to worry.

Did you ever think of it in this light? If you did not, turn it over in your mind—it may give you a new and correct viewpoint.

A chance taker plays his luck. If you take chances you'll lose—sooner or later.

Experience is a dead loss if you can not sell it for more than it cost you.—Forbes.

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS

There are many pretty legends and superstitions surrounding Christmas. Many of these, no doubt, have their origin in the folklore of the country in which they are popular.

In the German Alps the people believe the cattle have the gift of language on Christmas Eve, but to eavesdrop is a sin, met with prompt and awful punishment. In support of this belief a farmer's servant, who doubted the truth of this story, went to the stable at midnight Christmas Eve and when the clock struck, one horse said:

"We shall have hard work to do this day week."

"Yes," answered the other, "the farmer's servant is heavy."

"And," continued the first, "the way to the church yard is long and steep."

The servant was buried that day week. Thus one may see how one myth may be proved indisputably by another.

Then there is the pretty legend of the Christ-Child wandering over the earth bearing on his shoulder a bundle of evergreens. Through city street and country lane he travels, passing palace and hovel to be welcomed or rejected at the doors at which he pleads for succor. Those who invite and long for his coming place a lighted candle in the window to guide his footsteps to them. They also believe that he comes to them in the guise of any alms-asking person who knocks at their door. They believe that alms rendered a beggar at that season is looked upon as hospitality shown to Christ.

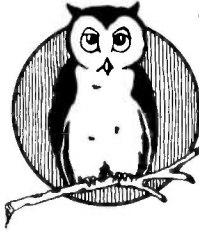
TWO "SHOFERS"



James Soules and David Avis who "shofer" our gasoline trucks that are always darting in and out of buildings and down the long stretches of concrete.

THE OFFICE OWL

HOO! HOO!



Dear Santa Claus:

In reply to your inquiry as to what the office folks would like for Christmas, we have made an investigation and have closely observed them at work and at play and feel

that the following list will be of assistance to you in making decisions:

Ruth Moessner wants nothing for herself, just a son-in-law for her mother.

Marie Yonkers wants a better knowledge of Daniel Webster so more time may be given to writing and less to studying the dictionary.

Betty Bennett wants some Grecian Tulip Salve, an automobile, and the bow from George White's new hat.

Addah Paradee wants work, and more work. She eats, sleeps, and thinks work.

Ollie Marmor and Lois Dunaway both want another Christmas advertising campaign.

E. H. Archer wants a dancing instructor in order that he may participate in the dances at the Club House.

Hermane Allman wants Father Time to adjust his schedule so the days will be shorter and the evenings longer, and a diamond ring thrown in.

Hazel Cook wants Chicago moved nearer Decatur, and a cozy little apartment.

Louise Brubeck craves red hair.

Mildred Verner wants a box of Teaberry gum.

Estelle Rinehart wants an imported monkey from Borneo.

Bertha Paradee wants a court scene.

Freida Lankton wants a laundry bag in case of future accidents.

Dixie wants a ham sandwich.

Bee Vick and Orly Eckert would like a ball to toss as clips increase the overhead.

Bill Gustin would like a pair of 7-League Boots so he can spend more time in Chicago and less on the road to and from there.

Helen Pope wants some kind of personal protection against the desperadoes of the main office who have been victims of the Office Owl.

Neina Greening wants sympathy and plenty of it.

Mr. Wells wants more work and less gossip.

Miss McKee would like a raised platform in the center of the office for her desk and chair. She feels that she could accomplish more in such a location.

Helen Martin Brannan only wants a gross of rubber gloves.

WE WONDER

When Hazel Cook's Gene will become a benedict.

Why Ruth Moessner needs a pillow during office hours.

Why Hazel Virden's vanity needs a marcel.

Why Tony seems so sleepy recently.

Why Miss Paradee doesn't give up horse-back riding.

Why Estelle Rinehart has a soft spot in her heart for Vernon.

When Everett Zetterlind fell in love.

Why Angeline Eckert is so interested in dancing.

Why Ruth Shelton's beautiful smile never fades.

Why Angeline is doing penance by going without powder.

Where Lois thought she was when she called Mr. Auer "honey".

Hazel Virden (just returning from her vacation): "I hate men. Why, do you know, I've had to say 'No' to at least six in just the last week."

Mid Hill: "Canvassers are bothersome, aren't they? I know how it was when I stayed home."

Bill Gustin (entering dining room at Club House): "Are you going to serve lobsters today?"

Mrs. Rost: "We serve anybody; sit down."

Mrs. Wells: "Are you sure we have taken the best road?"

J. W. W.: "Somebody has. Dreadful thing they have left in its place, isn't it?"

When Lois was helping to mail out Christmas advertising matter, we wonder just why she insisted upon working on Pennsylvania all the time.

AN ARTIST AT WORK



We are not accustomed to seeing Bill Bailey of the purchasing department in overalls or at work painting, but the picture proves him capable, unless Bill bribed the photographer and posed purposely for the event.

Stellar Estelle

A little friendly argument was in process one day among several members of the Cost Department. The subject was ancient history, and Marie Yonkers asked what the relationship was between Paris and Helen of Troy. Freida asked, "Paris who?" and Estelle, who had shown no interest in the argument, piped up with "Parisite". A little later the discussion swung around to Jupiter and Juno, and Estelle upon hearing the name Juno, inquisitively asked, "D'ju know who?"

While the new building is being erected the employment office has been located in the show room. Two girls, waiting their turn, and observing Miss Gregory in her work, were heard to remark, "Wouldn't you think it would be rather embarrassing to take a bath in such a public place?"

Betty says that if very many of those rain-drops hit Astrid's aureole of blond hair it is a wonder she has any hair left, because she wet Astrid's bangs and combed them down straight and cut them off evenly, and when the bangs had dried they had shrunk something amazing. In fact, she insists Astrid's hair must be wool.

One day several of the outside phones were out of order, and in order to ascertain whether the phone in the employment department was working, Marie called down and told Margaret Gregory to take down the receiver and if Central answered to tell her she was testing the line. Margaret replied in very bewildered tones, "Oh, I can't; someone is talking on the line."

No visible bumps raised up or black and blue spots appeared, but we bet the stars danced merrily when Marie Eagleton and Mr. Wells collided at the door of the vault, considering the rate of speed that each was clipping off.

Betty wants to know when a Greek is an Italian.

We think Mid Hill rewarded Paul handsomely for his work on the posters if she gave him what she said she would like to give.

We wonder where Bee got the radiant expression she has been wearing recently, but it has been whispered that a new Ford coupe has something to do with it.

Marie: "Can you quote a verse from Scripture?"

Angelina: "The Lord is my Shepherd—I should worry."

Marie: "That must have been a wonderful picnic Louise, Bee and the rest of them had at Mueller Lodge as printed in the Picnic Record."

Helen: "Yes, so I'm told. One of the boys fell into the river and got wet up to his gin."

Sipe: "Why did Burt Jackson rush out so hurriedly?"

Matt Trott: "Why, I just happened to mention that I saw a goat eating a tin can, and Burt went out to see if his flivver is still there."

Betty unintentionally became a "long-haired bandit" not so long ago. She blushes yet when the fact is mentioned. But the how and wherefore of the story was thus: A jar of vanishing cream was sitting on the telephone desk, and Betty intending to do a kind deed, took the cream (which she thought belonged to Beatrice) and put it away for safe-keeping in the innermost parts of her desk. A little later Hermance announced that her cream had disappeared, but Betty never once thought of the hidden cream belonging to Hermance. When Beatrice came Betty turned the jar over to her, but Beatrice announced that it did not belong to her. Then a great light broke over Betty's mind, and the color spread over her cheeks, and she returned Hermance's cream to its rightful owner. Now she swears that never again will she try to protect other people's property.

CHRISTMAS AT FEZZIWIG

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Yo ho! my boys," said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight; Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson . . ."

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Cheer up, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk and made an orchestra of it and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Misses Fezziwig, beaming and lovable. In came the six followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master, trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress; in they all came, anyhow and anyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping, old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them.

When this result was brought about the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley". Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pairs of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who would dance and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been thrice as many—Oh, four times as many—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue

from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted at any given time what would become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire; both hands to your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven the domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually, as he or she went out, wished him or her a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

FOR A LONG TIME

The editor of a poultry paper received this letter from a poetical summer cottager:

Mr. Editor: What shall I do? Each morning when I visit my henhouse I find two or three fowls on their backs, their feet sticking straight up and their souls wandering through fields Elysian. What is the matter?

The editor replied by return mail:

"Dear Friend: The principal trouble with your hens seems to be that they are dead. There is not much that you can do for them as they will probably be that way for some time."

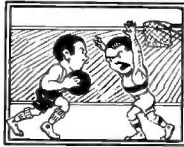
WOMAN'S VOICE IN BELL CAST CENTURIES AGO

The world's masterpiece in bronze is a bell that hangs in an obscure temple called Ta Chung-ssu, outside of Peking.

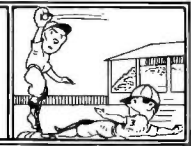
It was cast 500 years ago by order of Emperor Yung Lo. The casting was beset with difficulty. The pouring of the liquid metal into the mould resulted five times in failure; the casting was imperfect or the tone was false. Yung Lo, employing the weapon of all impatient tyrants, gave the bellmaker another chance, warning him that if it resulted in failure, death would be his punishment.

As the story goes, a beautiful daughter of the bellmaker, hearing of her father's impending doom, visited a shrine and besought the aid of the gods. She was told that the bell would never ring until a living human was sacrificed in the molten metal and incorporated in the casting. Resolved to save her father, the girl waited the opportunity and, when the hot metal was being poured, leaped into the mould. She was consumed instantly. When the bell was dug out, its shape was perfect, its mellow tone delighted Yung Lo. But those who heard it discerned a sadness as of a woman's voice, a haunting wail of womankind which has sounded through the ages.

We wonder if Ruth will remember all of us when Tony gives her that ten pound box of candy they bet as to the location of the Staley Club House.



Athletics



The gymnasium is now in almost constant use either for dances, parties or athletics. At noons the young folks and some who are not so old dance to the music of the electrical piano two days a week and on the other days the athletic young men practice up on volley ball, basketball and indoor baseball, etc.

There are 12 departmental indoor baseball teams and four basketball teams. They are playing through a schedule this winter. The standing at this time follows:



Left to right, back row: W. G. Cranston, trainer; Coventry, forward; Lowe, forward, captain; W. E. Behrns, manager.
Front row: March, forward; Lindamood, guard; Jordan, guard; Jelly, forward; Reedy, guard; Heisler, guard.

Standing Dec. 17, 1924

Indoor Baseball

	WON	LOST
Dept. 24	3	2
Dept. 18	2	1
Dept. 55	2	1
Dept. 29	2	1
Dept. 4	1	1
Dept. 50	1	2
Dept. 30	0	2
Dept. 20	0	2

Basket Ball

Dept. 50	5	1
Dept. 18	3	2
Dept. 20	2	3
Dept. 24	0	4

THE MUELLER TEAM

In addition to the above we have the Mueller Basket Ball Team, which plays all comers. Their last game was on Wednesday, December 17th, when they met the Syrup of Pepsin team of Monticello, losing by a score of 26 to 19. It was a hard fought battle and was witnessed by a large crowd. The Mueller team were winners in the first three quarters and had a good lead and then luck went against them and the Pepsin boys took advantage of the break, playing good ball and winning by a score of 26 to 19. In the last quarter, Plunk of the Pepsins made 5 field goals. Muellers got to going good in the last few minutes of play, adding

one more score, but the whistle ended the game. The score:

MUELLER	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.
Jolly	2	0	4
Porter	3	0	6
Lowe	3	1	7
Heisler	1	0	2
March	0	0	0
Reedy	0	0	0
			19

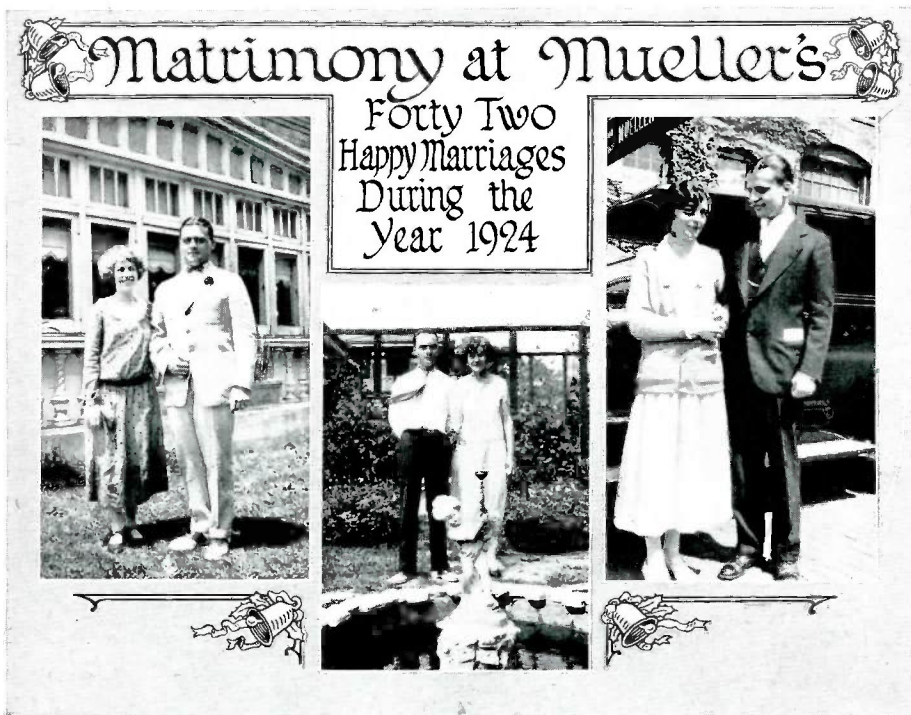
SYRUP-PEPSIN

	F.G.	F.T.	T.P.
McKenzie	4	1	9
Conrad	0	0	0
Ducan	1	0	2
Abner	2	0	4
Devall	0	0	0
Plunk	5	0	10
Harris	0	1	1
			26

CAN'T FREEZE 'EM OUT

The fellows who play volley ball in the gymnasium, are parlor players compared to the bunch that plays at noons on the outdoor grounds. Nothing deters them. A flood might, but floods went out of fashion with Noah.

December 19th, following the heavy rain and sleet storm, with the mercury struggling for the zero point, the outdoor players were at it with all the vim and vigor of youth, and the game was not a whit less enjoyable than had the weather been fine.



Left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cruikshank, Mr. and Mrs. Ebert Mueller, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic E. Schullter.

Mr. Daniel Cupid, the little elf who goes around armed with a bow and arrow, has had a busy time in the Mueller organization during the past year. Some forty persons have succumbed to his unerring aim, including three of the third generation of Muellers—Philip Cruikshank, who married Miss Gertrude Parke; Ebert Mueller, who married Miss Ruth Staley; and Miss Charlotte Mueller, who was married to Frederic E. Schluter of New York. Several of the salesmen also joined the ranks of the wedded, including W. B. Ford, who was previously regarded as a confirmed bachelor.

We doubt if any other organization in Decatur paves the way to as many happy marriages as Muellers. Every employe married during the year is given his choice of a rocking chair or a tub-shower faucet and sink combination as a wedding present.

Employment here not only leads to happy marriages but to happy homes as well. On the opposite page we show a few of the fine houses that were waiting ready furnished for Mueller brides during the year 1924. It's very interesting to note that in so many instances these young married folks begin housekeeping in their own homes. The following is a list of those who were married during the year:

Marriages

Raymond Johnson and Marie O'Dell
Cleo Grubbs and Mollie Stewart

Ethel Wright and Clyde Beck
Codie Walker and Ileen Garver
Cecil Smith and Hazel Smith
Helen Pound and Bert Oxley
Edna Axline and Charles Taylor
W. B. Ford and Miss Jane Heath Dickson
Theresa Connolly and Lloyd Kirkman
Genola Burge and Harold Wade
Wilbur Trotter and Pauline Reed
T. Saltgaver and Mildred Perkins
Joseph Davey and Mary Rucker
T. H. Dwyer and Mrs. Nina Hamilton
Lloyd Prosser and Zula Schwenker
Bart Allen and Jennie McIntyre
Emma Jendry and Oscar Kublitz
Shirl Tish and Ellen Merris
Frank Settles and Reba Campbell
Harold McMillan and Erma Kraidtree
V. E. Craig and Rachel Bell
Wesley Kates and Mrs. Mattie Stuart
Veda Bass and Joseph Plumley
John Frye and Opal Beckett
Richard Dannewitz and Mae Cook
Erna Beck and August Kilian
Ruth Evans and Harry Manion
Clifford Gillibrand and Mae Kerr
Elmer Bone and Jeanette Frank
C. J. Welch and Clare Nortup
Edal Burroughs and Thomas Connolly
Margaret Hennessey and Wilford Sablotny
Wm. B. Grinestaff and Flossie Andrews
(Continued on page 17)

Homes of the Newly Weds



A few of the homes owned and occupied by the Newlyweds of 1924.

At the top, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cruikshank.

At the left, top, home of Mr. and Mrs. William Brannan.

At the right, top, home of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Leming.

At the left, bottom, home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Schuermann.

At the right, bottom, home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Probst.

Colonial house at the bottom, home of Mr. and Mrs. Ebert Mueller.

Christmas at the Factory



Here comes Old Father Christmas
With sound of fife and drum;
With mistletoe about his brow
So merrily he comes.
His arms are full of all good cheer,
His face with laughter glows,
He shines like any household fire
Amid the cruel snows.

Christmas—the greatest of holidays, is not passed over in our organization without proper observance. The firm has never failed to remember the employes, who in turn always remember the company, while the employes as a result of the good fellowship prevailing, make much of the opportunity of good will offerings between themselves.

But the greatest of all these events is the children's party. The day is one that belongs mostly to childhood and all the little folks of Mueller employes become guests of the company at a big entertainment.

These events are now held in the gymnasium of the new Club House. This year we held two parties, experience teaching that the little tots have more fun by themselves, and the same proves true of the larger ones.

The first party was held Saturday afternoon, December 20th, from 2 to 4:30 p. m. This affair was for the children under 12 years of age, accompanied by their parents. There was a big crowd present, and the youngsters had a merry time romping about the room and playing games.

The program included the following:
Short talks by company members.
Vaudeville.
Moving pictures.
Distribution of gifts.

The second party is yet to come. It will be held on Saturday, December 27th, and will be the same as that for the younger children, except that the program will be adapted to the likes of older children.

EMPLOYEES' GIFTS

The employes in the factory were given a fine ham and a side of bacon. Those who



could not use these gifts were given the value of the ham and bacon in magazine subscriptions. The presents were distributed Christmas Eve at the Club House.

SALESMEN'S PRESENTS

The company's gift to the salesmen was a handsome horn handle silk umbrella—a desirable gift.

This present was sent to the men accompanied by the following letter on Christmas stationery:

"Under separate cover by parcel post we are sending you a handsome silk umbrella with the company's best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"An umbrella is always a useful and practical gift and we hope the protecting folds of the one you receive will keep you in the 'dry ranks' on the 'wettest' days of the year.

"With very best wishes, we remain."

GIFT TO THE COMPANY

The employes' gift to the company was four dozen salad forks, with personal gifts for each member. These match the silverware given last Christmas. The idea has been to provide the Lodge with ample silver of good quality for special social events which

(Continued on page 18)

(Continued from page 15)

Walter McKaig and Mrs. Matilda J. Lewis
Preston Leming and Mary Richardson
Myrtle Stephens and G. R. Howard
Helen Martin and Wm. Brannan
Bernard Schuermann and Marie Nalefski
Harold Probst and Thelma Johnson
R. V. Benton
J. C. Eagle
Geo. Raeburn

WEDDINGS

HUNT-KLINGHAMMER

Trevor C. Klinghammer, foreman of the night foundry, and Miss Neoma A. Hunt were married Wednesday, Nov. 26th, in the First United Brethren Church by Rev. W. H. Argobast. The bridal party, preceded by the pastor, entered the church and proceeded to the altar to the strains of the "Bridal Chorus" played on the organ by Mrs. George H. Bopp. At the altar, banked with ferns and carnations, the vows were taken, the single ring ceremony being used. During the ceremony the organ softly played "I Love You Truly". They were accompanied by their parents and a number of friends. After a wedding trip to the South, they are now making their home in Decatur.

Mrs. Klinghammer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Hunt, and Mr. Klinghammer is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Klinghammer of Ramsey.

HILL-FRAHLMAN

Clara Frahlman, who worked in the sales department for several years but left nearly two years ago, and Walter Hill were married at three o'clock Thanksgiving Day, at St. Johannes Lutheran Church by Rev. Heyne. Grace Hill was maid of honor and Oscar Frahlman was best man. Bridesmaids were Marjorie Smeathers and Selma Whyte. Attendants were Willard Tathan and Ralph Hill, and ushers were Walter Frahlman and Herbert Hill. A wedding dinner was served for members of the two families and attendants, and the couple left for a wedding trip to Chicago. They are now at home in a new bungalow in the 1000 block N. Dunham.

COOPER-FIELD

Chester E. Cooper and Miss Gertrude Field were married in Springfield on Wednesday, Nov. 26th. After a brief wedding trip they returned to their newly furnished home at 1083 West North St.

Mr. Cooper is employed by Wm. Frede & Son, dealers in Chevrolet automobiles. His bride is a daughter of W. C. Field of Field & Shorb, wholesale dealers in plumbing goods. Mr. Cooper was at one time employed in our main office.

OUR NEW SALES POLICY

Mueller Goods Are Being Sold Through Jobbers

The sales policy of Mueller Co. has been changed somewhat. We are marketing our goods through jobbers instead of to the trade direct. This step was taken after most careful consideration covering a period of several years, during which the question was weighed and analyzed from every angle. A careful field survey by experts, which lasted five or six months, added evidence of undoubted reliability in favor of this new policy. In the final analysis it appeared the best course to pursue, not from our viewpoint alone, but from the viewpoint of the plumber and consumer as well.

The plumbing business is undergoing a change which seems to demand this new policy. Every city of moderate size has its jobbing house in the plumbing line, which makes it easy and convenient for the master plumber to meet his demand for goods when he actually needs them.

Frequently the plumber has an immediate and urgent demand for certain goods. With a jobbing house, maybe in his own city, or in his territory only a few miles distant, he can obtain these goods with the least possible delay to himself and his customer. The efficiency of the plumber's service is thereby increased and likewise the satisfaction of his patron.

This cannot be possible under circumstances which compel the plumber to order from a far distant point.

With the jobber the plumber is brought into close personal contact and business relations, likewise impossible, though most desirable, when dealing direct with the manufacturer.

There are many other very strong reasons which influenced this change which cannot be set forth in limited space, but which will develop as the new policy grows.

One point which we would emphatically impress upon the plumbing trade is the fact that while he may be able to buy more favorably, the quality of Mueller goods will always be maintained at the high standard of excellence for which Mueller goods are known throughout the plumbing industry.

NO PLACE FOR LADY

When the old lady saw the magician cover a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read print through it she rose in her seat and said, "I'm going home; this ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress."

ALWAYS IMPROVING

A little girl sat on her father's lap before a mirror. "Papa, did God make you?" "Certainly." "Did he make me, too?" "Certainly, dear, what makes you ask?" "I don't know, seems to me he's doing better work lately."



There are a considerable number in our organization who go down to the Okaw several times a year, but Mr. Philip goes about once and he makes an event of it. This year he spent five or six weeks there, getting back just before Christmas.

During his stay he hunted, fished and rested to his complete satisfaction. During the greater portion of the time he had with him no one but his cook, but at intervals various parties from the factory went down for a visit of a few days, and Bobbie Mueller was there for a week during the quail shooting season.

The most notable gathering was in November when a party of some fifteen or twenty from the factory went down for a coon hunt. The hunt was a joyous occasion for the old timers, but rather trying on the unskilled and inexperienced members who had their first



taste of following the hounds through underbrush or bogs, tumbling over fallen logs. But they all agreed that it was great sport.

No coons were treed but the dogs did uncover a couple of possum.

It was late in the night when the hunters returned to the cabin, where an uproarious time prevailed for several hours, the chief promoter of merriment being an "Old Fiddlers" contest, participated in by several overlooked Fritz Kreislers. They certainly did extract the old fashioned

dance music from the strings. The judges could not decide the winner, so all participants were presented with a dandy briar pipe and several sacks of tobacco.

The coon hunters drifted back to the city during Sunday, and during Monday there was more coon talk around the factory than there is in all Alabama in a week.

DUCK HUNTERS

Frank Cruikshank, Harvey Gephart, Robert Mueller, Phil Cruikshank, Ebert Mueller and others enjoyed several days' fine duck shooting on the Illinois river during November.

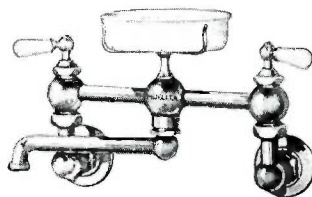
Dick Kirchner was out to dinner in Nawth Carolina recently, when he hostess asked: "Will you have some corn, Mr. Kirchner?" "Why, thank you, yes," said Dick, passing his glass.

TOO MUCH REFORM

"Dennis," inquired Mr. Morgan, glancing up over the door of the postoffice building, "what is the meaning of them letters, "They mean eighteen hundred and ninety-eight."

"Dennis, don't it strike you that they have carried this spelling reform entirely too far?"

A POPULAR PATTERN



E-3038 Mueller Combination Sink Faucet for hot, cold and tempered water, with beautiful vitreous soap dish.



Our Two Saturday Evening

*which is to appear
Post January 31st
been reproduced in
these two pages.*

BY MISTAKE THE ELEC TO A WRON

*Because of the cri
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intended for circula
The advertisement
Record which is to
customers.*

*All Mueller Employes Should See
of January*



Two Page

Post Advertisement

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in reduced size on*

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tion of the Record
ation in the factory.
will appear in the
be sent to all our*

*e This Advertisement in the Post
y 31st, 1925*

PERSONNELS OF HISTORY

The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere is familiar to all, but after one sees Orlie dashing down Main street with her steed, we are better able to appreciate his efforts.

Paderewski is unable to give a recital at Lincoln Square this year, but Louise's ability is at the disposal of those who are disappointed.

The masterpieces of Michael Angelo are magnificent we agree, but who of us don't enjoy the drawings of Paul Andrews as well?

Alexander the Great sighed for new worlds to conquer and Helen Martin Brannan looks with envious eyes on the President's chair.

Salome's graceful art is being diligently studied by our gifted Mildred Hill.

Pollyanna is a good bit mythical, but Dixie's optimism is anything but.

Solomon was very wise—granted, but Mr. Wells does a good deal likewise in settling the disputes of the Office.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Mid Verner is going to write Congress a letter, suggesting that they pass a law that we eat five times a day instead of three.

Marie Eagleton is going to keep on pulling funny boners and getting into embarrassing predicaments, thereby furnishing stories for the Record.

Betty Bennett is going to study up on Greek history and naturalization laws.

Catalog Department is going to ride roughshod over anyone who tries to keep them from getting a catalog out.

Ollie Marmor is going to keep on buzzing around the office like a busy bee.

Carl Draper resolves that he is going to get to work on time at least one morning a week.

HADN'T SEEN ANYTHING

In the days when something stronger than one-half of one per cent was being dispensed over innumerable bars, a group stood in front of the polished mahogany.

A man who had traveled all over the world was telling the strange sights he had seen in far corners of the earth. All were intensely interested save one little red-eyed man. Finally he turned to the traveler and asked, "Stranger, did you ever have delirium tremens?" "No," said the traveler. "Pshaw," said the little man, "Mister, you ain't seen nothin'."

SURE HAVE, MAYBE

"I understand you believe every woman has seven devils?" "Yas sah," said the negro preacher. "What makes you think so?" "Well, sah, did you ever read in the Bible how seven devils was cast out of Mary Magdalene?" "Yes." "Did you ever hear of them being cast out of any other woman?" "No." "Well then, it must be the others have all got them yet."

SHEETED IN ICE

Decatur Cut Off from Outside World December 19th and 20th

Forty-eight hours of heavy rainfall, in spells a regular downpour, which certainly equalled, if it did not exceed, any similar winter rain, ended Thursday evening, December 19th, in a cold wave which sent the mercury scurrying toward zero.

And it did more than this. It placed a sheet of ice over everything. Light wires came down, telephones went out of commission, street cars were stopped, and the telegraph was out of business.

This was the condition that existed Friday morning. There was available transportation for people to get to work. Street cars and interurbans were completely knocked out. Only the big motor buses were running and they were unable to maintain anything like a regular schedule.

Every tree and bush was a mass of ice, creaking and cracking in the cold wind. Many trees went down beneath the burden of ice, while limbs snapped off short and fell to the street or walks.

During the greater part of the night the city and homes were without electric light, and the broken wires touching the ground or swinging in the air made it really dangerous to be out.

With belated trains on Friday, with no outside telegraph or telephone connection with the outside world, Decatur had a rather isolated life.

At noon Friday the temperature was about 7 degrees above zero, and was still headed that way with every prospect of extreme weather before Saturday morning.

Decatur has experienced several similar storms in the past. The one which stands out most distinctly came in 1912 and all Mueller people remember. The culmination came with evening as the quitting whistle blew. Wires came down, and spit fire where they touched, trees toppled into the street, and in an instant the city was in total darkness. It was much more severe than the last storm.

A GOOD SCOTCH STORY

The thrift of the Scotch is a never ending subject for jokes and one of the best that has come to light recently is told by Irvin S. Cobb, the well known humorist.

A passerby heard a small boy yelling bloody murder as the blows of an irate father fell on his back. The passer stopped and mildly remonstrated with the father, who stopped long enough to say that he could not punish the boy severely enough and really would be justified in murdering him.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the passer, "what in heaven's name has the boy done?"

"What has he done!" echoed the father in his rich Scotch burr. "Why the improvident little whelp bought an all day sucker at 5 o'clock in the afternoon!"

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

And What Has Been Accomplished in Building a Business

"The Mueller Manufacturing company is enjoying a full share of prosperity. The effect of good times was noticed by the company over a year ago and has been gradually growing until now they are swamped with orders. Thirteen hours a day with a big force has had little effect in clearing up the orders, and now the company will try running day and night. At the present time there are 142 men working in the factory alone. This number is exclusive of the office and sales force. Beginning Monday, the force will be increased to 250, in two shifts. The present pay roll of the company is \$1,500 a week. Under the new plan, it will be nearly double."

The above appeared in the Decatur Herald of a recent date, under the heading "Twenty-Five Years Ago in Decatur."

It becomes interesting by comparison. The last quarter of a century has witnessed the greatest growth in the history of Mueller Company. We have gone along day by day with the growth, becoming so familiar with it that our sense of observation, comparison and realization has been dulled by daily contact. We know that we have grown, and content ourselves with that knowledge.

But, after a quarter of a century we look back, meditate and compare, and suddenly our contemplation unfolds a picture of the tremendous strides that have been made.

It is not necessary to go into minute detail or resort to statistics to catch the mental vision of our development.

A quarter of a century ago the plant consisted of a modest two-story building on the East side of College street, fronting Cerro Gordo.

That has since become a three-story building. The writer remembers when that extra story was added. It seemed that we had space for all future expansion.

Then we had a power house, about half as big as now.

And that was the Mueller plant, property and business of 25 years ago. Employing about 142 persons with a weekly payroll of \$1,000 per week. It was a big business then to the employes and the company members as well.

And today! Eleven hundred and eighty-two employes at Decatur, with payroll of a million and a half dollars a year.

And the factory! Four and a half blocks of buildings and still growing, two big brick buildings having been added this year. These are illustrated elsewhere.

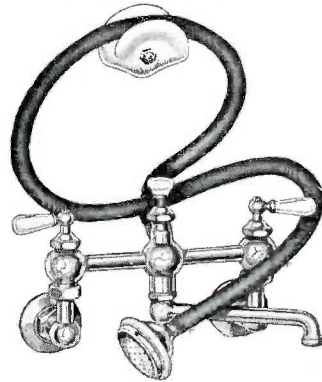
Nor is this all. Factories almost as large have been erected at Port Huron, Mich., Sarnia, Ontario and beautiful branch houses at Los Angeles and San Francisco.

There is no intention of phrasing this

article with boastful statements. It's a recital of simple facts.

But really a story of progress and growth which is amazing when considered even casually.

IT'S SO CONVENIENT



"It's so convenient," that's what the ladies say of E-3036 Combination Sink Faucet. But it's more than that. It's so serviceable. And it's so helpful, keeping soft hands out of the hot dish water. No reason for chapped hands with this on your sink. It provides cold water, hot water or tempered water through either spout or spray. You can rinse dishes—even wash them with hot water, clean pots and pans and the sink itself—wash vegetables—no animal life can remain in cabbage, spinach or lettuce when placed under the powerful stream that shoots through the hose. It's fine for watering the plants—convenient for filling a bucket sitting on the floor—and good for dozens of other things we can't think of but which every housewife discovers.

Awfully sorry if you did not get one for Christmas—they were on sale in all progressive plumbing stores.

But then, it's not too late; you can get one any time from your plumber.

If you are a plumber's wife, make him put one on your sink. It will surely help him to make other sales.

THE OLD STATE CAPITAL

Thursday, December 18th, Messrs. Adolph Mueller, Robert Mueller and W. C. Bachman drove to Vandalia, Illinois, to be present at the formal opening of the handsome new hotel there. They were unmindful of the fact that the ninety-mile trip had to be made through a heavy, freezing rain storm. Luckily they had cement roads all the way.

Vandalia holds a peculiar interest for Illinois people. It was the second state capital, and the old state house still stands there. It has been used for many years as a court house, but the property belongs to the state and arrangements have been made to use it as a state historical museum where relics of Illinois, especially of southern Illinois, will be kept.



NEW YEAR'S DAY

"After January First" Nearly Every One Begins Making New Plans

It is a well-known fact that as a rule active business men during the latter part of December have a tendency to put off proposed plans and decisions until "after the first of the year.

January first of every year holds a definite place which men visualize as a space at the top of a new and clean page in their business history books—a turning point—an established time for definitely forgetting past failures and planning in a hopeful way for another twelve months of activity.

December thirty-first is adopted by most businesses as the end of their fiscal year. Inventories are taken of stock-on-hand and, where holiday trade has been active, plans are made to quickly dispose of undesirable left-overs in an effort to start the new year's business with as clear a deck as possible.

Each piece of merchandise and every corner of the storeroom is examined and many things come to our attention that we would have overlooked, were it not for the taking of our annual inventory. The process of inventory taking at the end of the year is one of the practical manifestations of this idea of starting in with the new year another cycle of business effort.

But there are many things besides stock-on-hand of which we may take inventory in planning for the new year. Past mistakes in policy and in practice present a very profitable subject for inventory at this time. No business can progress and expand without making mistakes.

Yet these mistakes are very profitable when considered in another light—that of things to be avoided in the future. James J. Hill once said: "I have made many mistakes and shall probably make more, but I will always learn something from them."

The trouble with most of us is that we realize our mistakes but few of us realize on them.

January is a month of making resolutions. A good resolution is "Resolved not to make the same mistake more than once."

Friendships are also valuable assets in our intangible stock—assets worthy of careful inventory and of sincere development. Business friendships are really the most valuable assets that many men have. Some friendships are invaluable. A great New York financier is reported as having cautioned "Don't make unnecessary friends," but at the same time this leader of business wisely cultivated to the fullest extent, many important business friendships.

Business and industrial conditions also are usually summed up and evaluated at the end of each December. It is the appointed time for taking stock of past struggles and successes. Then, as the new year approaches, business men generally, throughout the country, endeavor to extend this vision a little

further—we try to compass the new year as a whole and plan our businesses to meet whatever conditions the coming year may present.

January is a month of hopes and plans—and a time for renewed interest. Let us take inventory of all the past and profit by our shortcomings. Let us renew our fealty to our employers and to ourselves as we stand on the threshold of a new year and be ready to meet our customers and our friends with the renewed spirit of service, honesty and good-will.

"After the first of the year"—now is the time to begin.

CONFINED TO HIS HOME

Antone Schuermann, one of the oldest Mueller employes, has been confined at home by some physical disability for several weeks past, and he does not recover as fast as his friends desire.

Mr. Schuermann has been at the head of the experimenting department for many years, and because of his expertness as a metal worker his service is highly regarded.

NEW YORK VISITORS

Martin Stratman of Department No. 30 made his first trip to New York early in December. He went as the company's representative to the Power show, where we made an exhibit of regulators and other appliances. If Martin saw all the things his zealous friends advised him to see, he had a busy time and knows more about New York than Old Father Knickerbocker.

Chester Hathaway of the Engineering Department is just back from a business trip for the company to New York and Bridgeport, Connecticut.

WHAT WISE MEN SAY

Whatever a man's vocation, he should respect it, and think himself bound to uphold it. More than that, he should claim for it the respect it deserves. The man who does this is invariably a good workman.

Seneca said he would rather be sick than idle, and Seneca has for centuries been looked upon as a very wise man. He was.

Carlyle said long ago that the age of romance has never ceased. It never will. There is romance even in business. That's what keeps it out of the doldrums.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.—Daniel Webster.

If there be a smile on our lips, those around us will smile.—Maeterlinck.

If all our days were sunshine we would never see the rainbow promise in the sky of human affairs.—John Timothy Stone.

The brave and bold persist even against ill-fortune; the timid and cowardly despair through fear alone.—Tacitus.

FINE LAVATORY FAUCET

Styles change in plumbing goods just as they do in women's gowns or men's wearing apparel. This is true both as to the pattern of the article and as to the method of installation. For instance, take the lavatory faucet of this handsome Mueller design.



It takes the place of two faucets on the lavatory—one for hot and one for cold water.

This new pattern is a double faucet and discharges both hot and cold water through the central spout.

It also admits of the water being tempered to suit the desire of the user. The little hose coupling makes it easy and convenient to attach a hose and spray for shampooing.

This faucet is larger than the ordinary faucet and is installed on the right side of the lavatory. On the opposite side a vitreous soap dish with nickel plated holder is installed. If desired, as is the case in many instances, a single faucet on the left side may be installed for drinking water.

Either of these outfits adds materially to the appearance of the bath room.

Progressive people nowadays keep up with all these improvements in plumbing.

They are getting away from the old fashioned idea that plumbing goods once installed will last forever.

They will if they are good, but who wants 1860 models in a 1925 home?

EVEN DOZEN

Porter Emerson Brown went into the office of Everybody's Magazine and said, "Did you hear about the man who died the other day and left all he had to an orphan asylum?" "No, how much did he leave?" "Twelve children."

AN ADVANTAGE

"I did not say all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll admit that your profession does not make angels of men." "No," replied the lawyer, "you doctors certainly have the advantage over us there."

RESTRICTED

Wife: "Oh, Doctor, John is wandering in his mind."

Doctor: "Never mind, he won't go far."

The earliest mention of banking transactions was when Pharaoh received a check on the bank of the Red Sea.

A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.
—Whittier, "Snow Bound."

SHAW'S MISTAKE IN MOORING



And this is E. K. Shaw! Think of it! What in the name of goodness does he mean? Anchoring himself to a tree and permitting his boat to float idly about the sunlit water. Is it possible that Shaw has joined the absent-minded class of the man who sat on the limb of the tree and then sawed it off between himself and the tree? Or is he just out in the lake fraternizing with the fish to gain their confidence to make them bite when he casts in his hook? Just what his idea is, we are left to guess, but as near as we can learn Shaw succeeded, trying to moor his boat, in pulling the boat from under him and mooring himself to the tree.

And it all happened on a chilly November morning. Mr. Shaw is a cold water bug, too, but this one time when he got more of it than he wanted. For once in his life he was numbered with the wets—good and wet at that.

HAZEL FROTHS AT THE MOUTH



If Hazel Cook's pearly teeth in that little rose bud setting of a mouth have looked particularly white and smooth, you have had cause to wonder. But now the wonder is explained. Hazel gave her teeth a nice, close shave the other morning. Without stopping to enlighten herself as to the contents by scrutinizing the label, she stepped into the bath room, picked up a tube of something, filled her tooth brush with shaving cream, and proceeded to brush her teeth. Then she literally frothed at the mouth. Likewise she spluttered and spat. If Hazel does not exercise more discretion in the selection of her dentifrice we shall next expect to hear of her going a step farther in the use of a safety razor on her teeth instead of the old reliable tooth brush.

DEATHS

William Albert Hedges

Friends have received news of the death of William Allen Hedges on November 27th at the home of his parents in St. Elmo, Illinois. He was in his 30th year.

He was at one time connected with our organization, being a machinist in care of the trucks. A mother, three sisters and three brothers survive him.

The funeral services and burial were held on November 30th, at Spring Hill Presbyterian Church, 9 miles north of St. Elmo. Services were attended by Odd Fellows and American Legion, of which organizations the decedent had been a member.

TRAINING FOREMEN

In the days before scientific management when a foreman was needed for a group of men, a good mechanic was selected and put in charge of them. It was supposed that because he was skillful with his hands and knew his trade that he could teach and manage men.

It is now generally known that a foreman of a shop should not only be a good mechanic, but that he should be a teacher and executive as well. In fact the human side of his job is of more importance than the mechanical side. It is a more difficult art to manage men than to run machines.

The foreman is the key man in industry. He stands between those who produce and those who manage. It is he who interprets the company's policy to the men, and the feelings and the opinions of the men to the company. Furthermore he must maintain a flow of production in his department and maintain his equipment in efficient working order.

In addition to this he has an opportunity to be the friend and advisor of his men in many personal matters. To the extent that he is able to take into account the individual men, their motives, peculiarities, and problems, so far is he able to gain their confidence and loyalty. Thus he develops that subtle esprit de corps which is so supremely desirable in industrial relations.

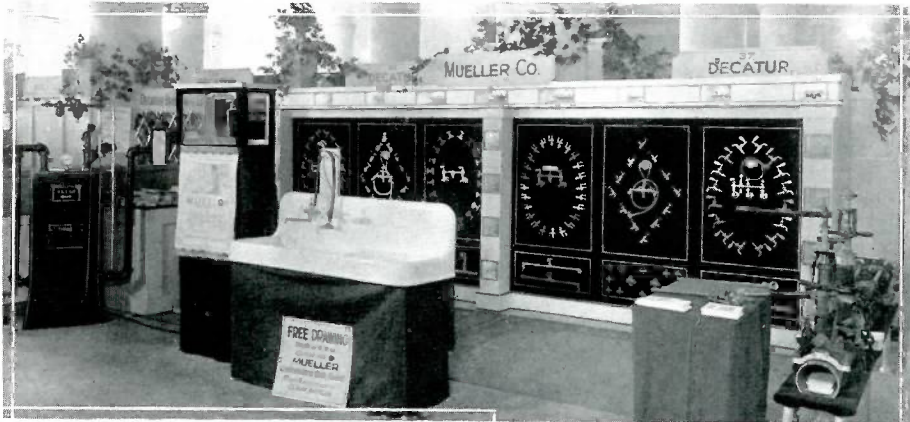
The various correspondence schools are offering courses in foremanship. The educational department of the Y. M. C. A. has prepared an excellent set of texts for this purpose and many cities offer a course in foremanship. In 1921 about forty Mueller men completed this course of foremanship under the leadership of Mr. Burleigh, now manager of the Sarnia plant, and Mr. Langdon.

This course has been opened again this fall with an enrollment of about fifty. Young men of promise as well as foremen are admitted. The class meets from five to six Monday afternoons at the Mueller Club. The principles of management and details of the various systems in the Mueller organization are discussed with much interest.

Nearly all departments of the plant are represented and expert knowledge is brought to bear upon the matter under consideration. The factors that enter into figuring costs, production control methods, engineering records and practice, and personnel policies, are explained. A foreman needs to lay aside his individual point of view and he must learn to think in terms of management and organization. The course endeavors to assist in this process.

Mr. Langdon, who is a teacher of some years' experience, is the leader.

Illinois Products Exposition



The Illinois Products Exposition was held in the American Exposition Palace on Lake Shore drive, Chicago, from October 9th to 18th. The building in which this exposition was held is a magnificent structure. The affair was sponsored by the Illinois Chamber of Commerce and was a complete success in every particular. The attendance reached 100,000. Only products of Illinois were shown. This was the first attempt at putting on an exposition of this character and it proved a revelation not only to the people of Chicago, but those from down state as well. Few Illinoisans realized the diversity of their state's products, both of the soil and the factory. We made a display as pictured above, in connection with other manufacturers of Decatur.

Our display won favorable comment. It was composed of white enameled wood. Across the top and down the columns were recesses lined with white velvet, and in each of these was a piece of plumbing brass goods with concealed electric lights shining on it.

The background was black velvet. Paul Andrews and Roy Whitehead had charge of the exhibit, which was sent to Chicago on the big truck driven by William Thomas.

The picture at the right shows the truck loaded and ready to start with the crew—Andrews, Whitehead and Thomas.



ILLINOIS PLUMBERS

Will Hold State Convention at Springfield in January

The first convention which we will attend this coming year is the annual meeting of the Illinois Master Plumbers, to be held at Springfield, January 20, 21 and 22.

The sessions will be held in the splendid new home of the Elks. This building is one of the most pretentious in the capital. It is located on South Seventh street, and is handsomely equipped throughout. There is a large room for exhibit purposes. Outside of Chicago there probably is no building in the state better appointed for a meeting of this character.

The fact that the state legislature will be in session will be of interest to many of the visitors.

Its a foregone conclusion that the convention will be a success, because for progressiveness, up-to-date methods and business sagacity, the Illinois Master Plumbers do not have to side-step for any other state in the union.

LOST MEMORY

Teacher: "Give an example of an absent-minded man."

Pupil: "The fellow who itched and poured the molasses down his back while he scratched his pancakes."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S RIVAL



Here is the handsomest young fellow in the whole organization. We said so when the photograph was submitted to us. Since then we have shown it to a half dozen different persons and they have invariably confirmed our judgment. He is too good looking to be a boy and the girls about the factory should be crazy about him, but strange to say his greatest admirers are boys, and they are not the least bit jealous or envious of his fine looks.

To all those who showed the picture the question quickly came, "What's his name?" and in "What department does he work?" We steadfastly refused to tell because it was our purpose to spring it as a surprise in the Christmas Record.

"His" name is Mary Schultz of Jim Thorpe's department, and she is posing as Rudolph Valentino. Get for home, Rudolph, you are a dead one for looks. Mary is the real she-ik. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Mary.

KNEW BUT WASN'T CERTAIN

Hermane (hanging up receiver after ordering some powder from a drug store): "They said they had a subscription to deliver out on Decatur street and they would bring my order on the same trip."

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.

—Chas. Kingsley.

He who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance falls back; he who stops is overwhelmed, distanced, crushed; he who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller; he who leaves off, gives up; the stationary condition is the beginning of the end.—Amiel.

BRING YOUR CUSHIONS WITH YOU

He: "Where did you do most of your skating when you learned?"

She: "I think you're horrid."

WHY PEOPLE DIE POOR

They Neglect to Save in Youth to Provide Against Future Want

(Contributed)

Eighty-two per cent of the people in this country die penniless. This nation, the richest in resources in the world, this nation with unlimited opportunities, yet 82% fail to put away during the productive years to carry them through the non-productive period of life.

Before we can become a thrifty nation, we must become thrifty individuals. There is no secret to financial success. The first step is systematic saving. It's easy after you once start. It brings joy and satisfaction. The fact is, you are taking a foolish chance, if you do not save.

The banker cannot tell you about your health, but he can and will counsel with you about your wealth, but you can never be an investor until you are first a saver. Do it now, "Trust no future how'er pleasant." Too many think they are crowded now, but that after a while things will be better, cares will be less and wages larger. It is absolutely a fact, that the people who fail to save when they have a small wage always fail when salary is increased. Saving gives the individual power, and prevents concentration of capital.

Really women ought to be helped to see that it is their task to look after the savings. Men earn, but women should conserve. But few men can save if the wife does not cooperate. It she is always wanting more and more, it becomes a hopeless task for the man. Ancient women stayed by the tent or wigwam, cared for the family and kept the "stuff" safe, while man went on the hunt for food. Man is still the hunter, and women must "Care for the stuff." Thousands of happy homes are all paid for today because wife helped and encouraged the husband to put aside a portion of each pay check. Putting it in the Savings Department of a bank where it is safe from thieves and from the temptations to spend it, and where it bears interest. Compound interest works like magic. Just figure how long it will take for \$1,000 to double its self with compound interest.

BRASS CHIPS

Mrs. Ethel Marshall of the Cost Department, accompanied by her husband, will spend Christmas "In the Old Home Town," Wanatah, Indiana.

Mrs. Freida Lankton, also of the Cost Department, and her husband will be in Waverly, Illinois, for Christmas.

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—R. L. Stevenson.

Astrid: "You know more than I do."

Betty: "Of course."

Astrid: "You know me, and I know you."

What Johnnie Taught His Parents

By MRS. E. H. LANGDON

It happens that both of Johnnie's parents had been school teachers. Of course they thought that they knew something about "raising" children. They had observed how poor health, bad manners and mental backwardness were due directly to a lack of proper rearing on the part of parents. They decided that their child should have guidance in his physical, mental and social development.

Johnnie's mother, in particular, made it her business to read widely and from many sources, the literature on the nurture and care of children. She had her own ideas about the place of diet, exercise, quiet and the influence of all sorts of associations on the life of a growing child.

On schedule time young Johnnie arrived in household thus prepared for his coming.

Physically he was perfect, thanks to the care his mother had taken of herself. At two weeks of age he had been carefully trained in regular hours for sleep, feeding and bath. Then came an onslaught of visitors, great aunts and bewiskered uncles, kind neighbors and friends. They had all seen hundreds of babies before, but were as insistent and curious to see this one as they might have been expected to have been, had they never seen one before.

Johnnie, knowing nothing of this hunger in men's hearts for the sight of innocent babyhood, resented loudly these intrusions on his hours of sleep and recreation. He turned his nights into days and kept his parents on a twenty-four hour shift.

Mothers of Eight

Books were consulted, doctors called upon and experienced mothers of "eight" who had raised "four", questioned for advice.

The big problem was, what ailed the young Tyrant, and what could be done to quiet him. All mothers of eight who had raised four, said sagely: "Babies have to cry a lot—it is their way of exercising. You need not worry. A little colic won't hurt them. Mine all had it. It's inevitable, as is constipation, teething troubles and colds. Babies even cry from mere temper when nothing else is wrong."

All this was very bewildering to Johnnie's father, who, in desperation once made a list of nineteen reasons why a baby cries. After a full week spent thus, when the said father had about come to the conclusion that a new baby in the home was not the unalloyed pleasure he had imagined it to be, a specialist in children's ailments was sought. This seemed to be the last resource, and it was felt that if he failed there would be nothing left to do but follow one's own theories entirely.



Mrs. Langdon and Johnnie Coe

Medical Authority Lame

The specialist enveloped everything in much mystery and finally said in effect that no medical authority had quite determined the cause or discovered a cure for colic. This particular form was undoubtedly due to Johnnie's food. It must be changed at once. In vain it was explained to him that Johnnie was making the maximum gain of eight ounces a week and that the feeding had been perfectly satisfactory for three weeks. But the specialist was unmoved as were also Johnnie's parents. They were confident that a baby should not cry—that it was exceedingly harmful to the baby because it wasted valuable and indispensable energy which should go into baby's growth.

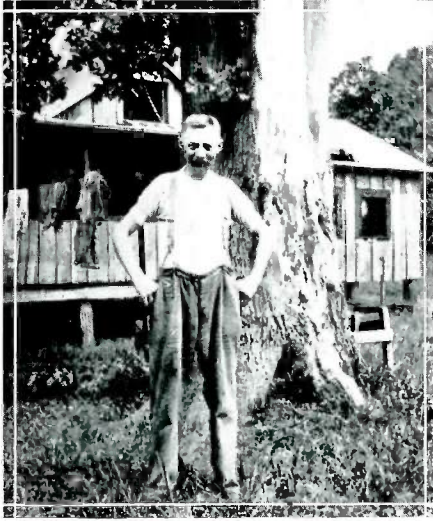
Johnnie Takes the Stage

The parents decided it was time to take matters into their own hands. Amid much tongue wagging and wise head shaking, little Johnnie was started on his mission of teaching his parents how to care for a baby.

When a knock on the door sent him into frenzied crying, knocks on the door were intercepted and avoided whenever possible.

Kissing pests were especially warned to desist and all troublesome visitors who could not keep their hands off of a young baby were excluded. No baby is a doll for grownups. From the day that no one but his own parents handled him, Johnnie became a civilized little human, slept nearly all the time and never cried more than 5 minutes out of the twenty-four hours. This happened in his sixth week. Johnnie, however, didn't lack for exercise. He began now to squeal

ERNIE, THE COOK



Ernie Wenger is a brass goods worker in Department 8, but some one discovered that his talents were not confined to one line and that when it came to cooking he was a real artist. That's one reason why he has figured in so many camping parties on the Okaw, where this picture was snapped on Labor day.

Ernie has been laid up at home for several weeks and his friends are hoping that he will soon regain his strength and get back on the job.

delightedly and laugh out loud, spoke his first English word and clapped his hands enthusiastically. He did his "daily dozen" several times an hour.

At six weeks, too, he recognized his mother, and manifested extreme jealousy when any one spoke to her in his presence. Conversation, except with him, was then carefully avoided for several months. At four months of age he seemed to be entirely over his jealousy.

He developed a strong love for music and often hummed little tunes. At two months he preferred very particularly a little French slumber song, and when tired would listen to no other.

He also enjoyed watching such folk as were courteous enough to refrain from giving him unsolicited attention. At two months he was ready to sit through hours of church services, moving pictures or quiet voiced callers, with complete enjoyment. Evidently a careful study of his cries for understanding had not spoiled him.

Of course, no harmful drugs such as Castoria or castor oil were ever administered. Nor was powder ever applied to his tender skin. Olive oil and cold cream were found to have all the advantages, and none of the disadvantages of baby powder.

It was found that hot water frequently given was all that was necessary to keep him in perfect condition. A nervous spell caused by unavoidable circumstances was quickly allayed by the use of a hot water bottle. This holds true in the hottest of summer weather. The aim of Johnnie's parents has been never to let a baby's cry go unheeded, and he has repaid their efforts many, many times.

Mother of Eight Again

When Johnnie had cut several teeth, the mother of "eight", who had raised "four", insisted that the time had come when solid food was imperative. Again a little common sense came to the rescue. Nature provided the human animal with a full set of teeth, and only when the last tooth has made its appearance, is it safe for a child to eat as grown-ups do.

"But," argued this self same mother, again and again, "I never read any books, nor studied my babies' cries and I raised my children just the same. But did she "raise" them normal human beings or are they harassed by cravings, driven by passions that master them all too often, or handicapped by ill-health or deformities. A cursory perusal of the newspaper is all that is necessary to convince one of the truth of this.

Thus far, Johnnie Coe has retained his rosy cheeks and sunny disposition. He has shown his parents that a baby never cries from "mere temper."

Folks who fear that a baby who almost never cries does not get sufficient exercise, may have their fears calmed when assured that in a recent and very complete medical examination Johnnie's physical and mental development was found to be somewhat over twice that of any baby of his age.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

Landlord said he didn't need the rent this month?

Mother kept you home from school because you looked pale?

Your sweetest said that she didn't want a diamond. Save the money and buy a washing machine?

Have an empty castor oil bottle and all drug stores closed?

Have your grandmother die too many times in the summer?

Ever go around a golf course under 80?

Ever hear of Pa Jongg?

Hubby said, "Pick out any hat you want?"

Find all the buttons sewed on and socks darned?

Make love to another woman and not get caught?



Safety News



Santa Claus is a Safety Booster too!

TO THE GOOD SAMARITANS OF SAFETY

There will be many happy homes this Christmas because our employees have helped to prevent accidents. Guards alone could not have done it but with everybody's help nothing is impossible.

We can not tell how many accidents have been prevented through individual carefulness; we can not tell who has been saved from injury. But we do know that if nobody cared there would have been several times as many accidents, any of which might have been serious.

You have helped first of all by being careful. Your friendly words of caution to new men have started many of them on the right track. You have helped many an older man by a timely reminder. Every time you have picked up a board or piece of pipe from the

aisle you have perhaps saved some one from tripping. Every suggestion you have made has helped. Even if it was found impossible to adopt it, it has shown that you were thinking of the safety of yourself and others. You have prevented many a case of infection by reporting minor injuries for first aid and persuading others to do the same. In these and in many other ways you have shown the Christmas spirit throughout the year.

Perhaps it never occurred to you in this light. The little thoughtful act caused you no personal risk and little inconvenience. No one noticed it and you soon forgot it. But it may have prevented an injury or even saved a life and preserved the happiness of some home this Christmas.

To the unknown Good Samaritans of Safety, this editorial is gratefully dedicated.

IN GOOD FINANCIAL SHAPE

Employes' Aid Society Made a Good Showing in 1924

January 1, Balance in Bank \$ 366.41

Receipts

Company's Contributions	\$600.00	
Picnic Concessions	66.85	
Interest on Bonds	175.00	
Dues from Members	7812.40	8654.25
		<hr/>
		\$9020.66

Payments

First installment of \$1000		
Pledge to Community		
Chest	\$250.00	
Municipal Bonds	1005.00	
Death Benefits	125.00	
Benefits to Members	6214.96	7694.96
		<hr/>
		\$1325.70

Dec. 17, Balance in Bank \$1325.70

Resources

Cash in bank	\$1325.70
Municipal bonds	1000.00
Mueller bonds	2500.00
	<hr/>
	\$4825.70

Liabilities

Benefits to members for remaining two weeks of December.

Above appears a statement for the Aid Society for the year 1924, lacking the last two weeks. Financially the Society has had a prosperous year due to better health of the members and fewer accidents. Still the total for benefits will be only about \$500.00 less than it was in 1923. There have been but two deaths this year, while there were nine last year.

Besides paying the regular benefits to disabled members, several cases of acute distress were relieved.

The Company has asked the officers of the Society to formulate a plan to represent the Mueller employees in handling the Community Chest gifts for next year. The Trustees will take this matter up at their next meeting. The Society has invested \$1000.00 more of its surplus in six per cent municipal bonds.

Once more we would call the attention of members to the necessity of reporting promptly when disabled. Too many members regard the Society as a detective agency to discover in some mysterious way when they are laid up, hunt them up and hand over a check for their benefits. The by-laws distinctly provide that the member shall notify the treasurer (in this case, Mr. Langdon) when disabled. Notice to the foreman is not notice to him.

Emergency Loan Fund

The Employees' Aid Society administers an Emergency Loan Fund for the Company. It is intended to help men meet unusual financial emergencies, but not to finance their ordinary living expenses. Death, severe illness, or some acute need are sufficient rea-

PICK HONEY FROM TREE



The Okaw, where the popular cabin is located, is a land of milk and honey. You buy the milk, but the honey you get for nothing if you are lucky and find a bee tree.

It's well known that bees in swarming in the woods naturally seek a hollow tree, but this particular swarm did the unusual thing. They swarmed on a little locust tree and stored the honey right on the limb, building out and capping the cells as shown in the photograph. The party at the Okaw during November found this tree, and Bobbie Mueller took a photograph of it before the honey was gathered in for use on the "flapjacks" served at breakfast.

The yield was sufficient to last the hunters for several days and was of exceptional quality, as wild honey generally is.

sons for granting a loan. Men who are buying homes are favored. It is not intended to take care of rent, coal, and past due accounts.

In September, 1921, the Company turned over to the Society for this fund, \$549.21. Since that time 225 loans, amounting to \$8366.00, have been made. Surety is required in all cases, but so far no sureties have been called upon to pay another's note.

A man burst into a crowded railway car. "Has anyone here any whisky? A lady is having a fit in the next coach." A half-pint bottle materialized from somewhere and the man proceeded to drink it. "Thank you," he said, "it always did make me nervous to see a woman in a fit."

Matt Trott said Columbus was no fool when he said he sighted dry land.



Leisure Hours



The dancing season at the club house opened the second week in September with an attendance of about one hundred couples.

Since then several pretty affairs have been staged. The most elaborate of these was the carnival ball on the evening of November 27th. It, perhaps, was the prettiest affair ever held in the club house, and the attendance was the best, there being 103 couples present and for every dance the floor was crowded. Colored paper festoons were hung about the hall and fantastic paper caps were worn by the company.

The music was excellent, the dancers in gay mood and the occasion is still pleasantly remembered.

The next club dance will be held on January 3, when Homebrook's orchestra will furnish the music.

As St. Valentine's Day falls on Saturday, February 14, plans are being made for a dance in keeping with that event.

FOREMEN'S CLUB SOCIAL

In October the Foremen's Club held a social session at the club house. It was a meeting full of Pep, one of the best that the club ever held.

Dinner was served in the cafeteria, and the decorations were in accordance with Hallowe'en. A large company sat down to a splendid meal which ended with ice cream and cake, the ice cream being molded in the shape of animals.

When the meal had been finished there was singing, led by Charles G. Auer, some of the songs having been specially written so as to apply to company members.

Mr. Adolph was the first victim in the following chorus to the tune of "Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking.

Adolph, Adolph, We've been thinking
Wouldn't your factory be a sight
If everyone who now use bath tubs
Took a dry rub Saturday night.

And Kitty Wilkins, factory superintendent came in for this one

Kitty, Kitty, We've been thinking
You're a funny kind of gink,
When you do the evening dishes
Why you leave them in the sink.

Mr. Philip's well known failing for hunting and fishing got this wallop to the tune of "Wearing of the Green":

Oh Philip dear, and did you hear
The news that's going 'round
The law says you shall not shoot geese
Out on the old "Lodge" ground
It's a poor distressful ruling
If you haven't got a pull
Why not go down to the fac-tor-y
Where geese are plentiful.

Following the singing the company adjourned to the gymnasium, where dancing and card playing were enjoyed to a late hour.

CHAIRMAN BOB LUSK



Robert (Blue) Lusk, foundry foreman, is chairman of the dance committee. One might not associate a man accustomed to handling heavy metal with the sylph-like and graceful movements of the waltz and two-step. But they would be mistaken if they measured Blue by such comparison. He is one of the best dancers in the organization. The men may not think so, but the ladies say so and that ought to settle it.

Blue not only dances nicely, but as a manager of dances he has established a fine reputation. His job outside of his regular duties is to arrange the dances given for employes at the club house on Saturday evenings. It was hard sledding at first, but now the Saturday evening dance is firmly established and there is always good music and a large attendance.

About seventy-five couples attended the dance which was given after the basketball game between Syrup-Pepsin and Mueller, on Wednesday, December 17. Barnes' orchestra furnished the music.

CHRISTMAS STORE

For two days during Christmas week a "store" was maintained in the club house where certain holiday eatables were provided for the employes.

THE HIGGINS SISTERS



These three cute little tots out for a morning drive are known to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Higgins, as "The Stair Step Trio." Their names are Joyce Lucille, aged 5 years; June LaVerne, aged 3 years; and the baby, Barbara Jeanne.

Mr. Higgins is in Department 26.

COLORED FOLKS LIBERAL SPENDERS

One is not much inclined to associate the colored population as a potential buying power, and yet is shown by statistics that they annually separate themselves from millions of dollars for luxuries, proving that they are a very desirable market.

Recent figures furnished by the Internal Revenue Department show these yearly astounding totals of expenditures by the colored people:

Cigars, cigarettes and tobacco . . .	\$56,000,000
Perfumeries and cosmetics	15,000,000
Toilet soaps	14,800,000
Moving pictures, theatres and cabarets	65,000,000
Soft drinks and ice cream	30,000,000
Candy	71,000,000
Jewelry	25,000,000
Chewing gum	3,500,000
Pianos, organs, phonographs and other musical instruments	20,000,000
Sporting goods, cameras, electric fans, photographs and pictures	30,000,000

Over 70,000 business enterprises are owned and conducted by Colored people, 25,000 of which are retail businesses. Colored people own and control 74 banks, over 900 drug stores and 1,558 undertaking establishments. Over \$1,700,000,000 worth of real estate, exclusive of church and educational property, is owned by Colored people.

It is conservatively estimated that in addition to the many millions of dollars deposited in banks owned by Colored people, between \$70,000,000 and \$100,000,000 are deposited in other banks.

With all that dough you should have a Merry Christmas, Cul'lud Folks.

BED TIME STORRIE

Sammy Squirrel crawled inter his home in the big oke tree, an' sittin' down, he perceded ter extrakt bird-shot from his tale. Mrs. Squirrel wuz bizzy hammerin' bloo blazes out uv the twins fer wastin' a akorn, so she didn't pay much attenshun ter him. Enyway he wuz her 13th husband and had lived longer than she expekted. "Well," sed she, after the twins had quit yellin' bluddy merdur, "yuh careless galoot, I serppose sum hunter almost gotcha." "Nuthin' else but," sed Samuel, handin' the baby a couple more bird-shots ter play with. "Are yew tryin' ter poison this poor deer child?" sed the mrs., as she slapped the baby kookoo fer puttin' them in his mug. "Aw hell," sed Sam, an' started out the door. Jist then he got kissed with a 38 caliber callin' card. Turnin' 6 flipflops, he rolled offen the limb an' headed fer tera furma, an' as he did so, Reginald Squirrel sneeked inter the house. "Wuz he hit?" sed Sam's wife. "Nuthin' else but; are yuh lookin' fer anuther husband?" sed Reggy. "O, Reggy, this is so suddin!" sed the late Sam's wife, an' they clinched as Sam hit the ground.—Snow Shoe Al in "The Line o' Type".

IT'S CO-OPERATION THAT'S GOOD

We are taught, many of us, from our youth onwards, that competition is essential to the health and progress of the race. Or, as Herbert Spencer puts it, "Society flourishes by the antagonism of its atoms."

But the obvious golden truth is that co-operation is good and competition bad, and that society flourishes by the mutual aid of human beings, I say that is obvious, and so it is. And it is so well known that in all great military or commercial enterprises individualism has to be subordinated to collective action. We do not believe that a house divided against itself shall stand; we believe that it shall fall.

We know that a State divided by internal feuds and torn by faction fighting can not hold its own against a united people. We know that in a cricket or football team, a regiment, a ship's crew, a school, the "antagonism of the atoms" would mean defeat and failure. We know that a society composed of antagonistic atoms would not be a society at all, and could not exist as a society. We know that if men are to found and govern cities, to build bridges and make roads, to establish universities, to sail ships and sink mines, and create educational systems, and policies and religions, they must work together and not against one another. Surely these things are as obvious as the fact that there could be no hive unless the bees worked as a colony and on the lines of mutual aid.

—Robert Blatchford.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

"Waste not, want not" is a maxim old as the hills—it has been preached for ages—heeded by a few—rejected by many and always with the same result. Those who heeded have prospered—those who neglected have failed. The way this rule has worked in the past and the present leaves no doubt as to how it will work in the future. It is inexorable.

It appeals to individual and collective life with unchanging impartiality. Persons wasteful in their own affairs are apt to be wasteful in the affairs of others, which is to say if you are wasteful in your homes, you are wasteful in your work.

In business waste counts against all employees. It adds a manufacturing expense which must be covered by the overhead. It's a stumbling block which stands in the way of successful competition. It stands in the way of better wages. It's one of the hardest problems in business to solve. It's a thought which all employees should consider seriously. There is no better New Year's resolution that can be made than a determination to eliminate waste both in your home and in your work.

A National Question

The elimination of waste is to become a national question. In proposing certain legislation along these lines Secretary Hoover said:

"A definite constructive national program has been developed for the elimination of waste in our economic system. The need is plain. The American standard of living is the product of high wages to producers and low prices to consumers. The road to national progress lies in increasing real wages through proportionately lower prices. The one and only way is to improve methods and processes of eliminating waste.

"Just as several years ago we undertook nationwide conservation of natural resources, so now we must undertake nation-wide elimination of waste. Regulation and laws are of but minor effect on these fundamental things. But by well directed economic forces, by co-operation in the community, we cannot only maintain American standards of living—we can raise them.

Waste on Every side

"We have the highest ingenuity and efficiency in the operation of our industry and commerce of any nation in the world. Yet our economic machine is far from perfect. Wastes are legion. There are wastes which arise from widespread unemployment during depressions, and from speculation and overproduction in booms; wastes attributable to labor turnover and labor conflicts; wastes due to intermittent and seasonal production, as in the coal and construction industries; vast wastes from strictures in commerce due to inadequate transportation, such as insufficient terminals; wastes caused by excessive variations in products; wastes in materials, arising from inefficient processes; wastes by fires; and wastes in human life.

Paternalism Avoided

"Against these and other wastes the department, acting always in co-operation with the industries, has for three years developed an increasingly definite program. As these manifold activities of the department are based upon co-operation with industry and commerce, none of them leads to paternalistic ends."

Courtesy is one medium of exchange that is always accepted at par.

The Road That Leads to Home, Sweet Home

You have traveled the road that leads to home a thousand times or more. You have felt the warmth of the kinship there when e'er you opened the door. But traveling home at the Christmas time gives a thrill that you can't express. You seize a father's outstretched hand; you rush to a mother's caress. They used to say, in the olden day, that all roads lead to Rome. That may have been true, but for me and you the BEST roads lead to home. —Alson Secor

OUT OF DANGER

Two partners were walking on the street when, suddenly, one of the pair seemed to remember something. He clapped one hand to his forehead and gasped.

"What's the matter?" asked the second man.

"Matter?" ejaculated the other—"matter? I forgot to lock the safe when I left the office!"

"Humph!" replied the other partner. "Why worry about the safe not being locked? We're both here, aren't we?"

THE ELLEGOOD FAMILY



Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Ellegood and their son, Virgil Junior. Mr. Ellegood is supervisor in the Automatic Rod Machine Department.

TWO FINE BOYS



These two fine boys are the sons of Preston Ruthrauff of the Cost Department. Naturally he is proud of them and the "overhead" does not worry him half as much as some similar problems in his every day work. This picture was snapped while the boys were attending the picnic last August. The boy on the left is Jack, age three, and the other is Junior, age five.

MINISTERS AT LODGE

Fine Dinner and Talks Features of Meeting Monday, December 15, the members of the Ministerial Association were entertained at dinner at the Mueller Lodge. An excellent meal was served, and an enjoyable hour was spent afterwards.

There were a number of interesting little talks.

Adolph Mueller spoke of the plumbing business and entered into an earnest defense of the plumber and his calling, his service to mankind and civilization and the importance of plumbing in the homes, in business buildings, etc. Attention was also called to the fact that people habitually malign the plumber and his methods, some through lack of knowledge of the business, some through habit and others because the papers have unjustly cartooned and derided the plumber and his business.

And then he cited a little incident of his recent visit to New York. The key to a trunk had been lost and a locksmith had to be called. He could not unlock the trunk and had to go after tools to cut the lock off. Although he knew that in cutting the lock off he would have to replace it he forgot to bring rivets or bolts and had to go after them. Time is money in New York and had to be paid for.

"I paid and said nothing because I had to get into the trunk and could not do it myself.

"But supposing it had been a case of plumbing and some one had called a plumber. You know what he would have called the plumber."

The ministers did.

MEN LIKE SHEEP

They Are Much Inclined to Follow Mob Instinct

One regards sheep as curious animals. They are instinctively subject to leadership, seemingly being minus any quality of initiative. If one sheep, without apparent reason, chooses to jump a hedge, every sheep in the flock will likewise jump the hedge. Because of this foolish idea of subjugation of initiative trained rams are used in slaughter houses to lead flocks of sheep to their doom.

However, man is not wholly immune to this foolish trait of sheep.

"Observe," says the Baltimore Evening Sun, "three jesters who stand on the street and gaze aloft. There is nothing to see, but one by one the passers stop and expose their tonsils to the sun, and in a little while traffic is blocked and children are trampled.

"When curious people gather to see a killer a calm and dignified man might address them for an hour and urge violence without success; but when one half-baked individual goes wild his excitement is at once communicated to those about him, and in a matter of minutes the mob is bawling for blood.

"Some years ago popular clamor forced the Government at Washington to declare war. It wasn't much of a war, as modern wars go, but such as it was the flock made it. A little clamor became a great clamor; excitement fed on excitement; and when the dust had cleared Spain was past tense.

"Some people know where they are going, but most of them just go along to avoid missing anything. And man's habit of doing it because the other fellow does it is one explanation of the lively tune to which the coroner stirs his feet.

"Twenty-five years ago—yea, even ten years ago—a plain killing was a nine-day wonder. But more and more people got at it, until the thing began to assume the proportions of a national habit. New guns are popping everywhere; wives taking shots at husbands; sweeties perforating fat admirers; bad boys making targets of the persons most convenient; dry agents bombarding the casual tourist; rival thugs sniping for practice.

"There is one consolation. Pingpong and mah jong and monkey glands have had their day. All fads become a bore after a time."

SURPRISE PARTY

On Saturday evening, December 6th, a number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Pope dropped in on them for a surprise party, the occasion being Mr. Pope's birthday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Earl Eagleton, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Stambaugh, Beatrice Vick and Erma Walmsley. The evening was spent in playing Five Hundred. First prizes were won by Beatrice Vick and Ed. Marshall, and Helen Pope and Eugene Williams were awarded monstrous sticks of candy for having the lowest scores.

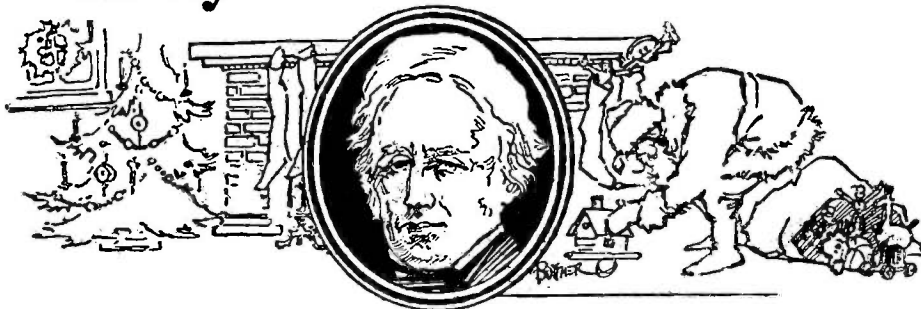
BRASS CHIPS

If you want to see John Kush jump, just slip up behind him and say, "Put your ticket on your tray."

It isn't the way Bill Casey manipulates his feet that makes him such a good dancer, it is the way he holds his mouth.

"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"

History of the Best Known Poem



'Twas the night before Christmas when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through
their heads

And Mama in her 'kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap;

When out on the lawn there arose such a
clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the
matter;

Away to the window I fled like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came
And he whistled and shouted and called them
by name

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer! and
Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the
sky,

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas
too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head and was turning around

Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with
a bound.

He was dressed all in furs from his head to his
foot
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes
and soot

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his
pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples—
how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a
cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the
snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a
wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of
jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of my-
self.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
work

And filled all the stockings, then turned with a
jerk

And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a
thistle.

But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of
sight,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good
night."

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE

Clement Clarke Moore, author of "A Visit from St. Nicholas," better known as "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," was born July 15, 1779, in an old-time mansion in what was then the New York suburban village of Chelsea.

Like his father, the second Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York and third president of Columbia College, he was educated for the ministry, but devoted himself to oriental and classical literature. He died in 1863.

"'Twas the Night Before Christmas" was written for Prof. Moore's own boys' and girls' entertainment on the evening of Dec. 23, 1822. The author did not even think of having it printed. But a guest in the Moore home, a Miss Butler, memorized the lines and sent them to the Troy Sentinel, in which they appeared a year later, to the day. Prof. Moore thought so lightly of the poem that it was years before he would admit its authorship.

Plumbers Going to Portland



This is a picture of the big auditorium in which the annual meeting of the National Association of Master Plumbers will be held June 22 to 26, 1925. The sessions of this important organization will be held here as well as the displays by manufacturers and others.

It is seldom that the National Association goes west for a convention. As a rule the meetings are held in the Middle West or in the East. The last meeting in the West was in Salt Lake City in 1912.

The Master Plumbers of Portland supported by those on the coast, however, expect to make this coming meeting one of the greatest ever held. The West has a way of doing things which makes us feel that they will succeed.

WHY FOREMAN IS POPULAR

He Is Considerate and Kind, While Being a Good Manager

The editor of a women's column in an employees' magazine published by a large manufacturing company recently asked a number of girls in different departments why they liked their foreman. The replies were not what the average sarcastic male would suspect. The foreman's age, looks, marital status and the way he parted his hair (if any) were ignored in the replies. Character, consideration for others and ability to handle a department smoothly and efficiently were among the qualities most admired. The following are the replies in substance:

He keeps the department clean and orderly.

He is careful of the safety of those under him. He sees that safety appliances are on all machines when necessary, and properly adjusted.

He is not above taking a suggestion from those under him.

He always shows his appreciation of good work. When it is necessary to criticize, he does it in a kindly way.

We can count on him for a square deal. If trouble arises, he hears both sides before making a decision.

He always has a pleasant "good morning" or "have you plenty of stock?" or perhaps "you don't need to rush that order; we're ahead of the schedule."

He shows his interest in those under him by inquiring about absentees, and expressing sympathy with the sick and bereaved.

He never shows partiality when a vacancy is to be filled. In making promotions and transfers he considers the ability of the person to be promoted, not his personal likes and dislikes.

He knows who is on the job each morning and who is absent and knows who can fill a vacancy so that things will run smoothly.

He is clean minded and respects women.

BIRTHS

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. John A. McCutcheon, on December 6th, a son. He will be known as James Arthur.

JESSE L. TIPPET & SON

Jesse L. Tippet, brass polisher and his little son, Lyle Leroy Tippet, posing for the camera man. Some day, if this youngster goes to work for us, as many sons of Mueller employes do, we may quote from Shakespeare that "he was to the manner born." The youngster is two years and six months old and was born in a little house at the corner of Cerro Gordo and Mercer streets. This was one of a number of houses which the company purchased to provide ground for future expansion. The house was recently torn down to make room for the big new stock room just built.



WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?

By Frank Edward Hinkle

Deliver me from the man or the woman who is always expecting calamity.

Spare me, I pray most devoutly, from him or her who is always expecting to break a leg just around the next bend on the road of life.

Deliver me from the salesman who is always afraid he is going to fall down on his next order, the lawyer who fears the jury is prejudiced against his client, the farmer who fears his crops will fail.

And give me the chap who goes ahead in spite of everything and fears nothing that crawls, hisses, rattles, or "rises to make afraid."

It has been said many times that men bring on themselves what they fear.

That is certainly true, at least to some extent.

I have a friend in Manhattan who is always expecting to "catch" something—cold, small-pox, influenza or the devil.

And he has caught them all. He catches the things he fears.

And he has a perfectly lovely time entertaining his legion of demons and actually courting all the dire things he "knows" are "bound" to "come true."

I have another friend down South, in the mountains, who fears nothing that lives, breathes, walks in darkness or stalks at midnight.

He has had as many ups and downs, of a certain sort, as anybody else I know.

But the only thing he seems really to keep

tab on is the "ups." The "downs" don't seem to bother him a little bit.

He just seems to know the "ups" are going to be elected over the "downs" by a large, healthy majority.

He "knows" he is going to "get along"—he "knows" he is going to succeed.

He goes ahead with his mouth twisted up in a dominant smile and his chest as full of courage as a bullfighter's, and he 'gets by' with about everything he undertakes.

His philosophy is, "You can't possibly fail altogether if you 'know' of a certainty that you are going to succeed somewhat." And he is right.

Try believing in yourself and your ability to perform.

Then go the limit in living up to your belief.

—Specialty Salesman Magazine.

TRAFFIC DEPT. NOTES

Marie bought a live duck for Christmas, but that duck decided to die before Christmas by starvation. Burt Jackson and Matt Trott explained to Marie just how to hold the duck by the neck and feed him by hand, but they failed to say what to feed it. Next day Marie asked what to feed the duck, but Trott and Jackson were stumped. Frank Cruikshank advised using bird seed to improve the duck's singing. And now the duck will lose his head over it Christmas morning.

Wanted to Buy: For use on Ford truck one set of nice "string tools." String must be long enough that when a wrench is dropped in crank case string can be given a jerk and wrench will hop out.

John Mac McCutcheon.

THE LITTLE THINGS

"OH, it's just the little homely things, the unobtrusive, friendly things, the 'won't-you-let-me-help-you' things that make our pathway light. And it's just the jolly, joking things, the 'never-mind-the-trouble' things, the 'laugh-with-me-it's-funny' things that make the world seem bright. For all the countless famous things, the wondrous record-breaking things, those 'never-can-be-equalled' things, that all the papers cite, are not like little human things, the 'every-day-encountered' things, the 'just-because-I-like-you' things that make us happy quite. So here's to all the little things, the 'done-and-then-forgotten' things, those 'oh-it's-simply-nothing' things that make life worth the fight."

—Grace Haines.

At Inventory Time



Along about Thanksgiving every year the factory is closed down because of the annual inventory. This is something of a task in a factory covering nearly five blocks, with all buildings filled with raw material, goods in process of manufacture and goods completed, to say nothing of the machinery, tools and purchased stock. There was a time when inventory was a bugaboo, a nightmare and a horror and a few other things as well. But that is a thing of the past. Now the task has been systematized and moves along in regular course and only those concerned in the maze of figures know anything about it. We draw on the factory force for clerical aid and so well is the job handled that it is out of the way in a few days. At inventory time notice is always given that the factory will be closed for a week but in about three days everybody is called back and the factory is again in full blast.

TRIP TO THE COAST

William E. and Lucien Mueller left here Thursday, December 11, on a business trip to the Pacific Coast. They visited San Francisco and Los Angeles and returned home by the Southern route, stopping at New Orleans for a day or two, reaching Decatur in time for the Christmas festivities.

A LITTLE WORK

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so—good-bye!
—George du Maurier.

FINISHED JUST IN TIME

The Fortnightly Almanack of the Will D. Howell and Associates prints the following:

Dec. 24—Man, making last payment on fur coat bought for wife's Christmas present in 1923, just in time to make first payment on pearl necklace for 1924, drops dead when wife remarks that she wants a Pierce-Arrow limousine for 1925.

THE SAFETY LESSON OF CHRISTMAS

To most of us Christmas is the happiest time of the year and the most unselfish time. We open our hearts and our pocketbooks and find happiness in making others happy. We contribute freely for the relief and enjoyment of those who are less fortunate than ourselves. We go out of our way to perform little acts of courtesy and kindness to others. The motorist is more considerate of the pedestrian and the pedestrian is more inclined to wait for the traffic change. Under the influence of the Christmas spirit, there is less desire to get ahead of the other fellow and run the chance of an accident.

There are some who through illness or accident cannot enjoy Christmas; there are some who are too self centered to feel the joy of Christmas. Both are to be pitied.

Like the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of Safety is unselfish. If only ourselves were concerned it would make very little difference whether we got hurt or not. But a belief in safety and in the practice of it is necessary even more for the sake of those who love us and whom we love than for ourselves alone.

Perhaps you are thinking "What can I give the family for Christmas?" The best present you can give them is your own self, safe, happy and healthy. That is the greatest gift. Carry this thought with you during the coming year.

The National Safety Council joins with us in wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a safe New Year.



THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR

*There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry,
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful
sing
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!*

*There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet joy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire while the beautiful
sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!*

*In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And the song from afar
Has swept o'er the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is king!*

*We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down thru the night
From the heavenly throng,
Ay! We shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Savior and King!*

—J. G. HOLLAND.

