

MUELLER RECORD



Christmas 1925

THE MUELLER RECORD

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WE CAN DO OUR PART

Great railroad and steamship accidents appall us but we are going smilingly and unconcernedly through this vale of tears with the greatest menace of the age—the automobile—swiping us right and left for an arm, a leg or our life. Nothing in modern life, of all the many mankilling devices born of a rushing, breathless age, claims the annual toll of this tremendous power in the hands of the unthinking, reckless driver.

A summary of statistics issued by the Department of Commerce, may well excite our horror beyond the limits of any cyclone, railroad disaster or sea disaster, not excepting the Titanic or Lusitania, which stand out with such vivid emphasis.

The figures mentioned above show up to Nov. 7, 1925, the following automobile fatalities:

New York	831
Chicago	741
Detroit	299
Philadelphia	261
Los Angeles	190
Cleveland	184

A list of 53 other of the larger cities brings the total up to 4611. The grand total of the year for America will be between 5000 and 6000. The record so far shows an increase of 164 over the same period of 1924 for the same cities.

Make one resolution for the New Year, if no other—to drive your car so that you will not at the end of the year be numbered with those who contributed to this frightful slaughter, more than 50% of which is due to carelessness.

Safety first always with no haunting recollection of having killed a fellowman.

Read these four lines and if you don't remember them word for word, keep the thought in mind:

I didn't begin with askings.
I took my job and I stuck;
I took the chances they wouldn't,
And now they're calling it luck.

These lines are from Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Mary Gloster". They speak an earful. They tell the story of the policy of nearly every successful business man. In fact, they hit right here at home. Those who are too fastidious about selecting jobs seldom get very far. Those who are not, but "take their job and stick" generally win. And then as Kipling says we call it luck, which is both unfair and untrue.

In another part of this issue will be found a picture of Lucian C. (Lute) Shellabarger. Every older person in this organization knows the name of Shellabarger—it stands for one of the oldest, soundest, wealthiest families in Decatur. And yet Lucian Shellabarger by choice has spent more time in jumpers and overalls than he has in so-called "good clothes". He took his place among his father's employes in the big mill at Water and Cerro Gordo street and worked until he knew the business from the wheat in the farmer's wagon to the finished product of the Big S flour. He never quit until he was head miller. Now he is one of the principal directors in the Shellabarger mill at Salina, Kansas.

None of this is in praise of Mr. Shellabarger. Just a prelude to a point:

It is not position or wealth that makes men shirk work, nor is it always necessity or poverty that makes men work. It's love of it that really makes men work. And without that love in their soul for work, no man gets out of life its real happiness and value. It's because he loves work more than money, good clothes, and idleness that Lute Shellabarger hammers copper, brass and silver into artistic shapes.

To be happy he must be employed.

THE RECORD

This Mueller Record has a circulation, as large if not larger, than any publication in the state outside of Chicago. It consists of 45,000 copies and will reach every gas and water works company and every plumber in the United States.

"Old Christmas comes to close the waning year."

THE IMP'S CHRISTMAS VISIT

(Josephine Daskam Bacon)

On the day before Christmas, or, to be perfectly accurate, at half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th of December, the Imp was driving through a heavy Vermont blizzard, huddled on the back seat of an old-fashioned sleigh, between his mother and his Aunt Gertrude. Facing them sat his father and his Uncle Stanley; and Joshua Peebles, the driver, was perched upon the raised seat in front.

The Imp was cold and cramped; his mother was cold and frightened; his father was cold and angry. And the horses, to judge from their actions, were cold and tired, for they stopped suddenly in the middle of the whirling flakes and refused to move a step, for all Joshua Peebles's clucking and urging.

"Oh, dear," cried the Imp's mother, "what a dreadful storm! What shall we do, Mr. Peebles? Isn't this terrible? How I do wish we had stayed at the hotel!"

"Mebbe 't would 'a been jes' as well if you had," replied Mr. Peebles politely.

"That's enough of that," said the Imp's father decidedly. "Do you know where we are at all, Peebles?"

"Well," Mr. Peebles began, "I ain't so sure as I might be, but I guess we're on the road. I guess we're somewheres, more or less."

The rest of the party, cold and unhappy as they were, laughed at this cautious remark, and the Imp poked his nose out of the bearskin rugs to see what had amused them. His sharp little eyes pierced the thick white veil around them, and he cried triumphantly:

"Here we are! Here's Grandma Stafford's. Let's get out quick!"

Joshua Peebles shook his head. "No, sonny, you're wrong. This ain't your gran'ma's by a good three mile. That's just a snowbank you see." He stopped suddenly and shaded his eyes with his big red worsted gloves.

"By gracious, it is a house!" he shouted. "It ain't Mis' Stafford's, but it is Darius Hobb's! I didn't know we'd come so far. Now look here, folks; I guess you've had enough o' this. You just get out while you can, and go right into Darius' and wait till this lets up. The team can't drag you much further, and that's a fact. With your weight out, I'll take 'em on to Mis' Stafford's—it ain't but two miles, and if I get stalled before I get there I can stop off at Deacon Scofield's. She'll know why you had to wait. What do you say?"

"But I don't see any house," the Imp's father began doubtfully.

Mr. Peebles handed him the reins, jumped down, sank nearly to his waist in snow, and plowed ahead a few yards.

"Here's the gate!" he called back. "Come

in my path before it fills up, an' bring the ladies along. Hurry up, now!"

Almost before they realized how they had come, the little party was standing on the snowy front porch, surrounded by traveling bags and suit cases, the Imp congratulating himself publicly on his good eyesight; he was very proud that he had discovered the house first.

"I'll ring the bell, Mr. Peebles," he said, stamping his feet in imitation of the men, and seizing the white china bell-knob. "Here's some writing pinned up," he added, pointing to a sheet of paper above it.

Aunt Gertrude stepped forward, shivering, and reading the writing aloud.

"'Have gone to Cousin Lon's for the day. Will be back tomorrow,'" she read with chattering teeth.

They stared at one another in consternation.

"Well," cried Mr. Peebles, "if that ain't the greatest! Gone over to 'Lonzo's, have they? Well, they'll stay there quite a spell, I guess. They're snowed-up there, jes' as you're snowed-up here."

Poor Aunt Gertrude sank down on the white step and choked. She had never been so cold in all her life. The Imp's toes began to ache, and he whined fretfully. Why didn't his father do something?

"Well, what'll we do, Joshua?" asked Uncle Stanley, as cheerfully as though there were a dozen things that they might do and he were offering the choice.

"Do?" repeated Joshua, "do? Why, just go right in an' make yourselves to home, that's all! Darius and his folks would want ye to do that. I know where they keep the key," and he reached up behind one of the blinds and took down a big brass door-key.

"Here, Mr. Stafford, here you are. Make a fire and find something to eat, and when this lets up I'll come and get you. I daresn't leave the team another minute, or they'll freeze stiff. Good-by!"

Uncle Stanley half lifted Aunt Gertrude to her feet, patted the Imp's heaving shoulder, fitted the key into the lock, and threw open the front door.

"Walk in, my friends and make yourselves at home," he said politely. "Ring once for ice-water, twice for hot water, and three times for the bell-boy. I regret that the family is, with the exception of myself, over at Cousin 'Lonzo's, but anything that I can do—"

"O, Stanley, you are too absurd!" cried Aunt Gertrude; but they all laughed, and then they felt better.

The Imp pranced ahead into the deserted sitting-room and looked curiously about him.

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AN ENTERPRISING PLUMBER



Look at this some of you big city plumbers! You'll have to admit that Chas. A. Gibson is a real enterprising member of the craft. The pictures prove that he is wide awake and up and coming.

Mr. Gibson lives in the little town of Arthur about 30 miles from Decatur. The population of the town is about two thousand. Mr. Gibson's place of business certainly makes a very pretty showing.

The picture above is of a display he made at the county fair. There were no premiums but this plumber was enterprising enough to take advantage of the opportunity to catch the eye of the public. Unfortunately one corner of the photograph shows dark, and hides the detail. It is a facsimile installation of a toilet some thirty or more years ago. In contrast to this is a modern bath room.

The idea is a good one and this enterprising plumber got his share of attention. It is the small town plumber, who is the advance guard and pioneer on the frontier of business—he carries the news of sanitation to the districts yet to be educated into the benefits and blessings of modern plumbing.



THE EVOLUTION OF SANTA CLAUS

Over fifteen hundred years ago there was in Asia Minor a bishop named Nicholas. He performed many miracles and was especially interested in the poor and unfortunate. After his death, he was worshipped as the patron saint of children and poor folk.

In Germany, centuries later, there were many legends of one called Kris Kringle, a name that is a corruption of the word Christ Kindlein which means Christ-child. The birthday of Kris Kringle, also a friend of children, was observed.

Adding the early saint and the German conception of the Christ-Child, with just a dash of an aged Roman deity and a touch of the jollity of northern pagan winter festivals, we have Santa Claus—jolly, rotund, generous.

"For Christmas comes but once a year."

JOHN GOES ON THE ROAD

Last September there was a North Carolina section of the American Water Works



Association convention at Asheville, N. C., and we picked on John Shelton, production manager, to go down there and represent us. John came back, and he has been a good production manager since as he was before, but he never recovered from the honest, open-hearted, whole-souled hospitality with which he was smothered on that brief trip to the sunny south. Just say Dixieland to John and hear him orate. If he has not got the time to orate and dilate on the south and her citizens, he will tell you on the run—his position keeps

him on the run, and he'd never keep up if nature had not been generous with legs—"those southern people are the best I ever met in my life, and I'd just like to live among them. They are real folks."

All this by way of prelude. Changed territories, etc., called for a new salesman in the south, and what do you think John did—one hop, step and a jump to the main office—and with the breath he had left, asked:

"Where's Adolph?" and then he had just enough breath left to say:

"Adolph, I'd like that salesman's position down south."

When Adolph could speak, he said, diplomatically:

"Fine, but what will we do for a production manager?"

"Oh, you have a raft of good fellows here for that place. I want to get out in the air, among the people. You know I've been here 23 years digging hard, and then, Adolph, darn the luck, I do like those southern people. Now, you know I do."

The firm consented when Adolph brought it up, but not without weighing the matter. It's no trivial affair to break a cog in the wheel of factory production at a busy time, but the result of the reasoning was always the same. It ran something like this: John started as a helper in the foundry, became a molder, and production manager, probably knows the inside of the factory as well or better than any man on the payroll; he has always been willing and industrious and knows our goods from the foundry to the shipping room, and he has earned the right to pick a certain position and territory if it is his desire.

John, therefore, becomes a salesman, with an experience back of him few salesmen possess. He knows his line from the molders' sand and the molten metal to the completed article shipped.

And he has earned for himself through his good common sense, his judgment of what is right and his interest in local affairs, civic recognition. The mayor of Decatur, a city of 53,000 inhabitants, named him a member of a special committee to investigate and suggest to the mayor and council, policies and plans for the betterment of the city.

We certainly hope that the southern people like John Shelton as well as he likes them—if they do, it's going to be an awful case of pals.

BOY WANTED

Texan Offers Great Opportunity and Twelve Dollars a Month

Billy Hennessy of the New York sales force, sends in the following for The Record:

Wanted Boy—High school graduate to work in general merchandise store in small interior town and learn to be a shoemaker. One who can help milk the cow and play in the band preferred. Must be youth of clean habits; cigarette smokers, sheiks and loafers need not apply. Boy who understands Diesel gas engine and Fordson tractor will be given preference. Users of intoxicating liquors and profane language will not be considered. Boy who gets this job must not be too proud and aristocratic to mingle with the livestock and chickens and help out in the kitchen now and then. Tenor singer who is a good strike-out baseball pitcher will find this an ideal situation. Must be early riser and not afraid of work. You will work in a very healthful climate with beautiful surroundings, fine fishing, woodlands abound in wild game and flowers. Horse to ride Sunday afternoons. Good chance to learn a trade and the principles of business and see the country. Must be a good salesman. Apply in your own handwriting, sending late photograph with three recommendations; \$12 a month to start for live wire with chance to buy interest in the business. Employer can furnish board and room at \$9.50 if you will mow the lawn in your spare time.

EXPLANATIONS DEMANDED

Mandy—"Look here, Mose, wut fur you kiss me?"

Mose—"Ah just couldn't help myself."

Mandy—"But you most suttently did!"

THE LATEST FLORIDA MIRACLE

Hats cleaned by phone. Ring 5-5445, Bennett's.—Ad in a Jacksonville paper.

"Let it never thee repent to feast thy needy neighbors."

SUGGESTION PRIZE WINNERS



Anthony Grossman, Fred Galka, H. H. Hill, Jas. Edwards, Ivan Lowe, E. F. Burchard, Chas. Dunaway, Walter Auer, C. L. Gillibrand, Joseph Keck, James Soules, Roy Pease, Louie Rohrer, David Dresbach.

The awarding of checks to the winners of the suggestion contest was the feature of the Christmas exercises. The total amount awarded was \$1445. There are three principal divisions—increasing production, reduction of overhead, and safety. The total of prizes in each is \$250 divided into six parts. The total of the principal prizes is \$750 and an equal amount is divided into \$5 prizes for those whose suggestions indicate that they have been thinking about their work. Among the prize winners are five women. Four hundred twenty-four suggestions were received; 140 were adopted.

THE WINNERS

INCREASING PRODUCTION		
Prize—Name	Amount	
1—L. Lowe	\$100.00	
2—L. N. Rohr	60.00	
3—D. D. Dresback	40.00	
4—J. W. Edwards	25.00	
5—C. L. Gillibrand	15.00	
6—J. V. Keck	10.00	

REDUCTION OF OVERHEAD		
Prize—Name	Amount	
1—C. F. Dunaway	\$100.00	
2—Mabel McClimans	60.00	
3—E. Browning	40.00	
4—W. T. Auer	25.00	
5—E. F. Burchard	15.00	
6—Anthony Grossman	10.00	

SAFETY		
Prize—Name	Amount	
1—C. L. Gillibrand	\$100.00	
2—H. H. Hill	60.00	
3—Roy B. Pease	40.00	
4—W. T. Auer	25.00	
5—Jimmie Soules	15.00	
6—Fred W. Galka	10.00	

FIVE DOLLAR PRIZES		
Name	Suggestions	Total Prizes
C. B. Albert	5	\$25.00
W. T. Auer	9	45.00
W. A. Atkinson	1	5.00

Name	Suggestions	Total Prizes
Joe Bready	1	5.00
P. B. Beck	1	5.00
E. Browning	2	10.00
Joseph Bullard	1	5.00
Roy Campbell	2	10.00
W. Cochran	1	5.00
L. W. Curtis	1	5.00
J. A. Dill	1	5.00
D. D. Dresback	4	20.00
C. F. Dunaway	7	35.00
W. F. Dannewitz	1	5.00
J. Edwards	5	25.00
V. E. Ellegood	2	10.00
M. Fleckenstein	1	5.00
H. D. Fletcher	1	5.00
C. R. Foltz	1	5.00
Ollie Fortschneider	1	5.00
W. Garrett	1	5.00
C. L. Gillibrand	3	15.00
L. Hargis	1	5.00
Virgie Hartwig	1	5.00
A. Hathaway	1	5.00
W. D. Hayes	1	5.00
H. C. Hendrian	1	5.00
Minnie Hileman	2	10.00
H. M. Himstead	4	20.00
E. W. Hoffman	1	5.00
E. Holderly	1	5.00
F. E. Hornbeck	2	10.00
Goldie Karl	1	5.00
Harry Koontz	1	5.00
John Kush	2	10.00
Geo. LaBrash	1	5.00
Elmer Locer	1	5.00
E. W. Lowe	2	10.00
I. L. Lowe	1	5.00
V. P. Mason	1	5.00
Albert May	3	15.00
C. McQuality	6	30.00
C. Morton	1	5.00
Matilda Pauschert	1	5.00
J. M. Peck	1	5.00
J. N. Porter	2	10.00
J. Pottack	1	5.00
D. C. Probst	1	5.00
Louis Rohr	3	15.00
F. P. Royse	1	5.00
Ray Salisbury	1	5.00
Earl Sattley	2	10.00

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"His place of birth a solemn angel tells."

CAMERA CLUB CONTEST



The subject this month was children.

First Prize Winner—Chat Winegardner, photo of his children.

Second Prize Winner—E. H. Langdon, photo of his son, John Coe.

Third Prize Winner—Roy Whitaker, Betty Ewing.

"Are they unhappily married?"

"Oh, I hardly think they're rich enough for that."—Boston Transcript.

QUALITY VS. CHEAPNESS

"All work of quality must bear a price in proportion to the skill, time, expense and risk attending their invention and manufacture.

"Those things called dear are when justly estimated the cheapest. They are attended with much less profit to the artist than those things which everybody calls cheap.

"Beautiful forms and compositions are not made by chance nor can they ever in any material be made at small expense.

"A composition for cheapness and not for excellence of workmanship is the most frequent and certain cause for the rapid decay and entire destruction of art and manufacture."

—Ruskin.

A FUNERAL IN FLORIDA

M. W. Trott, recently returned from his second trip of the season to Florida, tells this story:

George and Joe, two Palatka darkies, had been engaged to do some draying at the Mueller warehouse. They were on the job for a day, but on the second morning Joe failed to show up. When George left at noon the traffic manager said, "You'll be sure to be back here at one o'clock, won't you, George?"

"Yes, sah, yes, sah," George promised.

One o'clock came, but no George. One-thirty, but still no George. Two and two-thirty, and Mr. Trott still waited.

Finally, at four o'clock or a little after up came the negro. "What's the matter, George," demanded the traffic man, "Don't you want to work?"

"Yes, sah, yes, sah, Ah wants to work, but you see, boss, Ah done got 'vited to a funeral."

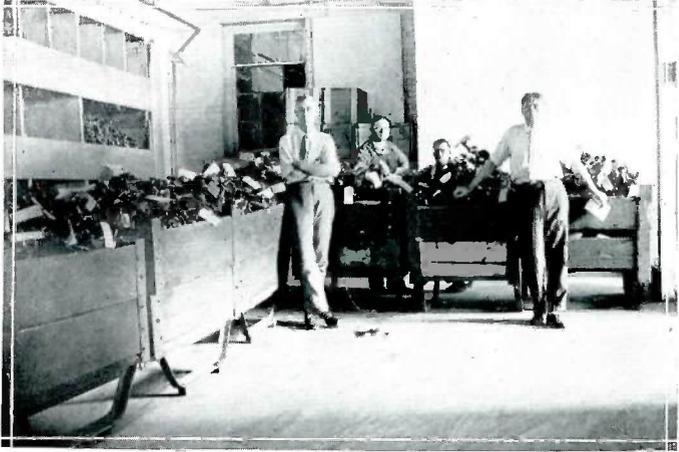
JUST AS NOISY

Mrs. Johnsing—"Ah thought you-all said you was gwine to name your new baby 'Victrola,' but Ah hears you-all done make a change."

Mrs. Moses—"Yes. Ah expected it would be a girl an Ah had decided to name her Victrola, but she turned out to be a boy, so Ah done name him 'Radio'."—The Christian Advocate.

BINS AND BINS OF THEM

A corner of the busy regulator department, showing hundreds of regulators ready for shipment. In the foreground stands John Shelton, retiring production manager, and Jim Thorpe, head of the up-keep stock department. Two big huskies, eh? You'd think so if you heard them roaring around about orders. In the background James Soules and Ezra Stickles, truck drivers.



STORY OF A SILK WORM

Spin a Gossamer That Is Woven Into Silk for Dresses.

The staid women and the flippant flapper who like silk hosiery and silk garments, both of invisible and visible character, know little of the wondrous process which supplies them with this finery beyond the common fact that the silk comes from silk worms, and the worms live on mulberry leaves. That's about all of them care to know except the price per pair, or the price per yard. If those who encase themselves in folds of lustrous silk had to handle the worms—they are delicate little creatures, but still they are worms—they probably would give up the desire for silk and wear material of lesser value and beauty.

Under the title of "The Higher Culture of the Silk Worm," Philip N. Youtz writes most interestingly and instructively in the *Scientific American*.

China is the home of the silk worm, and taught the west the secret of the ancient silk industry fourteen centuries ago. Now the west is teaching China how to produce silk scientifically.

Through contributions of the American Silk Association special provisions have been made for the study of the worm, its habits, diseases, etc., with the object of developing a strong and vigorous worm with resultant improvement in the grade and quality of silk.

The worms are X-rayed, autopsies held, and investigations carried on under the microscope. It was learned that from 50 to 100 per cent of South China worms were diseased, making the infant mortality very

high and destroying the value of the silk of those hardy enough to survive. The most serious of these diseases is pebrine which was transmitted to young worms. It was learned how to detect this disease in the mother moth, and she was killed and her eggs destroyed, reducing the disease to less than one-half of one per cent.

The Chinese farmers buy silk worm eggs in the spring. The eggs are spread out on sheets of paper. A piece of paper a foot square holds 200,000 to 240,000 eggs. It's equally important that they be fresh as it is for hens' eggs.

The farmer places the eggs in a small rearing room in his home, where the temperature is kept at 80° day and night for 9 days. Then the eggs turn green and the worms hatch. They are so small they are called "ants", and are fed finely chopped mulberry leaves. In three or four days the worms have eaten so much a change of skin is necessary. During this change the worms sleep 24 hours. This process is repeated several times. Full growth is reached in 18 days; during this time they have grown from a mere speck to three inches in length.

In a little over a fortnight one sheet of developed eggs, 200,000 worms will eat a ton and a half of mulberry leaves.

The worms "ripen" on the eighteenth day, wave their heads and turn a translucent yellow and are transferred to bamboo racks where they spin cocoons, finishing in about 24 hours. The cocoons are sold to filatures where they are unwound and reeled.

In Southern China it is possible to raise seven crops of worms per season.

At the filature the cocoons are soaked in hot water to soften the secretions of gum. A

ACH, LOUIE



Is this how you do it, Louie? Grow a zenia 16 inches round. Certainly some floricultural accomplishment. Louie Rohr works in iron and steel and brass but he has not been infected by their hardness or harshness.

He loves beautiful things and the flowers about his home are a joy to him in season, and to his neighbors as well.

soft mass on the outside is waste. Threads of eight or more cocoons are passed through a small hole in a smooth piece of glass. They are so fine that they can scarcely be seen in the steamy atmosphere, but after the eight are joined by passing the glass button they make a thread easily visible.

As the fibre in one cocoon is exhausted it becomes necessary to join it to the fibre of another. As this fibre is as light as cob web this joining process is a very delicate job, and must be done accurately to avoid bad spots in the silk cloth to come.

The thread made from eight cocoons is wound on reels ready for shipping to the factories for weaving into silk cloth.

After reeling the skeins are packed 30 in a bundle for shipment. Each skein weighs 2.06 ounces. To make this skein requires from 5,200 to 6,500 cocoons.

COURSE IN SPEAKING

A course in effective speaking will be offered by the Y. M. C. A. beginning Jan. 5. Prof. Young, head of the public speaking department of the James Millikin University, will be the instructor.

This course is especially designed to help men to speak convincingly and impressively before an audience. It will help to give a man confidence as to overcome his poverty of speech when facing a group.

Further information can be had by inquiring at the Y. M. C. A.

LOUDER NECKTIES

Some unknown author is responsible for this plea, "For A Louder Necktie". It is particularly apropos at this season of the year when the air is full of red, green, purple, pale blue and yellow neckties. You'll probably get one for Christmas. Nearly every man gets at least one.

Some men long for the soothing touch of lavender, cream and mauve,
But the ties I wear must possess the glare of a red-hot kitchen stove.

The things I read and the things I do are sensible, sane and mild,
I like calm hats, and I don't wear spats but I like my neckties wild!

Oh, give me a wild tie, Brother, one with a cosmic urge,
A tie that will swear and rip and tear, when it sees my old blue serge.

Oh, some will say that a gent's cravat should only be seen, not heard,
But I want a tie that will make men cry and render their vision blurred.

I yearn, I long, for a tie so strong it will take two men to tie it,
If such there be, go bring it to me; whatever the price, I'll buy it.

Oh, give me a wild tie, Brother, one with a lot of sins.
A tie that will blaze with a hectic gaze,
Down where the vest begins.

—Author Unknown.

CONSIDER THE TIN CAN

If you would appreciate fully the value of the tin can, says a writer, go to the desolate places that do not produce any vegetables, have no chickens and eggs and cannot handle perishable food. In such a place it is easy to realize the importance of the American canning industry. Of course, America leads in the preservation of food by placing it in cans. This year approximately 100 countries and colonies will receive canned food from the United States. The Trade Record of the National City Bank of New York estimates the value of all canned goods turned out this year in the United States at \$600,000,000.

Mrs. Lillie Dash, who formerly worked in the core department, is now in the Macon County Tuberculosis sanitarium.



Leisure Hours



SANTA COMES TO SEE THE FOREMEN

The foremen and their wives and guests had a Christmas frolic Thursday night, December 17. Santa Claus and a fine Christmas tree with gifts for everybody added seasonal touches to the affair. All the Foremen's Club members, whether they had been good or bad during the past year, were remembered by old St. Nick.

The program for the evening was:
6:30—Supper in Cafeteria.

Remarks by Mr. Adolph Mueller.

7:15—Christmas Tree.

8:30—Dancing. Music by J. M. Wilkins, Jr.

H. C. Camron, president of the club, was in charge of arrangements. He was assisted by whatever members he could draft into service.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION HAS OPEN HOUSE

Members of the Athletic Association were hosts to Mueller employes and their families last Saturday night, December 19, in a very pleasant Open House which officially opened the social season of the Association.

A fine movie program was presented. Harold Lloyd appeared, in his usual uproarious manner, in "Never Weaken". Aesop's Fables, which people of all ages always enjoy, were shown next.

Then there were dances by Betty Kaiser and Janet Cozad. Earl Voyles gave some interpretative songs, and the Voyles orchestra furnished music for dancing. There were card tables for those who did not care to dance.

Margaret Marcott was chairman of the committee in charge of the party. She was assisted by Marshall Hobbs, W. G. Cranston, Robert Lusk, E. C. Stille, Tom Hill, and Burt Jackson. Stille looked after the lighting, Tom Hill presided over the door, and Jack held forth in the card room.

OLD SANTA SAUNTERS AROUND

There is already a Christmas atmosphere around the Mueller factory and the air is full of flying presents. Before his departure for the south, the employes of Dept. 20 presented John Shelton with a handsome pair of white gold cuff buttons with watch chain to match.

On Thursday night at 4 o'clock the quitting whistle blew an hour earlier and the greater part of our 1600 employes filed by some Santa Claus assistants and each re-

AN UNUSUAL BACKGROUND



Dorothy Mix, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mix, posed in front of a spherical floral globe in the government reservation at Leavenworth, Kansas. This is said to be one of the most unusual floral gardens in the world. The floral globe has for a foundation a light steel structure filled with earth and moss from which foliage plants grow in shape of the United States.

ceived a gift of ham and a side of bacon. The total weight of this gift was almost 30,000 pounds of meat. Quite a few employes took magazines as a present instead of ham and bacon.

On Thursday noon there was a meeting in the Club House at which the employes presented to the company two handsome large rugs which will be used in the Mueller Lodge. This was the occasion of some speeches by firm members and employes and proved a very happy occasion.

The suggestion winners were also announced on this occasion.

"Come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant."

FIRM AND FOREMEN FEAST



The members of the company meet foremen and heads of departments at lunch every noon. The company is the host. The name "Noon Day Luncheon" was never conferred with formal baptismal rites. It was just acquired naturally. The club has been in existence for about six years.

The idea underlying the organization is an interchange of ideas on business and manufacturing problems—a sort of clearing house.

The picture above was taken for the purpose of illustrating an article which is to appear in a paper of the Illinois Association of Chambers of Commerce.

CHRISTMAS

Newspaper and magazine writers have certain stock subjects which they feel called upon to write editorials and greatest of all these is Christmas. This holiday with its feast of good cheer and good fellowship needs no special peans of praise. So much has been written there is little can be said that has not already been said. In fact, some of the older writers have covered the subject with so many beautiful thoughts that they make a much stronger appeal than modern efforts.

What, for instance, is more beautiful than "Dickens' Christmas Carol" and what equal number of words tell the story more eloquently than these:

"Bob served the hot stuff from the jug, with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

" 'A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!'

"Which all the family reechoed.

" 'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of all."

Women learn to swim sooner than men because the men have to teach themselves.

POSSUM HUNTING AT HOME

H. A. Georges and Son Make An Unusual Capture.

While the members of the Noon Day Lunch club were sitting around a well filled table "chewing chow" and incidentally "chewing the rag" about having a coon and 'possum hunt down on the Okaw, H. Georges of the tool grinding room and his son J. Milton, were catching possums at their home No. 845 North Mercer street.

The Decatur Herald says: They shoved a pinch bar under a floorboard in an old barn back of their home, gave a shove, lifted the board—and uncovered two healthy specimens of the species *didelphis virginiana* in a nest. The beady eyes of the beasts blinked in the unaccustomed light, and the hair on their noses crinkled.

The Georges, father and son, gasped. They almost expected the beasts, which they thought at first were rats as big as dogs, to dash out and start chasing cats around. But on close inspection, the elder Mr. Georges recognized the two animals as belonging to a tribe of marsupials. In other words, the critters were ordinary opossums. The Georges captured them and confined them in an improvised cage made of a packing box.

Hereafter, if the weather is inclement or the coon and possum hunters do not care to make a trip to the Okaw and spend a night in the woods they can stroll over to the Georges' home and have a real nice possum hunt amid all the comforts of home.

A Choice of Furniture

"I vant a nice easy chair for mine husband."

"Morris?"

"No, Jacob."

"Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright."

CHRISTMAS VERSES

At Christmas time I do not wish
 For costly gifts or rare;
 Just bring a bit of mistletoe
 And place it in my hair—
 Of course I'd want the "follow-up"
 To be a solitaire. —Atlantic Seal.

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

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
 Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
 Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
 Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn
 and white,
 Christmas where cornfield lie sunny and
 bright,
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
 —Phillips Brooks.

Christmas in the Heart

It is Christmas in the mansion
 Yule-log fires and silken frocks;
 It is Christmas in the cottage,
 Mother's filling little socks.

It is Christmas on the highway,
 In the thronging, busy mart;
 But the dearest truest Christmas
 Is the Christmas in the heart.

The Spirit of the Gift

It is not the weight of jewel and plate,
 Or the fondle of silk and fur;
 'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,
 As the gifts of the Wise Ones were,
 And we are not told whose gift was gold,
 Or whose was gift of myrrh.
 —Edmund Vance Cook.

Around the Christmas Fire

The wind may shout as it likes without;
 It may rage, but cannot harm us;
 For a merrier din shall resound within,
 And our Christmas cheer will warm us.

There is gladness to all at its ancient call,
 While its ruddy fires are gleaming,
 And from far and near, o'er landscape drear,
 The Christmas light is streaming.

Then be ye glad, good people,
 This night of all the year,
 And light ye up with candles
 For His Star it shineth clear.

HAVE THE EVIDENCE



This 165 pound sturgeon was caught last August in Lake Huron, about three miles from Sarnia. Marshall Archer, center, son of E. H. Archer, assisted in the catch.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
 Their old familiar carols play—
 And loud and sweet the words repeat
 Of Peace on Earth; Good Will Toward
 Men.

(Continued from Page 5)

	Suggestions	Prizes Total
August Schudziara	1	5.00
W. Screeton	1	5.00
Cecil Short	1	5.00
R. Slayback	1	5.00
J. T. Smith	1	5.00
J. A. Soules	2	10.00
O. J. Spencer	1	5.00
A. Spitzer	6	30.00
Ollie Springer	1	5.00
J. A. Staudt	1	5.00
Wm. B. Tarr	1	5.00
C. W. Taylor	1	5.00
F. E. Taylor	6	30.00
Mae Turner	1	5.00
R. Vanderwort	1	5.00
W. J. Wallen	1	5.00
Brugh Werner	2	10.00
Roy Whitaker	1	5.00
E. Winholtz	2	10.00
M. H. Wood	1	5.00
F. L. Wyant	4	20.00
Norman Wyant	1	5.00
F. H. Zetterlind	1	5.00

BIBLE CLASS NOTE

Guide (at ancient castle)—"This is the moat. Are there any questions you would like to ask?"

American—"Yes. How in heck could a fellow get one of those in his eye?"—Life.

A GO-GETTER

"Is the motor car an asset to the church?" inquires a religious paper.

Well, of course, it brings a good deal of business to the churchyard.—The Western Christian Advocate.

THE SULTAN OF SULU



Miss Katie McKeown, secretary to Mr. Robert Mueller, is in receipt of a very interesting letter from an acquaintance in the medical service of the Navy department, and now on duty in Philippine waters with the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

The letter under date of October 27th says:

Zamboanga, Oct. 27th.

We went from here to Jolo, Sulu, P. I., and stayed there two or three days and sent our reports in to Manila October 1st. While there the Governor of the Island, Mr. Moore, took me out to visit the Sultan of Sulu on the first night of the celebration of the birthday anniversary of the birth of Mohammed. We went out to the Sultan's palace in the Governor's car and I never shall forget it.

SULTAN AT DINNER

The Sultan "at chow" sat next to me at the table and we talked for over two hours. We had served to us eight dishes of rice in different forms and tea. The Sultan told me, in broken English, that he had eight wives and over a dozen concubines. He has bull fights and horse racing every Sunday and invited me out anytime. His new palace is under construction and is being built with high walls that have slits in to shoot out. He is a big gambler and said he lost only 1000 pesos last time he was in Sandaken, Borneo. He is a weak character and now I think is just sort of figure head. He is really head tho' of the Mohammedans here.

He is a short, rather stout fellow, about 5 ft. 6 in. tall, flat nose, face is pock marked. He wore a Fez on his head, loose baggy trousers of the Arabian type and wore a dark maroon silk jacket and on his feet were the regulation Oriental plush house slippers. I would not have missed this party for anything. There were only three white people who saw this. The Chiefs from all over the Island were gathered there in the main center room of the palace and were all squatted on the floor.

THREE HUNDRED CHIEFS

There were 300 of these, all in native costume. Some were moaning, some wailing, some singing, some eating and others didn't seem to be doing anything—too dumb I guess. After we had entered the palace, escorted by two men bearing torches, we sat down in big plush chairs and immediately the Crown Prince or heir apparent, who is a brother to the Sultan came up and shook hands with the Governor who immediately introduced him to me and a friend of mine from the S. S. Marinduque. The Crown Prince could speak very little English but the Governor had quite a chat with him in Spanish. As we were sitting in these chairs at the front of the large room, which by the way had its ceiling covered with a dark red heavy plush rug, 60 feet by 40 feet, the Sultan came in and was very gracious. The Governor introduced us and he sat down and we talked and talked.

(Continued on Page 38)

"And there were shepherds in the same country."

DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

DEPARTMENT 8

Barney Riley has been serving on the jury for two weeks.

Department No. 8 takes this opportunity to wish our firm and all our co-workers a most Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

C. W. Brown who was called home to Nokomis on account of the illness and death of his mother has reported back to work. We all extend to him our sympathy.

H. C. Spaar seems to be one of the unlucky men of the department. We read in the paper the other day that he was fined for parking his car too long in one place.

W. S. Smith who was away visiting his mother in Oklahoma, has returned back to work. Mr. Smith is one of our stop-grinders, and we are glad to see him back at his machine.

We're wondering where Phil Reed will spend his vacation in 1926. It has been whispered that Phil's 35 years of loyal and faithful service for this Company will be completed next year. We surely wish Phil a dandy outing.

August Bork has been given the new all geared head No. 7 Foster Machine, and to say that August feels chesty is putting it rather mildly. Barney expects August to keep this machine spick and span, and we expect that he will.

Department No. 8 is brushing up a bit. Several machines have been painted, new safety first guards have been put around the belts on drill presses, and new location boards have been installed through the entire department.

Johnny Marty is taking a course in bookkeeping at high school. We don't quite know what John intends to do; we did think he was going to build a house at one time, but he sold the lot at a nice profit. It may be that he has real estate on the brain.



Bobby and Leslie Martin, sons of J. C. Martin, head of the Laboratory.

Frank Taylor who has been machine setter and head drill press operator is now working into the position of assistant foreman, succeeding Julius Riewski who desired to go back to key-fitting. Frank is succeeded by Roy Fleckenstein who has been promoted from monitor lathe operator.

Barney says that if our Company continues the policy of rewarding 35-year men with a three-month's vacation, it does seem to him that he might possibly some time be able to walk down the streets of that beautiful little Alpine village nestled among the mountains where he was born.

Gus Jablonowski is attending night school and is taking English and citizenship. Gus says that he was deeply impressed with the necessity of understanding the English language thoroughly while he was acting as cook for Mr. Philip Mueller down on the Okaw a year ago. There were some triggers called and a lot of things, and he couldn't understand what it was all about.

We were all glad to learn last Wednesday that Joseph Grossmann will probably be able to be at home with his family for Christmas. He was rushed to St. Mary's hospital two weeks ago with a bad case of acute indigestion. For a time he was not expected to live, but last week his son Tony reported that he was able to be up and that he would likely be home for Christmas.

CORE ROOM

We are glad to have Laura Robb back with us again. She was off about three weeks with a nervous break-down.



Little Lillian Stuckey, granddaughter of Billy Cain.

Leona Austin, M. Francisco, and Gladys Carveth started to work in the Core Room a week ago last Wednesday.

Happy opened up his heart the other day and decided to let Henry Fletcher make cores. Henry is the happiest when he is with the girls, you know.

Clarence Hill was recently delegated to carry cores. In his interest in his work, he broke all speed laws and narrowly escaped several rather bad accidents. Happy finally took him off the job, though, because he was afraid Clarence would run himself to death.

DEPARTMENT NO. 20

Roy Jolley has recently been made an order drummer.

Orville Keller was added to the Production department force a couple of weeks ago.

John Shelton, before he left the old job, was presented with a white gold watch chain with cuff links to match by members of the department. Good luck, John, say we.

(Continued on Page 23)

"There was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host."

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THEM?

Slogans You Have Read for Years—Whose Are They?

Slogans in advertising are short, crisp, expressive sayings designed to familiarize the reader with an advertiser's name or product.

Since we became national advertisers we should all be interested in slogans.

Dick Powers of the New York sales force, sends us the following list which he clipped from an eastern paper, and says he will sell the Woolworth building at 60 and 10 off to the person connecting the largest number of slogans with the article advertised. Here is the list:

1. What happens to "4 out of 5" and what is the advertised remedy?
2. What helps you keep "that schoolgirl complexion?"
3. What would have stopped the process of "Going! Going! Gone!"
4. Where is that "the flavor lasts?"
5. Who says "there's a reason?"
6. What is recommended because "It floats"?
7. What emphasizes the fact that "such popularity must be deserved"?
8. What enables you to "save the surface and you save all"?
9. What gives you "a skin you love to touch"?
10. What lets the puppy hear "his master's voice"?
11. About what are you to "ask the man who owns one"?
12. What is the "national weekly"?
13. What says "we are advertised by our loving friends"?
14. What is "the 49th State"?
15. Which automobile is "the universal car"?
16. Who are the "booksellers to the world"?
17. What tires are "best in the long run"?
18. What is "delicious and refreshing"?
19. What do you do when it is "time to retire"?
20. Where are the "Vital Spots"?
21. Who makes "faucets without a fault"?

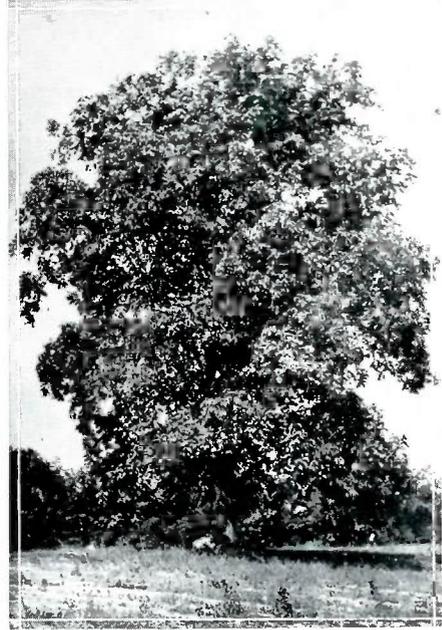
ENDURING PIPE INSTALLATION

(By P. B. Andrews)

Mr. E. G. Aicher, President and General Manager of the Northampton Consolidated Water Co., of Easton, Penn., recently discovered in Easton, Pennsylvania, an old time sink drain which had been in constant use for almost a hundred years. This sink drain was made of copper tubing and since Mr. Aicher was contemplating the use of MUELLER SERVICE PIPE he became interested in it.

The old sink drain which had been used for almost a hundred years was still as strong and serviceable when Mr. Aicher found it as it was the day that it was installed. There were no signs of deterioration and when the

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!



(Photo by E. H. Langdon)

Do you love trees? If you do, you'd certainly love this one. It's a splendid example of the one which "In youth protected me," and every man and woman carries in memory the love of some tree. This tree is just beyond the outfield of the new Athletic Field at Mueller Heights.

pipe was cut the metal showed "new" inside, the same as one would expect to see in a brand new tube. Since the old copper sink drain and the new MUELLER SERVICE PIPE had a great many things in common, that is, the same thickness, the same metal, and evidently the same strength, Mr. Aicher thought it well to make a more thorough comparison of the two pieces of tubing which were manufactured a century apart.

A sample of the MUELLER SERVICE PIPE and also of the old copper sink drain were sent to the Ingersoll-Rand Company of Phillipsburg, N. J., who made a chemical analysis of each sample and rendered the following report:

"OBJECT: To determine whether there is any difference in the qualities of these two tubes, and whether 'A' will give as good service as 'B' under the same conditions.

"Microscopic examination of specimens
(Continued on Page 34)

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."



"Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence, laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corner of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his fine linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

* * * *

"Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for the goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, Hurrah!

"There never was such a goose."

It's the night before Christmas, and all through the house, there's not a thing to do—except just "finish up". There are just those last minute things to busy one: the chicken or the goose, the duck or the turkey to dress, the pudding sauce to prepare, the cranberries to mold, the salad dressing to mix, the Christmas tree to trim, and O, just a few trifles like that. But, after all, who would want Christmas without that last minute rush and worry?

A good recipe for pudding-sauce is this one: One tablespoonful of flour, the juice of one-half lemon, one-half cupful of sugar, one cup of water. Mix the dry ingredients together, add the liquids, and cook till smooth.

The work of removing feathers from geese or ducks is considerably lightened by securely wrapping the fowl in a piece of blanket and dipping it several times in boiling water. When the fowl is taken from the water, allow it to steam for a few minutes before unwrapping.

Here is another candy recipe:

MAPLE CREAMS

2 cups of sugar.
1 cup of maple syrup.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream.
2 cups of nut meats.

Boil the sugar, syrup and cream together until it forms a ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from fire, beat until creamy. Add the nuts and drop by spoonfuls on buttered paper or tins.

With potatoes clearly in the luxury class, the demand for sweet potatoes served in more than one way is greater than usual. Sweet potatoes somehow make of an ordinary meal something like a "company dinner". These are two sweet potato recipes:

PINEAPPLE-MARSHMALLOW-SWEET POTATOES

Place halves of pared sweet potatoes on slices of canned pineapple. Bake in a moderate oven. A few minutes before serving place a marshmallow on top of each sweet potato and return to the oven to brown.

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

Par-boil sweet potatoes; then place in frying pan with plenty of butter and fry until brown. Pour over this sufficient maple syrup (or brown sugar syrup) to cover well and cook down until thick. Place in vegetable dish, sprinkle coarse chopped walnut meats over, and place in very hot oven until the nuts are slightly browned.

NO OCCUPATION

The farmer's wife, at early dawn
Gets up and calls the men;
She puts the children's lunches up,
And goes and sets a hen.

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"A little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a minute it must be St. Nick."

A CRAFTSMAN IN METAL

Decatur folks awoke the other day to find they had an artist of unusual bent and ability in their midst in the person of Lucien C. Shellabarger, known to his familiars as "Lute". And they were surprised. In an exhibition at the Decatur Art Institute Mr. Shellabarger displayed specimens of his handicraft in beaten silver, coppers and brass. The art is an old one, but so seldom pursued nowadays that the work of the Decatur man attracted no little attention from visitors and was highly commended not only by the visitors but by the press.

In fact, this work was easily one of the features of the exhibit.

Mr. Shellabarger is an amateur without instruction or previous experience in this line of artistic endeavor. He found that he had talent in this line and developed it as a pastime.

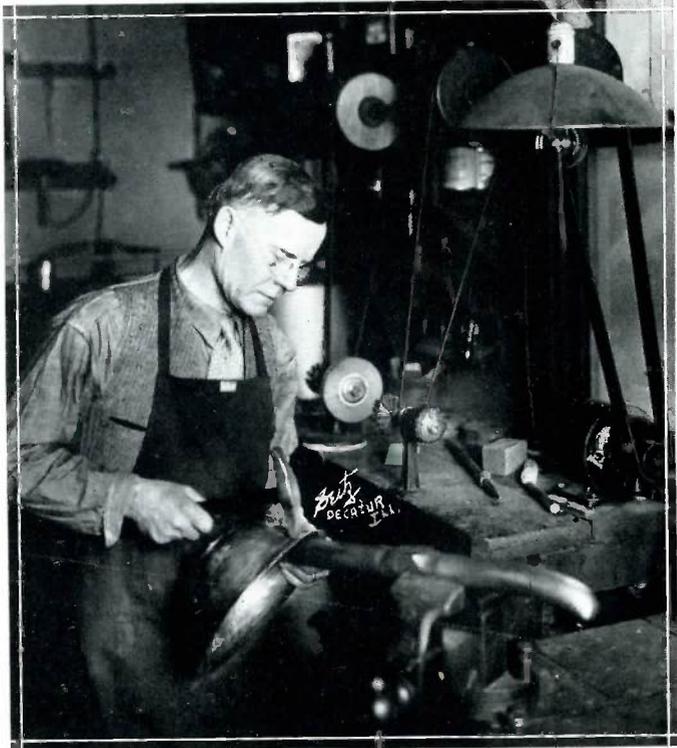
The accompanying illustration shows Mr. Shellabarger in his workshop in his home in the West End. Some of his closest friends knowing him only as a well groomed business man will smile to see "Lute" in overalls. Those who knew him in the days of the big Shellabarger mill on Water and Cerro Gordo street, the son of a successful and wealthy father, will remember that despite the fact that work was not a necessity, he donned the uniform of a "dusty miller" and learned the business from the ground up, and when he became a full fledged miller, stood his watch with the other millers. At the present he is interested in the big Shellabarger mill at Salina, Kan., which calls him to that state for about half of his time. In his leisure hours in Decatur he beats metal because "he likes it and it's interesting."

It has certainly proved very interesting to his friends and the visitors to the Art Institute.

As the illustration shows, Mr. Shellabarger has a very complete work room, but his tools are not many, as they are not required in hand work, which calls more for ingenuity and skill.

The Decatur Review in a column article on the exhibit, says:

"Quite the feature, and one of exceptional value is the fine arts collection of hammered silver, copper and brass, by Lucien



Shellabarger, a Decatur man. In a large floor case in the south front parlor of the institute may be seen a liberal exposition of Mr. Shellabarger's craftsmanship. It is a show which fills the Decaturian with pride that it has in its citizenship a man so gifted, and who uses his skill in the perfection of his hobby. All of this work is far above the commercial hammered metals.

WORKS OF ART

"There are copper bowls, hammered from discs of copper into rare, symmetrical bowls. Their beauty lies in their form, design and the quality of the metal and the exquisite workmanship. Each piece is individual. It has no double, and yet there are many pieces. There also are copper water bottles, candle holders, tea kettles, etc., all in copper. There are similar pieces in brass. On the top shelf of the case is a rare col-

(Continued on Page 18)

"'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house,

HE IS MY PROPHET

I am Sanitation; the foundation of cleanliness; the harbinger of purity; the disciple of well-being; the protector of life.

I am supreme to all things mortal for I am near to Godliness and the Master Plumber is my Prophet.

I marshal the forces of science to do my will and at my command a legion of artisans, engineers and toilers labor that a world may become a better place wherein to dwell. Death lurks where I am not. When I appear plague and pestilence vanish before me. Where I am there also is health and happiness.

I bring to man and womankind a message of cheer, for I unshackle the bonds of disease and banish fear.

I herald the onward march of civilization. I have brought victory to the armies that sought me as an ally, as nations have crumbled with the ashes of their ancestors because they reckoned not my worth. I am all powerful.

Because of me verdant fields blossom where cesspools and swamps have bred their menace of disease and death. I bring crystal waters that man may not thirst and purify it that he may drink in safety. I place it before him that he may be clean; that his habitation may be spotless; that the community wherein he dwells may be healthful.

I destroy filth; I carry off waste; I am the chief aide to the surgeon, the physician in the battle against sickness. I have made the Metropolis possible, as I have brought to the countryside the conveniences that enrich the comfort of the dweller in the city.

All these I am and these things I do.

This power that is mine is at the command of child or man or woman, for I have given modern plumbing into their hands and they may have, who seek its wealth of health, happiness and prosperity.

I am Sanitation; and the Master Plumber is my Prophet.—By W. L. Kidston, of The Southern Plumber.

ORVILLE COMES BACK

Orville Keller is back in the employ of the Company after an absence of one and a half years. He is now in the production control department. He was formerly in the shipping room.

Cowger was transferred from the shipping department to the drafting department.

SANTA IS NOT UP-TO-DATE

"Suppose," chuckled Santa Claus as he filled an extra long one, "suppose that I should insist upon rolled stockings, what a howl of protest there would be."

Lots of people have overlooked an opportunity because they were too close to it.

THE GREATEST STORY OF ALL

There was once a man who wanted more than anything else to influence the world, to make men brave and to make women weep, to change the whole course of the world. He wanted to alter the minds and hearts of men until there should be no more pain, or sorrow, or war, or evil.

For years the man wrote steadfastly, earnestly, and his books were full of beautiful words and fine phrases. He became very wealthy; many people read his books, but still the world fought and struggled, bargained and robbed. The man tried again and again to write the Great book. He worked for years on what he believed would be his masterpiece. It was a book of very beautiful words — with all the color of ancient romance, all the music of the poets of the ages, with all the glory of history and visions of things to come—the work into which the man had put his heart. "Surely," said he, "this is the Great book. Surely men will leave off their ways and follow after my ideas."

Many copies of the book were sold, but men did not cease wrong-doing. They read, but they went on living as they had before.

The man was full of grief. He had spent his life to accomplish one purpose, and he had failed. He went to his friend who was a scholar of the human heart. He asked him for help.

"My friend," he was told, "why will you try with your fine words to improve what is already the story that is the greatest influence upon a worn and weary world, the story that is—by a process so slow that hasty men like you cannot see—gradually making the world full of right and good and truth. The greatest book you or any other man can write is a life that brings a little nearer the hope and the message of this story written so many hundreds of years ago. You will write your books by the thoughts you think, by the words you speak, by the deeds you do. Go home, my friend, and read again that story which begins simply as all great stories do. Read again:

"And it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled."

CHANGE FOR REX MASON

Rex Mason, formerly of the New York territory, was an office visitor a few weeks ago. He is now the Mueller representative out in the wild and woolly Rockies where Bob Whitehead, now up in Minneapolis, peddled our goods. Rex has just begun to act like an honest-to-goodness New Yorker, too. Of course, though, the people "out where the west begins" may take kindly to a little Eastern culture.



"Hark, the herald angels sing, glory to the new-born King."

THE NEW VITREOUS WARE PLANT



A visit to the Vitreous Ware plant, as the pottery is called, impresses one first with a sense of magnitude of the building and the complexities of the processes that will be carried on there.

The building is 536 feet long on the west side, 511 feet on the east side, and is 201 feet wide. The structure is rapidly nearing completion and equipment is being placed as rapidly as possible. At present eight different crews are at work on various installations.

The visitor entering by the south door passes to the east side and finds himself in a large well lighted room. In this space will be double rows of casters benches served by an overhead monorail system. At the far end is the mold shop. As the ware is cast it passes through a dryer at the south end and is then placed in "saggars." These are large, rough clay containers which protect the ware from the intense heat while passing through the kilns. The "green" ware is transported to the north end of the room where it enters the first, or the "biscuit kiln," which is 350 feet long. For a number of hours it is subjected to heat and slowly cools and is removed at the south end of the kiln. It is removed from the "saggars" and carried by monorail to the glaze room in the northeast corner of the building.

Here it is sand-pappered, dipped in glaze, transported by monorail carriers to the second, or "glazing kiln." It is again enclosed in "saggars" fired the required length of time, removed from the "saggars," inspected and delivered to the shipping room, which is in the northeast corner of the building.

The incoming clay from which vitreous ware is made is received in special storage bins in the extreme northwest corner of the building. It is mixed by machinery and stored in "slip" wells in the form of a thick liquid. Thence it is pumped to the casting shop. The clay storage for the "saggars" is at the opposite end of the building. An enormous press forms the rough clay into thick, strong vessels which protect the ware during the processes of firing. The clay bins have a capacity of 60 large cars of

clay and the "saggars" bins have a capacity of 15 cars.

All the equipment and processes are the latest and most efficient type but are too complex to describe here.

A new feature of the landscape is the new 100,000 gallon steel tank which supplies pressure for the automatic sprinkler system. A good well provides sufficient water.

Other features yet to be finished are the office, rest room, dining room, laboratory, pyrometer room, and a large warehouse.

When capacity production has been reached, which we trust will be in the near future, this plant will produce about 400 pieces of ware a day and employ from 75 to 100 men.

(Continued from Page 16)

lection of beautiful silver pieces, candle holders, silver buckles, bracelets, vases, cups and nut bowls.

"An opium bowl of hammered copper, about thirty inches in diameter, occupies a conspicuous position in the parlor as it is rested on a three-forked black handwrought iron stand. Both bowl and holder are most symmetrical."

DICTAPHONE SCRATCHES

It has been suggested that it would be well for some members of the dictaphone department to have their ways of arranging dates patented. Eloyse, for instance, has this unique system:

December 25
| 92 5

Like it? Try it sometime.

Eloyse—You can't talk to that man. He is deaf and dumb.

Ruth—That's no reason why he can't hear.

The whole dictaphone gang is anxiously waiting to see those "elephant fur" coats that Mary Schultz and little Eloyse have been raving about.

"Give three cheers for this Christmas old."

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

All Nations Do Not Follow Our Familiar Customs

One occasion that "makes the world akin" is Christmas. Christmas customs vary with different nations and races, but in all Christmas observances there is a common spirit of good cheer and unselfishness.

* * *

There is no country in Europe where St. Nicholas is more honored than in Holland. Before his festival comes, the shops everywhere put on their most festive array. The usually stolid folk hail each other with noisy greetings as they meet.

Amsterdam, one of the many cities which claim St. Nicholas as their patron saint, is especially wide awake. During the first week of December the confectioners' shops are ablaze with all sorts of splendors in cake and candy. In all shapes and sizes are figures of men and women made out of crisp brown ginger-bread. These figures are sometimes known as "sweethearts", and it is considered a good jest to send a girl figure to a boy and a boy figure to a girl. The older people, too, if they are unmarried, are not forgotten.

On December 5, the eve of the saint's feast, he is said to ride over the roofs of the houses, dropping candies into the chimneys. The faith of the children who believe this is rewarded by the candies and sweets they find on their hearths.

In many homes St. Nicholas actually presents himself to the eyes of his worshippers and admirers. A knock is heard at the door; it is opened, and amid the breathless silence of the children, Santa Klaus, in flesh and blood and all the glory of scarlet robe and bejewelled mitre, steps into the room. He is closely followed by his servant Jan, who bears a basket containing presents for the good children and unpleasant reminders for the bad ones.

"In Austria, also, and in many parts of Southern Germany, St. Nicholas Eve is made memorable in every nursery by a visit from the saint." St. Nicholas, or the young man who masquerades as the saint, wears long white vestments, a silk scarf, and a mitre on his head. He is attended by two angels and a whole troop of devils.

The angels are dressed much like the choir boys in Catholic or Episcopalian churches, save that they also wear silken scarfs around their necks. Each carries a basket.

The devils have blackened faces, horns, pig snouts or other grotesque devices. All are girt with chains which they shake or rattle furiously.

Late in the afternoon of December 5th, the saint and his attendants begin their round of visits. He enters the home with the two angels. The devils are left outside.

One by one the saint calls up the children to examine them. "Simple questions suited to their various ages are put to them by the

THE VITAL SPOTS



Wm. Thomas and his Vital Spot truck. There are many times each day when the truck becomes the real vital spot in the day's business.

bishop, after which each has to repeat a hymn or prayer.

"If the child passes a satisfactory examination, the angels present it with nuts and apples—if not, it has to stand aside. When the last of the examinations is over, the devils are admitted into the room.

"They are not allowed to come near the good children, but they may tease and frighten the naughty little boys and girls as much as they choose. They delight in strange dances, and in all sorts of odd antics, such as smearing the girls' faces with lamp black, or putting coal dust and ashes down the backs of the boys.

"When St. Nicholas has left, the children return to their own homes. Before going to bed, they hang up their stockings by the chimney, or, more likely, place their little boots and shoes close to the hearth, expecting to find them filled with gifts in the morning."

* * *

In Belgium the children give their shoes an extra fine polish on Christmas Eve, fill them with hay, oats, carrots for Santa Klaus' white horse and put them in the fireplace. The room is then carefully closed and the door locked.

"In the morning a strange thing is found to have happened! The furniture is all turned topsy-turvy, the fodder has been removed from the shoes and in its place the good little children find all sorts of nice things, and the bad ones find only rods of birch and bits of coal."

* * *

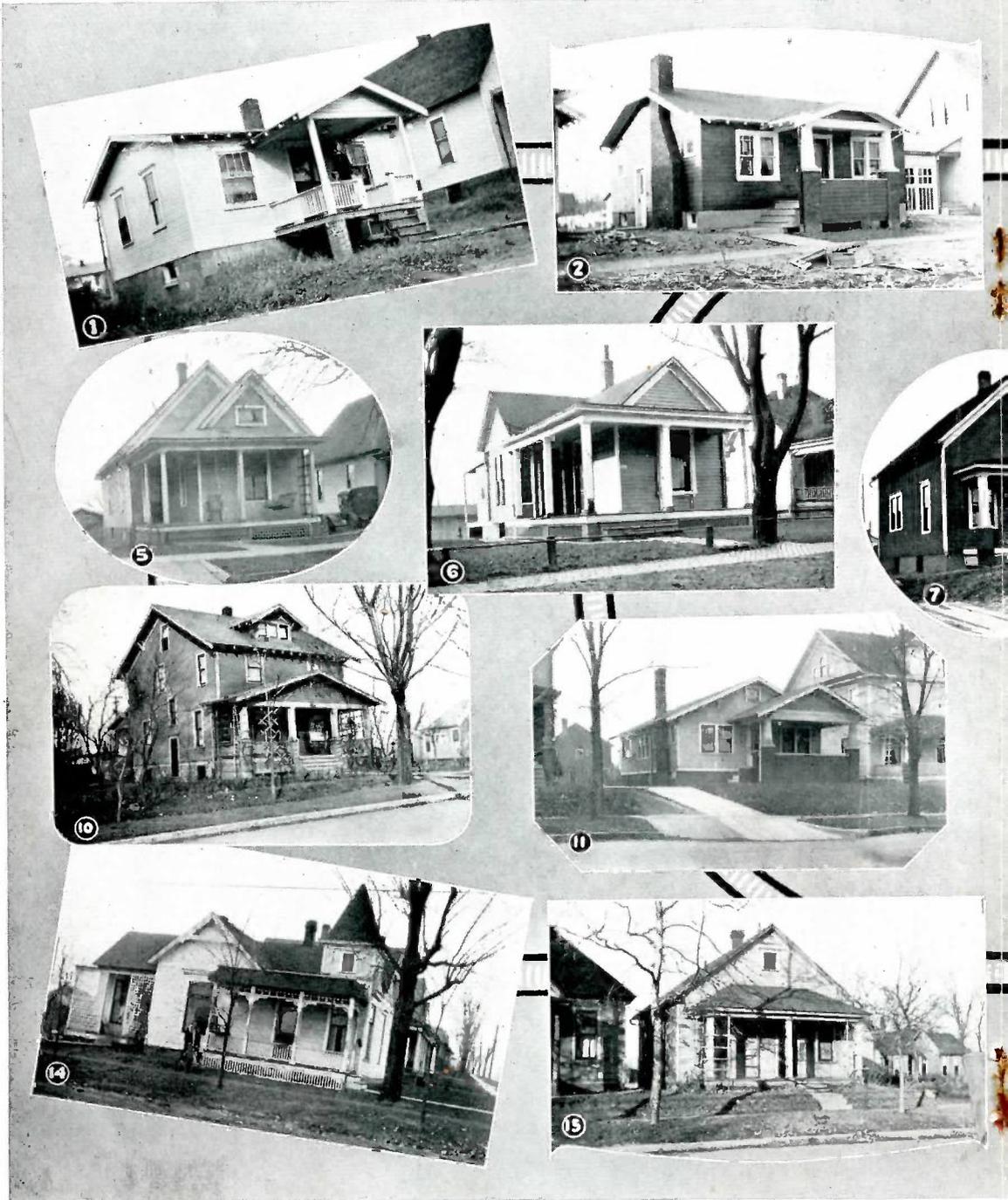
"Boots and shoes are also in use in many parts of France. But here, as a general rule, it is the good little Jesus (le bon Jesus) who comes down the chimney to fill all this foot-gear with sweetmeats.

* * *

In Italy almost every church has an altar dedicated to the Christ child and decorated with a wooden or waxen effigy known as "Il Bambino" or "the babe".

"God rest you, merry gentlemen."

MUELLER EMPLOYEES HAVE SHARE IN I



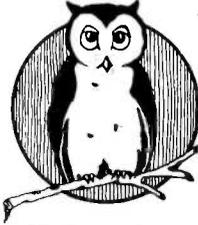
No. 1—Glen Overton, supervisor of Tractor drivers, Plant 9, 1128 W. Green; No. 2—Mrs. Jessie Lewis, Mr. Ado Ave.; No. 4—S. W. Reynolds, Order Interpreter, Sales Dept., 1129 W. King; No. 5—Walter Kuykendall, Night Brass F Hand Molder, Day Foundry, 1098 W. Cerro Gordo; No. 8—John Hoots, 20 year man, Tester, 846 W. Packard; No. 9—Howard Cragg, Operator of New Britain Machine, Brass Shop, 1111 W. Eldorado; No. 12—E. H. Langdon, Personnel D March, Foreman of Core Dept., 1007 W. Green; No. 15—Harland Himstead, Clerk Engineering Record Dept., 630 W. Green

Shop, 942

"Join the triumph of the skies."

THE OFFICE OWL

HOO! HOO!



In this day everything has become systematized, even that good old institution, Christmas. The time was when people exchanged gifts because they wanted to, and they gave what their hearts prompted them to give. To-day one needs a mailing-list by which to send off "the season's greetings", a card catalogue to keep track of what he gave his relatives, friends and near friends last year, a Dun or a Bradstreet to check up on the people with whom it is advantageous to exchange gifts. But, of course, it is a busy world, after all, and there is doubtless work enough to keep almost every amateur efficiency expert busy.

Even good old St. Nicholas, we shrewdly suspect, must have a hard row to hoe without a few business-like short-cuts. We do not boast of our ability, but we do believe that we can make a few timely suggestions. Therefore, we suggest that these custodians of the Office Owl give the following as Yuletide remembrances:

Marjorie Smeathers—The wrinkle that comes in her nose when she laughs.

Arlie Eckert—Her effective method of handling the "dummy".

Hazel Virden—Some of her "po-try".

Eloyse Dickson—Mary Schultz.

Margaret Whalen—A dozen paper clips.

E. K. Shaw—A good fish story.

Mildred Verner—Her camping experiences.

P. D. Ruthrauff—The cost of living.

Ethel Dixon—O, "most anything in the Traffic Department.

W. R. Gustin—Fifty cents for the Okav fund.

Helen Pope—A good one about Marie Eagleton.

Mr. Wells—A copy of "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day".

Miss Addah Paradee, upon noticing the Santa Claus that the decorators had put up over her door, was heard to ask, "O, is that a man over my door?"

Katie: "Do you think we will go to Heaven?"

Mrs. Lewis: "Sure, we will."

Katie: "Do you think Adolph will go?"

Mrs. Lewis: "No, he's too busy to leave the office."

Ruth—Where's Richman, Virginia?

Chorus—Huh????

The office statistician estimates that members of the Christmas decorating committee have been asked 2,378 times, "Where is the mistle-toe?" The same statistician estimates that the question was asked 2,376 times by the girls of the office.

One Arm Springitis

Fall marriages have to a large extent abated the dangerous disease of one-armed spring drivers. However, the Board of Nature avers the disease will occur in the spring of 1926 with increased virulence because "day by day in every way there are more Fords on the highway." This is not a knock on the Ford. Anything that promotes marriage is a blessing.

Those Low Down Necks

"Mother, what frock shall I wear to the party?"

"I'll see which is the cleanest."

"Well, hurry, please. I want to know whether to wash for a square neck or a round one."

Mason: "I suppose you visited Canada last summer just to satisfy your thirst for knowledge?"

Marty: "Just my thirst."

Winston—"Papa, why do they call a man college bred?"

J. W.—"My son, it's because its a four year loaf."

Mary: The dictaphone poetess:

Poetry comes easy to me;

Jingles are part of my line;

But this desperate splurge

Results from an urge

To wish you one whale of a time.

Bill Flaughter, the Messenger Boy Philosopher: "If you do not want to be merry don't hang around people that are—remember it's the open season on grouches."

The Americanization of Europe goes merrily forward. A Spanish bull-fighter has been hit on the head by a pop bottle thrown by a spectator.—Life.

"Waiter, my bill should be thirteen shillings; you've made it fourteen shillings!"

"Yes, sir; I thought you might be superstitious, sir."

"So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, with a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too!"

(Continued from Page 13)

Willis Conner is one of the night watchmen at Plant No. 9.

Mayola Hayes began working in Department 20 a couple of weeks ago.

Shirley Reynolds of the main office spent an enforced vacation at home.

Wes Lake recuperated from an attack of flu by returning to the home folks on the Okaw.

Carrol Cowger of the Shipping Department has been transferred to the Engineering Department.

William Eskridge of the night Brass Shop left town suddenly December 11, without explanations.

Oscar Stratman has been transferred from the Brass Finishing Shop to the Regulator Department.

Leta Fry of the Core Department returned to work last Monday after an absence of ten weeks due to illness.

Clarence Utt and Paul Baldwin are new additions to the Machine Repair Department. Both are experienced mechanics.



One of pictures submitted in baby photo contest. Photo by Mrs. Frank Nehls. Homer and Muriel Van Vleet, Children of Homer Van Vleet, Receiving Department.

Tom Hill of the Machine Repair Department got his sleeve caught in a wheel. The sleeve was torn off. We are glad to report his arm did not go with it.

Orval Keller who formerly worked in the Shipping Room is now employed in the Production Control Department. William L. Perkins who formerly worked in the Foundry is now a night sand blast operator.

G. R. Gepford of the Iron Foundry suffered an unusual accident November 24. A bit of hot iron was lying in the path and he attempted to kick it to one side. The red hot iron got caught between the outer and inner soles of his shoe and severely burned his foot. The accident would have been prevented if he had been wearing safe shoes.

We give this story to you for what it's worth—it's told for the truth, and we, personally, don't doubt it in the least. It is whispered that during the busy rush of inventory Ray was caught putting a cigar-clipping into his ear instead of his mouth.

Dear Santa Claus:

We are trying hard not to ask very much, but we have all been good boys and girls this year,

and we think perhaps we deserve these things. Anyway, we want to ask for:

Some nice handkerchiefs for Carter.

Some tobacco clippings for Ray and Jolley.

A sweater for Mr. Rollins.

Some Beechnuts—several packages—for Hobbs.

An umbrella for Pauline.

A nice comb for Mayola.

A pair of "holeless" socks for Mr. Shelton, because he doesn't want to be embarrassed among all the nice people "daown saouth".

Some more oilcloth cuffs for Tessie.

Something extra nice for Dorothea—we'll leave that to your judgment, Santa.

We will watch for you Christmas Eve.

Your little friends in Dept. 20.

SHIPPING DEPARTMENT

Al Bashorb—His unfailing good nature.

Sipes—His watch which can be set any time during the day or night.

Charley Williams—His pipe which, for flavor and strength, has no equal.

Lute Jordan—Basketball experience that would make a "pro" green with envy.

Schwartz—His comedy which is sufficient to make the dreariest day pleasant.

Charley Daniels—A cheerful whistle that will wear for years and never wear out.

Ray Wiley—His comb which is guaranteed to give anybody the sort of head-thatch "you love to touch".

Burt Jackson—An appetite that grows as the years go by, in spite of increased waist-line and the high cost of living.

In addition to these individual gifts, the department pronounces itself in favor of giving to good old Frank Smith a couple of nice empty bins.

The shipping department has much to give this Christmas-tide, and, being a department full of generous folk, it will give extensively of its most valued possessions. Old Santa has already recorded some of the gifts, and these, with the names of the donors, we list below:

DEPARTMENT 27

Some of the men in Dept. 27 have been having Mr. Elam, the newest member of Dept. 27, has nothing to say this month.

We think that Louise should keep her hair marcelled permanently—it looks fine.

Bill wonders why everybody is "rushed to death" whenever he has some dictation.

A "qualification" contest recently; so far, Gilly has been the only one to make good, ask him.

Dept. 27 has a new tune which is whistled with great effect whenever anyone tells a "large" story.

We are informed that Walter Auer has signed a contract to play pro. football at the U. of I. for Dave Dresback while Dave gets the education.

Bruh Werner recently made another real estate deal and has moved to Riverside (close to the fishing).

Roy Pease says he has no trouble in getting up at the right time now, since B. W. has moved into his neighborhood. He can tell when to get up by looking out the window and if there is a light in Bruh's basement it is 5 a. m. Roy hasn't been late for a month.

Recently a member of Dept. 27 became a little "short" and appealed to W. B. B. for a loan of \$10.00. W. B. B. said he didn't have that amount with him but that he could get it. W. B. B. went to C. C. M. and got the "tenner" and gave it to Walt with the remark that he could have had \$100 just as easily. Now Walt doesn't know who to pay it back to.

Father—"So the teacher caught you using a bad word and punished you."

Tommy—"Yes, and she asked me where I learned it."

Father—"What did you tell her?"

Tommy—"I didn't want to give you away, pa, so I blamed it on the parrot."—Boston Transcript.

"O, holy child of Bethlehem, descend to us, we pray."

REAL ROMANCE IN BUSINESS

Forty-Seven Marriages of Muellerites During the Past Year.

We are inclined to regard the phrase, "The Romance of Industry," as a poetic expression. At the Mueller plant, however, it has in many cases proved to be a delightful reality. Every year, we might truly say every month, some romance comes to its proper culmination in marriage.

There were a lot of matrimonially inclined Muellerites during the year 1925. Forty-seven happy marriages in which one or both participants were employes of the company. It probably was the record-breaking year. A good per cent of the newly weds are living in their own new homes and are on the road to wealth, health and prosperity. Their fellow workers wish them the utmost in happiness. Following an old established custom the Mueller Company made each couple a present of a handsome rocking chair, and when both participants were employes, a straight back chair was added.

If the story of all these courtships could be told with the verve of literary mastery and spread upon the pages of this publication, we would have romances of plenty without recurring to fiction.

The list of 1925 marriages as reported to us follow:

MARRIAGES OF EMPLOYES IN 1925

Name of Employee—	Date
Nelson Reidl to Fay Brown.....	Jan. 3
Merl Lilly to Grace Scoles.....	Jan. 3
Hazel Cook to Eugene Hanks.....	Jan. 12
Tom Elston to Lealla Catlin.....	Jan. 10
John Dworak to Marie Golla.....	Jan. 17
Ollie Marmor to Bert Springer.....	Jan. 22
Levi Prater to Margaret Grissom.....	Jan. 21
Carl Chepan to Maud Hauck.....	Feb. 7
Chas. Norman to Etha Whiteside.....	Feb. 21
Emmett Reedy to Leta Morris.....	Feb. 24
Lois Dunaway to Alfred Christy.....	Mar. 14
Ruth Moessner to Harold Hendrickson.....	Mar. 14
Virgil Athey to Verle Wilt.....	Mar. 18
Grace Gordon to Carl H. Torrence.....	Mar. 25
Ella Hill to Louis Schanafelt.....	Mar. 28
Otto Butts to Jeston McKelvy.....	Apr. 2
Wilber Koons to Hazel Edwards.....	Apr. 29
Ancil Younger to Florence Berroyer.....	May 2
Thos. Sexton to Alice Hatfield.....	May 4
Frank Allison to Emma Blakeman.....	May 4
Maud Parr to Everett Lapel.....	May 11
C. E. Lewis to Wilma Fyke.....	May 14
Cal McQuality to Beulah Blackshaw.....	May 16
Wilson Doty to Florine Hard.....	May 28
Everett Ritchie to Selma White.....	May 30
Ernest Waddell to Mabel Roberts.....	June 27
Fred Davey to Jane Perry.....	June 20
Dorothy Weaver to Lloyd Bushert.....	June 20
Mary Mills to Walter Copsy.....	July 3
Fairy Hughes to Don Armstrong.....	July 8
LeRoy Peek to Jesse F. Walker.....	July 22
Leonard Denning to Lela Kirkman.....	July 1

Wade Rambo to Emma Monska.....	Aug. 19
Lucille Benvenuto to Edwin Grothwahl.....	Sept. 10
Wm. Furry to Grace Elston.....	Sept. 12
Bernadine Skidmore to Roy Vance.....	Sept. 19
Hazel Overfield to Eldo Riedlinger.....	Sept. 19
Wm. J. Baldwin to Irene Jennings.....	Oct. 24
Alice Mercer to A. E. Fundan.....	Oct. 7
Amelia Monska to Arthur Walton.....	Oct. 15
Guy E. Jones to Mildred Schroll.....	Oct. 24
Emma Leipski to Frank Nolan.....	Oct. 26
Chas. E. Lane to Myrle Vance.....	Nov. 22
Geo. Rogers to Della Mosley.....	Nov. 25
Nellie Hart to Herschel Duncan.....	Nov. 26
Martin Stratman to Elizabeth Hackman.....	Nov. 25
Birdie Brady to Roy Hartwig.....	Nov. 27

Four weddings have taken place since the November issue of the Record, as follows:

VANCE-LANE

The marriage of Mrs Myrle F. Vance to Charles E. Lane of the night assembly department was solemnized on Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2 o'clock, by G. W. Jarman, senior elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at Danville. Twenty-five relatives and friends were present. A 6 o'clock dinner was served by Mrs. Wakefield in honor of the occasion.

MOSELY-ROGERS

George Rogers of the night engineering department and Della Mosely were married on Nov. 25. They live at 254 South Union street.

BRADY-HARTWIG

Miss Birdie Brady of the core department and Roy Hartwig of the machine shop were married on Nov. 27 in Danville at the First Christian Church. They were accompanied by the bride's parents.

Mrs. Hartwig is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Brady of Route 9, and Mr. Hartwig is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hartwig of Route 4.

HACKMAN-STRATMAN

In the presence of the immediate family and intimate friends the wedding of Miss Elizabeth M. Hackman and Martin H. Stratman, foreman of the machine shop, took place Nov. 25 at 11 o'clock in the St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Rev. Walter F. Obermeyer, pastor of the church, officiating.

The bride wore a gown of white chiffon crepe over satin with full length veil, and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.

The other members in the wedding party were three small nieces of the bride, attired in costumes in rainbow colors. Little Miss Bernice Hackman, of Havana, served as flower girl and Misses Vera and Erma Hackman, of Havana, were ring bearers.

(Continued on Page 39)

"How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given."

A RAGING BRIDGE BATTLE



It's every noon, and it's every noon — nothing interferes with this bridge game. Coming up stairs you hear some one saying "for the luv of Mike. what's trumps?" You know who.

The players when the camera clicked—it would take more than a camera's click to disturb this group—were left to right: Dorothy Jordan, Marie Eagleston, Esther Lipe and Niema Greening. Outfield players: Mrs. Enola Smith and Margaret Whalen.

DAYS OF REAL SPORT

Boys Will Be Boys No Matter What Generation They Are Born In.

After one of the noon meetings at the Club the other day, W. T. Mason started something by relating an incident which happened in his boyhood.

He was burning stalks in a corn field and carrying the fire from one hill to the next when a live coal from the end of the fire-brand snapped off and fell inside of his boot leg. For the next few seconds there was action until that boot was removed. This story proves the safety value of having footwear that is easily removed, but it does not prove that boots are safe for a boy to wear.

To illustrate the hazard that may be involved in the way some apparently harmless tool is carried, he told the following occurrence: His father sent him to a neighbor's house to borrow a short handled pitch fork. On the return, as he was carrying it thru the corn field, he struck the handle against a stalk. It bounced from his hand over his shoulder, and in falling one tine buried itself in the calf of his leg. After several fumbles he grasped the handle of the fork and withdrew the tine from his flesh.

This incident suggested to Robert H. Mueller an adventure that befell him when he was a kid. He was sent out to the barn to get some hay for the cow. As he was tossing the hay to the expectant cow below he accidentally dropped the fork and two tines stuck fast in "Bossie's" nose. Instantly the rumpus

started. All Bob could see were wild erratic movements of the pitch fork handle. After some hesitation he came down and withdrew and fork and skipt without apologies.

This started Kitty Wilkins who narrated an incident of his ambitious youth. He put on the boxing gloves in the hay mow of their barn one day with a boy considerably larger than himself. The first round was well under way when his opponent landed a square punch on his jaw that knocked young Wilkins clear out of the barn on a pile of hay which happened to receive him when he lit.

Bob was reminded again of one of his experiences in a hay mow. He was sent to get hay for the family horse. He was just a little fellow and the hay mow was a place of mystery and dread. On this particular morning he saw the body of a man lying on the hay. He did not pause to investigate, but wheeled around and leaped out of the mow, as it happened into a pit nearby. Fortunately this was about half full of hay and he was uninjured. He says however, that if it had been two hundred feet he would have leaped just the same.

Then he set out and collected all the boys in the neighborhood and they began to bombard that barn with stones, bricks, tin cans, and bottles. Presently a sleepy, bewhiskered face appeared at the door and gazed around in bewilderment. The kids vanished as by magic and it was six months before young Robert would again venture into the hay loft.

Speaking of hay mows reminded Mason of an experience of his wife when she was a

(Continued on Page 29)

LONG AND SHORT OF IT



The camera fiend caught John Vogel, 6'2", and Ezra Stickels, 5'2", going to dinner, and proves that a long man has no advantage over a short one when they are answering the dinner bell. Vogel is setting the pace, but Ezra is keeping even. When it came to eating the boys say Ezra won.

SOUNDS LIKE THE TRUTH

Some statistician reports that through recent investigation of the actual uses to which paper clips are put in the average office discloses the following facts:

Of 100,000 paper clips, there are used for:

Lingerie clasps	7,169
Bobbed hair holders	10,801
Pipe cleaners	3,163
Emergency garter clasps	802
Ear reamers	5,534
Lamp shade holders	192
Shirt sleeve adjusters	4,183
Ford repair parts	5,308
Tooth picks	9,012
Bachelor buttons	7,200
Cuff links	5,302
Poker chips	19,413
Olive stabbers	406
Eversharp pencil repair kit	7,324
Toys to use while telephoning.....	14,163
Holding papers together	28
Total	100,000

(Continued from Page 15)

She milks a half a dozen cows
And helps to cut the spuds;
She does the washing, cooks the food
And sews the family duds.

She plants the garden, pulls the weeds,
Attends to ducks and geese;
She makes the butter, sells the eggs—
In winter, tries out grease.

She goes to town on Saturday,
Her only recreation;
She's written in Assessors' books—
"Housewife—NO OCCUPATION!"
—Myrtle Ayotte, Twin Falls, Idaho,
in Sunset Magazine.

For one of those unexpected last minute gifts, or for any other gift, as far as that is concerned, little boxes of home-made candy are usually welcome. A round ice-cream or oyster container can be covered with a bit of gay Christmas wrapping and filled with fondant, divinity, or stuffed dates.

A shut-in friend will appreciate a slice from your Christmas pudding. The pudding, if you have time, can be molded in a cup or something else of suitable size. Then, of course, a little holly paper and tinsel ribbon will make it more attractive.

We are very grateful for the interest that some of the Mueller ladies have been kind enough to have in this page, for the thought that prompted some of the foremen to say, "My wife's going to send you some—er-er recipes some of these days." Needless to say, we shall be delighted to hear from any of them. These few months that we've been allowed to exist as a page have shown us a great many things and we take especial pleasure in saying for the first time:
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

EDWARD PIEPER

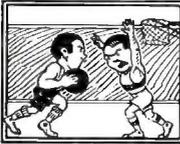
Edward Pieper died of pneumonia Nov. 26th at 1:25 o'clock in his home, 2137 North Main street, after an illness of 10 days.

Edward Pieper was born March 15, 1892 and came to Decatur about a year ago and since has been employed in Dept. 58. He was a member of St. Thomas church and Knights of Columbus. He leaves his wife and two children, Donald and Norma R.; also his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Pieper of Nokomis; his sisters Essie Hoben of Detroit and Helen Taylor of Pana; his brothers, Leo and Clement Pieper of Nokomis.

Funeral services were held at 10 o'clock Saturday morning in St. Thomas Catholic church.

Doctor (to Atchison Dinger)—"What did your father die of?"

Dinger—"Ah don't know, boss, but it wasn't nothin' serious."—Ayer's Almanac.



Athletics



Athletics for the women of our plant have become an actual fact. A club for girls' athletics has been organized, a gym class for the girls with a coach from the Y. W. C. A. is meeting every Wednesday night, and girls' night every Wednesday night has been instituted. And, the first thing you know, our girls will be so muscular, so "normalized"—for the exercises they take are "normalizing", not reducing—that you will not recognize them.

The gym class is great fun. Part of the hour has been given over to the business of "normalizing" when the girls have found themselves being cats, bicycles, and rocking chairs, and most everything. And they have enjoyed it, in spite of the sore arms and stiff backs that resulted. The last part of the period has been devoted to games—volley ball, indoor baseball, or something of the sort.

The first girls' athletic meeting was held November 24 when about 50 girls were present. After dinner was served, plans were talked over. C. G. Auer, president of the Athletic Association, presided over the informal discussion. Mr. Auer stated that the purpose of organization of girls' athletics was two-fold: physical and social. It was hoped that athletics would benefit the girls physically, and it was hoped that gym classes would be a big factor in enabling the girls to become better acquainted.

Mr. Adolph Mueller, who was a special guest, made a short address in which he heartily approved of the organized athletics for girls. He declared that success required three qualities:

- 1—Energy
- 2—Invention
- 3—Sincerity.

He said that it was his opinion that physical exercise was essential to developing those qualities. He emphasized the importance of adopting a definite program of play.

December 2 the organization meeting was held. It was decided to organize an athletic club with a name to be determined later. Lina Lindsay was elected president and Opal Jackson secretary-treasurer of the organization. Miss Helen Bradley of the Y. W. C. A. talked on her plans for coaching the gym class.

The next Wednesday, December 9, was the first real class. There were some twenty-five present who, though they felt that they had a real work-out, yet had the time of their lives. They were quite sure that the girls who were staying away were missing a great deal.

Although Miss Bradley has since resigned to go to her home in Connecticut, the girls expect to enjoy working with her successor as much as they have with her.

The future of girls' athletics at Muellers' indeed seems rosy.

BASKETBALL

The Mueller-Mansfield game of basketball November 30th, was won by our team, 43 to 15.

Red Deland, Casey and Bouren scored five baskets each. Ward, a colored boy on the Mansfield team for years, scored 7 points for the visitors.

On November 27th the Mueller quintet made a runaway with the Camargo team, scoring 39 to 13.

Red Deland of Muellers, was the feature artist of the evening, getting six field goals and four free throws for 16 points, while Russ Jolly had four goals from the field and three free throws.

SOME GOOD BASKETBALL COMING

These "big games" of the basketball season have been scheduled:

- December 22—Camargo at Camargo.
- January 22—Sparks' Business College in Mueller gym.
- January 26—Sparks' Business College at Shelbyville.
- February 5—Syrup Pepsin in Mueller gym.
- February 9—Syrup Pepsin at Monticello.

MUELLER TEAM WINS SIX GAMES OUT OF SEVEN

Out of seven games played the basketball team has won six. In the second game with the Syrup Pepsin aggregation the local boys lost by two points. The line-up of scores is:

Clinton-Mueller26 to 16
Clinton-Mueller (at Clinton)45 to 22
Syrup Pepsin37 to 20
Syrup Pepsin (at Monticello)25 to 27
Camargo39 to 13
Mansfield43 to 15
Mansfield (at Mansfield)36 to 31

JOHNNY'S DIAGNOSIS

"Mother," cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farm-house they were visiting, "Johnny wants the listerine. He's just caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks it's got halitosis."—Union Pacific Magazine.

"In the light of the star lie the ages imperaled."

ITS THE DAY OF DAYS

Its an old, old theme—that of Christmas, but it is new and fertile to writers of all ages, and no difference how all these writings may be, they become new treasurers each Christmas, and no matter how well we may know our interest in them never wanes.

Perhaps more people know Dickens' "Christmas Carol" than any other thing he has written but our own Washington Irving idealized the day in many beautiful thoughts.

In his book, "Old Christmas" he tells us of the observance of the day in England. This book is not a lengthy one and is most enjoyable for the Christmas season, parts of it reading as follows:

"Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

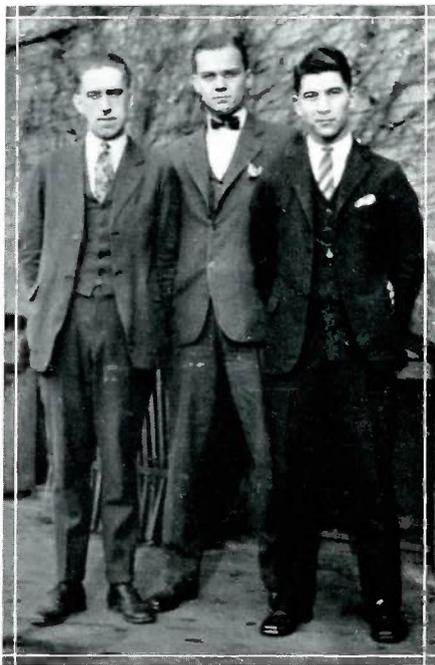
It is a beautiful arrangement, also derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementoes of childhood."

"Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of the regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart."

THE RISING GENERATION

Housekeeper—Woman of 35 or more to take care of small family, all modern imps. Call Bell 3080.—Ad in a Pennsylvania paper.

THREE JUNIOR SALESMEN



Earnest W. Bork of the regulator department, R. L. Jolly of the engineering department, Roland Friend of the brass shop and E. P. Graeber have recently been appointed as junior salesmen to assist four of the regular salesmen.

The junior salesman is so given an opportunity to gain experience for himself and at the same time benefit from the experience of the salesman under whom he is working. This arrangement in reality creates a practical training school in Mueller salesmanship. It will be a school where useless and unpleasant experience will be, to a large extent, eliminated and valuable experience emphasized.

Mr. Bork is in the territory of W. C. Heinrichs, Jolly in that of Otto H. Sharlock, Friend in that of W. F. Aaron, and E. P. Graeber in that of L. J. Evans.

UNHAPPY F8!

Weep to the tale of Willie T8,
Who met a girl whose name was K8;
He courted her at a fearful r8
And begged her soon to become his m8.
"I would if I could," said lovely K8.
"I pity your lonely unhappy st8;
But alas, alas, you've come too l8,
"I'm married already, the mother of 8."

—Northwestern Life Lines.

"What means this glory 'round our feet, the magi mused, more bright than morn?"

JOHN D. McGAULEY

John D. McGauley, our Kentucky representative, died on the night of Dec. 1 at a Lexington, Ky., hotel. Death was due to heart disease. He retired to all appearances in perfect health.



The news of his death was a shock to his friends and acquaintances in the home office and factory.

The body was taken to Indianapolis and the funeral held from the home of his brother Friday, Dec. 4. The Elks had charge of the services.

Mr. McGauley had been with us for 7 or 8 years. Sincere regret at his death is felt by all of his brother salesmen, company and employes.

(Continued from Page 25)

little girl living on a farm in central Illinois. Straw had been piled in the pasture on top of a rack which served as a shelter for the cattle. Mrs. Mason and her brothers were accustomed to slide off the straw entirely unafraid of the cattle which were gentle. One day she and her brothers started this pastime after a bunch of Texas cattle had been turned into this pasture without their knowing it. The very first slide she made she landed on the back of a long-horned steer much to his surprise and to hers. The steer bolted for one side of the pasture; she made off for the fence on the other side.

When Geo. Presnal was a little fellow four years old he was in the barn lot one day where a fat sow and her litter were asleep and her sleek, kinky tail came thru the wires. He thought it would be very funny to see that hog jump if he should bite her tail. So he sat his teeth down hard. The response was so sudden and forceful that all his front teeth were jerked out.

One day George's father asked him to paint the frame of the grindstone. He got a can of red paint and decorated the frame very nicely. In fact he was so well pleased with the job that he painted the sides of the stone. It seemed to bad to leave the job unfinished, so he carefully painted the face of the grindstone with two coats.

A week later his father was in a hurry to sharpen an axe. He tried to operate the grindstone but the operation that George remembers is the one applied to his person with a hickory switch.

Vanity

Juliet—"What a pity it is that handsome men are always conceited."

Romeo—"Not always, little girl; I'm not.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember away back when you called on a merchant and asked him for some good article you had heard of and he yarned and said:

"I haven't got it; there's no call for it."

Some merchants who are still with us but are living in the way back period do the same thing today.

But the live wire doesn't do that way. In the first place he is quite apt to have what you call for, and if he hasn't he will get it for you.

Naturally the merchant has changed his methods and merchandising methods have changed.

The live wire does not wait to see if there is going to be a call for an article. He learns that something new and good has appeared and he stocks it. Then he proceeds to set up a big noise—that is advertise—and creates a demand or rather creates a call for the article.

This new method is a direct result of advertising although few people realize it yet.

A manufacturer makes certain articles which he is anxious for the public to use. He advertises his wares in national publications and in a few weeks everybody has heard about it.

Smart salesmen call on the merchant and explain to him the company's publicity plans and the smart merchants realize that he is going to "have a call for the article and puts in a stock." Then he hooks onto the manufacturers kite tail and calls attention to the article in local advertising.

The net result is the public learns about the article comes into the store already sold on it and ready to buy. The storekeeper or his clerks do not have to put in time convincing the customer that the article is good and is worth the price. The customer is already satisfied on these points.

Advertising has done it all. There is nothing for the storekeeper to do but wrap up the package and receive the money. It has created the demand and the call for the article.

BIRTHS

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Butt, Nov. 24th, a son. He has been named John Robert. Mr. Butt is assistant foreman in the machine shop. Mrs. Butt was formerly Anna Zipse and worked in the Purchasing Dept.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davey, Nov. 25th, a daughter. She has been named Helen Louise. Mr. Davey works in the machine repair shop.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keen, Dec. 12th, a daughter. Mr. Keen is employed in Dept. 8. She has been named Norma Jean.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rittenhouse, Dec. 9th, a son. He has been named Philip Rittenhouse, Jr. Mr. Rittenhouse is a tinner in Dept. 57.

"And voices chanted clear and sweet, 'Today the Prince of Peace is born.'"

THOSE CARDER TWINS



These are the twin sons of Smith Carder who is employed in Dept. 18. Their names are Bernard and Gerald, and they have succeeded in having their picture taken with Adolph Mueller. We wonder if they will in time make themselves eligible for the big pay-roll. Their grandfather, George Redmon, and great uncle, J. J. Burkholder, work in Dept. 18. Their brother Trall Carder, and Uncle Jap Redmon are in Dept. 9. Their sister Joyce Carder and aunt, Dorothy Redmon are employed in the core room and their uncle, Scott Redmon works for the Mueller Fountain and Fixture Co. Surely if its a pull these kids need they will get the job in due time.

WHAT ABOUT THE LENGTH, LOUIE?

Louis Rohr of the Experimental Department applies scientific methods to his personal affairs. He bought a pair of Safety First shoes last week and then to see if they were true to size, he measured them with calipers. He claims that the heel of the right shoe was one-eighth of an inch smaller in diameter than the heel of the left shoe and exchanged them for a pair where the tolerance was not so great. You cannot put anything over on Louie.

MURPHY-PRIDDY

Miss Helen Murphy and Chester Priddy were married Saturday, December 12, in Palatka, Florida.

Miss Murphy formerly lived at 140 N. Jasper street and was employed in the local office of the Bell Telephone Co.

Priddy is the son of Robert T. Priddy, 961 N. College street. He was formerly in the shipping department and is now employed in the Company's warehouse in Palatka.

M. W. Trott, our traffic manager, who, with Mrs. Trott, came back from Palatka just a few days before the wedding, reports that he narrowly missed being best man.

TRICKS OF THE TYPE

Any man or woman who has been identified with printing will tell you that type play impish tricks, making the writer or the publication appear ridiculous.

A writer may produce an ode, a masterpiece of prose, a poem "you ought to know" or a descriptive writing that may ring down the ages. Any or all of these may be read with appreciation and enthusiasm but the poor author never learns of it. But let the impish type perform one of their amazing tricks which gives an amusing twist to the sentence, and the poor author will never live long enough to escape the ridicule of which he is the innocent victim.

At that these devilish little breaks in printed lines are among the best humor. Read some of them and laugh if you have any humor or rather any sense of the ridiculous in your make-up:

From Manchester, N. H. Leader:

Mr. and Mrs. Holland received many gifts. After a wedding reception they left for a burial trip and upon return will reside at Traiton cottage, South Milford.

Mixed headline from Wilmington Every Evening:

DORCAS SOCIETY TO HAVE A SUPPER
Thirty Ducks, Many Chickens Stolen From
Harold Winks Farm

From an advertisement in the Syracuse Herald:

MORE THAN 10,000
SYRACUSE WOMEN COOKED ON
HESSLER'S ANDES RANGES
TO-DAY.

(The King of the Cannibal Islands missed a rare treat.)

From the Springfield Sunday Republican:

MISS JEAN C. MUIR TO
BE BRIDE THE 27TH OF
WOODBRIDGE MORRIS

From the Idaho Statesmen:

Five had a narrow escape from death or more serious injury Friday afternoon when two machines collided on the highway west of Milner.

From N. Y. Post-Standard:

The cause of death was given as acute lepto-meningitis, or brain hemorrhage, following an autopsy by acting coroner, Herman G. Weiskotten, last night.

From Hattiesburg (Md.) American:

SUPERIOR EATS—WHERE?
Hattiesburg Vulcanizing Co.
328 West Pine St.

Oh! you cord tires on toast!

"What means that star," the shepherd said, "That brightens through the rocky glen?"



Thrift Thoughts



Herewith is presented the financial statement for the Employees' Aid Society for the fiscal year ending November 30, 1925. The figures show that the amount received from membership dues is \$4.88 less than the amount paid out in benefits in that time.

There has been no increase in the Society's reserve because the amount contributed by the Company has been given to the Community Chest and \$200 more were donated by the Society for the southern Illinois tornado sufferers last spring.

The Trustees believe that within the coming year the Employees' Aid Society should be separated from the Community Chest and that they should again place the Company's contribution in the reserve. We have about 500 more members than we had a year ago and there should be an increase in reserve funds. The year 1926 should see this increase unless some unusual demand is made on the Society's finances.

The retirement of John Shelton from the Presidency of the Society to position as salesman for the Company brings to the end a long and useful administration. Mr. Shelton has been president of the Society for 18 years and has stood loyally by it through the days when dues were collected in cash and benefits were paid after the claims had been passed by a meeting of the members. Mr. Shelton has always favored accurate accounting and on several occasions in the early history of the Society had reason to re-organize its finances and bookkeeping methods.

John Shelton's long experience in the Mueller business and with the affairs of the Employees' Aid Society have been an important factor in building up and establishing the universal good will and esteem in which the Society is now held.

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR YEAR 1925 Dec. 1, 1924 to Nov. 30, 1925

Balance on hand Dec. 1, 1924 \$ 911.15

RECEIPTS

Dues from members thru payroll	\$11109.80
Dues from Benefit Checks	136.35
Company's regular contribution of \$50.00 a month Dec.-Oct.	550.00
November contribution	100.00
Company's share of pledge of \$1000 to the Community Chest for 1924-1925	500.00
Company's special contribution to bring their monthly payment from \$50 to \$100 Jan.-Oct.	500.00

Interest on Mueller Bonds	175.00
Interest on Municipal Bonds	60.00
Picnic Rrefreshment Concession	90.71
Repaid by Emergency Loan Fund	365.00
Total	1359.9
	\$14498.01

PAYMENTS

Sick and Accident Benefits	\$10614.68
Death Benefits (5 members)	500.00
Flowers for Funerals	20.00
Dues Refunded	94.00
Clerical Help	21.00
Treasurer's Bond	10.00
Community Chest—Three Installments of \$250.00 each on pledge for 1924-25	750.00
Community Chest—On pledge for 1925-26	300.00
Southern Illinois Tornado Sufferers	200.00
Advance to Emergency Loan Fund	365.00
Dues deducted from Benefits	136.35
	\$13011.03
Nov. 30, 1925, Balance in Bank	\$ 1486.96

RESOURCES

Mueller Bonds	\$ 4500.00
Accrued Interest	57.33
Municipal Bonds	1000.00
Accrued Interest	22.50
Cash	1486.98
	\$ 6066.81

E. H. LANGDON, Treasurer.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN THRIFT

Mueller Employees Are Becoming Home Owners Each Year.

The center spread of this issue, pages 20 and 21, show illustrations of seventeen new homes built by Mueller employees. It is an object lesson in thrift more convincing and eloquent than any editorial comment would carry.

Do not overlook the fact that these seventeen homes do not represent the total. It just happens that it was all the camera man gathered up that day.

Mr. Langdon of the Personnel department assures us that each of these homes represents cooperative saving and sacrifice. When man and woman marry and pull in the same direction progress toward independence follows. It never does when they pull apart.

Lots of Mueller folks own their own homes, and a lot more are on the way to that end. Every one who can should own his home, and nearly any one can nowadays under the various reliable financial plans that have been developed.

And angels answering overhead, sang "Peace on earth, good will to men."

DECATUR'S BIG GAS HOLDER

There are many commonplace things in life with which we are in daily contact, but about which we know nothing.

Take a gas holder, for instance. Nearly every person at some time has seen these huge shells at gas plants, and knows that they are in some way connected with the manufacture and distribution of gas, but just how they are built or what purposes they serve very few persons know.

Because of the big holder which has been constructed at the local gas plant, Decatur people have become much interested in the subject.

This big holder when full stretches high in the air and attracts much attention because it is the biggest thing of the kind in this part of the state. The Blue Flame, the house organ of the Falls River, Mass., Gas Company, gives us some interesting facts concerning gas holders, how they are constructed and how they work.

The gas holder is a thin steel shell supported against wind forces by tall structural steel frame work.

Says the Blue Flame:

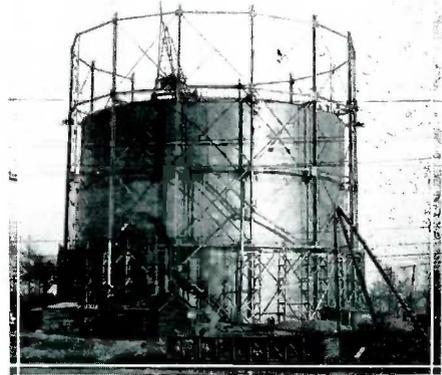
Into it the manufactured gas is pumped and from it the community constantly draws its supply through street mains.

AN ADEQUATE MIXING CHAMBER

There are several reasons for the existence of the gas holder. One of these is that it provides an adequate mixing chamber at plants where two kinds of gas—coal gas and carburetted water gas—are manufactured. If these gases passed through the governor, which is placed at the beginning of the main distribution system, without previously being mixed, they would tend to stratify (to remain unmixed) in the mains, resulting in gas of a variable heating value and variable specific gravity. Therefore, the holder aids in supplying a more uniform quality gas.

ALLOWS ECONOMY IN MANUFACTURE

Another reason, perhaps the most important one, is that a storage holder enables gas making equipment to operate under the most economical conditions. To have sufficient equipment installed in the plant to care at all times for the maximum hourly demand would require considerably more investment than equipment of lower capacity which can easily make part of the daily output in off-peak hours, while keeping gas-making equipment under fire to be used only a few hours a day would be wasteful of fuel and labor. It is much more economical to manufacture gas with a smaller plant that has a holder in which the surplus make of gas during hours of small demand can be stored



Decatur's big gas holder at Cassell's hill towers above everything in that locality. It has just been completed and ready to use. It has a capacity of 2,000,000 cubic feet of gas. The holder is connected with the gas house by a 24 inch main. On top of the holder the words Decatur, Ill., have been painted in white letters to help aviators locate the city when flying over.

The new gas holder has not been put in service as yet, but could readily be "tapped" should need arise. A total of 1,200,000 cubic feet of gas has now been turned into the holder, and when 800,000 cubic feet more flow in, it will be full.

The gas is being piped into the holder at the rate of 50,000 cubic feet an hour, the flow being released at night, since the gas cannot be spared in the daytime.

and later used to provide for the extra amount of gas required during hours of heavy demand. The small plant can then be run continuously and need not constantly adjust its manufacturing operations in accordance with the varying demand.

Furthermore, the gas generated in a coal gas plant must be taken away from the retorts as fast as made. If the demand is less than the supply, then the excess amount of gas made should, for the sake of economy, be stored until it is wanted for use. On the other hand, if there were no holder in which the supply could be stored, one of two things would necessarily happen. Either pressure in the mains would be increased, or gas would have to be allowed to escape into the air with consequent waste. The process of making carburetted water gas is intermittent, and therefore a storage holder is required. Of course, by keeping the machinery of the carburetted water gas set constantly heated, it could be stopped and started with very little delay, but men would have to be kept in readiness and much fuel would be wasted. The expense of adjusting the carburetted water gas make to the variable demand

"Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight."

without the use of a holder would be altogether too great.

THROWS PRESSURE ON DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM

The weight of the holder exerts a pressure on the gas contained within it, which forces the gas through the mains and services to the customers' appliances. As the holder usually throws a heavier pressure than is required in the mains, the pressure is regulated by governors.

HOW HOLDER IS CONSTRUCTED

A knowledge of physics will help you to understand the construction of a gas holder, but this knowledge is not absolutely necessary. If you were to take an ordinary drinking glass and place it in an inverted position in a deep bowl of water, you would have very nearly the main elements that constitute a gas holder. The modern gas holder consists essentially of three parts—the holder proper, the water tank, and the guide frame. The holder proper, in which the gas is stored, is made of thin steel plates riveted together. If it is of one piece, with top and sides shaped like the drinking glass, it is called a holder of the single lift type. To increase the capacity of the holder, any number of side sections (lifts) may be added. These operate with the top lift on the same principle as a telescope, or better, a collapsible drinking cup (inverted).

HOW GAS IS PIPED IN AND OUT

The inlet and outlet pipes pass underneath the foundations and up through the water tank. The open tops of these pipes end a few inches above the water level inside the shell. As gas is forced by the exhauster into the holder through the inlet pipe, pressure is exerted against the top and sides of the shell, forcing it gradually to rise. In hours of low demand, gas flows through the inlet pipes into the holder faster than it is drawn out through the distribution system. Therefore, at these times the gas accumulates in the holder, and as it accumulates the holder rises. Just before the bottom of the upper shell or top lift leaves the water, it hooks on, by a cup and grip arrangement, to the next lift and pulls it up. As the shell continues to rise, the second lift hooks on to the third lift and pulls that up also. The holder may continue to rise until the bottom lift is nearly out of the water, with only enough of the side of this section remaining below the water level to act as a seal, preventing the gas from escaping.

As the holder rises, it is guided and held in place by the frame work. From the top of each lift of the shell, steel arms, called goosenecks, are fastened and project outward against the steel guides. At the end of each gooseneck are small wheels which bear against the face and sides of the steel guide, allowing the holder to move up and down

easily, but preventing it from tipping or swinging around, in a rotary motion, inside the frame. In addition, small rolls are attached to the bottom part of each lift and these rolls bear against strips of iron which are attached on the inside of the next outer lift to aid in the smooth working of the lifts. The rolls on the bottom of the outside lift bear against the rails attached to the sides of the concrete tank.

When you look at the large holder you can not see the water tank, because it is sunken in the ground. If, however, you approach very close to the holder, you can see the outer edge of the water, just below the level of the ground. The water tank is constructed somewhat like a swimming pool, with a concrete base and sides. The depth of the tank is about equal to the height of a lift. The reason for this is that when the bottom of one lift, in rising, joins and picks up the next lift, it must do so under water so that gas may not escape.

Some holders are constructed in such a way that the bottom of the water tank rests on the surface of the ground. The water tank, in such cases, is made of steel.

Holder were originally housed in brick or masonry buildings, architecturally beautiful, which obscured the distinguishing mark of gas plants. At Tegel and Berlin in Germany, some very large holders of eight million cubic feet capacity were housed in this way.

WOMEN "NEWSPAPERMEN"

Thirty years ago the Chicago Tribune employed 16 women. Today that paper has 369 women on its pay-roll, and some of these occupy very important positions both on the business and news side.

Not many persons who pick up their Sunday Tribune know that a woman editor is responsible for its interesting contents. Her name is Mary King. She began in the Sunday room as secretary, later became assistant editor and since 1915 Sunday Editor. She has 36 persons on her staff. In addition to supervising and selecting material for the Sunday paper, Miss King purchases the fiction for the Sunday and daily Tribune.

Some other important positions on the Tribune filled by women are:

Mary Tinee—Movie Critic.
Antoinette Donnelly—Beauty Editor.
Literary Critic—Fanny Butcher.
Woman's Club Editor—Kate Webber.
Cook Book—Jane Eddington.
Art Editor—Eleanor Jewett.
Fashion Editor—Corinne Lowe.
Asst. Health Editor—Dr. Rose Bennett.

These are only a few of the more important positions on a big newspaper held by women. That they are a success in the field of journalism seems fully established by the popularity of the Tribune.

"Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, born is the King of Israel."

JIMMIE LOGSDEN



Here is a product of California—Jimmie, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Lloyd Logsdan, San Francisco, California.

Just one glance at this fine youngster is sufficient to convince one that California produces something else in addition to climate and crops.

The father Lloyd Logsdan, as we know him best is a Mueller salesman on the west coast.

Jimmie was thirteen months old when the picture was taken, and he was certainly enjoying himself when the camera man touched the button.

ATTA BOY; GO TO IT!

Down in the Automatic Heat Control Department some fast boxing stunts are being pulled off. They are of different variety from those pulled at the gym, but are interesting just the same.

On November 6, a trio of packers, C. E. Parr, L. A. Jordan and W. M. Utsler boxed 354 heating outfits.

Pretty good record they thought, and so did the rest of the bunch, but it did not last.

On November 18, Riley, Parr and Ulster 'got going good' and when the 5 o'clock whistle blew they had packed 439 heat control outfits.

Keep a-comin' boys, that's what helps.

A bed of roses soon wears down to the thorns.

Express an opinion but don't give advice.

(Continued from Page 14)

were prepared for both cross and longitudinal sections from both samples and examined under the microscope. The structure was developed by etching in amonia and hydrogen peroxide. There is very little difference revealed in the structure of the specimens. The grain size is uniform and the grains equiaxed. The material has been completely recrystallized by annealing. The old tube is slightly dirtier than the new tube, that is, it contains slightly more oxide particles scattered through it. There are not enough present, however, to have a detrimental effect on the material. It can be plainly seen that even where the oxide particles are segregated they are small, and would have very little effect upon the physical properties of the tube.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS:

	Copper
A	99.97
B	99.98
Rockwell Hardness 1/16" Ball. 60 Kg load.	
A	67
B	64
Sclerescope Hardness:	
A	22
B	21

"The chemical analysis reveals the material in both samples to be a very high grade copper.

"The hardness is about the same and indicates that they were both soft annealed."

"Microscopic examination reveals practically no difference in the structure of these two tubes.

"The writer feels that the 1" round tube from the Mueller Company would last almost indefinitely for the use it is going to be put, that is, for water service from street mains into houses.

"Deterioration from 'electrolytic action' or 'season cracking' would be almost nil. Neither would there be any harmful 'electrolytic' or corrosive actions at the connections. It would be about the same as at the connections of a spigot in a sink or wash bowl."

From the above report one cannot very easily reckon the length of time that MUELLER SERVICE PIPE will give good service. However, it is greatly reassuring to know that similar pipe has given good service for almost a hundred years under a much more severe condition than a water supply pipe would be put to.

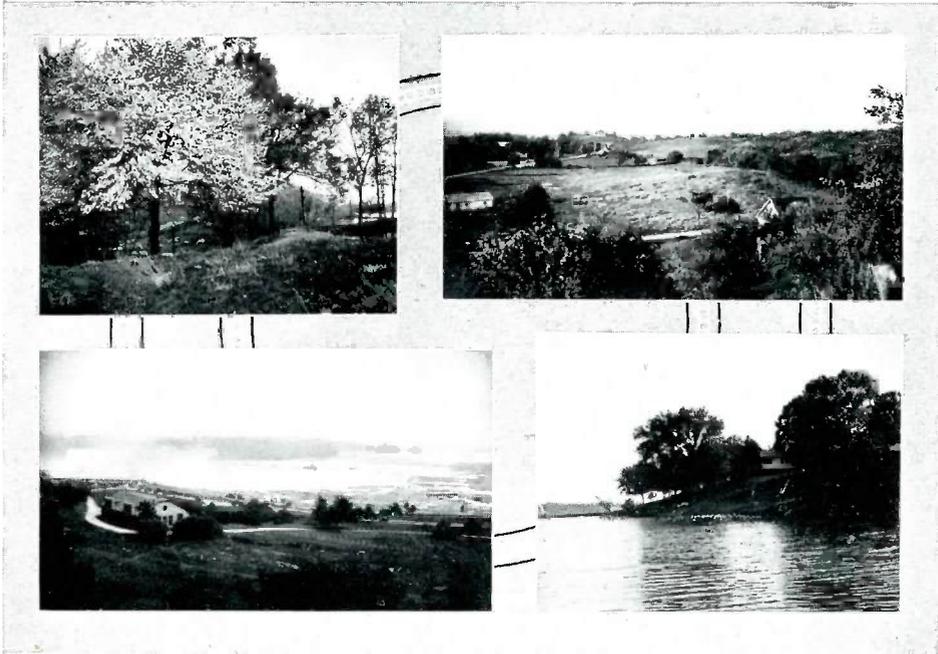
Copper pipe has been found in ancient Egypt that was in a good state of preservation after a period of time estimated at six thousand years. Just think of it! Sixty centuries, so we are still wondering just how long MUELLER SERVICE PIPE will last.

True Ignorance

He—"I just got a set of balloon tires."
 She (eagerly)—"Why, George, I didn't know you had a balloon."

"For in that stable lay, new-born, the peaceful prince of earth and heaven."

SOME PRETTY SNAP SHOTS



Here are four good examples of amateur photography which were entered in the Camera Club contest but were not awarded prizes, although they stood high in the estimation of the judges. The picture in the upper left corner and the lower right corner were taken by Miss Margaret Marcott of the Laboratory. She has done some very good work with her camera, and is well posted on all details of the work. Her subjects above

were found at Homewood farm and make one wish to be there. The other two views were photographed by W. J. Mix of the Engineering Dept. One is a view of Niagara Falls and the other of a Canadian farm. The reproduction of the first does not do the original full justice, it proving impossible to show the mist effects, considered by the judges as one of the strong points of the picture.

"ILLINOIS, OUR EYES ARE ALL ON YOU"

Illinois is becoming the center of the nation's manufacturing, population and wealth, the Chamber of Commerce of Illinois has recently announced. Accompanying the announcement is a map of the New England, east central and middlewestern states, showing the centers of population since 1790, and the centers of manufacturing since 1850. The indication are that by 1930 the center of population will be well on the western side of the Illinois-Indiana border, and by 1940 the center of manufactures will be in the same location.

The announcement reads:

"Westward the course of empire makes its way. Today the center of population of the United States is at the Indiana line. No doubt the census of 1930 will show it in Illinois, says the Illinois Chamber of Com-

merce, which will broadcast the industrial story of Illinois.

"Not all realize that inevitable leadership of Illinois as do those wise investors and manufacturers who have made a careful study of Illinois resources as compared to those of the nation," said Scott Brown, vice-president of the Illinois Power & Light Co., and the Chairman of the New Industries Committee of the Illinois Chamber of Commerce in a recent address in Chicago. Mr. Brown continued:

"The center of population is now entering Illinois as it moves westward. Time is very near when Illinois will be the manufacturing center. It has long been the railroad center and wholesale center; the greatest market in the world for farm products.

"Illinois is the largest manufacturer of

(Continued on Page 40)

(Continued from Page 2)

A large stove with many shining knobs and a little white china bowl on top, stood well toward the center. The carpet was covered with big wreaths of bright flowers, which he thought cheerful and pretty in the extreme, and there were many interesting pictures on the walls. He was just beginning the careful study of one hanging over the worn hair-cloth sofa, in which an enormous, long-haired man with a very cross face was engaged in bending two great stone pillars which supported the building he was about to destroy, when his father caught his hand.

"On to the wood-house," he cried, "or your Aunt Gertrude will turn into a yellow-haired icicle with a pink nose!" And he led them through a clean, bare kitchen into a fascinating room full of piled-up logs, little, middle sized, and big, with all manner of shingles and lightwood besides. He and Uncle Stanley and the Imp carried in armfuls of this, and soon a fire was lighted in the black stove, and they were toasting their toes in a circle around the shining knobs. As the light glimmered red through the ising glass doors, casting many rosy shadows now on their faces, now on the furniture, and the delicious warmth crept into their cold, tired bodies, a sudden impulse seized the older ones and they burst into laughter till the room rang with it, the Imp, as was his custom, laughing loudest of all as he sprawled contentedly on a gay rug by the side of his mother's chair, though he had no idea what they were all so merry about.

"It's an adventure, a real adventure!" cried the Imp's mother, "and we ought to be delighted with it. We're a house-party for over Christmas, that's what we are!"

* * *

"We shan't have any real Christmas dinner," said Aunt Gertrude in the midst of all the fun and chatter. Aunt Gertrude always decorated the table on these occasions and enjoyed her work as much as the praises she won by it.

The Imp's mother looked mysteriously at her, one hand on the brown stoneware teapot.

"I don't know about that; maybe we shall," she announced. "When I went into the cellar for butter I saw—I saw—"

"What? O what?" they cried eagerly, as she paused.

"I saw a big, big turkey, with bowls of bowls of cranberry sauce!"

"Ah!"

"And mince-pies—"

"Ah!"

"And nuts—"

"Ah!"

"And I could make a plum-pudding, I am sure I could!"

"Say no more," said Uncle Stanley solemnly, "but Gertrude, start the decorated place-cards!"

* * *

Suddenly in the midst of Uncle Stanley's

brilliant picture of William Henry Hobbs, whose room he was to occupy, and who, he insisted had gray eyes and hated baked beans, Imp heaved a sigh.

"We've none of us got any presents on the tree, have we?" he said softly—"not even one."

"That's a fact, Imp," Uncle Stanley agreed. "It is a pity, too. If I had just one, I wouldn't mind. Just the idea of the thing, you know."

They looked at one another in silence. Then the four older ones got up from their chairs as one person and ran upstairs. In a few minutes they came down, one by one, and as if they had waited for the coast to clear before they ventured. When they had settled themselves somewhat consciously, in separate and distinct chairs, the Imp's father arose, stepped toward Uncle Stanley with a package in his hand, and remarked:

"My dear Stanley, let me present you with this box of fine cigars, with my compliments and best wishes for the season. They are really too good for you, but Christmas comes but once a year."

Uncle Stanley seized his present with unfeigned delight, even cutting a little caper as he tucked it under his left arm. With his right hand he offered his brother a long slim object.

"My dear Donald," he replied, "let me, before thanking you for this truly valuable and unexpected (by both of us) present, beg your acceptance of my fountain pen, for which you have hinted in vain for two years, and which I am certain you have been near stealing before this. A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"

The Imp's father smiled broadly and grasped the pen eagerly.

"Good enough!" he cried, "I'd rather have this than anything you own, Stan!"

They all laughed with excitement, wondering what would come next, and Aunt Gertrude took the floor.

"Here is my card-case, Stanley," she said, "so you won't need to borrow it any more. Be careful of it—and merry Christmas!"

"Bless you, Gertrude," returned Uncle Stanley. "I can't go all around, but you'll get your reward sometime, and meanwhile I take great pleasure in presenting you, my dear nephew, with this camera, which is much larger than I ever should have purchased for you, and with which I ask only that you'll allow me to get a few of these blizzard scenes."

Speechless with joy, the Imp seized the camera and balanced it in his trembling hands. His cup ran over.

His mother hugged him and smiled on them all.

"Isn't this fun?" she asked them delightfully. "Won't the Hobbses be surprised? I shall leave my new bedroom slippers for Mrs. Hobbs; I noticed hers, and they're about worn out. I'm so glad I had big bows put

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MUELLER CO. IRON FOUNDRY



This new plant of ours was enlarged and improved during the past summer and now takes care of all our iron work. The finishing touch came when the sign writer emblazoned the front of the building with "Mueller Co. Iron Foundry" in large white letters. Although this plant is in a distant part of the city from the main plant it is a part of the same.

At the right there is a small picture of the office and a part of the force, including Wm. Severe, watchman; Ebert Mueller, manager; Jack Fry and Lester Ruthrauff.

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on them. They may fit. They're too large for me. And we must write them a letter, and tell them what a good, good time we had, mustn't we?"

They trooped upstairs with their presents, the Imp assuring any one who cared to listen that no Christmas he had ever known could compare in brilliancy and bliss with this one; but as they all were telling one another the same thing, it is to be doubted if anyone heard him.

It is less important to know how one man attained success than to understand why a thousand have failed.

FAUCET HELD PUMP'S SUPERIOR

George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, is quoted by "National Republic" as saying: "Despite the popular belief that rural life is inherently wholesome and healthful, statistics indicate that the scientific protection afforded the city dweller makes him a far healthier individual than his country cousin. The crystal waters of the old pump are inferior to the product of the faucet."



RECENT IMPROVEMENTS

A new method of assembly has been installed in Department 18. The entire room has been rearranged. Ground key work enters in the southwest corner and travels north over a slowly moving carrier belt. Various operations are performed in passing. At the north end it makes the turn and comes back by the testers and crosses to the east side for packing.

The ground key goods arrive at the northwest corner and move on special carrier belts. They likewise are assembled, tested, and delivered to the packing department along the east wall.

This method of assembling "a' la Ford" eliminates much unnecessary lifting, backtracking and lost motion.

It is one more improvement that will help to cut costs and keep up the quality of Mueller goods.

Money spent by tourists in Colorado last year equaled six times the gold output.

And from this brief bit of information we are enabled to figure out the possibilities of the "hot dog" industry.

Special reports hereafter, Mr. Babson.

"An angel held a candle bright and led three wise men by its light."

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KNEW GEORGE ADE

He said he remembered George Ade who spent a week with him and wrote the play the "Sultan of Sulu". He also said he saw the play in New York but Gov. Moore said he was lying.

I told him about the Cholera Epidemic in Manila and as it was the first he had heard of it, it sort of got his goat, so to speak, because every ten or fifteen minutes he would say "es cholera Maneela? too bad cholera Maneela. Maybe, cholera, Sulu?" Then I would tell him over and over again that I did not think it would come this far South. He isn't a very interesting fellow to talk to—maybe it is because his English is so broken but I should judge him to be about 10 years old mentally while he has seen over 50 summers but looks to be 60 years old because of the hectic life he has lived.

HIS NEW PALACE

After I had seen all of the celebration I wanted the Governor asked me if I had had enough and I told him I had so he suggested we leave and after shaking hands with several chiefs and the Sultan and Crown Prince we were escorted down the steps and decided to take a look at the Sultan's new palace, which, as I have said before, is under construction. I should judge it to be one-half (city) block by three-fourths block in width and length respectively. Moro guards were parading outside the walls and there were several on the inside doing the same. When finished, this palace will be made exclusively of teak lumber, anyway it is very expensive.

WON'T PAY DUTY

The last time the Sultan was in Borneo he bought all the furniture to furnish it. I saw the furniture in Jolo, Sulu, which is under the lock and key of the Collector of Customs, U. S., who holds it and will continue to hold it until the customs duty is paid. The Sultan refuses to pay the duty on it because as he says "I'm the Sultan of Sulu, why should I have to pay to bring furnishings for my palace into my own country?" The Sultan, I understand, will take the matter up with Pres. Coolidge.

The Sultan draws two salaries—one from U. S. Government for keeping his people pacified and maintaining peace between his tribes and the U. S. Government, which he does anything else but, and also draws a salary from the North Borneo Government.

We left Sulu in a day or two and started for British North Borneo to get coal for our ship, which by the way was getting low. We went to Sandakan because we could get Australian coal there which is the best in the tropics. While in Sandakan I ran on to a friend of mine. He had just returned from a hunting trip there and had a rhinoceros and a deer or two. He wanted to get an elephant or two but had no such luck because

he did not penetrate deep enough into the interior.

After coaling up which took two days we started for Tawi Tawi where our officers were to do some sounding (deep sea) and surveying. This Island of the Sulu group has never been surveyed and it is a rather wild country to say the least. It is located about 100 miles from Borneo.

GRABBED BY CROCODILE

We anchored about a mile away from shore on the North central side of the Island and two of the officers with seven men and four constabulary officers (soldiers armed) got into our motor boat and started ashore to do a little reconnaissance. They started up a little Bay called Dos Armigos when a most terrible thing happened and it took only about four seconds for it to happen. A crocodile 30 feet long came alongside the motor boat and grabbed Mr. Bond (a Lieutenant) by the leg. Mr. Bond was standing on the stern of the boat on the left side and there is an iron rod 1½ inches in diameter at each corner of the boat which holds up a canvas covering that protects the head from the tropical heat. Well when the crocodile grabbed he caught the Lieutenant's leg and the iron bar or stanchion at the same time. Mr. Bond called for the soldiers to shoot and they did. They put five holes in the reptile but they don't know whether they killed the "Crock" or not as no one looked around after the boat turned around to come back to the ship so I could take care of Mr. Bond.

We carry 15 Filipino Constabulary officers with us on this ship in order to protect us from the Moros, in case they should plan an attack, but from this I guess we should fear the attack of the crocodiles as much as that of the Moros. Mr. Bond, the injured, said the crocodile's front teeth were 1½ inches in diameter and 4 inches long but immediately after the first shot of a 38.55 army rifle entered him he (the crocodile) unclamped his jaws.

The lower teeth of a crocodile fit into holes in the upper jaw and the upper teeth fit into holes in the lower.

SEVERAL BAD FRACTURES

The patient was brought to the ship and I examined him and found he had a compound comminuted fracture of the left tibia, upper third. There were many large and small lacerations from the knee down, especially at the calf of the leg where parts of the muscles were conspicuous by their absence. I reduced the fracture which was not very hard to do as I could see the bone thru the lacerations. I took Mr. Bond to Manila on a Commercial Steamer from Jolo and at the Sternberg Hospital the X-Ray showed the bone to be in perfect alignment and no infection.

I think that I have had enough excitement

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ENGLISH HUMOR

Sometimes we Americans think our English cousins are lacking in sense of humor. They don't always get our slang right off the bat and sometimes they may fail to get the point of a story until the next day. However the Englishman has a sense of humor, possibly a little more delicate than ours. Any one who becomes sufficiently interested to follow the London papers for a while will learn to like it.

This one from the Passing Show:
THE LABOR PROBLEM

Local Reporter (to owner of new factory) "And how many men do you anticipate will work in your factory?"

Manufacturer: "Roughly speaking, about one in ten."

HOW SHE WAS INJURED

Doctor (to person bringing in woman with badly battered countenance): "Goodness, how was the poor creature so badly hurt?"

Party who brought her in: "A gentleman kicked her in the face."

From London Opinion:

Proud Young Mother: "See, Baby is learning to walk."

Friend: "Oh, do you think it really worth while to teach it? Practically nobody walks nowadays."

From Sydney Bulletin:

First Clubman: "What sort of a chap is Jones?"

Second Clubman: "Well, if you see two men in a corner and one of them looks terribly bored, the other fellow is Jones."

From London Opinion:

Policeman (to man tampering with door knob): "Igh, what are you doin' there?"

Befuddled Clubman (who has gone in for radio): "'Sh, keep quiet, I almost had Glasgow."

From Punch:

New Office Boy (handing column of figures to employer): "I've added these ten times, sir."

Employer: "Good boy."

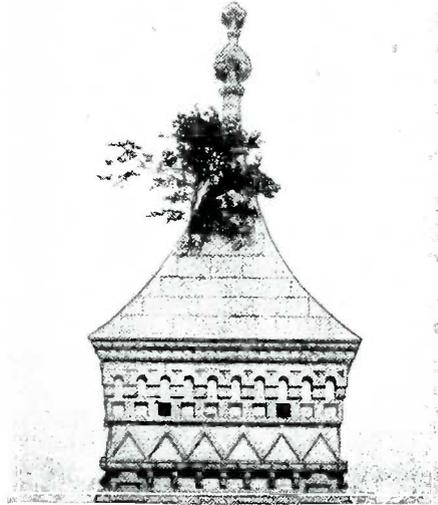
New Boy (handing up another slip): "And here are the ten answers, sir."

From London Opinion:

CUSTOM JUST THE SAME

A Englishman gazing out a window at a neighbor's apartment, remarks to his wife: "What a great fellow Jones is to keep up old customs. He is carrying in a Yule log. —No, I'm mistaken, they're carrying in Jones."

TREE IN A TOWER



Here is a freak of nature which some Decatur people have seen, picture of which was sent us by C. E. Lincoln, our Indiana representative.

This tree grows from the tower of the Court House at Greensburg, Indiana. Its a maple and Greensburg people say it is unparalleled in the world.

Its origin 45 years ago is supposed to have resulted from winged maple seed carried there by wind or birds. The tree is 15 feet in height and its trunk is 4" thick.

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SCHROLL-JONES

Guy E. Jones of the night foundry and Mildred Schroll were married on Oct. 24. They live at 408 East King street.

HART-DUNCAN

Miss Nellie Hart and Hershel Duncan were married on Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Duncan formerly worked in the stock upkeep department under James Thorpe. They live at 907 East Condit.

BORGELT-LUEBBERS

Miss Louise Borgelt and Paul Luebbbers of the night foundry were married on Nov. 24th, at Carlyle, Illinois, the home of the bride. They are living in their home at 2800 E. Hickory.

The man or woman who finds the most fault with present conditions, is usually doing the least to better things.

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agricultural machinery among the states, making 40 per cent of all; it is the largest manufacturer of musical instruments and the greatest grower of cut flowers. Illinois has the greatest drygoods, furniture, grocery and grain market in the world.

"Illinois has an unequaled supply of coal and water for low-priced electrical power; is unequaled for railroad transportation. Lying at the very heart of the nations center of population, manufacturing and wealth, Illinois is strategically the best state in the Union for locating any sort of industry. All Illinois asks is that men seeking industrial sites in the central west investigate Illinois' possibilities."

A booklet has been gotten out by the same organization setting forth the claims of various Illinois cities. Of Decatur we read:

"Decatur, a city of diversified industry in a rich agricultural section."

Then under a picture of Lake Decatur are: "Advantages offered by Decatur which it considers exceptional are threefold:

"1. Its location in central Illinois near the source of raw materials, both agricultural and mineral, and markets.

"2. Transportation facilities adequate for bringing in these raw materials and distributing them in finished form.

"3. A water supply sufficient for a great city."

The population of Decatur in 1910, 1920, and 1925—estimated then at 53,859—is given along with an analysis of the population.

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and seen enough to last me for two or three weeks, at least.

The Director at Manila sent a cable to Washington after I brought Mr. Bond to Manila devoting a whole long paragraph to the wonderful treatment Mr. Bond received from "me"—how I had set the leg perfectly (which was broken in several pieces) and that the Doctors at the Manila Hospital said I left nothing for them to do but to watch and if infection started in later they would try and take care of that.

Paul.

Rec'd Nov. 30th.

MUELLER LODGE TO RE-OPEN IN JANUARY

It's house-cleaning time at the Mueller Lodge! Like all such cleaning upheavals, it is just a bit unpleasant for the time being. But, just wait until the work is finished! The floors will be all newly sanded, and there will be new draperies at the windows, and, altogether, you'll be anxious to have 'specially nice party at the Lodge as soon as possible.

Mueller Lodge will be opened to employes about the second week in January, Mrs. Rost tells us.

THE OLD AUTOMOBILE

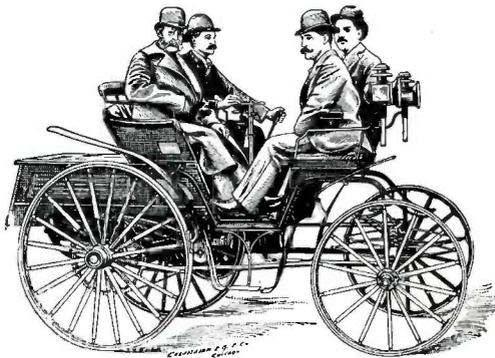
Every now and then something about the Mueller automobile of former days crops out. We all know that this was one of the first automobiles in the United States, and that it won the first automobile road race or any other auto race for that matter, ever run in the United States up to 1895.

But here is something new about it. Some enterprising individual wanted to rent it for advertising purposes, presumably, as told in the following old letter recently dug out of an ancient file. The letter follows:

Mar. 2, 1896.

W. E. Franklin,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—We have at last found a suitable man for operating our carriage and can furnish you this man with carriage for \$100.00 per week, payable monthly direct to us, and you pay for transportation from this place and return same. We will stand all



breakage, etc., caused by the general use of this carriage, but not by any mishap caused on railroad trains or any other cause under your control while in your possession.

We think this sum quite reasonable as there would not be much left after paying for help, expenses, etc. Of course you know about what this carriage looks like and are well aware of the fact that it is one of the finest motor carriages in any part of the country and would be quite an attraction wherever you go as we receive constantly, letters of inquiry from all over the United States in regard to this carriage and, in fact, there are several places desiring this carriage, but we deem it advisable to send it along with you under the above conditions as we think the advertising will more than pay us for the difference in value. In case the above proposition is satisfactory you can make out a contract embodying the above propositions. Also inform us when you will want the carriage, if you want it at all.

Hoping to hear from you in regard to this matter, we remain,

The best balance of power is the bank balance.

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

A Merry Christmas

By James Edward Hungerford

Christmas is coming to bless us again,
Bringing its bounty o' blessings to men!
Wiping out worries and troubles and frets;
Routing the "past", with its futile "regrets";
Blotting out memories, tragic and drear—
Filling our hearts with the magic o' CHEER!
Giving us gifts from the Giver above—
Greatest o' which is the Spirit o' LOVE!

Christmas is coming to wipe away care,
Bringing rich blessings for mankind to share;
Giving to some o' us gifts o' sweet peace,
And from our troubles and sorrows, surcease;
Giving to others in life a fresh start;
COURAGE to try again—and a brave heart!
Helping the helpless, and cheering the strong—
Gifts from above to humanity's throng!

Christmas is coming with blessings untold—
Rarer than gifts o' mere silver and gold;
Giving us happiness, helpfulness, HOPE.
As in the darkness we stumble and grope;
Giving us gifts o' contentment and cheer—
Setting us free from the bondage o' fear;
Christmas is coming—and so, fellowmen,
Here's wishing you all

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" again!