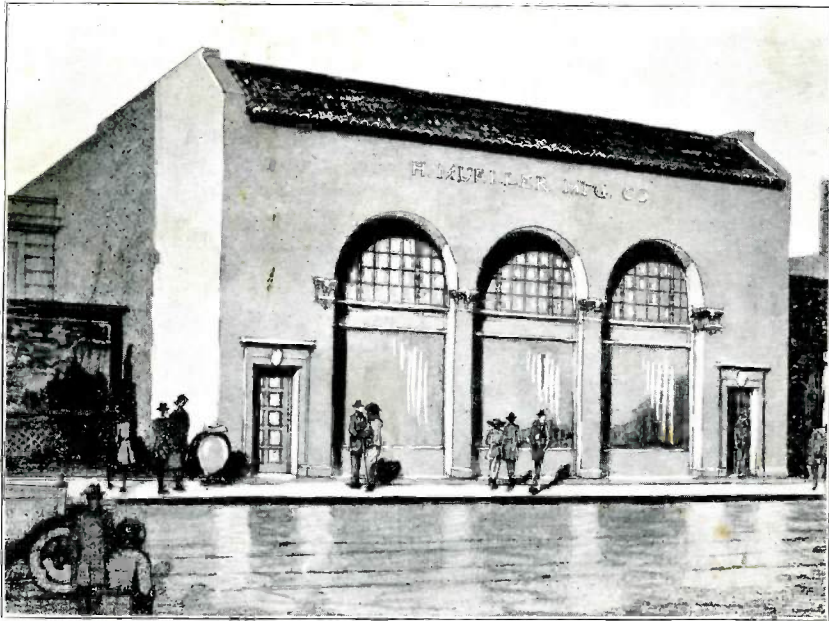


THE *MUELLER* RECORD



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THE MUELLER RECORD

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EDITORIAL

MINUTE MEN

General Charles Dawes of Chicago was in Decatur Monday, June 4. He addressed a large gathering of business and professional men at the Y. M. C. A. annex at a noon day dinner. In the evening he was a guest at the Mueller Lodge where he met and became personally acquainted with a number of prominent men.

General Dawes is prominent in American life, because of his independence in speech and action. He believes in his country, its constitution, its laws and its people, and while active in politics, he cannot be classed as a politician. He is strongly marked in one particular, that of spitting out what he thinks and what he believes, on any and all occasions.

Just now he is advocating an organization of the Minute Men of the Constitution. It is non-partisan. Its purpose is to secure from Democrats and Republicans, delegates to state and national conventions, pledged to the following principles:

1. Advocating the renewal and building up of respect for law and the Constitution of the United States.
2. Condemning all influences and agencies which breed class or religious discriminations.
3. Recognizing the right of the individual to associate with others to defend within the law his rights and advance his economic, social and political interest.
4. Endorsing the announced position of the Government of the United States, maintaining that the right of a citizen to work without unlawful interference, is as sacred as the right of a citizen to cease work, irrespective of whether he is or is not a member of a labor or other organization.
5. Declaring that loyalty to the Government of the United States must be above and beyond that to any civil or industrial organization working for the interest of special groups or classes.

There is nothing in these five brief statements, which any American citizen cannot subscribe to.

Europe is full of art, literature and glorious memories, but oh, you America and you Okaw!

—o—

A telephone expert figures that Americans waste 4,000,000 seconds a day saying "hello." It will be quite interesting if he will now figure out how many times they say the same word while waiting for Central to answer, leaving off the "o."

—o—

The latest ruling of the supreme court on the Volstead act opens the way to lucrative positions on foreign transatlantic boats. What they need now is capacity judges so that there will be complete consumption of liquors before the three mile limit is reached.

—o—

Boston bootleggers now wear tin coats to carry hootch in. Customers carry their own can openers.

—o—

Ford's presidential candidacy is as enigmatical as his car. You never can tell how fast a Ford is running by the noise it makes.



SALESMEN'S MEETING

Annual Gathering Will Begin On Monday,
August 13, 1923

The Company has decided that the annual meeting of the salesmen shall be held in Decatur beginning Monday, August 13, and ending with the annual picnic, Saturday, August 18.

All Salesmen will be in Decatur on the morning of Friday, August 10, giving them two days for going through the factory and attending to such office matters as they may care to take up.

It has not been definitely decided when the meeting will be held but a committee is working on a plan which will be announced later.



Preacher (solemnly): "Rastus, do yo' take dis here woman for better or for worse?"

Rastus (from force of habit): "Pahson, Ah shoots it all."

—Wayside Tales.

EDWARD C. BASSEY



Edward C. Bassey passed on Saturday night, May 26, just about a week after he was compelled to leave his position as paymaster in this factory.

The news of his demise called forth many sincere expressions of sorrow. Because of the character of his work, which brought him in direct contact with every employe, he was perhaps the best known man in the organization and to know him was to be his friend.

Mr. Bassey, or 'Ed,' as he was known,

to all of us, had been a resident of Decatur for about fifty years. He was born in Hanover, Germany, February 24, 1848, and was educated there, coming to America at the age of 21. He made the journey from Liverpool to Boston in a sailing vessel, and upon landing came almost directly to Decatur, which city was since his home. Mr. Bassey was an accountant, and during his residence here held some important positions.

He came to our company as paymaster some twelve years ago. He was a painstaking, earnest man and with him the duties of his position were his first consideration. Even after he was stricken there were some little matters which he felt needed personal explanation and direction, and though in a weakened condition he insisted on coming to the office to straighten out these matters. That one incident is a good index to the dominating interest he felt in his work. His example of devotion to the duties of his position is one which any employe may well emulate. It was his last visit to the factory.

Mr. Bassey and Miss Louise Bernhardt were married in Decatur in 1872. She was a sister of the late Mrs. Hieronymus Mueller. They have two children, Edward Bassey of Chicago, and Mrs. Ella Rost of this city.

Funeral services were held at the family residence Tuesday, May 29 at 5 o'clock. The factory closed down at 4:30 o'clock and practically every employe marched to the house, passed by the casket and took a last look at their friend and fellow worker.

CORE ROOM NOTES

The energetic reporter of this interesting department submits the following items:

Ed Dodwell went on one of his usual fishing trips a few days ago. He stopped at the market on the way home and asked the clerk to toss him a couple of nice fish, which he deftly caught. "I am not a fisherman, neither am I a liar," quoth he.

Mr. Adolph, on his return, visited the Core Department and thought that he was in a kindergarten. That does not speak very well for the girls in the old country.

Foreman John Dorsey has been off on a two weeks' vacation.

We would like to have Rosella on the south side long enough to have our windows washed.

Doc has a hard time keeping girls on his machine. We don't know whether it's the machine or the operator they do not like.

We hope when Clarence gets to be 80 years old, he will be able to fix his machine without assistance.

Lost, strayed or stolen—A tall, handsome man with black moustache. Answers to the name of Frank. Might have followed the carnival out of town. If found return to Core Department and claim reward.

Walter Walls doesn't like to get up so early to open the Core Room door. If every one arrived as close to the line as Marie and Marydee, Walter would not need to come before 7 o'clock.

We are all looking forward to the month of June.

Hoping that some one will "jump the broom."

We're not particular, most any kind we'll take.

Just so it's a good home-made cake.

Katy Did—Katy Didn't

Veda: "Do you know Matt?"

Katy: "Who? Door Mat?"

Veda: "No, no, Matt Redmon."

It has always been the ambition of Bill Adams to grow a glossy black moustache like Frank Gould's. After each of the several attempts Bill has made, he is a bit discouraged, for his was red. Don't give up, Bill. Frank knows the brand of good shoe blackening that will do the work.

Leslie Lines doesn't object to being pulled out when he gets stuck in the mud, but he would rather be left alone when he goes to sleep on the skylight.

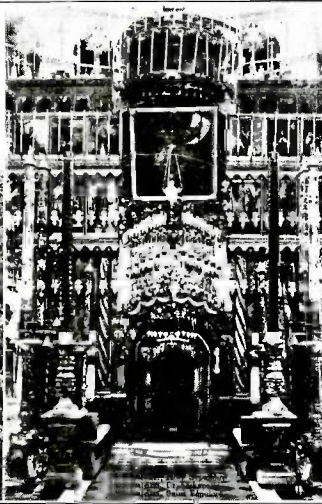
We hope that the fortune teller with the next carnival will reverse the decision, so that Veda Bass will stay on with us—yes, a "position" is something to make one sit up and take notice. Eh! Veda?

(Continued on page 10)

ADOLPH IN FOREIGN LANDS



The Garden of Gethsemane



The Holy Sepulchre



River Jordan

In his travels through Europe Mr. Adolph Mueller found it most convenient to write diary letters, setting down the record of each day. These letters have proved most interesting to all readers of the Record. They suggest the interesting high lights of such a trip as this without tiresome descriptive detail. They are the impressions of a busy man.

In the series of letters published this month the writer describes briefly the visit to Egypt, the Holy Land, and Italy.

March 27, 1923.

We left Rome at 8:40 a. m. for Florence. Mr. Aub, of the American Express Co., secured a special parlor car for our party of twenty-eight. It was very fortunate he did, as every seat on the regular train was taken and we would have experienced some difficulty in getting seats on account of the crowd. We arrived at Florence at 2:30 p. m., after passing through a beautiful country mostly in grapes and fruit. We were assigned to two good rooms with bath, at the Grand Hotel. Every room in these hotels is occupied every day and as all do not have baths we seemed to get the best accommodations. Some in our party were not so fortunate. The girls went out shopping all afternoon while I visited some of the stores.

March 28, 1923.

Florence is a city of about 200,000 with the Arno river running through. There are a number of substantial bridges over the river. One of these, the Ponte Vecchio, has shops on either side of the road way.

The Apennines partly surround the city and at a distance one can see the snow-capped mountains. Florence is a very beautiful city and tourist generally "rave" over it.

We went sight seeing today. Our main object was to see the beautiful paintings for which Florence is noted. We spent considerable time in the Galleria degli Uffizi and saw paintings by Raphael, Rembrandt, Filippino, Lippe, etc. We also visited Palazzo, Pitti, National Museum, Cathedral de Santa Maria del Fiore. The Campanile, a square tower 275 feet high, built in 1334 to 1387. We had a drive in the afternoon and saw many very interesting places.

Visit Old Castle

March 29, 1923.

We took cabs to Fiesole, about five miles distance up on the hills or mountains, and were permitted to go through a real castle the Castle de Vincigliata. It was built during the thirteenth century and is now owned by Baron Fassini. We saw the different rooms, living, dining, bedrooms, and kitchen. The kitchen does not have a stove but has a sort of fireplace and many metal cooking utensils. The sink was cut out of solid stone. There is a cold water faucet of very ancient and ornate design which I turned, and found that it worked. All furniture, etc., was very ancient except the telephone and electric lights.

We visited the Museum San Marco, a monastery built in 1437. It contains many beautiful paintings. One, "The Last Supper." We saw the cell occupied by Savonarola, his desk and chair and also the books he used. The books were printed with a pen by hand and were almost perfect print. We saw many other buildings, art galleries filled with valuable paintings, etc.

On Board the Cunard R. M. S. Caronia.

March 30, 1923.

We arrived at Alexandria about 7:30 a. m., but on account of the seemingly necessary red tape, did not land until about 10 a. m.

There was great excitement and pandemonium among the native porters, all being very anxious to carry your bags or trunks (and by the way it is wise to keep your eye on your own baggage as it is said that there is a possibility of losing it or it will disappear unless you do). You can imagine three hundred and fifty people, some having two bags, or a trunk and some bags, each trying to keep watch

or track of their own with hundreds of porters grabbing everything they can get their hands on, and the consequent confusion, turmoil and noise, before everything is straightened out. Some porters will easily carry a 150 pound trunk and start off with it on a dog trot.

Everything was in readiness about 10:30 and our special train of compartment cars started for Cairo.

Alexandria has a population of over 500,000; ninety-two per cent of the Egyptians are illiterate. The people represent many nationalities and colors, from



A View of Florence

the very black African Negro and lighter shaded Arabs, to the white race. They are dressed in all kinds and styles of garments.

According to historic records the first light house ever erected was built here, and was supposed to have been over 600 feet high. No trace of this light house remains, although they have a modern light house adequate for all requirements.

The Fertile Nile Valley

The delta of the Nile is very fertile. In the early days they raised but one crop a year, but since the British built the dam at Assuan which is one of the greatest dams ever constructed, and with a number of smaller dams with which they control and store the water so that during the dry season the water is used to irrigate, they raise two crops a year.

One of the most profitable crops is cotton. They raise the long staple variety, the largest part of which goes to the United States, to be used by auto tire manufacturers. It is also used in the manufacture of mercerized silk for shirts, etc. It is said this Egyptian cotton is of longer staple and better grade than that raised in the United States and commands a better price. Eighty per cent of this cotton is carried in United States boats. (It does seem that the United States should raise all the cotton used there).

Cotton land in the Egyptian delta district has sold as high as \$2,400 per acre.

We go back four thousand years on entering the agricultural district of Egypt. Very primitive implements are used; a crooked stick or branch of a tree with an iron or steel blade attached with one handle instead of two is the plow used; to this may be hitched a donkey and a camel, or a water buffalo; rarely two donkeys or camels. The native plowing is in no hurry—he walks along side of the plow, holding same with one hand and time does not interest him. After a four hour ride through wonderful farm land, crossing the Nile and running along the side of same, we arrived at Cairo.

Another pandemonium with porters trying to take your bags and place same in the motor cars and we were assigned and taken to the Samiramis Hotel, located very beautifully, overlooking the Nile. They only have a few bath rooms in this hotel and we were fortunate in securing one at a cost of \$5.00 per day extra. We were very willing to pay the price as it gets quite warm here. (In

going into Egypt one should wear summer clothes). After cleaning up we were taken in autos to the Pyramids and on arriving there we were given the opportunity of riding camels, donkeys or carts. Nearly all take donkeys and camels. Mrs. Mueller, myself and Charlotte rode donkeys; Rachel Dumont rode a camel. We rode around the largest Pyramid, Cheopes (supposed to have been erected five thousand years ago by Cheopes, sometimes called Efulu). We then rode to the Sphinx—all the time riding. The "donkey boy," or man, in some instances some 40 to 70 years old, is begging for Backsheesh (a tip). Bear in mind they have been paid for the use of the donkey or camel but they want extra, and he is fortunate who can withstand their pleading for extra "Backsheesh." The Sphinx is 70 feet high, face 14 feet wide, made out of solid rock. Immediately adjacent to the Sphinx is the funeral temple made of long granite or marble slabs or squares about 4 x 4 x 8 feet. We then went into the pyramid of Cheopes, to the Queen's burying place, or chamber.

Climbing and Crawling

We had to climb ladders, crawl through small tunnels, hundreds of feet in length, and before we were half way to the queen's chamber, Mrs. Mueller would not go any further and turned back, but Charlotte, Rachel and I continued to the Queen's chamber. There was nothing there but the solid walls, the chamber being about fifteen feet in diameter, and an excavation at one side where the guide said the queen had been buried. We took his word for it. We had enough and did not care to return half way back and then go up about 200 feet through more tunnels and ladders to the king's chamber, or burying place.

On emerging from the tunnel we had a time with our guides who demanded tickets (which the American Express Company were supposed to have given us, or pay 50 cents each. After a long scrap we paid the fifty cents and they then demanded "Backsheesh" and later on returning to the hotel the guide demanded pay for the auto, all of which was later refunded to us by the agent of the American Express Company. We should not have paid anything except tips such as we cared to give. These donkey boys also tell fortunes at any price they can get out of you. They will also for fifty cents go to the top of the Pyramid Cheopes and return in six and a half or seven minutes.

After a good Egyptian dinner, we went with Mr. and Mrs. Howard in an auto to the Hotel "Telioppo-



Piazza dell' Annunziata

lis," a very beautiful place about ten miles from our hotel. We were told that the hotel and a large number of other buildings adjacent to same were erected by some Belgians before the world war, to be used as a place for gambling something similar to Monte Carlo, only much grander. They went to an expense running up into millions but they failed, as the British, who controlled Egypt, would not allow them to run a gambling place. We retired about ten o'clock after a very strenuous day.

March 10, 1923

Today we started out with a visit to the Museum. This is a large collection of everything imaginable, such as mummies, statues, etc., taken from the pyramids and excavations in Egypt. One could spend weeks in the museum and still there would be many very interesting relics they would have not seen. We visited the bazaars, the Mosques, Citadel, and many other very interesting places. We were given a reception by the local Chamber of Commerce. Our U. S. Minister Howard (who by the way looks very much like President Harding), was there and very ably represented the dignity the position demanded.

We left Cairo on a special sleeping car train for Jerusalem at 6 p. m. One sometimes thinks the pictures of Egypt, the setting and colors are over-drawn, or exaggerated, but as we left Cairo, we saw the setting sun through the palm trees going down behind the Pyramids. It is much greater and grander than any picture I have ever seen.

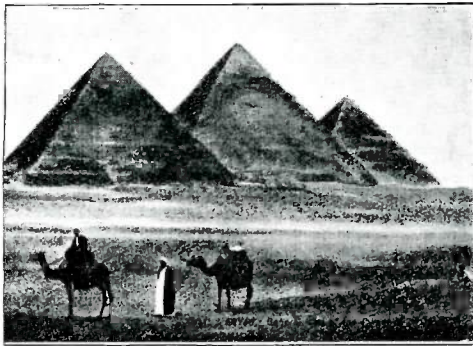
In Jerusalem

On Board the Cunard R. M. S. Caronia

March 11, 1923

We arrived in Jerusalem at 7:30 a. m. The railroad from "Kantara East" was rough. We had one of the best sleeping cars of the drawing room style and we were very comfortable. We had been told that it would be a very disagreeable trip and very dirty, but it had rained the day before and we did not find it at all disagreeable. We passed through and over rocky hills. Before arriving we noticed the hills covered with flowers of all colors, many of them red. These are called lilies in the Bible. They are similar to our poppies.

At the station there was the same noise and confusion as we experienced at other places. We were taken to the St. John's Hotel, located adjacent to the Holy Sepulchre. The St. John's Hotel is managed by a fat Mohammedan. The hotel is not clean. We had a room with bath but one had to build a special fire in the stove connected with the bath in order to get hot water. The wood alone costs fifty cents and twenty-five cents for building the fire. I had a cold shower bath. The hotel is not on a regular street but on an alley. You cannot reach the hotel with a car or carriage. You must either walk or ride a donkey. The meals at the hotel were very bad. The girls would not eat anything except oranges which are the best in the world. One day they bought some real American made doughnuts from the American Colony and we had a feast.



The Pyramids

We were advised on going into Palestine to put insect powder in our shoes and we followed instructions. (Many of the men here wear whiskers and I assume they blow insect powder into same).

We were also advised not to drink the water. Therefore one must purchase bottled water or drink wine and beer. (German beer).

We were first taken to Bethlehem about six miles away where the Church of Nativity is located,

the birthplace of Jesus. The manger in which Jesus was born is said to have been taken to Rome. Bethlehem is similar to all the small towns here—very narrow streets and alleys without water supply and very unsanitary with the usual poor people and beggars. We stopped at the tomb of Rachel on the way and passed the place where David with his sling slew the Giant Goliath. Boys and men sell these slings at ten to twenty-five cents, or all they can get for them. They will demonstrate these and can throw a stone a long distance.



Algerian Flappers

In the afternoon our guide conducted us to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The keys of this church are held by the Mohammedans and at present the British have guards there so as to prevent the Christians from fighting each other.

There is great rivalry between the Greeks, Armenians, Catholics, and Copts, all of whom worship here. We were shown the place where Jesus was nailed to the cross, also the tomb of Adam (?) which can give you any kind of a story much of which cannot be true.

An Armenian communion service was in progress while we were there, and it was very interesting.

Site of Solomon's Temple

We visited nearly all of the places of Biblical history. (By the way Mr. Webber is in his glory here as he seems to be one of the best informed of our party on biblical history). We saw the Mosque of Omar, which is supposed to be the exact place where Solomon's Temple was located, and were in the Garden of Gethsemane, from which we picked some violets. There is also an old olive tree there about four feet in diameter said to be 2,000 years old.

We also visited the Mount of Olives, Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha. The place where Lazarus was buried and so many other places that it would take a long time to enumerate and describe them. We returned to our hotel, had dinner and sat around during the evening as it is not safe to go out unless you have some one to guard you.

March 12, 1923

We took an auto trip to the Dead Sea, a distance of thirty-five miles from Jerusalem. Sodom and Gomorrah are supposed to have been located here but all traces of these have disappeared. The surface of the Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below sea level and the bottom is an additional thirteen hundred or twenty-six hundred feet below sea level. The water is salty and bitter. I was informed by a Dr. Parker, a Harvard professor, that he had a three day trip on the Dead Sea in a small steam boat and was in a severe storm which partly wrecked the boat and it was the first time he was ever seasick. It was quite hot, about 100 degrees. I washed my hands in the sea; many were in wading. We then went to the ford on the river Jordan where Jesus was baptised by John. We had luncheon at Jericho. It was near Jericho where Elijah turned

(Continued on page 14)

THE OFFICE OWL

"Look here, Helen," said Mr. M., "I don't mind your sitting up reasonably late with that young man of yours, but I do object to his taking the morning Herald when he leaves."

Hawkins says the cold snap of May 8 did not hurt the little pigs. He put extra bed clothes on them that night.

Earl B. (in no very good humor, out in back yard fixing clothes line).

Fat Lady next door: "Is your wife at home, Mr. B?"

Earl: "Do you suppose I'd be doing this if she wasn't?"

John: "These seeds you have ordered won't flower until next summer."

Mrs. D.: "Oh, that's quite all right. I ordered from a last year's catalog."

Creta: "Did you inform mama that you want to marry me?"

He: "Yes, and she said, 'That's your trouble, not mine.'"

When Fred was down in Florida this spring he asked a negro if he knew where he could bathe without fear of alligators.

"Shore does, boss," said the negro, and led him to a secluded spot.

After a nice dip, Fred came out and asked why no alligators came there. Every other place the water was full of them.

"Dat's easy," said the negro, "Dese here alligators done been scared away by sharks dat came in from the ocean."

Billy: "You must look out for the future. You've got to think of that."

Tony: "I can't. It's my girl's birthday. All I can think of is the present."

Deterding (preoccupied): "Is this the fire department?" (over telephone).

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Where's the nearest alarm box. There's a blaze in the laboratory and I want to turn in an alarm."

Not In Their Set

Ethel: "What do you say to tramps in Fairview park?"

Nellie: "I never speak to them."

Chat's Philosophy

When the worm turns he meets either a chicken or a fisherman.

Winston (pointing to a picture of a zebra): "What's that? Papa?"

J. W. (absent minded): "That? Why, that's a horse in a bathing suit."

Walt and Cecil went after minnows and were rewarded with good luck, but unfortunately many died on the way home.

Brugh W.: "I don't think you had enough water on them. I never put more than a hundred in ten gallons of water."

Innocent Bystander (David D.): "A-h-h, they couldn't drink that much water in a week."

Her Uncle's Legacy

"I hear your uncle died and left all he had to an orphan asylum," inquired she.

"Yes," replied he.

"What did he have?" questioned the first.

"Fifteen children," responded he.



CORE DEPARTMENT NOTES

Mrs. Aholtz wants to know why they put tall men in the Core Room.

If Mrs. Stolle should get lock-jaw from a splinter caused by knocking on wood, could she draw benefits from the Aid Society? Look out for your head, Frank.

The Cleaning Department wonders which coremaker it is that can afford to finish cores with chewing gum.

When Mr. Gilbert got home too late for supper the other evening, his wife asked, "What do you want for supper, dear?"

"If we had ham we would have ham and eggs if we had the eggs."

Frank Gould was absent from work last week and we surmise that he went to Chicago to exchange the tan shoe-strings he got there recently for some light brown ones.



JOHN MARTY



This romantic looking young gentleman is John Marty, known familiarly all over the shop as "Johnny." Johnny is a hundering of a worker and has served in a good many clerical capacities about the plant. He hasn't much to say for himself but his work speaks eloquently for his fine ability. It is a common remark that "Johnny knows—ask him." His favorite outdoor sport is photography.

OUR NATIONAL CAPITOL

BY C. T. FORD

I believe it is conceded by most people who visit Washington that the most strikingly impressive thing they see about this wonderful city is its unusual plan, the manner in which it is laid out. Its wide avenues do not run with the points of the compass but in short cuts across the streets that do run according to the points of the compass. These avenues give short, easy cuts to any part of the city you may feet, and none less than 130 feet.

The avenues are all lined with beautiful trees. Every variety that will grow in this latitude you will find

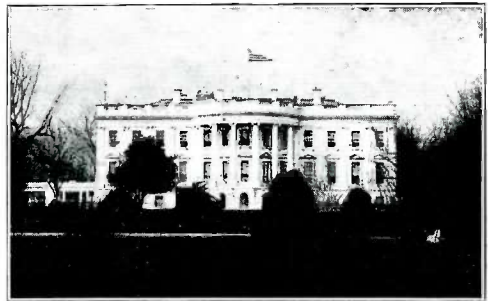


The National Capitol

street or avenue. This plan has stood the test of time. The original plan is just extended unchanged into newer parts of the city.

I also think that the thought that comes to most minds after viewing this plan, is, how did this city originate, and who planned it. Early historians and writers of the City of Washington gave most of the credit to a French architect, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, but recent writers and students give George Washington most of the credit for this wonderful plan. I must say that I agree with the opinions of recent writers and students of Washington, because all the evidence is in favor of this opinion. The plan of Washington seems more the result of a master mind that was trained as a surveyor and a student of landscape beauty, and nothing that shows the training of an architect. There is always something distinct about the work of a noted architect or artist: there is something that connects all of their works with each other. There is no evidence that L'Enfant ever produced anything similar to the plan of Washington City, and there is everything in its plan that reflects the character, disposition and ideals of George Washington. While he could not have seen in the future all of the things that have come to Washington, it is believed he did see that Washington would be one of the great cities of the world. His wonderful wisdom is shown everywhere. His big broad nature is reflected everywhere you go. The wonderful development of parks show fully his ideals were the result of living close to nature in all things. One more point in favor of George Washington is the starting point of the plan. There are two distinct points of starting this plan, the Capitol, and the White House. Washington fixed the location of both of these, the Capitol first. All streets number from the center of the Capitol. The streets going directly north, south, east and west are all named Capitol streets, and the city is divided in four sections. Northeast and northwest, southeast and southwest the same numbers may be found in each section, so that the prefix Se, or S. W., N. W., the same variety on each street or avenue; that is, one kind is planted on a street, such as maples, oaks or elms. Mixed varieties will not be found on any

or N. E., are essential in addressing letters. Other facts in the case gives George Washington most of the credit. While Washington was president of the United States, he selected L'Enfant to make this plan but they did not agree, with the result that L'Enfant did not finish the plans. A Mr. Ellicott, who was an assistant to L'Enfant, completed the plans. Washington, in writing about the matter, said they were compelled to make changes in the L'Enfant plans. This is almost positive evidence that most of the credit should go to George Washington for the wonderful beauty of Washington that we all enjoy now. After the Capitol and the president's home was located, it is thought that the first avenue planned was Pennsylvania Avenue, which extends from the Capitol to the President's home. This was made a very wide avenue, 160 feet wide, and it is believed that this suggested other avenue, centering to the Capitol and the President's home. It will be noted that these avenues run across the streets at different angles, the streets running according to the points of the compass, the avenues do not. The portion of the city used for government buildings lies nearest to the Potomac River, so that all of the avenue run northwest and northeast from the Capitol and the President's home with the exception of Massachusetts and Rhode Island Avenues. They are a little to the north of Pennsylvania Avenue and New York Avenue. Both of these avenues extend from one side to the other of the district. Where the streets and avenues cross there are large circles which are used a small parks and make fine locations for monuments. Most of these are now occupied by statues of men of military fame. All of these things give Washington unusual beauty. All of the trees in Washington are on the streets and parks, are a part of the park system, and are cared for by the superintendent of buildings and grounds, so that the property owners have nothing to say, or do, with the trees planted in front of their homes. This you can see causes a uniform condition of all the trees. None of them are allowed to lose their beauty by lack of care. Washington is an example that many cities could profit by when starting a city or town, as cities are but big towns. Washington should give all the people of the United States great pride in knowing it is their city.



The White House

Reversing the Procedure

At a Christmas dinner in Washington a well-known professor was called upon to speak. In introducing him the host said to the guests:

"You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."—Bonston Transcript.

MAMIE'S LAST POSE

Mamie Sanders for a number of years in the Accounting Department with Mr. McKibbon, posed for our official photographer just before her departure. Pauline Verner acted as "the best man," and we claim that the way she distinguished herself entitles her to promotion in the matrimonial ranks.



WIRELESS BIRTHDAY GREETING

Coming home from Europe Mr. Adolph enjoyed the pleasure and novelty of receiving a wireless message while on board the great Cunard liner, Berengaria.

It came from the Foremen's Club, and read: "Birthday greetings."

The Berengaria, at the time, was about three days outbound from England and not close enough to be reached by wireless from the American shore. The message was therefore cabled to the wireless station in England and from there relayed by wireless to the Berengaria.

Of course, it was a tremendous surprise to get this kind of a message, and it was much appreciated.



SNAKE STORY

While Mr. Hukill and wife were driving with horse and buggy between Forsythe and Maroa he discovered a very large snake which he estimated to be 35 feet long and as large in diameter as a stove pipe. It is said to have escaped from a show that appeared in Forsythe the day before. Mr. Hukill alighted from his buggy to kill the reptile by crushing it with his foot, but Mrs. Hukill pleaded with him not to do it, and the snake seized the opportunity to escape into a corn field through a gap in the hedge. The night force admires the grit of Mr. Hukill but does not think much of his judgment. Some snake!



Wishing Him Well

A colored woman was standing at the grave of her husband. Looking up meditatively, she said:

"Poor Rastus, I hope he's gone where I 'spects he ain't."

CORE ROOM NOTES

(Continued from page 4)

Mildred Meece says it is much nicer to be on the outside looking in than otherwise. Poor Mildred spent three weeks of fine spring weather under quarantine.

What Next?

John Dorsey and Walter Walls spent a small fortune trying to win a doll at the carnival, but were out of luck. Of course, the dolls were to be souvenirs for their wives.

We think that when Forrest Meseke sees what a reporter can do in the Core Department, we will hear from the Foundry.

Who Will Tell Emma

Emma Musselman entered a Decatur bus
And firmly grasped a strap,
And every time they hit a hole,
She sat in a different lap.
The holes grew deeper, the jerking worse,
Till at last she gasped with a smile,
"Will some one kindly tell me, please,
How many laps to a mile?"

Just Like 'Em

We have a small menagerie all our own—
Christmas trees, dolls, slung-shots, elephants, 'n everything but monkeys. Wait a minute! Yes, there's about a hundred of 'em, too, with all the characteristics of the original, for did you see Lloyd Flanders climb to the top of his core machine when Clarence Masters had a blow out?

Watch Your Step

Bruce: "Any installments due today, Laura?"

Laura: "No, dear, I think not."

Bruce: "Any payments on furniture, Victrola, or whatnots?"

Laura: "No."

Bruce: "Well, then, I have \$10.00 we don't need. What say, let's buy a new car?"



A YOUNG AUNT



These are John Galla's daughter, Marie, and grandson, August Dworak. There is just a month's difference in their ages. Rather a young aunt for so old a nephew. John has reason to be proud of both young folks. He is an assembler in Dept. 18.

WEDDINGS

John Skelley and Mrs. Beulah Arvin, both of the Ground Key Department in the Brass Shop, were married in Springfield, Saturday, May 5. The happy culmination of this romance in Department 8 came as a surprise to their friends. This is another instance of affinity and propinquity uniting individual destinies. Mr. and Mrs. Skelley became acquainted in the Brass Shop. They reside at 855 N. College.

Mr. and Mrs. Skelley returned to work May 14. Their friends held a little meeting in Department 8 and presented them with a handsome set of silverware. Barney Marty read the speech below, which is the composition of Mrs. Fairy Hughes.

"The poet says 'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,' and true enough it seems, for here we have the proof. Beulah and John staged an elopement that would have done credit to a movie plot. Since they put one over on us, we feel that we have a right to a come-back.

"Now that they are married, all that John has to do is to bring home the bacon and its up to Beulah to fry it. However, merely bringing home the bacon and cooking it is not all. In paleolithic times the cave man used to take up his food in his hands, as a southern negro does a slice of watermelon.

"In order to save them the necessity of eating as the cave men did, and because we like John's good humor and Beulah's quiet lady-like ways, and because there is a come-back due, we present them today with this set of silver knives and forks.

"We add the hope that John will enjoy Beulah's first biscuits as much as we did in preparing this surprise for them."

The bride and groom were then placed on a hand truck and paraded about the department.

Smith-Wittke

Claud Smith of the Foundry and Miss Helen Wittke were married May 3 at the residence of the Rev. Wm. Heyne. They will live at 1465 N. Calhoun.

Blake-White

The marriage of Miss Mary E. Blake and George W. White, both of Decatur, took place May 19, in Lawrenceville, Rev. Mr. Baker officiating. Mr. White is salesman in Illinois for our Factory. The couple will live in 1226 North Water street.

FRANK TAYLOR



The girls in No. 8 wonder how Frank Taylor would look on the pages of the Record, so here he is, girls. Take a good look. Frank is a machine setter in the Brass Shop.

PRODUCTION DEPT. BREAKS RECORD

For the week ending May 19 the production of ground key cocks was 52,598. This is nearly 2,200 higher than the preceding high record.

The figures on the production boards throughout the plant are being watched with considerable interest. Thus far we have been able to more than pass the fifty per cent goal increase, but for the rest of the year it will not be so easy. Watch the figures.



ASPIRES TO FOOTBALL HONORS

Guy Thompson of the Laboratory got a transfer to the Foundry in order that he might train now for a place on the Decatur high school football team next fall. After tackling the job as carrier, he should have no difficulty with opposing football players.



Mean Thing

"Pretty hard luck for me," said C. N. W. "I bought a \$4 meal ticket for \$3.50. Just after I paid for it I dropped it on the sidewalk and before I could pick it up a fellow with big nails in his shoes stepped on it and punched out \$2 worth of meals."



A Penny Wise

"Abie, mein son, why for you go der stairs up two at a time?"

"To save mein shoes, fader."

"Vell, be careful you don't split your pantz."

THREE OF A KIND



Harry Dickerson, Teddie Peck and John Wertz of Dept. 18. They are not loafing—just hesitated a minute to be photographed.

ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR

So often have I seen cars glide about the streets and over the country lanes that I assumed that driving one was merely a matter of working a few simple controls and watching it run. My friends had often taken me smoothly over the roads and bridges of Macon County and I longed for the day when I, too, could sit at the steering wheel and watch the landscape flit by.

This desire grew to a passionate yearning as the balmy spring days passed after I had ordered a Ford. The suave salesman assured me that my car would be delivered "next week." During the next six weeks he delivered instead a choice assortment of alibis. On the Saturday of the seventh week he announced that my Lizzie had come.

There she was! Mine! A marvel of rapid and cheap transportation, the final product of American genius for invention and mass production. This was the machine to whom the weary miles were nothing, and which would multiply my personality by moving it quickly wheresoever I listed.

With the mechanic I went for a ride. He flooded me with information about spark, gas, reverse, brakes, neutral, low, battery, magneto, etc. He performed some magic and then committed the vibrating mechanism to my eager hands.

At his command I thrust forward with my left foot. There was a brief promise of motion, then with a snort Lizzie quit and seemed to have no further interest in her manifest destiny. "You've killed the engine," my instructor informed me. "Now step on the starter." Down came my heel on a little projection on the floor. Instantly there was a whirling response. "Give her gas, push down that lever, hold her in neutral,

now slowly forward with that left pedal." There was a slow response and in a few seconds Lizzie started to go. "Now let up with your left foot." The whirring subsides and the car shoots forwards.

Then my mind conjures up visions of what might happen if I should have to stop suddenly. Suppose the thing should take a notion to speed up instead of stop. If a little lever under the steering wheel comes down a notch or two instead of up, she may run away.

Some one glides in from a side street. I fumble with levers and pedals. Lizzie stops with a groan, and the engine dies again.

Various adventures and near mishaps provide a series of thrills, but finally, with the assistance of the mechanic, we get back.

"Just take it easy and you can drive as well as any one," he assures me.

The next day I try it myself. A friend starts me off and I manage to navigate the flivver out to the park and back. Emboldened by this success, I ask a friend to go driving that evening. She graciously consents. We mount the chariot. Then I discover that all the levers and controls are in the dark. The starter fails to start anything. Various fumbling combinations are tried without avail. A muttered curse has no effect upon the obdurate Lizzie.

I hailed a passerby. "Do you know how to start a Ford?"

"I never touched a steering wheel in my life," and he passes on.

More experiments with controls. No progress. Presently a youth draws near. He is sympathetic. "Turn your key the other way" he suggests. The engine leaps into life and we are off. For a few ecstatic minutes we spin lightly along the new pavement under the trees and stars. Water street appears dead ahead and a big interurban has the right of way. Again the engine dies, but this time is easily resurrected.

Later we are gliding up a newly-surfaced street, only to discover that the way ahead is closed just before the next crossing. There is nothing for it to do but turn around. The controls are in the dark. More futile experimenting, but she will not back. Anywhere ahead seems to be Lizzie's one idea when there is no room ahead.

We are stalled. I remember a cousin who lives in the neighborhood. He kindly comes to the rescue in his shirt sleeves and slippers, and maneuvers us to the garage, which is at right angles to a narrow alley. We tug, strain, back, start, stop, and all but carry the contrary contraption in. Finally it clears the door and is locked in. There it stands now.

I think the building will have to be moved a little to the side if I ever get her out again.

E. H. Newdriver.

WATER WORKS CONVENTION

The annual convention of the American Water Works Association was held at Detroit May 21-25. The headquarters were at the Statler Hotel. This association is composed of water works men from all over the United States, including in its ranks some of the most noted engineers. In a large measure it directs the policy of water works and in research work is an invaluable ally to every man in the business.

Our Company, as usual, made a display, and was represented by Fred B. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Mueller of Port Huron, Mich., Everett Mueller, J. W. Simpson, W. F. Aaron, our Michigan salesman, and Ivan Van Haften, of the New York sales force.

Fred Schulder, of the Catalogue Department, was in Detroit during the convention to attend a meeting of the standardization committee.



BASEBALL

The Mueller Triangles have organized a baseball team. Mr. Hobbs of Dept. 29 is coaching the nine. To date two games have been played. First game with the Postoffice team, with the game called on account of darkness with a 2 to 2 score. Second game was lost to the Postoffice team, 7 to 2.

Line-up as follows:

1st base—Hobbs.

2nd base—Dayton, D.

S. S.—Jordan, L.

3rd base—Heisler, J.

c. f.—Kennedy, H.

l. f.—Masters, R.

r. f.—Zetterlind, E.

C.—Gunkle, R.

P.—Casey, W.

Anybody wishing a game with this team, see Hobbs, of Dept. 20.



“Did that efficiency expert pep up the efficiency of your office employes any?”

“I’ll say he did! Why, now they can lock up and be out of the office in a trifle under forty seconds!”—Exchange.



Pupil: “What keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?”

Teacher: “The law of gravity, of course.”

Pupil: “Well, how did folks stay on before the law was passed?”



Pop (to his bright infant): “What’s wrong?”

Son (twelve years old): “I just had a terrible scene with your wife.”

—Cap and Bells.

NEW HOME ON COAST

The company is erecting a new building at 1072-1076 Howard street, San Francisco, California. We have become a fixture on the coast and after August will be in our own building, carrying a much larger stock than ever before.

The new building is reinforced concrete. It is a two story structure 50x165 feet with display rooms on the first floor and offices on the second floor.

There is ample room for carrying a large stock.

The picture shown on the cover of this issue is from an architect’s print. Later we hope to have a good photograph of this handsome structure.



NOT AS GREEN AS HE LOOKED

The attendance of the people of the Core Department at the carnival last week was very good. Howard Green went out on Monday evening to look over the lay-out and was particularly attracted by the display of plaster Kewpie dolls in some faker’s stand, who disposed of them with the aid of a roulette wheel.

As the fakir saw the youth approach, he thought to himself, “This lad is my meat,” and invited him to try his luck. Howard gave the contrivance a spin and won a doll. In the course of the evening he bagged seven. The girls in the Core Department began to take an interest and asked Howard to try his luck for them, which he did with almost uniform success. By Friday evening he had depleted the fakir’s stock to such an extent that he was invited to bestow his patronage elsewhere.

On parting he said, “My friend, what is your name?”

“My name is Green.”

“Indeed! In name only.”



She Knew Where He Was

“Ah, madam,” said the pious visitor, “I am going about giving advice and consolation to unhappy wives. Do you know where your husband is every night?”

“Indeed, I do.”

“Alas, madam. You think you do, but he may be here, there, anywhere.”

“Well, if he gets out of the place where he is now he has to arise a granite slab that weighs at least a ton, and he couldn’t even lift a scuttle of coal while he was alive.”—Detroit Free Press.



No Luck

“So you asked Geraldine to marry you?”

“Yes, but I didn’t have any luck. She asked me if I had any prospects.”

“Why didn’t you tell her about your rich uncle?”

“I did, hang it all! Geraldine’s my aunt now.”—Iowa Frivol.

(Continued from page 7)

and very picturesque and a fine road. While going over the mountains I saw what appeared to be the original wild pigeons. I saw two small flocks and on asking the guide what they were he said "wild pigeons." To all appearances they were just as I remember them as a boy.

We returned to Jerusalem and saw the Golden Gates where Jesus passed through. They have been sealed and closed since that time. All of these cities were enclosed by walls, and Jerusalem, I understand, has seven gates.



Bethlehem, Rachel's Tomb
Bethlehem, Rachel's Tomb
Bethlehem, Rachel's Tomb

Rachel's Tomb

bitter water into sweet water. The road to and from the Dead Sea to Jerusalem is over the mountains.

The "Wailing Wall" is where the Jews weep and pray for the Messiah, whom they believe is yet to come.

Calling the Faithful

The Mohammedans of Jerusalem have a high tower or minaret where a priest calls the faithful to pray and he says something which I am informed means:

Allah is Great

God is Great (repeated four times).

I bear witness that there is no God but God (repeated two times).

Come to Prayers (repeated two times).

Come to salvation (repeated two times).

God is Great—there is no God but God.

This prayer is called at 4 a. m. and the priest has a high shrill voice with the result that he awakens everyone in the Hotel St. John.

We were invited to dinner at the American Colony (Mr. and Mrs. Howard and a son and our four) seven of us. We had a real American dinner, nice and clean, which we greatly enjoyed. We were taken to the American Colony and to the hotel by some of the members of the American Colony. We retired for the night.

On Board the Cunard R. M. C. Caronia.

March 13, 1923

We started early this morning for Tiberias over one of the best roads I ever saw. We had luncheon at the Inn of the Good Samaritan (a very poor luncheon). We passed through Nazareth. Saw Jacob's Well, Mt. Tabor, Mt. Carmel and Cana of Galilee. Place where the Gadareans lived, also Capernaum. The place where the sermon on the Mount was preached. We arrived at Tiberias at 4:30. We passed through wonderful fertile valleys, now being bought up and cultivated with modern implements by the Jews. Their farms are in the best condition of any I have seen in Palestine.

We had an excellent dinner at the Hotel Tiberias, which is owned by Mrs. Grossman.

The dinner was the best we have had since leaving Cairo, in fact since leaving the boat, except the special dinner we had at the American Colony. We had clean beds and everyone greatly enjoyed being here.

(On Sea of Galilee)

March 14, 1923

We made an early start, getting up at 5:30 with a breakfast at 6:30 and a ride on the Sea of Galilee at seven for one hour. We were on a small gasoline boat holding about fifty, and the sea was rough, so much so that some became sea sick.

We left at 8:30 for Haifa via Nazareth where we stopped and saw the carpenter shop of Joseph. We again went through very fine looking farm land, being cultivated by the Jews. On arriving at Haifa we immediately went to our boat, had a bath, put on clean clothes, and felt fine.

Many people advised us not to take the trip to Palestine on account of dirt, but we feel that this trip was the best of any we have had on our entire journey. I would rather have missed any other part than the trip through Palestine. I would not care to go again until they have better hotels.

We are now on the boat on our way to Naples and then to Rome. I hope I will get some mail.

March 15, 16, 17 1923

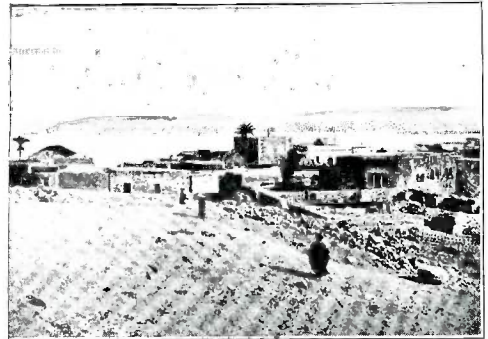
On the boat on our way to Naples. The water was very smooth, hardly a ripple or wave and the boat made good time but you could hardly realize it was running.

During the trip we had numbers of meetings of the directors and delegates of the United States section of the International Chamber of Commerce. Many of the subjects to be considered at Rome were debated and drafts of decisions were made to be submitted at the convention.

We left the warm country of Palestine and Egypt and as we proceeded north and west it became much colder.

An Italian Sunrise

I was up at 5:30 a. m. the 17th as we were passing some of the islands along the southwest coast of Italy. I saw the sun rise over the water and it was very beautiful. At about six a. m. we passed the volcano of Stromboli and as it is active we could see the clouds of steam and smoke belching forth. We were informed that at night it shows up very bright from the lava flowing down the mountain side. One of the remarkable things is to see a small village just a short distance from the volcano on the same



Capernaum

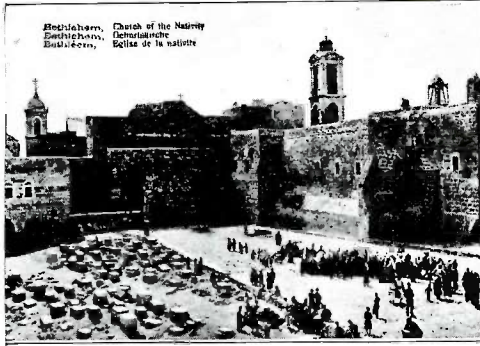
island. It would seem that they were in great danger.

We continued on toward Naples, passing the island of Capri. We were quite close to the island, and it is very beautiful.

We arrived at the beautiful harbor of Naples at about 2 p. m. It took an hour to land and two and a half hours more to get our baggage into the cars before we started for Rome. We had a beautiful special train, Wagner cars (made in Germany). We were served an elegant dinner. We could see the beautiful country, mostly gardens, and groves of trees as long as daylight lasted. The trees are nothing but trunks as the branches are cut off every year to be used as fire wood. They have no forests and practically no coal. Therefore coal and wood

are very expensive with the result that all houses and buildings are either not heated or are quite cool where they attempt to heat same. They consider the temperature of 50 to 55 degrees very pleasant, whereas we must wear our overcoats.

We arrived at Rome about 10:15 p. m. and after another siege with the porters handling your bags, we at last landed at our Hotel de Russie. We were assigned two good rooms and bath on the third floor overlooking the main street which is quite noisy and the girls objected, but we were fortunate



Church of Nativity

in getting them as they are good rooms and very clean, also with a good bath.

March 18, 1923.

We were late in getting up as it was Sunday and we did not go down to breakfast until about ten o'clock. Our breakfast consisted of coffee, rolls and honey. After breakfast Mr. Webber and I went to the headquarters at the Grand Hotel and got our mail, consisting of many letters and papers. Our girls, Rachel and Charlotte received the largest number of letters. We had a good arm load of papers and letters.

In Rome

After luncheon we went to the Palazzo di Bell Arts and attended the opening exercises which consisted of speeches by Mr. Filippo Cremonesi (commissary for the city of Rome), Mr. Marco Cassin, President of Industria Italiana, Mr. Benito Mussolini, Prime Minister of Italy. There was great applause and all were on their feet when he talked. He is about five feet six inches tall, dark, heavy build, with a square jaw and a very strong face. He appeared to be ill at ease and seemed very nervous; his eyes, very dark, were looking everywhere. We were told that on account of putting into effect a policy of economy, reducing the number of railway employes and government employes, his life had been threatened. He is heavily guarded by soldiers and police. Mussolini was formerly a Socialist and very radical and when he found his policy did not work he changed diametrically opposite. He is the big man of Italy today.

There was also an address by Mr. Etienne Clementel, President of the International Chamber of Commerce.

After the addresses, we took a carriage to St. Peters. (The bronze statue of St. Peter has the toes worn off from millions kissing same). We saw a most magnificent building and one of the largest I have ever seen. There are priests everywhere, thousands of them. Someone said there are forty thousand priests there. Sunday is a great day here. Everybody seems to be out walking or riding. The people seem well dressed and do not appear lacking for food, such as we saw in Constantinople, Athens, Algiers and Egypt. They also seem happy, although we are told there is great discontent and there may be a uprising against Mussolini because of his economic policy of discharging men in the govern-

ment employ. It seems that nearly every servant or employe must have his assistants. When one looks around and sees the police, always in twos or fours and the soldiers by the hundreds, the officers all decorated with medals, etc., some having so many decorations that they cover their entire breast, you cannot help but feel there is great waste in having so many who do not produce.

Rome is full of ancient buildings, dating long before Christ Jesus was born and I hope to be able to see a little between sessions of the chamber.

Rome, March 19, 1923

Attended a session of the Groupe Industry and Trade, which convened at 10 a. m., adjourning at noon for luncheon and going into session immediately afterwards and continuing until 6:30. This group was presided over by M. Roger of France, and he conducted everything in French with the result that all speeches had to be translated into two other languages, French to Italian and into English. If a speech was in English it had to be translated into French and Italian. This made it very difficult not only on account of the time, but sometimes there would not be word equivalents in the language into which the translation was made to give the exact meaning. For example, a "worker" in English is anyone who works, such as a man laboring with his hands, or does clerical work, whereas in French a worker means a man working with his hands. After a great deal of splitting of hairs we managed to get through the day. Had dinner at our hotel and retired early—about 10:30. People around here just begin to get busy and active about 10:30 and keep going all night. There are thousands of tourists here and the hotels have all rooms taken. Some of our party desiring to remain longer than our regular time cannot get rooms next week on account of the great number coming here to celebrate Easter. By the way, the Chamber of Commerce adopted a resolution favoring the setting of Easter at a regular day, preferring the second Sunday in April.

The American section placed a wreath on the grave of the unknown Italian soldier.

Rome, March 20, 1923

At the general meeting, presided over by Mr. Arthur Balfour (Not Sir Lord Balfour) of the Transportation Group we passed all of their resolutions, without any hitches. The resolutions as passed were in many instances those recommended by the American section. In the afternoon we again had a meeting of the Industry and Trade group but did not make much progress. We attended a reception given at the Capital Palace. There was speaking in Italian, then some cakes, tea and wine.

March 21, 1923

In the group meetings of Industry and Trade there was considerable opposition but after hard work the American section carried the resolutions as proposed by them. At 5 p. m. we had a meeting with the American Counsuls and heard their report on a number of countries. Poland wages of women, twenty-five cents, cost of living higher than normal, Austria Iron Works, five seven and nine cents per hour for skilled workers. Italy wages from forty cents to \$1.00 per day. I was told that it costs more for soldiers and police than it costs to run the government. There was a very elaborate banquet at Hotel Excelsior given by the Italian section. Good food and three kinds of wine with something that smelled like hair oil for a finish. There were six hundred present. At our table was Lord Sheffield of England, a fine old man 85 years old; also Lord Pisch, who had charge of England's finance during the war. Both of these men were just like other folks.

We met Prof. Kauper while at the American office. Kaeuper was formerly at Millikin and is now taking a year's trip in Europe. The meetings are strenuous and so far have not had time for sight seeing, except last Sunday afternoon.

CALENDAR FOR MAY

- 1—Battle of Manila Bay 25 years ago. Young man named Dewey applied for job. Chat happy all day. Caught two pound bass yesterday.
- 2—Assistant Foundry Foremen get experience while bosses are at Cleveland convention. Emery Whitacre of the Assembling Department gets new hat for leaving town.
- 3—Casey's Cubs open baseball season at Fairview Park. Tie the Herald 2 to 2.
- 4—Street fakir demonstrates new way to save your hatchet—split your kindling with a comb.
- 5—Burt Jackson's new Ford sedan arrives. When five miles out in the country Burt learned that even a Ford must have gas. Casey's Cubs trimmed by the Bingville Tigers, 7 to 2.
- 6—Fine spring Sunday. Everybody out of doors.
- 7—Foundry foremen back from Cleveland and go to work while McKibben gets away with their expense accounts. Lilly Gottwald starts to break new girl in on one of her three jobs. Little gas truck starts active competition with the electrics.
- 8—Snow storm and sunshine, blooms and blizzards, in the same hour.
- 9—Cleaning up all around for Adolph's return.
- 10—Nellie Blanchard in the Traffic Department requisitions gasoline for the electric truck.
- 11—Langdon is told that he will get his Ford "next week."
- 12—Three boys from the Night Brass Shop desert and go back to the farm.
- 13—Another fine spring Sunday. Everybody walks or drives out to see the lake.
- 14—John Skelley and bride have truck ride through Department 8.
- 15—Mueller Triangle boys had an all night party not on the "Y" program.
- 16—Probably something happened, but we did not hear of it.
- 17—Gertrude Haines conducts party of relatives through the plant.
- 18—Moving pictures at the Club at noon. Comments by "Curly" Reeves took the place of orchestra accompaniment.
- 19—"Blue" Lusk gets Dodge touring car. Now the neighbors have to dodge. Langdon's "tin Lizzie" arrived this afternoon. Promised in March.
- 20—Decatur looks like Home Sweet Home to Adolph Mueller and family after three months in Europe.
- 21—Adolph tells the boys that he went to Jerusalem for a piece of lemon pie.
- 22—Everybody on the job. Adolph is back.
- 23—Employment Office decorated with 500 postcards. A trip to Europe without leaving the room.
- 24—John Faith visits the Foundry after six months in the hospital. Says it is just like getting out of jail.
- 25—First of a series of travel talks by Adolph Mueller. New York to Monte Carlo first lap.
- 26—Mr. Bassey dies Saturday evening.
- 27—Robert and Fred Mueller and Frank Cruikshank return from French Lick Springs.
- 28—Everybody attends Mr. Bassey's funeral. A fine tribute to a good man.
- 29—Night foundrymen take the afternoon and visit the plant. More tiring than cutting sand.
- 30—Graves of Hieronymus and Henry Mueller decorated with flowers supplied by employes of the Company.
- 31—Why is an opinion? This question discussed for twenty minutes at the noon-day club.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

May 1, 1923 to May 29, 1923	
May 1 Balance.....	\$ 562.16
Receipts	
Co.'s Contribution	\$ 50.00
Dues	544.55
	594.55
	\$1,156.71
Payments	
Treasurer's bond, one yr.....	10.00
Flowers, Thos. Martin.....	5.00
Benefits listed below	460.75
	475.75
May 31 Balance.....	\$ 680.96
Invested in Mueller bonds	250.00
	\$3,180.96
Benefits Paid	
Wm. Beckemier	\$ 6.00
Guy Doran	32.00
Geo. Moore	5.00
Wm. Hedges	27.00
Virgil Gray	6.00
Mrs. Savilla Gardner	3.00
Caroline Burge	1.00
Ethel Fogle	17.65
W. Patezewtz	2.00
John Faith	59.15
Homer Whiteside	25.30
Ethel Tucker	23.65
Eva Dormon	12.50
L. E. Hawley	24.00
Harry Ray	14.25
Chas. Gilmore	3.00
Glen Michleman	32.30
H. M. Martin	3.00
Carl Gates	2.00
T. V. Davidson	10.00
Alva Morrison	10.00
L. E. Runior	32.30
Ethel Gustafson	5.65
Wm. Hedges	17.50
H. Sattley	8.50
Tom Goodwin	11.30
Lena M. Miller	9.65
Harvey Baker	11.30
G. R. Hawkins	2.25
A. L. Noblett	4.50
Harry Miller	18.00
Roy Whittaker	17.50
A. Carter	3.00
	\$460.75



MY WORK

In field or forest, at the desk or loom
 In roaring market place or tranquil room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
 "This is my work; my blessing, not my
 doom;
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom
 This work can best be done, in the right
 way."

—Henry Van Dyke.

SOME SALESMEN'S DON'TS

- Don't argue—illustrate.
- Don't ever tell a prospect that he is mistaken.
- Don't wear anything to attract or concentrate the eye of the prospect on your dress.
- "Don't ask a prospect a question to which he can say "No."
- Don't talk price ;talk quality even though your price is low.
- Don't run down the other fellow's goods; talk the "reason why" of your goods.
- Don't say anything against the goods on which your prospect looks with favor, for you will offend his judgment on which every man prides himself.
- Don't contrast your goods with those of a competitor, which the prospect has been using or knows about; talk your goods and let the prospect do the contrasting.
- Don't talk loud, particularly at the opening of a selling talk; talk low in order to concentrate the prospect's attention by straining his hearing slightly.
- Don't loaf on rainy days; they are good days to find prospects in. They haven't so many callers. You don't have to wait and are permitted to stay longer.
- Don't forget that there are more possible orders in a large number of fair prospects than in a few excellent prospects—so work and make large number of calls.
- Don't neglect the fact that legs often make up for brains in getting orders—although one isn't much good without the other.
- Don't forget to read the trade journals in your line.
- Don't smoke in front of a prospect unless he invites you to do so.

—David Gibson.



Harsh Criticism

Alice, for the first time, saw a cat carrying her kitten by the nape of its neck.
 "You ain't fit to be a mother!" she cried scathingly. "You ain't hardly fit to be a father."—Youth's Companion.



BIRTHS

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Moore, May 12, a son, Edwin Arthur.
 Charles Ward of Department 9 is the happy dad of a twelve pound son, born May 7. His name is Franklin Lahman.
 Dale Vernon Wacaser arrived at the home of his daddy, Herschel Wacaser, Saturday, May 19. Herschel says that his suburban farm is a fine place to raise boys.

Brass Chips

Miss Bass had the surprise of her life when Hiram Johnson, formerly of Department 20, walked into the Employment Office last week two days ahead of schedule.

Bart Allen of the Night Foundry is some molder. For the week ending May 26 he put up 1,205 perfect molds. His pay-check makes a white-collared man's salary look like the small change out of thirty cents.

Clark Masters, Trevor Klinghamer, Bart Allen, and Bud Smith drove to Indianapolis to see the races May 30.

Floyd Johnson of Detroit, formerly in the Main Office and later on the road, was here last Tuesday.

Bob Collins, graduate of the Shipping Department, and salesman for the Minneapolis territory, spent Memorial Day in Decatur. Bob told us of selling Mueller goods in a Minnesota town last winter when the thermometer stood at 45 degrees below zero. They use nine foot service boxes in this region.

Charles Lincoln of the Indiana territory was in recently.

Lida Bass, Hiram Johnson, and others honored the nation's heroic dead on Memorial Day by watching an alligator chew up a man's right arm at the carnival.

Harry Miller, who underwent an operation at the Macon County hospital May 28, is reported to be doing well.

Arthur G. Cripe, who has been employed in Department 57 since March 26, died at the Macon County hospital Tuesday night, May 22. His death was due to gall stones. Mr. Cripe's home was at 2461 E. Main street. He leaves a wife and four children, the youngest being nine years of age. Burial was at Cerro Gordo, June 1.

Miss Mamie Sanders of the Main Office left her position in the Accounting Department after nearly four years of service. She will return to school. Her place has been taken by Carroll Cornelius, who has been teaching school for the past year.

A. G. Martin's flivver was under the weather several days recently and her condition became so serious that A. G. had to lay off and take her to a hospital. After a minor operation or two, she is making a good recovery.

"Blackie" had an attack of movieitis last Saturday afternoon and went to three movie shows in succession. It is reported that he had to be helped home.

Wilbur Trotter of the Foundry got reckless on the opening day of the ball season and bet ten cents against Gustin's fifteen cents on the home team. Wilbur lost no time in collecting. He wished he had held to his original offer to bet \$5.00.

"Give me a recreation blank," said a caller at the stationery counter. Thinking of his vacation quite likely.

Robert Mueller and Frank Cruikshank spent a few days at French Lick during the month of May.

Dewey Connor, formerly of Department 20, was in for a brief visit May 17. Dewey has been breezing about the U. S. A. the past year, but is now located at Streator and is much improved in health.

Elizabeth Livingston of Department 8 checked out May 23, to be married.

W. R. Gustin was in Cleveland during the past month attending the National Convention of Purchasing Agents.

Ebert Mueller, son of Mr. Robert, and Philip Cruikshank, son of Frank W. Cruikshank, will finish at Yale College in June. Their parents will go to New Haven to attend the commencement exercises.



A RIPPING SUCCESS

Coming out of the public library recently Walter Auer caught his trousers on something and gave them a considerable rip.

He says all spectators agree it was a ripping success and they especially enjoyed the graceful way in which he backed into a car.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

On Friday, May 11, the Chemistry Club met at the Mueller Lodge for a banquet and a lecture. The Lodge grounds were unusually pretty because the wild crabapple, red haw, and black haw trees were in full bloom and at the foot of the hill the lake was rough from the oncoming storm. From the old definition of banquet, the Club was surely treated to one. The table was beautifully decorated with wild flowers and buds, but the best decoration was stewed chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, perfection salad, baking powder biscuits, butter, coffee, peaches, and cake. When the dishes were emptied, they were replaced by full ones, and what appetites good cooking can create! Every one declared the dinner fit for a king.

Mr. E. T. Laying, assistant professor of applied chemistry at the University of Illinois, spoke on "Coal." He told the club what caused spontaneous combustion, and modern methods of using a thermometer with a gun attachment to indicate the pile where spontaneous combustion was liable to occur. He also said that Illinois was working on a method to convert Illinois soft coal to a coal with properties similar to hard coal and of the variety of products—road oil, medicine, and victrola records, etc., made from the by-products.



Cecil Did Mean It

On the morning of May 5 Cecil Foltz of the Drafting Department observed smoke rising from the roof of the house on College street next to the Core Room. He rushed into Mr. Phillip's office and in much excitement asked Opal Verner to turn in a fire alarm.

"Quit your kidding me," was the doubting maiden's reply.

When the alarm had been duly turned in and the fire department was at work, Opal said, "Oh Cecil I didn't think you meant it."

THE SARNIA CANTEEN

We note in a recent issue of the "Mueller Bronze Crafter" that the Employes' Aid Society at the Sarnia plant has handled a good deal of money through their restaurant and canteen. Their net assets are \$2,450.00. However, in the five months ending February 28, they had paid out in benefits \$114.58.



Mixed Conclusions

It was Roberts' first visit to the Zoo. "What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben.

After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied, "I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."—Cincinnati Western Christian Advocate.

Department 50

Wanted—One dozen holeless doughnuts, strictly fresh.—Davis D. Dresback.

Bob Dresden: "What's the definition of nonsense?"

Jack Fry: "You're the best definition I know of."

One morning one of our brilliant young draftsmen was absent—first time in history. Everybody wonders; must be something wrong. Next afternoon he appears on the job with his chin in a sling. Looks bad. He says it is poison, so everybody in the department must beware. He also stated that it was a close shave and might have been worse but we don't believe it was a shave, as his whiskers are still growing. However, we hope it isn't as bad as it looks and that she is all right, too.



TWILIGHT ARMY

The friends of Harry Miller of the Night Foundry went out to his farm on the morning of May 26 and thoroughly hoed and cleaned his garden. Five carloads of night foundrymen, headed by Clarence Byers, did the trick. Harry has been laid up for the past week. This was certainly a pleasant surprise for him.



Sunday School Teacher: "Where will you go if you are good?"

Sarah: "To the land of everlasting bliss."

S. S. Teacher: "That's right. Now, Johnnie, where do you go if you are not good?"

Johnnie: "To the land of everlasting blister."



When the Larder Looked Lean

A negro preacher whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity of contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard time an' de gineral deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis church t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quatah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctually heard by the congregation, an' a suspendah-button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiah off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordin'! Let de c'lection now p'ceed, while I takes off ma hat and gibs out a hymn."

Exercises for Business Men

Rise 7:00 a. m.

Stand in the middle of room, raise arms slowly overhead, take deep breath and say, "Damn the taxes," lowering arms in attitude of despair. Ten times.

Extend body flat downward on floor, cover eyes with hands, kick heels, think of the railroads and weep, till dry.

Kneel, wring hands, meditate on the unions and groan 150 times.

Assume sitting position, hands on hips, sway gently to and fro and concentrate on Mr. Burselson until a generous frothing at the mouth sets in.

While cooling off try to get a number on the telephone.

Observe this simple regime every morning before breakfast and you will reach the office with most of the cares and troubles of the day out of your system.



The Town of Don't You Worry

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry
On the banks of the River Smile,
Where the Cheer-up and be-happy
Blossom sweetly all the while;
Where the Never-grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-give-up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.
In the Valley of Contentment
In the providence of I Will,
You will find the lovely City,
At the foot of No-fret Hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town.
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-seldom Frown.
Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there;
And on each a vine clinging
Called the Frequent-earnest Prayer.
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile.



A Concession

An Italian who kept a fruit stand was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practice of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance, he finally put up a sign which read: "If you must pincha da fruit, pincha a cocoa-nut!"—Business.



Hea: "Whence the black eye, old thing?"

Tea: "Oh, I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place."—Widow.



Did you ever notice that the quietest thing about a busy man is his tongue?

Up-to-Date Predicaments

Weep and you're called a baby,
Laugh and you're called a fool;
Yield and you're called a coward,
Stand and you're called a mule;
Smile and they call you silly,
Frown and they'll call you a gruff—
Put on a front ike a millionaire—
And some guys call your bluff!

—Puck.



"I can's keep the visitors from coming up" said the office boy, dejectedly, to the president. "When I say you're out they simply say they must see you."

"Well," said the president, "just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon there called at the office a young lady. The boy assured her it was impossible to see the president.

"But I'm his wife," said the lady.

"Oh, that's what they all say," said the boy.



The Plugger

He plugged along
From day to day,
And soon he drew
A raise in pay.
And then he plugged
Along some more
And got his name
Upon the door.
But still he plugged
And now we learn
He's managing
The whole concern.



No Wish to Conserve

An Atchison merchant tried to sell a vacuum bottle to a Missourian.

"It will keep anything hot or cold seventy-two hours," he explained.

"Don't want it. Don't want it at all," replied the Missourian. "If I had anything worth drinking, I don't want to keep it seventy-two hours."



A small girl asked her mother: "If I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, my dear," the mother replied.

"And if I do not get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

"Yes," was the reply.

The little girl thought for a minute, put her hands to her head and said: "Well, I am in a fix."

—Exchange



The world has funny guys in it,
Man toils and tries in it;
Laughs in it, cries in it;
Lives in it, dies in it;
Finds lots to despise in it,
But seldom grows wise in it!