

# Mueller Record

A woman with dark, curly hair, wearing a white dress with a red sash, is lying on her stomach, looking out a large window. The window is framed by dark curtains. Outside the window, a night scene is visible with a crescent moon, a small house with a chimney, and a large, dark, shadowy figure. The overall color palette is muted, with greens, browns, and whites.

CHRISTMAS 1922



# THE MUELLER RECORD

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## EDITORIAL

A Merry Christmas! "Bah," as old Scrooge said, "what have YOU got to be merry over?"

Such was the spirit of Old Scrooge, and such is the spirit of his descendants who have yet to attain his conversion which made him see and enjoy the glories of this day.

What have YOU got to be merry about? Why, dear fellow traveler and toiler wending your uncertain way from the cradle to the grave, you have so many daily blessings that you never can be merry enough to pay your debt to nature.

You have the golden memory of your childhood; of your youth with bright days of deeds and hopes; of star-lit, lilac nights of love and romance; of a true companion and a peaceful home; of prattling babes and sturdy children.

The memory of these is sufficient in itself to make you merry, but there are other simple things in life over which you should rejoice.

You have the birthright of an American citizen—that means lots to you—compare it with the birthright of the Russian or the German of today.

You have health, which enables you to enjoy life and provide for the comfort and happiness of those loved ones dependent upon you. Think of the invalid and the helpless cripples.

You have eyes to see the face of those dear to you, to view the marvels nature lavishly spreads out each day, to scan the printed page of prose and poetry which bring you in close communion with the minds of all nations and all peoples of all ages. Think of the blind who dwell in perpetual darkness.

You have ears to hear the loved voice of mother, sweetheart and wife, the songs of the birds, the purling brook, the sonorous boom of the ocean, the soft sweet-scented winds of summer, the hoarse but not unkindly gales of winter, the lightest and the loudest sounds of any kind. Think of the deprivation of the deaf.

You have a nose that brings to your senses the langorous odor of beautiful flowers, of fields fresh with growth of grains and blossoms. Think of those afflicted souls who do not realize this wonderful privilege.

You have the sense of touch with which you can communicate your love and tender-

ness by stroking a loved head, by which you telegraph through a clasp of the hand your friendship and fidelity to those you like and love. Think of the armless and paralytics.

You have a mind to develop that you may enjoy all these things and through culture many thousands of others. Think of the feeble-minded who live a life of black unenlightenment.

And then by reason of all these simple, natural gifts you have an inheritance that money cannot buy or man create—an inheritance which makes you a man among men—an inheritance which enables you to labor in your chosen field, to hold your head high and face your God with a consciousness of having used and appreciated the gifts He bestowed upon you.

Why should YOU be merry at this glad Christmas time?

Shame the thought that prompts the query.

Keep in mind the fact that the biggest and best capital is I—its development means success.

Be a good sport; there is just as much fun in business and work as in any other contest—it's just a game—play it fair and square if you want to win.

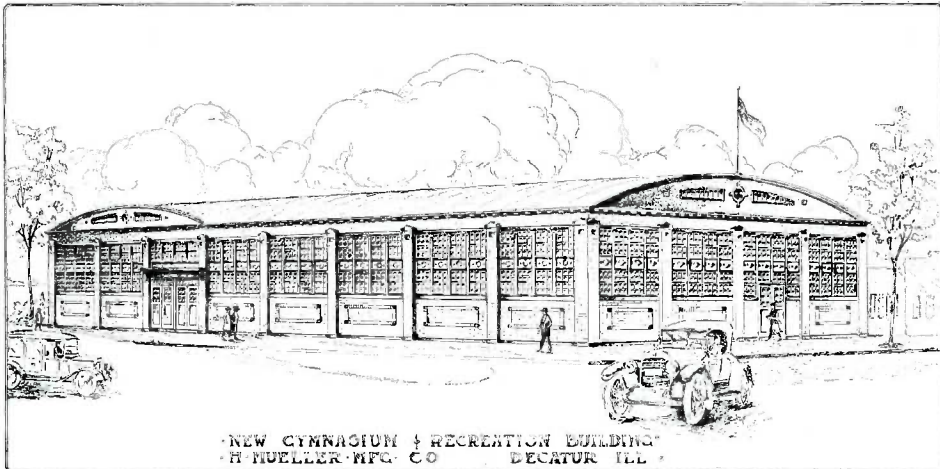
Don't be ashamed of your position—be ashamed of yourself for occupying it if you are capable of filling something better.

Big Industry makes opportunities for advancement. The claim that there is no chance for a man nowadays is the claim of the man who will not take advantage of his chances. Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation points out 10 prominent officials in that organization who started as laborers, errand boys, etc. If you did not have a chance last year you may have one this year. Be alert to grasp it.

Don't you be afraid that you will work yourself to death. For every man who works himself to death 10,000 die from lack of exercise, late hours, overeating.

A Merry Christmas  
and  
A Happy New Year!

# THE NEW RECREATION BUILDING



This is the first picture of our new recreation hall to be built at Monroe and Cerro Gordo streets. Architects Aschauer & Waggoner are working on the plans which provide for the completion of the building some time next spring.

And this will add another important link to the means provided for recreation of employes. It is something we have talked and dreamed about during the past two years and, owing to our growth, is a thing which cannot be longer postponed. We have reached the point where we have insufficient room for the every day needs of employes,—no meeting place large enough for a gathering of the force. On big occasions it is necessary to go down town for such affairs as the Children's Christmas party, when we all know that a better spirit of fellowship would develop were we to hold these affairs in our own recreation hall.

The arrangements provide for better accommodations for the noon-day lunch, and promise an opportunity for better physical development by reason of a first-class gymnasium.

The building will be located at the corner of North Monroe and West Cerro Gordo streets. The lot is "L" shaped with 146 feet on Monroe, and 120 feet depth to the alley on the west. The gym proper occupies the corner with a width of 60 feet on Cerro Gordo and 90 feet on Monroe street, and contains 5400 square feet of floor space besides a balcony running along the east side 11 feet by 90 feet with seating capacity for 250. The gymnasium will be fully equipped and modern in every respect and also will contain two standard bowling alleys. The entire space will be covered with trusses, giving unobstructed floor space and an 18 foot ceiling under the trusses. The windows will be 6 feet from the floor and 17 feet by

12 feet in size, giving the best of light and ventilation. The entire gym is to have polished maple floor and laid out for indoor basket-ball, handball, volley-ball, etc., and a full line of gymnasium equipment.

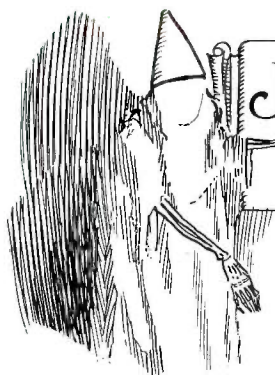
The dining room wing will be 54 feet by 88 feet, containing 4,732 square feet of floor space, with kitchen 18 feet by 30 feet all fitted up in most modern cafeteria style. The entire dining room will have concrete floor and be equipped with long tables with white glass tops and suitable chairs. At the west end of the dining room there will be a stage for speaking, motion pictures, etc. The building is so arranged that the gym and dining room can be combined in one, thus giving accommodations for large crowds.

The men's rest room in the basement will be entered from the main entrance to building on Monroe street. It will be fitted with showers, lockers, wash room, and toilets. The rest room for the ladies is on the second floor balcony above the entrance to the building.

The entire building will be practically two stories in height, all spanned by steel trusses with a clear height of 18 feet under trusses. It will be of reinforced brick and concrete construction with large window openings between piers. The roof will be arch-shape with red asphalt roofing. The exact cost of the building is not yet determined upon, but it will be strongly and substantially built and the equipment throughout will be strictly up-to-date. Work on the building is to be started as soon as materials can be ordered, and will be ready for occupancy by spring.

## HIGHER FINANCE

A bank in a small town in North Dakota sent a Swede depositor a notice of overdraft by mail. "Ole" didn't exactly understand what it was all about, and upon meeting the cashier on the street a few days later produced the notice and offered his check to cover.



# John Donovans Ghost Story

(ORIGINAL)

"You don't believe in ghosts, do you? Of course not, but I do—or did—and would still had it not been for a black tom cat."

And the story could be made as weird as Poe's "Black Cat" were there someone to put in the freezing frills to polarize the blood as he did. There is bad luck in every hair of the ebony fur and each green eye of a black cat. Any school boy or school girl with a grandmother who has lived in a secluded spot will tell you so, and you can't prove it's untrue.

Fate decreed that as a youngster I should live for several years in Missouri and being just as inconsiderate as fate as a rule is, the decree carried with it a home in the hills, remote, lonely and depressing in the extreme. It was unnecessary to sit around until midnight waiting for a ghost to appear. You could find a ghost or have ghostly thoughts any hour in the open light of the day. If the earth ever offered the opportunity for a monopoly on ghosts it was that evil, lonesome spot in Missouri—I'll tell the world that—and argue the question to a 19th amendment.

Just why all these opportunities to relate blood-curdling ghost stories should be reserved until bed time I never have yet been able to understand. Perhaps it's just ghost ethics, or because writers of imagination in all ages have associated midnight's blackest hour with wraiths, banshees, ghosts and restless spirits coming back to earth to right their wrongs, real or fancied, inflicted while they lived.

Let it go at that. I'm not the apostle to correct the error. There are too many apostles on earth doing business anyway—the only ones with good reputations are dead.

The night that Black Tom strode into his cabin less than a mile from where my folks lived and where by reason of my boyish years I was marooned, was remembered by all old timers as having been as black as a hat, while outside the wind howled, moaned and shrieked by turns. It was a night for murder and it proved to be a hideous murder. The woman's body was found three days later and beside her was a little babe dead of starvation, or practically so, for the child did not survive. These are the bare facts of the murder from which the ghost story grew. For years it was discussed, rehashed, added to, enlarged and improved upon until, told by an old settler, it became



so gruesome and nerve-wracking that a strong man trembled upon hearing it—especially after dark.

And finally the last and generally accepted version was that the unfortunate woman in her dying moment had raised herself from her bed, and pointing an avenging finger at Black Tom, whispered:

"As a black cat I'll haunt you and this valley until eternity."

So much for that. The people of that valley told this story year in and year out until they believed it and every black cat was referred to as "Mrs Black Tom's Ghost."

We sat around the fire one night near Christmas time and all of the limited neighborhood gossip about Bill's shoats, Jack's corn and my uncle's trip to St. Louis that summer had been worn threadbare. Outside the wind soughed through the leafless branches. It moaned and sobbed, and, rising, whistled and shrieked and then momentarily died away in a long mournful wail. The thin crescent of a new moon



John Donovan

hung in the western sky, and the big shepherd dog, probably suffering with indigestion, wood ticks or mange, raised his voice in one long, quavering, blood-freezing howl.

"That's a bad sign," said my grandmother, "a dog howling like that presages murder or disaster of some sort."

As the dog's voice died in one pitiful, moaning, long-drawn howl, the wind rose in a furious shrieking onslaught that crept in through every crevice, and made us shiver.

It was all so doleful and depressing that we drew closer to the fireplace, and my grandmother picked me up and held me close to her as if the mere fact of having me in her arms meant greater security to her, or perhaps she thought to me.

My uncle filled his pipe, lighted it, gazed reminiscently at the big back log in the fireplace, blew a whiff of smoke to the ceiling, meditated a moment, really felt or as-



sumed an awe-stricken countenance, and as if stirred by his mother's remark, said:

"Just such a night as this on which Black Tom murdered his wife."

And that's where the ghost story started.

I'll give him the cake knife and tell him to cut wide and deep, and help himself to the biggest piece. He certainly was at his best, and ran all fifteen balls without chalking his cue or making a miss. Where local history or facts failed he supplied the trimmings. His voice rose and fell with the wind outside. He certainly out-did himself and smashed all local records. No doubt he had told the story a hundred times before, but some weird influence of the storm, or some mental attitude of his hearers, made each one of us hang on every word. As he finished, that damnable dog again raised his voice in a long, despairing howl, and the wind moaned like a soul lost in the lowest depths of hades.

It was a night when the elements in themselves would try a man's courage. My grandmother held me tighter and I remember now looking into that aged face of chalky hue, and can feel her tremble as she held me in her arms.

Uncle Mike had certainly scored a touchdown.

"Yes, sir," he finished convincingly, "she said 'As a black cat I'll haunt you until eternity.'"

Silence—Ghostly silence. Every mind in the little room dwelt on that concluding sentence, and expectancy of some impending evil was written on every face. The flame in the fireplace dwindled to an ember, the coal oil lamp on the mantle flickered as it reflected moving, grotesque shadows and almost went out. The wind rose and fell with its mournful cadence, and that darned dog joined in the requiem with one final effort to reach the gloomiest note in his register. He did.

The silence in the room was tense and painful. Uncle Mike, somewhat swelled up over his ability to tell the right story at the right time, reached into the fireplace for another ember to light his pipe.

"And the poor creature said she would come back as a black cat," he said.

MEOW! YEOW! Y-E-O-W!

A huge black cat with green eyes that looked as big as silver dollars darted out of the fire itself. My grandmother fainted and they picked Uncle Mike out of the farthest corner with a face whiter than it was when they later put him in his coffin, and the other members of the party were finally coaxed into the house from the barn lot—the storm or the howling dog outside had no terrors for them.

Me—I'm no hero, when they all came to I was sitting before the fireplace where my grandmother dumped me, holding our big black tom-cat somewhat singed, in my arms. Explained by daylight it was all very simple. The house was built low. It was the first cold night of the season; the cat had climbed to the roof and finally found

a warm spot on top of the chimney. It evidently got too hot and old Tom moved and fell into the flue. He hit the fire and that was still hotter than the top of the chimney. So just at the so-called psychological moment of Uncle Mike's story, Sir Thomas let out his awful yowl when singed by the flame of the fireplace, and gave an unexpected realism to a ghost story.

It cured me of ghosts and Uncle Mike of telling ghost stories for the rest of his life.

### BRASS CHIPS

W. R. Gustin and Bobbie Mueller made several trips to Indianapolis on business.

Billy Mason got back December 13th from Cincinnati, where he had been to superintend the loading of some goods.

Phil Mueller, works manager, is back on the job after a month spent at the hunting lodge on the Okaw.

Miss Helen Pound of the core room helped out in the advertising department during the holiday rush.

Fred Schulder, who is working on the new catalog, left December 9th for New York to attend a meeting of a committee on standardization. Enroute back he stopped over in his home at Cleveland to visit with his family.

Ollie Marmor was called out of town suddenly on account of the serious illness of her mother.

Lydia Stroyeck visited in St. Louis during inventory.

Why is Charlie Adams always smiling at his work. Tell us, Charlie; there surely must be a reason.

We wonder why some of the girls in the buffing row have mirrors on their machines.

Otis Wilkins has all the symptoms of being in love. Maybe it's indigestion — either makes a man look sad.

When Jack Trotter goes out calling again he should be better informed as to the correct address.

A number of the men in the grinding room are expecting to spend the Christmas holidays out of town. Relatives of others will visit them in Decatur.

George Matthison will visit his relatives at Green Valley, Ill.

Odie Walker's mother and sister of Benton, Mo., will visit him over the holidays.

Walter Drew will visit in Moweaqua.

Dave Washburn's relatives will visit him from Atwood.

George Webber says he would like to go visiting, but he has to stay home to care for his guinea pigs.

Miss Helen Canavan is assisting Miss Paradee for a few days in the filing department.

### HELP WANTED

Nancy was saying her prayers. "And, please, God," she petitioned, "make Boston the capital of Vermont."

"Why, Nancy!" exclaimed her shocked mother, "what made you say that?"

"Cause I made it that way on my examination papers today and I want it to be right."

The man who once most wisely said,

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead,

Might well have added this, to-wit:

"Be sure you're wrong before you quit."

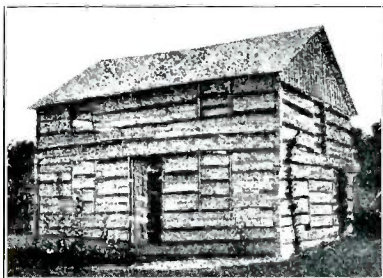
## WHERE LINCOLN PRACTICED LAW

Ida M. Tarbell, a widely known magazine writer, recently spent several weeks in Decatur, gathering material for a Lincoln article which she is preparing. She visited all local spots with which the great martyr was associated, studied old newspaper files, talked with hundreds of people and scrutinized court records, etc.



The Lincoln court house, as it is known here, was visited. It is an attraction of deep interest to all admirers of Lincoln. It occupies a spot in Fairview park, and has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition.

This court house was built in 1829, and was used for years afterward. When discarded it was moved to a lot a short distance away and was used as a stable. The fact that a building of sacred memory had returned to such base uses was discovered by Col. J. M. Clokey and he rescued it from total loss, presenting it to the park commissioners. As a court house it occupied the



southeast corner of the old square, now known as Lincoln Square.

In those days and as late as the middle eighties, the old square was a sort of public wagon yard used by farmers when they came to the city to shop.

Abraham Lincoln came to Macon county with his parents and the Hanks, Johnson and other families who were early settlers and grew into prominent people in the community. This was in 1830-31—the year of the deep snow. The Lincoln family built a cabin near Harristown. Like many other early settlers, they did not buy the land. There was so much of it that it had little or no value. The Lincoln family simply "squatted" on as much of the land as they wanted. Abe lived here about a year and then went further west in Illinois to New Salem, situated in what is now known as Menard county.

In later years when he became a lawyer, and in accordance with the custom of those

days, rode horseback from one county seat to another, he was a frequent visitor to this old log court house when he was interested in different litigation.

It's only been a few years ago that one might meet up with old settlers who had personal contact with Lincoln in those early days, and many were the tales they told of the uproarious fun in moments of relaxation.

This log court house is not only an attraction of interest to local residents, but automobile tourists visit it by hundreds each summer.

### GOOD REASON TO FAINT

An Irishman coming out of ether in the ward after an operation exclaimed audibly:

"Thank God! That's over!"

"Don't be too sure," said the man in the next bed, "they left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again."

And the patient on the other side said, "They had to open me, too, to find one of their instruments."

Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman stuck his head in the door and yelled, "Has anybody seen my hat?"

Pat fainted.

### VERY LIKELY TRUE

Inspector—"Do you teach observation?"

Teacher—"Yes."

Inspector—"Then I will test the class. Now, children, shut your eyes and sit still."

Following this the inspector made a slow whistling sort of noise and followed with: "Now children, what did I do?"

For some time there was no answer, but ultimately one little boy piped out: "Kissed teacher."

## BUT WHERE'S KENNEDY'S ARMS



Harold Kennedy is the new messenger boy. He's popular with the girls already. Look into those smiling Irish eyes and you will understand why. That answers comes naturally and easily.

But answer the next one if you can.

Where's Kennedy's arms. Has he misplaced them or are they in the proper place. It is said the camera will not and cannot lie, and on the face of it Kennedy seems not only to be in a suspicious pose, but the picture convicts him of doing the wrong or the right thing. Of course no one will blame Kennedy. Who could under such bewitching circumstances as he has been placed.

# CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

Christmas observance and celebrations differ according to the country and its people. There are many and varied rites and ceremonies, some so different from our acceptance of the right spirit that we can scarcely recognize them as a religious festival glorifying and commemorating the birth of Christ. In former years in Merry England the event was in large degree a carousal more than a festival. However, this may be, a change has been wrought, and while many of England's ancient customs have been retained, they have softened to a degree which makes the American and the English Christmas very much alike.

It is quite natural that when we think of the bluff, hearty spirit of Christmas with its decorations of holly and mistletoe, its blazing yule-log, feasting, plum puddings, starry nights and snow-enveloped earth, that we think of English customs, which we of this country have in large measure adopted.

Christmas is to thousands of people a season of deep religious significance, but to others it is only a time of merriment, of gift-giving and good fellowship. While this is true, there are few in the world who completely escape the good influences which the day brings.

In pre-Christian days in Scandinavian countries the Yule-log was brought in with great rejoicing. That was a pagan rite but in old England in Christian days it was one of the gladdest and gayest of holiday festivities. And then there was the custom of the lighted candle, in the window, "shining like a good deed in a naughty world." The purpose of the candle was to send a gleam of Christmas cheer across the path of any traveler who chanced that way.

Later came the Christmas Eve custom of the filling the stocking, the gay trimming and lighting of the Christress tree. In England while these preparations were going on the village waits, local musicians, gathered on the outside playing merry Christmas tunes, and after them came the carol singers.

To Martin Luther, the reformer, is given the honor of establishing the Christmas tree custom. Walking beneath pine trees one frosty night at Christmas time, he was struck by the beauty of the brilliant stars as seen through the boughs. He gathered a small spruce and brought it indoors, and placed lighted candles upon it to the glory of God. And this was the first Christmas tree, which is now so generally the symbol of the Yuletide season.

In England in the olden days it was believed that a Christmas cock kept watch hour by hour to drive away evil spirits that might be lurking about with his shrill voice crowing. Chris- Chris- Christmas is here.

Shakespeare's reference to this is interesting. In the opening act of Hamlet the disappearance of the ghost upon the crowing of the cock prompts Marcellus to say:

It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,  
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir  
abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets  
strike;

No fairy takes, nor witch has power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

This passage seems to point to the story of the cock as a superstition and also indicates a very considerable superstition regarding fairies, witches and all their ilk.

Christmas day in old England according to the chroniclers was one of feasting—gormandizing, more likely. There was the peacock-pie, brought in by the fairest guest; the boar's head placed upon the table with much pomp and splendor. Eating, songs, drinking and good cheer made up a day of comradeship, friendliness, renewal of old ties and happy associations.

And then came the wassail bowl with an equal show of pomp and ceremony. There must have been some heavy heads the day after Christmas for wassail was a mixture of ale (or wine) flavored with spices, sugar, apples, etc., and the uncorrected appetites of our English ancestors were unhampered by any constitutional amendment. And if old chronicles are to be believed, there were some very competent appetites in those days.

The climax of the day came with evening. Inequalities of fortune and station were swept aside as villagers trooped to the manor house for the Christmas dance. The lord of the manor led with the prettiest girl of the village and the dancers kissed if they came beneath the mistletoe bough. Presently the mummers came and enacted a play for the company, "Saint George and the Dragon" being a great favorite.

Later the "Lord of Misrule" and his assistants appeared, their particular mission being to stir up more fun and see that the merriment did not flag.

From all these accounts it would seem clear that our English ancestors not only made a day of it, but added a night for good measure.

Undoubtedly there was a deal of bluff, hearty joviality in those good old English days, and some of the customs in modified form have come down to us. Our celebration has perhaps been refined to its advantage but it has lost none of the real spirit of Christmas. We still have our lighted candles in the window, our holly and mistletoe, our feasting and Christmas carols, our gift giving and good wishes, and in our hearts the same old sentiment:

PEACE ON EARTH; GOOD  
WILL TOWARD MEN.



## WHEN RUTH SMILES

This picture of Ruth Chapman was taken for the purpose of putting her on Matt Trott's "rattler" shown on another page. Ruth belonged to the traffic department then, but when Marie Treirweiler left us for the west, Ruth was moved up to the main office.



The picture shows her with that cheerful, good-natured smile which illuminates her face a great part of the time.

Isn't it a gorgeous smile. And don't it fit in nicely with Christmas day? It radiates happiness which is something we all very much like to see—especially at this season—but Ruth does not wait until Christmas to spread her smiles—she spreads them throughout the year—just natural with her.

### THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS AGAIN

Someone is always talking about the "good old days" and telling us that this or that is not what it used to be. We don't have the "gold old Christmas" of years ago, "men are not what they used to be" and they "don't do things the way they did in the good old days when I was a boy."

Say, man, did it ever occur to you that they were making the same sort of a spiel 330 B. C. Believe it or not! Well, just read a selection from Aeschines attack on Demosthenes in his address to the Athenians:

"Suppose a man should ask you at what time this state supported the most illustrious reputation—in the present days or those of our ancestors? With one voice you would reply 'in the days of our ancestors.' At what time did the citizens display the greatest merit—then or now? They were then eminent; now much less distinguished. At what time were rewards, crowns, proclamations, and public honors of every kind most frequent—then or now? Then they were rare and truly valuable; then the name of merit bore the highest luster; but now it is tarnished and effaced; while your honors are conferred by course and custom, not with judgment and distinction.

"Which think ye, was the most worthy citizen—Themistocles or this Demosthenes, who deserted his post? Miltiades, or this man? The chiefs who led back the people from Phyla? Aristides, surnamed the Just, a title quite different from that of Demosthenes? No: by the powers of Heaven. I deem the names of these heroes too noble to mention in the same day with that of this savage."

Sic 'em, Aeschines. You certainly wagged a wicked tongue. Insofar as we know, you are the original champion of "the good old days"—but you have a lot of descendants—who, lacking your oratory, can only wail and weep for those "good old days" which they or no one else wants, except as a memory.

### NOT SO FOOLISH AT THAT

Strange, isn't it, says an exchange, what creatures of habit we are?

Many men still carry a corkscrew on their key ring, just out of habit.

## GATE GUARDIANS

Three watchmen are on duty each day at the main entrance to the factory yard and the principal entrances to the buildings. They come to know practically every employe of the company and spot a new face like a marked card.

Jack DeFratus (if any one ever called him John it was his Sunday School Teacher) has charge of the door to the brass shop, and is a familiar figure on Monroe street. If some one is not "kidding" Jack, he is "kidding" some one. Mueller employes may not know it, but Jack is an expert monument worker. Many of the fine shafts in local cemeteries give evidence of his mechanical ability as a stone carver.



John Owens is stationed at the main gate of the factory yard and practically every one in the plant passes him at some time in the day. Being in the center of the property, employes see him while coming and going to their work, while others meet him entering and leaving the yard. He keeps his eagle eye on all but he's easy to get along with because of his good nature.

The east section knows Robert Hoots best. He is at the Cerro Gordo street door while employes are ringing in and out and the remainder of the day he is stationed at the College street entrance. Hoots looks like he might be exacting, stern and rigid, but he is like his two buddies whom he seldom sees, pleasant and accommodating, and insists on nothing but an observance of the rules, which naturally eliminates all need of argument.



A little chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders, alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum: "No country for me!"

"But why not?" some one asked finally.

"Because," he responded, "they have thrashin' machines down there, an' it's bad enough here where it's done by hand."—Interior.



## The LITTLE CHURCH AROUND the CORNER

During a recent visit in New York the writer had the highly-prized opportunity of standing before "The Little Church Around the Corner," almost hidden as it is by the big buildings in Twenty-ninth Street and adjacent Fifth Avenue. It was made famous in 1870 by an incident which gave to it its odd name. Nearly every one has heard of it. Thousands of persons may not be able to locate or call by name any other church, but they know of the "Little Church Around the Corner," and thousands of visitors have considered it a privilege to merely stand on the sidewalk and look upon it. In reality, it is the "Church of The Transfiguration." It is a low, rambling, picturesque brown structure, just a few paces from Fifth Avenue. This is the incident which gave to it the odd name and made it the object of deep reverence among thousands of Americans:

In 1870 George Holland died in New York. He was a man of excellent character, well born, well bred, a student and an artist, but he was an actor. Mrs. Holland's sister expressed a desire that the funeral be held from her own church, a fashionable place on Fifth Avenue.

Joseph Jefferson (Rip Van Winkle) accompanied by one of Mr. Holland's little sons, went to the church to make the arrangements. The rector, upon being told that Mr. Holland in life had been an actor, said that under the circumstances he should have to decline holding services in the church.

Holland's little son was in tears, and Mr. Jefferson, choking with indignation, asked if there was any other church close by from which his friend might have a Christian burial.

"Oh, yes," replied the rector, "there is a little church around the corner where it might be done."

"Then if this be so," said Jefferson, "may God bless the little church around the corner."

And it was in this church that the rector, Rev. Geo. H. Houghton, conducted the service. He continued as rector until his death in 1897, when he was succeeded by his son. The elder Houghton was revered and beloved by the theatrical profession. From this church hundreds of actors and actresses have been buried and many have been married there. In fact the church has been largely supported by members of the profession as a result of the Holland incident which at the time was told in song and verse.

It inspired A. E. Lancaster, a popular dramatist of the day, to write the following verse:

### "THE LITTLE CHURCH 'ROUND THE CORNER"

Bring him not here, where our sainted feet  
Are treading the path to glory;  
Bring him not here, where our Saviour sweet  
Repeats for us His story.  
Go, take him where 'such things' are done—  
For he sat in the seat of the scorner—  
To where they have room, for we have none,  
To "that little church 'round the corner."  
So spake the holy man of God,  
Of another man, his brother,  
Whose cold remains, ere they sought the sod,  
Had only asked that a Christian rite  
Might be read above them by one whose light  
Was, "Brethren, love one another";  
Had only asked that a prayer might be read  
Ere his flesh went down to join the dead.  
Whilst his spirit looked, with suppliant eyes,  
Searching for God throughout the skies;  
But the priest frowned "No," and his brow was  
bare  
Of love in the sight of the mourner;  
And they looked for Christ and found Him—where?  
In "that little church 'round the corner."  
Ah, well! God grant, when with aching feet  
We tread life's last few paces,  
That we may hear some accents sweet  
And kiss to the end, fond faces;  
God grant that this tired flesh may rest  
(Mid many a musing mourner).  
While the sermon is preached and the rites are  
read,  
In no church where the heart of love is dead,  
And the pastor a pious prig at best,  
But in some small nook where God's confessed—  
Some "little church 'round the corner."

### WHISTLE'S 'BOUT TO BLOW



'Twas past midnight in the parlor  
And he whispered soft and low:—  
"The later that the hour grows  
The more I hate to go."

But a mother whispered hoarsely,  
"Clara, I should think you'd know  
That you've got to work this morning  
And the whistle's 'bout to blow."

### EXERCISE ASSURED

Doctor Friend: "Now that you have a car, you musn't neglect exercise."

Patient: "Oh! I shan't be able to; it's a second-hand car."

We wonder what's the matter with Shelton's chair? Ray Sailsbery duplicated Shelton's downfall. Of course his feet didn't go so high into the air.

## GUESS IF YOU CAN



Here are the pictures of two popular young ladies of Dept. 8 when they were about 8 years of age.

They don't now bear any resemblance to these



pictures; oh, no, especially when they are all dolled up for a movie or a dance.

You are entitled to one guess as to their identity.

## WEDDINGS

### HEMRICH-FLECKINSTEIN

On October 18th, Roy Fleckinstein of the Night Brass Shops, and Miss Nella Hemrich were married at St. James Church. They have gone to housekeeping at 1237 E. Prairie street. Roy only recently announced his wedding, although it was no surprise to the boys on the night shift.

### RIDER-ELLEGOOD

Virgil Ellegood, clerk in the lead department, surprised his relatives and friends when on November 29th he and Miss Lalah Rider of Pana, Ill., slipped away to Springfield, and were married. They returned to Decatur a few days later and now reside at 1023 W. Eldorado.

### HOOD-HILL

Herman H. Hill of the tool-making department and Miss Lillian Hood of this city were married Tuesday, December 5th, by Rev. Wm. Heyne at the parsonage. They were charivariated by members of Department 55, who also presented them with an electric toaster. Not to be outdone, Herman saw to it that everyone had plenty of Sangamon water and cigars. Mr. and Mrs. Hill are now living in their new home at 761 W. Cushing street.

### WEMPEN-FRIEND

Miss Goldie Wempen of this city and Mr. Roland Friend of the polishing department were married Thanksgiving Day at the Grace Methodist parsonage by Rev. A. M. Wells. They went to Springfield on a short honeymoon and upon their return went to housekeeping at 1903 N. Church street.

### DODWELL-WEST

William C. West of the brass shops and Miss Bernice Dodwell of the core department were married December 6th by Rev. Harley Marsh. They have gone to housekeeping at 825 W. Packard.

## IN OLD "CINCINNAT"

During November R. H. Mueller, W. R. Gustin and W. T. Mason visited Cincinnati to attend a sale of government machinery, and they made a few very advantageous purchases. Gus was in his element when it came to getting something for nothing.

At lunch one day the two got into a place where nothing but fish was served. Bobbie and Mason took a dozen each on the half shell and Gustin said "same," but just where any one as dry as he is learned that expression is one of the unsolved mysteries. At any rate the waiter did not understand and later delivered an order of frog legs.

"I did not order rabbit," said Gustin.

"It's not rabbit," said the waiter.

"Guess I know rabbit," said Gus. "I killed one yesterday. Whether he discovered the difference by taste is not told, but Gus did go hunting and he did kill a rabbit. It was fully 4 inches long and 4 weeks old. The big strong rabbits had no trouble getting away from him.

## A TRUE FISH STORY

A naturalist, writes James B. Thorsen, in one of his clever insurance letters, once divided an aquarium with a clear glass partition. He put a lusty bass in one section and minnows in the other.

The bass struck every time a minnow approached the glass partition. After three days of fruitless lunging which netted him only bruises, he ceased his efforts and subsided on the food that was dropped in.

Then the naturalist removed the glass partition. The minnows swam all around the bass, but he did not strike at a single one. He had been thoroughly sold on the idea that business was bad.

There's a moral here if we need it—take another shot at the glass partition. Maybe it isn't there any more!

## INQUISITIVE

A man struck a match to see if the gasoline tank on his auto was empty. It wasn't.

A man patted a strange bulldog on the head to see if the critter was affectionate. It wasn't.

A man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to a crossing. He couldn't.

A man went to a cheap shop to get a good job of plumbing. He didn't.

## FIERCE VARIETY

Stude—"And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane."

Englishwoman—"My word! what fierce birds you have in America."—The Cornell Widow.

## SNOW AND SUPERSTITION

The first snow fell in Central Illinois on November 27th. It was quite a snow, too, covering the ground several inches deep, and changing the landscape to one of winter.

An old superstition or sign is to the effect that the date on which the first snow falls tells the total number of snows that will fall during the winter months.

Twenty-seven of them! Good night, Inez. Somebody dig us out when the blue birds come again.



## GIRL ASSEMBLERS

In the rush days of the past summer it became necessary to put on girl assemblers, and a little department was created for them. Here are the two "veterans" of this department — Ruby Geibe and Leslye Hopper.

These girls became quite skillful within a short time, and while such work may seem somewhat unusual for women, they seem to do it just as well as men.



## IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

In sending Mueller Records to the bindery it was discovered that we were short the 1915 Christmas number.

A little notice to this effect was inserted in the November issue and in a few days the much desired copy reached us. Three other employees were prepared to supply this missing number.

It has been demonstrated that some employees save their copy of the Record and also that the little monthly publication is read.

## OPEN FOR POSITION

Geo. H. Freitas will retire from his position as city engineer of Modesto, California, January 1st, and will be open for engagement. Mr. Freitas is a competent man. He has had sixteen years' continuous service as city engineer and engineer of sewers; three years, 1920 to 1923, as superintendent of a municipally owned water works. His preference is a position on the Pacific coast.

## HE GOT THERE, NEVERTHELESS

A live-wire salesman rushed up to the home of a doctor in a small village late one night and asked him to come at once to a distant town.

The doctor cranked up his "flivver" and they drove furiously to their destination.

Upon their arrival the salesman asked, "How much is your fee, doctor?"

"Three dollars," said the physician, in surprise.

"Here you are," said the salesman, handing over the money; "the blamed garage-keeper wanted \$15 to drive me over, when I missed my train."

## SCORED HIM RIGHT

The stingiest man was scoring the hired man for his extravagance in wanting to carry a lantern in going to call on his best girl.

"The idea!" he scoffed, "when I was a courtin' I never carried no lantern; I went in the dark."

The hired man proceeded to fill the lantern.

"Yes," he said sadly, "and look what you got."

## MILITARY AND CIVIL DUTY

### Provision Made to Save Employes from Financial Loss

We believe that every man owes certain duties to his country, his state, his county and his city.

In fulfilling some civil or legal obligations which call for extended or continuous service the legal fee is such that most men discharge the obligation at a loss.

Some years ago we established the rule that employes, members of the militia, would be paid by us the difference between the amount paid by the state and their regular wage or salary, providing they attended the training camps when called.

This rule has been further extended to jury service. It is our belief that men subpoenaed for this duty should accept it unless able to present a good legal reason for being excused.

This is a necessary obligation which no American citizen should dodge even though it entails inconvenience and financial loss, but we realize that in many instances there are men who can ill-afford to make this sacrifice.

Since October 2d it has been our policy to pay the difference between the regular jury service fee and the regular wage of any factory or office employe providing such employe shall in each case report back for work each day that he is excused from such service by the court.

In doing this our purpose is to encourage, in-so-far as possible, acceptance rather than dodging jury service.

## SETTING UP FOUNTAINS

Drinking fountains require a practical hand to assemble them correctly.

In recent years sanitary drinking fountains have replaced the battered old tin cup at the town pump or the public "fasset."

On street corners, in stores, in parks, depots, theatres, and public buildings, in progressive cities, everywhere you travel you will find Mueller Sanitary Bubbling fountains.

Harry Koontz, an assembler in the drinking fountain department, is here shown putting the finishing touches on a fountain, while nearby are others ready to go out on orders.



It didn't take Shorty Klinghamer long to recognize the Ramsey mud on Roy Whitaker's shoes.

## MR. FRED SCHULDER, CATALOGUE BUILDER

We have with us this Christmas Record, Fred Schulder of Cleveland, Ohio; a gentleman quite well known by the high-low-brows of the brass trade throughout the



country. By reason of his long connection with the brass business as a designer of goods, as an office man, and a traveling salesman, he is well versed in all their finer technicalities, not to say technique. He has traced the bubbling, gurgling, sputtering and splattering bibb cock to its hiding place, knocked off the rough spots and made of it an individual fit for the society of a civilized citizenry. And he has wrestled with the obstreperous basin faucet, laying bold its sins of omission and commission, rejuvenated and rehabilitated it until its own kith and kin hesitated to speak to it.

Of course he found his occupation gone in this particular when he joined the Mueller organization. There were others in the land beside Fred who had long since discovered the iniquities and mal-formations of ill-bred b.bbs and basin faucets and all their relatives and corrected them, so that Fred had to say when he looked into the antecedents of Mueller products that they constituted a mighty fine family of ancient lineage and about the best appearing brass aristocrats he had ever met up with.

Deprived of his job as a reformer and corrective specialist, he fell to on the work for which he had been engaged, to-wit: the classification, listing and describing of Mueller goods in a new catalog, arranged with such punctilious care as to proper sequence and grouping that the trade upon receiving it will be relieved of all search and research work, analytical and studious guess work and surmise such as usual attends a commercial literary effort of this character.

All the recipients of this new catalog will have to do will be to open it up and write out their orders.

Which is exactly what we should like to have them do.

### THE BOARD OF HEALTH

Strolling along the quay of New York harbor, an Irishman came across the wooden barricade which is placed around the enclosure where those suspected of suffering from contagious diseases are isolated.

"Phwat's this board for?" he inquired of a by-stander.

"Oh, that's to keep out fever and things like that," was the reply.

"Indade," said Pat, "O'i've often heard of the Board of Health, but, be jabbers, it's the first time O'i've seen it!"

### THE FOREMAN'S CLUB

The November meeting of the Foreman's Club was held Monday evening, the 27th, with a good attendance. The dinner was fine, the cigars first class and the program interesting. Owing to a previous engagement Mr. Adolph Mueller lead off with a short talk on factory and business affairs.

He expressed surprise that more employees did not accept the invitation of the company to use the cabin on the Okaw, and suggested that a 'coon hunt should be arranged.

The large sales and increased production were very pleasing, and with a Babson map he showed how business was distributed throughout the country.

He feels that the plant will run full time all winter and is confident that there will be a big business next year.

Attorney A. G. Webber spoke briefly on the new constitution for Illinois which was voted on Tuesday, December 12th.

There was a report from the committee on safety suggesting plans for greater protection to employees. Anton Schuerman told some things about his trip to Europe and Fred B. Mueller and W. C. Cranston explained the plan of the new recreation hall.

### HELPED THE BLIND

A Hebrew small storekeeper, much to the surprise of his brethren, suddenly decorated his window with a gorgeous new blind. It was the admiration and envy of all his neighbors.

"Nice blind of yours, Isaac," remarked one of them.

"Yes, Aaron."

"What did it cost you, Isaac?"

"It didn't cost me nothing. My customers paid for it."

"What? Your customers paid for it!"

"Sure, Aaron. I put a leedle box on my counter 'For the Blind' and they paid for it."

### AS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



Nothing makes a nicer Christmas gift than a high grade plumbing fitting. The trade has been slow to find this out, but with newer ideas being constantly applied it is awakening to these great possibilities. Everybody loves good plumbing now. The desire for it in the minds of the American people is so deep-rooted that it can never be shaken. Lamps, chairs, stoves, rugs, etc., are given for Christmas. Why not plumbing fittings like

our widely advertised Combination Sink Faucets.

A year ago we put forth this idea and many plumbers grabbed it. They spread Christmas cheer by making housewives happy. This year they are doing the same thing.

Arthur Warren of Department 18 is shown here with one of these combinations. He assembles all of these fittings for Christmas. When he has finished they are packed in strong cartons, fastened with gummed tape decorated in Christmas colors and are then ready to ship to the trade.



# NEW



# YORK



W. R. James

The work of making changes in the office and warehouse is completed. These changes will greatly expedite the handling of orders and making shipments more promptly. The new stock bins are a big success. There are two double bins 43 feet 10½ inches long by 5 feet wide, containing 250 smaller bins and one double bin 36 feet 4 inches long and 5 feet wide, containing 198 bins. These provide for a more systematic arrangement of the stock and the introduction of handling arrangements not possible under the old plan.

## "GET TOGETHER CLUB"

The above club held their regular monthly dinner and meeting December 12th dining at the Opera Restaurant.

### MENU

Celery	Clam Cock Tail	Olives
	Chicken Soup	
	Roast Vermont Turkey	
Sweet Potatoes		Green Peas
	Cranberry Sauce	
Cake		Ice Cream
	Coffee	

All of the employees of the New York office, the following New York salesmen, Stenner and Van Haaften, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mueller and Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Mueller attended the dinner.

After dinner we returned to the office for our meeting, which was opened by our chairman, Mr. James, with a few appropriate remarks.

Many different subjects were discussed in reference to changes and new equipment which the company will take action on and render a decision at a later date.

The club was very fortunate in having Mr. Adolph and Mr. Oscar with us at this meeting and the stories told by both were greatly appreciated.

Mr. Oscar's talk on the Mueller Employees Opportunities was well received. Mr. Adolph's address on Collections and Credits gave us a great many fine points and was a great help to us all.

After discussing the different recommendations that were made by several of the employees our meeting at 9:00 P. M. adjourned.

## TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE TRADE

Through the Mueller Record the New York Branch of this company avails itself of the opportunity to wish each and every one of our friends in the Trade a very Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

## OVERHEARD IN THE OFFICE

From the direction of the Billing Dept.—The new storm door is simply grand. The first time I have been warm in three years.

## VISITORS

From Decatur—Adolph Mueller, Lucien Mueller, Fred Schulder, Frank Cruikshank, Phillip Cruikshank, Ebert Mueller, "Chic" Roberts.  
From Port Huron, Mich.—O. B. Mueller.  
From Petersburg, Va.—R. E. Brunet.

## INVENTORY

After working many nights our inventory has now been completed. Owing to re-arranging our stock and building new bins it was necessary to work overtime to bring same up-to-date.

## TAPPING MACHINE SALES

The following Tapping Machines have been sold by our salesmen and very near all of our representatives are over their quota: J. P. Stenner, 15; W. F. Hennessy, 3; Ivan Van Haaften, 19; Ralph Gumaer, 13; L. J. Evans, 22; C. J. G. Haas, 22; L. A. Montgomery, 8.

Stenner, Van Haaften, Evans and Hennessy have exceeded their quota.

## OLD TIMERS CALL

We received pleasant calls this week from W. F. McCarthy, Jack Zoillies and Richard Powers, all of whom were formerly connected with the New York Office.

## SALESMEN

Saturday, December 9th, Hennessy, Gumaer, Stenner, and Van Haaften called at the New York Office and signed new contracts for 1923, and Evans December 13th, 1922. We have also received Mr. Montgomery's contract for 1923.

Ralph Gumaer dropped into the Hoffbrau the other day and enjoyed a good meal. When he paid his bill, the waiter looked it over, and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the money you have just given me does not include anything for the waiter."

"Why should it, I didn't eat one, did I?"

Old Idiosyncrasy got home from a trip the other day and about the first thing Mrs. Montgomery said to him was:

"The preacher of the church we joined telephoned a few moments ago, saying he was going to call this afternoon."

"Say we must make a good impression," said Monty. "Give the baby the bible to play with."

Hennessy was on his way back to Brooklyn the other evening when a man he knew slightly and who was considerable of a pest, remarked:

"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now. I'm living just across the river."

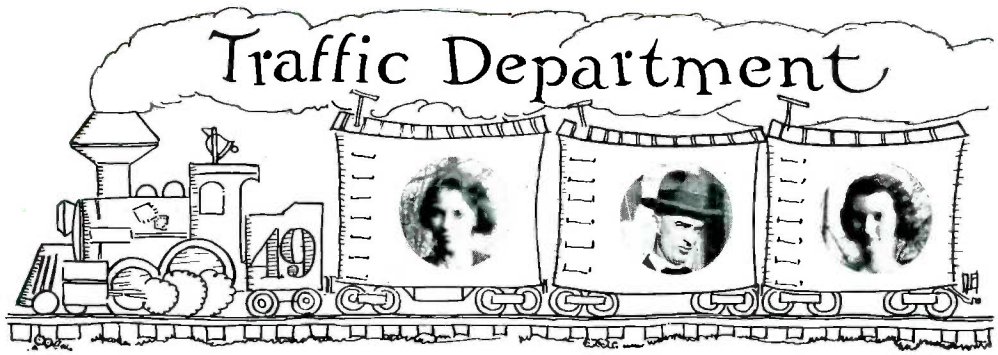
"Is that so," replied Hennessy, "I certainly hope you drop in some day."

"Oh, I will."

"Well, don't put it off too long."

James—"How are you getting along as a married man, Rice?"

Rice—"Fine! I've reached the height of efficiency. I can put my socks on from either end now."



Service is the first requisite of a Traffic Department. It's an expense only when it fails to render service.

If there ever was a man "born unto trouble as sparks fly upward" it's a traffic man. But he lives on it, thrives on it and pines for more. If other people did not have trouble about the plant, Matt Trott would be back shooting train orders over the wire.

A traffic man never gets excited. Some one may rush into Matt's office out of breath, pop-eyed and with face aghast over some shipment going astray.

Does Matt catch this fever of excitement? He does not. He asks for bills of lading, car numbers, shipping date, etc. To the layman these mean about as much as the eighteenth amendment does to a bootlegger.

To Matt they speak with an eloquence that would make Billy Bryan quit wanting to be president. Then he either gets proof of delivery, finds the shipment somewhere, or files a claim. But he does not do it as easy as 'tis told. He may battle for months. He never gives up hope—claim agents never do. A claim agent never has any fun—oh, yes, occasionally. That's when some one in the organization declares an incoming shipment lost, and exhausts himself and his vocabulary cursing traffic men, railroads and express companies. He always exhausts his vocabulary first. Generally it naturally runs out, being small. When it gives out and the complainant yields the floor through physical exhaustion, Matt asks two or three commonplace questions. Then if he happens to locate the shipment as already in our possession and can so advise the complainant, he permits himself a dry smile. There really is no mystery about the traffic and claim department. It's merely a simple case of taking a few facts and following them up systematically.

#### FEW THINGS NECESSARY TO KNOW

A traffic department must have an up-to-date tariff file which includes copies of all freight tariffs, demurrage rules, reconsigning rules from the various railroads and trunk line associations we ship over. It is necessary to know the passenger rates to all the principal cities, the shortest mileage and shortest time. You must check all freight bills both in and out-bound for errors in

rates, weight and classification of goods, and a complete movement record must be made on every shipment. The same must be done on express and parcel post shipments.

A daily call is made on the local freight houses to keep posted on embargoes in order to move goods around embargoed districts. There was a time when a traffic department was a success if it was able to show the collection of a great many claims, but the traffic work of today has reached a point where it not only takes a traffic education but a transportation education in order to be on the same footing as the transportation official, as there are certain fundamental principles that are necessarily connected with that department. This is true for the reason that even though the employer who requires a traffic department may not have had time or inclination to delve into the mysteries of traffic problems. His keen business sense will soon tell him whether a department is handling those problems to the best advantage to the business. Therefore the traffic department must be able not only to give service today but every day—its success and very life depends on the co-operation it receives and gives to all other departments in the organization.

#### The Traffic Crew

Matt's "train crew" is shown at the head of the page. Matt occupies the center car. To his left is Miss Ethel Dixon, and to his right Miss Nellie Blanchard. Miss Bertha Everett is on the "extra board."

#### THE EXPLANATION PROVES IT

Othel Allen claimed that while attending a Southern Illinois College he was required to do 500 problems a day.

Ben Tarr doubted it, saying at 10 problems per hour it would require a fifty-hour day.

Allen explained that by working double time in two shifts of 12 hours each he got in 48 hours in every 24. Starting an hour early on each shift he made up the required 50 hours.

Ben agreed that Othel is some "arithmaticker" or some — the word doesn't look good in print.



## THE SHIPPING ROOM



Bert

There is, of course, a close relationship between the shipping room and the traffic department. They have to work hand in hand. It undoubtedly was a good move when the traffic department was lined up alongside of the shipping room. For one thing, it saves Bert Jackson many trips up two flights of stairs and incidentally reduces wear and tear on the elevator.

Bert is the generalissimo of the shipping department under Frank Cruikshank, and he has been there so long that he is a sort of a ready reference book on past and present history. In moments of relation he always has a bait out for suckers, and when he gets a bite the bunch join in making the victim realize that three cents would be a large price to ask for himself at that particular moment.

Roy Baker, who within a few years has become quite well known in the organization, holds down the job of shipping clerk, and that's enough to keep him out of mischief—at least in a busy season such as we have just gone through.



Roy

## MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS, PAPA AND MAMMA

(Christmas Morning Conversation)

"Put your skates away; it's too cold to go out."

"Papa, when you get through with my mechanical toys, let me play with them awhile."

"Reginald, take that pretty book 'Star of Bethlehem' Aunt Abbie sent you and leave those horrid Sunday comics alone. I've not seen them myself, yet."

"Ruth, if you eat another piece of that candy I'll put you to bed. Pass the dish to me."

"Harold, for heaven's sake, pick up those blocks and put them over in the corner."

"Araminta, let baby play with your doll awhile and stop her crying. Remember, Santa Claus is listening and if you act so selfish he will not bring you anything next year."

"Hellsbells, Goshalmighty (bang, bump, bump). For John's sake, who left that train of cars on the stairs. If you kids don't keep this junk in your own room I'll take it away from you."

Just think when you are vexed and tired,

And perhaps almost unmanned;

The blackslider wouldn't slide

If he had a little sand.

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE EMPLOYEES' AID SOCIETY

November 16, 1922—December 16, 1922

Company's Contribution .....	\$ 50.00	
December Dues .....	444.10	\$ 494.10

### RECEIPTS

Balance on hand November 16, 1922 .....		\$ 962.22
		\$1456.32

### PAYMENTS

Benefitfs Listed Below .....	\$382.10	
Check to Emergency Loan Fund deposited by mistake to Employees Aid Society .....	33.40	
Loan to Emergency Loan Fund .....	150.00	565.50
Balance December 16, 1922....		\$ 890.82

### BENEFITS PAID

Mrs. Gretchen Moore .....	\$ 24.00
Everett Jones .....	18.00
A. E. Goldsborough .....	43.00
F. C. Frees .....	8.50
Joseph Grossman .....	27.50
Clifford Beavers .....	34.00
Mrs. Ruth Black .....	14.70
Homer Whiteside .....	43.00
J. M. Sweeney .....	8.50
Odie Walker .....	16.25
Carl Broyles .....	1.50
Cecil Dance .....	5.25
Edwin Dwyer .....	3.00
Henry Unkauf .....	27.00
Mrs. Bernice Carder .....	12.65
George La Brash .....	30.00
E. Blankenburg .....	7.00
Henry Hertel .....	33.25
L. Bass .....	15.00
William Dixon .....	10.00
	\$382.10

R. H. RODGER,  
Treasurer.

## ANENT THE CHARIVARI

WE WONDER

What the neighbors thought?

What Bobbie said when John Dunaway fired his gun.

Where Mr. Shirk learned the tune that Bobbie recognized so quickly.

Where Billy Mason learned that dance step.

Who taught Floyd Hollar to smoke a cigar and play a clarinet at the same time.

Where Pickett Hobbs learned to play without notes.

Why Roy Coffman isn't snapped up by J. P. Sousa.

How Bob Dressen can get so much noise out of a "sweet potato."

Which was the best—Charlie's or Bobbie's—we didn't find out.

Why Waggy wasn't there.

Who got the milk bottles.

If Barney got his money's worth.

Where Rick got that smile.

How much Charlie knew that he didn't tell Bobbie.

Why Gilly made no presentation speech.

Why Bobbie had a padlock on that closet door.

What the "Catalogue Man" thought of it all.

If anybody didn't have a good time.

If Cranston went home hungry.

Suburban Patient—Doctor, I am sorry you have had to come so far from your regular practice.

Doctor—Oh, it's all right. I have another patient in the neighborhood, so I can kill two birds with one stone.—Judge.

# INTRODUCING



R.H. (Bobbie) Mueller



Mrs. Robt. Mueller

Throughout the late summer and fall R. H. (Bobbie) Mueller has taken deep interest in the building of a pretty little bungalow on a suburban tract northeast of Decatur. The impression seemed to prevail that it was a speculative investment, but when he suddenly developed gardening ambition and wanted to know from farmer Simpson which was the up-side and the down-side of a seed, suspicion was aroused that he certainly would not want all this information if intending to remain single.

Then early in November he suddenly disappeared from the factory and was missed from the noon-day lunch. It was then that suspicion became almost a certainty that Bobbie was about to join his fortunes with those of some fair lady.

Confirmation of this came in a brief announcement in the local papers of his marriage at St. Louis November 8th to Miss Arietta Talbot of Decatur. The couple returned to Decatur and took immediate possession of their pretty little home which was already completely furnished and waiting for them.

A few days later there was a little celebration of this event by the noon-day lunch party. Mrs. Rost had an especially fine dinner prepared. The table was ornamented with cut flowers. At Bobbie's place a wedding scene was cleverly depicted by dolls dressed as groom and bride, and a large lounging chair was there for the use of the real groom. At one side was a beautiful mahogany table for the new Mrs. Mueller.

John Shelton made a brief speech of presentation and for once in his life Bobbie could not talk, either fast or slow, but that he appreciated the thoughtfulness of his friends was apparent.

This did not end the celebration. Tuesday evening, November 21st, a large party of office and factory friends organized an old-fashioned charivari party, and called on Mr. and Mrs. Mueller at their home. The first intimation of their presence was a thunderous salute from heavily charged shot-guns. Bobbie is well acquainted with shot-guns, but that blast was beyond his comprehension. It sounded like the explosion of a can of dynamite.

The beating of tin pans augmented by an unearthly accompaniment of sundry noise-producing instruments produced a din unequalled since Armistice day.

The bunch was taken into the house and then followed an evening of social festivities

which were maintained until a late hour. The newly married couple were heartily congratulated, the new home with all its modern conveniences was admired and the best wishes expressed for the future happiness of the couple. A handsome mantel clock was presented to the couple. They deeply appreciate the evidence of good will and friendship.

Bobbie Mueller is the oldest of the third generation of Mueller boys just now becoming actively associated with the business. From his boyhood he has been identified with the company's interest. There is scarcely a position in the office or factory which he has not held. The result is a thorough knowledge of the company's business and manufacturing policies. All this knowledge is of inestimable value to him now in his important position as head of the engineering division.

At the head of this page we print a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Mueller and their cozy little home. Mrs. Mueller has many friends in the Mueller organization who will welcome her to the social activities which play an important part in our association with the company.

P. S.—Bobbie reserved the right to go hunting any time he so desires, so his journeys afield will continue as heretofore.

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

## SUFFICIENT WARNING

First Darcy—"Say, brother, Ah got a car, boy, with a big horn on it, and when Ah pass through the town all Ah gotta do is blow that siren an everybody hops outta the way."

Second Darkey—"Ah gotta car, too."

First Darcy—"What kinda horn is you' car got?"

Second Darcy—"Mah car ain't got no horn. All the people in town is gotta look at is mah radiator, and it says 'Dodge brothers—and they do.'"

## EASY WAY OUT

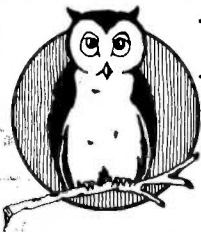
"Why was angels climbing up and down Jacob's ladder when they could fly," asked the little Sunday School girl.

"Next question, please," answered the embarrassed eminent divine.



# THE OFFICE OWL

## HOO! HOO!



### SAY IT WITH CAULIFLOWERS

(Adapted from Dom. Eng.)

Clara—"Have you seen May?"  
 Tony—"May who?"  
 Clara—"Mayonnaise."  
 Tony—"No; she's dressing and won't lettuce."

John Shelton—"What would yo do if you received a letter from the Ku Klux Klan?"  
 Ray Salesberry—"I'd read it on a train."

"Otto," screamed Mrs. Halmbacher, in one of the early rides in their auto, "you are going to hit that pole."

"I know it," said Otto.  
 And he did.

Zippy—"How's everything at home?"  
 Bailey—"Oh, she's all right."

Nina—"Is it true you get the head-ache when you first ride horseback?"  
 Vannie—"Oh, no. Quite the opposite."

Some time ago we sent to W. R. James, manager of the New York office, some business cards of a character and quality befitting his position. At the same time his attention was called to this with a suggestion not to distribute them like hand bills.

"I got chu," wrote back Billy, "Will get a receipt for each one."

Harold—"Do you think silk stockings will be worn with the new long skirts?"

Carl—"Sure, what's the good of curtains without scenery?"

### TECHNICAL TERM

Pauline—"Where is the clutch in a car?"  
 Angeline—"In the back seat."

Harold (at end of vacation)—"I'd like three more days, Press."

Press—"Ah! You wish three more days of Grace?"

Harold—"No, of Gertrude."

Traffic Cop—"Say, didn't you see me wave at you?"

Margie—"Yes, you fresh young thing! If my friend were here you wouldn't dare to."

Scotty says:

"Lives of great men oft' remind us,  
 As their leaves we turn,  
 That we sometimes leave behind us  
 Letters that we ought to burn."

Mrs. Draper—"I must hurry and get dressed right away. Kitty Wilkin and his wife are coming this evening. I wonder if I better put on the percolator?"

Carl—"Aw, don't bother puttin' on any percolator; you're dressed up all right, the way you are."

E. K. Shaw—"In China they have a queer custom of taking off their shoes before entering the house."

O. J. Hawkins—"Huh, a heck of a lot of married men do the same thing in this country. I've done it myself."

Mat Trott—"Every time the wife and I have a fight I mark it in a book."

Frank Cruikshank—"What kind of a book?"

Mat—"A scrap book."

Marjorie Smeathers—"What is the weight of money? Is it very heavy?"  
 Billy Simpson—"It sure is heavy. There are times when I find it very hard to raise even a silver dollar."

I hate to be a kicker,  
 I always long for peace;  
 But the wheel that does the squeaking  
 Is the wheel that gets the grease.

—Hathaway.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance, it is the infirmity of the will—Emerson.

### WAS VANNIE ONE

He stood on the bank of the leaping brook,  
 His senses nearly reeling;  
 And now and then he would venture a look—  
 The village belles were peeling!

Casey—I can stand on one foot longer than you.

Evart—Maybe you can, but I know another goose—we'll eat him Christmas—that can beat you at that game.

She—"Have you ever been pinched for speeding?"

Ed Stille—"No, but I've been slapped for going too fast."

### AT THE MARKET

Market Man—"Here's some especially fine asparagus—picked less than three hours ago."

Helen P—"Why does it grow like that? I always believed the cook braided the ends."

Billy Simpson (Stopping at the milk depot)—  
 "Let me have a pint."

Dealer—"Got your bottle with you?"

Billy (his hand seeking his hip)—"No, I haven't. I'll send Bud over with it."

Louis Rohr (to Jack, just returned from Chicago)—"How did you find your relatives, Jack?"

Jack—"No trouble at all; I had their addresses."

Creta Jane—"Do you believe Santa Claus puts the presents in our stockings?"

Favette—"Certainly I do. Why?"

Creta Jane—"Well, I certainly hope he comes to our house before he goes to Mack's or Marie's."

### FRED'S SOLILIQY

Last night I held a hand so dainty and so sweet  
 I thought my heart would surely break, so wildly  
 did it beat.

No other hand unto my heart could greater solace  
 bring.

Than the hand I held last night—

FOUR ACES AND A KING

### GOLF

"Who's the stranger, mother, dear?  
 Look, he knows us. Ain't he queer?"

"Hush, my own! don't talk so wild;

He's your father, dearest child."

"He's my father? No such thing!

Father passed away last spring."

"Father didn't die, you dub!

Father joined a golfing club.

But they closed the club, so he

Has no place to go, you see—

That is why he's coming home.

Kiss him—he won't bite you, child—

All them golfing guys look wild."

—The Scandal Purveyor.



# Christmastide



What a wonderful time Christmas is. At no other season of the year are people brought into such close bonds of friendship and fellowship. At no other time are little children so interesting. Christmas is a mystery to them and Santa Claus is a saint symbolic of generosity, thoughtfulness, good nature and kindness.

The older people are imbued with a spirit of tolerance. The young, without a very clear idea perhaps of what it all means, participate uproariously and the older people look on with good natured condescension.

It's no wonder that under such conditions the Christmas party of any big industrial family should be the event of paramount importance in the year's calendar.

And our Christmas party is no exception. Other social events pale into insignificance because of this season of the year, which brings us into close and lively communion. At Christmas more than any other time, we are more nearly our natural selves.

When the children of Mueller employes assembled in the Y. M. C. A. Annex Saturday, December 23rd, any one could have told that it was going to be a big day.

A balloon on which was printed "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" was presented to each one.

A reception committee composed of J. W. Wells, John Shelton, Charles F. Roarick, J. W. Wilkins and their wives welcomed the old and young and gave them to understand that it was up to them to have a good time.

For an hour and a quarter the "kiddies," after being segregated in groups according to ages, were directed in games by the instructors of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

Then came the grand march, the group singing, a solo dance by little Janet Cozad, a Christmas story and then the distribution of presents and big red apples.

As the little ones filed by a Christmas station with Charles Morris acting the part of Santa Claus they were handed toys with a word of commendation—sometimes admonition—boys will be boys, you know—but they all went home happy.

For the boys there were engines, parlor cars, freight cars, wagons, tops, ten pins, pop guns, and canoes, and for the girls, bisque dolls, rag dolls, laundry outfits, telephones, dogs and work boxes.

It was a great afternoon for the old folks—and the children rather enjoyed it.

It was a pretty scene with the big illuminated Christmas tree at the east end of the hall brightened by the eager, expectant faces of the six hundred Mueller kiddies.

## EMPLOYEES TO THE FIRM

In the core room, which had been prettily decorated in holiday colors, the employes met members of the firm Friday noon, December 23rd, and remembered them with chests of silver and table linen for the Mueller Lodge. A very pretty little Christmas scene had been worked out in a miniature house a-glow of comfort and Christmas cheer on the inside and a pretty winter scene outside. The presentation carried with it the best wishes of the employes, suitably expressed by their spokesman. Responses were made by members of the firm, and then followed an interchange of personal good wishes. The meeting was marked by a feeling of genuine good fellowship and that spirit of democracy which prevails throughout the organization every day in the year. In buying a Christmas present for the company no one is permitted to contribute more than 10 cents.

Following this presentation there were others from departments to foremen and exchange of personal presents so that altogether it was a most happy occasion.

## FIRM TO EMPLOYEES

When the noon whistle blew Saturday, December 23rd, employes assembled at the club house, formed in line and received their Christmas gift, which consisted of a fine ham, weighing fifteen pounds. Cigars were passed to the men and oranges to the girls. The company members stood in line to personally greet each employe and to the older men exchange friendly reminiscences of the early days of the business when company members themselves were doing factory work.

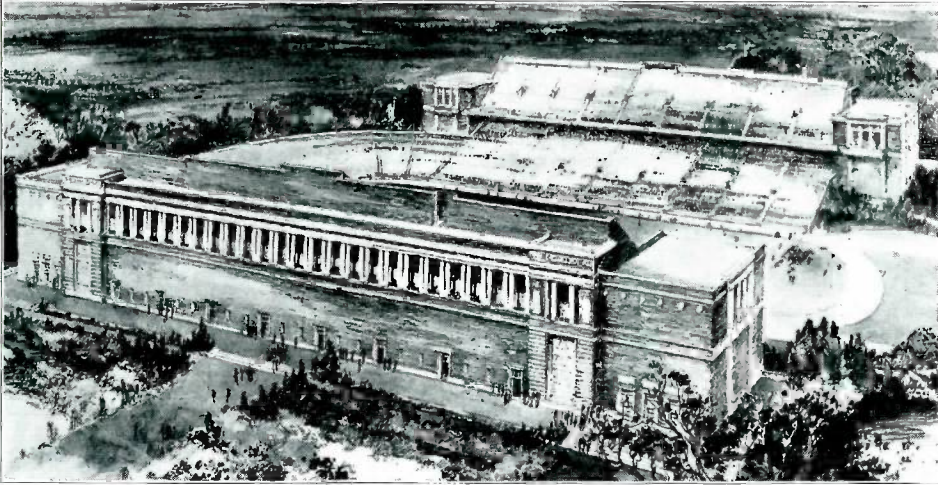
## THINGS AREN'T WHAT THEY SEEM

Newlywed Husband of Mueller Foundry—  
"How have you got these eggs fixed?"

Wife—"Those aren't eggs. Those are apricots with whipped cream."



## U. of I's. NEW STADIUM



The vast colosseums of ancient Rome have ceased to excite our interest or stir our imagination. "Them days are gone forever." In dozens of colleges there are football bowls and stadiums which make the Roman colosseums look like a "ten, twent, and thirt opry house."

Right here in the corn belt we are erecting a stadium at the University of Illinois (Champaign) which upon completion will seat twice as many people as the largest colosseum that Rome ever knew. When finally completed this stadium at the U. of I. will accommodate 92,000 persons.

With stadiums built in the last twenty years and those projected this country will have twice as many amphitheatres as in old Roman days. The Romans had fifteen large stadiums and about 100 small ones, but America now matches all the larger ones.

The scene in this country at a big football game is one almost of regal pomp. The interest is wider and more compelling than Roman interest in the water carnival and 100 days games with which Titus opened the Roman Colosseum in 80 A. D.

In the opening of some of our new stadiums the crowd was larger than the combined seating capacity of the Roman Colosseum and the next largest structure in old Rome, the amphitheater of Capua.

One of these was the new structure at Ohio State University and the other the Dudley Stadium, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. At the game between Ohio and Michigan the crowd numbered 75,000 with additional thousands clamoring for admission.

Both in the Yale Bowl and Ohio stadium are greater in dimensions than the Roman Colosseum. The Yale Bowl is 933 x 744 feet. The Colosseum 615 x 510 feet. Yale's playing field is 500 x 300 feet; the Colosseum's, 288 x 177 feet.

### THE U. OF I. STADIUM

The plans at present call for an east and west stand with a total seating capacity of approximately 57,000. Each stand will consist of a main floor seating 18,657 and one balcony seating 9,986—a total seating capacity for each stand of 28,625. Under each stand is a large hall 50 feet wide, 415 feet long and thirty feet high. These halls are free from columns and can be used for any purpose the athletic association may see fit.

The height of the top row of the balcony above the playing field is 114 feet. The site selected allows a depression of the field of 16 feet below grade on the east stand, still permitting proper drainage. In other words, the high point of the east stand will be 98 feet above grade. The highest point ascended by a ramp will be 61 feet leading to the balcony dormitory.

The width of the playing field from stand to stand is 250 feet. The stands themselves are limited in length to 50 feet beyond the goal line. Provision is made for a future south and north stand which will bring the seating capacity up to 92,000. Both north and south ends will be graded from the level of the playing field up to the height of an 8 foot enclosing wall.

The cost of this stadium will amount to \$2,000,000 or more when completed. On September 20th the subscriptions had reached \$1,862,088.35. George Huff, who is given credit for making this stadium a reality, turned the first shovel of dirt on September 11th.

A few facts concerning other big undertakings of this character, either building or proposed, with seating capacity and cost are interesting:

Dudley Stadium, Vanderbilt University, seating capacity 25,000.

(Continued on Page 25)

### THIRTY-FOUR DUCKS

In early December Robert Mueller and Frank W. Cruikshank made a trip to the Illinois River and spent several days shooting ducks.



They were quite successful, the total count being seventy-four mallards.

Mr. Robert is shown in the picture with his share of the game about 34 ducks. There are some who can't connect Bob up with hunting because he only occasionally makes a trip, but he always "brings back the bacon."

### DEPARTMENT 30

The members of this department used the inventory period, during which the factory was closed, to good advantage. It afforded a good rest to many and to others opportunity to "do that odd job" at home, or to make visits to friends in other cities.

Glen Michelman visited his parents at Nokomis. Of course they were not the only attraction in the old home town.

Earl Stine visited with his mother in Cerro Gordo during inventory.

Francis Weygant is back from Watseka, where he visited friends.

In the November Record there was a request for a 1915 or 1916 Christmas Record. We were pleased to be the department which answered that call. August Schudziara handed in a 1915 Record the following morning and asked to have it turned in. It was in excellent condition. Thank you, August.

Lon Sharis spent his vacation at Danville.

Earl (Curley) Reeves has returned to work after a visit at Delphi, Ind.

Floyd Holler took advantage of inventory time to run up to Chicago.

E. Tedford visited relatives in the southern part of the state.

Inventory in this department was finished in the record-breaking time of three days.

Wilbur Coulter spent the week end visiting with his mother at Assumption.

Harold Grey is our new bell hop.

Percy Tankersley is back from Tampa, Fla., and has resumed his place on the regulator bench.

On Nov. 10th Curley Reeves gave a party for Department 30 at his home on North

Warren street. The evening was spent in contests and games. The prize winners were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kerwood, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Mason, A. L. Gates and Wilber Coulter. There were plenty of home-made candies, and toward the close of the evening refreshments consisting of sandwiches, wafers and hot chocolate were served. It was raining hard when the party broke up and the Gates Ford again came to the rescue and delivered each to his home.

On Nov. 17th the bunch from Department 30 met at the home of J. E. McDonald, and advanced in a body, their object being the home of A. L. Gates. This being a surprise party we forced our way in without knocking, and we caught Arthur in his blue shirt and overalls. A very delightful evening was spent in different contests and games. As usual, Basil Mason won a prize, also Mrs. Mason, Mrs. McDonald and K. White. At a late hour refreshments consisting of sandwiches, apples, sliced peaches, coffee and cake were served. A fine time was enjoyed by all.

### IN WILD WYOMING

Probably every person in the organization will recognize this small picture of our former employment and welfare department head



—E. H. Langdon. He left last summer for Eastern Wyoming where this snap shot was taken.

Mr. Langdon is fond of the great outdoors and this snapshot shows him in his element. He is drinking now—that is drinking in large quantities of fresh air—which is the best tonic imaginable. The fact that he is carrying his hat shows that he is not afraid the wind will blow his hair off. It is suspected that he is hopeful that it may blow some on.

### THE AWFUL TRUTH

"You look fed up, old man."

"Yes, I've had a tiring day. That little beast of an office-boy of mine came to me with the old gag about getting off for his grandmother's funeral, so just to teach him a lesson I said I would accompany him."

"Ah, not so bad; was it a good game?"

"No, it was his grandmother's funeral!"—The Passing Show (London).



## EMPLOYMENT



Mr. ROGERS



Miss BASS

## DEPARTMENT

The Employment Department presents an almost unlimited field for the study of human nature. In the course of the year there are many who seek employment, and while there is an elastic general rule under which these applicants may be grouped as an average, there is no rule applicable to hundreds of men and woman with queer ideas as to what employment really means—men who, needing work, refuse it because, for instance, they cannot accept and abide by some little rule. They possess immeasurable independence and belong to the class that want rules to mesh with their ideas rather than mesh their ideas with our rules. Then there is the class who unfortunately have no special training in any line but feel their service is just as valuable as the man who has training. And still another class whose neglected education and general knowledge, automatically places them in a class which they would not consider, but into which circumstances will eventually force them. Somewhat different, yet similar, is the younger man with good clothes, flashy neckwear and manicured nails, who wants a job—always one that pays a good wage—nothing like factory work—oh, no, a nice clean job where he can maintain a good front. It's only in extreme cases that one of this class will take a factory job. In many instances, however, it's the "makin' of 'em." A few days' honest labor with men who do more than maintain a front, puts a little sense into his head, and starts him on a path which gives him a chance to develop.

On the contrary side, there are not infrequently well dressed, intelligent young fellows and middle-aged men who really want work, take what is offered them, make the best of it as a temporary makeshift to get lined up for something better or use it as a stepping stone to advancement. This class is most desirable. They know what they can do and depend upon the fact that their ability will demonstrate itself in their work and that some one will recognize it.

Space limitations prevent anything more than a cursory glance at the particular phase of the employment department's activities.

There is always a pathetic side. Faces frequently tell a story of needed employment because of family responsibilities, sickness, accident, etc. The worry, hope and longing written in every line of the face need no emphasis.

In addition to employing help, this department has an equally important responsibility in welfare work about the plant. Cases that

call for assistance, encouragement or advice are being constantly handled in a way that really serves and benefits the employee.

Planning and carrying out the detail of social activities in the organization rests with the employment department.

The combination of these various duties gives to the Employment Department sufficient to keep it busy, along lines which all progressive manufacturers have found indispensable in the conduct of their business.

E. H. Langdon was the first head of this department. Upon his retirement last August he was succeeded by C. H. Rodgers. Miss Lida Bass has been with the department almost from the beginning in consequence of which everybody about the plant knows Lida and Lida knows them.

Speaking of his work, Mr. Rogers said: "This came to our desk recently. Ask yourself how it strikes and apply it personally if you like:

"It is our aim to do the right thing at the right time in the right way, to do some things better than they were ever done before, to eliminate errors, to know both sides of the question, to be courteous, to be an example, to work for the love of working; to anticipate requirements, to develop resources, to recognize no impediments, to master circumstances; to act from reason rather than from rule, to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection."

### CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Bill Burkholder being a street car conductor?  
Cecil Foltz ushering at Empress?  
Bob Dressen a baker?  
Leo Martin alias "Bingo" as assistant manager in ladies furnishing store.  
Opal Verner as a chorus girl?  
Nellie Wicks going to church?  
John Hon as a school teacher?  
Clyde Saler a ribbon clerk?  
Joe Baldridge (The "Blue Print" Detective") a lawyer?  
Grace singing for a funeral?  
Gussye Allen getting fat?  
Gilly on the police force?  
Ryder being a coal miner?  
Burns as a swimming instructor?  
Hub Black arrested for "bootlegging"?  
Bessie, assistant to undertaker in China?  
Lucas doing the "Tango"?  
Brock as a messenger boy?  
Parker as a hash-slinger?  
Walt pushing a baby-cab?  
C. W. H. as a regular farmer?

### THE PROPER TREATMENT

We have it from an eminent explorer that cannibals are very proud of their table manners. It is to be hoped that they always take politicians with a grain of salt.—Eve (London).

## ANTON ABROAD

In early July Anton Schuermann sailed away on the good ship Reliable. He went as the company's guest and emissary. In addition to visiting relatives whom he had not seen for forty years, he was to investigate German methods of manufacture, especially as relates to our line. Anton came back early in November, and since then he has been telling us about it. In spite of the fact that he has lived here and been an American for forty years, Anton never did succeed in ridding himself of his German accent, and frequently in his English conversation he gives his sentences a laughable twist. In consequence some of his descriptions of his trips are amusing to his friends.

He visited a number of German manufacturers and found in some, methods which appeared to him as very crude, while in others he found manufacturing methods were very efficient and advanced. In some instances he was a welcome visitor and company officials conducted him through their factory and gave him all possible information. In other instances he was refused admission even when influential residents interceded for him. And then again, he would be told that he could have the privilege, but some official would sit down with him in prolonged conversation until Anton became convinced that they were "spoofing" him, and left in disgust.

When Anton related one experience to the foreman's club, he created a big laugh. It would require an expert word juggler and a clever imitator to get it all into print the way he detailed it. The incident had to do with his visit to a cousin in Cologne. Anton had not seen her for over forty years, but he found her in an apartment house, and described minutely the rows of bells in the hall with their identifying names. He spotted her name and rang. She answered from the head of the stairway, accompanied by a dog barking in a very meaning and significant voice. It spelled torn trousers and lacerated limbs to Anton, and he diplomatically opened negotiations from the foot of the stairway.

He recalled to the lady's mind that she had a cousin, Anton Schuermann, who had years before gone to the United States. That much she remembered. Then Anton sprang the glad surprise that he was the same. The lady did not become enthusiastic or hysterical. Quite the contrary. She remained perfectly calm and self-possessed, also dubious.

In the meantime the dog barked savagely and looked expectantly at Anton's firmly rounded calves.

"You bring dot dog away and I show you," said Anton.

The cousin consented and by producing his passport Anton established his identity, and there was a happy reunion lasting far into the night.

From Cologne he went to Oberammergau to see "The Passion Play," which is, as all know produced by peasants trained from infancy to portray various characters of The Crucifixion. It is produced every ten years. Tourists travel from remote parts of the world at an expense of thousands of dollars to see it.

"What did you have to pay to see it?" asked Fred Mueller.

"Three cents—thirty marks," answered Anton.

"Well, did you go to Paris to see The Passion there," continued Fred.

"You have not understood right—it is a play."

"All right, we will let it go at that."

Anton brought home some samples of German-made brass goods. They are similar in construction to the Saville type of bibb, but to us they are queer looking plumbing brass goods. Hennessy could never earn a bonus peddling them. In securing these Anton had another amusing experience. His attention was attracted to these goods as he passed the shop. On stepping inside he found a fourteen-year-old boy, presumably the proprietor's son, in charge. The boy priced the bibbs at twenty-five marks and Anton purchased several samples. As the bargain was completed the owner of the store entered. He asked about the transaction and was enraged at the price.

"He's an American," he growled. "He must pay double."

"All right," replied Anton, "how much you want?"

"Forty-five marks each."

"Take it—'tain't money, nohow."

Despite his unpleasant reception Anton tried to be a good fellow, but he did not make much headway. Noticing some bathtubs, Anton asked the proprietor where they were made, and was told it was none of his business.

Anton explained persuasively that he was in the same line of business in America and was asking for information and from curiosity.

Finally the proprietor growled the name of the town where he obtained the tubs, and with a final growl said it was all he was going to say.

Anton concluded it was time to be on his way and left. The war does not seem to have sweetened or softened the German disposition, and the fact that Anton was a former countryman did not seem to get him anywhere.

Anton wore home a suit of clothes that he purchased in Germany. It is a remarkably good suit for the money. It set Anton back only six dollars and fifty cents in Uncle Sam's dough, or 52,500 German marks. From an American standpoint it was indeed cheap, but from a German standpoint it was expensive. The German working man when he draws his wage does not get marks on the American dollar valuation. He is paid on the basis of German value of the mark. Consequently when he buys a



suit of clothes it takes a considerable portion of his wages to pay the bill.

The visit of one of our own organization to Germany gives us a new interest in a country that since the war has stirred the interest and caught the attention of the world. Apropos of Anton's \$6.50 suit of clothes is the price of German real estate as told in a recent article in the New York Times. The writer states that a resident of New York recently purchased in a German city near Berlin a three-story apartment house built of brick and having accommodations for nine families for the small sum of \$99.00 or 162,000 marks. The building originally cost 25,000 marks or at pre-war exchange, \$5000. Measured by such real estate values as these it seems that Anton paid a plenty for his suit of clothes after all.

### HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS



This is Harvey Warren. He is only eight months old and he weighs 28 pounds. Harvey is going to celebrate his first Christmas. He is a bright, healthy, kiddy and has all appearances of being able to put in a very strenuous day.

His father is Arthur Warren and works in the assembling department.

### THE STONE CUTTERS

Three stone cutters were driving their chisels into a massive block of granite. A stranger who was passing inquired of the first man what he was doing.

"I'm cutting stone," growled the laborer.

"And what are you doing?" he asked the second.

"I'm working for \$7.50 a day," he replied.

The third man was asked the same question and, looking up with a flash of earnestness, he quietly answered:

"I'm helping to build a cathedral."

The three answers illustrate admirably the three fundamental attitudes a man can take toward his work.

His labor may be a drudgery, it may be a means to an end, or a contribution to the great scheme of things.

A man may feel that he is serving time, he may be selfishly serving only himself, or he may view his labor as a service to society.

Unless a man is capable of realizing the larger significance of his work he is incapable of realizing its larger opportunities. Either he will have vision or he will be supplied with supervision—Canadaink.

It is better to get out and pick up business than to wait for business to pick up.

### A FAMILY GROUP



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Frees with their children and grand-children at a family reunion during the past summer. Mr. Frees is a tester in Department 18.

### FINDING A RESTAURANT

"Where is that restaurant," asked Bobbie, as he walked along the streets of Cincinnati with Mason and Gustin.

"Don't know," said Gustin, "but I'll find out."

Stepping up to a traffic officer who immediately threw up his arm and stopped a long line of vehicles, Big Bill engaged him in conversation.

Street car gongs clanged, Claxons clacked and horns tooted in vain without securing attention. At last Bill wandered back to the curb, the traffic cop blew his whistle and business in Cincinnati was resumed.

"Restaurant's just around the corner," said Bill. "Nice accommodating chap, that traffic cop. Very pleasant little conversation with him."

"All right," said Mason. "I'll bet that's not what the street car and automobile drivers are saying about it."

### A RESOLUTION FOR EVERYBODY

How is this suggestion for a resolution to be adopted by everybody this year?

"Resolved, That in the year 1923 I will think things out.

"That I will be wise enough to withhold judgment until I have all of the facts, and that I will be sure the facts are genuine.

"That I will not permit my solid judgment to be swayed by my personal feelings, and that I will spur every effort of self-seekers to gain my favor by attempting to arouse my prejudice.

"That I will do my own thinking and not permit myself to be stampeded into any opinion, by any one on any pretext whatsoever.

"And so, God giving me courage. I will be a solid American citizen, unafraid, going forward with faith, believing in my country and my fellow men, doing unto others as I would have others do unto me."—Orange Judd Farmer.

# THE ILLS THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO

(ORIGINAL)

"Where's Pyrox, the boss," I asked, hesitatingly, as the barber adjusted the towel, realizing full well the result of dropping a brand in such a powder mill. He soothingly felt of a four days' stubble which scratched like the cat's claw, and asked, insinuatingly, "shave?"

"No, manicure my toe nails."

"Yes, sir, close," mixing the lather. "Pyrox is sick at home, somewhat indisposed."

"Smatter?"

"Little indigestion last Friday noon. He was feeling badly and took two ounces of castor oil. About 4 o'clock that afternoon he took a pint of Pluto."

"And you say his indisposition is only slight?"

"Oh, yes, sir. That dope cured him."

"Marvelous! It's surprising that he pulled through."

"Oh, no. I shouldn't say that—those are recognized, standard remedies, and have real merit."

"Say, Bill," blubbered the man in the next chair through a snow drift of foamy lather, "where'd you say that drug store was? Damn that soap! It don't taste as good as the last. Rotten!"

"Here," said his barber, "put this 'Life Saver' in your mouth—it'll fix it. They're great."

"Fine, better already."

"Dat dere drug store," cut in the colored porter, "hit's just three doors off the corner—one block east."

"Oh, it's that Fixemall store. There's a good line of remedies. They are dependable."

"You said a mouthful, boss. Us couldn't keep house without dem. Dey's sure got something for everything. Fixemall fixes 'em right, believe me."

"Whose did you say it was?"

"Scrolls—jess a few draps and you lift dem right out. Pains surtainly says good-bye 'mediately."

"Yes, it's hot stuff," said my barber. "I certainly fixed a bunion that bothered me for months. Just one application."

"My baby's sick this morning," chirped another face polisher. "Poor little thing—fretful, feverish, and irritable."

"Didju call a doc?" asked my barber.

"Nope. Just gave the little fellow a good big dose of castor oil. Guess he did not thing it good the way he fought it. But it will fix him all right. We did what the doctor always does when we call him, and saved the bill. That helps pay for the 'turk,' all O. K. Some J. Pierrepont, eh?"

"Syrup of Castornia's mighty fine," piped an anemetic. "You're next," from the side lines. "That's what we always give our kid. Of course, its only castor oil doped to kill

the taste, but it does the work. The kid's got so he likes it. We are never without it. Just as soon be out of coffee."

"I know," grudgingly conceded the pure oil fiend, "but when you're giving give the real stuff."

"Say," chirped in another side liner, "did youse guys ever try that Gloam's Liniment. There's real stuff for you. Had an awful pain in my side last night. Just soused a flannel rag with Gloam's, clapped it on my side, went to bed and slept like a top. Say, it's the cat's whiskers for pains, strains, bruises, and sore spots—in fact it's good for almost everything. I'm always using it and so is the wife."

He smelled the part. A label would have made him an animated bottle of this famous panacea.

"They're all good," said the barber who started the invalid ward. "Surprising how easily you can cure yourself nowadays. Every man his own doctor. If anything goes wrong with me I can always find a cure. And now what else," ingratiatingly.

"Nothing," I whispered, feebly, "except call for a stretcher, please, and have me carried to my room."

"Feeling badly?"

"Yes, quite so. Never mind the stretcher; I'll try to get to the elevator and upstairs."

"Where do you feel bad; just sort of weak and sinking? I'd advise you to get a bottle of Jaruna—fine tonic—strengthening—it will help you."

"Say, do you know," said the cigar counter clerk as I stopped in the office, "that I suffered the tortures of the damned last night. It was just about 9 o'clock when I had an attack of rheumatism—right here—right in the calf of my leg. It thumped just like that"—whack—a tremendous blow with his closed right hand into the palm of his left hand, "and that!" whack, whack. "It was fearful."

I hung tightly to the counter and gazed about wildly. There was no help in sight. I had another sinking sensation, my head revolved like an aeroplane propeller, and I began to feel shooting pains in the calves of my legs.

"How long do you suppose I stood it," said the clerk. "About three minutes. Then I opened a prescription pint. And say, after the third one I did not have a pain. Finished the whole bloomin' pint and slept like a log. Not an ache or pain this morning. It knocked that old rheumatism silly."

I looked up hopefully.

"That's the real stuff," continued the ex-rheumatic, "that's medicine that goes right to the seat of the trouble."

"You are correct. I thought perhaps I'd



have to be carried upstairs. But your words give me hope—let's split a pint."

"You're on old top. Here, boy, run get this script filled. Hurry now."

There's a cure for everything—if you're sold on the idea.

### CUPID'S BUSY YEAR



Cupid had a busy time in our plant the last year. Do you believe in Cupid? Of course you do, just as you believe in Santa Claus. Cupid is much older than Santa Claus. He was shooting love darts into the hearts of men and women when Santa Claus' great-grandfather was playing hookey and patronizing the old swim-

min' hole.

Cupid is simply a creature of the imagination, a mythological Deity of old Rome, but he has a permanent place in art and literature, and always will. He is represented as a cherubic boy with little wings and a little bow and arrow.

We was the son of Venus, who had more than woman's rights, for she was a much revered and powerful goddess—that is—in mythology. She was a proud and haughty dame, and jealous at that. Psyche got on her nerves and she ordered Cupid to lead her into an unworthy love. The little rascal started out honestly enough, but himself succumbed to her charms. He "fell for her," according to the best Water Street jargon. Psyche was forbidden to look upon him. It appears Cupid was playing a dark game. Being a woman, Psyche had her share of curiosity, and having been told by sisters she was living with a monster, she carried a lighted lamp into his sleeping rooms. A drop of burning fluid on his shoulder awakened him. He did not start divorce proceedings—he did not have to, being so powerful and supported by Venus. He got up and left in a huff. Venus condemned Psyche to miserable wandering and longing, but she was afterward reunited and made an immortal.

And Cupid has been on the job ever since making matches, some good and some bad.

The following shows his victims in our organization. In many cases both bride and groom were employed here. In every instance at least one of the couple had employment here.

### MARRIAGES IN 1922

Lewis Runion and Miss Elma Nieff.  
Arthur Hubbard and Miss Reba Beal.  
James N. Porter and Miss Nina Chasco.  
Ralph Slayback and Miss Bessie Gray.  
Lewis M. Reynolds and Miss Lillian Collins.

### ADVERTISING DEPT.



The advertising department has been a busy place during the year. Over a million pieces of advertising have been sent out in addition to publicity activities in other directions. In the past month we have sent out over a hundred and fifty thousand pieces. The illustration shows one of the tables piled high with mail ready for delivery to the post office.

Alvin White and Miss Bertha Geibe.  
Charles Gilmore and Miss Stella Winter.  
William Michel and Miss Lela Stone.  
William Burtch and Miss Victoria Storminger.

Clyde Oldham and Miss Vera Johns.  
Robert Pope and Miss Helen Whitman.  
Lewis Bland and Miss Emily Adams.  
Oscar Sheppard and Miss Lucille Camron.  
Clint Allen and Miss Elsie Michel.  
F. W. Dannewitz and Miss Mary Wright.  
Sidney Miller and Miss Cleo Taylor.  
Wonus McClanahan and Miss Credith Force.

Royal Patterson and Miss Ruby Atkinson.  
Fred Nash and Miss Pauline Matthews.  
Edward Falk and Miss Ida Kaminski.  
Cecil Dance and Miss Lavilla Poe.  
George Jenkins and Miss Grace Lourash.  
Julius A. Staudt and Miss Lola E. Johnson.  
Lloyd Flanders and Miss Lena Arnold.  
Ralph Baldwin and Miss Ruth Davidson.  
Ruby Dillman and Mrs. Cora Huber.  
Alva March and Miss Marjorie Dempster.  
Oscar Taylor and Miss Hazel Walker.  
Donald Burleigh and Miss Elsie Ramsey.  
Frank Auburn and Miss Viola Benner.  
Floyd Burns and Miss Mabel Demlo.  
Daniel Tolly and Miss Elizabeth Duzan.  
Amos Reynolds and Miss Agnes Soloski.  
Roy Fleckinstein and Miss Nellie Hemrich.  
Virgil Ellegood and Miss Lalah Rider.  
Herman H. Hill and Miss Lillian Hood.  
Roland Friend and Miss Goldie Wempen.  
William C. West and Miss Bernice Dodwell.

### MASON INCREASES THE OUTPUT

The following conversation took place between Bobbie Mueller and Bill Gustin, while riding in a street car at Cincinnati, on the 24th of November in the presence of Mason:

Bobbie—"There were 7,000,000,000 Chesterfield cigarettes smoked during 1922—"

Bill—"During 1923 there will be 7,000,000,002, since Mason has started smoking."

(Continued from Page 18)

Pennsylvania's new stadium, recently dedicated, seating capacity 50,000, cost \$750,000.

Columbia University's new stadium will be along slightly different lines. The cost will be \$3,000,000. The football stadium will seat 56,000. There will be separate stadiums for athletics and baseball. The total seating capacity will be 73,000.

Movements are on foot in several cities to erect stadiums excelling in grandeur and seating capacity those of colleges. Los Angeles is already working out a plan for such an undertaking with a seating capacity of 75,000. The cost will be \$2,500,000.

Chicago's plans yet to be worked out, will excel anything yet contemplated. It calls for a structure seating 125,000 persons and will cost \$2,500,000.

The development of the idea for large stadiums began at Harvard twenty years ago. That stadium, completed in 1903, is built in the shape of a horseshoe. It seats 34,745 with room for 3,000 extra seats. It cost \$200,000 and was paid for by the alumni.

Even the Marine Corps has its new stadium at Quantico, Va., with a seating capacity of 33,000. It is one of the most unique and cheapest of all the great arenas, built by using reclaimed Government materials. The work was done by the marines. Only 10,000 seats are to be provided at first, but the eventual capacity will be 100,000.

### HOW TO MAKE "IT"

U. S. Attorney Burke, Chicago, has an unidentified friend, or a person posing as such, whose chief object in life seems to be to induce him to violate the national prohibition act by making use of liquor making recipes which frequently arrive at the federal building, addressed personally to the federal prosecutor. To date, Burke has not "fallen" for any of the anonymous beer, wine and booze making recipes, but he is tempted to make use of this one which came to his desk.

The writer said in the communication:  
"Listen, fallor, har bane gude recipe."

"Chase bullfrog three mile and gather hops. Tu der hops add 10 gallon hemlock tan bark, two quart turpentine, one pint shellac, two bar laundry soap. Simmer gently for 'bout sax hour; den strain thru I. W. W. sox, so et wont work. Pour en brown bottles, den add grasshopper to each bottle to give et gude kick. Before you took drenk, select pall bearer, and confer with life insurance agent."

### WATCH HIS SMOKE



We all know Roy Coffman about the factory on week days, but do you all know him on Saturday afternoon on Water street.

If you don't, keep your eyes open next Saturday. When you see a big Perfecto leading a man dressed like a million dollars, swinging along with a Fifth Avenue air—just make one guess and you'll come out 100 per cent perfect—it will be Roy.

### OUR LIBRARY

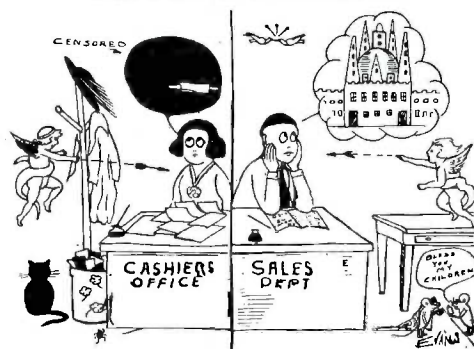
Martie, the Unconquered—Barney Marty.  
Martie, the Desirous—Johnny Marty.  
How to Be Happy 'Tho Married—Bertha White.  
The King of the Thundering Herd—P. H. Rodgers.  
Almost a Husband—Joe Breckinridge.  
The Light That Failed—Melvin Overfield.  
Kid Roberts, the Undefeated—Bernie Bernard.

### BIRTHS

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Garrett, December 11, a son. Mr. Garrett is employed in the machine shops.

Born, Tuesday, November 28th, a ten-pound baby daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Grossman. When Joe came back to work at noon he found a pink rattle tied on his machine with some nice baby blue ribbon.

### AIN'T LOVE WONDERFUL



### ROME'S WATER SYSTEM

The engineers of ancient Rome excelled in the knowledge of methods and means of obtaining, transporting and distributing an adequate water supply for all the needs of her citizens.

Prior to 312 B. C. Rome was dependent upon the River Tiber for her water supply; in that year Censor Appius Claudius constructed the first aqueduct.

Nine aqueducts brought water into Rome at the end of the first century, some of them such as Anio Novus, were as much as 62 miles in length; the earlier aqueducts were largely subterranean; the latter ones crossed the Campagna on series of imposing arches massively built of concrete and stone—the water channels invariably of concrete.

The costs were staggering even in those days of cheap labor and abundant slaves. The Aqua Claudia cost \$2,750,000; Aqua Marcia \$9,000,000; the total cost of the Roman aqueducts exceeded \$100,000,000 in the days when gold had a purchasing power much greater than it has today.

The elaborate Roman water system embraced aqueducts, reservoirs, filters and distributing mains of great ingenuity and marvelous complexity.

How her engineers combined highway and water systems is well illustrated where the Porta Capena brings the Appian Viaduct and Appian Way through the walls of Rome.

The flint-like concrete linings of the water channels of these aqueducts are in a splendid state of preservation and, were the system intact, could be utilized today as water carriers. Some of the lesser aqueducts are still in use, having supplied Rome with water for over two thousand years.



## HUNTING ON THE OKAW



On the Okaw swiftly flowing  
Sits the Mueller Hunting Lodge.  
It's there we go to fish and hunt  
And the cares of business dodge.

November has been a busy month at the Mueller Lodge on the Okaw river, which has become one of the most popular of social and recreation activities. The duck and quail season may have been responsible for this, but with these subtracted it has a great appeal to busy men who wish to elude the incessant urging of modern business. There is plenty of diversion there for those who do not hunt or fish. The company members all like a day a-field, especially Philip, who is reckoned as one of the good hunters of this section. He spent the entire month of September there. Fred and Bob and Frank Cruikshank made their first pilgrimage and came back delighted. Fred was only partly converted to the beauties of the spot.

And then there was the dog. Fred says he bought the beast for \$60 with the understanding that Phil would pay for the animal with quail. So far a partial payment of one quail has been made. "And that is not all," adds Fred, "when it came on the table it was burned and I got no benefit at all from it."

"This camping life is great," he continued, "and it's a fast life, too. I went down there with a shirt and a two dollar bill and did not change either one. No, I don't think I shall go again. I've always been willing to try anything once, but once of this camping life should satisfy anyone for the rest of his days.

"It's all right if you like it, I guess, and I am free to confess that there are quite a

few around the plant who do, not excepting company members."

Adolph was a member of the first party remaining for several days and then returned to the office to look after some important business matters demanding his attention. On November 23rd he hiked back accompanied by W. G. Bachman, Oscar Dawson and Vere Brownback.

The quail shooting has been fairly good and the party secured a few ducks. These with rabbits and squirrels supplied ample game for the table.

A picture of the Lodge surrounded by photos of the hunters is shown herewith.

In the upper left corner is Fred and the dog he presented to Phil. The "game" does not show, but will be in evidence as soon as supper is served and the lights are turned out.



In the upper left corner is Fred and the dog he presented to Phil. The "game" does not show, but will be in evidence as soon as supper is served and the lights are turned out.

In the upper right hand corner the hunters are shown with Frank W. Cruikshank, Philip Mueller, Robert Mueller, Frank Mattison, and Fred B. Mueller.

In the lower left picture shows a corner of the sleeping quarters with its fourteen beds, and the lower right hand corner is a glimpse of the river.

In the center is a picture of Bob and the cook. Bob's propensities for detail led to a nasal examination of a piece of limburger cheese left over from a previous trip. Picked up unconscious, he was himself again after an hour. Now when any one says cheese, Bob gets pale around the gills.

A snapshot of Adolph with gun in hand and the dog is shown in the body of the article. He did not join the party until after the group pictures were taken.

### OSCAR COMMENTS ON HUNTERS

A set of photographs like those shown at the head of this article was sent to Oscar B. Mueller at the Port Huron plant.

Now Oscar is some hunter and fisher himself, and naturally on examining the photographs he noted the absence of anything that looked like game.

Here are a few extracts from his letter acknowledging the photographs:

It surely looks like some outfit, and I would enjoy being with the gang. Hope some day that this will be possible.

I note the several groups of hunters, but do not see any game. Presume they went there to take photographs of quail, rabbits, etc., as photographing of wild game without shooting it, seems to be the latest fad nowadays.

That sure was a great picture of Fred and the dog on the back step of the cabin.

Oscar's idea of a gameless hunt corresponds to that of a former state governor well known in Decatur. He left his country place one evening to join a party of guests who had gone to the timber to hunt 'coons. After killing a few moments time he concluded it was apropos of the occasion to kill a few drinks.

"Where's the 'licker'?" he asked.

"Haven't got any, governor," replied the leader of the hunt.

"Well, this is the damndest 'coon hunt I ever attended, and I've been to quite a few," said the ex-statesman.

And with that remark he headed for home.

### THE BEST CURE

If you are poor—work.

If you are rich—continue to work.

If you are burdened with seemingly unfair responsibilities—work.

If you are happy—keep right on working. Idleness gives room for doubts and fears.

If disappointments come—work.

If sorrow overwhelms you, and loved ones seem not true—work.

When faith falters and reason fails—just work.

When dreams are shattered and hope seems dead—work. Work as if your life were in peril. It really is.

No matter what ails you, work.

Work faithfully—work with faith.

Work is the greatest material remedy available.

Work will cure both mental and physical afflictions.—Selected.

### SCENE ON THE OKAW



The Okaw river has its source up in Piatt county and flows southeasterly through Moultrie, Shelby, Fayette to Chester, Ill., where, as the historic Kaskaskia river, it discharges into the Mississippi.

It's a picturesque stream in Fayette county, following a winding course through high banks, and an occasional stretch of flat country. The point at which this photo was taken is about 100 feet from the Mueller hunting lodge, and is just above a point where the river makes a sharp bend.

### THE BATH TUB IN AMERICA

The first American bathtub was installed December 20, 1842, in Cincinnati by Adam Thompson. It was made of mahogany and lined with sheet lead. At a Christmas party he gave an exhibition of its use, and four guests took a plunge.

The next day the Cincinnati papers discussed the invention, and violent controversy was provoked. Some papers designated it an epicurean luxury, others as undemocratic, as it lacked simplicity in surroundings. Medical authorities attacked it as dangerous to health, a certain inviter of rheumatism, fevers and inflammation of the lungs.

The controversy soon reached other cities and in more than one place medical opposition was reflected in legislation.

Late in 1843 the Philadelphia common council considered an ordinance prohibiting bathing between November 1 and March 15, and the ordinance failed of passage by but two votes.

During the same year the legislature of Virginia laid a tax of \$30.00 a year for all bathtubs.

In Hartford, Providence, Charleston and Wilmington, Del., heavy rates were laid on people who had bathtubs. Boston, early in 1845, made bathing unlawful except on medical advice, but the ordinance was never enforced and in 1862 it was repealed.

President Millard Fillmore gave the bathtub recognition. While vice-president he visited Cincinnati, in 1850, and inspected the original bathtub, and used it. On becoming president he had a bathtub installed in the White House. This tub continued to be used until the first Cleveland administration.

And now one can hardly wait until Saturday night for a bath.



# THE PIONEER AUTOMOBILE

In connection with the state road pageant Tuesday, November 28th, celebrating the completion of the hard road connecting Springfield and Chicago via Decatur and Danville, the Danville Commercial published an article, which, though slightly incorrect in some details, is nevertheless interesting as a matter of automobile history.

The pageant was a great demonstration. It depicted the development of transportation from the "Gee-Haw" days of ox teams to the modern automobile.

The Danville Commercial article referred to is as follows:

Time was when it took a benzine buggy a full day to make the trip from Decatur to this city. Now, with the completion of the last gap in the concrete paved highway, near Milmine, which makes a continuous passage from Macon county here or back, and the abolition of the last detour, on Saturday, it is possible to make the journey with an ordinary automobile in three hours.

## REMEMBERS EVENT WELL

A Commercial-News reporter well remembers the advent of the first automobile in this city from Decatur. It was in the late fall of 1897. One of the Muellers, of Decatur, then running a small plumbing fixture shop, developed a machine that was run by steam, heated by a small boiler. The machine could not be called an automobile, further than in the sense that it ran without the aid of man or animal power. It looked more like a high-seated buggy, cut in under the single seat in order that the forward wheels could make a shorter turn. In this space was the boiler. The wheels were high light buggy wheels that would not last a half hour under the strain of present day driving. The tires were half round rubber. It had a steering apparatus like the handle of a rudder, except that it extended forward instead of to the back of the buggy.

Mueller had been all summer building the wagon and trying it out on the streets of Decatur, and one fine day in September, or perhaps later, when the roads were fine, he decided on the trip. Due notice was sent here and the members of the Danville Cycling Club made ready to give the daring dirt navigator a rousing reception. The event got a tremendous lot of free advertising in the papers. Nearly all of the newspaper men owned wheels and they were personally interested in the success of the venture, because they knew it would mean better roads, a thing they had been working for but had been able to accomplish little. But it is doubtful if there is any one of them who had ever realized that the automobile would prove the useful carrier that it has been to the human race, revolutionizing transportation methods and bridging time and distance.

## LEFT AT DAWN

On the day that Mr. Mueller was to start the trip he arranged to leave Decatur for this city as soon as the first streaks of dawn showed in the eastern sky. He knew it was going to be a hard task to get through before late in the afternoon. And so it proved.

The Danville Cycling Club mustered all of the members it was able and went out to Tilton to meet the daring motorist. They had reckoned from the advance notices of the wonderful machine that the distance might be negotiated by one or two o'clock in the afternoon, the car being able to make fifteen miles an hour, without deductions for repairs and other inconveniences on the



This is a wood engraving of "The Pioneer Automobile" showing the owner, the late Hieronymus Mueller and his son, Oscar B. Mueller, in the rear seat. The occupants of the front seat are the late Henry Mueller and Robert Mueller.

road. The highways between the public square and the overhead bridge at the south end of South Danville began to take on a human fringe that thickened as the day went along. It was a long, hard wait, made interesting though tiresome, by false reports that the car had shown up at Tilton and would soon be here. Wabash engineers and trainmen had reported seeing the car on the highways alongside of the railway tracks, and they predicted Mueller would soon reach the city, but the dust of the city was settling in the twilight when Mueller finally arrived.

## GIVEN AN OVATION

He was given an ovation all along the line and, escorted by the Cycling Club, moved up Main street to the public square, then north on Vermillion street to North, thence east on North to Hazel, where the machine was taken into the shop of Robert Holmes, then located at the southeast corner of Hazel and North, and locked up for the night. Mueller was taken over to the Plaza Hotel, where he was the guest of honor at a banquet. Men prominent in the city toasted him and predicted some great things if the contraption would only work, but none of them foresaw the paved roads or the highly developed auto of the present day. They spoke of the machine as a costly plaything that could be owned only by some man of wealth with a considerable knowledge of mechanics.

And now, just 25 years after Mueller's first trip, they are burning up the distance between Decatur and Danville in three hours and some of the more daring ones take less than that.

The late Hieronymus Mueller did not build this "benzine buggy, motor-cycle, or horseless carriage," as it was variously called in those days, because the word automobile was still unknown, but did build a number of machines later.

The machine driven in those days was imported from Germany, and he did in a large measure improve it by rebuilding. No airship ever created as much excitement as this "motor-cycle" when it appeared on the streets. An illustration of this car is pub-

lished with this article. It has always been a matter of regret that we did not preserve this car. It was sold here in Decatur and used on the streets for many years even after modern automobiles came into general use.

## OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE

### Two Mueller Boys Attend Interesting Gathering at Peoria.



Evart Zetterlind and Edward Kushmer were sent to Peoria December 1-3 to attend the Older Boys' Conference. It was a fine meeting. These delegates made excellent reports, showing that they got lots of good out of the meetings. The report of Evart Zetterlind is given herewith. The one made by Edward Kushmer will be published next month.

The Older Boys' Conference is a convention at which a group of boys meet once a year in some large city in the State. They meet in the interests of the Young Men's Christian Association, which they would like more employed boys to join. The H. Mueller Mfg. Co. is much in accord with this and enables boys under 16 years of age to hold membership in the organization, provided each boy pays five dollars himself, for which they will contribute the other half.

Two Mueller boys attended the conference this year and they went for the good of bringing back some of the main points brought out at the conference. We want to get some of the factory boys into the Y. M. C. A. and get a group of employed boys from the different factories and form a club like the Mueller Triangles. Such clubs as these are called the Employed Boys Brotherhood.

The trip to Peoria was a very fine one. We started from Decatur about 9:15 and as soon as we got on the train we started singing songs. We sang until we reached Bloomington. There some of the boys got off to buy candy and apples and stayed too long. The car started up and there was a merry race right down the center of town and all got on after a long chase. Going into Peoria, we had to cross a long bridge and we took a great many views from the bridge. We finally arrived in Peoria at 1:45.

We then went to the Y. M. C. A. and got our assignments to the home which we were to stay in. The people were very nice and friendly and gave us privileges that many other homes could not give. Then we went back to town to the First Methodist Church where the Conference was held.

At six o'clock a banquet was given at the Shriners' Temple at which 1175 people were present. The Mayor, Chief Engineer and all the main men of Peoria were the waiters. Men's quartets sang and gave speeches.

On Saturday afternoon men in different automobiles took us through the beautiful Bradley and Glen Oak Parks and we rode on one of the best streets in town, known as Moss Street. We also went up the Chillicothe, the structure of iron built seven or eight stories high, and looked out over the Illinois River and all the lovely scenes.

In the evening we went back to the Church where we heard many good speeches and a lot of good singing which was the life of the Conference.

At 9:30 Sunday evening we started for home. Some of the boys got homesick and started home about five o'clock, but the rest of us held up. We also sang songs on the way home. I think we all had the best time we ever had. And we all thank the men in Peoria for showing us such a good time.

EVART ZETTERLIND.

## RECLASSIFIED

A school teacher in a Western town, wishing to extend her rather scanty knowledge of the stories of Edgar Allen Poe, inquired at the delivery desk of the rural library for "The Gold Bug," adding, "I can't seem to find it in the catalog, but I am sure you have it. A friend of mine had it out last week."

The librarian glanced at the card-catalog drawer over which the teacher had been poring, and smiled a superior smile. "No wonder, Miss Smith," she explained with patient gentleness. "You're looking under 'Fiction.' Turn to 'Entomology' and you won't have any trouble."—The Argonaut (San Francisco).

## BETTER WITH AGE

Some of this news is two weeks old, but that just makes it stronger.—Plainfield Correspondence of the Magnolia (Ark.) News.

## VERSATILE BUG

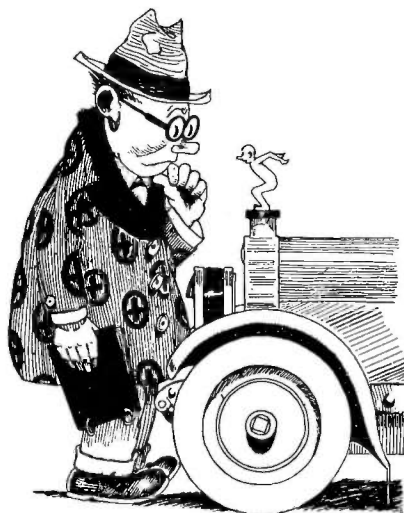
Teacher—"Now tell me the name of the insect which is first a tank and then an airplane."

Pupil—"It's the caterpillar, which changes into a butterfly."—L, Illustration (Paris).

## MIXING THE SENTENCE

A learned professor tells us there is a modern tendency among the aristocracy to drop their h's. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that the Kaiser has been led to the altar instead of to the halter!—Eve (London).

## LIZZIE THE VAMP



I know now why they gave you a she name instead of a he name. Nothing but a woman could be as contrary as you are or require as much coaxing. — Ezra Kendall Shaw.



## SAN FRANCISCO NOTES

The report of the Pacific Coast Branch for the year 1922 will show it to be the best year since its establishment in 1913. The large increase in volume of 1921 is more pronounced when the lower prices of 1922 are taken into consideration.

The inventory for this year was taken on November 30th, and was handled so well and finished so promptly that Manager Leary celebrated the wind-up with a dinner and theater party for the employees. They showed their ability to dispose of their good repast thoroughly as they did on inventory.

Mont Henderson, able Assistant Manager, has become a regular "native son," and in the short time he has been here, he now steps out in the rain with his overcoat open and his hat on the back of his head, and says "he likes it." Well, we always figured Mont "wet."

The Pacific Coast Branch of the American Water Works Association held this year's meeting in Oakland. Mr. Leary and Mr. Marker attended. This was Harry's first water works convention, and he was so busy the first day he missed several engagements. The next day he showed up with an alarm clock, which seemed to be a great protection to him.

The East Bay Water Company were wonderful hosts, and it was due principally to their untiring efforts that the convention was a great success. It was one of the best conventions we have ever attended, the papers being especially interesting to all.

Being anxious to close the year with a good December, the salesmen were called on for extra efforts. Every one of them responded. Bill Jett in particular sent in some very fine orders.

Lloyd Logsdon is driving a coupe. He got pinched the other day and talked himself out of it. Lloyd is a good salesman.

Manager Leary is on a short trip with Bill Heinrichs in the Northwest. We are somewhat worried, as Bill is driving a car, and as you know he talks with both hands. We are a little afraid of both of them going in the ditch.

The sales campaign on regulators is bringing some great results. The plumbing trade appreciates the value and necessity for regulators on all installations where the water is over the domestic pressure of 40 pounds. We have placed large orders with the factory in order to take care of the increasing demand.

### OH, YOU LITTLE VAMP

(We Have All Met Her)  
Curses on thee, little "Vamp,"  
With thy fascinating lamp,  
With thy little sawed-off skirt,  
And abbreviated shirt;  
With thine arms and shoulders bare  
And thy limbs at which I stare,  
With thy form so full of life,  
I almost forget my wife.

—A. B. Chapman.

### SUPPLY YOUR OWN MORAL

Chicago names its principal streets after Presidents. Philadelphia names hers after nuts.—Princeton Tiger.

### PELICAN

A clever old bird is the pelican,  
Whose bill will hold more than his bellican.  
He can keep in his beak  
Food enough for a week,  
And darned if I see how the hellecan.

### CRUEL SKEPTIC

Magistrate—"Last time you were here I told you I hoped never to see you again."  
Delinquent—"Yes, sir, I know, sir—but I couldn't get the constable to believe me!"—  
The Passing Show (London).

### FROM A LINE 'O TYPE

Bright quips, keen satire, and real sentiment find their way into the Chicago Tribune column under the above heading.

Here follow two selections touching on Christmas:

#### THIS DAY

I am man's love for his fellow man. I banish misery, cold, fright, cheerlessness, hunger, and poverty from my presence. I bring joy, thanksgiving, renew faith and hope.

I enter into the hearts of those who toil and are weary and bring them rest and refreshment. I give renewed strength, belief and gladness to those who stagger under their crosses.

For I am Love and my handmaiden is Charity. I strive to prevent little children from receiving the harsh blows of life which will strike them all too soon. I make them laugh and shout and distract their minds with pretty baubles, colors, games, toys, and evergreen trees. These things are all my symbols—the symbols of giving that one may receive.

I am the reminder of the birth of One who died for all mankind and who was the Great Giver.

I am the Christmas Spirit.

URSUS.

#### DOC EVANS' COL. (From tomorrow's Trib.)

O. K. writes: "I felt heavy and sluggish all of Christmas afternoon. My nap was much broken. I saw a blue turkey with yellow polka dots, with an immense mince pie on his head. The turkey kept pelting me with cranberries as large as a bushel basket. I feel as though I never wanted to see a turkey again. Do you think I will? When?"

#### REPLY

1. Yes. Yea. Verily. Of a certainty.
2. Cold turkey. (Probably Sunday night's supper.)
3. Turkey croquettes. (Monday, all day.)
4. Hash. (Tuesday, all day.)
5. Hash. (Wednesday, breakfast and supper.)
6. Something from chapter 22 in the cook book, "Dainty Dishes from Odds and Ends." (Thursday.)
7. You will recover, but what's the use? In a week comes New Year's dinner.

## NATIONAL CONVENTIONS



Our company is always represented at the national conventions of the American Water Works Association, the American Gas Association and the National Association of Master Plumbers.

These gatherings are of great importance to each of the trades they represent, to the manufacturer and to the public. This influence is three-fold.

For the members they promote a better understanding of trade practice, an invaluable interchange of ideas which quite frequently results in a betterment of conditions both locally and nationally. New men in the field acquire through addresses of specialists and subsequent discussions, ideas and knowledge which otherwise would be denied them except through personal experience, frequently punctuated by expensive errors of judgment. The social side is no less profitable. The little man is brought in contact with the big man. The one sometimes learns that the "big" man is just an average fellow while the "big" man by the same token finds that the little fellow is away above the average. It is mutually profitable.

The manufacturer profits by displaying his wares to his customers who are known to him only by names on his ledger. He gets their attention by showing new things, and is enabled to meet the most influential men in a friendly way whose doors in business hours are sealed against his representatives. Here also the social factor plays an important part. The manufacturer or his representative meets the big and little men on equal footing. If he makes a good impression the trade which has known him only through the rigid and restricted avenues of

business may change its mind in an instant as to the manufacturer's business methods and policies, while the manufacturer or his representatives see their customer or desired customer in a new light and with a new understanding. Barriers that have existed through misunderstanding or lack of acquaintance are swept aside in an instant. The hand clasp, the square look in the eye, a word of explanation is all the magic that is necessary.

The public is benefited through the addresses and discussions because these tell him plainly and honestly why certain conditions exist, why certain policies are necessary, and especially that the dealer or the manufacturer is not a highwayman out to rob the public or the individual, but a servitor anxious to please and help him. The displays bring to the attention of the public the newest things in the particular line shown, create in his mind a desire to possess it and at some time, somewhere, make him a customer of some dealer.

And this is why our company and other companies spend hundreds and thousands of dollars each year attending conventions. The displays made by some dealers are elaborate, some are mediocre and some average up. Our displays are not elaborate, perhaps, but they are not mediocre; but they don't average down. We try to improve them each year.

The illustration of our display at the Gas convention, held on the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, shows what we are trying to do. The faucet running a constant stream of water with no visible means of supply is simple in the extreme. The faucet, one of our



¾-inch E 2450, was suspended in a small case by wires. From the spout there was a constant flow of water. It was said repeatedly that it was the cleverest thing in the exhibit. The biggest and most influential men in the gas business gave minutes to it trying to fathom the trick, and exhibitors came and tried to figure it out, and the public gaped and blocked the aisle.

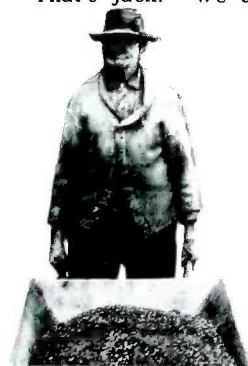
But in the end they were all like the young English tourist who wouldn't give up. He hung around for twenty minutes, looked, thumped and tapped every pipe and every piece of wood and finally gave up by saying: "Bah-Jove, I 'aven't twigged it yet."

### JACK GUNTHER

"Stop a minute, Jack; stand just as you are until I take your picture."

"All right young fellow, but be quick; I've got work to do."

That's Jack. We all know him and his wheelbarrow, but we don't all know his name—Jack Gunther.



Jack is a Kentuckian, and there was a time when his six feet two was an awe-inspiring figure in a mix-up, because back of that figure was the courage and the willingness to "mix it" if necessary in a fair stand up and take your medicine argument.

Years have left their imprint on Jack, but they have not diminished his willingness and readiness to work, and we imagine that if irritated, the old-time fire would flash in his eye and he would defend his rights against odds if need be.

Jack thinks as he works, and just recently he uttered some bits of philosophy which proves it:

"Nature is a fine old dame at that and treats us well enough," he said, "but at that there are some things in the scheme of creation which seem to me could have been improved. How much better it would have been had health and happiness been made contagious instead of diseases."

### DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT—

While the banks close for a holiday,  
While the stores shut up shop for Sunday,  
While the grocer says, "We have some ordered,"

While the coal man tells you to wait awhile,  
While the merchant moves to another town,  
While labor in other industries is on strike,  
While the manufacturer goes out of business,  
While the butcher makes you take something else,

While the farmer says, "I'll sell when prices go up,"

Your gas, electric light, telephone, street car and water supply companies keep right on serving the public, rich and poor alike, 365¼ days, 8,766 hours a year?—Southwestern Waterworks Journal.

### OWNERS OF THE SOIL

The man who owns land is imbued with a consciousness of his citizenship, of his responsibilities to his government, to his friends and neighbors. This may be truer of the farmer than the city lot owner, but even the latter, has a marked feeling of being a bigger, better part of the community. This thought has been frequently advanced in our meetings when we have urged members of the Mueller industrial family to acquire their own homes.

It seems appropriate, therefore, to quote the panegyric of Edward Everett on the life of the farmer. Mr. Everett was an American of culture, elegance and scholarship. He was a clergyman, president of Harvard College, a congressman and senator, governor of Massachusetts, minister to Great Britain, secretary of state and editor of the North American Review. Born in 1794 he died in 1865, but what he said of "the Owners of the Soil" still lives and should live forever. Read it:

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that, by the law of the land in which he lives, he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, feels more strongly than another the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the center of the sky! It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transit a home.

Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit-tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath-bell, which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents lay down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children.

These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the very life-springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.



## Christmas Carol

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"What means this glory round our feet,"  
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"  
And voices chanted clear and sweet,  
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the Shepherds said,  
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"  
And angels, answering overhead,  
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angel-song,  
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

—James Russell Lowell