

MUELLER RECORD



Turkey

How well I remember that old Thanksgiving dinner! Father at one end, mother at the other end, the children between wondering if father will ever get done carving the turkey. O, that proud, strutting hero of the barnyard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus his gobble. Stuffed with that he can never digest. The day before, at school, we learned that Greece was south of Turkey, but on the table we found that turkey was bounded by grease. The brown surface waited for the knife to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife sharpened on the jambs of the fireplace, lay bare the folds of white meat. Give to the one disposed to be sentimental, the heart. Give to the one disposed to music, the drumstick. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion the "parson's nose."

T. DeWitt Talmage.

Thanksgiving Number

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THE *MUELLER* RECORD

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EDITORIAL

THANKSGIVING

Don't say you have nothing to be thankful for. You have.

You are living in the greatest country in the world.

You have health, a blessing beyond all the most fabulous wealth can bestow.

You have a job that brings you a pay check regularly each week.

You have steady employment, which means steady wages with no danger of layoffs.

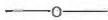
You have a family or relatives or friends who are interested in and love you.

You have good schools, good churches, and good amusements.

You have opportunities which you may grasp if you will but see and avail yourself of them.

And you have hundreds of other privileges and blessings which are not to be had by the people of any other nation.

Nothing to be thankful for? Say, boy, fill your mouth with another piece of turkey and quit crabbing, before we hit you with the drumstick.



Some one yells "Gold!" and there is a mad rush to get it. The desire to acquire sudden wealth is ever present in the human heart. Some one starts a real estate boom in a state which never bid for public notice. Stories of phenomenal profits are broadcasted, and the roads to that state are clogged with eager, expectant fortune hunters. In either case the majority fail of realization of their dream. And in most instances they have left fields of endeavor richer in gold and profit than is to be found in some suddenly discovered locality. But they lacked the patience, the energy, the persistence and the industry to dig for it. If you don't believe it look around you. Take note of men here in Decatur who had little material wealth 20 years ago. But they had foresight. They

had self-denial. They had the saving instinct and they had industry, energy and patience to keep them going. They are the real successful gold diggers where gold was not suspected who knew enough to put behind them the phantom of suddenly acquired wealth, and to plug. There is nothing so profitable as plugging. For substantial results it beats any gold or real estate craze.



LOST—SOMEWHERE THREE MINUTES

"At the time they disappeared, each had sixty seconds in excellent condition. In the same place was lost a well-kept reputation for promptness and industry.

"Finder will return to Mr. X. No questions asked."

Questions have been asked, and some of them answered. A great deal of effort and a great deal of money have been expended in an attempt to save time. The best of us, in spite of great resolution and all the energy in the world, find it uphill work to find the minutes we have lost.

Wasting time, like most things, is a habit. The more time we lose, a minute here and a minute there, the more we will lose. If we dawdle the first hour of the day, we are not likely to pick up much momentum by evening.

It is in this connection that lost minutes are particularly significant to us here. Being three minutes late by the clock and thirty minutes late on one's check may not seem to be important. Of course, if every employe were three minutes late—one employe has as much right to be late as another—there would be something over 80 hours lost, and, estimating an hour at 40 cents, we would have over \$32 lost in three minutes. However, it isn't the financial loss that is most important. What really counts is the effect on the employe who comes late to his desk or machine morning after morning.

To paraphrase a well-known advertising slogan: "What a difference a few minutes make." Habitual tardiness is a cause and a result. As the result of negligence or carelessness, it is important. As the cause, or possibly merely an indication, of lack of interest, it is very important. Much is said in our organization of the importance of co-operation from employes. Renewed interest and enthusiasm are recommended in departmental meetings, at the annual picnic,

Jealousy makes a bed for Misery

in the columns of *The Record*, until they seem to be an old story. The fact remains that enough has not been said. There are too many people who have not enough interest in their jobs to get to work on time. There are too many people without enough interest to get to work on time because their friends are late. Listlessness is contagious. A whole department loses its capacity to work well because one or two individuals have lost or perhaps never gained the ability to be interested in what they are doing. It is this ability to put oneself unrestrainedly into one's work, to work early and late, oblivious to everything but the result desired, that is one of the real blessings. The story of the three stone-cutters has been told many times, but it illustrates so well the point at issue that we repeat it once more:

A passer-by said to the first stone-cutter, "What are you doing?"

The man replied, "Earning \$5 a day."

The passer-by put the same question to a second workman, who answered, "Cutting stone."

The passer-by put the same question a third time, and the third man came back, "I'm building a cathedral."

In the whole question of success or failure, efficiency or inefficiency, there is salvation only in interest that is spontaneous and genuine. And in this interest every minute is important.



THANKSGIVING 1621: SOME PORTRAITS

The ground was covered with snow, and all about that first English settlement in New England there were quiet and peace. Within their houses the settlers, those Pilgrims of 1620, were making last preparations for the first Thanksgiving Day.

Dame Curtis stood in her doorway. She was a plump woman with a round rosy face, and, for all the privations of the winter of 1620-21 and the hard work of planting and harvesting in the summer she was cheerful, even youthful, looking. Her eyes were blue and bright. Her cheeks were still flushed from the hurry of the past days—days spent in cleaning and cooking vegetables, baking cakes, basting fowls in preparation for today—the great feast day. But, as she stood and looked out upon the snow that lay upon the settlement, she was not even tired. In a few minutes she would go with her husband and her two young daughters to the meeting house. She smoothed the snowy folds of her cap and smiled a little as she thought of the services in which the settlement soon would join. Truly, in return for the blessings of bountiful crops and friendly redskins, it was good to give thanks.

John Brewster, a tall erect man of 40 or so, was walking meditatively to and fro be-

fore his hearth. In a short time he, with his good wife, would be joining their neighbors in solemn thanksgiving. In spite of himself, for he tried always to be stern and unmoved, he thought of the son who should be going to services too—the boy who, with so many other good folk, had died last winter. Resolutely, he put the thought of the boy from him. Grief and tears were for women. As for him, he would say, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord." The man blew his nose vigorously and began to repeat in his nasal tones, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly nor standeth in the way of sinners." Yes, he reflected, there was much to thank God for. It was good to give thanks.

Prudence Alwin looked out of the door of her father's house. Presently, she was thinking, young James Reade, as handsome a lad as ever came out of England, would come by. He would be walking with his mother and father, but he would look toward the Alwin house as if he expected to see someone. Prudence smiled a little. She looked critically at her dress, blue of wool, she had spun and woven herself—her mother had told her it was far too bright and godless for a fest day. She wondered if it would take her attention from the sermon and the long prayers in the meeting house. She hoped not, for she was a conscientious Pilgrim maid. Then the thought came to her that if the bright dress was too distracting, she might look instead at James who would sit just in front of her across the aisle where all the men sat. Truly, it was good to give thanks.

Matthew Brand shrugged his shoulders as he looked toward the meeting house. Services would soon be in full swing, and he, reputed, he well knew, to be the laziest man in Plymouth, would soon take his place with the workers of the settlement. He was weary of church services and wondered why he had come to the wilderness. It was a hard life here; he had had to work too hard to build the poor shelter in which he made his home. Life here had been too hard for his wife; she was buried somewhere in one of those graves left unmarked for fear of the Indians. A good woman, Rose, even is strangely devoted to this band who left comfortable homes in the motherland for something they called freedom of worship. With a grimy forefinger, Matthew brushed a tear from his eye. After all, though, he thought, they were good people, even if their sermons were long. They had fed him and helped him. Today he would join them in the great feast of Thanksgiving. Truly, it was good to give thanks.

Michael Alden rose slowly to his feet. It was time to go to the meeting house. He must start early, for, he was realizing, it was

Home is Love, walled in and roofed

WHEN THE NOON WHISTLE BLOWS



Snapshot of the core room bunch hustling back to work when the five minutes to one whistle blows

harder to get about at 80 than it had been at 20 or even 40. He put his wide-brimmed hat over his thick white hair. He felt his hand shake a little, but he was sure that he was trembling for joy. He had known hardships in abundance, he had known persecutions under Stuarts and Tudors, but he had never known a winter so full of hardships and suffering as the first year at Plymouth had been. Never, he felt, had he seen such a harvest as had come with this autumn. "My cup runneth over," he murmured as he took his son's arm and walked out into the snow. Truly, it was good to give thanks.

And they tell us that on that First Thanksgiving Day there was much feasting and much thanksgiving, but there was more of thanksgiving.



"AND COMMON MEN BEGAN TO OWN THE WORLD"

John Boyle O'Reilly, in his poem, "The Pilgrim Fathers," aptly characterizes those early pioneers. We get something of their spirit in these lines:

"—The Pilgrims' roofless town,
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
Where all people equal-franchised met;
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
Where human breath blew all the idols down;
Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were furled,
And common men began to own the world."



BABSON'S ADVICE

Roger Babson, the statistician whose reports are so carefully considered by business

men, offers some advice to the sons and daughters of his clients. We quote the following:

First. The fun of life is in growing rather than in possessing. Not what you get but what you give enriches you.

Second. Make up your minds to work. Get to to job early and don't be afraid to leave after closing time.

Third. Save something. Learn how few things are really necessary and learn to value them.

Fourth. Never go with a girl you are not willing to marry.

Honesty is not only the best policy, but it is the foundation of civilization.

The time to save money is when you are making it.

Keep out of debt. Be generous in giving, but avoid accommodation loans, and never indorse.

No elevator will take us up in the business world—we must climb.

Boost the other fellow and he will boost you, as we are usually repaid with our own coin—and judge not.

The way to make friends is by being a friend; and to have friends when we need them we must be friendly to others first.

Specialize in one thing. To succeed it is only necessary to do some simple thing better than any one else in the community can do it.

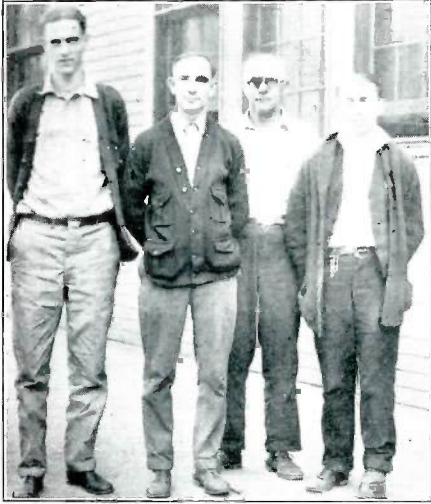
Don't try to buck either the Ten Commandments of the Multiplication Table.

Finally, pray for spiritual guidance and power. Join some church and be a useful member of your community.

We leave it to our reader if this little sermon from a business man to young people who are going into business is not worth while.

Strife is but Discontent at war with itself

Four Hustlers



The above aggregation comes from the Core Room and includes, left to right: Slim Planders, Happy March, foreman; Henry Gilbert, and Charles Tilton

SYMPATHY FOR BURKE

Last October when snow and freezing weather over night made Indian summer into mid-winter, we witnessed the rare incident of two silent kidders having fun with each other.

Bill Gustin, with his Brush College degree of P. A., and all wrapped up in a classy new overcoat, met Billy Ampere Burke hustling home from work in his sack coat somewhat covered with dust accumulated in the day's work.

Gustin paused a moment, glanced pityingly at Burke, reached in his pocket for a quarter and with marked sympathy held it out to Burke, who rushed by with a disdainful look.

"By golly!" says Burke, "the next time that T. W. tries that on me I'll take his darned old quarter and then they'll have to call a doctor for big Bill, because it would nearly kill him."



QUIT BEFORE STARTING

A system of interstate roads known as United States Highways and touching every state capital is planned by the United States Bureau of Public Roads—Motor Note.

Here, boy, quick! File this rush message."

U. S. Bureau of Public Roads: Lay off this state. We've been "touched" until we are sore.



Wacaser: "Ever hear the story of the golden fleece?"

Zetterlind: "No, do they bite? I won't."

AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH

(These are a few stanzas from a poem by James Russell Lowell concerning one of the best-known of those Pilgrim fathers who instituted our Thanksgiving Day).

I sat one evening in my room,
In that sweet hour of twilight
When blended thoughts, half light, half gloom,

Throng through the spirit's skylight;
The flames by fits curled round the bars,
Or up the chimney crinkled,
While embers dropped like falling stars,
And in the ashes tinkled.

My wonder, then, was not unmixed
With merciful suggestions,
When, as my roving eyes grew fixed
Upon a chair in question
I saw its trembling arms enclose
A figure grim and rusty,
Whose doublet plain and plainer hose
Were something worn and dusty.

Who knows, thought I, but he has come,
By Charon kindly ferried,
To tell me of a mighty sum
Behind my wainscot buried?
There is a buccaneerish air
About that garb outlandish—
Just then the ghost drew up his chair
And said "My name is Standish.

"I come from Plymouth, deadily bored
With toasts and songs and speeches,
As long and flat as my old sword,
As threadbare as my breeches:
They understood as Pilgrims! they,
Smooth men with rosy faces,
Strength's knots and gnarls all pared away,
And vanish in their places!

"We had some toughness in our grain,
The eye to rightly see us is
Not just the one that lights the brain
Of drawing room Tyraeuses:
They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
Their birthright high and holy!—
A mountain stream that ends in mud
Methinks is melancholy.

"He had stiff knees, the Puritan,
That were not good at bending;
The homespun dignity of man
He thought was worth defending;
He did not, with his pinchbeck ore,
His country's shame forgotten,
Gild Freedom's coffin o'er and o'er,
When all within was rotten."



It's the Truth

The salesman drives it a thousand miles
and it's a new car.

You drive it a thousand feet and it's second hand.

Success is turned up by a spade—not wrought with a hammer

WHAT FINE THANKSGIVINGS WE USED TO HAVE!

(By Robert L. Duffus)

You'd remember those Thanksgivings, I guess, if you were a million years old and a million miles away from home. All the relatives came—the poor ones and the well-to-do ones and the respectable ones and sometimes a black sheep, who could count on whatever he'd done being forgotten on Thanksgiving day.

If you had luck it snowed and everyone came in sleighs—cutters, you called them, maybe. Snow helped, somehow. It made you feel warmer and happier to be inside with the glowing stoves and plenty to eat and good company.

There'd be Uncle Jasper, he being the oldest, at the head of the table, and the others running along down, according to age and size, till you came to the children at the foot of the table. And Uncle Simeon or someone would give thanks. He was almost too thankful, Uncle Simeon was. You pretty nearly died waiting. And then there were minutes as long as years while the uncles and aunts were being asked what they wanted, and getting it. What if there wouldn't be anything left when Uncle Jasper got to you? But, shucks, there wasn't much danger, for Uncle Jasper had a large heart and your township grew large turkeys.

I'm almost afraid to talk about those dinners—the turkeys, and stuffing, and mashed potatoes, and turnips, and squash, and creamed onions, and celery, and olives, and pickles, and dumplings, and hot biscuits, and thirteen kinds of pie (I'm sure it couldn't have been less), and puddings, and oranges, and nuts, and raisins, and I've forgotten the rest. I guess all the money in the United States mint wouldn't buy such a meal today.

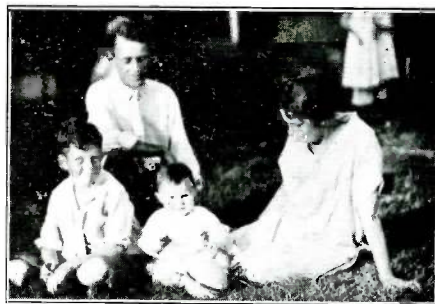
After dinner you and your cousins would play around a little. Sometimes there was a girl cousin you'd like pretty well. But after a while you'd come indoors again and there'd be the old folks sitting around and talking and telling stories, and the dark coming on. You'd listen with your eyes getting bigger and bigger while they told how Uncle Jasper came home from Andersonville prison on the day before Thanksgiving, and Aunt Leonora, who'd thought him dead, opened the door for him. You could imagine her as she was then—pale as a white lily, and beautiful—just crumpling up in his arms. And there were other stories.

You'd wish that day could go on and on and never end at all—wouldn't you?

You live in an apartment now, where you could hardly squeeze one of Uncle Jasper's turkeys into the kitchenette, not to mention the oven. And on Thanksgiving Day you go out to a restaurant. And you think times have changed for the worse.

But Thanksgiving Day hasn't really

The Paymaster's Pets



Paymaster Enloe and wife with their two attractive children, Jack and Charles Walter.

changed—and won't. Twenty years from now some other grown-up country boy will be telling everyone who'll listen what remarkable Thanksgivings we used to have back in 1925, and how those were the great old days and they don't do things that way any more. He'll be mistaken, just as you are. Thanksgiving is as solid as the Constitution.



W. T. AUER AND AND C. L. GILLEBRAND WIN INSIGNIA PRIZES

W. T. Auer has been awarded first prize in the recent contest for the suggestion for insignia for porcelain handles, judged best by the committee on suggestions. Second prize was given to C. L. Gillebrand.

One of the most pleasing features of the contest was the interest shown: 46 suggestions were turned in. The first prize was \$10.00 in cash and the second \$5.00.

The rules for the contest, as announced in the first bulletin, were:

"Our Company desires to adopt an insignia to be shown on the porcelain parts of handles of our faucets, so that anyone seeing this insignia will recognize the faucet as being made by our Company. It is our desire to advertise this insignia in the national publications until the public becomes entirely familiar with it.

"We are giving prizes of \$10.00 to the employe submitting the best design and will increase this to \$25.00 if the design is adopted, and also \$5.00 to the employe submitting the second best design.

"The word 'Mueller' or the letter 'M' must not be used in connection with the design, but it will be necessary that the index letter 'H' or 'C' be used."



What Katie Is Thinking Of

They were testing out a new bell in the Office which rang out clear and plain.

Mrs. Lewis: "Katie, was that the fire bell?"

Katie: "No, wedding bells."

Who is so positive that he cannot change his mind, has builded a house with but one door

Their First Born



Mr. and Mrs. Algie Miers and their pet and pride, Marland Dean Miers.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

L. F. McKibben gives us this from the good old Boston Transcript:

"Your success in life depends on your motive. There is an old fable about a dog that boasted of his ability as a runner. One day he gave chase to a rabbit but failed to catch it. The other dogs ridiculed him on account of his previous boasting. His reply was, 'You must remember that the rabbit was running for his life, while I was only running for my dinner.'"

"The incentive is all important. If you are in the race merely for your dinner you will not put the same vim and energy into your running as you will if your ambition is deeper and more serious. Get the right motive and your chance of success will be much greater."



THE NEW RULE BOOK

The Factory Rule Book has again been revised and enlarged and distributed. Each new employe receives a copy when hired.

Be sure to read it through carefully. It explains in detail not only the Company's rules but the new safety code which has been worked out with much thought and care by the foremen and the safety committee.

The vacation plan has been simplified and goes into effect sooner than it formerly did.

Two pages are given to the Employees' Aid Society and the important regulations for this activity. The Employees' Investment Plan is fully explained.

The booklet closes with an account of the new facilities and organizations to provide for recreation and sports. This will be of interest to every one.

Once more we say, read your new Rule Book through and keep it for future reference.

THE CROW

We may not like the crow, but the crow likes us, and he stays with us summer and winter. He is one of the most conspicuous and widely known birds. He is under many indictments because of his depredation in the farmers' cornfields and his destruction of the eggs and young of songbirds. His reputation is just as black as his feathers.

Despite his predatory life of crime against his fellows of the air, he is shy and difficult to approach. This habit may be the consequence of heredity, because the hand of man has long been against him. Notwithstanding that his reputation is rotten; that he is despised and many states have put a price on his head, the black rascal has contrived to thrive and grow fat at some one else's expense.

If the attempts to kick him out of the picture hang too heavy on his soul, he makes no outward show of his worries. The crow family believes in getting an early start and are among the first of the feathered tribe to nest in this section.

At this season of the year they flock together and in the evening sneak off to some favorite spot in the woods to roost. They may be seen any afternoon flying high in the air in great numbers.

While middle west farmers may think they are bothered by these black marauders an authority tells us that they are fortunate not to be visited by some of the flocks that congregate along the Atlantic sea coast. Estimates say that 200,000 to 300,000 colonize in one locality. Before the state, farmer and public made war on the crow, flocks of 30,000 to 40,000 were not uncommon in the middle west.

A bunch of this kind could do plenty of damage to a cornfield. The crow has no regular set time for meals—he eats all the time.



TRAFFIC IN COLLEGE

Dr. F. A. Moss, professor of psychology at Washington University, has introduced a course in traffic, which is unique in college circles.

Go to it, Doc, and wire collect, what sort of "sike" is it that makes a bloomin' idiot steer straight at you instead of from you—white m., h. brew or high class \$6.50 per pint.

A satisfactory answer may mean a much needed change of diet or no diet at all.



Frank About It

A spinster sat next to a flapper in the same seat of a railway car. Reaching into the well-rolled top of her silk stocking, the flapper produced a pack of cigarettes.

"Have one?" she offered.

"What!" exclaimed the frozen face, "why, I'd just as leave embrace a man as to smoke one of those."

"Huh," was the reply, "Who wouldn't?"

The only thing a man can take with his to the grave is his reputation



Safety News



YOUR EYES

We all know the "smart" fellow who is so sure of his own judgment that he ridicules the advice of those who know from experience. People of his type create most of the market for glass eyes, crutches, artificial limbs and other spare parts for the human machine. An artificial limb has kept many a man from being a total wreck, but no one will argue that a timber leg is as good as the original.

An artificial eye, however, is zero in usefulness. It may be such a good imitation that one would have to look twice to notice it but it can't fool the wearer.

The one-eyed man has less than half vision. Two eyes are necessary to do the work properly without strain and the man with only one finds himself unable to judge distances accurately. This is a serious handicap when driving a car and on many jobs where safety requires good eyesight.

When the sight of one eye is lost through accident, infection or disease, there is always danger of the other eye rebelling under the added strain and total blindness resulting.

Another menace to good eyesight is the amateur oculist who is an expert at removing foreign bodies with a knife, toothpick, or other weapon. He is also an expert at introducing sight-destroying bacteria into the delicate tissues of the eye. First aid rooms have made his bungling services unnecessary but there are still those who can't spare a few minutes to go for competent medical service.

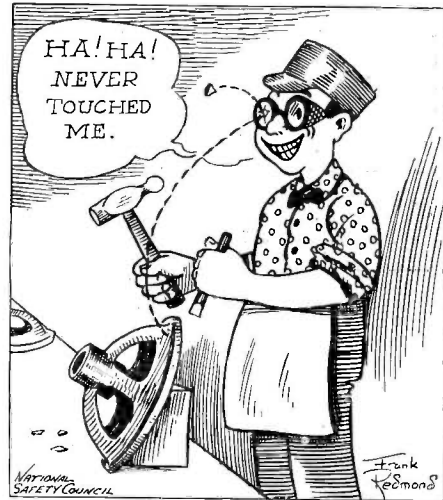
It is hard to understand why a foreman should have to keep everlastingly on the watch to see that men wear their goggles. Modern goggles are light in weight and are no more inconvenient than spectacles which thousands of people wear without complaining. And they protect! Nearly every safety man has a collection of goggles which have saved eyes.

Think of the earning value of a pair of eyes next time they are exposed to flying particles. A thinking man does not need to be compelled to protect himself.



THANKSGIVING

The Pilgrims found cause to be thankful in the midst of hardships that few of their descendants have suffered. Their lives had been spared through a long and perilous



voyage, through famine and disease and from the attacks of hostile Indians. They were safe for the time being and that was cause to be thankful.

Life has become a great deal more attractive since the early days of the New England colonies. Every worker today enjoys more comforts than the richest man in America had at his disposal in the seventeenth century. Health education and municipal sanitation have eliminated outbreaks of pestilence.

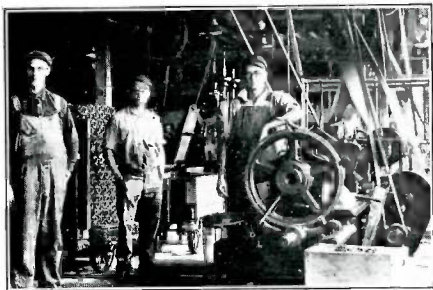
But the very things that have helped to make life more enjoyable have added some additional hazards. The introduction of machinery and mass production methods in industry have permitted higher wages to the worker and lower wages for the finished product but this progress cost a heavy toll of human life and limb. Likewise the introduction of faster and cheaper transportation on the highways has produced an alarming total of casualties.

Today we can be thankful for the benefits of organized accident prevention work carried on through the efforts of thousands of loyal safety workers.

Much progress has been made although hazards have increased much faster than our ability to meet them. Thanksgiving will be a reality in many a home this year and in

If you would know the weapon which makes deepest wound, look into the mouth of Hate

At Plant 8



Iron casting machine department at Plant 8, showing Slim Atkinson and a new Britain automatic machine. Archie Sefton, the operator, is leaning on the machine

future years because safety workers have felt the responsibility of being their brothers' keepers.



HANDLING OF ACCIDENTS

Read This and Learn What to Do in Cases of Mishaps

For some time there has been a question in regard to sending employes to our Company physicians in case of accident, and in order to take care of all cases of injury in the best possible manner, the following rule has been made:

1. When an accident occurs, call or telephone our operator at Main Office, stating whether injury was serious or not, and she will see that the proper persons are notified.
2. The First Aid Man will notify the operator at all times as to his location, destination, etc.

3. The First Aid Department should be called, if possible or practical, who will decide as to the attention needed. If the First Aid Man is not on duty, or busy elsewhere, the telephone operator will notify Mr. Enloe, the Paymaster, who will arrange for the necessary medical attention.

4. Plants Number 8 and 9 are visited daily by our First Aid Man between 1:00 and 2:30 p. m. Any minor dressing, treatments, etc., are to be attended to at this time. The exact times of visits are as follows:

Plant No. 8—1:00 p. m. to 1:30 p. m.

Plant No. 9—1:45 p. m. to 2:30 p. m.

5. In case of accident at night, Joe Dial, night superintendent, will arrange for the necessary attention and report in writing the next morning to the First Aid Man or Mr. Enloe the details of the case, that is, (1) the physician's word, (2) the time and cause of the accident, (3) nature of injury, etc.

THE HUMMING BIRD

One of the most remarkable of the many remarkable things in our animal life is the humming bird. To read how a little feathered mite four inches in length can fly hundreds of miles, build a home, rear a family, in spite of all its Brobdingnagian enemies, is to read a really romantic chapter in the Book of Nature.

In a recent number of The Nature Magazine, R. Bruce Horsfall, the staff artist, recounts a tale of the adventures of the Ruby-Throated Humming bird. He describes the flight of the bird across the Gulf of Mexico. He writes:

"Imagine, if you please, a copper penny taking wings and starting out to fly across the Gulf of Mexico, or from New York City to Detroit, Mich., and you will have some conception of this mite in feathers, for their weights are equal, forty-eight grains of flesh and blood as against the same in copper.

"Humming birds are thought by many to be the fastest birds in flight, but I believe this is a mistake induced by their diminutiveness. Probably fifty miles an hour or possibly a mile a minute would be nearer the mark. E. H. Eaton in 'Birds of New York' estimates their speed at thirty to fifty miles an hour.

"With a buzz and hum and an excited 'chip, chip,' Ruby faced across the rising sun. In a few hours it was above him. Without compass or guide, Ruby steered a straight course for his goal. About noon a strong head wind arose, and Ruby dropped to the trough of the waves. There, away from the force of the blasts and protected by the rise and fall of the waters, he flew bravely onward. Late in the afternoon an anxious and tired little hummer took advantage of a temporary lull in the breeze to rise a few feet, and his weary heart and wings beat faster and took on a new energy. Ahead, not many miles away, were land and rest.

"In the lower branches of a small bush near the shore Ruby alighted. Triumphant and happy, he closed his eyes in sleep."



Traveling Comforts—All the Comforts of home are now being used as laprobes in the jitney.



We have just learned of an editor who started poor twenty years ago and retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000. This was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left him \$49,990.



Weather Forecasts—If the hair on your wife's fur coat is thin, look out for a hard winter.—Brandon Sun.

Don't find fault more than twice a day; that's enough



Spoon and Duster



The one great interest of everybody for the next four weeks will be a certain holiday that falls upon December 25. The woman of the household, particularly, is much engrossed. She has begun shopping and shopping, she has been sitting up late at night working on a luncheon set for Cousin Sue or dressing Mary's doll. In between times, though, she will find an hour or two for making Christmas candy. Somehow, the home-made sweets add a touch of the old-fashioned to the Yuletide season that nothing else can quite supply. Fondant, the foundation of all cream candies, may be made in this way:

- 3 cups of sugar.
- 2 cups of boiling water.
- A pinch of cream of tartar.

Cook until the liquid forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Cool, beat, and knead until creamy. The fondant may be molded out at once or allowed to stand. There is a difference of opinion as to which method produces the creamiest candy. The candy can, of course, be molded in any size or shape.

Fondant can be given any flavor. It may be used to stuff dates from which the seeds have been removed. Nuts or cocoanut or marshino cherries may be placed on it after it has been molded. Or, if it is desired, the fondant, upon being molded may be dipped in chocolate. Unsweetened chocolate is the best. It may be melted over hot water. A hat pin—most houses do have a few left from the days when no woman was correctly or fully dressed unless she had two or three hatpins between the ostrich plumes—can be used for dipping the candy in the chocolate.

Divinity fudge is always a great favorite. A good recipe for it is:

- 2 cups of sugar.
- ½ cup syrup.
- 1 cup of water.
- 2 egg whites.
- 1 cup of nuts.

Boil water, syrup and sugar until thick as honey. Add one-half of it to the unbeaten egg whites. Cook the rest of the mixture until it threads, then add it to the first mixture. Beat in the same way that other fudge is beaten.

Who remembers the day when "taffy pulls" were quite the thing in the way of social

activity? Home-made taffy is just as good as it ever was. This is a recipe that survives from the old days:

- 3 cups of sugar.
- 1 cup of water.
- ½ teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

Boil the ingredients together until the mixture threads, pour onto buttered plates and, as soon as the candy is cool enough to handle, pull until the taffy becomes porous.

Mrs. Burt Jackson gives us her recipe for peanut-brittle:

- 3 cupsful of granulated sugar.
- 1¾ cupsful of water.
- 1½ cupsful of white syrup.
- 1 cup of raw peanuts.

Put the sugar, syrup and water in a deep kettle on a hot fire and stir until they boil, then cook until the mixture is quite hard when tested in cold water. Then add butter, then peanuts, and stir briskly until the peanuts begin to pop or throw off brown smoke. Add vanilla and soda, turn out the fire, still a little longer, turn out on buttered plates or marble slab. Pull apart from edges and make as thin as possible.

The Efficient Housewife says:

One of the best things I have done in a long time to save shoes from the dust that seems to cover the floors of the most immaculate closets is to make a shoe case. This case has about a dozen pockets in it. It is tacked up on the wall in the closet where it is not in the way.

To make canned soup taste fresh, add a whole peeled onion or a few sticks of celery.

These little ovens that fit over the burner of a gas range are quite successful in making possible baked foods at a comparatively low cost. Nothing is quite as wholesome as a baked dinner, and yet the cost of burning gas under an oven for long periods of time is almost prohibitive. If the proper sized pans or baking dishes are used, two vegetables, a roast and a vegetable, a dessert and a vegetable, a vegetable and cornbread or biscuits may be baked at the same time.

If any one tried a couple of recipes in our Halowe'en number, the result was probably a family suffering from indigestion—or dis-

Probably no man was ever angry and grammatical at the same time

gust. Somehow, the dates were left out of the date-stick recipe we presented. The complete list of ingredients should have read:

- 2 whole eggs.
- 1 cupful of flour.
- 1 rounded teaspoonful of baking powder.
- 1 cupful of English walnuts, cut fine.
- Cupful of dates cut fine.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of cold water.

Then something extraordinary happened to the nutbread recipe. The baking directions should have read:

"The bread should rise for 20 minutes before being baked in a moderate oven for 40 minutes."

Mrs. E. K. Shaw sends us this recipe for filled cookies:

- $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cupful of flour.
- 1 cupful of sugar.
- 3 teaspoonsful baking powder.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt.
- 1 egg.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful mazola.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk.
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Sift dry ingredients, drop in the unbeaten egg, add mazola, milk, and flavoring and mix well. Add flour until stiff enough to roll very thin. Put a teaspoonful of filling on one cookie and cover with another. Press the edges together.

The filling may be made in this way:

- 1 cup of chopped raisins.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of water.
- 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice.
- 1 tablespoonful flour.

Mix together and boil till thick. Figs, prunes, or thick jam may also be used.

By the way, we are very grateful for the interest shown by the wives of Mueller foremen who had letters from this department thrust upon them a few weeks ago. Some of those letters, we understand, started out in the wrong envelopes—which was most unfortunate since we were trying so very hard to make a good impression.



Two cake recipes that decidedly sound like "more," come from Mrs. Earl Sebree:

White layer cake:

- 3 cups flour.
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter.
- Whites of 3 eggs.
- 1 cup and 2 tablespoonsful sweet milk.
- 3 teaspoonsful baking powder.
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Sift flour once before measuring; put in 1 teaspoonful baking powder at a time and sift flour 3 times. Fold flour a tablespoonful at a time, also one-third of milk at a time. Fold in egg whites after flour is all in.

Frost with a boiled icing.

Gravy has more of an affinity for the necktie than for the mouth

Every Dog Has His Bed



Marie, of the telephone desk, has a new pet—a small edition of a bull dog, named Jack, and just now Jack monopolizes all her spare time, thought and affection. The other evening she was sighted going home carrying a small barrel, a roll of chicken wire, and a bunch of excelsior. All the other girls were guessing what it meant. The cartoonist explains the mystery.

Devil's food cake:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.
- 2 tablespoonsful cocoa.
- 2 eggs.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or lard.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk.
- 1 teaspoonful of soda.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of coffee.
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Dissolve cocoa and soda in warm coffee.



PAUL ANDREWS HAS A BAD CASE OF AMNESIA

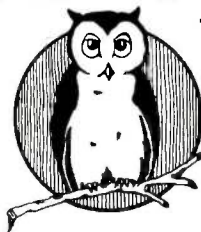
Paul Andrews has it again, or maybe it's yet. Not so many weeks ago he went down to the Advertising Department and took his place before the counter. Ollie came up to wait on the "customer" in her usual efficient way. Paul opened his mouth, but could find nothing to say. He scratched his head meditatively for a while. It was useless—he absolutely could not think of what he had come for. He spent half an hour trying to remember while Ollie looked on pityingly. Finally, he gave it up and went back upstairs. The whole thing remained a good deal of a mystery until noon when a young lady who formerly worked in the office came back for a short call and, by a strange coincidence, met the absent-minded Mr. Andrews on the stairs.



Everett Zetterlind has joined the ranks of the aristocratic rich. He has purchased a car. At least Everett says it's a car. Ed Harris, who formerly owned it, may think otherwise, but that, of course, has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Everett has a car. Don't crowd, girls.

THE OFFICE OWL

HOO! HOO!



In case you are not able to get static on your radio, just report to the main office and see Wake or E. K. Shaw. Both are experienced in all radio works, and they even eat, sleep and think radio. The other day E. K. took an article over to Wake's desk to be priced and Wake absent-mindedly said, "Let's see, tubes \$2.50—Sears-Roebuck, 98 cents." That started it, and the conversation lasted just about 45 minutes, and Wake gave up that Shaw had the best radio but rather than be outdone Wake bought a new radio from Roy Wilson recently. The subject of the argument is now in full bloom again and the outcome is still in doubt.

J. W. Wells declares that he is greatly in need of assistance. He thinks an organized effort should be made by his friends to decrease the cost of badges. In the last month he has lost three badges, and in his words, these little Monday reminders are getting "to be quite an item."

It might help if Mr. Wells would order his badges by the dozen—perhaps he could get quantity prices. Or it may be possible to take out badge insurance. Or again, he might have dollars ahead if he would change his clock number; maybe No. 31. Our old friend 13 turned around, is unlucky.

We will appreciate any suggestions that readers of The Record may offer.

Who said that geography was a dead subject? The other day A. A. Rice of the New York office, in writing of a shipment to Huntington, Va., that was lost, said, "And we therefore believe that the same (shipment) was lost somewhere between Huntington and West Virginia."

Astrid Olsen checked out November 7.

L. F. McKibben, head of the Accounting Department, and P. D. Ruthrauff, cost ac-

countant, were guests November 17 at a luncheon given at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, by the Illinois Manufacturers' Cost Association.



Second Lesson in Salesmanship

Mueller Salesman: "I got two orders from the G. R. Ouch people today."

She: "Isn't that fine? I'm so proud of you. What did they order?"

M. S.: "First order was to get out and the second to stay out."

Marie Eagleton almost choked to death the other day. The reason for it was a severe attack of merriment caused by the strange actions of Mr. James Thorpe. It seems that Mr. Thorpe first decided to go upstairs. But the first few steps up didn't suit him, so he started down. Then there appeared to be something wrong with the steps in that direction, so—just like a woman who has the privilege of changing her mind every day in the week—he decided to come back up to the landing and go over the bridge. Marie was much alarmed after her first spasm of merriment, but upon investigation she found that the up-keep stock man was perfectly sober.

For a few pleasant words on radiators we ask you to consult Helen Pope. Helen, one rainy day, came back from lunch with dripping feet. She set her shoes under the radiator to be dried out. In an hour or two when she was looking forward with real pleasure to slipping into some nice, warm, dry shoes, she found the radiator had played a bad prank on her and filled her shoes full of very wet water.

Mary Schultz, since winning so much in prizes in her recent advertising ventures, has been lunching out in state every noon.

The space between holding hands and the first kiss is a mere matter of seconds

WAY OUT FOR BURKE AND MORRIS

The deep seated rivalry which has prevailed for some time between Billy Burke and Charlie Morris has gone beyond the limits of good nature, "kidding," as a result of things Morris has said "on and off stage" about Burke.

There has got to be some sort of an accounting to satisfy Burke's wounded pride. Of course, duelling is taboo in this day and age, and brick bats are too common, and besides they create painful bumps and contusions.

The only way left, it would seem, by which these gentlemen can settle their little affair, is in a four round bout under Marquis of Queensbury rules. That eminent authority on ring affairs, Prof. Bill Cranston, has assured us verbally and by his inspired writing, that the manly art is now a sport of culture and gentility participated in by gentlemen of gentle birth.

In fact, after reading one of Bill's articles or listening to one of his eloquent defenses of this exciting and exhilarating pastime we are sorely tempted to place ourselves under his tutelage for the acquirement of sufficient science to enable us to take a soak at a few persons we have in mind before we are awarded a pair of wings to tickle St. Peter's nose as we brush through the pearly gates.

From our limited knowledge of this polite sport, which seldom results in anything more than a bloody nose, a discoloration of a few optics, or a cauliflower ear, we are convinced that this Morris-Burke feud can be settled in no other way satisfactory alike to the feudists and their partisans.

It is suggested, therefore, that as director of athletics, Mr. Cranston proceed to arrange a four round go, with seconds, bottle holders, time keepers, sponges, etc.

Knowing the bitterness existing between the principals, however, we suggest that prior to the entrance to the ring that a special committee search them in order that Morris may not conceal on his person a 3/4" lead flange goose neck, or that Burke has not smuggled into the ring a high tension connection of 2500 volts.

ORTHOPHONIC PROGRAM

The October meeting of the Foremen's Club was a social affair. There was a good dinner and this was followed by a fun producing program of Hallowe'en games in the gymnasium. C. G. Auer was in charge of the entertainment.

An interesting feature of the evening was the musical selections on the Orthophonic machine, which in reality is a new type of the Victrola. This was given under the direction of Miss Belle McKeown of Scoville's, who kindly loaned the machine for the occasion. It was the first time that most of us had heard this new type of reproducing machine. It's just as much a novelty as the

On Hallowe'en

"PAGE MR. HIMSTEAD"



The drafting room cartoonist gives his version of Harley Himstead's outfit for the Hallowe'en party. Harley wore diamonds big as walnuts and his costume complete was fully up to Hallowe'en requirements.

Victrola was twenty-five years ago. The clear, loud and distinct tones were a revelation, and so audible that the spotted fox terrier listening to his master's voice rose from a sitting posture and wagged his tail.

'WAY BACK WHEN

We all realize the truth of the saying that time flies but we don't all realize the fact until some incident of the dim and distant past is brought to our attention.

For instance, in the October 31 issue of Domestic Engineering, an item is carried in the "20 Years Ago" column to this effect:

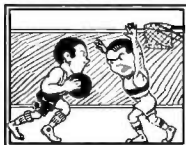
"Oscar B. Mueller, manager of the eastern division of the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill., inaugurated weekly employes' meetings October 21, in New York City. Thirty-three employes were organized into a society."

STORY OF FAUCETS

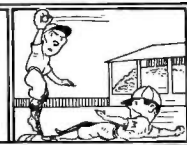
Recently L. B. Spafford, of the editorial force of Domestic Engineering, one of the leading papers in the plumbing and heating field, spent a week in the Mueller factory, gathering data for a detail story of faucets.

The story will appear in serial form for fifty-two weeks in this paper and will be a detailed account of the process of manufacture of faucets as studied in the largest faucet factories in the world. The articles are to be illustrated with sixty or more photographs.

It is now recognized that the only way to have more business is to have less law



Athletics



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION IS GOING STRONG

The Mueller Athletic Association, though only a few months old, is a strong and healthy infant with many possibilities.

The program of the association, as outlined by the officers, has plenty of good things for everybody. A basketball tournament is under way. The Camera Club, beginning with only two or three enthusiastic members, has already justified its existence. The Dancing Club, as everybody knows, has been giving some fine dances. The Boxing and Wrestling Club is functioning well. The Social Club, too, has a great many possibilities. Plans are in the air, too, for an Indoor Baseball League.

Just now plans are developing rapidly for girl's athletics. All girls were invited to a meeting for girls on Tuesday November 24. This letter was sent out to all girls by the Athletic Association:

On Tuesday evening, November 24th we are going to have a meeting for all girls interested in organizing a Girls Athletic Club.

Quite a number have expressed a desire to play Basket Ball and Volley Ball and there are others who would like to meet once a week for general exercise under the direction of a lady Athletic Coach.

If enough interest is manifested at this meeting and enough girls enroll to make it worth while we will reserve Mueller Club Gym one evening each week and secure the services of a lady coach to take charge of the classes.

In order to make the meeting next Tuesday evening convenient for everybody we will serve supper in Mueller Club Cafeteria at 5:15 o'clock and follow with a short meeting in Gymnasium at 6:00 o'clock. We hope every girl will find it convenient to attend this meeting.

It is hoped that soon the Athletic Association will reach its goal: Everybody interested in athletics and as many as possible participating.

Just now the association has 235 members, and it is growing fast.



THE NEW ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE

The latch string's out at the new club house—or, at least, it soon will be. The club house is very attractive. It has an atmosphere at once home-like and artistic.

Going into the new club house by the front door, the visitor finds himself in a

pleasant room flanked on one side by a great fireplace. Scattered about are tables and gaily upholstered chairs and divans. At the windows are dull crimson draperies. In one corner is a piano. It is just the setting for an afternoon party, a luncheon, a smoker, a dance, or just a friendly good time.

The visitor may go out into the kitchen. It is so tiny that it is really a kitchenette, I suppose, but it is a model one. One side is given over to white enameled cupboards filled with dishes and cooking supplies. Then there is a sink and an icebox and a stove all ready to light for a cozy Sunday morning breakfast for some Mueller crowd.

Upstairs the visitor finds a comfortable room, with a porch off of it, that has many possibilities. It is just the kind of a room one would choose for a reading room. Then, it would be an ideal location for a game of bridge or poker.

In the basement there is the furnace room which, to judge from the warm temperature of the club house, is in excellent working order. The showers, which will be very popular when the tennis and baseball seasons come on, are also downstairs.

There are, indeed, some happy times in store for members of the Athletic Association and other Mueller folks in the new club house. Many of the visitors who frequent the building after the opening, which will be soon, will think of the club house as it used to be.

Somebody at the athletic meeting at the club house last week said that it was enough to make anybody believe in evolution to see how the club house has evolved from a barn. Built as the "bungalow barn" back in 1916, the present Athletic Association headquarters have had an interesting history. Soon after it was built, the barn was used for a salesman's meeting. Then, it was used for its original purpose and given over to the harboring of cows and cultivators and separators. In late years, it has served as a sort of annex to the Mueller Lodge during salesmen's meetings, a sort of country inn for salesmen for whom there is not room in the Lodge. And now, in the final stage of development, it has reached its last stage of development. But, to appreciate it, you have to see it and use it.

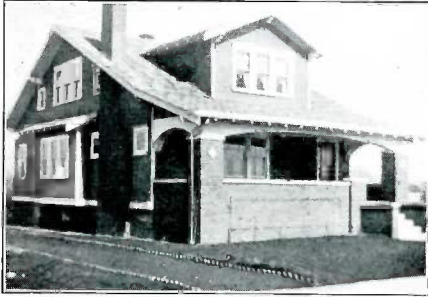


Read in the Decatur Herald:

Lost—A brown dog with scars south of Illiopolis."

Opportunity doesn't always knock. Often she slips by in stocking feet

Builds His Own Home



The house was built this spring, completed in early August. It was designed according to plans of J. V. Keck. Four bedrooms, two bathrooms, kitchen, sewing room, pantry, front and back stairs, dining room and living room, vestibule and several spacious closets are most conveniently arranged. Seven doors open into the kitchen. Joe Keck has been in the Mueller employe for about nine years, working in Department 9. Thomas Keck, one of his sons, has recently located in Department 27.

MUELLERS DRUB SYRUP PEPSINS

Scoring twelve points to the visitors' none in the first quarter, and maintaining the lead all through the game, the Mueller quintet easily won 37 to 20 from the Syrup Pepsins in a game played at the Mueller gymnasium Friday night, November 20. The score at the half was 16 to 6.

Deland, at center for Muellers, scored 12 points for his team while Jolly, Porter and Casey were close with nine, eight and seven. Scoring on the losers' side was evenly divided.

Muellers (37)	G	F
Casey, f	2	3
Jolly, f	4	1
Deland, c	6	0
Porter, g	4	0
Lowe, g	0	0
Lindamood, g	0	1
Reedy, g	0	0
Totals	16	5
Syrup Pepsins	G	F
McKensie, f	1	2
Plunk, f	1	1
Hill, c	2	1
Hammersmith, g	2	0
Abner, g	0	0
Durst, g	2	0
Totals	8	4

SPORTING NOTES

The Southern Yacht Club, New Orleans, is the largest in the world, having 2,500 members.

Soccer, now listed among the most universally played games in the world, was intro-

duced in the U. S. about forty years ago.

Tex Rickard has ruled out radio in future boxing bouts. He says that broadcasting the results harms the financial returns.

One of the newest things in sports is ice tennis. If you don't think this game played on skates offers real thrills, try it next winter.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS

Some Changes in Departments—Big Glazing Job at Plant 9

The Nickel Plating Department is to be located in the space formerly occupied by the women's rest room in the brass shop. The balcony has been removed and the room widened on the east.

A large concrete plating tank nearly the length of the room has been built, and over it, higher than a man's head, is a track with the electric contacts which automatically moves the work being plated through the liquid. A special washing outfit for small parts also has been installed.

This new layout in equipment will greatly increase the capacity and efficiency of the Nickel Plating Department.

The Assembly Department is to be entirely re-arranged with work coming in on belt conveyers. The layout is designed to get efficiency, and to move the goods from the shop to the Shipping Department. The testers' benches will be re-located and in fact the entire department re-arranged. This plan is expected to speed up the work in the Assembly Department.

Big Job of Glazing

The glazier, J. E. Newman of Joliet, finished his work at Plant No. 9 last week. The size of this job is more apparent when we remember that this building is more than 500 feet long and 200 feet wide, and almost the entire wall space is glass.

In addition to this there are a number of skylights and twenty-six dormer windows which run the entire length of the building. In all there were nearly ten thousand lights placed.

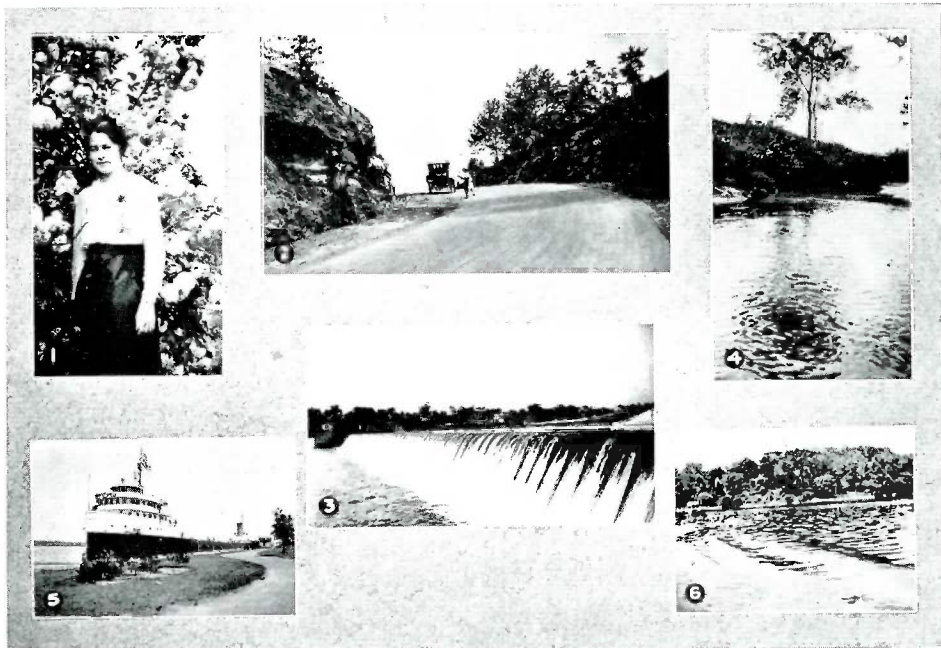
This arrangement of windows gives a good spread of daylight throughout the entire interior of the plant and plenty of sunlight which so falls that it does not interfere with the work. In fact, this is the best lighted building in the plant.

AN AUTO TRIP EAST

A. O. (Tony) Yonker, Marie Yonker, and Estelle Rinehart have returned from a vacation in Washington, D. C. They made the trip by auto and claim to have had the time of their lives. They were especially impressed with Mt. Vernon. And Stella, at least, insists that she had a very restful time.

Men didn't discard beards because of fashion, but because they thought them uncomfortable

THE CAMERA CLUB



We present the second offering in the Camera Club competition. Interest in this contest is increasing, but so far has not become as general as it will later on when the contest is thoroughly understood by the amateur photographers. Miscellaneous pictures were accepted by the committee for this competition and the prize winners were:

First—B. J. Marty.

Second—Roy Whittaker.

Third—Jack Fry, of Plant 8.

Mr. Marty's subject is good to look at from any angle. The young lady in the picture is Miss Marie Heisler, a bookkeeper in the Millikin National Bank, and a cousin of Mr. Marty. The judges thought the photograph entitled to first prize because of the faithful reproduction of the snow ball bush which is an extremely difficult subject. The rest of the subject in the picture was not do difficult, you'll all admit.

Roy Whittaker is improving. Last month he won third prize and this month he gets second with a good road picture.

Jack Fry is third with a fine picture of the dam at the water works.

Morrow's Art Shop judged the pictures, taking into consideration the following points:

- Composition, detail and lighting.
- Photographic quality of printing.
- Neatness.

Some of the other pictures submitted, the judges said, were beautiful compositions but were ruined by exposure.

Several other pictures are given because they seemed good enough to warrant. The picture of the boat was taken by Paul G. Jacka. The boat is the "Benson Ford," owned by Henry Ford. It is 612 feet long, has 3200 h. p. Dressel Engines, and carries 12,500 tons of iron ore. This boat runs between Toledo, Ohio, and Duluth, Minn., and was tied up at Sault Ste Marie when the picture was taken. No. 4 was taken by Johnny Marty, and No. 6 by Harry Woodruff.

The children's contest is open until December 3.

✚ WHEN SALESMEN WERE DRUMMERS

Exactly fifty years ago, in a St. Louis newspaper, appeared this item:

"Chicago has decided that 'drummers' are an unnecessary expense—that they cost more than the business they bring in. Chicago houses are discharging all 'drummers' and are now sending out circulars to their trade instead. However, St. Louis likes the 'drummer' idea, and the commercial houses here say they are profitable. The old dignified way of waiting for trade to come instead of soliciting it probably has passed."

Hez Heck says: "Some folks is always lookin' fer new 'movements,' so they kin have something to lead."

WEDDINGS

Jennings-Baldwin

William J. Baldwin of Department No. 9 brass shop, and Irene Jennings were married at Greenville last month. They live at 2446 North Graceland Ave.



DEATHS

Edward J. Dodwell

Edward J. Dodwell, aged 78 years, died November 7 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Maude Albert. Bement. Ill.

Many of the older employes remember Mr. Dodwell. He was a twenty year man in the Mueller organization. He left us voluntarily several years ago because of advancing years. Prior to coming to us he had been the stationary engineer at a local coal mine for 25 years.

He was born in England March 2, 1847, coming to this country when a boy. He leaves the following children: Oliver E. Dodwell, Riverton; Louis Dodwell, Wyckles station; George W. Dodwell, Decatur; Albert J. Dodwell, Chicago; Mrs. Captolia Sullivan, West Alice, Wis.; and Mrs. Maude Albert, Bement. He also leaves 26 grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

Mrs. Sallie Salisbury

Mrs Sallie Salisbury, mother of Ray Salisbury, Department 20, died November 14 at the home of her sister, Mrs. Sarah Gray, 712 West Packard street.

Besides her son she leaves one grandchild; also here sister, Mrs. Sarah C. Gray of Decatur; Mrs. Marietta Shaw of Taylorville, and two brothers, Casner Reimer of Independence, Kas., and Asher Reimer of Blue Mound. She was a member of the Christian church.

James H. Taylor

James H. Taylor, of Department 15, died suddenly of apoplexy, Sunday afternoon, November 7. He had been with our organization fourteen years.

He was born in Gibson county, Indiana, May 17, 1882. He was a member of Triumph court, No. 17, and Modern Woodmen of America No. 1626.

He leaves his wife, his stepson, Robert Taylor, his father, J. W. Taylor, all of Decatur; three brothers, W. F. Taylor, Enfield; Lawrence and Charles Taylor, both of Decatur; and three sisters, Mrs. Allie Reinwald, Mrs. Marie Avonfield, and Mrs. Ada May, all of Decatur.

The body was taken to Enfield, Ill., for burial.

BIRTHS

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. James H. Judge, October 30, a daughter, Joan Adele, weight 8½ pounds.

The parents are well known to Mueller folks. The father formerly worked in the Shipping Department and was afterward a salesman in the Oklahoma territory. The mother, Mary Van Meter, was formerly employed in the Advertising and Stationery Departments.



TRANSFERS

A number of transfers involving promotions have been made in the last month.

Oscar Stratman goes from the brass finishing shop to the machine shop.

Odie Walker of the day foundry is now instructor in the night foundry force.

Loran Elam of the night brass finishing shop has been transferred to the Engineering Department.

Mrs. Lura Mayall has been transferred from Mueller Club to the Assembly Department.

Carl Redmon has come from the shop to the Tool Storage.

Thomas Keck has been transferred from the office of Plant 8 to the Engineering Department.

Carl Thayer of the Polishing Department has gone back to the farm.

Wesley Davis has gone to farm near Assumption.

Otto Halmbacher of the Nickel Plating Department resigned on November 7.

Martha Jendry of the Core Department checked out on November 6 on account of ill health.

Carl Belknap, who worked in the Machine Shop for a short time, says he is going to take a job in Mexico. He had formerly been employed in South America as superintendent in a shoe factory.

Jesse Oldham of Department 58 is now recuperating at his old home in Shobonier, Ill.

Jesse Fuqua of the day brass foundry was coming to work on the morning of October 31 when he was struck by an Illinois Central passenger train as he was crossing the track. He was badly shaken up and his skull was injured. He spent about three weeks in St. Mary's hospital where he is now making a good recovery.

George LaBrash returned to work after a spell of heart trouble.

Harry Koontz of the Assembly Department was laid up for two weeks from an infection resulting from a tooth that he had pulled.



Mix: "Can't you play honest? I know what cards I dealt you!"

Much of good manners arises from the realization that small provocations don't matter much after all

Jola Wandoline Kuntz



Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Kuntz. Mr. Kuntz is a member of the tool room force.

CORE ROOM

Ray has recently earned the title "Little Ray of Sunshine."

The Core Room doesn't seem quite the same since Bernice Carter and Hazel Overfield, both among the old faithfuls of the department, have left.

Blanche, for some reason, seems to be always at the telephone. Better 'fess up, Blanche.

Lloyd Wilkinson is out to beat the Prince of Wales at his own game. You should have seen him recently as he was all arrayed in white shirt and fancy tie.

Mrs. Walton is in the market for a good second-hand alarm clock.

Several department detectives recently located Bob Coyber of the Machine Shop in the Piggly Wiggly where the young man was trying his best to assemble the ingredients necessary for chocolate fudge. When he got through, he had powdered sugar instead of the granulated variety. (We suggest that he turn the results over to "Spoon and Duster.") The report goes, too, that he never did pay for the cocoa that he took. This is terrible.

Margaret Ashcraft wants greatly to reduce. The great question is how. Well, there are always reducing records, and, of

course, one can always try falling down-stairs.

Joyce Carter was so overjoyed at the first snow that she just naturally fell flat.



DEPARTMENT 20

John Shelton went back to the old stamping ground in Vandalia November 14-15, where he visited with his father and mother. His sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown of Maccosin, Montana, were also there.

Several new fads have been started in Department 20 lately. Ray Salisbury has started a perfectly good one in hosiery. Then, the girls are all coming out in cute little oil-cloth cuffs, which, they say, are useful in keeping sleeves clean.

Marshall Hobbs, though he sacrificed a perfectly good piece of pie last Tuesday night in an attempt to get back to work on time, was late just the same.

Mr. Rollins claims that there is on redeeming feature in Inventory. It gives him an excuse for hard chewing. Usually, one plug of tobacco is sufficient each week. Now it takes two.

Wouldn't the girls miss the "candy man" if he failed to come around every noon?

We have a real heroine with us. Pauline Mosser went to a box social recently in Hammond where she was voted the most popular young lady present. In recognition of the honor, she was presented with a bouquet of roses.

Bob Jordan went a-visitin' in Morrisonville November 14.

Mr. Carter went hunting a couple of Sundays ago and came home with a couple of rabbits.



DEPARTMENT 18

Department 18 wishes to introduce "Whistling Willis" who, though he whistles from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m., has never yet quite finished his selection.

Mrs. Eller checked out because of ill health.

Mrs. Mayall and Mrs. Brown have recently been employed in the Assembling Room.



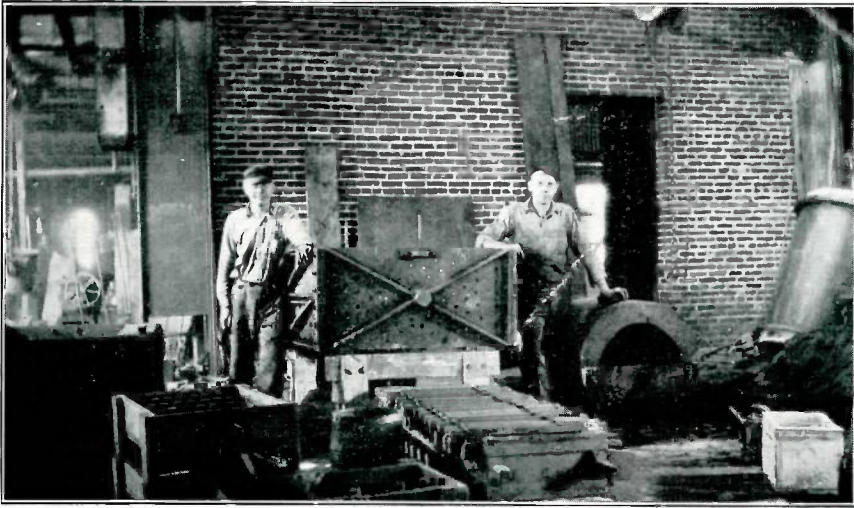
DEPARTMENT 8

W. A. Love is spending the Thanksgiving holidays in his old home in southern Illinois.

W. Smith has been visiting his aged mother in southern Illinois.

Monroe Tait will go to Sample, Kentucky Thanksgiving and he will visit there with his mother and father for a week or two. Barney Marty is hoping that Monroe will bring back an ample supply of smoking

It is nice to know that none but heathen people are butchering one another just now



Scene at Plant 8. The men in the picture are Joseph Duter and Frank Kalinski. They are making a casting of a big drum for the Staley Plant

tobacco for the Dunhill pipe that he received from Mr. Robert.

Speaking of those pipes, even Mr. Wells though one would hardly suspect it, is becoming hypnotized by the smoke from Barney's pipe and has been discovered sampling some of Barney's clippings given out at the Home Brewers' Convention in Wisconsin last summer.

C. W. Brown has been called to Nokomis by the serious illness of his mother.

Mr. Marty thinks that he, as head of Department 8, can observe the Thanksgiving season appropriately in this way: He is very thankful for all the assistance that has been rendered the department during the year that is about to close. Not a bad idea, do you think?

Mrs. Jessie Lewis has recently moved into a new home on Oakland Avenue. She now takes great pride in speaking of her residence "out in the country."



BRASS CHIPS

Louis Offner, who suffered a stroke of paralysis on the 12th of last May while he was eating dinner at the Mueller Club, was down at the plant last week for the first time since his illness. He has partly regained the use of his hand and foot and hopes to be to work soon. Louis says that this is the first time in his life that he ever took so much time off to rest.

It doesn't really matter who discovered America.. It is too late to punish anybody

Riley Tilton, who used to operate a printing press in the Advertising Department, is now working as an inspector.

Benton Fonner has returned to the Foundry after an absence of several years.

George Stinehart, formerly of the Wonder Furnace Company, is working in the Core Department.

Edward Sprinkle, driver of the gas lift truck, has resigned to take a position as fireman for the Wabash. He has been succeeded by John Jukes.

William Dixon of the Tool Room returned to work November 2, after an absence of several months on account of illness.

Chester Priddy began working in the Shipping Department.

Cecil Doran, who suffered serious injuries in an automobile accident last summer, and who has been laid up for a number of months, returned to work in the night grinding room on October 26.



FOR SALE

My place at Heminger Heights (three miles east on Faries Park road). One acre good land well drained. Some small fruit set out. Good well and house. Terms.—L. E. Runion, Day Foundry, or 841 East Clay street.

THE DEPARTMENTS MEET

The series of departmental meetings which has just been concluded has been of unusual interest. Three groups of employees have been guests of the Company at a dinner in the cafeteria and a get-together in the gym afterwards. November 2 the Night Shift had their evening. November 9 the men of the brass finishing shops got together. November 16 all the women in the plant and departments 20, 27 35, 50, and the office had their meeting.

The program for the evening on the last occasion, which may be regarded as typical began with dinner at 5:10. At 5:40 everybody went to the gymnasium to hear the program. Mr. Robert Mueller was the first speaker. Under the subject of "Why We Are Here," he spoke of the beginning of the Mueller Co., of the policies of the Company and its desire for the heartiest co-operation between employer and employee. He stated that it was this desire that had led to the inauguration of these departmental meetings.

E. H. Langdon, personnel supervisor, discussed the various activities that are open to employees. He mentioned the Mueller Record, pointing out how employees can help it and how it can help employees; the gym and the athletic program for Mueller employees; the Employees' Investment Plan and how it works.

"Our Advertising Campaign," by William E. Mueller, was a discussion of the value of advertising in general, of the value of advertising in magazines. It was pointed out that magazine advertising reaches more people than almost any other type of appeal. The values of colors in advertising also was emphasized.

J. W. Simpson took up the question of sales and sales policy. He mentioned the policy of selling through jobbers which went into effect last December, how this change has effected conditions in the plant and outside. He gave as an illustration of the Company's policy of co-operation with employees the plan to send out as junior salesmen, assisting the regular salesmen, several young men from the organization.

In "Production Methods and Records," John Shelton reviewed the methods and records that he has known in the past twenty years. He declared that the system of production control now in process of adoption is superior to previous systems.

Mr. Adolph Mueller, the last speaker, in a way, summarized all that had been said before on the subjects of good fellowship and co-operation. He took a great deal of pleasure in introducing a number of the men present who had begun with the Company in a small way years before and had continued in service until they had become employees upon whom the firm relies for much.

COST DEPT. GIRLS



Left to right: Esther Like, Mildred Parker, Geneva Porter, Marie Yonker, Dorothy Jordan, Estelle Rinehart, Mildred Verner, Enola Smith.

Among the men presented were: J. W. Simpson, Orville Hawkins, Charles Hendrian, Carl Draper, Jim Thorpe, John Shelton.



FOREMEN'S CLUB MEETING

Question of Job Analysis Discussed by E. H. Langdon

The regular business meeting of the Foremen's Club was held Thursday, November 19. The discussions for the evening had to do with a more scientific method of handling personnel ratings and records.

E. H. Langdon advocated that an inventory of the working force be made each year in which each man should be rated from his efficiency in production on his particular job, his reliability, initiative, health and progress, and various other personal qualities. A uniform plan carefully worked out with the co-operation of the foreman, superintendent and the personnel supervisor would eliminate much of the guess work in the rating of men and would be fairer to all concerned.

To accomplish this it is necessary to analyze all the jobs in the organization and to arrange them in promotional order. Efforts of this kind are engineering work on the human resources of the institution. It is perhaps more difficult than the work of measuring and evaluating physical resources. But it is just as necessary.

The time has come when this work should be done and it will require a good deal of patience and the co-operation of all the department heads and supervisors.

Mr. Adolph Mueller stated that business for the next few months would probably

The thing needed at grade crossings is a life-like statue of a speed cop

Ready For Hallowe'en



The above clowns aren't really clowns—they are just regular full of fun kiddies, belonging to E. S. Watkins of Plant 8. They are, back row, left to right: Kenneth, Ralphie, Marvin Lovins. Front row: Erna and Vanita Elma.

be good but conditions made it necessary to get efficient production and reduce costs in order to enable jobbers to standardize on Mueller goods. A concerted effort all along the line is now being made to get this efficiency.

FOREMAN'S CLUB HALOWE'EN PARTY

The social season for the Foremen's Club was officially opened October 29, when members of the club, their wives and guests met for a dinner and Hallowe'en party.

Dinner was served at 6:30 o'clock in the cafeteria. At the conclusion of the menu the guests went up into the gymnasium where the entertainment committee kept them busy for the rest of the evening with a strenuous program of games.

The gym was decorated attractively for the occasion. The lights were covered with bright colored paper—blue, orange, yellow, red. Strips of orange and black hung from the ceiling. In one corner was a bit of an autumn cornfield. There were shocks of corn piled about in a realistic manner.

The contests included an auto tire relay for women, a pop-drinking relay for men. There was a driving exhibition in which Mrs. Otto Halmbacher and Mrs. J. W. Wells qualified as expert drivers and were accordingly rewarded. In a handshaking event, Mrs. M. W. Trott, undeterred by the absence of the traffic manager, seemed to come out ahead so far as the bags of candy awarded to the best "mixer," were concerned. There was a final doughnut-eating

scramble in which Mrs. Frank Nehls was winner. Between games there was dancing and eating of doughnuts and imbibing of cider drawn from an old-time keg out in the cornfield.

There were forty-two foremen present. The committee in charge of the party consisted of: C. G. Auer, E. W. Bailey, Burt Jackson.



IT IS EVER DIFFERENT

New Thoughts, New Inventions, and New Uses Keep Business Changing

Any business institution that grows through one decade to another must learn to adapt itself to constantly changing conditions. Each new decade brings an entirely new crop of manufacturing, selling and advertising problems.

In a recent issue of Business was an article by D. J. Defoe dealing with this subject. Mr. Defoe based his article and his deductions on the 31-year history and experiences of the Three-in-One Oil Company.

The following is an excerpt from Mr. Defoe's story:

"You salesmen who think there's nothing quite so hard to sell as your particular product; you sales managers who scratch your heads for new stunts and trade-getters; you advertisers who believe you've said the same old thing for the last possible time, take encouragement from a product that was born more than a generation ago and hasn't yet begun to grow old—

"... 'Does the use of 3-in-1 fluctuate from year to year, or is it fairly constant?' Mr. Slee, the president, was asked.

"'New uses and new customers produce a steady increase in sales.'

"'Are men or women your best customers?'

"'Fifty-fifty.'

"'How about your advertising? You folks must have produced thousands of advertisements and booklets and circulars, big and little. Do the same men still write your ads?'

"'Yes.'

"'How long will an advertising copywriter be able to think up new uses and new selling phrases before he runs dry?'

"'One hundred years.'

"'In thirty-one years the world has changed. Bicycles have been born again—this time with four wheels. Sewing machines have ceased to look like pipe organs and have annexed electric motors. Washing machines have invaded the home where once a lawn mower and a wheel barrow were the only household machinery. Everything has changed, but 3-in-1 keeps step."

Ah, well; if he rocks the boat he will save some section gang the trouble of cleaning up a mess at a crossing

EMPLOYEES' AID SOCIETY

Financial Statement, Oct. 28—Nov. 18, 1925
 Oct. 28 bal. in bank..... \$1,624.23

Receipts

Co.'s Nov. Dues.....\$ 965.65
 Co.'s contribution 100.00 1,065.65

\$2,689.65

Payments

Com. Chest first instmt.....\$300.00
 Death benefit, J. R. Taylor 100.00
 Expense, Treas. bond..... 10.00
 Refund dues 12.00
 Benefits below 652.80 1,074.80

Nov. 18 bal. in bank..... \$1,615.08

Assets

Mueller Bonds\$2,500.00
 Municipal Bonds 1,000.00
 Cash 1,615.08
 Total.....\$5,115.08

Benefits Paid

Noah Beck	35.40
Wm. DeLaughter	22.50
Guy Cordray	26.40
Thos. Patterson	4.00
Pearl Hayes	9.00
Ernest Matthews	15.00
Chas. Quick	18.00
C. W. Hinds	9.00
Arlie C. Hall	30.90
Claude Byers	13.50
Luke Jordan	2.25
Kathryn Connelly	15.00
Lula Stoker	20.00
Leta Frye	26.60
Harry Formwalt	24.90
Oris Whitacre	26.40
M. L. Moore	26.40
Ray Six	9.00
Lillie Dash	12.00
W. J. Burgess	9.00
Jesse Oldham	43.20
Carl Thayer	12.00
August Sablowski	3.00
Reinhard Korte	14.55
Russell Bailey	5.00
F. E. Kinney	18.00
Wm. Kaighley	16.00
Harry Koontz	15.00
Ed. Kushmer	3.00
Wayne Hill	1.40
Minnie Hileman	1.00
Ernest Waddell	3.60
George LaBrash	44.00
F. N. Grimalley	6.00
Jesse Fuqua	9.15
Kathryn Connelly	3.00
Russell Jolly	2.50
Roscoe Ridlan	4.50
Clarence Trevillion	6.00
Henry Tertocha	8.40
Harry Richard	21.90
Luther Voyles	12.00
George Arend	3.75
Russell Laughlin	9.75

Burl Hobson	1.50
John Ronan	2.50
Leo Kemper	15.15
C. C. Kemper	10.50
Carl Cartmill	7.20

\$652.80

E. H. Laangdon, Treas.



FIVE HUNDRED PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Christy and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Robinson entertained a number of their friends at a five hundred party on the evening of November 11. Five tables were at play. Prizes were won by Mrs. R. L. Pope and Mr. Earl Eagleton. Consolation prizes were awarded to Mrs. Kyle Tolley and Mr. Robert Andrews.



COMING SOCIAL EVENTS

The Mueller Athletic Association is planning an open house on December 19 for all Mueller employees.

This will take place at the club house near Mueller Lodge.

The entertainment will consist of some comedy features, Aesop's fables, fancy dancing, humorous readings, dancing and cards.

It is understood there will be quite a number of other events, including a minstrel performance.



JUST BEFORE THE ONE O'CLOCK WHISTLE

Lina Lindsay (to Mild Verner and Helen B): "Where'd you kids eat?"

Mid: "Guest's."

Lina: "Down town, I guess."

Mid: "Guest's."

Lina: "You big bum, I did guess."

Mid: "Guest's."

Lina: "DOWN TOWN! Are you deaf or just hard of hearing?"

Mid (still sticking to her story): "Guest's, I told you."

Lina: "Guess?—1/4!?!?"



Saturday Night

Woman's Voice: "What are you pounding on that door for?"

Man's Voice: "I'm the man taking the census."

Woman's Voice: "Zat so? Well, I'm the woman taking a bath."



Wrong Again

An exchange says to deaden the noise of a typewriter, put small rubber cushions or pads under the feet.

Wrong, all wrong. The only way to do it is to take her Spearmint from her.

There is a brighter side. Life never again seems such a bore after you pass sixteen

Down Where the Vest Begins

Dedicated to Thanksgiving



DOWN where the belt clasps a little stronger,
Down where the pants should be a little
longer,
That's where the vest begins.

Down where you wish you were a little slighter
Where the shirt that shows is a little whiter,
Where each day the buttons grow a little tighter,
That's where the vest begins.

Down where the pains are in the making,
And each heavy meal will soon start aching,
That's where the vest begins.

Where each added pound is the cause of sighing,
When you know in your heart that the scales aren't
lying,
And you have to guess when your shoes need tying,
That's where the vest begins.

—*American Medical Journal.*