

TEXACO STAR



CHRISTMAS 1915



What better packages of Christmas Happiness can you buy? Use

RED CROSS
Christmas Seals

They save lives from tuberculosis and protect your community.

ARE you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to put into it; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

—Henry Van Dyke

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The Texas Company Building, Houston, Texas—Home Offices of The Texas Company

TEXACO STAR

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

"ALL FOR EACH—EACH FOR ALL"

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ADDRESS: TEXACO STAR, 523 THE TEXAS COMPANY BUILDING, HOUSTON, TEXAS

MERRY Christmas! — Happy New Year! — to All.

* *

Ancient wisdom says, "to everything there is a season and a time to every purpose." The present season marks a time for a gentle interlude from the regular course of our Company journal. A whole-hearted Christmas Number is offered.

* *

Business is not a thing detached from home and family. The wives and children are a more integral part of our company of workers than they are generally considered to be,—and *they* on their part, seldom realize how much the success of their breadwinners depends upon them. Loyalty of all these to the requirements of the business organization would greatly help the work of laborious days, so they should share whatever pleasure may be afforded for a holiday.

* *

"If, instead of a gem, we could cast the gift of rich thought into the heart of others, *that* would be giving as the angels give."

* *

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against adversity—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands for our souls to live in.

—*Ruskin.*

Now if ever, should family ties be drawn closer by acts of tender kindness, and friendships be bound faster by affectionate behavior; now if ever, homes should be cheerful and, if possible, made merry; now if ever, hospitality should be extended. So we may grow to more beautiful and more liberal living.

"The beauty of the home is Order—
The peace of the home is Contentment—
The glory of the home is Hospitality."

* *

We ascribe beauty to that which is simple; which has no superfluous parts; which exactly answers its end; which is related to all things; which is the mean of many extremes. Things may be pretty, they may be rich, graceful, handsome, and still lack beauty.—*G. Baldwin Brown.*

* *

The big work of man is neither masonry, manufacturing, nor merchandising. It is life itself. Incidentally, there are bricks to be laid, wood to be shaped, and goods to be sold; but these are only jots and tittles in the scheme of individual existence. The main thing is life itself. Life well wrought is a fabric which commands the gaze of all discerning eyes, the responsiveness of all neighboring hearts. Life bungled is a producer of ceaseless shame.

—*Richard Wightman.*

* *

The whole world needs more appreciation and heartfelt sympathy. Not formal "thank you's," but the heartfelt appreciation that sets in motion waves vibrating to the heart. We can feel them—feel the depths from which they come, and our own

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hearts respond with gratitude. Work seems like play under such influence, our hearts grow lighter, our souls grow younger.

—*Leadership.*

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

"Business is business," but men are men,
Loving and working and dreaming,
Toiling with pencil or spade or pen,
Roistering, planning, scheming.

"Business is business," but he's a fool
Whose business has grown to smother
His faith in men and the golden rule,
His love for a friend and brother.

"Business is business," but life is life,
Though we're all in the game to win it;
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and strife,
Let's try to be friends a minute.

Let's seek to be comrades now and then
And slip from our golden tether;

"Business is business," but men are men
And we're all good pals together.

—*Berton Braley.*

* *

In this age of science we have heaped up great intellectual riches of the scientific kind. Our mental coffers are fairly bursting with stores of knowledge of material things. But what will it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls? Must our finer spiritual faculties, whence come our love, our reverence, our humility, and our appreciation of the beauty of the world atrophy? "Where there is no vision, the people perish"—perish for want of a clear perception of the higher values of life. Where there is no vision, no intuitive perception of the great fundamental truths of the inner spiritual world, science will not save us. In such a case our civilization is like an engine running without a headlight. Spiritual truths are spiritually discerned; material and logical truths—all the truths of the objective world—are intellectually discerned. The latter give us the keys of power and the conquest of the earth, but the former alone can save us.—*John Burroughs.*

* *

How to Be Happy, Though Married.—A kiss and a rose in your husband's lapel is a good investment for the day. It reminds him of you when he passes the millinery shop.

Keep up your family festivities, the birthdays and anniversaries. These little domestic occasions should be sacred in the calendar of your home. Don't forget when your children were born, so that you have to look in the Bible to see.

Any husband can make his wife happy if

he will. A wife can interest her husband if she will.

Guard against the little domestic sins that gnaw away the happiness of the home.

—*Father D. S. Phelan.*

PANTOUM OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Oh, what a fearful hurly-burly!
Well, Christmas time is here again!

I meant to do my shopping early.
It's hard to pick out things for men.

Well, Christmas time is here again!
I can't *abide* those painted pheasants.

It's hard to pick out things for men.
I *never* give my husband presents.

I can't *abide* those painted pheasants.
Of course, I can't spend large amounts.

I *never* give my husband presents,
The spirit not the value counts.

Of course, I can't spend large amounts.
Do look at that cheap set of Gibbon's!

The spirit, not the value, counts.
I like to tie with holly ribbons.

Do look at that cheap set of Gibbon's!
'Twould just fit in our alcove niche.

I like to tie with holly ribbons.
Shopping is easy if you're rich.

'Twould just fit in our alcove niche,
I'm sure it is a perfect measure.

Shopping is easy if you're rich,
But if you're poor it is no pleasure.

I'm sure it is a perfect measure.
It's difficult to choose a book;

But if you're poor it is no pleasure.
I must get something for the cook.

It's difficult to choose a book.
Oh, what a fearful hurly-burly!

I *must* get something for the cook;—
I *meant* to do my shopping early!

—*Carolyn Wells, in "Life."*

Police officer.—"Gentleman uptown telephones for an officer at once,—burglar in the house."

Captain.—"Let me see. I've got four men censoring plays, two inspecting the gowns at society functions, and two more supervising a tango tea. Tell him I can send him an officer in about two hours."—*The Bowser Boomer.*

More opportunities are lost in our leisure time—those golden moments wasted in frenzied search for health and pleasure—than cross our paths in all our working hours.—*Sheldon.*

* *

It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of society, who think that we can bear to be always employed, either in duties or meditation, without any relaxation.

—*Sir P. Sidney.*

* *

Talk is abundant and cheap, but the right kind of talk is rare and expensive.

To say foolish things is injurious, but to write foolish things is ruinous.

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Whitehall Building, 17 Battery Place, New York.

The Annual Meeting of Stockholders of The Texas Company was held in Houston on November 16, 1915. A resolution was adopted endorsing and ratifying all acts of the Officers and Board of Directors during the year past. The same directors were re-elected to serve for the ensuing year.

Following the stockholders' meeting a meeting of the Board of Directors was

held, at which the members of the Executive Committee and all Officers of the Company were re-elected.

A dividend of \$2.50 per share of stock has been declared, payable Dec. 31, 1915, to stockholders of record at close of business Dec. 13, 1915, this being the fourth quarterly dividend of 2½% for the year 1915.

The old Whitehall Building with its new 32-story annex is located at Battery Place, New York City, the southernmost point of Manhattan Island, occupying the block between Washington and West Streets.

The offices of The Texas Company take up the entire sixth and seventh floors, with a few offices on the eighth—bringing the space occupied by the Company to a total of 41,500 square feet.

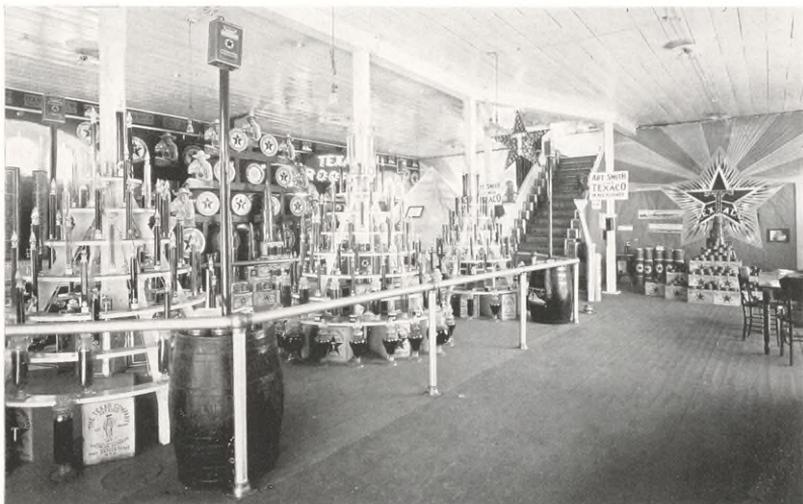
This Building overlooks New York Harbor, and is situated within a stone's throw from the Customs House and from the Aquarium. (The Aquarium was formerly Castle Garden, built in 1807-11, for years the famous opera house in which Jennie Lind sang in 1850; from 1855 to 1890 a reception station for immigrants, now an aquarium belonging to the City, under control of the New York Zoological Society.)

The Whitehall Building is one of the landmarks of New York City, as it is one of the first skyscrapers seen on entering New York Harbor.

The wireless shown on the top of the building is part of the equipment of the U. S. Weather Bureau station maintained on the roof.

On clear days one can see for many miles, and the vista spread out before the spectator is one of unusual interest and variety, including the harbor and docks, busy thoroughfares, tall skyscrapers, old churches, the Statue of Liberty, the homes in Brooklyn, Sandy Hook, the forts that guard the harbor, the rolling hills of Staten Island, and the distant orange mountains in New Jersey.

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The Texas Company's Exhibit at the Dallas, Texas 1915 Fair



Section of Exhibit showing pyramid of Texwax illuminated from its interior. The soft brilliancy of the translucent material made a very striking object.



Section of Dallas Fair Exhibit showing linoleum mats manufactured by the Salem Linoleum Co. from Texaco Linoleum Oil.

"At Home the Christmas day is breaking—They will drink our health at dinner."—

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPE

Your Christmas comes with holly leaves
And snow about your doors and eaves;
Our lighted windows, open wide,
Let in our summer Christmas tide.

But carol, carol in the cold:

And carol, carol as ye may,
We sing the merry songs of old
As merrily on Christmas Day.

The rain and sunshine of the Cape
Lie folded in the ripening grape;
And Stellenbosch and Drakenstein,

With bounteous orchard, field of vine,
And every spot that we pass by,
Lie burnished 'neath our Christmas sky.

So carol, carol in your snow,
And carol, carol as ye may,
We carol 'mid our blooms ablow

The grace of Summer's Christmas Day.
—John Runcie.

* *

Rio de Janeiro, October 26, 1915.

Mr. Arthur Lefevre,
Texaco Star,

Houston, Texas.

Dear Mr. Lefevre: I have seen letters from those at "home" showing the eagerness with which each

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The Texas Company's Exhibit at Greenville, S. C. Fair, Nov. 1915. "For its arrangement all credit should be given F. K. Dorrance whose taste is so beautifully displayed. [Mr. Dorrance also arranged the exhibit at the Dallas Fair.—Ed.] Our exhibit created as much interest as, possibly more than, any other feature of the Fair. It will have much to do with our publicity campaign,—not only in the South, for it was remarked about by many manufacturers of machinery from New England and by starch men and large belting and transmission concerns of the Middle West."

copy of the *Star* is received, but that is nothing as compared with the joy which greets each copy coming to us. While we seem to be near home, it nevertheless takes a month for mail to reach us and our letters do not always contain all the news from our dear friends left behind. The September *Star*, just received, brings us news, both good and bad, and we wish we were near enough to congratulate some and comfort others.

The natives to whom we have shown our *Stars* have marveled at its make-up. It not only helps us to make friends, but in one instance has been the means of placing one of the local printers in touch with manufacturers of American type and printing machinery.

Our first cargo arrived yesterday and we started unloading this morning. We feel, therefore, very jubilant and anxiously await the morning we can throw our doors open, and, according to Brazilian custom, cut the silk ribbons placed across the doors through which we trust many customers will pass.

With the very best regards,

Sincerely,
V. R. Currie.

★ ★

This appreciation of the West—printed by request—will be pleasing even to those who cherish a different affinity, if they agree with Lincoln's senti-

ment: "I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives, and I like to see a man live in it so that his place will be proud of him!"

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,

That's where the West begins.

Out where the sun is a wee bit brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,

That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,

That's where the West begins.

Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,

That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,

That's where the West begins.

Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,

That's where the West begins.

—Arthur Chapman.

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John W. Thornton, Jr. (3 months), son of John W. Thornton, Distributor of T. T. Co. Products, Dunn, N. C.



Charles Emmett Adams III (4 months), son of C. E. Adams, Jr., Norfolk District Office



Pauline (18 months), daughter of David P. Moran, Medford, Mass., in Boston Office



Marion (8 months), daughter of Charles Jonett, Stillman at Port Neches Works



Tommy J., Jr. (16 months), son of T. J. Stocks, Operating Inspector, Norfolk District



"'Care Free'—two of a kind." Clarence Eugenia, daughter of Agent C. E. Jones, Live Oak, Fla.

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"This son of Agent W. G. Parker at Ault, Colorado is known as 'The Original Texaco Kid.'"

Houses for Children.—In Detroit, Mich. twenty houses, planned for families with children, are being built by J. M. Spaulding. These houses are in two rows of ten each, with a wide court at the rear between the rows. Unlike the ordinary apartment house, or "flats," each house has two floors, six rooms and bath, and a basement. In the rear, the long court gives a playground. Two fountains play continually in clean basins, too shallow for danger, in which the children may wade, sail toy boats, and the like. A family without children may rent one of these houses only by agreeing not to complain about the presence or noise of children. Mr. Spaulding has said:

"They thought it funny for a builder to plan especially for children. But the kids have got to have some place, haven't they? I don't care how much noise they make or how much fun they have so long as they leave my place standing. And if folks who don't like children can't stand 'em, they'll have to move. The kids stay."

★ ★

In a Flat:—"Thursday night I was concocting a soothing nightcap in my kitchenette, when from above floated down a mellifluous voice, 'Wait a minute, Henry! Baby's coming down to meet you!' I give you my word, I don't ordinarily rubber. But even a philosopher may look at a baby. I opened my door a crack and applied my eye. Queer stumbings and scramblings on the stairs, encouraging exhortations from above, and then round the corner of the landing smiled the impertinent 'mug' of a perky little Boston terrier! *Baby* going to meet Daddy! Ugh! I'm afraid I slammed my door."

"Thrift does not mean tightwadishness."

★ ★

Kindness and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every species, and these flow from the breast of a well-natured man as streams that issue from the living fountain. A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only when they are young, but when old and past service. We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like household goods, which, when worn out with use, we throw away, and were it only to learn benevolence to human kind, we should be merciful to other creatures.

—Plutarch.

MY DOG

When his soft brown eyes so dumbly plead
For one caress from my too busy hand,
I wonder from what far and unknown land
Came the true soul, which in his gaze I read,
Whence all his loyalty and faithful zeal?
Why does he share my joyous mood and gay?
Why mourn with me, when I perchance do mourn?
When hunger pressed, why scorn a bounteous meal
That by my side he may pursue his way?
Whence came his noble soul, and where it's bourn?

—Anna Hadley Middlemas.

TOYS

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed
I struck him, and dismissed,
With hard words and unkindness,—
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

—Coventry Patmore.

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THE UNBROKEN SONG

Christmas Day detached from its history and isolated from the celebrations of centuries, cannot keep our hearts and hearths warm; we must rekindle old fires and join hands with the companies of friends who have kept the day and made it merry in the long ago. The echoes of ancient song and laughter give it a rich merriment, a ripe and tender wealth of associations. The mirth of one Christmas overflows into another until the sense of an unbroken joy, sinking and rising year after year like the tide of life in the fields, is borne in upon us.—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

It was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless us, Every One.—*Charles Dickens.*

THE UNBROKEN SONG

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And thought how, as the day had gone,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

The First Christmas Carol:

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, good will toward men.

A Carol from the Old French:

I hear along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet
On their hautboys Christmas songs!
*Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!*

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the street their merry rhymes.
*Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!*

From a Balliol MS. of about 1540:

Make me merry, both more and less,
For now is the time of Christymas!

Let no man come into the hall,
Groom, page, not yet marshal,
But that some sport he bring withal!
For now is the time of Christmas!

If that he say he cannot sing,
Some other sport then let him bring!
That it may please at this feasting.
For this is the time of Christmas!

If he say he can nought do,
Then for my love ask him no mo,
But to the stocks then let him go!
For this is the time of Christmas!

Old English Carol:

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day;
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray,
*O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
was born on Christmas day.*

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
*O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
was born on Christmas Day.*

The Golden Carol—of the Three Kings
of Cologne, Melchior, Balthazar, and
Gasper—Old English:

We saw the light shine out afar,
On Christmas in the morning,
And straight we knew Christ's star it was,
Bright beaming in the morning.
Then did we fall on bended knee,
On Christmas in the morning,
And prais'd the Lord, who'd let us see
His glory at his dawning.

A MEDIAEVAL CHRISTMAS

Imagine Christmas Day in a mediaeval town of Northern England. The cathedral is only partly finished. Its nave and transepts are the work of Norman architects, but the choir has been destroyed in order to be rebuilt by more graceful designers and more skillful hands. The old city is full of craftsmen assembled to complete the church. Some are well-known carvers brought from distant towns and countries beyond the sea. But to-day, and for some days past, the sound of hammer and chisel has been silent in the choir. Monks have bustled about the nave, dressing it up with holly boughs and bushes of yew, and preparing a stage for the

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sacred play they are going to exhibit on the feast day. And what place so appropriate as the cathedral, where poor people may have warmth and shelter while they see the show? Besides, the gloomy old church, with its windows darkened by the falling snow, lends itself to candle-light effects that will enhance the splendor of the scene.

Everything is ready. The voice of the friar, who told the people from the pulpit the story of Christ's birth, has hardly ceased to echo. Monks are ready at the wooden stage to draw its curtain. All the nave is full of eager faces. There you may see the smith and carpenter, the butcher's wife, the country priest, and shepherds and farm lads trooped in from the countryside. Scores of workmen, whose home the cathedral for the time is made, are also there, and you may know the artists by their thoughtful foreheads and keen eyes. That young monk carved Madonna and her Son above the southern porch. Beside him stands the master mason, whose strong arms have hewn gigantic images of prophets and apostles for the pinnacles outside the choir; and the little man with cunning eyes between the two is he who cuts such quaint hobgoblins for the gargoyles. He has a vein of satire in him and his humor overflows into the stone. Many and many a grim beast and hideous head has he hidden among vine leaves and trellis-work upon the porches. Those who know him well are loath to anger him, for fear their sons and sons' sons should laugh at them forever caricatured in solid stone.

Hark! there sounds the bell. The curtain is drawn, and the candles blaze brightly round the wooden stage. What is this first scene? We have God in Heaven, attended by angels. They sing and toss up censers till he lifts his hand and speaks. In a Latin speech he unfolds the order of creation and his will concerning man. At the end of it up leaps an ugly buffoon, in goat-skin, with ram's horns upon his head. Some children begin to cry, but the older people laugh; for this is the Devil, the clown and comic character, who talks their common tongue, and has no reverence before the very throne of Heaven. He asks leave to plague men, and receives it; then, with many a caper, he goes down to Hell beneath the stage. The angels sing and toss their censers as before, and the first scene closes to a sound of organs. The next

represents the Fall; the monks hurry over it quickly, as a tedious but necessary prelude to the birth of Christ. That is the true Christmas part of the ceremony, and it is understood that the best actors and most beautiful dresses are reserved for it. The builders of the choir in particular are interested in the coming scenes, since one of their number has been chosen, for his handsome face and tenor voice, to sing the angel's part. He is a young fellow of nineteen, but his beard is not yet grown and long hair hangs down upon his shoulders. A chorister of the cathedral, his younger brother, will act the Virgin Mary. At last the curtain is drawn.

We see a cottage room, dimly lighted by a lamp, and Mary spinning near her bedside. She sings a country air, and goes on working, till a rustling noise is heard. More light is thrown upon the stage, and a glorious creature, in white raiment, with broad golden wings, appears. He bears a lily, and cries, "Ave Maria, Gratia Plena!" She does not answer, but stands confused, with down-dropped eyes and timid mien. Gabriel rises from the ground and comforts her, and sings aloud his message of glad tidings. Then Mary gathers courage, and, kneeling in her turn, thanks God; and when the angel and his radiance disappears, she sings the song of the Magnificat, clearly and simply, in the darkened room. Very soft and silver sounds this hymn through the great church. The women kneel, and children are hushed as by a lullaby. But some of the hinds and 'prentice-lads begin to think it rather dull. They are not sorry when the scene opens.

A sheepfold and a little camp-fire. Unmistakable bleatings issue from the fold, and five or six common fellows are sitting round the blazing wood. They call themselves by common names—Colin and Tom Lie-a-bed and Nimble Dick. Many a rough laugh wakes echoes in the church when these shepherds stand up and hold debate about a stolen sheep. Tom Lie-a-bed is sleepy and does not want to go in search of it to-night; Colin cuts jokes, and throws out shrewd suspicions that Dick knows something of the matter; but Dick is sly, and keeps them off the scent, although a few of his asides reveal to the audience that he is the thief. While they are thus talking, silence falls upon the shepherds. They appear to fall asleep. Soft music from the organ breathes.

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The stage is now quite dark, and for a few moments the aisles echo only to the dying melody. When, behold, a ray of light is seen, and the splendor grows around the stage from hidden candles, and in the glory Gabriel appears upon a higher platform made to look like clouds. The shepherds wake in confusion, striving to shelter their eyes from the brilliancy. But Gabriel waves his lily, spreads his great gold wings, and bids good cheer with clarion voice. The shepherds fall to worship, and suddenly round Gabriel there gathers a choir of angels, and a song of "Gloria in Excelsis" to the sound of a deep organ is heard far off. From distant aisles it swells and seems to come from Heaven. Through a long resonant fugue the glory flies, and as it ceases with complex conclusion the lights die out, the angels disappear, and Gabriel fades into the darkness. Still the shepherds kneel, rustically chanting a carol, half in Latin half in English, which begins "In dulci Jubilo." The people know it well, and when the chorus rises with "Ubi sunt gaudia?" its wild melody is caught by voices up and down the nave. This scene makes deep impression upon many hearts; for the beauty of Gabriel is rare, and few who see him in his angel's dress would know him for the lad who daily carves his lilies and broad water-flags about the pillars of the choir. To that simple audience he interprets Heaven, and little children will see him in their dreams. The youth himself may return to-morrow to the workman's blouse and chisel, but his memory lives in many minds and may form a part of Christmas for the fancy of men as yet unborn.

The next drawing of the curtain shows us the stable of Bethlehem crowned by its star. There kneels Mary, and Joseph leans upon his staff. The ox and the ass are close at hand, and Jesus lies in jeweled robes on straw within the manger. To right and left bow the shepherds worshipping in dumb show, while voices from behind chant a solemn hymn. In the midst of the melody is heard the flourish of trumpets, and heralds step upon the stage, followed by the three kings. They have come from the far East, led by the star. The song ceases, while drums and fifes and trumpets play a stately march. The kings pass by and do obeisance one by one. Each gives some costly gift; each doffs his crown and leaves it at the Saviour's feet. Then they

retire to a distance and worship in silence like the shepherds. Again the angel's song is heard, and while it dies away the curtain closes and the lights are put out.

The play is over and the evening has come. The people must go from the warm church into the frozen snow, and crunch their homeward way beneath the moon. But in their minds they carry a sense of light and music and unearthly loveliness. Not a scene of this day's pageant will be lost. It grows within them and creates the poetry of Christmas.

Nor must we forget the sculptors who listened to the play. These mysteries sank deep into their souls. The monk who made Madonna by the southern porch will remember Gabriel and place him bending low in lordly salutation by her side. The painted glass of the chapter-house will glow with fiery choirs of angels learned by heart that night. And who does not know the mocking devils and quaint satyrs that the humorous sculptor carved among his fruits and flowers? Some of the misereres of the stalls still bear portraits of the shepherd thief, and of the ox and ass who blinked so blindly when the kings, by torchlight, brought their dazzling gifts. Truly these old miracle-plays and the carved work of cunning hands that they inspired are worth to us more than all the delicate creations of Italian pencils. Not that Southern artists have done nothing for our Christmas. Cimabue's gigantic angels at Assisi, and the radiant seraphs of Raphael or of Signorelli were seen by Milton. He gazed on graceful Nativities into which Angelico and Credi threw their simple souls. How much they tinged his fancy we cannot say. But what we know of heavenly hierarchies we later men have learned from Milton; and what he saw he spoke, and what he spoke in sounding verse lives for us now and sways our reason, and controls our fancy, and makes fine art of high theology.

—John Addington Symonds.

As we gather about our home table let us remember we may not all be there again, and let us make the meal one of sweetness and joy. Let us be patient with one another, kind and thoughtful, gentle while we may. Soon we shall not have each other.—J. R. Miller.



ONE dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad. In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young." The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 a week flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out of the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in

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Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft

the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet. On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the

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"Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair, away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

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He simply stared at her with that peculiar expression on his face

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked, Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and

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wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!" Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones. Here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days, let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

BROTHERS

Heart leaps to heart, the living flood,

That warms us is the same;

That good old man—his honest blood

Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked—

Long be her love repaid;

In the same cradle we were rocked,

Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,

Each little joy and woe;—

Let manhood keep alive the flame,

Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band

To hold us till we die;

Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,

Till side by side we lie.

—*Charles Sprague.*

An old man on the point of death called his sons around him to give them some last advice. He ordered a servant to bring in a faggot of sticks. When it was brought to him he said to his eldest son: "Break it." The son strained and strained, but was unable to break the bundle. Each of the other sons also tried, but none of them could break the bundle. "Untie the faggot," said the father, "and each of you take a stick." When they had done so, he called out to them: "Now, break!" and each stick was easily broken. "You see my meaning," said the father, "only union gives a family strength."—*Aesop.*

Little things console us because most of our afflictions are little things.

Cheerful surroundings readily develop self-reliance and energy.

The best rosebush after all is not that which has the fewest thorns, but that which bears the finest roses.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

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"You could kind'r see the music."

JUD BROWNING ON RUBINSTEIN'S PLAYING

"**J**UD, they say you heard Rubinstein play when you were in New York? Tell us about it."

"What, me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty; go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-corneredest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was; if it hadn't been, he'd 'a tore the intire inside clean out, and scattered it to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did. When he first set down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wished he hadn't come. He tweedleleedled a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodle-oodled some on the bass—jist foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man setting next me, 'What sort o' fool playin' is that?' and he says, 'Heish!' But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up an' down the keys, like a passel o' rats scampering through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though; and reminded me of a suger-squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy-cage."

"Now, I says to my neighbor, 'he's a-showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' it, but he ain't got no idee—no plan of nothin'. If he'd play a tune of some kind or other, I'd——' But my neighbor says, 'Heish!' very impatient."

"I was jist about to git up and go home, being tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate; and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down again."

"It was the peep o' day. The light came faint from the east,—the breeze blowed gentle and fresh—some more birds waked up in the orchard—then some more in the trees near the house—and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Jist then the first beam o' the sun fell upon the blossoms; a leetle more, an' it techt the roses on the bushes; an' the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves were movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew; and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child

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or starvin' woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'. And I says to my neighbor 'That's music, that is!'

"But he glared at me like he'd like to swallow me.

"Presently the music changed; a kind of grey mist come over things; I got low-spirited d'rectly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies, and made a brook that flowed silent—except that you could kind'r see the music—specially when the bushes on the banks moved, as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. The most curies thing, though, was a little white Angel Boy, like you see in picters, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then it got dark; the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother; and I could 'a got up then and thar, and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blamed thing; and yet I didn't want that music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it, so I pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'—my eyes is weak anyway, and I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me as mad as Tucker.

"Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged, like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright; and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeard of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' at the same time! He lit into them keys like a thousand o' bricks; he give 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me agoin'; and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt spang onto my seat, and jist hollered, 'Go it, my Rube!'

"Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! put him out!'

"'Put your great grandmother's grizzly-grey-greenish cat into the middle of next month,' I says. 'Tech me if you dar! I paid my money, and you jist come a-nigh me!'

"'With that some several p'licemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would 'a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Rubie out or die.

"He changed his tune again. He tiptoed fine from eend to eend of the key-board. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were lit one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water; full of feelin' that couldn't be thought of; and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that—it was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetinin' with white sugar mixed with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you, the audience cheered; Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me.'

"He stopt a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his har; he shoved up his sleeves; he opened his coattails a little further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks, till she fairly yelled. He knocked her down, and he stampted on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull—she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound—she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat—and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the bass, tel he got clean into the bowels of the earth—and you

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heard thunder gallopin' after thunder through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got away out of the trible into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of them. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go! He for'ard, two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he crost over first lady, he balanced to pards, he chassey'd right and left, back to your places; he all hands 'd around, ladies to the right, prominade all, in and out, here and thar, back and forth, perpetual motion, double and twisted, and turned and tied and tacked and tangled into forty-leven thousand double-bow knots!

"It was a mixtery! And even then he wouldn't let the old pianner go! He fetched up his right wing, he fetched up his left wing, he fetched up his centre, he fetched up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by companies, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon,—siege-guns down thar; Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder; big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns; round shot, shells, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortars, mines, and magazines—every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time! The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rocked; heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, nine-pins, glory, tenpenny nails, my Mary Anne, Hallelelujah, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Jeroosalem, Tump Thompson in a tumbler cart—roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle! Uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle! Raddle-addle-addle-addle! Riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle! Reete-eete-eete-eete—p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! P-r-r-r-r-r-lang! Per lang!! P-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-Lang! Bang!!!

"With that *bang!* he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quavers—and I knowd no mo'!"

Moses Adams.

THE MASTER'S VIOLIN

As on a harp with golden strings
All nature breathes through thee,
And with her thousand voices sings
The infinite and free.

'Tis music for the tuneful rills
To flow to from the verdant hills;
Music for the leaves to dance to;
Music such as sunbeams glance to.

Silvery showers from the fountains;
Mists unrolling from the mountains;
Lightning flashing through a cloud,
When the winds are piping loud.

Music full of warbling graces,
Like to birds in forest places,
Gushing, thrilling, whirring round,
Mid the pine trees' murmur'ing sound.

The martin scolding at the wren,
Which sharply answers back again,
Till across the angry song
Strains of laughter run along.

Now leaps the bow, with airy bound,
Like dancer springing from the ground,
And now like autumn wind comes sighing,
Over leaves and blossoms dying.

The lark now singeth from afar
His carol to the morning star,
A clear soprano rising high,
Ascending to the inmost sky.

And now the scattered tones are flying,
Like sparks in midnight-darkness dying,

Gems from rockets in the sky,
Falling—falling—gracefully.

Now wreathed and twined—but still evolving
Harmonious oneness is revolving;
Departing with the faintest sigh,
Like ghost of some sweet melody.

—Lydia Maria Child.

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime:
Who carry music in their heart
Thro' dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls some holy strain repeat
—Keble.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have
a power which seems to be beyond natural causes.
—Fabre.

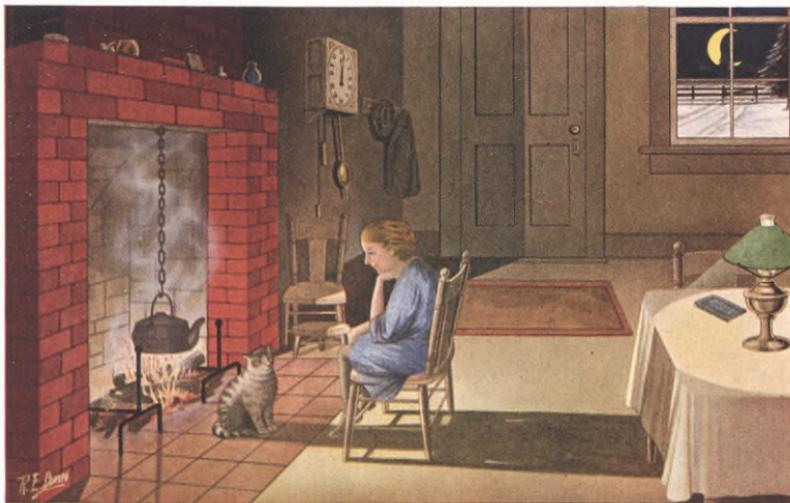
PLEASANT THINGS

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near
home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;

'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the songs of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

—George Gordon Byron.



She was wishing that there were fairies in the world

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

ALL ALONE by the kitchen fire sat little Becky, for everyone else had gone to a Christmas party and she had been left to take care of the house. Nobody had thought to give her any presents. She was only twelve years old—this little girl from the poorhouse, who was bound to work for the farmer's wife till she was eighteen.

Becky was a shy, quiet child, with a thin face and wistful eyes. She worked away, day after day, so patiently and silently that no one ever guessed what curious thoughts filled the little cropped head, or what a tender child's heart was hidden under the blue checked pinafore.

Tonight she was wishing that there were fairies in the world, who would whisk down the chimney and give her pretty things as they did in the fairy tales.

"I'm sure I am as poor and lonely as Cinderella, and need a kind godmother to help me as much as ever she did," said Becky to herself.

There is an old belief that the dumb things can speak for one hour on Christmas Eve. But Becky knew nothing of that, and no one can say whether what happened was true, or whether she fell asleep and dreamed it. But true it is, that when Becky compared herself to Cinderella she heard a small voice reply:

"Well, my dear, if you want advice I shall be very glad to give you some."

Becky stared about her, but all she saw was the old gray cat, blinking at the fire.

"Did you speak, Tabby?" said the child, at last.

"Of course I did."

"Well, I'm ready to listen," said Becky.

"First, my child, what do you want most?"

"To be loved by everybody," answered Becky.

"Good!" said the cat. "I'm pleased with that answer; it's sensible. I'll tell you how to get your wish. Learn to make people love you by loving them."

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"I don't know how," sighed Becky.

"No more did I in the beginning," returned Puss. "When I first came here, I hid under the barn, and only came out when no one was near. One day I heard Aunt Sally say to the master, 'James, that wild kitten isn't any use at all, you had better drown her, and get a tame one to amuse the children and clear the house of mice.' But the good master answered: 'The poor thing has been abused, I guess, so we will give her another trial and maybe she will come to trust us after a while.' I thought over these things as I lay under the barn. It was hard at first, but I began by coming out when little Jane called me and letting her play with me. Then I went into the house, and finding welcome I went again and took a mouse with me to show that I wasn't idle. No one hurt or frightened me, and soon I was the household pet."

Becky listened eagerly, and when Puss had ended she said timidly, "Do you think if I try not to be afraid, but to show that I want to be loving, the people will like it?"

"Very sure. I heard the mistress say you were a good, handy little thing. Do as I did, my dear, and you will find that there is plenty of love in the world."

Puss came to rub against Becky's hand, and then settled herself in Becky's lap. Presently another voice spoke, a queer voice, high above her.

"Tick, tick; wish again, little Becky, and I'll tell you how to find your wish."

It was the old clock behind the door, which had struck twelve just before Tabby first spoke.

"Dear me," said Becky, "how queerly things do act to-night." She thought a moment, then said soberly, "I wish I liked my work better. Washing dishes, picking chips, and hemming towels is such tiresome work; I don't see how I can go on doing it for six more years."

"Just what I used to feel," said the clock, "until I was put in a corner to stand idle for several months. At first I was glad, then I got tired of doing nothing and decided that it would be wiser to do my duty and get some satisfaction out of it if I could."

"And so," cried Becky, "you went to going again? Please teach me to be faithful and to love my duty."

"I will." And the old clock struck the half hour, with a smile on its round face, as it steadily ticked on.

Here the fire blazed up, and the tea-kettle began to sing.

"How cheerful that is!" said Becky, as the whole kitchen brightened with the ruddy glow. "If I could have a third wish, I'd wish to be as cheerful as the fire."

"Have your wish if you choose, but you must work for it, as I do," cried the fire, as its flames embraced the old kettle till it gurgled with pleasure.

Then Becky thought she heard a queer voice humming these words:

"I'm an old black kettle
With a very crooked nose,
But I can't help being gay
When the jolly fire glows."

"I SHOULD'N'T wonder a mite if that child had been up to mischief to-night—rummaged all over the house, or eaten herself sick," fretted Aunt Sally, as the family went home in the big sleigh from the Christmas party.

"Tut, tut, Aunty, I wouldn't think evil of the poor little thing. If I'd had my way she would have gone with us and had a good time," said the farmer kindly.

"The thought of her alone at home has worried me all the evening, but she didn't seem to mind, and I haven't had time to get a dress ready for her," added the farmer's wife, as she cuddled little Jane under the cloaks and shawls.

"I've got some pop corn and a big apple for her," said Billy, perched up by his father.

"And I'll give her one of my dolls; she said she never had one. Wasn't

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"My dream's come true! Oh! my dream's cometrue!"

that dreadful?" put in little Jane, popping out her head like a bird from its nest. "Better see what she has been doing first," said Aunt Sally. "If she hasn't done any mischief, and has remembered to have the kettle boiling so I can have a cup of hot tea after my ride, and if she has kept the fire up and warmed my slippers, I don't know but I'll give her the red mittens I knit."

They found poor Becky lying on the floor, her head pillowed on the stool, and old Tabby in her arms. The fire was burning splendidly, the kettle simmering, and in a row upon the hearth stood, not only Aunt Sally's old slippers, but those of master and mistress also, and over a chair hung two little night-gowns warming for the children.

"Well now, who could have been more thoughtful than that!" said Aunt Sally. "Becky shall have those mittens, and I'll knit her two pairs of stockings, that I will."

So Aunt Sally laid the mittens close to the little rough hand that had worked so busily all day. Billy set his big red apple and bag of pop corn just where she would see them when she woke. Jane laid the doll in Becky's arms. The farmer had no present ready, but he stroked the little cropped head with a fatherly touch that made Becky smile in her sleep, as he said within himself, "I will do by this forlorn child as I would wish anyone to do by Jane if she were left alone." But the mother gave the best gift of all, for she stooped down and kissed Becky as only mothers can kiss. The good woman's heart reproached her for neglect of the child who had no mother.

That touch awakened Becky at once, and looking about her, she saw such a wonderful change in all the faces that she clapped her hands and cried with a happy laugh, "My dream's come true! Oh! my dream's come true!"

—*Louisa May Alcott.*

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave—
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best that you have,
And the best will come back to you.



REMEMBRANCE

A GREAT blooming elder tree grew in the corner of a little yard, and under this tree two old people sat one afternoon in the bright sunshine. They were an old, old sailor, and his old, old wife; they had great-grandchildren, and were soon to celebrate their golden wedding. But they could not quite make out the date. They were talking of old times.

"Yes, do you remember," said the old seaman, "when we were quite little, and ran about and played together? It was in the very same yard where we are sitting now. We planted little twigs in the yard, and made a garden."

"Yes," replied the old woman, "I remember it very well. We watered the twigs, and one of them was an elder twig. That struck root, shot out other green twigs, and has become the great tree under which we old people sit."

"Surely," said he, "and yonder in the corner stood a butt of water; there I swam my boat. I had cut it out myself. How it could sail! But I soon had to sail elsewhere myself."

"But first we went to school and learned something," said she, "and then we were confirmed; we both cried, but in the afternoon we went hand in hand to the round tower, and looked out into the wide world, over Copenhagen and across the water. Then we went out to Fredericksburg, where the King and Queen were sailing in their splendid boats upon the canals."

"But I was obliged to sail elsewhere, and that for many years, far away on long voyages."

"Yes, I often cried about you," she said. "I thought you were dead and gone, and lying down in the deep waters. Many a night I got up to look if the weather-cock was turning. It turned indeed; but you did not come. I remember so clearly how the rain one day streamed down from the sky. The man with the cart, who fetched away the dust, came to the place where I was in service. I went down with him to the dust-bin, and stood in the door-way. What wretched weather it was! And just as I stood there the postman came up and gave me a

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letter. It was from you! How that letter had traveled about! I tore it open and read. I laughed and wept at once: I was so glad. There it was written that you were in the warm countries where the coffee-beans grow. You told me so much, and I read it all while the rain was streaming down. Then somebody came and clasped me round the waist."

"And you gave him a terrible box on the ear—one that sounded!"

"I did not know that it was you. You had arrived just as quickly as your letter. And you were so handsome; but that you are still. You had a large yellow silk handkerchief in your pocket, and a hat on your head. You were so handsome! And, gracious! what weather it was, and how the streets looked!"

"Then we were married," said he; "do you remember? And when our first little boy came, and then Marie, and Neils, and Peter, and Jack, and Christian?"

"Yes; and how all of these have grown up to be respectable people, and everyone likes them."

"And their children have had little ones in their turn," said the old sailor. "Yes, those are children's children! They're of the right sort. It was, if I don't mistake, at this very season of the year that we were married?"

"Yes," said she, and they looked at each other, and took hold of one another's hands.

Soon afterward came their children and grandchildren—these knew very well that it was the golden wedding day. They had already brought their congratulations in the morning; but the old people had forgotten it, while they remembered everything right well that had happened years and years ago.

The elder tree smelt sweet, and the sun that was just setting shone in the faces of the old couple, so that their cheeks looked quite red. The youngest of their grandchildren danced about them, and cried out gleefully that there was to be a feast this evening, for they were to have hot potatoes. And the Elder Tree nodded, and called out "Hurrah!" with all the rest.

—H. C. Andersen.

DE SENECTUTE

When Winter snores in the chimneyfire,
And the shivering days draw nigh,
And there's nothing to do for me and you
But poke at the fire and sigh,
While Love sits mending a worn-out shoe
And wiping a weary eye,
And thinking of times gone by:
Let's light our pipes as old men do,
And, while the storm winds cry,
Talk over the days that once we knew,
And sing a song thereby,
Till Love forgets her worn-out shoe,
And lifts a smiling eye,
And gives old Time the lie.

—Madison Cawein.

IN THE GRAY YEARS

When old age comes to make my eyes less bright,
To take my arm and lead me down his ways,
Where dust and ashes soft, of other days,
Make dull and chill the world, my hair snow-white,—
Shall I embittered be because the night
Lies just beyond the gray autumnal haze?
Shall carmine poppies then have ceased to blaze?
Shall I forego all joy, all laughter light?
O heart of mine, keep red throughout thy years!
Live every little sweet each day shall bring!
Shall there not come white, blossom-fragrance
May,
And wistful April's yearnings, poutings, tears?
And 'cross the fields the meadow-lark shall sing!
O heart of mine, oh, turn not, turn not gray!

THE NEW AND THE OLD SONG

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near:
But an old song may be roughly sung;
The ear forgets its art,
As comes upon the rudest tongue
The tribute to the heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
For memory gilds it not;
It brings not back the strains that rung
Through childhood's sunny cot:
But an old song may be roughly sung,
It tells of days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danced on his father's knee.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still;
'Tis sweet in the stormy sea,
In forest wild, on rocky hill,
And away on the prairie lea:
But dearer far the old song,
When friends we love are nigh,
And well known voices, clear and strong,
Unite in the chorus cry.

Oh, the old song—the old song!
The song of the days of glee;
The new song may be better sung,
But the good old song for me!

—John K. Mitchell.

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FATHER IS COMING

The clock is on the stroke of six,
 The father's work is done;
 Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
 And put the kettle on!
 The wild night wind is blowing cold,
 'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.
 He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
 He's stronger than the storm,
 He does not feel the cold—not he,
 His heart it is too warm;
 For father's heart is stout and true
 As ever human bosom knew.
 And we'll do all that father likes,
 His wishes are so few!
 Would they were more! that every hour

Some wish of his I knew!
 I'm sure it makes a happy day,
 When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
 The baby's almost wild:
 See how he laughs, and crows and stares—
 Heaven bless the merry child!
 He's father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong to him.

Hark! Hark! I hear his footsteps now—
 He's through the garden gate!
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait!
 Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands!
 For father on the threshold stands.

—Mary Howitt.

IF I ONLY KNEW

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
 No matter how large the key
 Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
 'Twould open, I know, for me,
 Then over the land and sea, broadcast,
 I'd scatter the smiles to play,
 That the children's faces might hold them fast
 For many and many a day.
 If I knew the box that was large enough
 To hold all the frowns I meet,
 I would like to gather them everyone,

From nursery, school, and street.
 Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
 By turning the monster key.
 I'd then hire a giant to drop the box
 To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—Mrs. Jennie Brown.

Little James, at a neighbor's, was given a piece of
 bread and butter, and politely said, "Thank you."
 "That's right, Jimmie," said the lady; "I like to
 hear little boys say 'Thank you.'"
 "Well," rejoined James, "if you want to hear me
 say it again, you might put some jam on it."

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WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, Mother," said little John.
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?
—Joy Allison.

THE LOVE OF GOD

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,—
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below;
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow,—
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.
—Saxe Holm.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."
—Emerson.

BIG AND LITTLE THINGS

I cannot do the big things
That I should like to do,
To make the earth forever fair,
The sky forever blue.

But I can do the small things
That help to make it sweet,—
Though clouds arise and fill the skies,
And tempests beat.

I cannot stay the rain-drops
That tumble from the skies;
But I can wipe the tears away
From baby's pretty eyes.

I cannot make the sun shine,
Or warm the winter bleak;
But I can make the summer come
On sister's rosy cheek.

I cannot stay the storm clouds,
Or drive them from their place;
But I can clear the clouds away
From brother's troubled face.

I cannot make the corn grow,
Or work upon the land;
But I can put new strength and will
In father's busy hand.

I cannot stay the east wind,
Or thaw its icy smart;
But I can keep a corner warm
In mother's loving heart.

I cannot do the big things
That I should like to do,
To make the earth forever fair,
The sky forever blue.

But I can do the small things
That help to make it sweet,
Though clouds arise and fill the skies
And tempests beat.
—Alfred H. Miles.

A jay gathered a number of feathers
which had fallen from the peacocks. He
tied them to his tail and strutted toward
the peacocks. When he came near them
they saw the cheat, and pecked at him
and plucked away his borrowed plumes.

Then the jay wished to go back to the
other jays. But they had watched his
behavior from a distance, and were
equally offended, and would not as-
sociate with him.—Aesop.

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SHOULDERING THE BLAME

IF you make a mistake, acknowledge the fact, and show you can make good, even in spite of the blunders you have made. Don't run away from a difficulty. If you do, you'll find the difficulty, like a polar bear, will follow you.

Beside, you can't run away from a fault, because you carry the cause of the fault with you.

There is a man who has a farm near mine. On this farm is a flock of Southdown sheep, quite the finest bunch you ever saw.

One day the man and his foreman decided that the sheep should be "dipped." The next day the foreman ordered one of his helpers to prepare the mixture. The sheep were dipped, twenty of them—and behold the effect! The wool came off in patches. The poor things were scalded and blistered. The helper had used carbolic acid diluted one-half, when it should have been used as one to one hundred.

Of course the foreman was to blame—he should have prepared the "dip" himself.

After the damage was done, the average man would have sat down and written a letter to the owner saying, "I hereby tender my resignation," etc., etc. This man didn't. He wrote his employer stating the plain facts, and asked that his pay be cut one-half as punishment. The owner accepted the man's offer to work at the reduced wage and never once after referred to the mishap.

The foreman went to work nursing those injured sheep. He looked after them night and day as a mother does her children.

At the end of the year the owner sent the foreman a check for the difference in wages. The man had made good!

Both men were of the right quality. If faults were met in this straightforward

way, instead of trying to run away from them, the mistake would prove a source of strength, rather than a disadvantage.

The employer has a duty to perform, too, when a helper errs. Employers used to "fire" men who had done the wrong thing. I find now that the tendency is to keep the man on and try him out elsewhere, in the hope that he will learn by his accidents.

Says John Ruskin: "It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one, and to direct your fellow merchant to the opportunity which his judgment would have lost."

One thing sure, that young farm foreman who dipped sheep in a mixture without knowing exactly what the mixture was, was a better man after that mistake than he ever had been before.

—*The Fra. By Permission.*

A TRICK FOR DOING GOOD

When the government of the United States of America was first formed Benjamin Franklin was sent to France to attend to many interests of this country. One day he received a letter from a fellow-countryman who was also in Paris. The man told of misfortunes which had left him in a strange land without money. Franklin believed the man was honest and worthy, and sent him a sum of money equal to about fifty dollars. In the letter in which he sent the money, Franklin made a queer bargain about how the loan was to be repaid, which he called a trick of his for doing a great deal of good with a little money:

"I do not pretend," wrote Franklin, "to give you such a sum: I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your own country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress you must pay me by lending this sum to him: requiring him to discharge his debt by a like action when he shall be able and

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shall meet with another such opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave who will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not yet rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and make the most of a little."

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

Oft when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eyes around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white,
A blue light marks the crippled car;
The green light signals "Slow;"
The red light is a danger light;
The white light, "Let her go."

Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair
I gaze up in the starry dome
And wonder what is there.
For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift toward life's terminal I trend;
The run seems short to-night.
God only knows what's at the end,—
I hope the lamps are white.

—*Cy Warman, in Railroad Man's Magazine.*

THE BALANCE OF GOOD

There's so much good and kindness here,
So much of laughter and light,
So little honest cause to sneer,
So much of decency and right,
That I forget that I have seen
The sordid things of life and mean.

There are so many splendid men
That it has been my joy to know;
So many friends to think of when
Night falls upon the earth below,
That what of selfishness I've met
Is very easy to forget.

Have I been treated falsely by
Some one I had been led to trust?
Is that a reason fair that I
Should say the whole world is unjust,
And thus condemn the many who
To me were always kind and true?

The good so far outweighs the bad,
The right so much exceeds the wrong,
More happy hours there are than sad,
That we should never mourn for long:
So much that's fine I can recall,
It makes the sum of shame seem small.

THE APPRENTICE

Just a young boy with a smudge on his face
(Plenty of get-up and gumption and gimp
in him);

Here's your apprentice to fit in his place,
Just a young kid with a bit of the imp in him!
Full of the mischief and laughter of youth,
Fresh as the freshest of grasses and greenery;
Here is the Man of the Future, in truth,
Here's the disciple of modern machinery!

He will advance,
—Give him his chance,
Slowly the ladder of knowledge he'll climb,
Till he has made
Good at his trade;
He'll be a First Class-Machinist in time!

What if he frequently gets in a mix?
Nothing at all but the spirit of Boy in him!
What if he worries the foreman with tricks?
That's just the natural measure of joy in him.
What if he loafs while the shop is athrob,
What if he dreamily stares at the scenery?
Boys can't be constantly right on the job,
Even disciples of modern machinery!

You've been a kid,
Think what *you* did.
Didn't you tire of the shop and its grime?
Stop getting mad,
Humor the lad;
He'll be an A-1 Machinist in time!

Make him a Man who is proud of his trade,
Proud of his work in its every variety,
Getting and earning the wage he is paid,
Worthy and useful in human society.
Just for the time he's a frivolous elf,
Flip as a waitress who works in a beanery;
Never you fret—he'll be finding himself,
Till he's a Master of modern machinery!

Put the boy wise,
Help him to rise.
Give him a *start* on the ladder—he'll climb!
Give him his chance,
He will advance;
He'll be an All-Round Machinist in time!

—*Written for the American Machinist by Berton Braley.*

Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit
allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no
example sway thee, no persuasion move
thee to do anything which thou knowest
to be evil; so shalt thou always live jolly,
for a good conscience is a continual Christ-
mas.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

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DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

The Managers of the respective Departments have assigned to the gentlemen whose names and addresses are here given the duty of sending to the *Texaco Star*, on or before the twenty-fifth day of each month, reports of new appointments, transfers, removals, resignations, promotions, and other items of departmental news of general interest. Suggestions and information for this purpose should be sent to them before the twentieth day of the month. All are invited to co-operate.

Pipe Line Dept.	A. M. Donoghue, Houston.
Natural Gas Dept.	D. P. Harrington, Fort Worth.
Fuel Oil Dept.	E. B. Joyner, Houston.
Refining Dept.	C. K. Longaker, Houston.
Marine Dept.	{ E. C. Macmillan, Port Arthur
	{ A. K. Weber, New York.
Legal Dept.	J. S. Ballard, Houston.
Treasury Dept.	Lee Dawson, Houston.
Comptrollers' Dept.	{ B. E. Emerson, Houston.
	{ P. A. Masterson, New York
Sales Dept., S. Territory	M. G. Jones, Houston.
Sales Dept., N. Territory	S. Slattery, New York.
Export Dept.	J. B. Nielsen, New York.
Purchasing Dept.	J. E. Byrne, Chicago.
Railway Traffic Dept.	J. W. Painter, Houston.
Producers	P. C. Harvey, Houston.

PIPE LINE DEPT. The old frame office building at Sour Lake is being replaced with a brick structure which is much needed and will be a great improvement.

E. L. Sturm, Assistant to Supt. J. C. Colligan, enjoyed a much earned vacation last month. He visited Electra and other points where he was formerly located and where he was greeted by many old friends.

A baby girl arrived at the home of R. B. McLaughlin on Nov. 4. Ralph seems to be partial to the girls, as this is the second one he now has.

M. Moran of Tulsa visited Houston in November and had an interesting trip to Port Arthur where he was served with a

duck dinner which he enjoyed immensely.

C. E. Collett and P. E. King of the Tulsa office spent pleasant vacations during November. Mr. King went quail hunting and Mr. Collett went house hunting. Both report their hunts were successful.

Many readers of the *Star* noted the picture of our friend Jim Quinn in his sliding attitude at Markham, Texas. We have had a number of requests for original photographs of this dramatic scene, and wish to advise all his friends that enlarged photographs may be had upon application.

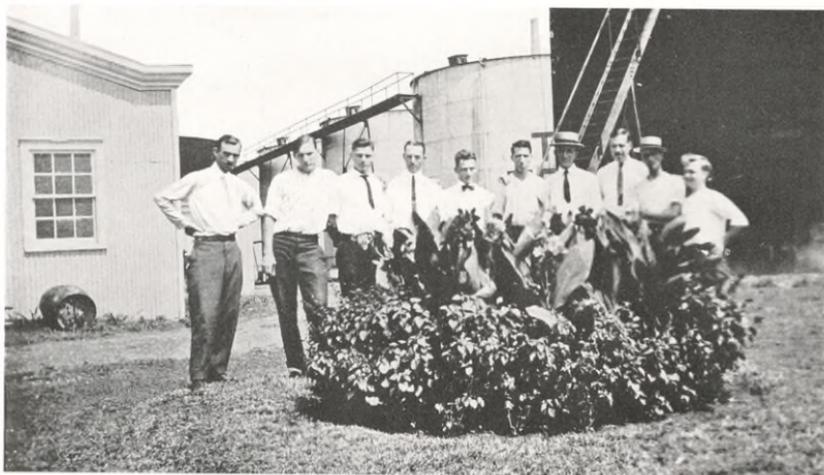
REFINING Water Shipments from The Texas Company by Port DEPT. Arthur, Texas, Month of November 1915:

DATE	VESSEL	BARRELS	DESTINATION
		Refined.	
1st	S.S. Socony	3,126	Bayonne, N. J.
2nd	S.S. Silverlip	94,268	Dartm'th, Eng.
2nd	S.S. Cowrie	40,649	Dartm'th, Eng.
2nd	Brg. Magnolia	7,098	Charleston, S. C.
3rd	S.S. Volute	37,140	Dartm'th, Eng.
5th	S.S. Texas	57,052	Norfolk and Delaware River
8th	Brg. Tulsa	7,641	Mobile, Ala.
8th	S.S. Livietta	18,420	South America
11th	S.S. Leon Blum	20,008	Australia
12th	S.S. Louisiana	32,329	Providence
13th	S.S. Roma	27,658	Norfolk, Va.
15th	S.S. Illinois	60,564	Bayonne, N. J.
16th	S.S. Remier	26,115	India
16th	Brg. Tulsa	8,083	Amesville, La.
18th	Brg. Magnolia	7,019	Mobile, Ala.
18th	S.S. City of Everett	2,240	Bayonne, N. J.
21st	S.S. Alabama	28,621	Bayonne, N. J.
22nd	S.S. Kildale	34,155	South America
24th	S.S. Texas	57,826	Norfolk and Delaware River



Truck patch on The Texas Company's tank farm, Ardis, La.

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Flower Bed at our Delaware River Terminal

26th	S.S. Northwestern	22,537	Delaware River
27th	S.S. San Jeronimo	104,202	Dartm'th, Eng.
28th	Brg. Tulsa	7,495	Charleston, S. C.
29th	S.S. Massapequa	783	Porto Rico
30th	Brg. Dallas	17,181	Bayonne, N. J.
30th	S.S. Florida	10,448	Bayonne, N. J.
30th	S.S. Vesta	3,498	Bayonne, N. J.
30th	S.V. Sylfid	13,002	South Africa
	Miscellaneous	4,727	
		753,885	
		Crude.	
1st	S.S. Socony	35,676	Bayonne, N. J.
18th	City of		
	Everett	28,205	Bayonne, N. J.
30th	Vesta	33,000	Bayonne, N. J.
		96,881	

Total: 850,766 bbbls.

P. C. Scullin returned South after a stay of several months in the New York Office.

The Chief Clerks' Efficiency Committee held a meeting in New York on Nov. 4, A. B. Cox presiding. Mr. Scullin attended and was greatly interested in the questions brought up. He gave the committee valuable points on various subjects.

T. L. Hughes, Chief Clerk at Baltimore Terminal, has been transferred to the New York Office.

Supt. J. W. ("Big Jim") Riseden, of Amesville Terminal, and Miss May Matthews of New Orleans, were united in marriage on Nov. 4 in McDonoughville, La., and are now at home in Amesville.

H. A. Kochler, stenographer, has been

transferred from Amesville to Mobile Terminal; and B. H. Gray, stenographer at Mobile, has been transferred to Amesville.

The Barges *Harry Morse* and *City of San Antonio* have been sold to the Robert P. Hyams

MARINE DEPT. Coal Company, of New Orleans, for service in the coal trade.

LEGAL DEPT. General Counsel Amos L. Beaty spent the month of November in Houston, returning to New York Dec. 1.

Judge Hampden Story of Shreveport was a recent visitor in Houston.

F. C. Pannill came up from Tampico Nov. 15. After attending to business in Houston he left for Corsicana, where he enjoyed a much needed vacation. This is the first time Carter's arrival from Mexico has not been preceded by newspaper accounts of military activity in the vicinity of Tampico.

George O'Connor, who for the last two years has been Secretary to Judge R. A. John, has been transferred to the Sales Department, and will make his home at Butte, Mont. George will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends, as he carries away from Houston a big heart, a cheerful disposition, and an inexhaustible store of humorous stories.

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Henry Tomfohrde has succeeded Mr. O'Connor as Secretary to Judge John.

T. J. Lawhon won another legal victory when the case of The Texas Company, Appellant, vs. Clarke & Company, Appellee, was reversed and remanded.

The following letters from the Southwestern Portland Cement Company tell their own story:

El Paso Texas, August 12th, 1914.

Mr. A. F. Fegan,
Care The Texas Company,
El Paso, Texas.

Dear Sir:—Confirming conversation with you regarding use of "Crater Compound" on our kiln gears, beg to say that for two years we tried to lubricate them with yours and other black oils without much success.

At that time, two years ago, you put in your "Crater" and I doubted the advisability of attempting to run the main girth gear any longer, but am pleased to say that the wear was stopped almost completely by the use of "Crater." The same gears are running today with promise of a long time yet. You can see the value of this, as this gear and pinion cost us about \$600.00, without expense and loss of time in replacing.

Our gear lubrication on kilns and coolers was reduced in cost over 50% by use of "Crater" in addition to the above benefits.

Yours truly,
SOUTHWESTERN PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY,
By O. J. Binford,
Sec'y and Supt.

El Paso, Texas, Nov. 22, 1915.

Mr. A. F. Fegan,
Care The Texas Company,
El Paso, Texas.

Dear Sir:—Referring to your conversation in connection with photographs taken recently of our kilns, showing the girth gear trains in operation, beg to state in reference to our letter of August 12th of last year, that the life of these gears was prolonged in addition to the two years referred to in that letter, some six to eight months.

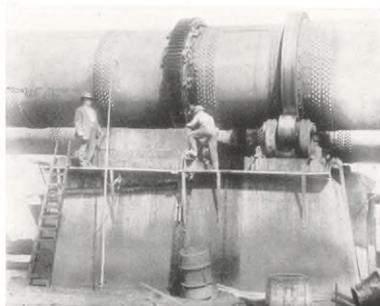
The new gears, which we believe from past experience, lubricated with Crater Compound, should last four to five years, instead of about one to one and one-half years with any lubrication we have been able to discover other than Crater Compound.

Yours truly,
SOUTHWESTERN PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY,
By O. J. Binford,
Sec'y and Supt.

All Lubricating Assistants and Lubricating Engineers, S. Territory, held a meeting at Houston, beginning Nov. 9, for interchange of practical ideas and study of methods for increasing their general efficiency. On the evening of Nov. 9 the lubricating representatives and other visitors and officials were handsomely entertained at the Country Club by First Vice Pres. T. J. Donohue with a dinner that will long remain a pleasant memory. The con-



Southwestern Portland Cement Company, El Paso, Texas. Rotary Kiln: 8'x150', variable speed $\frac{3}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ r. p. m. The driving gear train consists of four reductions, making a total reduction of 212 to 1; driven by 40 h. p. variable speed motor. The train is lubricated with Texaco Crater Compound.



Crater Compound in action on the main-girth gear, which is $10\frac{1}{2}$ ' diameter, 12" face, 3" pitch. Kiln temperature 2800° F.

vention terminated on the 13th in a visit to the Port Arthur and Port Neches Works and Terminals. The party was conducted through the various manufacturing plants by General Superintendent F. C. Smith and F. T. Manley, Ass't Manager of the Refining Department. W. F. Parish, Manager Lubricating Division, and G. R. Rowland, Supervising Engineer, N. Territory, were welcome visitors during the entire session. All in attendance expressed high appreciation of every phase of this convention, and of the courtesies extended by officials of the Company.

Atlanta District.—Stock Clerk John R. Morson has been transferred from Birmingham to Atlanta, succeeding C. S. Adams as stock clerk, Mr. Adams being made Price and Order Clerk in Birmingham.

COMPARATIVE EFFICIENCY STANDING OF SALES DISTRICTS AND STATIONS, SOUTHERN TERRITORY, MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1915

	Highest Percent of Collections to Outstanding Accounts and Bills Receivable October 1915	Lowest Percent of Accounts Transferred to "B" October 1915	Lowest Marketing Gallonage Cost October 1915	Lowest Marketing Percentage Cost October 1915	Highest Percent Increase Sales of Lubricating Oils as Compared with Oct. 1914	Highest Percent Increase Sales of Grease as Compared with October 1914	Highest Percent Increase Sales of Roofing as Compared with October 1914	Highest Percent Increase Sales of Refined Oil and Gasoline as Compared with October 1914
Leading Districts, in order named	El Paso Atlanta Dallas	Denver Dallas Oklahoma	Denver Atlanta New Orleans	El Paso Denver Atlanta	Denver Houston Birmingham	Houston Denver Birmingham	New Orleans Houston Atlanta	Denver Oklahoma Atlanta
Leading Stations in Atlanta District, in order named	Columbus Live Oak Sumter	Atlanta Chester Charleston	Charleston Macon Atlanta	Charleston Macon Columbia	Waycross Albany Pensacola	Chester Valdosta Savannah	Macon Greenville Anderson	Atlanta Lancaster Sumter
Leading Stations in Birmingham District, in order named	Anniston Birmingham Sheffield	Dothan Sheffield Troy	Birmingham Bessemer Mobile	Birmingham Bessemer Mobile	Dothan Bessemer Sheffield	Bessemer Decatur Huntsville	Birmingham Decatur Huntsville	Dothan Bessemer Decatur
Leading Stations in Dallas District, in order named	Denison Henrietta San Angelo	San Angelo Dalhart Stamford	San Angelo Stamford Childress	San Angelo Stamford Coleman	Tahoka Lampasas Lubbock	Lubbock Tahoka Stamford	Brownwood Ft. Worth Waco	Dallas Abilene Waxahachie
Leading Stations in Denver District, in order named	Trinidad Victor Berthoud	Longmont Ault Ft. Collins	Billings Cheyenne Greeley	Billings Cheyenne Colo. Springs	Sterling Trinidad Cheyenne	Ault Ft. Morgan Pueblo	Billings Denver Pueblo	Trinidad Ault Cheyenne
Leading Stations in El Paso District, in order named	Marfa Douglas Globe	Albuquerque Roswell Pecos	Deming El Paso Lowell	Deming Nogales El Paso	Nogales Douglas Pecos	Marfa Douglas Clovis	El Paso Pecos	Douglas Lowell Tucson
Leading Stations in Houston District, in order named	Yoakum Brownsville Pt. Arthur	Pt. Arthur Victoria Austin	Wharton Yoakum San Antonio	Eagle Pass Wharton Yoakum	Cameron Laredo Bay City	Eagle Pass Victoria Houston	Houston Pt. Arthur Kingsville	Houston Austin Taylor
Leading Stations in New Orleans District, in order named	Lafayette Shreveport Lake Charles	Shreveport Lake Charles Lafayette	Harvey Crowley Alexandria	Crowley Harvey Greenville	Lake Charles Monroe Alexandria	Greenville Shreveport Vicksburg	New Orleans Shreveport Alexandria	Franklin Houma Alexandria
Leading Stations in Oklahoma District, in order named	Altus Okla. City Tulsa	Altus Enid Okla. City	Tulsa Enid Altus	Tulsa Durant Enid	Durant Hugo Tulsa	Okla. City Chickasha Ada	Hugo Tulsa Enid	Altus Tulsa Durant
Leading Station in Southern Territory	Denison, Tex.	Shreveport, La.	San Angelo, Tex	San Angelo, Tex	Nogales, Ariz.	Ault, Colo.	Brownwood, Tex	Douglas, Ariz.

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This statement of Comparative Efficiency Standing presents the good work of various units of our organization, and its careful study is suggested. Being based strictly on percentages of improvement in different phases of our business, this plan enables the small as well as the larger Stations to gain honorable mention. The Statement reflects actual performance and all Stations of every class in every District are nearly on a par for this rating. Every Agent and Salesman and every Station employe should be interested in this Honor Roll, which gives all an opportunity to show the vital points of excellence in their work. Every man on the Pay Roll can help to advance his Station. Here is the opportunity to show what you are doing.

TEXACO STAR



Trip through Florida by H. C. Yeagain advertising G. M. C. and Republic Trucks, and incidentally Texaco which he uses exclusively.

David Bressler has been employed as stenographer in Credit and Collection department, succeeding G. E. Wilhelm, resigned.

W. H. Farrior has been appointed salesman, headquarters Charleston, S. C., succeeding Keely Cook resigned.

General Ass't G. A. Russ is again in the District, after a trip to Central America.

Southeastern Representative D. A. Vann, Lubricating Assistant Reynolds, and Salesmen-engineers Harvey and Davis attended the Lubricating Division meeting in Houston the week of Nov. 8.

W. F. Parish Manager Lub. Div. N. Ter., spent a day with us on his way to Houston.

We all enjoyed a visit from Sup't Cook of New Orleans, who stopped between trains *en route* East.

M. S. Hamilton, stenographer to Chief Clerk Worthington, and Miss Mildred Laird of Atlanta were married on Oct. 22.

Savannah, Ga. Station made the largest motor oil increase for October; Dublin, Ga. second.

Macon, Ga. Station made the largest gain on roofing sales for October; Live Oak, Fla. second.

Salesman O. F. Taylor made the best record for October on collection of XXX and B accounts.

El Paso District.—Charles Worley, formerly at Houston is now General Clerk in El Paso District Office.

Y. D. Grimes, formerly at Houston, has been assigned to Sales Sheets Desk El Paso Office, succeeding J. H. Rather.

Bookkeeper Ed. Smith is back on the job after a dangerous sickness in Providence Hospital. To say we are glad to see Ed back again is expressing it mildly.

Salesman A. F. Fegan attended the meeting of Lubricating men at Houston. He reported a pleasant and helpful visit, and entertained the District Office force with his newly acquired information about our refineries.

C. S. Jones has been employed as Clerk and Cashier at El Paso Refined Station, succeeding Y. D. Grimes transferred to District Office. Mr. Jones is 5 feet 18 inches high and weighs about 230 pounds. We feel that he will experience no trouble in holding the job down.

Glen Lewis has been appointed stenographer to Chief Accountant Daniel, *vice* P. R. Simpich resigned.

Salesman R. L. Howell is fast approaching the "Star" class. He recently added to his already high reputation by an order for 68 bbls. of lubricating oil from one concern.

H. E. Jackson has been appointed Tank Wagon Driver El Paso Station.

Boston District.—The annual meeting of representatives, station agents, and salesmen was held Nov. 17-18 at the Engineer's Club. The results of this year's work were discussed and plans for the coming year laid down. Among those present were Messrs. C. E. Woodbridge, F. D. Gatchell, Charles H. Parker, D. B. Tobey, W. R. Ellwood, H. Tipper, J. T. Groves, and others from the New York Office, and C. R. McCarthy of Philadelphia. Many interesting papers were read, the Boston District being especially proud of one by A. F. Noble on "The Best Method of Making and Retaining Sales."

On the evening of the 17th the Boston District held its second annual banquet. During the evening J. T. Groves offered an experiment in mental telepathy which had us all guessing for some time! An elaborate program followed the banquet, with Mr. Noble as master of ceremonies. Mention should be made of the songs rendered by the Altha Male Quartette of which our Mr. Curtice is a member.

Entertainment was arranged for the office ladies during the evening of the banquet. The eleven ladies, after dining at a restaurant, attended the theatre. The next day a vote of thanks was received at the meeting, including the following toast:

Here's to Mr. Reinhardt and all his able staff,
Here's to his Assistant, to him we also quaff.

We all admit

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J. W. Riley, "a gentleman and scholar, patron of the arts, and crack Inspector of the Boston District."

We're all hard hit
 When the salesmen come to mind;
 The girls agree,
 Each one with me,
 They're the finest of their kind.
 From the littlest (A.M.M.) to the biggest (H.E.S)
 man who make up our sales force,
 God bless 'em each and every one! May they
 prosper in their course!

We are pleased to announce that W. O. Kroenke, formerly Staff Engineer, has been assigned to the Boston District.

Members of the Haverhill Rotary Club and their guests listened to an exceedingly interesting and instructive talk on "Petroleum and its Products" after the club's monthly luncheon, by Robert W. Cunningham, special representative of the superintendent of the Boston District for The Texas Company.—*Haverhill Evening Gazette*.

[Followed by a report of Mr. Cunningham's talk.]



Motor Lubricants Display Window, Filling Station, Boston.
 "'Pud' (Walter) Boone, the 'Sunshine of Boston,' is a yard man in a class all alone."

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Haverhill, Mass. Station, showing part of the equipment exhibited in a celebration of the 275th Anniversary of the Founding of the City of Haverhill.

New York District.—A new station has been opened at Hart Island, N. Y., Agent George Baxter; also at Alexandria Bay, N. Y., Agent J. J. Gully.

F. J. Silkworth has been transferred from Agent at Riverhead, to Agent at Greenport, L. I., and W. F. Pauswang, from Clerk at Babylon to Agent at Riverhead.

Newell Kimbell, formerly tank wagon driver, is Agent at Redwood, N. Y.

The Texaco Greasers Chapter of the Crater Compound Club held their second annual entertainment Nov. 13, consisting of a theatre party at the Columbia Theatre followed by supper at Reisenweber's. Percy Guard made his farewell appearance and added much to the gaiety of the evening. While Percy has left us to go into other business, we hope we shall occasionally see his smiling countenance. All were glad to have J. T. Groves at the festivities.

Philadelphia District.—We extend a hearty welcome to Misses Gertrude Leon and Marie Meagher. Miss Leon comes to the District Office as a telephone operator (and judging from the manner in which she performs her duties we have not been misinformed as to her ability) and Miss Meagher to have charge of general correspondence files.

A. Drakely, of the Refined Oil department, was elected Assessor for the 14th division of the 47th Ward in Philadelphia, and H. B. Wright, refined oil salesman,

was elected to a like office for the 1st Ward in Chester, Pa.

William Jones, Record Clerk in Lubricating department, has a wonderful record as a marksman. According to his story, out of six shots with a revolver he brought down six blackbirds at a distance of 60 yards. In view of Bill's great ability in this respect we are thinking of recommending him to the Major-General of the Boy Scouts.

Candidates are being tried out for the Philadelphia District Office Bowling Team. Stranahan, Tallant, and Wainwright are rounding into good form. After we have organized our team, it is our intention to go after the boys at Delaware River Terminal with a view to paying them back for the trouncing they gave us in our annual game of base ball last July.

Norfolk District.—Superintendent Thompson returned Nov. 6 from the Textile Exposition at Greenville, S. C.

Auditors Elliott and Burr of the Houston Office, who were with us during September and October, are now in Philadelphia.

Salesman W. B. Cope, headquarters Roanoke, spent a few days in Norfolk. Everybody was glad to see him.

G. L. Clifton and P. P. Bilodeau visited all fairs in Virginia and North Carolina and the Textile Exposition at Greenville, S. C.

It has been decided that our annual salesmen's and agents' meeting will be held

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About a year and eight months ago, our representative, G. A. Dunbar, succeeded in inducing Mr. Lee Sparks, at that time engaged in agriculture near the town of Hayden, Md., to handle Texaco products as a side issue. Mr. Sparks was not much in favor of this project as his farming business required most of his time, but he placed a small order for some of our products. He found that our brands of Lubricants and Light Oils took so well in his town and vicinity that he decided to branch out on a larger scale. He employed several men to look after his farm, and now he devotes most of his time to looking after the large trade he has built up in Petroleum Products. Mr. Sparks transacts business under the name of the Sparks Oil Company, Hayden, Md. We send a photograph of one of the tankwagons used in distributing Texaco gasoline and kerosene to his trade.

There are upwards of 300 motor driven vessels making headquarters at Winchester, Md., on the Chesapeake Bay, and the Sparks Oil Company supplies about three-fourths of them with both gasoline and motor oils. The business of this Company has grown to such an extent that we ship Light Oils to them in carload lots. Their lubricating requirements have not yet reached this volume; but they are steadily increasing, and we will soon be called upon to ship lubricating products in carload quantities.

Dec. 16-17. On the 17th "Thubanite Chapter" of Crater Compound Club will give a dinner and dance at Cape Henry, all employees of Norfolk District invited.

L. P. Kilgore has been appointed Operating Inspector in Norfolk District, headquarters Lynchburg, Va.

Lenoir, N. C. Tank Station was opened Nov. 2, with North Carolina Oil Company as agents.

In a pretty wedding solemnized at the Sacred Heart parsonage, Miss E. A. Price, stenographer in the District Office, was

united in marriage with Mr. George Calvin Coulbourn. They are at home to their friends at 1403 Granby Street.

The Texas Company team won by a 2-point margin over the Ghent team of the City Bowling League. Three games were played, each team's average being 152.

Chicago District.—H. D. Eccleston, our Chief Accountant, attended the Meeting of Chief Accountants in New York, Oct. 11-12.

W. G. Jenkins of New York is spending three weeks in Chicago territory going over the bonus and commission system. Mr. Jenkins reports that everything is coming along fine.

L. A. Cole, Bookkeeper in our accounting department joined the Benedicts Oct. 18, 1915 when he married Miss Estrella E. Robinson of Buffalo, Wyoming. A handsome clock was presented by the accounting department to Mr. and Mrs. Cole.

At the monthly meeting of the C. C. C. Club, held Nov. 12, a statement was made that a company in Chicago operating a fleet of motor trucks had used twelve barrels of Crater Compound in four months.



A recent addition to Norfolk District live stock—named "Thuban Compound"

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The question was asked, "How could a company of that kind possibly use such an amount of Crater Compound?" It developed that this company uses Crater Compound not only as a chain and transmission lubricant, but whenever a truck is taken down and overhauled, in reassembling the parts wherever two pieces of metal come in contact a coating of Crater Compound is applied. They claim they have found it to be the best preservative they ever used. They find it makes an exceptionally good lubricant and preservative for springs, bolts, and nuts. They state that in taking down parts of trucks where a coating of Crater Compound has been applied, no damage is found, as the Compound prevents any oxidation in the metal. Following this discussion, as The Texas Company operate many wagons and trucks, a resolution was passed that our Purchasing Department be requested to specify in all orders covering overhauling or repairs of such equipment that a coating of Crater Compound be applied to nuts, bolts, springs, and any metals subject to wear where the product could be used, instructions how to apply the Compound to be furnished by us to the contractor doing the work. We believe that this method, if followed by the entire company, would also go a long way toward acquainting the trade with Crater Compound.

Advertising Division.—"Advertising and Selling," the most authoritative magazine in its field, in the November issue reprinted one of our "Power" advertisements,—the one showing a newsboy holding up a copy of the Chicago Evening News with a story of the results obtained with Texaco Ursa Oil on newspaper presses. That advertisement was based on a story sent to the Advertising Division by Salesman Stewart of Chicago.

An engineer recently went over our files and picked out ten advertisements which he considered excellent in the way in which they told the oil story from the engineer's standpoint. Upon looking over his selection we find that at least one-half of them are based on stories sent in by members of the Sales Force.

Our motive in calling these two instances to your attention is to show you the practical value of information obtained from men in the field. In the first place, this information is authoritative. Secondly, it gives us a

highly desired outside viewpoint. Thirdly, it enables us to write advertisements in which we can give the engineer the information that the salesman himself would most like to see given out.

We want more of these stories. As a matter of fact, we need them.

We would like to put this up to the Sales Force as a business proposition. We appreciate that it takes some trouble and perhaps a little expense to keep us supplied with lubricating stories, but when this is measured against the cost of the space we are using in a large number of technical papers you will appreciate that the trouble and expense is more than justified.

The stories need not be examples of fine writing—they need not be advertisements. Just a *bona fide* experience told in the salesman's own way. We will select the vital point, and add any needed illustration. Of course, photographs will be highly appreciated.

If only one out of fifty such stories finds its way into print, the balance would still be very much in favor of the Company.

We thank you for the way in which you have responded to our previous appeals, and trust that these stories will continue to come in and increase in number.

G. A. Huggins has recently joined the staff of the Export DEPT. Department.

MODERN OFFICE ARRANGEMENT

Numerous factors form the basis of departmental office organization, such as—

- Divisions of the department
- Determining the number of persons required to perform the work in each division
- Defining the duties of each divisional organization
- Allotment of office space.

While the last mentioned feature is considered, and perhaps is, relatively of least importance, experience has demonstrated that it plays a very important part by assisting to co-ordinate effectually the several working units and also by effecting dollars-and-cents economy by added efficiency gained in advantageously arranging the divisions in their logical relation one to the other.

Representative corporations and firms have found it desirable to locate offices in the larger cities throughout the country. Today nearly every concern of importance has one or more offices in the larger cities. The increased cost and restricted area for building sites have resulted in increased rentals, and consequently much thought is being given to the arrangement of offices with a view of advantageously utilizing every inch of space.

With appropriate space secured and its arrangement as to divisions determined, the question of adequate light and ventilation often becomes a problem. Not many years ago the matter of

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sanitary and hygienic precautions was given little consideration, but in modern business the realization has come that these features are of much importance and are determining factors in real efficiency and economy.

It recently became necessary for the Export Department of The Texas Company to enlarge and rearrange its offices in New York. In doing so careful consideration was given to the matter, and it is thought that this Department has in a large measure succeeded in securing the maximum of space utilization, ventilation, and light, and has arranged its Divisions with due consideration of their relations in carrying out the work of the Department.

Assuming that it might be of interest throughout the company, we furnish several photographs which will convey some idea of the Export Department's office arrangement. It will be noted from the pictures that the offices of superintendents are all enclosed in clear glass. This affords privacy and at the same time makes possible supervision of the office

forces. The lighting arrangements are temporary and a system for reflected light has been ordered, representing the latest and most scientific method of light diffusion. When installed it will obviate the necessity of desk lamps, thereby improving the general appearance of the offices as well as the working conditions.



Filing Division.—The General Filing Division is the final resting place of all correspondence of the Department.



Committee Room.—The Committee Room of the Export Department is used for special and staff meetings, the latter held daily.



Superintendents' Offices.—Individual offices of the superintendents of the respective foreign districts.



Coding and Mailing Division.—Here the mail is assorted and distributed to the respective divisions; telegrams and cables are coded for transmission and translated as received.



Superintendents' Offices.—Another view, showing the space for their stenographers and clerks.

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Lubricating Division.—Offices located next to those of the superintendents.



Accounting Division—Agencies, *etc.*—A division of the Accounting Division dealing with agency accounting, net backs, *etc.*



Charters, Rates, and Routing Division.—Following the Lubricating Division comes the Order and Shipping Division which has supervision of charters and rates.



Accounting Division—Statistics.—A continuation of the Accounting Division embracing the division of Statistics; also shows vault arrangement for storing records.



Accounting Division—General.—Here is shown that portion of the Accounting Division which handles billing and district work, also the offices of the Department Agent and Chief Accountant. This division is located next to the Order and Shipping Division which furnishes to them billing instructions, shipping documents, *etc.*



Personnel of Accounting Division.—The accounting organization of the Export Department, New York Office.

"I draw what I see," the pupil said complacently.

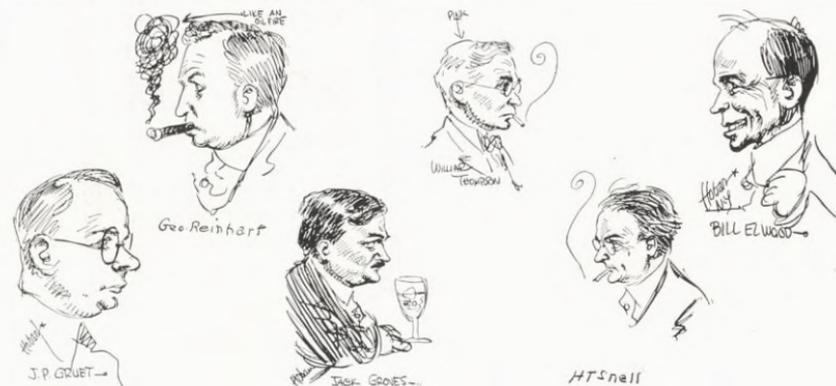
"Well, the shock will come," the teacher answered, "when you see what you have drawn."

SUGGESTIVE INDEX OF CURRENT ARTICLES

THE MAIN INTEREST IS INDICATED BY CLASSIFICATION OR BRIEF COMMENT

Journals cited are gladly loaned, if in our library, to persons connected with the Company. The journal or journals called for will be sent by return mail, unless in the hands of some one who has made a previous request—and in the latter case, as promptly as possible. Please give full and exact mailing address.

- EXECUTIVES** America's Interests After the European War—*The Annals of The American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Vol. LXI, Whole No. 150.
An important volume containing more than 30 articles bearing on the subject of the title.
Does the Gold Supply Control Prices, by A. W. Douglas—*The Annalist*, Oct. 18, Oct. 25, Nov. 1, Nov. 8, 1915.
Four articles showing how little influence increases of gold supply exert on commodity prices.
The Selection and Training of Executives, by F. M. Feiker—*System*, Nov. 1915.
Undertakes to answer the questions: "Where can I find right-hand men?"—"How can I develop them?"
- PIPE LINE** Wrought Iron or Steel Pipes? by L. C. Wilson—*Engineering Magazine*, Nov. 1915.
- NATURAL GAS** Composition of the Natural Gas of Twenty-five Cities, etc.—*U. S. Bureau of Mines*, Technical Paper 109.
Construction and Operation of a Natural Gas Plant upon the Most Economical Basis—*Natural Gas Journal*, June and September 1915.
- REFINING** Gasoline Process—*National Petroleum News*, Nov. 1915.
Paper presented by A. M. McAfee, research chemist with Gulf Refining Co., before Am. Institute Chem. Engineers, at San Francisco, Aug 25, 1915. The process eliminates high pressure and intense heat, and "increases heavy as well as light ends."
A Demonstration in Honolulu—*Standard Oil Company (California) Bulletin*, Nov. 1915.
"How the Standard Oil Company guards against fire."
- LEGAL** Law of Oil and Natural Gas—The Organization of Oil and Gas Companies, by A. E. Wilkinson, Reporter to Supreme Court, Austin, Texas.
Texas statutes and court decisions—Matters of ownership and transfer of mineral rights. Published by the author.
- COMPTROLLER'S** Distributing Overhead Expenses. VI—Depreciation, Insurance, Taxes, Interest; Tool, Material, and Special Department Expense, by N. T. Ficker—*Eng. Mag.*, Nov. 1915.
- SALES** Too Small Outlets Cut Trucks' Efficiency—*National Petroleum News*, Nov. 1915.
Showing losses in slow unloading due to small pipes and faucets. Practical recommendations for improved methods.
- EXPORT** South American Finances, by Chester Doyd Jones—*The Annalist*, Nov. 1, 1915.
- PRODUCERS** Deeper Drilling May Bring Results in Louisiana Districts—*National Petroleum News*, Nov. 1915.
Duncan Gas Field, Stephens and Jefferson Counties, Okla.—*U. S. Geol. Surv. Bul.* 621-C.
Loco Gas Field, Stephens and Jefferson Counties, Okla.—*U. S. Geol. Surv. Bul.* 621-C.
Healdon Oil Field, Carter Co., Okla.—*U. S. Geol. Surv. Bul.* 621-B.
A Reconnaissance on Palo Pinto County, Texas—*U. S. Geol. Surv. Bul.* 621-B.
Wyoming State Geologist will supply the following bulletins upon request: Basin and Greybull Oil and Gas Fields, Bul. 10; Prospective Oil Fields at Upton, Weston County, etc., Bul. 5; Salt Creek Oil Field, Bul. 8; Little Buffalo Basin Oil and Gas Field, Bul. 11.
- GENERAL** Petroleum and Its Uses, by John D. Northrup—*Oildom*, Nov. 1915.



Three-minute sketches by artist Hoban of the *New York American* at a dinner with some of our superintendents *et al.* at Shanley's in New York, on Monday evening, Nov. 8, 1915.

Note Bill Ellwood's thumb in his vest. Apparently Bill was very much pleased with what he was looking at. It might be well to ask him to explain why he appears so delighted in this "snap" sketch. They all seem to be intensely interested.



Christmas Carol

“What means this glory
round our feet,”
The Magi mused, “more bright
than morn?”
And voices chanted clear
and sweet,
“To-day 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!”

’Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e’er shall dim,
That little Children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the Faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born!”

—James Russell Lowell