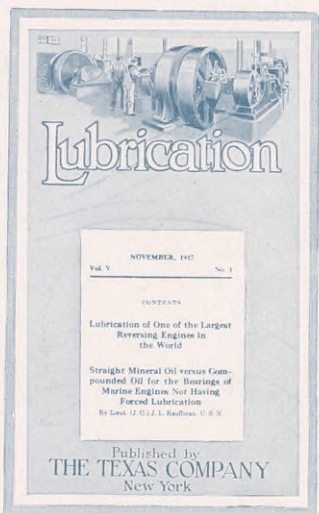


Texaco Star

CHRISTMAS ~ 1917





*Published Monthly
in the
Interest
of
Efficient
Lubrication*

The Mailing List of
“LUBRICATION”

has practically reached the
prescribed limit.

New names should be sent in only on Form N. Y. 230, and should be limited to those of present customers whose business “LUBRICATION” will help to retain, or of prospective customers whose business “LUBRICATION” will help to get.

What we now need is the cooperation of representatives, salesmen, and agents in revising the lists for their districts by eliminating the names of those no longer interested, thus making room for new names.

Send us the list of towns in your district and we will send you the present mailing list.



LUBRICATION

The Texas Company, 17 Battery Place
New York City





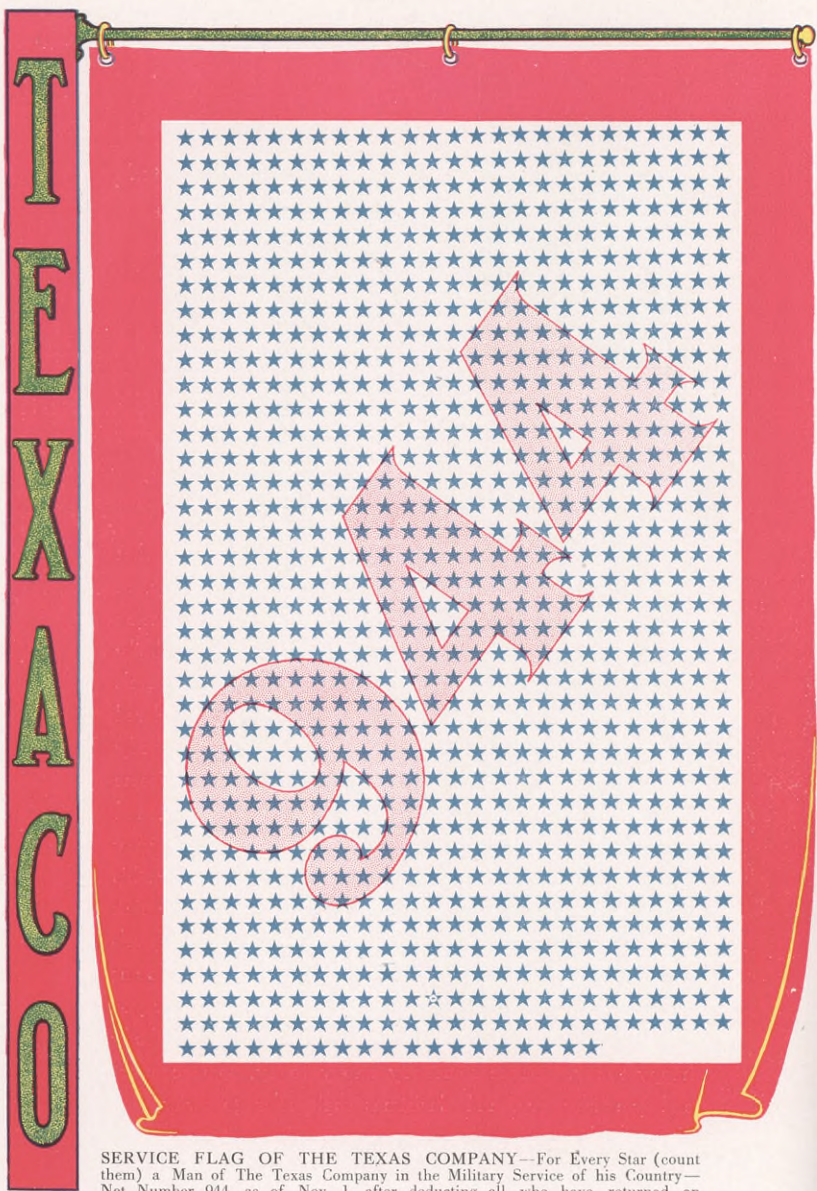
The Word Made Flesh

*“And lo! the glory that aroused
The shepherds in the fold,
Is shining still in childish eyes
And curls of baby gold.”*

Christmas Recipe

MAKE somebody happy today! Each morning that motto repeat, and life that was gloomy and gray, at once becomes pleasant and sweet. No odds what direction you go, whatever the pathway you wend, there's somebody weary of woe, there's somebody sick for a friend; there's somebody needing a guide, some pilgrim who's wandered astray; oh! don't let your help be denied—make somebody happy today! There's somebody tired of strife, the wearisome struggle for bread, borne down by the burdens of life, and envying those who are dead; a little encouragement now may drive his dark visions away, and smooth out a seam from his brow—make somebody happy today! There's somebody sick over there, where sunlight is shut from the room: there's somebody deep in despair, beholding no light in the gloom; there's somebody needing your aid, your solace, wherever you stray; then let not your help be delayed—make somebody happy today. Make somebody happy today, some comfort and sympathy give, and Christmas shall ne'er go away, but always and ever shall live.

—Walt Mason.



SERVICE FLAG OF THE TEXAS COMPANY—For Every Star (count them) a Man of The Texas Company in the Military Service of his Country—Net Number 944, as of Nov. 1, after deducting all who have returned on account of some disqualification.

TEXACO STAR

VOL. V

DECEMBER 1917

No. 2

PRINTED MONTHLY FOR DISTRIBUTION TO EMPLOYEES OF
THE TEXAS COMPANY

"ALL FOR EACH—EACH FOR ALL"

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ADDRESS: TEXACO STAR, 401 THE TEXAS COMPANY BUILDING, HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of The Texas Company was held at Houston on November 13, 1917, and the directors then in office were re-elected for the ensuing year. The new Board of Directors re-elected all of the old officers.

Immediately following this annual meeting, the stockholders of Producers Oil Company met and passed a resolution dissolving the latter corporation. Thereupon on the same day the physical properties of Producers Oil Company were transferred to The Texas Company. But before the dissolution was effected the surplus and undivided profits of Producers Oil Company were distributed in the form of a special dividend.

All of the stock of Producers Oil Company except two shares had been acquired by The Texas Company, and no objection to the transfer was interposed at the meeting.

C. N. Scott was appointed Manager and J. C. McCue Assistant Manager of the new Producing Department of the Texas Company, and Mr. Scott in turn appointed the several superintendents of Producers Oil Company superintendents in the Producing Department of The Texas Company. The various departments and divisions were transferred in like manner from the one company to the other, there being only slight changes in titles.

* *

The extensive subscription by employes of The Texas Company to both issues of war bonds, aggregating a very large sum, has been mentioned in previous issues. Those who could not buy bonds outright

authorized the retention of monthly payments out of salary checks. They have also, at every point in our organization, donated large amounts to the Red Cross, and many of them are continuing donations to that most worthy cause by paying every month to the Red Cross 1% of their salaries. Yet they did not fail to respond generously last month to the call for the Y. M. C. A. war fund. Information as to the amount donated by the Company's employes for this purpose is very incomplete, but our boys at the front and in the training camps may be sure that their old comrades did not forget or neglect them in this matter: the donations to the Y. M. C. A. war fund made at the points from which we have heard amount to \$6,149.00.

* *

This truth comes to us more and more the longer we live: that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure. Only to find our duty certainly, and to do it faithfully makes us good, strong, happy, and useful men.—*Phillips Brooks.*

* *

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to Nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound

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which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

THOUGHT

Thought is a sculptor. Lo! his hand
Graves lasting grooves on round soft face,
With lines of cunning and command,
Of lust, of laughter, grief, or grace.

He from the marble of the flesh
Evokes the angel of the Man:
"Canst make this foul block fair and fresh?"
We plead; he proudly cries, "I can."

Yet of that waiting marble know,
O soul, the sculptor bidden by thee
Can shape a thing of shame and woe
Whereat hell laughs—" 'Twas carved for me."
—*Frederick Lawrence Knowles*.

We "make up our minds" in a deeper sense than we know.—*Henry Van Dyke*.

Joy is not in things, it is in us.—*Wagner*.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit of sunshine, graceful from every gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Carlyle*.

Every brave life is a cheerful life,—not in the way of selfish gaiety, but in courageous brightness of spirit.

Speaking of the lack of popularity of writers whose "sombreness" makes "a disagreeable impression on the ladies who take books from the circulating libraries," Mr. Lewisohn, in the New York *Evening Mail*, says:

Here is a new criterion of letters that has arisen. This world, then, in which the martyrs of every truth have suffered; in which in the midst of life we walk in death; this world of half-successes and inevitable failure, in which sorrow is strong and all joy not wrung from the heart of sorrow is foolishness—this world is now to be, at the command of the middle-class lady, a cheerful one. If a book is sombre it is damned. "There is so much suffering in life," says the excellent wife of the bank president, "why should we be depressed by our reading?" . . . Thus hypocrisy overlays hypocrisy. Next we shall, I have no doubt, cause the divine tragedy of the Gospels to be rewritten with a cheerful ending.

Do not shut the eyes to danger or sorrow, but away with down-heartedness. Keep the home brave and cheerful, and let the letters sent to the fighting men bear the proof of domestic courage. As long as we are in it—"Carry on!"

Page four

"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."

It is vastly better to be able to appreciate the things one has than to have things one cannot appreciate.

Noble art is nothing less than the expression of a great soul, and great souls are not common things.—*Ruskin*.

A great work of art is never old-fashioned; because it expresses in final form some truth about human nature, and human nature never changes—in comparison with its primal elements, the mountains are ephemeral. A drama dealing with the impalpable human soul is more likely to stay true than a treatise on geology. This is the notable advantage that works of art have over the works of science, the advantage of being and remaining true. No matter how important the contribution of scientific books, they are alloyed with inevitable error, and after the death of their authors must be constantly revised by lesser men, improved by smaller minds; whereas the masterpieces of poetry, drama, and fiction cannot be revised, because they are always true. The latest edition of a work of science is the most valuable; and in literature, the earliest.
—*William Lyon Phelps*.

We ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful. We ought to contemplate it with rapture and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height. And in order to gain strength for that, we must keep ourselves thoroughly unselfish. We must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it.—*Goethe*.

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*.

"There are three classes of people: those who talk about themselves; those who talk about others and those who talk about ideas."

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

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

* *

A thought that is almost beautiful—a thought that you speak not, but that you cherish within you at this moment—will irradiate you as though you were a transparent vase.—*Maeterlinck.*

* *

As soon as one discerns the nature and potentialities of mind and character, fear and envy and jealousy are cast out as the very refuse of the soul.

* *

Man is the dream of One who sleeps within; and should He waken, man would be a god.—*Victor E. Southworth.*

* *

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on the waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the stars around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty presented to our view are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—*Geo. D. Prentiss.*

* *

When the veil was removed, the bridegroom saw before him, not the bride, but the angel Azrael. He fell at the Death Angel's feet crying, "Have mercy!" And the angel answered: "I am Mercy."

—*Eastern Wisdom.*

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.*

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordnained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;
That, as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Joy and laughter sound the heart
Of God's eternal ways with man;
Pain and sorrow's cleansing smart
Are but the clouds on heaven's span.

—*Shelley.*

LIFE WISDOM

The wisdom of the wise and the experience of ages may be preserved by quotation.

—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

We can finish nothing in this life; but we may make a beginning and bequeath a noble example.—*Samuel Smiles.*

The defeats and disappointments of virtue bring with them no gloom or distress, for they do but serve to calm and enlighten our thoughts.—*Maeterlinck.*

Honorable old age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor is its measure given by number of years; but understanding is gray hairs unto men, and an unspotted life is ripe old age.

—*Book of Wisdom.*

Endurance is nobler than strength, and patience than beauty.—*Ruskin.*

Every man is divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool.—*Emerson.*

In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.

—*Emerson.*

Should a day come when you stand in profoundest need of another's sympathy, would you go to him who was wont to greet the passage of beauty with a sneering smile?

—*Maeterlinck.*

Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he can not quite bury under the Finite.

—*Carlyle.*

It is a shame for the soul to be first to give way in this life, when the body does not give way.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life but needs it and may learn.—*Bailey.*

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Going Home for Christmas
Painted for Red Cross Magazine by Harry J. Soulen—
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What's the French for "Merry Christmas," Bill?
Painted for Red Cross Magazine by R. M. Brinkerhoff—
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Page six

While many talkative "pacifists" and self-styled "progressives" and "reformers" are worrying over the inconsistency of War and Christmas, the better balanced minds and characters at home and the fighting men at the front will keep the festival with a kindly cheer all the more fervid for its present background of death and danger. Of one thing we may be sure, Christmas will be kept in its wonted manner, as far as possible, wherever the Red Cross reaches. None knows the heart of the soldier better than the experienced workers in the Red Cross organization, and they understand how men who live at close quarters with death come to realize that it is appointed unto all men once to die, and quickly learn to live with more cheerful unselfishness than in the days when they let little things trouble them.

* *

Says Arthur Hunt Chute, late of the First Canadians (in *Leslie's* "Christmas Number"):

From my personal experience, there is far less talk of religion and far more real practice of religion in the trenches than there is in the churches. . . . Selfishness was the rule at home, but there it is selflessness. The officer's only thought in times of crisis is for the safety of his men, and the men are thinking of him or of the safety of pals. When men are dwelling on the edge of sudden death, we find qualities of soul in them that we never dreamed of. Most men show up far better at the front than they do at home. . . . Deep down in the heart of almost every soldier I believe there is a faith in Jesus Christ. Instinctively the soldier turns to the Master of Sacrifice, as to one of them. . . . "Hark, the herald angels sing" will be sung at many a point on the firing line this Christmas, and to the Tommy there will be no incongruity in the singing.

* *

We need not expect an apology from the Master of the Universe for existence. We won't get it. Christmas is based on the theory that no such apology is due; that existence is all right if we can only realize its assets, and that when there is trouble it is not due to defects in the running gear of human life, but to our inability to get the hang of the apparatus provided.—*Life*.

* *

Fear not death: fear only an evil course in life.

* *

Patience is active endurance; do not confuse it with apathy, which is lack of feeling.

* *

"The heroic man does not pose; he leaves that for the man who wishes to be thought heroic."

Be true if you would be believed.

TEXACO STAR



"Santa Claus" Fills the "Stockings"

Painted for Red Cross Magazine by William M. Bergen—
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THE CHILDREN SANTA CLAUS FORGETS

When the happy little children, up along the avenue,
Hark for Santa Claus's coming down the yawning
chimney flue,
There'll be other little children, in another part of
town,

Looking through the dingy windows toward the
snowflake speckled sky,
Wondering if they will see him when he comes
careering by.

Gaunt and pallid little children, oh, so pitiful to see,
But as hungry to be happy as all children ought
to be.

Such a little would delight them, just a trifling toy
or two,

Just one real old-fashioned Christmas that would
make their dreams come true.

Tell old Santa Claus about them, show the old man
where they live,

Let him leave them all the good things that he
likes so well to give.

Then go 'round on Christmas morning, and you'll
find it's well worth while; [smile]

For the best of all investments is to buy a baby's
—James J. Montague.

"He's a stingy man who won't even give you a
pleasant look."

THE SILENT HEROES

No less real heroes, than the men who died,
Are you who helped the frenzied ranks to win,
Galloping heroes—silently—side by side,
Models of discipline. . . .

Nobler, perhaps, because in all you did,
In all you suffered, you could not know why,
Only you guessed and did as you were bid
Just galloped on—to die.

Unflinchingly you faced the screaming shell
And charged and charged, until the ground was
gained,
Then falling, mangled—suffering simply Hell,
And never once complained.

There, where your life blood spilled around you fast,
Lying unheeded by the surging van,
You closed your great big patient eyes at last
And died—a gentleman.

—Lieut. L. Fleming.

"There are 4,500,000 horses engaged in this war. On the
Western front the losses have averaged 47,000 horses a month.
Over a million and a half of America's horses have been pur-
chased for service with the Allies."

* *

The amount of money spent for a gift is
no measure of the love that goes with it.

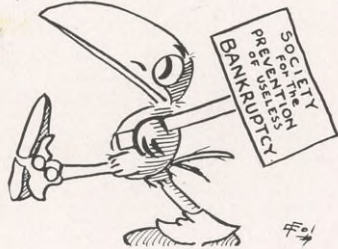
* *

A cynic is a person who knows the price
of everything and the value of nothing.

—Oscar Wilde.

APHORISMS OF THE TEXACROW

EVERYBODY'S ALL BROKE OUT HAVIN'
MEATLESS DAYS AND SLEEPLESS
NIGHTS AND EVERYTHING--- I'M
GONA BE UP-TO-DATE MYSELF
THIS YEAR AND OBSERVE A
GIFTLESS CHRISTMAS.



"One way to fill a soldier's Christmas socks would
be to enlist."

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Antwerp Cathedral from the Old Corn Market (from the painting by George Hodgson) showing how narrow streets and crooked courts crowd majestic buildings in modern Antwerp.



Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little Flemish village a league from Antwerp.

A Story of Flanders

Louise de la Ramée

*The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes not tears.*

—John Vance Cheney

NELLO and Patrasche were friends. Nello was a little Ardennois—Patrasche was a big Fleming. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young, and the other was already old. The tie between them had grown with their growth, until they loved one another very greatly.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little village—a Flemish village a league from Antwerp, set amidst flat breadths of pasture and corn-lands, with long lines of poplars and of alders bending in the breeze on the edge of the great canal. It had about a score of houses, with shutters of bright green or sky-blue, and roofs rose-red or black and white, and walls white-washed until they shone in the sun like snow. In the centre of the village stood a windmill, a landmark to all the level country round. It had once been painted scarlet, sails and all, but that had been half a century earlier, when it had ground wheat for the soldiers of Napoleon; and it was now tanned by wind and weather. The little old gray church, with its conical steeple, stood opposite to it, whose bell rang morning, noon, and night with that strange, subdued, hollow sadness which every bell that hangs in the Low Countries seems to gain as a part of its melody.

Almost from their birth they had dwelt together, Nello and Patrasche, in the little hut on the edge of the village, with the cathedral spire of Antwerp rising in the northeast, beyond the great green plain. It was the hut of a very old man, of a very poor man—of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier, and who remembered the wars that had trampled the country as oxen tread down the furrows.

When old Jehan Daas had reached his full eighty, his daughter had died in the Ardennes and had left him her two-year-old son. The old man could ill contrive to support himself, but he took up the burden uncomplainingly, and it soon became welcome and precious to him. Little Nello—a pet diminutive for Nicolas—throve with him, and the old man and the little child lived contentedly.

It was a humble little hut, but it was clean and white as a sea-shell, and stood in a small plot of garden-ground that yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins. They were poor—many a day they had nothing at all to eat. But the old

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man was very gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was beautiful, innocent, truthful, tender-hearted; and they were happy and asked no more of earth or heaven, save indeed that Patrasche should be always with them. For Patrasche was their bread winner, their friend and comforter. For Jehan Daas was old and a cripple, and Nello was but a child; and Patrasche was their dog.

A dog of Flanders—yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly in Flanders many a century—dogs of the people, beasts of the shafts and the harness, creatures that lived straining their sinews in the gall of the cart, and died breaking their hearts on the flints of the streets. Patrasche, before he was fully grown, had known the bitter gall of the cart and the collar. Before he had entered his thirteenth month he had become the property of a hardware dealer, who wandered over the land from the sea to the mountains. His purchaser was a sullen Brabantois, who heaped his cart with pots and pans and fiagons and buckets, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, whilst he himself lounged by the side smoking his black pipe. Happily for Patrasche—or unhappily—he was very strong; he came of an iron race, so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the burdens, the lashes, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, the curses, and the exhaustion which are the wages with which the Flemings repay the most patient and laborious of their four-footed victims.

One day, after two years of this agony, Patrasche was going along one of the straight dusty roads that lead to the city of Rubens. It was midsummer, and very warm. His cart was piled high with goods in metal and in earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled round his quivering loins. Going along thus on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse to him, not having tasted water for twelve, being blind with dust, sore with blows, and stupefied with the weight which dragged upon his loins, Patrasche staggered and foamed a little at the mouth, and fell. He was sick unto death, and motionless. His master, after a while, finding it useless to assail his ribs with punishment and his ears with maledictions, deeming life nearly gone in him, struck off the leathern harness, kicked his body aside into the grass, and, groaning and muttering, pushed the cart along the road, and left the dying dog for the ants to sting and for the crows to pick. It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons or in carts, went by. Some saw him, most did not even look: all passed on. A dead dog—it was nothing in Brabant: it would be nothing anywhere in the world.

After a time there came a little old man who was bent and lame. He was very poorly clad, and he dragged his way slowly through the dust. He looked at Patrasche, paused, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a little, rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child, who pattered in amidst the bushes, for him breast-high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast. Thus it was that these two first met—the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

The upshot of that day was, that old Jehan Daas, with laborious effort, drew the sufferer to his little hut, a stone's throw off, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness, which had been a brain seizure, brought on by heat and thirst and exhaustion, passed away, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout legs.

For weeks he had been useless, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand. In his sickness they

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Patrasche placed himself betwixt its handles and testified as plainly as dumb show could do his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity he had eaten.

had grown to care for him, this lonely man and the little happy child. He had a heap of dry grass for his bed; and when he first was well enough to essay a hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud and almost wept together for joy.

So then, when Patrasche arose, himself again, gaunt and powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered once in its fidelity whilst life abode with him.

But Patrasche, being a dog, was grateful. Patrasche lay pondering long with grave, tender, musing brown eyes, watching the movements of his friends.

Now, the old soldier could do nothing for his living but limp about with a small cart, with which he carried daily the milk-cans of neighbors who owned cattle away into the town of Antwerp. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off.

Patrasche watched the milk-cans come and go that one day when he had got well and was lying in the sun. The next morning, Patrasche, before the old man had touched the cart, arose and walked to it and placed himself betwixt its handles, and testified as plainly as dumb show could do his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten. Jehan Daas resisted, for the old man was one of those who thought it a shame to bind dogs to labor for which Nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be gainsaid: finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth. At length Jehan Daas gave way, vanquished by the persistence and the

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gratitude of this creature whom he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run it, and this he did every morning of his life thenceforward.

When the winter came, Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch; for he grew feebler with each year, and he would ill have known how to pull his load of milk-cans over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud. As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this little green cart, with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. His work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would—to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

Fortunately for his peace, his former owner was killed in a drunken brawl at the Kermesse of Mechlin, and so sought not after him in his new home.

A FEW years later old Jehan Daas became so paralyzed with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more. Then little Nello, being now grown to his sixth year, and knowing the town well from having accompanied his grandfather so many times, took his place beside the cart, and sold the milk and received the coins in exchange, and brought them back to their owners with a pretty grace and seriousness which charmed all who beheld him.

The little Ardennois was a beautiful child, with dark, grave, tender eyes, and a lovely bloom upon his face, and fair locks that clustered to his throat; and many an artist sketched the group as it went by him—the green cart with the brass flagons, and the great tawny-colored massive dog, with his belled harness that chimed cheerily as he went, and the small figure that ran beside him which had little white feet in wooden shoes, and a soft, grave, innocent, happy face like the children of Rubens.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that Jehan Daas, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to stir out, but could sit in the doorway and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze and dream and pray a little, and then awake as the clock tolled three and watch for their return. And on their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of glee, and Nello would recount with pride the doings of the day; and they would go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain, and see the twilight veil the fair cathedral spire; and then lie down to sleep peacefully while the old man said a prayer.

In the winter it was harder, and they had to rise in the darkness and the bitter cold, and they had seldom as much as they could have eaten, while the winds found many holes in the walls of the little hut, and sometimes the floor was flooded and then frozen. In winter it was hard, and the snow numbed the little white limbs of Nello, and the icicles cut the brave untiring feet of Patrasche. But even then they were never heard to lament, either of them. The child's wooden shoes and the dog's four legs would trot manfully together over the frozen fields to the chime of the bells on the harness; and then sometimes, in the streets of Antwerp, some housewife would bring them a bowl of soup and a handful of bread, or some kindly trader would throw some billets of fuel into the little cart as it went homeward, or some woman in their own village would bid them keep a share of the milk they carried for their own food; and they would run over the white lands, through the early darkness, bright and happy, and burst with a shout of joy into their home.

So the days and the years went on, and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy and healthful. On the whole, it was well with them, very well.

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Antwerp Cathedral—From an old engraving.

water, and through the noisome courts, his spirit abides with us, and the heroic beauty of his visions is about us. Without Rubens, what were Antwerp? A dirty, dusky, bustling mart. With Rubens, to the whole world of men it is a sacred name, a sacred soil.

O nations! closely should you treasure your great men, for by them alone will the future know you. Flanders in her generations has been wise. In his life she glorified this greatest of her sons, and in his death she magnifies his name. But her wisdom is very rare.

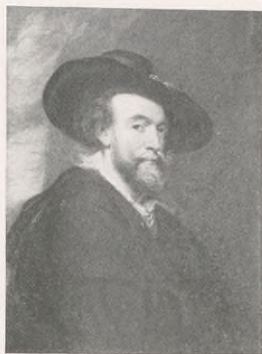
Now, the trouble of Patrasche was this. Into these great piles of stones the child Nello would many a time enter and disappear through their dark arched portals, whilst Patrasche, left without upon the pavement, would wearily



[Antwerp Cathedral from the "Place Verte"—From a modern photograph.

THERE was only one thing which caused Patrasche any uneasiness in his life, and it was this. Antwerp, as all the world knows, is full at every turn of old piles of stones, dark and majestic, standing in crooked courts, jammed against gateways and taverns, with bells ringing above them in the air, and ever and again out of their arched doors a swell of music pealing. There they remain, the grand old sanctuaries of the past, shut in amidst the squalor, the hurry, the crowds, the unloveliness, and the commerce of the modern world, and beneath the earth at their feet there sleeps—Rubens.

And the greatness of the mighty Master still rests upon Antwerp, and wherever we turn in its narrow streets his glory lies therein, so that all mean things are thereby transfigured; and as we pace slowly through the winding ways, and by the edge of the stagnant

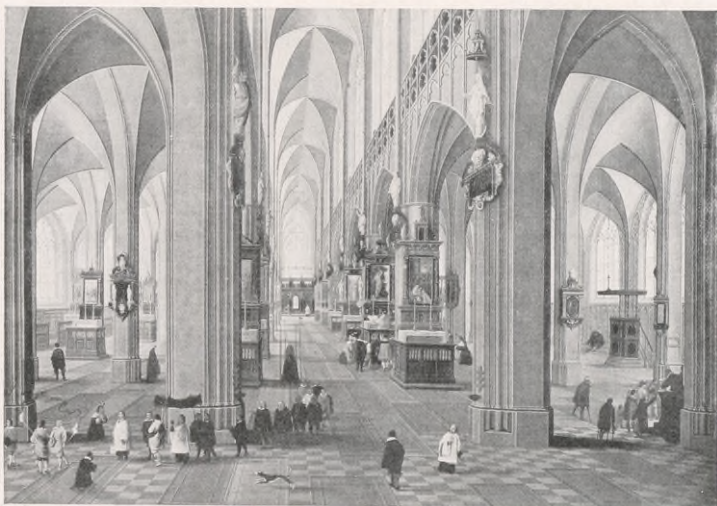


Sir Peter Paul Rubens—From an engraving by J. H. Robinson, after a copy by J. Jackson, Esq., R. A., of Rubens' portrait of himself in the collection of the King of England.

ponder on what could be the dark charm which

thus allured from him his beloved companion. Once or twice he did essay to see for himself, clattering up the steps with his milk-cart behind him; but he had been always sent back by a tall custodian in black clothes and silver chains of office; and fearful of bringing his little master into trouble, he desisted, and remained patiently before the churches until the boy re-

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Interior of Antwerp Cathedral from a photograph by Fr. Hanfstaengl of the painting in the Royal Museum of Bruxelles by Pieter Neefs (1578-1660), a renowned painter of pictures representing the interior of churches. He usually took Notre-Dame of Antwerp as a model but never painted it exactly as it is, seeking rather to render the play of light that floods cathedral aisles and is dispersed among the columns. His pictures are generally enlivened with little figures executed by subordinate artists.

appeared. It was not the fact of his going into them which disturbed Patrasche: he knew that people went to church: all the village went to the small gray pile opposite the red windmill. What troubled him was that little Nello always looked strangely when he came out, always very flushed or very pale; and when he returned home would sit silent and dreaming, not caring to play, but gazing out at the evening skies, very subdued and almost sad.

What was it? wondered Patrasche. He thought it could not be good or natural for the little lad to be so grave and in his dumb fashion he tried all he could to keep Nello by him in the sunny fields or in the busy market-place. But to the churches Nello would go: most often of all would he go to the great cathedral; and Patrasche, left without on the stones by the iron fragments of Quentin Matsys's gate, would stretch himself and yawn and sigh, and even howl now and then, until the child came forth again, and winding his arms about the dog's neck would murmur always the same words: "If I could only see them, Patrasche!—if I could only see them!"

What were they? pondered Patrasche, looking up with large, wistful, sympathetic eyes.

One day, when the custodian was out of the way and the doors left ajar, he got in for a moment after his little friend and saw. "They" were two great covered pictures on either side of the choir. Nello was kneeling before the altarpicture of the Assumption, and when he noticed Patrasche, and rose and drew the dog gently out into the air, his face was wet with tears and he looked up at the veiled places as he passed them and murmured to his companion, "It is so terrible not to see them, Patrasche, just because one is poor and cannot pay! He never meant that the poor should not see them when he painted them, I am sure. He would have had us see them any day, every day: that I am sure.



The Choir and High Altar of Antwerp Cathedral—On either side of the Choir are placed Rubens' "Elevation of the Cross" and "Descent from the Cross." His "Assumption of the Virgin" above the altar, finished in 1625, is the only one of many repetitions of the subject still preserved in the place for which it was intended—Says Henri S. Hyman in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*: "The work is seen a considerable way off, and every outline is bathed in light, so that the Virgin is elevated in dazzling glory with a power of ascension scarce, if ever, attained by any other master."

And they keep them shrouded there—shrouded in the dark, the beautiful things!—and they never feel the light, and no eyes look on them, unless rich people come and pay. If I could only see them, I would be content to die."

But he could not see them, for to gain the silver piece that the church exacts as the price for looking on the glories of the Elevation of the Cross and the Descent from the Cross was a thing beyond his power. They had never so much as a sou to spare. And yet the heart of the child was set in endless longing upon beholding the greatness of the two veiled Rubens.

The whole soul of the little Ardennois thrilled and stirred with a passion for Art. Going on his ways through the old city, Nello, who looked only a little

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peasant-boy, with a great dog drawing milk from door to door, was in a heaven of dreams whereof Rubens was the god. Nello, cold and hungry, with stock-
ingless feet in wooden shoes, was in a rapture of meditation, wherein all that he saw was the beautiful face of the Mary of the Assumption, with the waves of her golden hair lying upon her shoulders and the light of an eternal sun shining down upon her brow. Nello, reared in poverty, untaught in letters, and unheeded by men, had the compensation or the curse which is called Genius.

I SHOULD go to my grave content if I thought, Nello, that when thou growest a man thou couldst own this hut and the plot of ground, and labor for thyself, and be called Baas by thy neighbors," said the old man Jehan many an hour from his bed. For to own a bit of soil, and to be called Baas—master—by the hamlet round, is to have achieved the highest ideal of a Flemish peasant. But Nello said nothing. The same leaven was working in him that in other times begat Rubens and Jordaens and the Van Eycks, and all their wondrous tribe. Nello dreamed of other things than of tilling the rood of earth, and living under the wattle roof, and being called Baas by neighbors. The cathedral spire, where it rose beyond the fields in the ruddy evening skies or in the dim misty mornings, said other things to him than this.

There was only one other beside Patrasche to whom Nello could talk at all of his daring fantasies. This other was little Alois, who lived at the old red mill, and whose father, the miller, was the best-to-do husbandman in the village. Little Alois was only a pretty child with soft, rosy features, made lovely by those sweet dark eyes that the Spanish rule has left in so many a Flemish face, in testimony of the Alvan dominion, as Spanish art has left throughout the country majestic palaces and stately courts, gilded house-fronts and sculptured lintels—histories in blazonry and poems in stone.

Little Alois was often with Nello; they played in the fields, they ran in the snow, and they often sat together by the broad wood-fire in the mill-house. Little Alois was the richest child in the hamlet. She had neither brother nor sister; her blue serge dress had never a hole in it; at Kermesse she had as many gilded nuts and *Agni Dei* in sugar as her hands could hold; and when she went up for her first communion her flaxen curls were covered with a cap of richest Mechlin lace, which had been her mother's and her grandmother's. But she loved no playfellows so well as Jehan Daas's grandson and his dog.

One day her father, Baas Coge, a good man but somewhat stern, came on a pretty group in the meadow behind the mill, where the aftermath had that day been cut. It was his little daughter sitting amidst the hay, with the great tawny head of Patrasche on her lap, and wreaths of poppies and blue cornflowers round them both: on a clean smooth slab of pine wood the boy Nello drew their likeness with a stick of charcoal.

The miller stood and looked at the portrait with tears in his eyes; it was so strangely like, and he loved his only child. He chid the little girl for idling there whilst her mother needed her within, and sent her indoors: then, turning, he snatched the wood from Nello's hands. "Dost do much of such folly?" he asked, but there was a tremble in his voice.

Nello colored and hung his head. "I draw everything I see," he murmured.

The miller was silent: then he stretched his hand out with a franc in it. "It is folly and waste of time: nevertheless, it is like Alois, and will please the house-mother. Take this silver bit for it and leave it for me."

The color died out of the face of the young Ardennois; he lifted his head and put his hands behind his back. "Keep your money and the portrait both, Baas Coge," he said simply. "You have been often good to me." Then he called Patrasche to him, and walked away across the field.

"I could have seen them with that franc," he murmured to Patrasche, "but I could not sell her picture—not even for them."

Baas Coge went into his mill-house troubled in his mind. "That lad must

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"Keep your money and the portrait both, Baas Coge. You have been often good to me."

not be so much with Alois," he said to his wife that night. "Trouble may come of it: he is fifteen and she is twelve; and the boy is comely of face and form."

"And he is a good lad and a loyal," said the housewife, feasting her eyes on the piece of pine wood where it was throned above the chimney with a cuckoo clock in oak and a Calvary in wax.

"Yea, I do not gainsay that," said the miller, draining his pewter flagon.

"Then, if what you think of were ever to come to pass," said the wife, hesitatingly, "would it matter so much? She will have enough for both, and one cannot be better than happy."

"The lad is naught but a beggar," said the miller, harshly, striking his pipe on the table, "and, with these painter's fancies, worse than a beggar. Have a care that they are not together in the future, or I will send the child to the keeping of the nuns of the Sacred Heart."

The poor mother was terrified, and promised to do his will. Not that she could bring herself altogether to separate the child from her favorite playmate, nor did the miller even desire that extreme of cruelty to a young lad who was guilty of nothing except poverty. But there were many ways in which little Alois was kept away from her chosen companion; and Nello, being a boy proud and sensitive, ceased to turn his steps, with every moment of leisure, to the old red mill. What his offense was he did not know: he supposed he had angered Baas Coge by taking the portrait of Alois; and when the child would run to him and nestle her hand in his, he would smile at her sadly and say with a tender concern for her: "Nay, Alois, do not anger your father. He thinks that I make

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you idle, dear, and he is not pleased that you should be with me. He is a good man and loves you well: we will not anger him, Alois."

He had been used to pause by the old mill, going and coming, for a cheery greeting with its people as her flaxen head rose above the low mill-wicket, and her little rosy hands had held out a bone or a crust to Patrasche. Now the dog looked wistfully at a closed door, and the boy went on without pausing, with a pang at his heart, and the child sat within with tears dropping on the knitting to which she was set on her little stool by the stove; and Baas Cogez, working among his sacks and his mill-gear, would harden his will and say to himself: "It is best so. The lad is all but a beggar, and full of dreaming fooleries. Who knows what mischief might not come of it in the future?" So he would not have the door unbarred except upon rare and formal occasion, which seemed to have neither warmth nor mirth in them to the two children, who had been accustomed to a daily gleeful greeting and pastime. The panel of pine wood remained over the chimney in the mill-kitchen with the cuckoo clock and the waxen Calvary, and sometimes it seemed to Nello a little hard that whilst his gift was accepted he himself should be denied.

But he did not complain: it was his habit to be quiet: old Jehan Daas had said ever to him, "We are poor: we must take what God sends—the ill with the good: the poor cannot choose." To which the boy had always listened in silence, being reverent of his grandfather; but nevertheless a sweet hope, such as beguiles the children of genius, had whispered in his heart, "Yet the poor do choose sometimes—choose to be great, so that men cannot say them nay."

One day, when the little Alois, finding him by chance alone among the corn-fields, ran to him and sobbed piteously because the morrow would be her saint's day, and for the first time her parents had failed to bid him to the supper and romp in the great barns with which her feast-day was always celebrated, Nello murmured to her: "It shall be different one day, Alois. One day that bit of pine wood that your father has of mine shall be worth its weight in silver; and he will not shut the door against me then. Only love me always, dear little Alois, only love me always, and I will be great."

"And if I do not love you?" the child asked, pouting a little through her tears, and moved by the coquetries of her sex. Nello's eyes left her face and wandered to the distance, where in the red and gold of the Flemish night the cathedral spire rose. There was a smile on his face so sweet and yet so sad that little Alois was awed by it. "I will be great still," he said under his breath—"great still, or die, Alois."

"You do not love me," said the spoilt child, pushing him away; but the boy shook his head and smiled, and went on his way through the tall yellow corn, seeing as in a vision some day when he should come and ask Alois of her people, and be not refused, but received in honor, whilst the village folk should say in one another's ears, "Dost see him? He is a king among men, for he is a great artist and the world speaks his name; and yet he was our poor little Nello, who was a beggar as one may say, and got his bread by the help of his dog." And of how he would say to them always, if they sought to bless his name: "Nay, do not thank me—thank Rubens. Without him, what should I have been?"

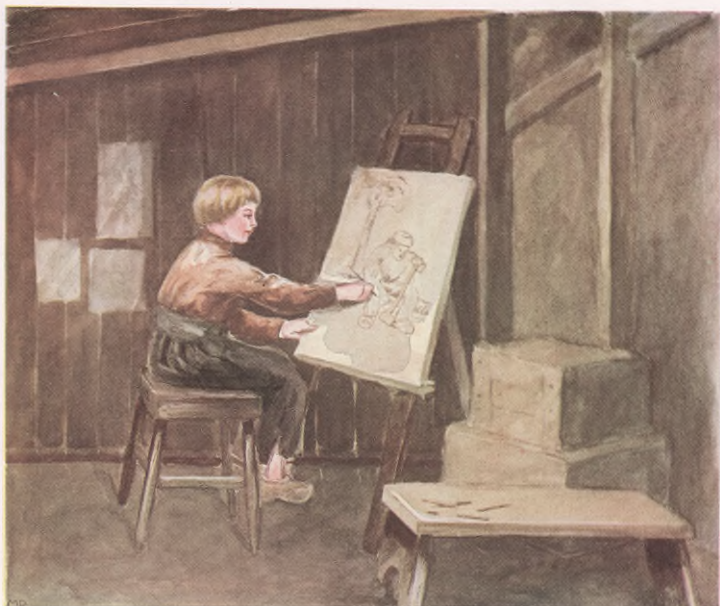
"This is Alois's name-day, is it not?" said the old man Daas that night from the corner where he was stretched upon his bed of sacking. The boy gave a gesture of assent. "And why not there?" his grandfather pursued. "Thou hast never missed a year before, Nello."

"Thou art too sick to leave," murmured the lad, bending his handsome head over the bed.

"Tut! tut! Mother Nulette would have come and sat with me. What is the cause, Nello?" the old man persisted. "Thou surely hast not had ill words with the little one?"

"Nay, grandfather—never," said the boy quickly, with a hot color in his

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Here he had fashioned an easel in rough lumber.

bent face. "Simply and truly, Baas Cogez did not have me asked this year. He has taken some whim against me."

"But thou hast done nothing wrong?"

"That I know—nothing. I took the portrait of Alois on a piece of pine: that is all."

"Ah!" The old man was silent: the truth suggested itself to him with the boy's innocent answer. He was tied to a bed of dried leaves in the corner of a hut, but he had not wholly forgotten what the ways of the world were like.

He drew Nello's head fondly to his breast with a tenderer gesture. "Thou art very poor, my child," he said with a quiver in his trembling voice—"so poor! It is hard for thee."

"Nay, I am rich," murmured Nello; and in his innocence he thought so—rich with imperishable powers. And he went and stood by the door of the hut in the quiet autumn night, and watched the stars troop by and the tall poplars bend and shiver in the wind. All the casements of the mill-house were lighted, and the notes of the flute came to him. The tears fell down his cheeks, for he was but a child, yet he smiled, for he said to himself, "In the future!"

NELLO had a secret which only Patrasche knew. There was a little out-house to the hut, which no one entered but himself—a dreary place, but with clear light from the north. Here he had fashioned an easel in rough lumber, and here on stretched paper he had given shape to one of the fancies which possessed his brain. No one had ever taught him anything; colors he had no means to buy; he had gone without bread to procure even the few rude vehi-

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cles that he had, and it was only in black and white that he could fashion the things he saw. This figure which he had drawn here in chalk was only an old man sitting on a fallen tree—only that. He had seen old Michel the woodman sitting so at evening many a time. He had never had a soul to tell him of outline or perspective, of anatomy or of shadow, and yet he had given all the weary worn-out age, all the sad quiet patience, all the rugged careworn pathos of his original, and given them so that the figure was a poem, sitting there, meditative and alone, on the dead tree, with the darkness of the descending night behind him. It was rude, of course, and had many faults; and yet it was real, true in nature, true in art, and very mournful, and in a manner beautiful.

Patrasche had lain countless hours watching its gradual creation after the labor of each day was done. Nello had a hope—vain and wild perhaps, but strongly cherished—of sending this drawing to compete for a prize of two hundred francs a year which it was announced in Antwerp would be open to every lad of talent, scholar or peasant, under eighteen, who would attempt to win it with some unaided work of chalk or pencil. Three of the foremost artists in the town of Rubens were to be the judges and elect the foremost.

He said nothing to any one: his grandfather would not have understood, and little Alois was lost to him. Only to Patrasche he whispered, "Rubens would give it me, I think, if he knew." Patrasche thought so too, for he knew that Rubens had loved dogs or he had never painted them with such exquisite fidelity; and men who loved dogs were, as Patrasche knew, always pitiful.

The drawings were to go in on the first day of December, and the decision be given on the twenty-fourth, so that he who should win might rejoice with all his people at the Christmas season.

In the twilight of a wintry day Nello placed the great picture on his milk-cart, and took it into the town, and there left it, as enjoined, at the doors of a public building. "Perhaps it is worth nothing at all. How can I tell?" he thought, with the heart-sickness of a great timidity. Yet he took heart as he went by the cathedral: the lordly form of Rubens seemed to rise from the fog and the darkness, and to loom in magnificence before him, whilst the lips, with their kindly smile, seemed to murmur, "Nay, have courage! It was not by a weak heart and faint fears that I wrote my name for all time upon Antwerp."

THE snow fell, and fell for many days. Then, indeed, it became hard work to go round for the milk and carry it through the darkness to the silent town. Hard work, especially for Patrasche, for the passage of the years that were bringing Nello a stronger youth were bringing him old age, and his joints were stiff and his bones ached often. But he would never give up his share of the labor. "Rest thee at home, Patrasche—it is time thou didst rest—and I can push the cart by myself," urged Nello many a morning; but Patrasche would no more have consented to stay at home than a veteran soldier to shirk when the charge was sounding; and every day he would rise and place himself in his shafts, and plod along over the snow.

"My poor Patrasche, we shall soon lie quiet, you and I," said old Jehan Daas, stretching out to stroke the head of Patrasche with the old withered hand which had always shared with him its crust of bread; and the hearts of the old man and the old dog ached together with one thought: When they were gone, who would care for their darling?

One afternoon, as they came back from Antwerp over the snow, they found dropped in the road a pretty puppet, a tambourine-player, all scarlet and gold, about six inches high. Nello tried to find its owner, and, failing, thought that it was just the thing to please Alois.

It was quite night when he passed the mill-house: he knew the little window of her room. It could be no harm, he thought, if he gave her his little piece of treasure-trove. There was a shed with a sloping roof beneath her casement: he climbed it and tapped softly at the lattice. The child opened it and looked

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out half frightened. "Here is a doll I found in the snow, Alois," he whispered, "take it, and God bless thee, dear!" He slid down from the shed-roof before she had time to thank him.

That night there was a fire at the mill. Outbuildings and much corn were destroyed, although the mill itself and the dwelling-house were unharmed. Engines came tearing through the snow from Antwerp. The miller was insured, and would lose nothing; nevertheless, he was in furious wrath, and declared that the fire was due to no accident, but to some foul intent.

Nello, awakened from his sleep, ran to help with the rest. Baas Cogez thrust him angrily aside: "Thou wert loitering here after dark," he said roughly, "I believe, on my soul, that thou dost know more of the fire than any one."

Nello heard him in silence, stupefied, not supposing that any one could say such things except in jest, and not comprehending how any one could pass a jest at such a time.

Nevertheless, the miller said the thing to many of his neighbors in the day that followed; and though no serious charge was ever preferred against the lad, it got bruited about that Nello had been seen in the mill-yard after dark, and that he bore Baas Cogez a grudge for forbidding his intercourse with little Alois. No one said anything to him openly, but the village agreed to humor the miller's prejudice, and at the cottages where Nello and Patrasche called every morning for the milk for Antwerp, downcast glances and brief phrases replaced the cheerful greetings to which they had been always used. No one really credited the miller's absurd suspicion, nor the outrageous accusations born of them, but the people were all poor and ignorant, and the one rich man of the place had pronounced against him. Nello, in his innocence and his friendlessness, had no strength to stem the popular tide.

"Thou art very cruel to the lad," the miller's wife dared to say, weeping. "Sure he is an innocent lad and a faithful, and would never dream of any such wickedness, however sore his heart might be." But Baas Cogez being an obstinate man, having once said a thing held to it doggedly, though in his soul he knew the injustice that he was committing.

Nello endured the injury with a proud patience that disdained to complain. Besides, he thought, "If it should win! They will be sorry, then, perhaps."

Still, to a boy not quite sixteen, who had dwelt in one little world all his short life, and in his childhood had been caressed and applauded on all sides, it was a hard trial to have the whole of that little world turn against him for naught. Especially hard in that bleak snow-bound winter-time, when the only light and warmth abode beside the village hearths and in the kindly greetings of neighbors. In the winter-time all drew nearer to each other, except to Nello and Patrasche, who were left to fare as they might with the old bedridden man in the little cabin, whose fire was often low, and whose board was often without bread. For a buyer from Antwerp had taken to drive his mule in for the milk of the various dairies, and there were only three or four of the people who had refused his terms of purchase and remained faithful to the little green cart.

NOEL was close at hand. The snow was six feet deep, and the ice was firm enough to bear oxen and men upon it. At this season the little village was always gay and cheerful. At the poorest dwelling there were possets and cakes, joking and dancing, sugared saints and gilded *Jesus*. The merry Flemish bells jingled on the horses; everywhere within doors some well-filled soup-pot smoked over the stove; and over the snow without laughing maidens pattered in bright kerchiefs and stout kirtles, going to and from mass. Only in the little hut it was dark and very cold.

Nello and Patrasche were utterly alone, for one night in the week before Christmas Day, Death entered there, and took away from life old Jehan Daas. He had long been powerless for anything beyond a gentle word; and yet his loss fell on them both with a great horror in it. He had passed away

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from them in his sleep, and when in the gray dawn they learned their bereavement, solitude and desolation seemed to close around them. He had long been only a paralyzed old man who could not raise a hand in their defense, but he had loved them well: his smile had always welcomed their return. They mourned for him, refusing to be comforted, as in the white winter day they followed the deal shell that held his body to the nameless grave by the little gray church. They were his only mourners, these two whom he had left friendless upon earth.

"Surely, he will relent now and let the poor lad come hither?" thought the miller's wife, glancing at her husband smoking by the hearth. Baas Cogeze knew her thought, but he hardened his heart, and would not unbar his door as the humble funeral went by. "The boy is a beggar," he said to himself: "he shall not be about Alois." The woman dared not say anything aloud, but when the grave was closed and the mourners had gone, she put a wreath of immortelles into Alois's hands and bade her go and lay it reverently on the unmarked mound.

Nello and Patrasche went home with broken hearts. But even of that cheerless home they were denied the consolation. There was a month's rent over-due, and when Nello had paid the last sad service to the dead he had not a coin left. He went and begged grace of the owner of the hut, a cobbler. The cobbler would grant no mercy. He was a miserly man, and loved money. He claimed in default of his rent every stick and stone, every pot and pan, in the hut, and bade Nello be out of it on the morrow.

All night long the boy and the dog sat by the fireless hearth in the darkness, drawn close together for warmth and sorrow.

When the morning broke over the white chill earth it was the morning of Christmas Eve. With a shudder, Nello clasped close to him his only friend, while his tears fell on the dog's forehead. "Let us go, Patrasche—dear Patrasche," he murmured. "We will not wait to be kicked out: let us go."

Patrasche had no will but his, and they went sadly, side by side, out from the little place which was so dear to them both, and in which every homely thing was to them precious and beloved. Patrasche drooped his head wearily as he passed by his green cart: it was no longer his—it had to go with the rest to pay the rent, and his brass harness lay idle and glittering on the snow.

They took the accustomed road into Antwerp. Most of the shutters were still closed, but some of the villagers were about. At one door Nello paused and looked within: his grandfather had done many a kindly turn in neighbor's service to the people who dwelt there.

"Would you give Patrasche a crust?" he said, timidly. "He is old, and he has had nothing since last forenoon."

The woman shut the door hastily, murmuring some vague saying about wheat and rye being very dear that season. The boy and the dog went on again wearily: they asked no more.

They reached Antwerp as the chimes tolled ten. "If I had anything I could sell to get him bread!" thought Nello, but he had nothing except the wisp of linen and serge that covered him, and his pair of wooden shoes. Patrasche understood, and nestled his nose into the lad's hand, as though to pray him not to be disquieted for any woe or want of his.

The winner of the drawing-prize was to be proclaimed at noon, and to the public building where he had left his treasure Nello made his way. On the steps and in the entrance-hall there was a crowd of youths—some of his age, some older, all with parents or relatives or friends. His heart was sick with fear as he went among them, holding Patrasche close to him. The great bells of the city clashed out the hour of noon with brazen clamor. The doors of the inner hall were opened; the eager throng rushed in: it was known that the selected picture would be raised above the rest upon a wooden dais.

A mist obscured Nello's sight, his head swam, his limbs almost failed him. When his vision cleared he saw the drawing raised on high: it was not his own!

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Where they were there stood a little Calvary, and a lamp burned dully under the cross: the boy turned the case to the light; on it was the name of Baas Cogez.

A sonorous voice was proclaiming that victory had been adjudged to Stephen Kiessler, born in the burgh of Antwerp, son of a wharfinger in that town.

When Nello recovered his consciousness he was lying on the stones without, and Patrasche was trying to call him back to life. In the distance a throng of youths were shouting around their successful comrade, and escorting him to his home. The boy staggered to his feet and drew the dog into his embrace. "It is all over, dear Patrasche," he murmured—"all over!"

He rallied himself as best he could, for he was weak from fasting, and retraced his steps to the village. Patrasche paced by his side with his head drooping and his old limbs feeble from hunger and sorrow. The snow was falling fast: a keen hurricane blew from the north. The bell was sounding four of the clock as they approached the hamlet. Suddenly Patrasche paused, arrested by a scent in the snow, scratched, whined, and drew out with his teeth a small case of brown leather. He held it up to Nello in the darkness. Where they were there stood a little Calvary, and a lamp burned dully under the cross: the boy mechanically turned the case to the light: on it was the name of Baas Cogez, and within it were notes for two thousand francs.

The sight roused the lad a little from his stupor. He thrust it in his shirt, and stroked Patrasche. The dog looked up wistfully in his face. Nello made straight for the mill-house, and went to the house-door and struck on its panels. The miller's wife opened it weeping, with little Alois clinging close to her skirts. "Is it thee, thou poor lad?" she said kindly through her tears. "Get thee gone ere the Baas see thee. We are in sore trouble tonight. He is out seeking for a

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power of money that he has let fall riding homeward, and in this snow he never will find it; and God knows it will go nigh to ruin us. It is Heaven's own judgment for the things we have done to thee."

Nello put the note-case in her hand and called Patrasche within the house. "Patrasche found the money tonight," he said quickly. "Tell Baas Cogez so: I think he will not deny the dog shelter and food in his old age. Keep him from pursuing me, and I pray of you to be good to him."

Ere either woman or dog knew what he meant he had stooped and kissed Patrasche, closed the door hurriedly, and disappeared in the fast-falling night.

The woman and the child stood speechless with joy and fear: Patrasche spent the fury of his anguish against the iron-bound oak of the barred house-door. They did not dare unbar the door and let him forth: they tried all they could to solace him. They brought him sweet cakes and juicy meats; they tried to lure him to the warmth of the hearth; but it was of no avail. Patrasche refused to be comforted or to stir from the barred portal.

It was six o'clock when from an opposite entrance the miller at last came, jaded and broken, into his wife's presence. "It is lost forever," he said, with an ashen cheek and a quiver in his stern voice. "We have looked with lanterns everywhere: it is gone—the little maiden's portion and all!"

His wife put the money into his hand, and told him how it had come to her. The strong man sank into a seat and covered his face, ashamed and almost afraid. "I have been cruel to the lad," he muttered at length: "I deserved not to have good at his hands."

Little Alois crept close to her father and nestled against him her fair curly head. "Nello may come here again, father?" she whispered.

The miller pressed her in his arms; his hard, sunburned face was pale and his mouth trembled. "Surely, surely," he answered his child. "He shall bide here on Christmas Day, and any other day he will. God helping me, I will make amends to the boy—I will make amends."

Little Alois kissed him in gratitude and joy, then slid from his knees and ran to where the dog kept watch by the door. "And tonight I may feast Patrasche?" she cried in a child's thoughtless glee.

Her father bent his head gravely: "Ay, ay: let the dog have the best;" for the stern old man was moved and shaken to his heart's depths.

It was Christmas Eve, and the mill-house was filled with oak logs and squares of turf, with cream and honey, with meat and bread, and the rafters were hung with wreaths of evergreen, and the Calvary and the cuckoo clock looked out from a mass of holly. There were little paper lanterns, too, for Alois, and toys of various fashions and sweetmeats in bright-pictured papers. The child would fain have made the dog a guest honored and feasted. But Patrasche would neither lie in the warmth nor share in the cheer. Famished he was and very cold, but without Nello he would partake neither of comfort nor food. Against all temptation he was proof, and close against the door he leaned always, watching only for a means of escape.

"He wants the lad," said Baas Cogez. "Good dog! good dog! I will go over to the lad the first thing at day-dawn." For no one but Patrasche knew that Nello had left the hut, and no one but Patrasche divined that Nello had gone to face starvation and misery alone.

IN the mill-kitchen great logs crackled and flamed on the hearth; neighbors came in for a glass of wine and a slice of the fat goose baking for supper. Alois, gleeful and sure of her playmate back on the morrow, bounded and sang and tossed back her yellow hair. Baas Cogez, in the fulness of his heart, smiled on her and spoke of the way in which he would befriend her favorite companion; the house-mother sat with contented face at the spinning-wheel.

When the supper smoked on the board, and the Christ-child brought choicest gifts to Alois, Patrasche, watching always an occasion, glided out when the

door was unlatched by a careless new-comer, and as swiftly as his tired limbs would bear him sped over the snow in the black night. He had only one thought—to follow Nello. A human friend might have paused for the pleasant meal, the cheery warmth, the cosy slumber; but that was not the friendship of Patrasche. He remembered a bygone time, when an old man and a little child had found him sick unto death in the wayside ditch.

The night was wild. The lamps under the wayside crosses were blown out; snow had fallen all the evening; it was now nearly ten; the trail of the boy's footsteps was almost obliterated. It took Patrasche long to find any scent. When at last he found it, it was lost again quickly, recovered, and again lost and again recovered, a hundred times or more.



"I have seen them at last," he cried aloud. "O God, it is enough!"

The trail of Nello's steps went along into Antwerp. It was past midnight when Patrasche traced it into the narrow streets. It was all dark in the town, save where some light gleamed through house-shutters, or some group went homeward with lanterns chanting drinking-songs. The dog had a hard task to retain any hold on the track he followed. But he kept on his way, a gaunt shivering thing, and traced the steps he loved up to the steps of the great cathedral.

The portals of the cathedral were unclosed after the midnight mass. Some heedlessness in the custodians, too eager to go home and feast or sleep, or too drowsy to know whether they turned the keys aright, had left one of the doors unlocked. By that accident the foot-falls Patrasche sought had passed into the building, leaving white marks of snow upon the dark stone floor. By that white thread, frozen as it fell, he was guided through the intense silence, through the immensity of the vaulted space—straight to the chancel, and stretched there upon the stones, he found Nello. He crept up and touched the face of the boy. "Didst thou dream that I should forsake thee? I—a dog?" said that mute caress.

The lad raised himself with a low cry and clasped him close. "Let us lie down and die together," he murmured. "Men have no need of us, and we are all alone." In answer, Patrasche crept closer yet, and laid his head upon the boy's breast; tears stood in his brown sad eyes: not for himself—for himself he was happy. They lay close together in the piercing cold. Under the Rubens they lay, soothed almost into a dreaming slumber by the numbing cold.

Suddenly through the darkness a great white radiance streamed through

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the vastness of the aisles; the moon, that was at her height, had broken through the clouds, the light reflected from the snow without was clear as the light of dawn. It fell through the arches full upon the two pictures, from which the boy on his entrance had flung back the veil: the Elevation and the Descent from the Cross were for one instant visible.

Nello rose to his feet and stretched his arms to them; the tears of a passionate ecstasy glistened on the paleness of his face. "I have seen them at last!" he cried aloud. "O God, it is enough!"

His limbs failed under him, and he sank upon his knees, still gazing upward at the majesty that he adored. For a few brief moments the light illumined the divine visions that had been denied to him so long—light clear and sweet and strong as though it streamed from the throne of Heaven. Then suddenly it passed away: once more a great darkness covered the face of Christ.

The arms of the boy drew close again the body of the dog. "We shall see His face—*there*," he murmured; "and He will not part us, I think."

ON the morrow, by the chancel of the cathedral, the people of Antwerp found them. They were both dead: the cold of the night had frozen into stillness alike the young life and the old. When the Christmas morning broke and the priests came to the temple, they saw them lying thus on the stones together. Above the veils were drawn back from the great visions of Rubens.

As the day grew on there came a hard-featured man who wept as women weep. "I was cruel to the lad," he muttered, "and now I would have made amends—yea, to the half of my substance—and he should have been to me as a son."

There came also, as the day grew, a painter who had fame in the world, and who was liberal of hand and of spirit. "I seek one who should have had the prize yesterday had worth won," he said to the people—"a boy of rare promise and genius. An old wood-cutter on a fallen tree at eventide—that was all his theme. But there was greatness for the future in it. I would fain find him, and take him with me and teach him Art."

And a little child with curling fair hair, sobbing bitterly as she clung to her father's arm, cried aloud, "Oh, Nello! come. We have all ready for thee. The Christ-child's hands are full of gifts, and the old piper will play for us; and the mother says thou shalt stay by the hearth and burn nuts with us all the Noel week long—even to the Feast of the Kings! Oh, Nello, wake and come!"

But the young pale face, turned upward at the light of the great Rubens with a smile upon its mouth, answered them all, "It is too late."

The sweet, sonorous bells went ringing through the frost, and the sunlight shone upon the snow, and the populace trooped through the streets, but Nello and Patrasche no more asked charity at their hands. All they needed now Antwerp gave unbidden.

Death had been more pitiful to them than longer life would have been. It had taken the one in the loyalty of love, and the other in the innocence of faith.

THE DOOR

Love is a proud and gentle thing, a better thing to own	I shall speak to her tho she goes before me into the grave,
Than all of the wide impossible stars over the heavens blown,	And tho I drown in the sea, herself shall laugh upon a wave;
And the little gifts her hand gives are careless given or taken,	And the things that love gives after shall be as they were before,
And tho the whole great world break, the heart of her is not shaken. . . .	For life is only a small house . . . and love is an open door.

—Orrick Johns.

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THE DREAM OF THE OAK TREE

H. C. ANDERSEN

HIGH up on the steep shore, not far from the open seacoast, stood an oak tree. It was just three hundred and sixty-five years old, but that time was to the tree as the same number of days to us. We wake by day and sleep by night; the tree is obliged to keep awake through three seasons of the year, and does not get sleep till winter comes. Winter is its time for rest, its night after the long day of spring, summer, and autumn.

On many a warm summer the flies, that live for only a day, had fluttered about the oak, enjoyed life, and felt happy. If one of the tiny creatures rested on one of his leaves, the tree would always say: "Poor little creature! your whole life consists only of a single day. How very short! It must be quite sad."

"Sad! What do you mean?" the fly would answer. "Everything is so bright, and warm, and beautiful, that it makes me joyous."

"But only for one day, and then it is all over."

"Over!" repeated the fly, "what is the meaning of all over? Are you all over, too?"

"No, I shall likely live for thousands of your days."

"I don't understand. You have thousands of days, but I have thousands of moments. We have the same time to live; only we count differently."

The little creature danced and floated in the air. When the sun sank low it felt tired. Gently and slowly it glided down upon the soft blades of grass, and slept peacefully. The fly was dead.

"Poor little fly!" said the oak, "what a short life!" And so, on every summer day, the same thing was continued through many generations of ephemera.

The oak remained awake through the morning of spring, the noon of summer, and the evening of autumn. Its time of rest, its night, drew nigh—winter was coming. And there stood the oak, stripped of its leaves, left to rest during the whole of a long winter, and to dream many dreams.

The great tree had once been small; indeed, in its cradle it had been an acorn. It was now the largest and best tree in the forest. Its summit towered above all the other trees, and could be seen far out at sea, so that it served as a landmark to the sailors. It had no idea how many eyes looked for it. In its topmost branches the wood pigeon built her nest; in autumn, when the leaves looked like beaten copper plates, the birds of passage would rest upon the branches before taking their flight across the sea.

IT was just Christmas time that the tree dreamed a dream. In his dream he fancied he heard the bells ringing from all the churches round, yet it seemed to him to be a beautiful summer's day. The sunbeams played among the leaves and branches, and the air was full of fragrance from herb and blossom. All that had happened to the tree during every year of his life seemed to pass before him, as in a procession. He saw the knights of olden times and noble ladies ride by on gallant steeds, with plumes waving in their hats and falcons on their wrists. The hunting horn sounded and the dogs barked. He saw warriors, with spear and halberd, pitching their tents. The watchfires blazed, and men sang and slept under the shelter of the tree. He saw lovers meet in quiet happiness in the moonshine and carve the initials of their names in the bark on his trunk. The wood pigeons cooed as if to explain the feelings of the tree, and the cuckoo called out to him.

Then it seemed as if new life was thrilling through every fiber of root and stem and leaf, to the highest branches. The tree felt itself stretching and spreading out, while through the root beneath the earth ran the vigor of life. As he grew higher and still higher, his topmost boughs became broader and fuller; and with it arose a joyous longing to reach even to the bright sun itself. Already had his topmost branches pierced the clouds, which floated beneath them.

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Every leaf seemed as if it possessed eyes to see. The stars became visible in broad daylight, like clear and gentle eyes. They recalled the look in the eyes of a child, or in the eyes of lovers who had met beneath the branches of the old oak.

These were wonderful and happy moments for the old tree; and yet, amid all this happiness, the tree felt a yearning desire that all the other trees, bushes, herbs, and flowers might be able to rise higher, as he had done, and to see all this splendor and know the same happiness. And this feeling of yearning trembled through every branch, through every leaf. The summit of the tree waved to and fro, and bent downward as if in his longing he sought for something. At length his longing was satisfied. Up through the clouds came the green summits of the forest trees, and beneath him the oak saw them rising. Bush and herb shot upward, and some even tore themselves up by the roots to rise more quickly. The birch tree was the quickest of all. The slender stem shot upward in a zigzag line, the branches spreading around it like green banners. Every native of the wood, even to the brown and feathery rushes, came with the rest, while the birds ascended to the melody of song. The air was filled with the sounds of gladness.

"But where is the little blue flower that grows by the water?" asked the oak, "and the purple bell-flower, and the daisy?" You see, the oak wanted to have them all with him.

"Here we are, we are here," sounded in voice and song.

"But the beautiful thyme, where is that? and the lilies-of-the-valley which covered the earth with their bloom? and the wild apple tree with its lovely blossoms, and all the glory of the wood which has flourished year after year?"

"We are here, we are here," sounded voices higher in the air, as if they had flown there beforehand.

"Why, this is beautiful, too beautiful to be believed," said the oak. "I have them all here, both great and small; not one has been forgotten. Can such happiness be imagined? It seems impossible."

"In Heaven with the Eternal God it can be imagined, and it is possible," sounded a reply through the air.

And the old tree, as it still grew upward and onward, felt that his roots were loosening themselves from the earth.

SUCH was the dream of the oak: and while he dreamed a mighty storm was rushing over land and sea, at the holy Christmas time. The sea rolled in great billows toward the shore. There was a crackling and crushing. The root of the oak was torn from the ground just at the moment when in his dream he fancied it was being loosened from the earth. He fell—his three hundred and sixty-five years were passed as the single day of the ephemera.

On the morning of Christmas Day, when the sun rose, the storm had ceased. From all the churches sounded the festive bells, and from every hearth, even of the smallest hut, rose the smoke into the blue sky, like the smoke from the festive thank-offerings on the Druids' altars. The sea gradually became calm, and on board a great ship that had withstood the tempest during the night all the flags were displayed, as a token of festivity. "The tree is down! The old oak—our landmark on the coast!" exclaimed the sailors. "It must have fallen in the storm of last night. Who can replace it? Alas! no one."

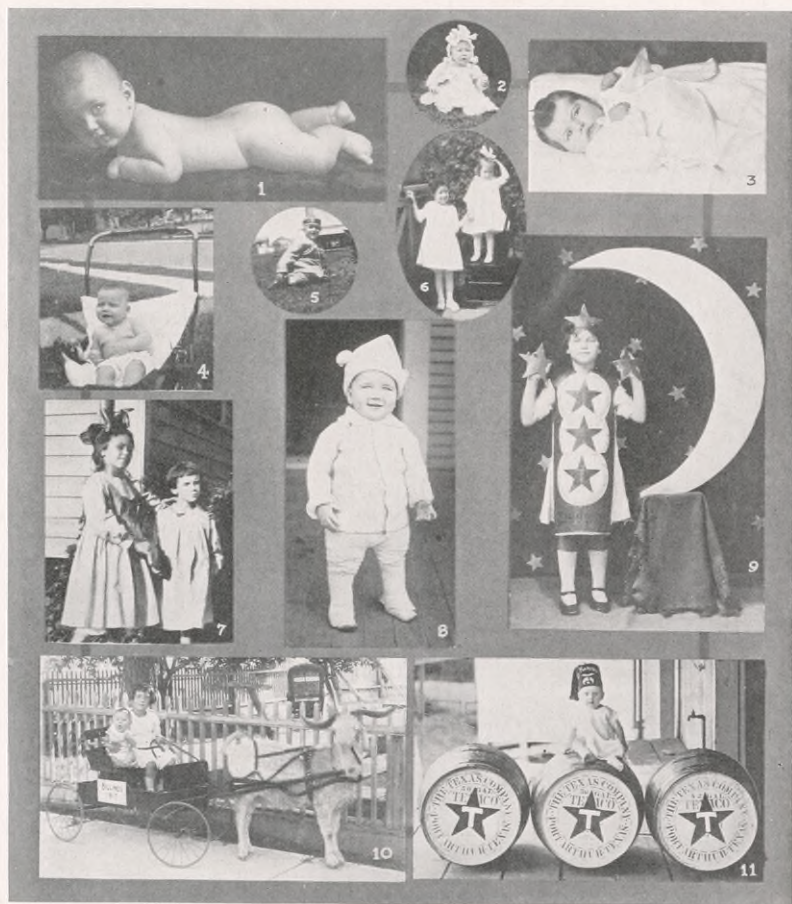
There it lay stretched on the snow-covered shore, and over it sounded the notes of a song from the ship—a song of Christmas joy, and the redemption of the soul of man, and of eternal life:

Sing aloud on this happy morn—
All is fulfilled, for Christ is born;

With songs of joy let us loudly sing
Hallelujahs to Christ our King.

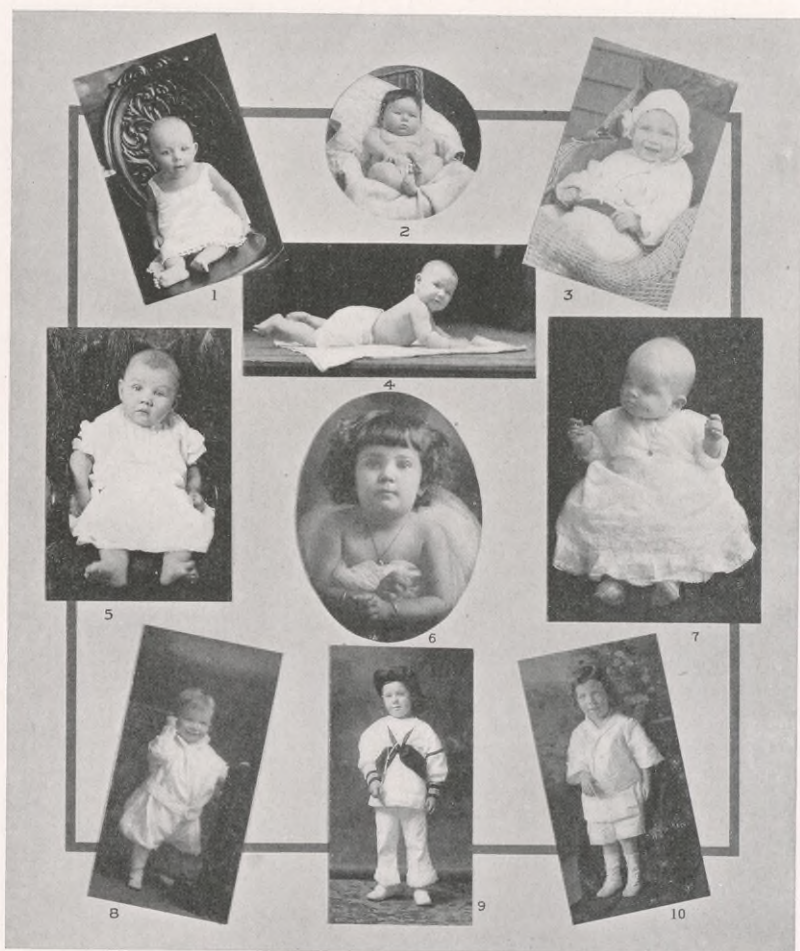
Thus sounded the old Christmas carol, and everyone on board the ship felt his thoughts elevated, through the song and the prayer, even as the old tree had felt lifted up in its last, its beautiful dream on that Christmas morn.

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TEXACO BABIES—1. Kathryn, at 7 mos., daughter of Salesman P. H. Burger, Houston, Texas, winner of bronze medal and 2nd highest score (98%) in baby show at Houston Woman's Fair: height 26½ inches; weight 18½ lbs.; circumference of head 17¼ inches; circumf. of chest 17½ in.; circumf. of abdomen 18 in.; diameter of chest 4½ in.; lateral diam. of chest 5½ in.; length of arm 10 in.; length of leg 11 in. 2. Marion (8 mos.), daughter of Agent G. W. Horton, Galveston, Texas. 3. Betty Jane (3 weeks), daughter of Salesman L. R. E. Renn, Chicago, Ill. 4. Gordon Bursleson (5 mos.), son of Agent R. B. Satterlee, Ft. Smith, Ark. 5. Virginia (4 yrs. 5 mos.), daughter of C. R. Raup, Foreman in car repair shop, P. A. Works. 6. Ruth Elizabeth (6 yrs.), and Elsie Louise (3 yrs.), children of T. W. Driver C. E. Beemer, Lynchburg, Va. 7. Louise E. (10 yrs.) and Herschell C. (7 yrs.), children of Engineer Salesman Wm. G. Harvey, Savannah, Ga. 8. Frank Jr. (13 mos.), son of E. F. Hall, elevator man, The Texas Company Building, Houston. 9. Grealther Smith (8 yrs.), daughter of Construction Foreman W. C. Smith, Dublin, Ga. 10. Dorothy (6 yrs.), and Margaret (5 mos.) children of Cashier H. LaBrant, Billings, Mont. 11. T. L. Jr. (8 mos.), son of Lubrication Engineer T. L. (Red) Downs, New Orleans, La.

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TEXACO BABIES—1. Jay Earl, at 6 mos., born Dec. 18, 1916, son of Jay Whelpley, pumper in Filter Plant, P. A. Works. 2. Ruth Alberta (15 weeks), daughter of Agent F. L. Richardson, Desplaines, Ill. 3. Kerr Neville (6 mos.), son of Agent J. N. Rea, Sterling, Colo. 4. Maye Agnes (7 mos.), daughter of Cashier W. L. McMeans, Montgomery, Ala. 5. Joe D., Jr. (3 mos., 17 lbs.), son of Agent J. D. Bennett, Ada, Okla. 6. Florence Elizabeth (2½ yrs.), daughter of Clerk and Cashier E. F. Bowman, Birmingham F. S. No. 2. 7. Mary Virginia (8 mos.), daughter of J. A. Brownell, in Vice Pres. G. L. Noble's office. 8. Angus McAllister (1 yr.), son of Gen'l Clerk D. R. Morton, Chicago Dist. Off. 9. H. E., Jr. (3½ yrs.), son of Agent H. E. Horlock, Navasota, Texas. 10. Edwin William (2½ yrs.), son of Edward Raup, Cooper, New Orleans Station.

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The pictures of Texaco babies shown this month have been accumulating for some time, as space has not been available in the regular issues to print all as they have come in. These are charming specimens well calculated to "encourage the others," and we wish it were practicable in the future to show the fair faces of the blessed little ones without restriction. But it has been decided by authority that, as it will not be possible to show currently all that are sent in, the only fair course, beginning with January 1918, will be to discontinue them entirely except in the Christmas number of each year.

Speaking of babies, let me advise every man and woman, young or old, to read "*One Year of Pierrot*," a wonderful book—which may be had for \$1.50 of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. It is a masterpiece, a vital presentation of babyhood without a false note in it. No one could read the simple chronicle unmoved by its shortness, yet it is a happy book—and that this is so, is one of the deepest lessons to be got from it. If there is anything else touching the subject, in all literature, of equal directness and power, I do not know it. The name of the author is not given; but it is a book that will live, unforgettable by anyone who really reads it. And of those who do read it attentively, all except the thoroughly dulled or perverted will remember it as an illuminating experience, appealing to every profound sense of truth and beauty and natural values that has remained alive within their souls. Read "*One Year of Pierrot*."

BEING A MOTHER

Today I've been a minister,
For at my knee there knelt
Two weary little penitents
Who discord's sting had felt.
And so they had come there to pray
That they might be forgiven,—
I think the angels sweetly smiled
When that prayer rose to heaven.

Today I've been a doctor,
And oh! the need was great,
Upon a tiny militante
I was called in haste to wait.
A bruised knee required my skill,
And then—so very sweet!—
A dozen kisses must be given
Ere the cure was complete.

Today I've been a court-room judge
So very stern and wise,
A veritable Portia
So great was my disguise.

I listened sternly, carefully,
And then, I gave to each
A tiny, round, pink-frosted cake,
A luscious sun-kissed peach.

Today I've been a mother,
Minister-doctor-judge,
A busy home-professional,
The pitted "household drudge."
And yet, as I review the day
It always seems to me
Of all earth's happy laborers
The happiest are we!

—Zoe Kincaid Brockman.

OUR OWNS

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But—we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart would cease!
How many come forth in the morning
Who never go home at night,
And hearts have been broken for harsh words spoken
That sorrow can me'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lip with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster

"Nobody ever added up
The value of a smile:
We know how much a dollar's worth,
And how much is a mile;
We know the distance to the sun,
The size and weight of earth,
But no one here can tell us just
How much a smile is worth."

"I do wish," observed Mildred, "that Santa Claus had brought me a new doll for Christmas."
"But your old doll," her mother answered, "is as good as ever."
"So am I as good as ever," the little girl retorted,
"but the doctor brought you a new baby."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Now, my son," said the conscientious father,
"tell me why I punished you."
"That's it," blubbered the boy indignantly.
"First you pounded the life out of me, an' now you don't know what you done it for."

AN EXCEPTION

It's a poor rule, they say, that won't work either way,
But there's one now and then that just can't, it
is clear:
From Christmas to New Year is only a week,
But from New Year to Christmas is nearly a year.

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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.

Refining Dept.	C. K. Longaker, Houston
Natural Gas Dept.	D. P. Harrington, Fort Worth
Fuel Oil Dept.	E. B. Joyner, Houston
Railway Sales Dept.	E. B. Joyner, Houston
Marine Dept.	Wesley McKee, Port Arthur
Legal Dept.	A. R. Weber, New York
Treasury Dept.	J. S. Ballard, Houston
Comptroller's Dept.	Lee Dawson, Houston
Sales Dept., S. Territory	B. E. Emerson, Houston
Sales Dept., N. Territory	P. A. Masterson, New York
Export Dept.	M. G. Jones, Houston
Purchasing Dept.	S. Slattery, New York
Railway Traffic Dept.	J. B. Nielsen, New York
Pipe Lines	J. E. Byrne, New York
Producers	J. T. Rankin, Houston
	J. W. Painter, Houston
	A. M. Donoghue, Houston
	Delbert Leggett, Houston

On Saturday night, Dec. 1, a party of 35 sportsmen from the Houston offices of all departments, including some of the highest officials of the Company, with two army officers and one enlisted man from Camp Logan, had a coon and 'possum hunt in the bottom timber of Cypress Bayou. The automobiles rendezvoused before sunset at J. W. Skains's little ranch, about 12 miles from town, where all enjoyed his hospitality in the form of barbecued meat, sweet potatoes, and other good things, with plenty of coffee—the beverage best suited to keep men going all night long if need be. After this repast the motor cars took the company about 10 miles further to a point at the edge of the timber. The dogs were started perhaps a little too early, as hours were spent treeing wildcats that had escaped by way of adjacent trees before the hunters could reach the dogs and agile tree-climbers could prove that the dogs had thus been fooled by the cat. A bright moonlight kept the coons from walking, according to the wood-lore of the experienced; but long after midnight the chase was rewarded by the capture of two 'possums. One of these, which was taken from the dogs uninjured after being knocked out of a persimmon tree, was given to one of the officer guests and by him taken to his camp to be a mascot for his company. If the coons came out in the dark of the morning, they were probably disappointed in the scant crop of persimmons on several trees

and looked grudgingly at the skins and seeds left by the gang of two-legged intruders. Everybody got home before dawn, tired, perhaps, but with memories of agreeable companionship in the moon-lit glades of a primeval forest.

REFINING DEPT. St. C. B. Byrne, who has been at Kerrville, Texas, for several months to regain his health, says in a welcome letter of Nov. 24:

I believe a *Texaco Star* would keep me from getting so homesick; I have not seen one since the July issue. I am doing splendidly and hope to return the latter part of next month.

H. L. Minton, formerly chemist at P. A. Works, has been commissioned 1st Lieut. in the Signal Corps.

The Texaco Athletic Association of Port Arthur Works has organized a Soccer Team, managed by E. G. Rathbone. The team is uniformed at the expense of the association. Several other teams have been organized at Port Arthur, and a schedule of games is expected.

Appointments and changes:

F. W. Hall, Chemist in P. A. Works Lab.
 Max F. DeBajlithy, from P. A. Laboratory to take charge of the Charleston Terminal Lab.
 F. H. Gallagher, in Cost department.
 J. D. Tolir and Miss Helen Gunn, gen'l office.
 Miss Margaret Stulting, comptometer operator, H. B. Marion, resigned, gone to Cheyenne, Wyo.
 J. J. Schwartz, resigned to be stenographer in office of Chief of Signal Corps at Washington, D. C.

J. L. Compton, yard foreman in Case and Package Division at Port Arthur, is the proud father of a baby girl, born Nov. 21.

On the evening of Oct. 29 the boys at Morgan City Shook Mill gave a dinner in honor of J. R. Harned and C. H. Monroe, about to depart—Mr. Harned to Mexico and Mr. Monroe to enter the Aviation Corps. The big table was spread with one of Aunt Hettie's famous dinners, and Mr. Harned was presented with a diamond Elk Pin and Mr. Monroe with gold sleeve buttons. After dinner all gathered in the large garage and three gentlemen from the North, Messrs. Carroll, Oslin, and Cook, of Globe Automatic Sprinkler Co., were initiated into the art of badger fighting as practiced in the Texaco Way. Mr. Oslin officiated, and the fight was between Steno Hannen's undefeated badger "Texaco Kid" and Dr. Gavelles' no less famous bull dog "Bounce." There being some doubt as to which animal won, all bets were withdrawn and it was called a draw.

Appointments and resignations:

E. J. Wilson, formerly with G. C. & S. F. Ry., and M. Escoubas, formerly with Gulf Coast R. R., have entered the employ of The Texas Company, Case and Package Division.

J. J. O'Loughlin, formerly with American Cyanamid Co., has joined the engineering force.

J. O. Sweeney, stenographer, enlisted as yeoman, second class, in U. S. Reserves.

Cecil R. Rix, stenographer, resigned to become superintendent of schools at Lamesa, Texas.

TEXACO STAR

J. H. Stevens, from Cost dep't at Port Arthur to acting Chief Clerk at Morgan City Shook Mill.

J. R. Harned, from Chief Clerk at Shook Mill to Tampico.

C. H. Monroe, Cost Clerk, Aviation Corps.

WATER SHIPMENTS BY THE TEXAS COMPANY FROM PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS, MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1917

Refined—Coastwise..... 664,624 bbls.

Refined—Export..... 329,617 bbls.

Total..... 994,240 bbls.

Port Neches.—With the hope that the *Texaco Star* will reach all the donors, we desire to take this means of expressing our sincere appreciation for the handsome chest of silver recently presented to us and telling our friends we feel very grateful to them for their good wishes. This gift appears to have been engineered by Mr. B. E. Hull and Mr. E. O. Smith, and we wish to thank them for selecting so useful and lasting a present.

Ruth Hawkins—Clemant C. Hawkins.

Changes at Charleston Terminal:

M. F. DeBajliethy, transferred from Port Arthur, is in charge of the Laboratory, succeeding J. M. Root resigned.

M. S. Bennett, stenographer, succeeding W. H. Smith resigned.

A plan has been adopted to show the boys from the New York offices of the Terminal Division, who are, or expect soon to be, Over There, that we are with them. A club was formed in which every member of the office force donates a small amount monthly, for the purpose of sending a package each month to every one of our fighting boys. The committee of five who are to purchase and forward these gifts have already sent the Christmas packages containing useful articles and "goodies." One member of the committee has been appointed to carry on correspondence. The girls have agreed to knit sweaters, the yarn to be purchased from the monthly dues, and magazines will be forwarded regularly.

We extend sympathy to A. B. Cox and J. B. Currie, Jr. for the death of their fathers who died at Olean, N. Y. on the same day. Many floral offerings were sent from the Division offices.

Events at Delaware Riv. Terminal:

C. J. Singleton, stillman, tr. to Port Neches.

H. M. Day, resigned to be stenographer to Gen'l Sup't Erie R. R., West. We wish Hobart success.

Miss Jean Hollywood, Miss Gertrude Maher, and Mrs. Dorothy Brizendine, new stenographers.

R. S. Green, formerly in charge of Stock department, was the first to be called from our office force for military service. On his departure he was pre-

sented with a military set and wrist watch. He is now in Co. C, 316th Inf. at Camp Mead, Md. We are sure he would be glad to hear from his friends.

J. E. Blake, civil engineer at this Terminal, enlisted for military service and departed Nov. 15. At the conclusion of a fitting speech by Sup't Nester, Mr. Blake was presented with a wrist watch, U. S. service set, and some packets of his favorite smokes. He is in the 26th Eng'rs, Camp Dix, N. J.

James Irvin, formerly in our Compounding plant, now seaman in U. S. N., recently made us a very pleasant and interesting visit.

Roy J. Croghan is seriously ill. We extend sympathy and hopes for a speedy recovery.

John and William McLaughlin, W. Vernon, and Edward Palmer are out after bears on their annual hunt in the mountains of the Western part of the State. From the weather conditions, they had high hopes of making this their record year.

The Bayonne Laboratory is preparing a joint letter to our boys in France. They recently received a card from former chemist G. A. Fensterer who is now with the American Expeditionary Forces.

We have been wondering why Wilbur J. Boehm has been looking so happy lately, but find out, just as these items must be mailed, that he is to be married on Thanksgiving Day to Miss Marie Keimig of Elizabeth, N. J. Best of luck to Smiling Bill.

We are sorry to report that W. H. Trainor's 8-months-old daughter died Nov. 15.

Appointments and changes:

A. D. Jack, in charge of Felt Plant operation.

G. R. Torborg, from Norfolk Term. to Bayonne in connection with work on the new pier.

Added to Laboratory force: L. G. Howden, F. Rosenteil, J. Wunderlin, E. Brennan, J. Joyce.

C. J. Keenan, from stenographer to Efficiency



Bayonne Terminal Foremen—Top row (left to right): F. J. Coykendall, Geo. Carr, T. E. Simpson, J. M. Humphrey, T. Miller.

2nd row: A. D. Jack, John Brehm, E. Holton, M. J. Doyle, S. Kornett.

Bottom row: M. Halpern, S. Hallager, H. M. Herron, Ass't Sup't, F. Kiesel, A. Bender, F. Brown.

TEXACO STAR



Bayonne Terminal Office Force—Top row (left to right): Howard Ford, Harry Ross, E. Hagemester, W. J. Boehm, J. Stopf, Willie Piercey, F. Jensen, L. Nalitsky, A. Anderson, F. E. Birdsall, J. Hart, H. J. MacDonald, H. E. Slocum.

2nd row: George Elliott, T. Hogan, W. J. Morey, J. A. Smith, C. J. Keenan, F. H. Mitchell, F. Tillou, P. G. Teschner, A. E. Ford, J. F. Sheeran, H. J. Walker, H. Reilly.

3rd row: H. C. Ross, Marie Braud, Grace MacBride, Margaret C. Donnelly, F. L. Muckey, Chief Clerk, Superintendent A. E. Manley, Ass't Superintendent H. M. Herron, Ruth Coykendall, Shirley S. Frank, Ethel Consaul, Josephine Richards.

Bottom row: A. E. Beste, M. J. Gilsenan, L. A. White, F. V. Snyder, G. Grant.

Clerk, *vice* V. C. Brennar resigned to take a responsible position with another company in Bayonne.

Dr. A. S. Musselman, resigned from Laboratory force.

L. G. Bean, Bulk Oil Foreman, Providence Terminal, enlisted in U. S. Navy.



SALES DEPT.
S. TERRITORY
Houston District.—We announce with pleasure the recent birth of Nora Olive, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. LaTouche. Mr. LaTouche is a clerk in Dist. Office.

Somewhere in France, Oct. 12, 1917.

Mr. E. A. Rulfs,
The Texas Company, Houston, Tex.

Dear Mr. Rulfs:

I would like very much to relate my experiences since leaving Atlanta, but it is not permissible to write anything relative to the condition, movements, *etc.*, of troops. I might say that Uncle Sam's soldiers in France look mighty good, and it is not going to be so very long until Kaiser Bill realizes that he has had a good licking.

A few days ago I was at the Supply Depot and, much to my pleasure, one of the first things I saw was a good supply of Texaco oils. I felt almost at home standing among stacks of 2-5 cases. I'll admit I was homesick and wished I was back home getting out reports, *etc.*

I know you are a busy man, but sometime I wish you would write me, addressing care Medical Dept., 17th Engineers (Railway), American Expeditionary Forces in France, *via* New York, N. Y. Haven't seen a *Texaco Star* since leaving the States; if it is not asking too much, wish you would re-enter my name on the mailing list.

With every good wish for a continuance of your success and that of the Company, sincerely,

Your friend,
C. S. Adams.

TEXACO STAR



View in The Texas Company Building, State Fair, Dallas, Texas, Oct. 13-28, 1917.

This photograph was taken from the left-hand main entrance, as one enters the building. A similar view from the right-hand entrance would show another barrel with glass tube for a "Bubble Device" placed symmetrically with the one here shown, and an Oil Derrick pumping oil into two field tanks on a table set symmetrically with the table appearing at the left in this picture. The device on the table here seen, nicknamed "Sandy Andy," was contrived to display an application of Crater Compound to reduction gears connecting motor with driving shaft, in which Crater Compound did its work unaffected by sand blowing from miniature conveyors. Three display pyramids are not shown, one in each of the front corners of the building and one against the front wall separating the two main entrances. The triangular center table was used for distributing Texwax and literature concerning Texwax, Liquid Wax Dressing, and Home Lubricant. The pyramid shown in the background at the right displayed Motor Oils exclusively, and that at the left our Specialty Oils. Rolls of Texaco Roofing were set around the walls, also 2-5 cases (some export) upon which our lithographed cans were displayed. Back of "Sandy Andy," on the wall, was placed a large Texaco Filling Station Sign.

Appointments and transfers:

A. A. Dupuis, Sales Clerk, to succeed R. J. Williams transferred to bookkeeping.

G. McK. Douglas, from bookkeeper to Equipment desk, *vice* J. B. Longino resigned.

W. E. Wehmeyer, Clerk in Dist. Off., resigned to go to California.

Dallas District.—The Dallas District was especially proud of its Exhibit at the State Fair this year. We think it was decidedly the best one we ever had, and we feel very grateful to Arthur Lefevre, Jr.

for his untiring efforts in the design and management of it; it is our wish that he be assigned to this duty permanently.

We feel that congratulations are due our entire force of salesmen for their faithful services and the number of substantial orders secured during the Fair.

Appointments and changes:

Thomas Abraham, Chief Accountant, *vice* T. E. Goodwin appointed Traveling Agent.

B. T. Duncan, Salesman, from Waco to Lubbock, *vice* J. F. Winters transferred to Dist. Off.

TEXACO STAR



J. Norwood Parrott, 2nd Lieut. Inf., U. S. R. Lieut. Parrott was a bookkeeper in the Dallas Dist. Off.; he was a member of the first training camp at Leon Springs, where he received his rank and was appointed one of 116 young men from that Camp to go direct to France. We are proud of young Parrott; he is a real man, of more than ordinary ability.

We regret to give up our faithful and efficient Engineer Salesman J. N. Prewitt, transferred to Oklahoma District.

We welcome to the Texaco family new Agents: L. Sparkman, Amarillo; H. L. Wallace, Cleburne; E. J. House, Kaufman; G. C. Sharbutt, Hubbard.

Oklahoma District.—The District Office has a new home and we cordially invite all friends to visit us and look it over. We are in the Mercantile Building, 4th floor, the third block on West Main Street.

On Oct. 18 a little visitor arrived at the home of Walter Dattner and wife, whom they have named Elizabeth Roberts. The entire District Office will watch with interest this little lady's growth.

Appointments and changes:

T. E. Meece, Gen'l Ass't Okla. Dist., vice E. H. Browder transferred to other duties.

G. O. Ward, billing machine operator, vice L. McAfee resigned.

O. W. FauntLeRoy, Sales Clerk, transferred from Ada Station.

H. W. Watkins, clerk and cashier Okla. City F. S. No. 1, vice P. R. Finch resigned.

Chas. Apel, from Agent at Altus to Agent at Henryetta, vice Arch Thompson resigned.

F. A. Affleck, from Agent at Hugo, Okla. to Agent at Camden, Ark.

C. E. Stell, from stake wagon driver to Agent Hugo Station.

B. G. Mew, Agent at Ft. Smith, Ark., vice R. B. Satterlee, tr. to Salesman in Ft. Smith territory.

J. O. Davis, Agent at Pine Bluff, Ark., vice A. L. Tanksley resigned.

C. E. McAllister, from Agent at Camden, Ark. to Salesman in Tulsa territory.

O. J. Brown, clerk at Woodward Station, vice C. Homer resigned.

J. H. Miller, from McAlester to Tulsa as 2nd ass't warehouseman.

Denver District.—Agent J. W. Huff of Victor, Colo. has returned from Rochester, Minn. and reports a successful operation on his father in that city.

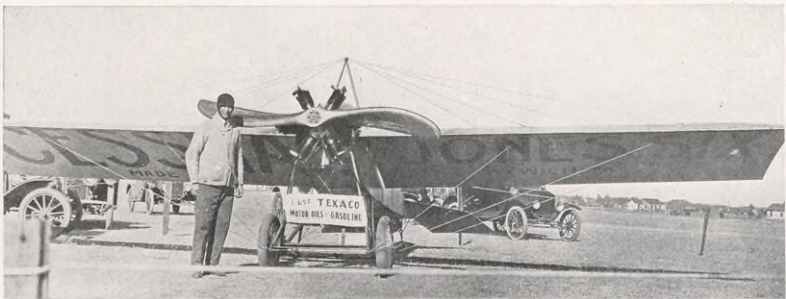
Agent R. B. Jones has returned to Limon, Colo. from the funeral of his father in Wisconsin. We extend our sympathy.

We are sorry to report the death of P. A. Youngerman, formerly of Chicago District, who had been only for a short time employed at Denver F. S. No. 1.

Appointments etc:



Former Agent J. H. Shapard, of Douglas, Ariz., now in 38th Company, 164 Depot Brigade, Camp Funston, Kas.



Sesna and his aeroplane at Garfield County Fair—He used Texaco Motor Oil E. H. and Texaco Gasoline—He said his car never missed a shot

TEXACO STAR

Mrs. M. E. Fitzmaurice, stenographer, transferred from N. Y. Off. of N. Terminals Division.
Miss Edith Fairchild, telephone operator.

E. L. Heathman, Agent at Burns, Wyo., vice his brother F. T. Heathman drafted for military service.

S. A. Wood, Agent at Deer Trail, Colo., vice J. A. Davis.

J. C. Griffith, from Lub. Clerk Dist. Off. to T. W. Salesman in Denver.

Ray Keeble has returned to the fold as T. W. Driver at Butte, Mont.

SALES DEPT. The Advertising Division, although small numerically, has a goodly portion of its members in military service. Three of our young men are in three different



K. M. Leider who has made many cover designs for the "Texaco Star"

branches of the Service: K. M. Leider, the artist who has designed a number of the recent *Texaco Star* covers, is now at Camp Gordon, Ga., but probably will soon be at the Western Front in the Camouflage Division, where his talents will be most useful; F. W. Lyke is on a submarine chaser; and Walter Micelle is with the Railroad Artillery.

Former Manager of Lubricating Division W. F. Parish was requisitioned by the Government and is now in the Signal Corps, Equipment Division, Specification Section, with headquarters at Washington, doing important work in connection with the lubricating problems of that Department.

Mr. Parish's wide experience in the general development of lubricating oil, both in this country and Europe, enables him to render valuable service to the Government. In his absence, his work will be handled by G. R. Rowland, Supervising Engineer.

New York District.—Between 7 a. m. and 5 p. m. on Friday, Nov. 16, Driver John H. Leadley, Ford Car 2874, a 150-gal. unit, delivered 2,550 gals. kerosene:



C. F. Massey, Warehouseman at Huntsville, Ala., now on U. S. S. "Missouri"



T. J. Simmons, formerly Tank Wagon Driver at Jackson, Miss., now at Naval Training Station, San Diego, California

this looks like a record, but we would like to hear from others.

W. W. Bauer has been Agent at Port Jervis, N. Y. for 2½ years, and every account has been collected with no money lost since he took charge. If this record has an equal we would like to hear of it.

Appointments and transfers:

Robert H. Lahy, Jr., Agent at Patchogue, L. I.

Arthur M. Kohl, Agent at Portchester, N. Y.

W. M. Tyson, Agent at New Rochelle-Pelham Manor, N. Y.

E. M. Rogers, from Agent at Patchogue to Salesman in L. I. Territory.

S. J. Grant, Salesman Herkimer Ter. vice W. S. Chamberlin transferred to Albany Ter.

J. F. Nelson, Salesman Stamford Territory.

T. L. Cochrane, from chauffeur at Newburgh, N. Y., to Salesman in Newburgh Territory.

L. M. Heckscher, W. M. Tyler, Robt. A. Goodwin, Salesmen in Metropolitan Territory vice H. W. Nickel, S. E. DeVoe resigned.

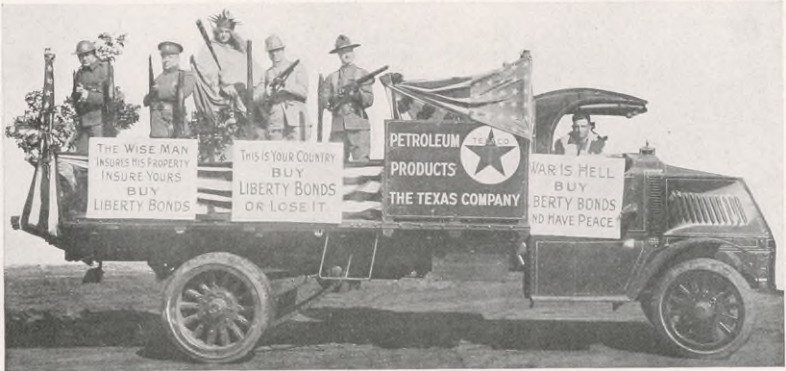
Boston District.—The Texas Company's Service Flag displayed at Commonwealth-Beacon Filling Station has 36 stars.

Four men from the District Office are now in France: D. A. Kurriss, E. G. Brady, Victor Reed, "Dick" Hampton.

Frank R. Lill, former Traveling Auditor, now a member of "Boston's Own" 301st Reg't. Camp Devens, Mass., recently made a pleasant call at the District Office.

B. L. McMahon, Agent Southampton

TEXACO STAR



Automobile Float (from Long Island City) in the Liberty Loan Parade in New York on Oct. 25—"Liberty" was impersonated by Geo. A. Crawford, Ass't Representative in Metropolitan District. The soldiers (from left to right) are salesmen G. G. Gallico, Geo. Dusenberry, M. J. Ryan, and R. H. Cromwell, representing respectively an English, a Russian, a French, and a U. S. soldier

St. F. S., Boston, and Miss Helen Spellman of Arlington, Mass., were married on Nov. 6 at Arlington. Congratulations and best wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Amesbury of Gardiner, Me., announce the engagement of their daughter Helen P. to Bradford Haines White of Melrose, Mass. Mr. White is in charge of Office supplies.

Doc Haden and Bill Murdy, Chief Accountant and Chief Clerk in the Accounting office, are viewing the approach of their first Massachusetts winter with some apprehension. Jack Morrison claims that a little thing like a New England winter doesn't worry him any more, and George Beaton was under the same impression, but since the latter's transfer to Traveling Accountant we have a hunch that he will revise his opinion before spring. If anything happens to our first mentioned friends this winter, such as "frostbite," etc., we will let their Southern friends in on the secret.

Appointments and transfers:

L. S. Wood, Agent at Hyde Park, Mass.

R. T. Benham, Agent at Fairhaven East, Conn., *vice* M. McKenzie transferred.

C. A. Page, Agent at Providence, R. I., *vice* W. A. Houston transferred to District Supervisor of Equipment.

E. W. Slack, from Ass't Agent Commonwealth-Beacon F. S. to Agent at Massachusetts-Albany F. S., Boston, *vice* Samuel Gauer resigned.

Geo. N. Beaton, Jr., from Chief Clerk to J. H. Morrison, Dist. Off., to Traveling Accountant.

M. Ogden, from handling real estate in Boston District to F. D. Gatchell's office in New York.

Norfolk District.—Rapid progress is being made on the new office building and we expect to be in our new quarters by Jan. 1.

R. A. Williams of the Accounting office, enlisted some time ago in the U. S. N. R. F. with rating of Machinist Mate second class, was called to duty Nov. 26.

E. H. Oakley has received a commission as Captain in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. On Nov. 19 he began a five-weeks course of special studies at the University of Texas.

Sup't Williar Thompson, who was taken ill while visiting Stations in Norfolk District during the latter part of October, is recuperating and we hope he will soon be with us again.

We had an exhibit at "The Fair of the Carolinas" in Charlotte, N. C., which was a good one from an advertising standpoint.

The Norfolk District is proud to report that we are leading all of the Districts in the Northern Territory in the Motor Oil Contest now being conducted. As long as we are in the lead, if the editor will spare us the space, we will keep all readers of the *Texaco Star* posted.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Smith announces the marriage of her daughter Virginia Louise

to

Mr. John Adams Guess, Jr. on Thursday, November the twenty-ninth nineteen hundred and seventeen at Norfolk, Virginia

Miss Smith is the good-natured "hello" girl in Dist. Off. Here's hoping her successor will give us as good service as she did.

TEXACO STAR

Mrs. Joseph Holloman Fulham
announces the marriage of her daughter
Minnie Virginia

to
Mr. Frank Tunis Beazley
on Saturday, November seventeenth
one thousand nine hundred and seventeen
Norfolk, Virginia

Agent V. T. Bargamin of Greensboro, N. C., is to be married Nov. 24, but we do not yet know the name of the lucky girl.

Appointments and changes:

J. Warren Thompson, General Assistant in Norfolk District, succeeding E. H. Oakley, now Captain in the Signal Corps of the Army.

L. T. Somwalt, J. S. Foster, S. J. Williams, Jr., clerks in District Office.

Frank A. Gunter, Clerk and Cashier at Raleigh, N. C., vice F. B. Irwin resigned.

Frank J. Ashley, Clerk and Cashier at Danville, Va., vice Opal B. Harris resigned.

D. L. Keys, Chief Engineer of Norfolk District, vice H. W. Salbador transferred to G. R. Rowland's staff at New York.



Agent H. B. Jordan of Roanoke, Va., calling on the Manager of Bedford Motor Car Co., Mr. Walker, who is considered one of Virginia's liveliest wires in the garage business—Mr. Walker is adding to his garage although the space now occupied by him is large and on both sides of the street

Chicago District.—We were very sorry to receive a telegram on Nov. 13 from Sup't R. E. Armstrong at Denver, informing us of the death of Paul Youngerman. Mr. Youngerman for several years drove a tank wagon in Chicago; owing to poor health he was transferred last summer to the Denver District. The remains were brought to Chicago for burial. Mr. Youngerman leaves a wife and daughter, to whom we extend heartfelt sympathy.

S. B. Wright is all smiles because the good stork brought to his house on Oct. 26 an 8-pound baby boy. No wonder!

Howard M. Johnson and Miss Esther Heffron were joined in wedlock on Nov. 16.

A three-piece silver tea set was presented to the young couple by the Sales Dept't.

Appointments and changes:

Chester T. Norman and John F. Browne, Clerks in Accounting department.

Lester Van Wessen, office boy, Chicago, vice Frank Van Es transferred to Archer-Pitney Station.

F. D. Hiller, Jr., Paul Hickman, and J. A. McGrath, St. Louis Salesmen.

G. W. Hayes, Salesman, Detroit, resigned.

R. B. Petrie, transferred to Philadelphia. We understand that Engineer Petrie has since been requisitioned by the Government.



Salesman Eddie Wansbro and his little red Ford—Eddie is 'cleaning up' the Hoosier trade

EXPORT DEPT.

A cable announcing his safe arrival in France was received on Nov. 12 from Henri I. Grandgerard. Mr. Grandgerard was formerly Chief Clerk in the Domestic Lubricating Division, and has been transferred to our Paris Office.

J. J. Simon, our resident engineer in Shanghai, China, recently returned from a

business visit to Philippine Islands.

O. Guelcher, Traveling Auditor, is making an audit of the San Domingo District.

C. G. Romans, Traveling Aud., is making an audit of the Porto Rico Dist.

P. P. Demers has joined the South Amer-



Ed Gaynor (at the left) formerly of the Coding Division of the Export Department, with two of his pals at Camp Wadsworth—They don't look downhearted.

TEXACO STAR

ican Division; R. T. McCoy and Wm. Yorgensen have joined the Asiatic Division; Meeker H. Smith, Wm. J. Tubridy, and Geo. A. Thone have joined the Accounting Division.

R. L. McNamara has entered the U. S. Navy as 2nd class yeoman.



Garage of Messrs. Borrell y Fernandez, Havana, Cuba—This enterprising firm handles Texaco Motor Oils, as is evidenced by the publicity they have given our products on the front of their building



A "horseless" truck used in Havana by our Cuban Branch—The building shown is the Office of The Texas Company (South American) Ltd.

PIPE LINES

On November 21, the automobile in which P. J. Code and Ben O'Donnell were returning from Shreveport to Mansfield was struck by a street car, Pete Code being instantly killed and O'Donnell injured. Mr. Code's remains were shipped to Chicago, where he had relatives living, for burial. Pete Code was well known in the oil country; he was located at Saratoga, Texas, during the oil boom at that place.

Recently there was born at the home of R. B. McLaughlin, an 11-lb. (we take his word for it) baby boy. This makes two girls and one boy for Ralph.

F. A. Hale who for several years has been in charge of the Sour Lake Machine Shop and Warehouse has been transferred to take charge of the Pipe Line Warehouse in Houston, being assisted by Jim Charlton.

S. K. Lloyd and Kenneth P. Hedges have been added to the Houston office force, the former as stenographer, the latter on oil stocks.

T. T. Co. of Mexico, Nov. 21.—Inquiries concerning passport regulations and the strenuous industry exhibited in some quarters hint of hopes for holiday vacations.

T. N. Dawson has been transferred from Houston to Tampico.

David Bravo, of New York, has been added to the accounting force.

H. L. Somerville has arrived from Houston, and J. N. Barinau and J. R. Harned from Port Arthur. Henry Beslin has returned from a vacation in the States.

Sup't Kincheoloe of the Producing Dep't is absent in the U. S.

The weather has been good for fishing, and it is reported that Herndon, Bell, Wilcox, and Co. have materially relieved the food stringency.

Because of lack of space it has been necessary to postpone to next month some interesting reading items and a number of pictures received for *Departmental News*.



"Join the Red Cross. All you need is a heart and a Dollar."

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.

MANAGEMENT How to Handle Night Shifts—Based on the Experiences of Over 40 Executives—*Factory*, Oct. 1917.

COMPROLLER Comparison of Appraisal Methods, by Allen F. Brewer—*Industrial Management*, Nov. 1917.

Fundamentals of Industrial Appraisal, by Charles W. McKay—*Ibid.*, Nov. 1917.

PRODUCING Concrete Tanks Conserve Oil in Storage—*National Petroleum News*, Nov. 1917.

NATURAL GAS Rates—An Important Factor, by Leslie B. Denning—*Natural Gas and Gasoline*, Oct. 1917.

A comprehensive discussion before meeting of Natural Gas Association of America.

Manufacture of Gasoline from Naturals, by J. C. McDowell—*Manufacturers' News*, Oct. 18, 1917.

EXPORT Where to Look for New Markets, II—A \$500,000,000 Field, by Elmer R. Murphy—*System*, Nov. 1917.

SALES Illuminated Stations Pull Night Business—*National Petroleum News*, Nov. 1917.

ADVERTISING Getting Unusual Truths Across in Advertising—*Judicious Advertising*, Sept. 1917.

SAFETY AND SANITATION Turnover of Labor in Relation to Accidents, by A. P. Costigan—*Manufacturers' News*, Sept. 13, 1917.

The Fight Against Fire—Keep It Up, by Franklin H. Wentworth—*Ibid.*, Oct. 11, 1917.

GENERAL Petroleum ???, by A. C. Bedford—*The Nation's Business*, Oct. 1917.

Address by A. C. Bedford before Western Petroleum Refiners' Association, Oct. 2, 1917—*Oildom*, Nov. 1917.

For Better Business Letters, by L. A. McQueen—*Manufacturers' News*, Nov. 8, 1917.

"We (B. F. Goodrich Co.) write on the average 182,000 letters a month, and it costs us between 31 and 35 cents for every dictated letter. We have about 800 dictators at the home office and 1,100 throughout our branches. We have a big investment in our correspondence, and letter-writing is a live part of our business. . . . It was the wish of the officials of the company to make our letters effective."

Those Billions the Railroads Need, by H. A. Wheeler—*The Nation's Business*, Oct. 1917.

A Far Fetched Plan of Labor Organization—*Texas Mineral Resources*, Nov. 1917.

The World's Food—*Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Whole No. 163, Nov. 1917.

Thirty-five articles by distinguished scientists and business men.



The 1917 design
RED CROSS
Christmas Seal

Santa Claus Says

"The spirit of Christmas helpfulness to others is in that seal. Put it on your Christmas mail."

The seals cost one cent each.

The money goes to fight Tuberculosis in your community and to protect you and your family against this disease.

You must buy three times as many this year.

War increases Tuberculosis.

In the first million men examined for the Army over 25,000 new cases of Tuberculosis were discovered; thousands more will break down in the training camps and at the front.

Help to provide proper care for these boys and protection for your community against the spread of disease.

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"MAKE IT A RED CROSS CHRISTMAS"



THE NEW YEAR

“A Good New Year, with many Blessings in it!”
Once more go forth the Kindly Wish and Word.
A Good New Year! and may we all Begin it
With hearts by Noble Thought and Purpose stirred.

The Old Year's over, with its joy and sadness;
The Path before us is untried and dim;
But let us take it with the step of Gladness,
For God is there, and we can trust in Him.

God *Knows* what finite wisdom only Guesses,
Not Here from our dim eyes the Mist will roll;
What we call failures, He may deem Successes
Who sees in broken parts the Perfect Whole.

And if we miss some dear Familiar Faces,
Passed on before us to the Home Above,
Even while we count, through tears, their vacant places,
He heals our sorrows with His Balm of Love.

No human Lot is free from cares and crosses,
Each passing Year will bring both Shine and Shower;
Yet, though on troubled seas Life's vessel tosses,
The storms of Earth endure but for an Hour.

A Good New Year! Oh, let us all Begin it
With Cheerful Faces turning to the Light!
A Good New Year, which will have Blessings in it
If we but Persevere and Do Aright.

—E. Matheson