

Vol. II

No. 2

THE TEXACO STAR



Christmas 1914

What better way of living
up to the full meaning of
Christmas Time?

Buy your share
of Red Cross Seals



"That's the right Christmas spirit"

EACH year we give Him CHRISTMAS WEEK, permitting His will to prevail, His brooding spirit to rest upon the nations. Toward that gentle interlude—the days of the Truce of God—men longingly look through the tale of the weary months. And when the brief term is ended, yearningly our thoughts turn back to that time when we were good together.

His spirit is breathed through the season, like faint music in the night. Strife, anger, tumult, and the hurry of the little days are banished. For sad mood and lonely heart He brings a comfort. To His loving-kindness we yield ourselves, as tired children lay them down to rest. In His authority we find our peace. A while we dwell in that felicity.

Touched with mortality, as is all earthly beauty, the rapid days glance by, and we have lost them while the welcome is still on our lips. He comes and He passes, BECAUSE OUR HOSPITALITY IS OF SHORT DURATION and we are troubled about many things. We crowd Him out for other guests less radiant. If His dominion over the hearts of men were MORE THAN A LOVELY EPISODE, if He might but abide, IT WOULD BE WELL WITH US.

—*Arthur H. Gleason.*

Sent to Am. SW.



TEXACO STAR



THE NEW HOME OF THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO STAR

VOL. II

DECEMBER 1914

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, 1101 CARTER BUILDING, HOUSTON, TEXAS

MERRY Christmas!—Happy New Year! to All.

★ ★

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

★ ★

I have made this December issue a wholehearted Christmas Number, and am trusting that the hardest-headed business men, if they will read it without prejudice, may grant that, after all, it is not an unbusinesslike thing to do. Individual interests of life and character and the interests of the home are not beyond the purview and sympathy of enlightened business organization. Business organization may well pause most thoughtfully before attempting any sort of interference with such affairs (fools rush in where angels fear to tread); but out of the tale of the laborious months, a true Company organ may properly at the Christmas season offer a gentle interlude. All readers will bear witness that the *Texaco Star* has stuck closely to its regular calling throughout the past year, turning aside to no questionable digression; but, as the ancient wisdom says, "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose."

While the domestic affairs of employees cannot be the Company's *business*, the Company knows, or should know, that those affairs are a potent factor in the efficiency of workers, and for all except a few rarely well-poised characters, an element that affects in most practical ways the value of the workers. If it were possible to insure a wholesome breakfast and, above all, cheerful goodbyes for every

employee as he departed for his work in the morning and loving greetings when he returned at eve, it would certainly pay the Company to take out such an insurance policy for every man in its employ. Nothing like that is possible—"each heart knoweth its own bitterness," and there are burdens each must carry for himself which cannot be lifted from his shoulders; but the fact remains that the peace and happiness of the family is a foundation rock for the economic structure, and whatever menaces the wholesomeness of family life jeopardizes business. The wives and the children are a more integral part of our company of workers than they are generally supposed to be,—just as they have more to do with the success of their breadwinners than *they* on their part usually believe. In this sphere, however, one can do no more than scatter seed-thoughts of gracious kindness, of helpful interests and activity, and of right aspiration, leaving the seed to bear fruit in congenial soil or to be devoured by the fowls of the air, as may be ordained by Him who giveth increase.

These statements bespeak our intention; it would be useless to attempt to point out how and wherein the subject-matter offered fulfills its purposes; it must speak, or fail to speak, for itself.

★ ★

We wish to mention our appreciation of the work of Mr. Lawrence Harris, R. I., in the illustrations for Louise de la Ramee's matchless story. These were made expressly for the *Texaco Star*, and well sustain Mr. Harris's high reputation as an artist.

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The Annual Meeting of Stockholders of The Texas Company was held in Houston on November 17, 1914.

A resolution endorsing the administration of the past year was adopted, and the Board of Directors was reelected: *viz.:*

Arnold Schlaet	J. J. Mitchell
L. H. Lapham	A. B. Hepburn
T. J. Donoghue	J. N. Hill
R. C. Holmes	A. L. Beaty
C. P. Dodge	John H. Lapham
E. C. Lufkin	W. A. Thompson, Jr.
G. L. Noble	

At a meeting of the Board of Directors its Executive Committee and Officers of the Company were appointed as follows:

Executive Committee:—Arnold Schlaet
J. J. Mitchell L. H. Lapham A. B. Hepburn
A. L. Beaty E. C. Lufkin J. N. Hill

Officers
E. C. Lufkin New York President
T. J. Donoghue Houston First Vice President
R. C. Holmes Houston Vice President
G. L. Noble Houston Vice President
W. A. Thompson, Jr. N. Y. Vice President
J. R. Miglietta New York Vice President
A. L. Beaty New York General Counsel
C. P. Dodge Houston Secretary
W. A. Green Houston Treasurer
A. C. Miglietta New York Ass't Sec'y, Ass't Treas.
W. W. Bruce New York Ass't Sec'y, Ass't Treas.
Guy Carroll Houston Ass't Sec'y, Ass't Treas.
S. J. Payne Houston Ass't Secretary
W.G. McConkey New York Ass't Secretary
A.M. Donoghue Houston Ass't Treasurer
D. B. Tobey New York Ass't Treasurer

A dividend of \$2.50 per share of stock was declared, payable as of Dec. 31, 1914 to stockholders of record at the close of business on Dec. 17, 1914. This makes the fourth quarterly dividend of two and a half per cent each, paid for the year 1914.

★ ★

While the Battleship *Texas* was at Galveston her officers and crew were presented by The Texas Company with a bear cub, which was accepted as the ship's mascot. The gift was made by the Lubricating Division, and the bear was named *Ursa*—after the Texaco brand of oil with which the engines of the U. S. Navy are lubricated. Manager L. E. Thorpe of the Lubricating Division made the preparations and conducted the party representing The Texas Company, who, on Sunday, Nov. 9, rode from Houston to Galveston in automobiles and were taken out to the great vessel in the Company's yacht *Virginia*. In the presentation party were:

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Holmes and Master Frederick Holmes, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Gray and Master James Gray, Judge and Mrs. R. A. John, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Smith (Port Arthur), Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Scullin, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hawkins (Port Neches), T. J. Lawhion, W. O. Crain, L. R. Holmes (New York), V. R. Currie, F. C. Kernes, T. J. Mullin, R. E. Armstrong, Harry T. Warner, T. B. Mullin (Tulsa), W. H. Wagner (El Paso), C. C. Blackman (Dallas), F. P. Dodge (Lockport), Arthur Lefevre.

Commander S. E. Moses assembled representatives of the crew amidships, and Judge R. A. John, Chief Attorney of The Texas Company, made a witty and engaging presentation speech, which was fittingly and gracefully responded to by Commander Moses. Everybody enjoyed the talks except, perhaps, *Ursa* who eyed the crowd furtively and tightened his Indian-hug around the sailor's neck, or dug his little claws deeper into his new guardian's back, whenever the orators became too personal in their remarks. Some claimed, however, that he stuck his tongue out in appreciation of several jokes.

Captain Grant believed that the men would enjoy the bear very much, and Commander Moses predicted that he would soon be standing up in boxing bouts with his sailor friends. *Ursa* is a little brown bear from West Texas. His collar, made to be extended as he grows, is engraved: *Ursa. Presented to the officers and crew of the U. S. S. Texas by The Texas Company, Lubricating Division.*

THE WORKSHOP OF THE WORLD

In the workshop of the world I stood,
And watched the craftsmen toil.
Some were working in metal and wood,
And some in the common soil.
And something was in the product
Of every one who wrought,
Something apart from wood and stone,
Of more than human thought.
And though the work were humble,
So long as the aim was high
The stamp of worth was on it
The work to justify.
And each one wrought his spirit
Into the thing he did,
As guided by master,
As though by Heaven bid.
And lo, as I looked and wondered,
So strange the vision ran,
The things they did all vanished,
And nothing was left but man!
And a voice from forest and mountain
Echoed the valleys through:
"Be brave and just and honest,
Be a man whatever you do."—Author Unknown

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Ursa: Presented to U. S. S. *Texas* by The Texas Company, Lubricating Division.

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Texaco Babies—Specimens of 1914 crop: 1. Virginia Christyne, born May 6—Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sturm, Electra, Texas. 2. Vella Mae, June 2—Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Chesney, Electra. 3. Marguerette Elizabeth—Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bowersox, Petrolia, Tex. 4. Margaret, Mar. 9 (picture Aug. 1)—Mr. and Mrs. H. Ossenbeck, Electra. 5. Mary Agnes, June 17—Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Angenend, Jr., Houston, Tex. 6. B. F., Jr., six months—Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hinsley, Houston (Treas. Dept.). 7. Edward Calvin, Oct. 12—Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Coupland, Electra. 8. Roderic G., Jan. 18—Mr. and Mrs. George O'Connor, Houston (Legal Dept.). 9. James Edward, Sept. 13—Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Coleman, Electra. All of Pipe Line Dept., except 6 and 8 as stated.

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Texaco Babies—Specimens of 1914 crop: 1. Sara Evelyn, eight months—Mr. and Mrs. Carlos A. Pounds, Atlanta (Sales Dept.). 2. Chester Charles, Dec. 24, 1913, picture at six months—Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Williams, El Paso (Sales Dept.). 3. Evelyn, six months old—Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Massey, Port Arthur (Refining Dept.). 4. Robert Fountain, two months old—Mr. and Mrs. C. Groves, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Sales Dept.). 5. Dorothy Mae, Aug. 15—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ray, Dallas (Sales Dept.). 6. Eugene Dee, 3 months old—Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Rambo, Port Arthur (Refining). 7. Marshall Francis and Earl Frazer, Jan. 27—Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Crawford, Mobile (Refining Dept.). 8. James Frank, five months old—Mr. and Mrs. H. Blackburn, Port Arthur (Refining Dept.).

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Texaco Babies—Specimens of 1914 crop: 1. John Edgar, born Jan. 3 (picture in May)—Mr. and Mrs. Edgar C. Eldridge, Montvale, N. J. (Sales Dept.). 2. Ruth Isabel, May 4—Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Nealy, New York (Sales Dept.). 3. May Margaret (picture at four months)—Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Russell, Lockport, Ill. (Sales Dept.). 4. Charles Bradford, five months—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hobart, Montclair, N. J. (Export Dept.). 5. Eleanor Frances, Feb. 9—Mr. and Mrs. S. Slattery, New York (Sales Dept.). 6. Ross, Apr. 3, "The Crater Compound Baby"—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Rowland, New York (Sales Dept.). 7. William Tyler, Jan. 28, "Texaco Bill"—Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wallace, Montclair, N. J. (Export Dept.). 8. Lynette Pearl, Oct. 30 (picture at three weeks)—Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Heldman, New York (Marine Dept.).

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Edward Joseph—"A confirmed Texaco rooter."
S. Slattery, Sales Dept., New York

TRAINING THE OTHER WOMAN'S CHILD

They all sat round in friendly chat
Discussing mostly this and that,
And a hat.
Until a neighbor's wayward lad
Was seen to act in ways quite bad;
Oh, 'twas sad!
One thought she knew what must be done
With every child beneath the sun—
She had none.
And ere her yarn had been quite spun
Another's theories were begun—
She had one.
The third was not so sure she knew,
But thus and so she thought she'd do—
She had two.
The next she added, "Let me see;
These things work out so differently."
She had three.
The fifth drew on her wisdom store
And said, "I'd have to think it o'er."
She had four.
And then one sighed, "I don't contrive
Fixed rules for boys; they're too alive."
She had five.
"I know it leaves one in a fix,
This straightening of crooked sticks."
She had six.
And one declared, "There're no rules giv'n,
But do your best and trust to heav'n."
She had seven.

—Alice C. Hoffman, in *Woman's Home Companion*.



Jane—2 years old. R. L. Drake, Supt. Case and Package Div., Refining Dept., Pt. Arthur



Lamour—15 mos, picture at 1 yr. E. E. Dattner,
Comptroller's Dept., Houston

Although only a few days were allowed for sending photographs of Texaco babies of the 1914 crop, we show twenty-five charming specimens—well calculated to "encourage the others." We have the pleasure, also, of showing three bright samples from 1913, 1912, and 1910 respectively.

"I don't see how it is," Jenkins began, eying the tramps and his performing dog with envy. "Here is this mongrel of yours doing all these tricks, and my dog, with a pedigree a yard long, can't be taught a thing! I've hammered at it till I'm tired."

"Well, sir, 'tain't so much the dog," the tramp replied, confidentially. "You have to know more'n he does, or you can't learn him anything."

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

From Hamilton W. Mabie's Introduction to his "Book of Christmas," The Macmillan Company.

The festival, dear to the hearts of sixty generations, has survived the commercial uses which it has been compelled to serve, it has survived the cynical spirit that distrusts sentiment and sneers at emotion; it has survived that preoccupation with affairs which leaves little time for feelings, and that determination to make men good which leaves scant room for efforts to make them happy. Even in this age of hard-headed sagacity and hard-minded goodness ruthlessly bent on doing the Lord's work by the methods of a police magistrate, Christmas carols are still sung; and the organization of virtue in numberless societies with presidents and secretaries, and, above all, with treasurers, has not dimmed the glow of the love which bears fruit in a forest of Christmas trees, with mobs of merry children shouting around them. We pretend to have become too wise to be moved by lighted candles or stirred by children's voices singing of angels and shepherds; but in our heart of hearts the old story is dear to us, and we are eager eavesdroppers when the ancient mysteries of love and friendship are talked about by the poets or novelists.

We surrender ourselves so completely to the noisy activities of our own age that we forget how infinitesimal a portion of time it is and how misleading its emphasis often is. That many of its maxims are short-sighted, many of its major interests as short-lived as the passions of children, many of its ideas of life the cheapest parvenus in the world of thought, does not occur to us. Like all the times that have gone before it, it is a fragment of a fragment. The only way to see life whole is to look on it as it takes its place in the larger order of history. In this order the long line of Christmas fires glows like a great truth binding the fleeting generations into a unity. When we light our fire, we are one with our ancestors; we evade the isolation of our time and escape its provincial narrowness; we rejoin the race from whose growth we have separated ourselves; we open long-unused rooms and are amazed to find how large the house of life is and how hospitable.

Before the Christmas fire men are re-united in the wholeness of their life; in

their power of vision as well as of sight, in their power of feeling as well as of action. This large hospitality of the Christmas fire makes room for every gift and grace; for reason, and for sentiment reverent of all sweet and beautiful things; for the imagination seeing heavenly visions, and the fancy catching glimpses of quaint or grotesque or fairy-like images in the flame; for poetry singing full-throated with Milton, or homely and familiar with the makers of the carols; for story-tellers spinning their fascinating tales; for humor full of smiles, or filling the room with Homeric laughter; for the players' mimic art; for the preachers, to whom the season brings a text apart from the disputes of the schools and churches; for companies of children and fun and frolic, and for gray-beards recalling old days and ways.

The danger to Christmas lies not in forgetfulness but in perverted uses. Its sentiment loses spontaneity and charm in excessive organization and prodigal distribution. If Christmas is to be saved not only to faith but to friendship, it must be revived year by year in joyful celebration of the old rites. We have been so eager of late years to "see things as they are," that we have lost that vision of the large relations of things in which alone their meaning and use is revealed. One day out of three hundred and sixty-five, detached from its ancient history and isolated from the celebrations of centuries, cannot keep our hearts and hearths warm; we must rekindle the old fires and join hands with the vanished companies of friends who have kept the day and made it merry in the long ago. The echoes of ancient song and laughter give it a rich merriment, a ripe and tender wealth of associations. The mirth of one Christmas overflows into another until the sense of an unbroken joy, sinking and rising year after year like the tide of life in the fields, is borne in upon us.

A Book of Christmas is a text-book of piety, friendship, merriment; a record of the real business of the race, which is not to make money, but to make life full and sweet and satisfying. In the glow of the Christmas fire the man who has made a fortune without making friends is a tragic failure, and the woman who has won the place she saw shining with delusive splendor and missed happiness faces one of life's bitterest ironies. It is a book for those

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who have fallen under the delusion that action is the only form of effective expression, and that to be useful one must rush along with the speed of an automobile; forgetting that action is only a path to being, and that the joy of life is largely found by the way. It is a book for those spirits to whom the main interest in life is making people over and fitting them into places in a rigid order of arbitrary goodness, forgetting that to the heart of a child the Kingdom of Heaven is always open, and the ultimate grace of it is the purity which is free and unconscious. It is a book for the sceptical and cynical, whose blighted sympathy and insight regain vitality in the atmosphere of its love and kindness, its fun and frolic, its fellowship of loyal hearts and true. Above all, the Book of Christmas is a book of joy in the sadness of the world, a book of play in the work of the world, a book of consolation in the sorrow of the world.

FROM MILTON'S HYMN ON THE NATIVITY

The shepherds on the lawn
Or ere the point of dawn
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;.....
When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely warbled voice
Answered the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once, bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;.....
For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.
Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

OLD CHRISTMASTIDE

Sir Walter Scott

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.....
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again

With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green.....
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride;
The heir with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.....
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night.
The fire, with well dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.....
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plumb-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.....
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62

Wm. G. McCabe, in the Army of Northern Virginia

The wintry blast goes wailing by,
The snow is falling overhead;
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.
Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
The soldiers cluster round the blaze
To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of home—and home.
And sweetly from the far off years
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
The voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.
There's not a comrade here tonight
But knows that loved ones far away
On bended knees this night will pray;
"God, bring our darling from the fight."

The thing that one says well goes forth with a voice unto everlasting.—*Pindar*.

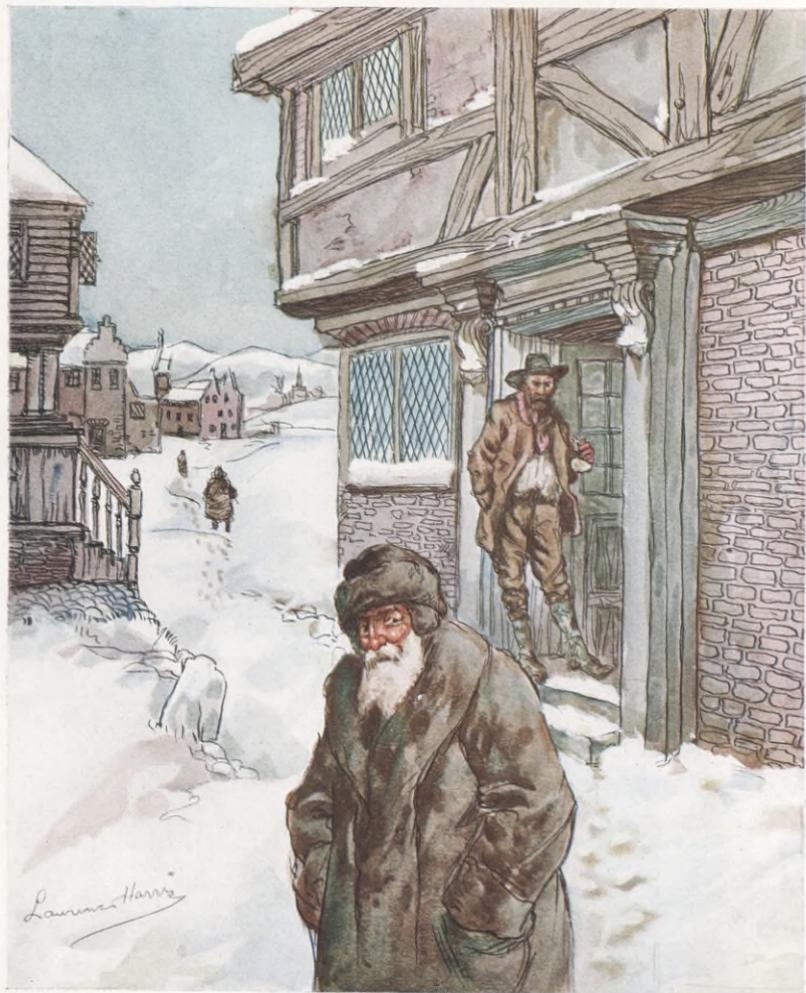
The chief function of art is to make gentle the life of the world.—*Inscription under tablet bearing head of Leonardo da Vinci, Rice Institute*.

Good taste is essentially a moral quality.

All works of quality must bear a price in proportion to the skill, time, expense, and risk attending their invention and manufacture. Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest. Beautiful forms and compositions are not made by chance, nor can they ever be made at small expense.—*Ruskin*.

Old books, old wine, old Nankin blue,
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong—
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best.—*Austin Dobson*.

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THE SHARP BARGAIN



THE PORCELAIN STOVE

Louise de la Ramée

AUGUST lived in a little town called Hall, in the upper Valley of the River Inn, in the country called Tyrol, a part of Austria. It has green meadows and great mountains all about it. It has paved streets and charming little shops and a grand old church. Then there is the Tower, looking down on a long wooden bridge and the broad rapid river. And there is an old castle which has been made into a guard-house, with walls painted in gold and colors, and a man-at-arms carved in stone bearing his date 1530.

August was a small boy of nine years, a chubby-faced little man with rosy cheeks, big hazel eyes, and clusters of curls the brown of ripe nuts. His mother was dead, his father was poor, and there were many mouths at home to feed. In his country the winters are long and very cold, and this night that he was trotting home was terribly cold. He had been sent on a long errand outside the gates and had been delayed. He was half-frozen, but kept up his courage by saying to himself, "I shall soon be at home with dear Hirschvogel." He went on through the streets into the place where the great church was, and where stood his father Karl Strehla's house. At his knock and call the solid oak door, four centuries old, flew open, and the boy darted in, shouting "Oh, dear Hirschvogel, but for the thought of you I should have died!"

It was a large room into which he rushed with so much pleasure. A walnut-wood press, handsome and very old, a broad table, and several stools were all

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its furniture; but at one end sending out warmth and color as the lamp shed its rays upon it, was a tower of porcelain, shining with all the hues of a peacock. It was surmounted with armed figures and shields and flowers, and a great golden crown upon the highest summit. It was a stove of 1532, and on it were the letters H. R. H.; for it was the handiwork of the great potter of Nuremberg, Augustin Hirschvogel, who put his mark thus, as all the world knows. The stove no doubt had stood in palaces; it was a royal thing. Yet it had never been more useful than it was now in this poor room, sending down comfort into the troop of children tumbled together on a wolfskin at its feet, who received frozen August among them with shouts of joy.

"Oh, dear Hirschvogel, I am so cold, so cold!" said August, kissing its gilded lion's claws. "Is father not in, Dorothea?"

"No, dear. He is late."

Dorothea was a girl of seventeen with a sweet sad face, for she had had many cares laid on her shoulders. She was the eldest, and there were ten of them. Next to her came Jan and Karl and Otho, big lads, gaining a little for their own living. Then came August, who went up in the summer to the Alps with the farmers' cattle, but in winter could do nothing to fill his platter and pot. And then all the little ones, who could only open their mouths to be fed like young birds—Albrecht and Hilda and Waldo and Christof, and, last of all, little three-year-old Ermengilda, with eyes like forget-me-nots. They were of that mixed race—Austrian, half Italian, so common in the Tyrol. Some were white and golden as lilles, others were brown and brilliant as fresh-fallen chestnuts.

Dorothea was one of those maidens who almost work miracles, so far can their industry and care and intelligence make a home sweet and wholesome. The children were always clean and happy, and the table was seldom without its pot of soup once a day. Still, very poor they were, and Dorothea knew that their father's debts were many for flour and meat and clothing. Of fuel to feed the big stove they had enough without cost, for their mother's father sold wood and never grudged it to his grandchildren. The father was a good man, but weak and weary. He worked at the salt-furnaces.

"Father says we are never to wait for him; we will have supper, now you have come home, dear," said Dorothea. However she might fret her soul in secret as she knitted their hose and mended their shirts, she never let her anxieties cast a gloom on the children. Only to August did she speak a little sometimes, because he was so thoughtful and so tender of her, and knew as well as she did that there were troubles about money.

Supper was a bowl of soup, with big slices of brown bread swimming in it and some onions bobbing up and down. Then the three eldest boys slipped off to bed, tired with their rough labor. Dorothea drew her spinning-wheel by the stove and set it whirring, and the little ones got August down upon the wolfskin and clamored for a picture or a story. For August was the artist of the family. He had a piece of planed board that his father had given him, and sticks of charcoal, and he would draw a hundred things, sweeping each out with his elbow when the children had seen enough of it. It was rough, but was all life-like, and kept the children laughing, or watching breathless with wide-open eyes.

The stove, as I have said, was a very grand thing. It was of great height and breadth, with all the lustre that Hirschvogel learned to give to his enamels. There was the statue of a king at each corner, modelled with much force. The body was divided into panels which had the Ages of Man painted on them. The borders of the panels had roses and holly and laurel and other foliage, and mottoes. The whole was burnished with gilding in many parts, and was radiant with that brilliant coloring of which the Hirschvogel family were all masters. The grandfather Strehla, who had been a master-mason, had dug it up out of some ruins, and, finding it without a flaw, had taken it home. That was now sixty years past.

"Tell us a story, August," they cried, when they had seen charcoal pictures till they were tired. And August did as he did every night nearly—looked up

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at the stove and told them what he imagined of the adventures and joys and sorrows of the human being figured on the panels from cradle to grave.

To the children the stove was a household god. In summer they laid a mat of fresh moss around it, and dressed it up with green boughs and wild flowers. In winter all their joys centered in it. Scampering home from school, they were happy, knowing that they would soon be roasting chestnuts in the glow of its tower, which rose eight feet above them. Once a traveling peddler had told them that the letters on it meant Augustin Hirschvogel, and that Hirschvogel had been a great potter and painter, like his father before him, in the city of Nuremberg. He said Hirschvogel had made many such stoves, all miracles of beauty and of workmanship, putting all his heart and his soul and his faith into his labors, as the men of those ages did, and thinking but little of gold or praise. An old trader, too, who sold curiosities, had told August more about the brave family of Hirschvogel, whose houses can be seen in Nuremberg to this day; of old Veit, the first of them; of his sons and grandsons, potters, painters, engravers all, and chief of them great Augustin.

So the stove had got to be called Hirschvogel; and August was proud because he had been named after that famous old German who had made so glorious a thing. All the children loved the stove, but with August the love of it was a passion. He used to say to himself, "When I am a man I will make such things too, and then I will set Hirschvogel in a beautiful room in a house that I will build. That is what I will do when I am a man." He was a strong little fellow, loving his family devotedly; and he was happy and playful, but he was always thinking, thinking, and his little heart had much courage in it.

August lay down in the warmth of the stove and told the children stories, his face growing red with excitement. That human being on the panels, who was drawn as a baby in a cradle, as a boy playing, as a lover sighing under a window, as a soldier in battle, as a father with children round him, as an old man on crutches, and, lastly, as a ransomed soul raised up by angels, had always had intense interest for August. He had made, not one history for him, but a thousand. He seldom told the same tale twice.

"It is time for you all to go to bed," said Dorothea, looking up from her spinning. "Father is late; you must not sit up for him."

"Oh, five minutes more, dear Dorothea!" they pleaded; and little Ermengilda climbed up into her lap. "Hirschvogel is so warm; the beds are never so warm."

August, whose face had lost its light now that his story had come to an end, sat gazing at the bright surfaces of the stove.

"It is only a week to Christmas," he said, suddenly.

"Grandmother's big cakes!" chuckled little Christof.

"What will Santa Claus find for Gilda?" murmured Dorothea over the child's sunny head. However hard poverty might pinch, she would find some toy and rosy apples to put in her little sister's socks.

"Father Max has promised me a big goose, because I saved the calf's life in June," said August. It was the twentieth time he had told them.

"And Aunt will send us wine and honey and a barrel of flour; she always does," said Albrecht.

"I shall go up in the woods and get Hirschvogel's crown," said August. They always crowned Hirschvogel for Christmas with pine boughs and ivy and mountain-berries. The heat soon withered the crown; but it was part of the religion of the day to them.

And they fell chatting of all they would do.

IN the midst of their chatter a blast of freezing air reached them even in the warmth of the old wolfskins and the great stove. The door had opened; their father had come home. The younger children ran to meet him. Dorothea pushed the only arm-chair to the stove. August flew to fill a long clay pipe. For their father was good to them, and they had been trained by the mother



to obedience and affection. To-night Karl Strehla responded very wearily to the welcome, and sat down heavily.

"Are you not well, dear father?" his daughter asked him.

"I am well enough," he answered, and sat with his head bent.

"Take the children to bed," he said, and Dorothea obeyed. August stayed behind, curled before the stove. At nine years old, and when one earns money in the summer, one is not altogether a child any more. Dorothea came down from putting the little ones in their beds; the clock in the corner struck eight; she sat down to her spinning, saying nothing. There was a long silence; August dropped asleep. Suddenly Karl Strehla struck his hand on the table:

"I have sold Hirschvogel," his voice was husky and ashamed in his throat. The spinning-wheel stopped. August sprang erect.

"I have sold it to a traveling trader for two hundred florins. I owe double that. He saw it this morning when you were all out. He will take it to-morrow."

Dorothea gave a low cry: "Oh, father!—the children—in mid-winter!"

August stood, half-blind with sleep, staring with dazed eyes:

"It is not true! It is not true!" he muttered. "You are jesting, father?"

"It is true. Would you like to know what is true too? The bread you eat, and the meat you put in the pot have not been paid for for months. There is no work; the masters go to younger men; they say I work ill; it may be so. When your mother lived, it was different. Boy, you stare at me as if I were a mad dog! You have made a god of yon china thing. Well—it goes to-morrow. Two hundred florins, that is something."

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August's eyes were wide open, fastened on his father's. His face had grown as white as his sister's; his chest heaved. "It is not true!" he echoed stupidly.

"You will find it true," said his father. "The dealer has paid me half the money to-night, and will pay me the other half to-morrow when he takes it away. No doubt it is worth more, but beggars cannot be choosers. The black stove in the kitchen will warm you all. Who would keep a gilded thing in a house like this when one can make two hundred florins by it? 'It is a stove for a museum,' the trader said when he saw it. To a museum let it go."

"Oh! father, father!" August cried, his hands closing on Strehla's knees, and his uplifted face white and distorted. "Sell me rather. Sell me to any trade. But Hirschvogel! You could not do such a thing! You have always been gentle and good; you have sat in the warmth with our mother. Oh, listen; I will try to get work to-morrow? I will ask them to let me make the paths through the snow. There must be something. The people we owe money to will wait; they are neighbors. But sell Hirschvogel!—oh, never, never! Give the florins back to the man. Oh, father, dear father! for pity's sake!"

Strehla was moved by the boy's anguish. He loved his children. But every word of the child stung him with a sense of shame for selling the heirloom of his race, and he spoke in his wrath rather than in his sorrow.

"You are a little fool," he said, as they had never heard him speak. "Get up and go to bed. The stove is sold. Be thankful I can get bread for you. Get on your legs, I say, and go to bed."

August sprang to his feet and threw his hair off his face; the blood rushed into his cheeks; his eyes flamed.

"You dare not!" he cried, "you dare not sell it, I say! It is not yours alone; it is ours."

Strehla, rising to his feet, struck his son a blow that felled him to the floor. It was the first time that he had ever raised his hand against any one of his children. Then he took a lamp and stumbled off to his own chamber with a cloud before his eyes.

"What has happened?" said August, when he opened his eyes and saw Dorothea weeping above him. He had been struck backward, and his head had fallen on the bricks where the wolfskin did not reach. Dorothea showered kisses on him, while her tears fell like rain.

"But, O, dear, how could you speak so to father?" she murmured. "It was wrong."

"I was right," said August, and his little mouth, that hitherto had only curled in laughter, curved downward. "How dare he? It is not his alone. It belongs to us all." He sat up, with his face bent upon his hands.

Dorothea was too frightened to speak. The authority of their parents had never been questioned.

"It is a sin; it is a theft;" he said, slowly.

"Oh, August, do not say such things of father!" sobbed his sister. "Whatever he does, we ought to think it right."

"Is it right that he should sell a thing that is ours as much as it is his?"

Then all at once he threw himself forward on the stove, sobbing as though his heart would burst.

"August, dear August," whispered Dorothea, trembling all over,—for she was a very gentle girl, and fierce feeling terrified her,—"August, do not lie there. Go to bed; it is late. It is horrible, but if it be father's will—"

"Let me alone," said August, through his teeth, "I shall stay here."

"But it is cold! the fire is out."

"I stay here," was all he answered. And he stayed, all the night long.

Whilst yet it was dark the three elder brothers came down, each bearing his lantern going to his work. They did not notice August; they did not know what had happened. A little later his sister came with a light in her hand. She stole up to him and laid her hand on his shoulder timidly.

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"Dear August, you must be frozen. August, do look up! Speak!"

August raised his eyes with a feverish look in them. His face was white; his lips were like fire. He had not slept. His sobs had given way to wild waking dreams all through the freezing hours.

"August! do you not know me? I am Dorothea. Wake up, dear—wake up! It is morning.

August shuddered all over. He slowly rose up onto his feet.

"I will go to grandfather," he said, very low. "He is always good; perhaps he could save it."

Loud blows with the iron knocker of the door sounded through the house. A voice called through the keyhole:

"Let me in! No time to lose! I am come to take the great stove."

As his father came into the room and opened the door, August sprang erect, his fists doubled:

"You shall never touch it!" he screamed! "you shall never touch it!"

"Who shall prevent us?" laughed a big man, amused at the fierce little figure.

"I!" said August. "You shall never have it! You shall kill me first!"

"Strehla," said the man, "you have a little mad dog here; muzzle him."

He hit out right and left, and one of his blows gave the Bavarian a black eye; but he was soon mastered by four grown men, and his father flung him out from the back door, while the buyers of the stately and beautiful stove set to work to pack it. The father now was sorry and ashamed; but the stove was sold and he had to let the men wrap it and bear it out to an ox-cart.

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August stood leaning against the back wall of the house, which looked on a court where a well was. Into the court an old neighbor hobbled for water. Seeing the boy, he said:

"Child, is it true your father is selling the big painted stove?"

August nodded his head, then burst into tears.

"Well, he is a fool. Heaven forgive me for calling him so before his own child! but the stove was worth a mint of money. I remember in old Anton's time—that was your great-grandfather—a stranger from Vienna said it was worth its weight in gold."

"I loved it! I loved it!" moaned August. "I do not care what its value is."

"You little simpleton!" said the old man, kindly. "But you are wiser than your father. If sell it he must, he should have taken it to Herr Steiner, who would give him honest value. But I would do better than cry. I would go after it."

August raised his head, the tears running down his cheeks.

"Go after it when you are bigger," said the neighbor, with a wish to cheer him up. "The world is small; your stove will be safe whoever gets it."

Then the old man hobbled away to fill his pail at the well. August's head was buzzing and his heart fluttering with a new idea. "Go after it," had said the old man. He thought, "Why not go with it?"

He ran out of the courtyard to the porch of the church. From there he could watch his house-door. He saw the straw-enwrapped stove laid on the ox-sleigh. The men mounted beside it, and the sleigh-wagon moved slowly over the snow. Then he crept out and followed. It went to the station of the railway. August hung about the little station. He heard the Bavarians arguing. They wanted to go with the stove, but neither could it go by a passenger-train nor they go in a goods-train, so they consented to send it by a train which was to pass in half an hour. A desperate resolve made itself up in his mind. He would go with Hirschvogel. He gave one terrible thought to Dorothea—poor, gentle Dorothea! How he managed it he never knew clearly, but when the train moved out August was hidden behind the stove wedged amidst many packages.

It was very dark, but he was not frightened. He was close to Hirschvogel, and presently he meant to get inside Hirschvogel itself. Being a shrewd little boy, and having by good luck two silver groschen in his pocket earned the day before by chopping wood, he had bought some bread and sausage at the station. This he ate in the darkness and thundering noise. When he had eaten as much as he thought prudent (for who could say when he would be able to get more?), he set to work to make a hole in the bands of straw which wrapped the stove. He pulled and pushed, making his hole where he guessed the door of the stove was—the opening through which he had so often thrust the big oak logs. He had hard work getting through the straw and ropes; but he found the door, and slipped through, as he had often done at home for fun. He leaned out, drew the straw together, and rearranged the ropes. Air came in through the brass fret-work of the stove. Then he curled himself up, safe inside his dear Hirschvogel, and fell fast asleep.

WHEN he awoke he was in darkness. For a while he trembled and sobbed, thinking of them all at home. Poor Dorothea! how anxious she would be! How she would run over the town and walk up to grandfather's! But it never occurred to him to go back.

Almost any other little boy would, I think, have been frightened out of his wits; but August was brave, and he had a firm belief that God and Hirschvogel would take care of him. The master-potter of Nuremberg was always present to his mind—a kindly spirit, dwelling in that porcelain tower whereof he had been the maker. A droll fancy, you say? Every child with a soul in him has quite as quaint fancies as this one of August's.

So he got over his sobbing. He did not feel cramped, because the stove was so large; and air he had plenty, as it came through the fret work round the

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top. He was hungry and again nibbled at his loaf and sausage. Every time the train stopped and he heard the banging, stamping, shouting, his heart seemed to jump up into his mouth. Porters took away this case and the other, a sack here, a bale there. When they came to lift the stove out, would they find him? If they did find him, would they kill him?

The slow train took the short day and the long night and half another day to go over ground that the mail-trains cover in a forenoon; but at last it came to Rosenheim, which marks the border of Bavaria. Here the stove was lifted out. The boy had hard work to keep in his screams when the men lifted the huge thing, and the earthenware walls of his beloved fire-king were not cushions. They set it down, and there it passed the rest of the night and the next morning. The thick wrappings screened him from the cold, else he must have died—frozen. He had still some of his loaf, and a little of his sausage; but he began to suffer from thirst. This frightened him; for Dorothea had read to him a story of the sufferings of some wrecked men, because they could not find any water but the salt sea.

Fortunately for him, the stove, having been marked "fragile and valuable," was not treated like a mere bale of goods, and the station-master decided to send it on by a passenger-train. August had begun to get used to the pounding and rattling and shaking, but in the dark, and terribly thirsty, he kept feeling the sides of the giant stove and saying, softly, "Take care of me; take care of me, dear Hirschvogel!"

At last the train stopped with a jar and a jerk, and he heard men crying, "Munich! Munich!" He knew enough of geography to know that he was in the heart of Bavaria. He felt himself carried on the shoulders of men, rolled along on a truck, and finally set down, where he knew not, only he knew he was thirsty—so thirsty!

The stove had been taken from the railway station to a shop in the Marienplatz. "I shall not unpack it till Anson comes," he heard a man's voice say; and then a key grated in a lock. By the stillness he knew he was alone.

He peeped out. He saw a room filled with pictures, carvings, old jugs, armor, shields, daggers, Chinese idols, china, Turkish rugs, and all the art lumber of a brie-a-brac shop.

It was a wonderful place to him; but, oh! was there one drop of water in it? His tongue was parching, his throat burned, and his chest felt as if choked with dust. There was not a drop of water, but there was a grated window and, beyond, a ledge covered with snow. He crept out, ran and opened the window, and crammed the snow into his mouth again and again. Then he flew back into the stove, drew the straw and cords over the opening, and shut the brass door down. He had brought some big icicles in with him, and by them his thirst was quenched. Then he sat listening, once more with his natural boldness.

The thought of Dorothea kept nipping his conscience; but he thought to himself, "If I can take her back Hirschvogel, how pleased she will be, and how little Gilda would clap her hands!" He was not selfish in his love for Hirschvogel; he wanted it for them all at home as much as for himself. There was at the bottom of his mind a kind of ache of shame that his father—his own father—should have stripped their hearth and sold their honor.

A robin had been perched on a house-eave near. August had felt for crumbs in his pocket, and had thrown them to the bird on the frozen snow. In his darkness he now heard a little song, made faint by the stove-wall and the window, but distinct and sweet. It was the robin, singing after feeding on the crumbs. August burst into tears. He thought of Dorothea, who every morning threw out some grain or bread on the snow before the church. "What use is it going there," she said, "if we forget the sweetest creatures God has made?" Poor Dorothea! He thought of her till his tears ran like rain.

The key turned in the lock of the door. He heard heavy footsteps and the

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voice of the man who had said to his father, "You have a little mad dog; muzzle him!" The voice said, "You have called me a fool many times. Now you shall see what I have gotten for two hundred dirty florins. Never did you do such a stroke of work." Then the other voice grumbled. They began to strip the stove of its wrappings. The heart of the child went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. Soon they had stripped it; that he knew by exclamations of wonder from the man who had not seen it before. "A right royal thing! A wonderful and never-to-be-rivalled thing! Grander than the great stove of Hohen-Saltzburg! Magnificent! matchless!"

If they should open the door of the stove! That was his frantic fear. They would drag him out; most likely they would kill him. But he had control enough over himself to keep quiet. After praising and marveling, the men moved to a little distance and began talking of sums of money. The king—the king—the king came often in their argument. After a while they seemed to agree and were in great glee. They slapped the sides of the stately Hirschvogel, and shouted to it: "You have brought us rare luck! To think you were smoking in a silly fool of a salt-baker's kitchen all these years!"

Then inside the stove August jumped up, and was on the point of shouting out to them that they should say no evil of his father, when he remembered that to make a sound was to bring ruin. So he kept still, and the men went out by the door, locking it after them. He had made out from their talk that they were going to show Hirschvogel to some great person.

An hour passed by. In his anxiety he forgot that he was hungry. Presently the door opened. He heard the two dealers' voices. The voice of another person, more clear and refined, answered them curtly; and, then, close by the boy's ear, exclaimed, "Beautiful!" August almost lost his terror in a thrill of pride at his Hirschvogel being thus admired in the great city. "Beautiful!" said the stranger a second time, and then examined the stove in all its parts and read all its mottoes. The poor little boy within was dreading that he would open the stove. Open it he did, and examined the brass-work of the door; but inside it was so dark that crouching August passed unnoticed. The gentleman shut the door. Then he talked long and low with the tradesmen. The child could distinguish little that he said, except the word "king" again and again. After a while they went away.

He would have to pass the night here, that was certain. He and Hirschvogel were locked in, but at least they were together. If only he could have something to eat! He thought of how at this hour at home they ate the soup, and sang together, and listened to Dorothea's reading of tales, and basked in the glow that had beamed on them from the fire-king. "Oh! save me; take care of me!" he prayed to the old fire-king, and forgot, poor little man, that he had come on this wild chase to save and take care of Hirschvogel!

After a time he dropped asleep, as children can do when they weep, and little robust hill-born boys most surely do. At the back of the room were hot pipes, so he was not cold, though Munich is terribly cold in December.

MIDNIGHT was chiming from all the bells of the city when he awoke. He put his head out of the door of the stove to see why a strange bright light was around him. It was a strange and brilliant light, but it did not frighten him, nor did what he saw alarm him either; and yet I think it would have frightened you or me. For what he saw was nothing less than all the bric-a-brac in motion.

A big jug was dancing a minuet with a plump jar; a tall clock was going through a gavotte with a spindle-legged chair; a porcelain lady was bowing to a soldier in terra cotta; an old violin was playing itself, and queer music came from a spinnet; some gilt Spanish leather had got up on the wall and laughed; a mirror was tripping about; and a slim rapier had come to blows with a sabre. A great number of cups and saucers were skipping and waltzing; teapots were spinning their own lids; and some gilded chairs were having a game of cards. The light shed on the scene came from three silver candelabra, though they

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had no candles in them. August looked on at these freaks and felt no wonder! He only, as he heard the violin and the spinnet playing, felt a desire to dance too.

No doubt his face said what he wished; for a lovely little lady, in pink and gold and white, made of the finest china, tripped up to him and smiled, and gave him her hand and led him out to a minut. And he danced it perfectly—poor little August in his thick shoes, and his sheep-skin jacket, and his homespun linen, and his broad Tyrolean hat! He must have danced it perfectly, this dance of kings and queens, for the lady always smiled and never scolded him at all.

"You got through that minut very fairly," she said to him.

Then he ventured to say to her:

"Madam my princess, could you tell me kindly why some of the figures and furniture dance and speak, and some lie like lumber? It does make me curious. Is it rude to ask?"

"My dear child," said the lady, "is it possible that you do not know the reason? Why, those dull things are imitation!"

"Imitation?" repeated August, not understanding.

"Of course! Lies, falsehoods!" said the princess. "They only *pretend* to be what we *are*! They never wake up; how can they? No imitation ever had any soul in it."

"Oh!" said August. He looked at Hirschvogel; surely it had a soul; would it not wake up and speak?

"What will you be when you are a man?" said the little lady, sharply.

"I have never thought," said August, stammering; "at least—that is—I do wish to be a painter, as was Master Augustin Hirschvogel."

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"Bravo!" said all the real bric-a-brac in one breath, and the two swords left off fighting to cry, "Bless you!"

"I knew every Hirschvogel, from old Veit downwards," said a fat beer-jug; "I myself was made at Nuremberg." And he bowed to the great stove, taking off his silver hat—I mean lid. The stove was silent. A sickening suspicion (for what is such heartbreak as a suspicion of what we love?) came to the mind of August: Was Hirschvogel only imitation? "No, no, no, no!" he said to himself. Though Hirschvogel never spoke, he would keep all faith in it!

The lady looked sharply at him: "They imitate even our marks," she said, "but never can they look like the real thing."

"There is a jug over there, who pretends to be a Hans Kraut, as I am," said the jug with the silver hat, pointing with his handle to a jug that lay on its side in a corner. "Almost he might be mistaken. But what a difference there is! How crude are his blues! how evidently done over the glaze are his black letters! He has tried to give himself my very twist; but what an exaggeration!"

"And look at that," said the gilt Cordovan leather with a glance at a broad piece of gilded leather spread out on a table. "They will sell him and give him my name; but look! I am overlaid with pure gold beaten thin as a film and laid on me in honesty. His gilding is one part gold to eleven parts of brass and rubbish, and it has been laid on him with a brush—a *brush!* He will be black in a few years. I am as bright as when I first was made."

"Nothing can be so annoying as to see common gimcracks aping *me!*" said the princess in the pink shoes.

"They sell thousands of common china plates, calling them after *me*," said a stout plate of Gubbio, which at its birth saw the face of Master Giorgio.

"After all, does it matter?" said a Dutch jar. "All the shamming in the world will not make them *us!*"

"One does not like to be made so common," said the Lady angrily.

"My maker did not trouble his head about that," said the Dutch jar proudly. "He made me for the kitchen—the bright, clean Dutch kitchen—three centuries ago. Now I am thought worthy the palace; yet I wish I were at home. Yes, I wish I could see the good Dutch wife, and the shining canals, and the meadows dotted with the *kine*."

"Ah! if we could all go back to our makers!" sighed the Gubbio plate, thinking of Giorgio Andreoli. Somehow the words touched the souls of all. The violin stopped its music with a sob, and the spinnet sighed. Then from the great stove came a solemn voice. August's heart gave a great jump of joy.

"My friends," said that clear voice from the turret of the stove, "I have listened to all you have said. There is too much talking among men. Let us not be like them. I hear among men so much vain speech, so much foolish argument, that for over two hundred years I have never spoken myself. I only speak now because one of you said a beautiful thing that touched me. If we all might but go back to our makers! Ah, yes! if we might! We were made by men who were true, and so we, the work of their hands, were true too. All the value in us comes from the fact that our makers wrought at us with honesty—not to win fortunes, but to do nobly an honest thing."

"I see amidst you a little human being who loves me, and in his childish way loves Art. Now, I want him to remember that we are what we are, and precious in the eyes of the world, because those who made us scorned sham and haste and counterfeit. Well do I recollect my master, Augustin Hirschvogel. He led a wise and blameless life, and wrought in loyalty and love, and made his time beautiful thereby. Ah, yes, my friends, to go back to our masters!—that would be the best that could befall us."

"For many years I have dwelt in an humble house and warmed three generations of little children. When I warmed them they forgot that they were hungry; they laughed and told tales, and slept about my feet. Then I knew that, humble as had become my lot, it was one that my master would have wished

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for me, and I was content. And since I go from that home where they loved me, I shall be sad and alone. We can but bless fleeting mortal lives as they go by; if we have done that, we have done what our masters wished."

The voice sank away in silence, and a strange golden light that had shone on the great stove faded away. The light died down in the candelabra. The clocks of the city struck six in the morning.

AUGUST awoke with a start, and found himself lying on the bare bricks of the floor. All was dark around him. Was it still night or had morning come? Tramp, tramp, came heavy steps up the stair. He had but a moment to scramble back into the great stove. The door opened and the two dealers entered, carrying burning candles.

August was scarcely conscious of danger or cold or hunger. He had a sense of courage, of security, of happiness. Hirschvogel would defend him.

The dealers began to wrap up the stove in its straw and cordage. Presently they called porters, and the stove was borne on the shoulders of six stout men out into the streets. Even behind all those wrappings August felt the icy air. The stout carriers tramped to the railway station. August recognized the noises, and thought: "Will it be a long journey?" For his stomach had an odd shrinking, and his head felt light and swimming. If it was to be a long journey, he would be dead before the end, and Hirschvogel would be so lonely: that was what he thought most about; not much about himself, not much about those at home.

The stove was this time not left alone. The two dealers and the six porters went with it. The dealers laughed often, and promised their porters presents on Christmas Day. August thought to himself: "They have sold Hirschvogel; they have sold him already!" Then his heart grew faint and sick within him. He knew he must soon die, shut up without food and water; or if not, would the new owner of the fire-palace permit him to live with it? "Never mind; I will die," thought he; "and Hirschvogel will know it."

Perhaps you think him a very foolish little fellow; but I do not. It is always good to be loyal and ready to endure to the end.

It is but an hour and a quarter that the train usually takes to go from Munich to the Wurm-See or Lake of Starnberg; but this morning it was slower, because the way was encumbered by snow. When the stove was lifted out, August could see through the fret-work of the door that this Wurm-See was a calm piece of water, with wooded banks and distant mountains.

"Now, men, for a stout mile and a half! You shall have your reward at Christmas-time," said one of the dealers to the porters.

They shouldered the stove, grumbling at its weight, but little dreaming that they carried within it a trembling boy. For August began to tremble, now that he was about to see the future owner of Hirschvogel. "If he look a good, kind man," he thought, "I will beg him to let me stay with it."

After a long time he felt that they were mounting steps. Then he heard voices. His bearers paused, then moved on again. Their feet went so softly he thought they must be moving on carpet. He felt warm air and knew he was in heated chambers; for he was a clever little fellow and could put two and two together, though he was so thirsty and his empty stomach felt so strangely. They must have gone, he thought, through a great number of rooms, for they walked on and on. At last the stove was set down.

The steps seemed to go away, leaving him alone with Hirschvogel. He peeped through the brass-work. All he could see was a big carved lion's head in ivory, with a gold crown. It belonged to a velvet arm-chair, but he could not see the chair. There was a fragrance in the air—a fragrance of flowers. "How can it be flowers?" thought August; "it is December!" From afar off there came a dreamy music, as sweet and full as though a chorus of angels were singing. August thought of heaven. "Are we gone to the Master?" he thought, remembering the words of Hirschvogel.

He did not know it, but he was in the royal castle of Berg, and the music

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he heard was the music of Wagner, who was playing in a distant room some of the motives of *Parsifal*.

Presently he heard a step near him, and he heard a low voice say, close behind him, "So!" Then the same voice, after a pause, "It is very beautiful! It is undoubtedly the work of Augustin Hirschvogel."

Then the hand of the speaker turned the handle of the brass door, and the fainting soul of the little prisoner grew sick with fear. The door was slowly drawn open, some one bent down and looked in, and the voice called in surprise: "What is this in it? A live child?"

Then August sprang out of the stove and fell at the feet of the speaker.

"Oh, let me stay! Pray, Sir, let me stay!" he sobbed. "I have come all the way with Hirschvogel!" Hands seized him, and lips muttered in his ear, "Little knave, be quiet! hold your tongue! It is the king!" They were about to drag him out, but the voice he had heard speak of the stove said, in kind accents, "Poor little child! he is very young. Let him go: let him speak to me."

The gentlemen let August slide out of their grasp. He stood there in his little sheepskin coat and thick boots, with his curling hair all in a tangle, in the most beautiful chamber he had ever dreamed of, and in the presence of a young man with a beautiful dark face, and eyes full of dreams and fire.

"My child, how came you here, hidden in this stove? Be not afraid: tell me the truth. I am the king."

August with an instinct of homage cast his battered black hat with the tarnished gold tassels down on the floor, and folded his little brown hands. He was too much in earnest to be abashed. He was only so glad—so glad it was the king. Kings were always kind; so the Tyrolese think, who love their lords.

"Oh, dear king!" he said, with trembling entreaty in his little voice, "Hirschvogel was ours, and we have loved it all our lives; and father sold it. And when I saw it go from us, I said to myself I would go with it; and I have come all the way inside it. And last night it spoke and said beautiful things. And I do pray you to let me live with it, and I will go out every morning and cut wood for it and you. It loves me—it does indeed; it said so last night; and it said that it had been happier with us than if it were in any palace—"

And then his breath failed him, and, as he lifted his little, eager, pale face to the young king's, great tears were falling down his cheeks.

Now, the king liked all poetic and uncommon things, and there was that in the child's face which pleased and touched him.

"What is your name?" he asked him.

"I am August Strehla. My father is Karl Strehla. We live in Hall, in the Innthal; and Hirschvogel has been ours so long—so long!" His lips quivered with a broken sob.

"And have you truly traveled inside this stove all the way from Tyrol?"

"Yes," said August; "no one thought to look inside till you did."

The king laughed; then another view of the matter occurred to him.

"Who bought the stove of your father?"

"Traders of Munich," said August, who did not know that he ought not to have spoken to the king as to a simple citizen.

"What sum did they pay your father, do you know?" asked the king.

"Two hundred florins," said August, with a sigh of shame. "It was so much money, and he is so poor, and there are so many of us."

The king turned to his gentlemen-in-waiting. "Did these dealers come with the stove?" He desired them to be brought before him.

"You are very pale, little fellow; when did you eat last?"

"I had some bread and sausage with me; yesterday afternoon I finished it."

"You would like to eat now?"

"If I might have a little water; my throat is very dry."

The king had water and wine brought, and cake also; but August, though he drank eagerly, could not eat. His mind was in too great a tumult.

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"May I stay with Hirschvogel? May I stay?" he said feverishly.

"Wait a little," said the king, and asked, abruptly, "What do you wish to be when you are a man?"

"A painter. I wish to be what Hirschvogel was—I mean the master that made my Hirschvogel."

"I understand," said the king.

The two dealers were brought into their sovereign's presence. They were trembling. And they were so astonished, too, at a child having come all the way from Tyrol in the stove, that they made a very foolish appearance.

"Did you buy this stove of this boy's father for two hundred florins?" the king asked; and his voice was no longer soft and kind as it had been when speaking to the child, but very stern.

"Yes, your majesty," murmured the trembling traders.

"And how much did the gentleman who purchased it for me give to you?"

"Two thousand ducats, your majesty," muttered the dealers, frightened out of their wits, and telling the truth in their fright.

The gentleman was not present: he was a counsellor in art matters of the king, and often made purchases for him. The king smiled a little and said nothing. The gentleman had made the price to him eleven thousand ducats.

"You will give to this boy's father the two thousand gold ducats that you received, less the two hundred Austrian florins that you paid him," said the king. "You are great rogues. Be thankful you are not more greatly punished."

He dismissed them by a sign to his courtiers, and to one of these gave the mission of making the dealers give up their ill-gotten gains.

August heard, and felt dazzled, yet miserable. Two thousand gold Bavarian ducats for his father! Why, his father would never need to go any more to the salt-baking! And yet, whether for ducats or for florins, Hirschvogel was sold just the same; and would the king let him stay with it?—would he?

"Oh, do! oh, please do!" he murmured, joining his little brown hands, and kneeling down before the young monarch, who stood in painful thought. The deception so basely practiced for the sake of gain by a trusted counsellor was bitter to him. He looked down on the child, and smiled once more.

"Rise up, my little man," he said, in a kind voice; "kneel only to your God. Will I let you stay with your Hirschvogel? Yes, I will; you shall stay at my court, and you shall be taught to be a painter—in oils or on porcelain as you will, and you must grow up worthily and win all the laurels at our schools of art. And if when you are twenty-one years old you have done well and bravely, then I will give you your Nuremberg stove; or, if I am no more living, then those who reign after me shall do so. And now go away with this gentleman, and be not afraid. You shall light a fire every morning in Hirschvogel, but you will not need to go out and cut the wood."

Then he smiled and stretched out his hand; the courtiers tried to make August understand that he ought to bow and touch it with his lips, but August could not understand; he was too happy. He threw his arms about the king's knees, and kissed his feet. Then he fainted away from hunger and emotion.

He is only a scholar yet,—as this narrative is written, but he is a happy scholar, and promises to be a great man. Sometimes he goes back for a few days at Hall, where the gold ducats have made his father prosperous. In the old room there is a large white porcelain stove, the king's gift to Dorothea.

August never goes home without going into the great church and saying his thanks to God, who blessed his strange Christmas journey. As for his dream in the dealers' room that night, he will never admit that he did dream it; he still declares that he saw it all, and heard the voice of Hirschvogel. And who shall say that he did not? for what is the gift of the poet and the artist except to see the sights which others cannot see and to hear the sounds that others cannot hear?

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MOTHER'S IMAGE



LONG years ago there lived in a remote mountain village of Japan a little family whose loving lives made a story that has been handed down through the centuries and is still told to this day for the delight of young and old. The family consisted of a good man, a loving, contented wife, and a little daughter in whom was repeated all her mother's grace and beauty. I cannot tell their names, for they have been forgotten; but the place where they lived was Matsuyama, in the Province of Echigo.

The man and wife were very happy in their life of love and contented industry. The little daughter was their chief joy; in her centered all their hopes and plans. One day in the midst of their quiet happiness, a message came from the Emperor requiring

the man to come to Kioto. This was long before the day of railroads; he must walk the whole way to the far off Capital, to which no man in the village had ever gone. It would be a journey of many days, and then the same tramp back, after his duty in the great city was done. The wife was much distressed at the thought of such a separation, but the distance was too great for her and the little one to go with him. Bravely she got everything ready for her husband's journey; bravely through tears she bade him goodbye. His eyes too were dimmed. The baby girl was the only one to smile in the sad parting.

"Now father has gone, you and I must take care of everything till he comes back," said the mother, as they returned into the house.

"Yes," said the child, nodding her head, "and when father comes home please tell him how good I have been and then perhaps he will give me a present."

"Father is sure to bring you something. You must think of your father every day, and pray for a safe journey till he comes back."

Then she set to work making winter clothes for the three of them. She set up her spinning wheel and spun the thread and then wove the stuffs. In the intervals of work she taught the little girl to read the old stories of their country.

A month slipped by, and then one day the husband returned, sunburnt and weary but so glad to reach home. Wife and child saw him coming up the pathway and flew to meet him, each catching hold of one of his sleeves in their eager greeting. They rejoiced to see each other well. Mother and child helping, his sandals were quickly untied, his umbrella hat taken off, and he was in the familiar sitting room that had been so empty while he was away. When they sat down on the white mats, the father opened a basket and took out a beautiful doll and a lacquer box full of cakes.

"Here," said he to the little girl, "is a present for you, for taking care of mother and the house so well."

"Thank you," said the child, as she bowed her head to the ground; and she put out her hands with eager widespread fingers to take the doll and the box. Instantly she had no eyes for anything else.

Again the husband dived into the basket and brought out a box tied with red and white silk cords and handed it to his wife, saying:

"And this is for you."

The wife took the box and opening it carefully lifted out a metal disk. One side was covered with carved figures of pine trees and storks, the other was smooth and bright. Never had she seen such a thing, for she had been born

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and lived all her life in the country province of Echigo. Presently she gazed into the shining disk, and looked up with surprise and wonder.

"I see somebody looking at me in this round thing! What is this you have given me?" The husband laughed.

"It is your own face that you see. What I have brought you is called a mirror. Whoever looks into its clear surface sees his face reflected there. Although there are none in this out of the way place they have been used in the capital from ancient times."

The wife was delighted with his precious gift—his token of remembrance while he had been away. She looked into it often. She liked to see the smiling lips, the laughing eyes, and beautiful hair. But after awhile she said to herself: "How foolish this is of me to sit and gaze at myself! I am not more beautiful than other women. How much better for me to enjoy others' beauty, and forget my own face except to remember that it must be happy and smiling or it will make no else happy."

She put the mirror away in its box. Only twice a year she looked in it, to see if her face was still such as would make others happy. Mindful of her own passing vanity, she never showed the mirror to the child, fearing it might breed pride or vanity in the girl. As for the father, he forgot about it.

So the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, into a beautiful girl of sixteen, taking her part happily in the house keeping. She was the darling of her parents, and their pride and comfort in every way.

Then sad days came. The dear mother fell sick. Husband and daughter gave her loving care day and night, but she grew worse. Soon it was plain that she was dying. Taking her daughter's hand, as the husband left the bed side for a moment, she spoke hurriedly with labored breath:

"My daughter, when I am dead take care of your dear father, and try always to be a good and dutiful woman."

"Oh! Mother!" said the girl as tears gushed from her eyes; but the mother stopped her with her hand.

"Do not be sorrowful, it was so ordained. But now I have something to give you." Pointing to a box near her pillow: "Open. See what you find."

The girl untied the cords and took out the mirror. "Oh! mother," she cried, "I see you here—not thin and pale as you are now, but bright and well.

Then the mother said:

"When you were a little child your father went up to the capital and brought back as a present for me this treasure. It is called a mirror. I give it to you. When I am gone, take out this mirror every morning and every evening and look into its clear surface. There you will always see me, and you may tell me all your heart; and though I shall not be able to speak to you, I shall understand and sympathize with you whatever may happen."

With these words the dying mother motioned to her daughter to put the mirror in its box. Then the husband came hurrying back. He took her in his arms, and after one loving glance her gentle spirit passed away.

In the grief of the first days the daughter did not take out the mirror; then, as she lay awake one night, she remembered her mother's parting words, and comfort came to her. In the morning she would see her mother's face, if she had understood aright! She slept a sweet refreshing sleep. The sun had risen when she awoke and she hurried to the box, her face bright with anticipation. She gazed into the mirror. Her mother's promise was true! She saw her mother's face, but, Oh! the joyful surprise! It was not her mother thin and wasted by illness, but the young and beautiful woman whom she remembered in the days of her childhood. It seemed that the face in the mirror must speak, so earnestly did the eyes look into hers.

Every morning, to gather strength for the day's duties, and every evening for sweet consolation, did the young girl take out the mirror and gaze at the reflection which in the simplicity of her innocent heart she believed to be her

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mother's soul. Daily she grew more and more in the likeness of her mother, and was gentle, cheerful, and kind to all, and a dutiful daughter to her father.

So day by day she lived as in her mother's sight, striving to please her as she had done in her life time, and careful always to avoid everything that might pain her. Her greatest joy was to be able to look into the mirror and say, "Mother, I have been to-day what you would wish me to be."

From time to time her father happened to see her looking in the mirror and seeming to hold converse with it. At length, when she was nearly nineteen years old, he asked her the reason of her strange habit.

"Father," she said, "I look in the mirror every day to see my dear mother and to talk with her."

"What do you mean?" he asked, "I do not understand how you can meet the soul of your mother by looking in this mirror."

"Indeed it is true," answered the daughter; "if you don't believe, look for yourself." And she told him of her dying mother's gift and wish. With an exclamation of sudden understanding the father smote his hands together.

"How stupid I am! I understand. How clever of your mother to do this! Your face is as like hers as the two sides of a melon—thus you have looked at the reflection of your face all this time, thinking it to be the face of your mother. Living in constant remembrance of her has helped you to grow like her in character as well as in features. It seems at first a stupid thing to have done, but it is not really so. It shows how deep has been your filial piety, and how innocent your heart. The time has come for you to know the fact about this matter, but I admire and respect you, my dear daughter."

I WOULD BE TRUE

E. C. Marshall

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, TO HIS WIFE

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight
The great artificer made my mate.
Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august Father gave to me.

A MEASUREMENT

Sister measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three.
"Oh! you're a grinning cat," said she;
Father said, "That's no sin;"
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.
Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down;
Mother said, "Better a *three-inch grin*,
Than a little *half-inch frown*."

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

TEACHING TIDINESS

Gertrude Gunzburg

If a mother begins to teach her baby to pick up his little shoes and stockings and rest of the clothes when he is ready for bed and to put them always in the same place, he will soon have the habit formed and will never leave them in a heap on the floor. But you will say, "It is easier and quicker to put them away myself." It is; but are you doing your duty by your child to allow him to form such habits? We mothers must teach our children.

Of course, if you have allowed your big boy to form an untidy habit, it will not be as much trouble to pick up after him as it will be to get him to pick up after himself. But keep at it. Do not get discouraged if it takes weeks or months before he will willingly take care of his clothes, for you have no one to blame but yourself. If you find it tiresome and aggravating to clean up after him, how do you suppose his wife will feel, especially if she and her brothers have been taught to pick up after themselves? The chances are that by teaching him this one tidy habit, you will be saving him many an unpleasant hour in the years to come.

I have not said anything about teaching the girls, because they, as a rule, are taught to care for their clothes; but it seems to me the boys are neglected. Boys should be taught tidy habits as well as girls.—*Gertrude Gunzburg*.

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 due not to defects in the running gear of human life, but to our inability to get the hang of the apparatus provided.—*Life*.

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START THE BOY RIGHT*

"I have never heard of a boy—taught to love nature—who went wrong."



gan to take an interest in selecting the best seed. He soon had several acres of corn selected by his son. Neighbors saw its advantages, and now more than five hundred farmers in that region are growing that boy's improved corn.

The unselfish Society which is endeavoring to spread among our people knowledge of the great Luther Burbank's methods of finding improved plants, addresses the interesting talks from which this article is mainly derived to "The Boy;" but I believe the matter is as suitable and interesting to girls, as it is to boys. Why could not a girl select individual plants of the best quality out of the endless variations that nature always gives, just as efficiently for results and just as profitably for her own character and happiness? I am hoping that the girls will be as much interested as the boys,—and that the parents will take no less interest in starting the girl right than in starting the boy right.

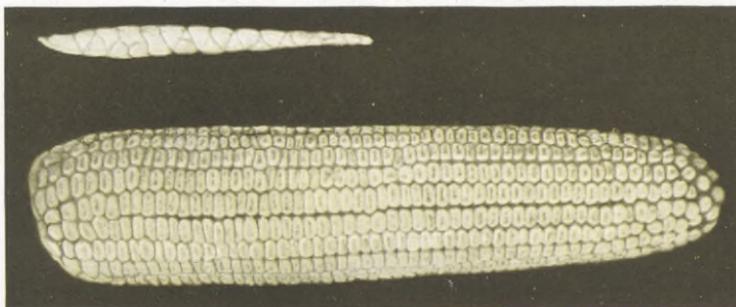
How shall the boy or girl begin?

By working with the plants themselves, and by learning what the ways of Nature are. If ten feet square in the yard is free for the purpose, well and good; if not, let it be ten square feet. If various kinds of plants are watched and selected, more knowledge and skill will come, and more quickly; but surely anyone could work with one or two. We hope for the day when a simply worded but thoroughly correct handbook of plant breeding will be within the reach of all boys and girls; but we may at once open to them their opportunity by leading them to work with plants—studying them as living, changing beings. The love of nature and of knowledge will come. Never fear about that. No living things respond so readily as do the plants to intelligent selection for the pleasures and needs of man. It has already been possible to change the scent, size, color, blooming period, and charm of flowers; to improve food fruits, and to develop new fruits and food plants and plants that yield new substances for manufacturing uses. Thus the world may enjoy products of better quality at lower price.

The way to improvement is *selection*. At the top of the picture is shown an ear of wild corn, such as the Indians found when they came to this country. Below it is a splendid specimen of the dent corn of today, with its sixteen rows of kernels and the tip and butt completely filled, a transformation

*By kind permission of the Luther Burbank Society the text here presented has been mostly selected or adapted from two copyrighted pamphlets, entitled "Start the Boy Right" and "Give the Boy His Chance," and the illustrations have been taken from the same.

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brought about wholly by selection, selection, selection. The Indians picked out the best ears of the wild corn or *Teosinte*, until the kernels grew so big that they crowded the cob to provide room for four, then six, then eight—and now we have sixteen rows of kernels on a cob two and half times as long. In spite of the wonderful improvement of corn, Mr. Burbank believes that what has been done is but the beginning; and just as he, in his boyhood, revolutionized the potato, so may some boy of today show the way to one hundred per cent improvement in corn, the most important of all America's crops.

When one ear is found that seems nearly right in the important respects, other ears like it are searched for, and these form the basis for a better kind of corn. Even if you have but one ear that is of the type you think it should be, you can improve the corn on your farm and in your community. A good ear of corn has about 1000 kernels. Count the kernels, and then figure out how many hills you can plant from that ear. Count the number of hills in an acre, and you will find that one ear will plant 1-12th of an acre. Good corn will yield about 60 bushels per acre. You see then you can reap about 5 bushels of corn from one ear, and with 5 bushels you can plant a great many acres.

But what are the characters in an ear of corn that would lead you to select it as a base for improvement? The first thing, perhaps, is ability to produce a large amount of grain. If any part of the cob has no kernels on it, that part is wasted. Study the ear of corn in the picture. Is there any place where there might be more corn? See how the kernels are arranged around the butt end; they curve so that there are kernels on the end of the cob. The tip, too, is rounded with kernels on the very end. Do you suppose you could find an ear like this among your father's seed?

The number of rows of kernels is always an even number. You will never find an odd row. This is because two rows grow out from the same point on the cob. To see this, take away a little of the chaff at the base of the kernels. As a rule, a certain variety of corn will have the same number of rows on all ears. If you find that the ears from a field of corn vary greatly in the number of rows, you may be sure the seed planted in that field was very much mixed. To select for higher yield, find an ear that has every part of the cob occupied. The kernels must be deep; they must fit closely so that there is no blank space between rows. The ear must be long and have as many rows of kernels as possible.

It is a wonderful opportunity for boys and girls. It has required men, with long years of study, to make some of the improvements we now have, but the process is so simple that a boy or girl has as good an opportunity to make the improvement as a man. When you select, you study all individuals available and take the one that is best, throwing away or using for another purpose those that are poorer.

Before you do very much, you need an inspiration. This is secured by

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studying the plants themselves. Examine the different parts. Try to understand what each part is for, why it has grown differently, and how it might be made better. Compare similar plants. You will see that, although in general appearance alike, there are many differences.

Compare the apples on two trees. You will see wonderful differences even though the trees are of the same variety. Plant seeds from either, and after they attain a height of six or eight inches plant them in the garden. This is an easy thing to do, isn't it? But this is exactly the way in which the greatest plant improvers secure improved varieties. Watch that row of trees, cultivate the soil well, supply plenty of water, and keep the weeds removed. Of course, as the trees grow you transplant them so that they will have plenty of space. When the trees come into bearing, you may be surprised because every tree will bear different apples. Some will be worthless, but there may be three or four trees, or only one, whose fruit appeals to you. Wouldn't it be delightful if it proved to be better than any other apple yet discovered? That very possibility lies within your reach.

The original wild apple is a little package of seeds with hardly any meat, but the best varieties have all been obtained—as in the evolution of Indian corn—by simple selection. What you must understand, is that if an apple has ten seeds each may show some distinct variation, whether for better or for worse. On the other hand, a slip from an apple tree grafted on another tree will bear the same fruit as the tree from which the slip was cut. But if seeds are planted countless variations appear, and in selection from seedlings lies the only hope of bigger and better apples. Your chance equals Mr. Burbank's.

Of all the opportunities for working with plants the greatest number may be found in the flowers. There are so many thousands of kinds of flowers. When you really begin to love a certain flower you will see variations within its family that you would not have noticed before. You have seen brothers and sisters that varied in the color of eyes and hair. The variations in the family of any flower-bearing plant are generally greater than this. A person who loves plants can always find some one blossom that he likes better than the rest, and can mark it or dig it up carefully and transplant it. By watching and care he can get a whole race of plants with flowers like the new variety.

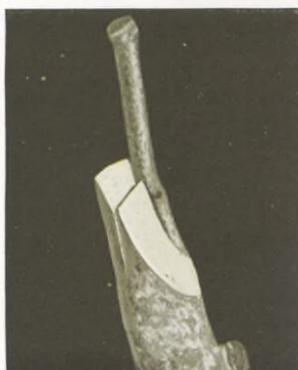
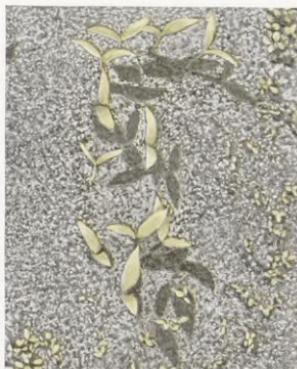
Suppose, for example, that a boy or girl discovers a flower with a slight tendency toward a new color. It may be that yellow petals show red about their bases. You can close your eyes and imagine that flower turned into a red blossom. You can go further than that. By keeping your eyes open, you can make that flower turn red. It sounds like magic, doesn't it? But there is no magic about it. It would be merely an application of laws of nature established ages ago on this old earth. We are now beginning to understand those laws. You can change that blossom by planting its seeds and selecting out of the flowers that come from them those showing the tendency towards the red color. Their seeds are planted, the same selection is repeated, and so on. That is, from each generation only those individuals are kept which produce blossoms showing the greatest tendency to red. At last (it may be in two years, or it may be in ten) you will get a race of plants whose habit it is to produce red blossoms. You can go for a walk along a railroad or into woods or meadows and find such and many other variations in any family of flowers.

About two years ago a boy in one of the Southern States found a lily of most unusual form. Instead of having a number of petals, it had only one and this was curved and twisted in such an unusual way that you would hardly recognize it as a lily. The boy knew nothing about heredity or the possibility of selection. He picked the blossom and carried it home. It happened that a friend was visiting this boy's home who did know something about plant breeding. As soon as he saw the curious blossom he asked the boy where he had found it, and he and the boy searched for two or three days but could not find the plant on which the flower had grown. The flower, of course, was useless for reproducing; seeds

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Here are more than 200 different experiments



Ten tomato plants out of possibly a thousand have shot up above their fellows, fifty or sixty are making a valiant struggle, and the remainder have so far failed to germinate. If quick growing were the only quality desired, you would select the ten that have outstripped the rest. But size is not the only quality that can be determined from the baby plant. Mr. Burbank is able to foretell the color and shapeliness and size of the fruit and other qualities.

do not ripen unless they mature on the plant. Thus this boy lost an opportunity to discover a new flower. All boys and girls should be encouraged to keep their eyes open for everything in nature that is good, and to select and multiply the good by planting its seeds or by grafting or other means of propagation. There are no rules by which the quality of each variation can be surely judged. Every person

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must use his own judgment. Only time can prove the wisdom of any particular selection. Of course, after some experience one's judgment is much more reliable than it was in the beginning.

We will give a little instruction for handling the seeds, lest some should lose the results of their work. Go into the woods and get a bagful of "leaf mold," that is the rich, loose soil just below the layer of leaves under the trees. Take this home and sweep a space on the ground about six feet square. Pour on to this a bagful of clean fine sand; then empty on the bagful of leaf mold. Turn the pile over and over with a shovel until thoroughly mixed. This is the soil in which your seeds should be planted until they get a good start. The best way is to put this soil in boxes. The best size for the boxes is 18 inches square and 4 inches deep. Inch lumber may be used for the sides and half-inch for the bottom. The bottom boards must not be put close together; leave a crack about a quarter of an inch wide between them, for drainage. If the soil should drop through, partly fill the crack with pebbles. The box should be filled to within three quarters of an inch from the top. Press the soil down with a brick or short piece of 2x4, making it firm and level. One good way of filling is to put at the bottom of the box a layer of coarse sand about one inch deep, then a layer of finer sand, and then fill with leaf mold and stable manure, half and half. Plant the seeds as you would plant them in the garden. From 100 to 1000 seeds may be planted in one box or "flat." Instead of sprinkling water over the top, set the box in a pan or tub of water. The water in the tub should be about as deep as one-half the height of the box. The water will rise through the bottom of the box and soak the soil without displacing any seeds. As soon as the soil has become soaked the box should be removed and put in a warm place. The seeds will soon germinate and then the fun will begin. There is nothing more fascinating than watching the birth of the new plants, some of which may prove to be wonderfully new.

After plant raising you will naturally pass on to fruit culture and grafting. There is no work more interesting. From the young trees you have selected for your different tests you will cut off little branches, and these you will cut up into pieces about two inches long. These pieces are called cions, and each cion must bear two or three buds. The tops and side branches of the tree to receive the grafts have been cut away, and in the end of each branch the pieces of the twigs from the little trees under test are to be placed. A single mature tree may carry five hundred different kinds of grafts at the same time.

You will have your pruning knife, a saw to cut away the branches of the trees on which you set your grafts, a pot of wax, a brush, and some pieces of cloth. Any boy who is handy with his jackknife should be able to graft a seedling or a cion on a tree with success. The picture tells the story. The graft shown is the cleft graft. There are many forms of grafting, but it must be remembered that the moist layer of the cion just underneath the bark, must be brought in good contact with the moist layer of the tree upon which it is to be grafted. This is called the cambium layer and it is the important part not only of twig but of tree, because it carries the life fluids. A graft such as shown is simply bound up with a rag and covered with wax. Nature does the rest.

Boys or girls would generally enjoy doing such things for the constant enlivening interest—for the fun of it; but if the added incentive of the prospect of making money should be needed, that too is offered. Large sums are sometimes paid for improved plants. Often a new variety has been sold for a thousand dollars. Several varieties that could be sold might be secured from a single planting of seeds. The opportunity is unbounded.

In nearly all manufacturing industries the present advancements were not dreamed of a hundred years ago; many of them not fifty years ago; some not ten. We have been leaping ahead in almost every technical or practical way, except the one way on which everything else depends. It might seem as if all intelligence had been turned toward bringing conveniences within the reach of

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all, toward making luxuries cheap, while many of the necessities—all those things that depend on the cultivation and conservation of the soil and on the improvement of plants—have grown dearer and dearer. The explanation of this apparently absurd condition lies in the fact that improvements in manufacturing and transportation when scientifically discovered, may be utilized for the common benefit through business organization. It has thus not been necessary for a great many men to comprehend such matters. Those individuals who will devote themselves to long, arduous, intelligent study rise to directing responsibility, but the majority may work efficiently under direction. In agriculture and horticulture and stock breeding it is quite different. Here millions of persons must arouse themselves to intelligent self-direction before progress can become general. Thus railways and great scientific manufacturing industries have come, while agriculture has remained at the stage coach period.

Every tract of fertile land accessible to transportation (if the farmers permit reckless laws to cripple the railroads they hurt themselves miserably) is beginning boys of the rising generation to embrace an opportunity. Most of us could now afford bathtubs, telephones, and luxurious traveling, but we can hardly pay the prices that have become necessary for food and clothing. The world needs now and needs urgently an increase in the yield of wheat without increased labor or expense for producing it, which will once more give the great cities their big five-cent loaves of bread as of old. It needs an increase in forage crops without increase in cost of production, which will bring back sirloins of beef to 16 cents a pound. To add a single kernel to each ear of corn would increase the corn crop of these United States alone by five million bushels. One improvement in the potato has meant \$17,000,000 a year to the one State of California. The world has never felt any material need so badly as it now wants to put back the prices of its food and clothing. In several countries the law-makers are attempting to do this through laws that are putting everything and everybody into great dangers. The main cause of the big trouble is simply the failure of farmers and fruit growers to keep up with the times.

I wish to make one last point clear. Almost everyone might do something for the improvement of plants by following the suggestions offered by the Luther Burbank Society; but it is quite thoughtless to imagine that half of the boys, or even one quarter of the boys should or could go "back to the farm." The majority must always work in manufactures, transportation, and distribution, for the very good reason that several men are required to transport, manufacture, and distribute the raw products that one man can raise from the soil.

Yet farming now offers the widest opportunity that was ever offered to boys in general. You don't have to go to college to be a plant improver, or to get the necessary knowledge about soils. You must, of course, study and be alert, as well as industrious; but those years of costly preparation are not necessary. The boy who grasps this opportunity need never be compelled to stand in a long waiting line of applicants. Any boy who is not afraid of work and who will get by private study the necessary knowledge may become in his early manhood a successful farmer. A single intelligent idea applied to an 80-acre farm may mean the difference between poverty and comfortable prosperity. Every acre of tillable land is inviting more intelligent use than has hitherto been made of it. Every buyer of food and clothing is protesting against longer delay.

As for plant improvement aside from the exclusive business of farming, anyone who will give intelligent attention to fruits or flowers or plants of any kind may be the inventor of a valuable new variety. Every plant that grows is offering to reveal valuable secrets.

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STORY OF THE FLAG

Victor Mapes.



OUR country is so peaceful, and we see so many flags flying from tops of buildings, or carried in parades, or stuck in the collars of horses, that we are apt to pass a flag without any thought of it. At any rate an adventure that a boy I know had in Paris is worth telling about.

When the Fourth of July came we had been in Paris two months, and I think we had not seen a single American flag. On the morning of the Fourth, however, flags were hanging out from the American shops. They

looked strange; and the idea came to Frank for the first time, that the United States was one of many nations living next to one another in this world, and that it was his own nation to which he belonged. Two or three times he counted the number in sight, and showed in many ways that he had come to a new understanding of the American flag. Later in the day Frank's cousin, a boy three years older, came to our hotel and they went off together.

When Frank returned a small American flag was stuck into the lapel of his coat. "George says we ought to wear them so people may know we are Americans. But, say, Uncle Jack, where do you think I got that?"

He unrolled a weather-beaten American flag. "Where?" I asked.

"We took it off Lafayette's tomb."

I opened my eyes in surprise and he went on:

"George says the American Consul put it on the tomb last Fourth of July for our Government, because Lafayette helped us in the Revolution. George says they ought to put on a new flag every Fourth of July, but the American Consul now is a new man and he forgot to do it. So we bought a new flag just like the old one, and we did it. George and I each paid half. We thought we ought to say something when we put the new flag on, but we didn't know what to say. George said they always made a regular speech; but we thought it didn't matter much. So we just took off our hats when we spread the new flag on the grave, and then we rolled up the old flag and came away. We drew lots for it afterwards and I won it. And I am going to take it home with me."

The flag travelers saw on Lafayette's tomb that year was put there by two boys. The flag of the year before, Frank has hung on the wall of his little room in America. But this particular flag is not the only one that has become dear to him. He now understands that every American flag represents his nation and all the ties that ought to bind fellow-countrymen to each other.

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR

COMMERCIAL wireless telegraphy is opening up a promising career for capable young men. It needs such men and offers rewards that should attract them. In the April 1914 issue of *The Wireless Age* there is an article by F. A. Klingenschmitt on "The Commercial Wireless Operator's Career" which is very interesting reading for any bright youth who may be hesitating about a line of work to choose. The experienced Operator testifies: "I have enjoyed my career; I still enjoy it, and expect to be enjoying it when the powers-that-be in the home office call me to a more responsible task—a remote possibility mayhap, but one that adds a zest to things. Meanwhile I am seeing the world, learning something of all kinds and classes of humanity, imbibing the principles of salesmanship, acquiring a fair knowledge of electrical phenomena, appreciating the merits of systematic effort and discipline, storing up a reverse of good health, and earning a lot more money than my erstwhile classmates.

"Most wireless operators have not reached their majority, yet they earn from \$30 to \$60 a month, with bonuses on messages and sales of the steamship daily

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newspaper that run \$10 or more. And the opportunity to save! No board to pay and all the ship entertainments at their disposal. At sea or ashore he has comfortable quarters and attendance. He can confine his expenses to the bonuses, leaving his salary intact. He can live better than other self-supporting young men, lead a more varied and interesting life, and set aside his whole salary.

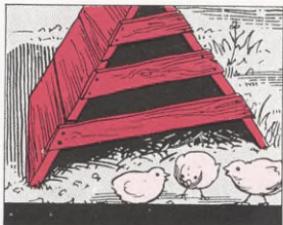
"With proper application, less than a year in the Marconi Company's school will equip the right sort with sufficient knowledge to secure a ship assignment. After that it is up to him. There is plenty of room for *good* men in wireless, and no better place to start could be selected than the operating end."

For descriptions of life and work aboard ship and in ports, see the article mentioned.

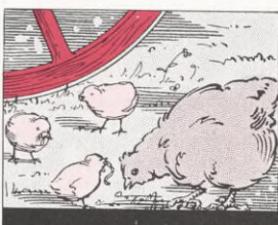


DO you realize, little business man, what an important factor you are in the business world—and how much it expects of you in the future? You would hardly believe, would you, that the boss who rides down to his mahogany office mornings in a red motor car was once, perhaps, just a little hard-skinned, chap-handed, bashful boy like you? The majority of "bosses" have worked their way up from your very level, step by step. But you will not find the road upward an easy one, little Business Man. You will have many struggles and heartaches on the way. If you are not afraid of work, you will push on in spite of everything. You will never get a footing, however, if you kill time playing with lazy boys in the alley, for only Industry and Honesty will keep your eyes

clear and spur you on to success. The world is depending on you, little Business Man, to shape its laws and conduct the commerce of the future, and you must begin right now to climb, slowly at first, so the ladder won't wobble, then faster and faster until you get your footing—then hold on.—*Business Philosopher*.



Get up
and
scratch



Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice fat worm,"
Said another little chick, with a queer little shrug,
"I wish I could find a nice little bug."
Said a third little chick, with an odd little squeal,

"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."
"Look Here," said the mother, from the green
garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast, just you get up
and scratch."

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SAFETY AND SANITATION

V. R. CURRIE,

Chairman Central Committee of Safety

Christmas! Now is the time to keep your eyes open for the chance of a kindly deed. Maybe there is a fellow workman or someone else who is in trouble. You can make their load lighter now by a kind act of some sort, and do not forget the little ones to whom this day means so much.

New Year! This is the time of year when new resolutions are in order. May we all resolve that in the coming year we will to the best of our ability do our work well and faithfully; improve our condition in every way possible; and meet our fellow-workman on the broad plane of a square deal for all. We will then have the satisfaction of knowing in our own mind that we have accomplished something worth while, and that this world of ours is better on account of our being here.

Accident prevention is sweeping the land. From coast to coast and from the Gulf to the Lakes, the slogan of "Safety First" rings out, and it is not only a slogan, but it is a statement of a condition that is more and more becoming true.

Many people do not realize the positive loss that results when a trained employee is incapacitated for work. It is not only his own work that suffers, but that of others whose efforts are interrelated with his.

CLEANLINESS

Employees should keep their persons and their clothing as clean as possible. Careful attention to this point fosters self-respect and wonderfully improves the general tone in the plant, and it also has other more material advantages. In case of injury, for example, the danger of serious consequences from infection and blood-poisoning is lessened in a marked degree. Cleanliness is of special importance in such places because health and disease often depend directly upon the personal habits of the employee in this respect,—scrupulous cleanliness preserving health, while laxity and carelessness bring disease. Employees who have to deal with poisonous substances should make free use of soap, warm water, and brushes, and tooth brushes,—particularly before eating and before leaving the work place. Special attention should

be given to the mouth and to the spaces around the finger nails and under them. Neglect of precautions of this kind is particularly common among painters, who often eat without thoroughly cleansing their hands, and who frequently suffer from lead poisoning as a result. In working with poisonous substances it is sometimes highly important to change the clothing throughout, upon entering or leaving the work place, and to bathe the entire body before quitting work and putting on the street clothing.

NEATNESS

All work should be done in a neat and orderly manner. Tools and materials should not be allowed to lie about in confusion. Special care should be taken in connection with all sanitary arrangements, to keep them in the best condition possible. Neatness in this respect is conducive to health, comfort, self-respect, and general good feeling among the employees.

EYES

All employees should take special care of their eyes. If they cannot see distinctly, or if their eyes give them trouble in any other way, they should immediately consult a good oculist, or a competent physician who thoroughly understands the eye. He will determine the nature of the trouble and will usually be able to correct it. It is a serious mistake to neglect the eyes even for a short time, or to use glasses bought from spectacle venders without a proper examination.

GOGGLES

Workmen engaged in chipping or grinding operations should wear substantial and effective goggles to prevent injury to the eyes.

Signs: Employees should pay strict and scrupulous attention to all warning signs that may be posted in or about the workplace. These signs are displayed for the purpose of pointing out dangerous conditions, and any instructions they may bear should be faithfully carried out.

(Reprinted by permission from *The Employee and Accident Prevention*, Travelers Insurance Company).

Careful men are usually safe and efficient; careless men are neither safe nor efficient.

★ ★

Don't let merriment wind up in flame and ashes started by a Christmas tree candle.—Ed.

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DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

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

Pipe Line Dept.	A. M. Donoghue, Houston.
Natural Gas Dept.	D. P. Harrington, Fort Worth.
Fuel Oil Dept.	E. B. Jordan, Houston.
Refining Dept.	C. K. Conover, Houston.
Marine Dept.	W. L. Conover, Port Arthur.
Legal Dept.	A. R. Weber, New York.
Treasury Dept.	J. S. Ballard, Houston.
Comptrollers' Dept.	Lee Dawson, Houston.
Sales Dept., S. Territory	B. E. Emerson, Houston.
Sales Dept., N. Territory	J. R. Pouncey, New York.
Export Dept.	S. Slatton, New York.
Purchasing Dept.	J. B. Nielsen, New York.
Railway Traffic Dept.	J. E. Byrne, Chicago.
Producers	J. W. Painter, Houston.
	P. C. Harvey, Houston.

PIPE LINE Dan Hickey, Connection
DEPT. Foreman at Electra, Texas,
who has been ailing from an
attack of malarial fever, has gone to
Marlin for treatment.

I. P. Chidsey, who has been recuperating in the States, returned to Tampico, Mexico, early in November. G. H. Speary, of Beaumont, who was acting in the place of Mr. Chidsey, has returned.

H. T. Caldwell, formerly connected with the Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Co. at Waco, Texas, is now with The Texas Company as Assistant Chief Operator, Houston Office.

George Martin, of Houston Office, while playing baseball mutilated his right hand and will be incapacitated from duty for several weeks. Moral: Don't play baseball on Sunday or out of season.

R. S. Allen, of Houston Office, is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a 10-pound baby boy on Nov. 24. Mr. Allen regrets very much that conditions are such that a picture of his new baby cannot be shown in the Christmas issue of the *Texaco Star*.

At a conference before the accountants of the Interstate Commerce Commission, held in Washington, D. C., Nov. 19, continuing for three days, were present about forty-five representatives of various pipe line companies in the United States. The Texas Company was represented by Messrs. Guy Stevens of New York and Ira McFarland and A. M. Donoghue of Houston.

From Moran, Texas: General Superin-

tendent J. L. Dowling, Supt. J. G. Quinn of Wichita Falls, and F. C. Daniels of Electra were November visitors at Moran.

Harry Brennan, of the Pioneer Gas Co., while horseback riding made a bow to a lady friend and losing his balance fell from the horse, burying himself in the mud. No bones were broken.

FUEL OIL L. F. Jordan, Asst. Manager, DEPT. Chicago, spent a few days at Houston headquarters, leaving for home Nov. 22.

Vice Pres. Noble made a quick trip to Florida territory in latter part of Nov.

It is reported that T. N. Dawson, Jr., took advantage of a low rate to Beaumont and made a trip to that city on Sunday, Nov. 22, on some personal business.

Asst. Mgr. McMahan has been busy for a few days entertaining Mr. Bonner, an old friend of the early oil days around Beaumont.

W. D. Biossat, the only real sport in this Department, reports another successful fishing trip to Lynchburg. He also reports better luck on the return trip.

REFINING The Refining Department Efficiency Committee met in
DEPT. Houston Nov. 5. The meeting was presided over by Chairman P. C. Scullin. All members were present and the meeting was interesting and instructive.

The Refining Committee met in Houston Nov. 6-7. In attendance were: Chairman Dr. G. W. Gray, General Supt. F. C. Smith, Port Arthur; Supt. C. C. Hawkins, Port Neches; Supt. C. C. Blackman, West Dallas; Supt. T. Mullin, West Tulsa; and Supt. F. P. Dodge, Lockport.

L. R. Holmes, General Sup't Northern Terminals, was a Houston visitor this month.

J. G. Detwiler, formerly at Port Arthur, has re-entered the service and will be located at Bayonne under Dr. Mackenzie.

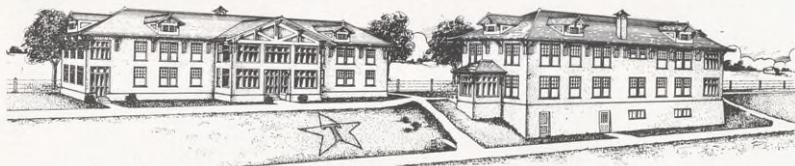
W. E. Couch has been appointed as stenographer at Port Neches Works.

J. B. Sweeney has returned from an enjoyable trip to New York City.

On Nov. 1 a 9-pound boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Lindsay. David has promised to bring him down to the office in the baby carriage presented by the boys.

H. E. Schreck of the Port Arthur office force has resigned his position. Mr. Schreck has been appointed Mexican Consul and will be located at Galveston, Texas.

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CARGOES SHIPPED BY THE TEXAS CO.
FROM PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS
MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1914

DATE	VESSEL	BARRELS	DESTINATION
Refined			
1st	S.S. Alabama	27,943	Del. Riv. Term.
1st	M.S. Selene	43,438	Portshead and Barrow, Eng.
2nd	Brg. Jack Ray	7,770	Berwick, La.
3rd	Brg. Tulsa	8,294	Amesville, La.
4th	S.S. Radiant	25,103	Bayonne, N. J.
6th	Brg. Jack Ray	7,591	Berwick, La.
7th	S.S. Strombus	51,239	Dartmouth, Eng.
8th	S.S. Virgil	8,993	South America
10th	Brg. Tulsa	7,604	Charleston, S. C.
11th	S. S. Illinois	37,268	Bayonne, N. J.
12th	S.S. Bloomfield	43,628	Dartm'th, Eng.
13th	Brg. Jack Ray	7,843	Berwick, La.
13th	Brg. Dallas	16,614	Bayonne, N. J.
13th	S.S. Florida	10,666	Providence, R. I.
13th	S.S. Turbo	51,748	Thames Haven, Eng.
14th	S.S. Arethusa	27,969	Melville Sta. R. I.
14th	S.S. Corozal	2,765	Porto Rico
15th	S.S. Nils	2	Matanzas, Cuba
15th	S.S. Texas	57,937	Norfolk, Baltimore, and Del. Riv. Terms.
17th	Brg. Magnolia	7,349	Mobile, Ala.
19th	S.S. Vesta	3,333	Bayonne, N. J.
21st	S.S. Perfection	1,504	Bayonne, N. J.
21st	S.S. Northwestern	22,913	Norfolk, Va.
23rd	S.S. Hartington	39,416	Australia
23rd	S.S. Socony	3,412	Bayonne, N. J.
28th	S.S. St. Ninian	6,746	West Indies
29th	S.S. Comet	24,709	Bayonne, N. J.
31st	Brg. Magnolia	7,244	Mobile, Ala.
Total		561,041	
Crude			
11th	S.S. Illinois	23,762	Bayonne, N. J.
13th	S.S. Florida	1,482	Providence, R. I.
15th	S.S. Nils	3,099	Matanzas, Cuba
19th	S.S. Vesta	34,779	Bayonne, N. J.
21st	S.S. Perfection	18,638	Bayonne, N. J.
21st	S.S. Northwestern	444	Norfolk, Va.
23rd	S.S. Hartington	12	Australia
23rd	S.S. Socony	34,667	Bayonne, N. J.
Total		116,883	

Employees at Port Neches Works are looking forward to the early completion of the new Bunkhouse and Commissary buildings. The site affords a beautiful un-

obstructed view of the Neches River. Both buildings are of fireproof construction, concrete foundations, concrete floors, hollow-tile walls, and Texaco Roof. Interiors are to be finished in cement plaster. The exterior stucco finish and decoration will be the same for both buildings. The steam heating, electric lighting, and plumbing fixtures are to be thoroughly modern.

The Bunkhouse is approximately 40 feet wide by 103 feet long, two stories high, and will provide sleeping quarters for 50 to 60 men. Each floor is divided into fourteen bed chambers and two large screened porches, which may be used as sleeping porches in favorable weather. A large lounging and reading room is located on the upper floor. Hot and cold water, shower baths, lavatories, and all sanitary conveniences are amply provided. Much attention has been given to the design and equipment of this building to afford maximum comfort and thorough sanitation.

The Commissary is approximately 36 feet wide by 72 feet long, two stories high, and has a large cellar or basement for the storage of ice and supplies of food-stuffs. The ground floor is divided into two large dining rooms, with a seating capacity of about 80 persons, a spacious kitchen with all modern equipment, and quarters for the family of the commissary or caretaker. This building also has large comfortable screened porches on each floor.

These buildings will provide relatively luxurious living quarters as compared with the present commissary. The expense incurred and the efforts of the management to improve living conditions will be highly appreciated by all employes. It is believed that these advantages offered at Port Neches will be a permanent means of attracting the very best class of workmen.

Our good friend Captain Sverre MARINE Petersen, of the SS. *Brabant*, was DEPT. married on Nov. 18 to Miss Gudrun Gram, of New York. The *Brabant* sailed the following day for Tuxpan, and Captain Petersen's bride accompanied him. Good luck to the honeymoon ship! While the Captain's matrimonial step took us somewhat by surprise, we recovered in time to give the pair a good send-off when the launch *Ursa* took them off to the ship.

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The engineer of the launch probably spent half the next day digging out rice.

Congratulations are extended to W. A. Heldman, Marine Accounting, who came in the other morning with one of those "proud parent" smiles and announced that his family had been enriched by the addition of a fine girl.

Carl Kistler now has a son and heir, who arrived in this world Nov. 21. Kistler says the youngster wasted no time in demonstrating the strength of his lungs, but this might be because he realized that he had landed in Jersey. Anyway, Kistler has our congratulations, and the boy our best wishes for health and happiness.

J. R. Watson is now with the Marine Department, Accounting Division, in place of G. G. Parshall, resigned.

LEGAL DEPT. General Counsel Amos L. Beaty has returned to New York after an extended visit in Oklahoma and Texas.

Judge Hampden Story, of Shreveport, La., came over to Houston Nov. 17 to attend the annual stockholders' meeting.

Mr. F. C. Pannill has been transferred to Tampico, Mexico. We had intended giving Carter a first-class writeup on his departure for the Southern Republic, expressing our regret in losing him and our best wishes for his success and safety, but we were reminded that while reporting the doings of the Legal Department to the *Texaco Star*, he failed to report the vital statistics of the Department in two instances, while pretending warm friendship for the proud parents. Perhaps, Carter's oversight was due to the fact that he is a bachelor, but, be that as it may, this is all the notice he gets this time.

TREASURY DEPT. Treasurer Green made a short business trip to New Orleans this month.

A. R. Burden has been employed as stenographer for Ass't Treasurer Tobey, New York Office, *vice* Daniel Egan, resigned.

General Creditman Symms took another day off recently, and this time there is no doubt that he went fishing, for he brought home the "bacon."

Lee Dawson, Secretary to Treasurer, spent two or three days in Beaumont during the Southeast Texas Fair, and reports the Texaco Exhibit there as the subject of a great deal of favorable comment.

The U. S. mail in Mr. Symms' office has

increased of late, most of it coming from Brenham, Texas. Who is she, Raymond?

Card—Mr. and Mrs. William A. Green announce the marriage of their daughter Mrs. Eleanor Green Wilson to Mr. Richard Millett Regan on Friday, the nineteenth of November, nineteen hundred and fourteen, Houston, Texas.

COMPTROLLER'S DEPT. We regret to report the death of Howard, the two and a half year old

son of W. G. Howland, Secretary to the Comptroller. His loss was a hard blow to his parents, and the Houston Office employees extend to Mr. and Mrs. Howland their heartfelt sympathy.

Stenographer R. C. Craft is back at his desk after a short time spent in Memphis, Tenn., where he was called on account of serious illness of his father.

Vernon L. Porter spent the week Nov. 8-14 enjoying Houston's Deep Water Jubilee and Carnival. Vern says between the Red Roosters and the Chickens he had some vacation.

We are glad to see W. A. Powers back at his desk in the corner, after an absence of six weeks spent at Port Arthur Works checking over old records.

Mr. McFarland returned to Houston during the first week of November after a month's trip to points in the North and East. He has again departed for the East.

Guy M. Redwine, stenographer in the General Office, has resigned to be Assistant Secretary of the Southern Trust Company.

NEW YORK OFFICE BOYS CONTEST

The prizes in the Office Boys Contest for the six months ending June 30, 1914 were not awarded until recently, because of a delay in getting medals from the manufacturers.

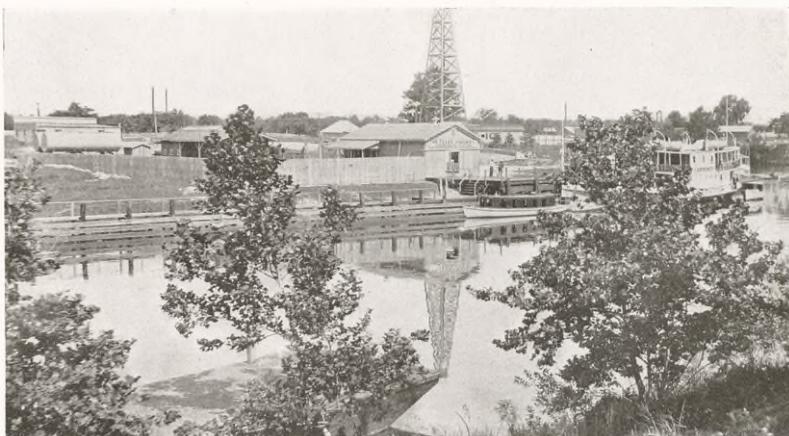
In this contest fourteen office boys participated and all made splendid records. Several of the boys who were in the previous contest did not participate in the last for the reason that they had been advanced to junior clerkships. The names of the winners, with percentages of efficiency attained are

Arthur Hair, Purchasing Department,	100.
James Ottignon, Refining Department,	99.96
John McNichol, N. Y. Dist., Sales Dept.	99.94
Arthur Hair, who won the first prize, also won the first prize in the previous contest.	

The percentages were all high and evidence the splendid manner in which the office boys in the New York Office perform the duties assigned them.

With the awarding of the prizes the boys were given encouraging talks by Mr. Parish, Manager of the Lubricating Division, and Dr. Canfield of the Correspondence School, both of whom have manifested much interest in their welfare and advancement. Our boys are bright, active young fellows, and all give promise of developing into good business men.

TEXACO STAR



Harrisburg, Texas, Station—Picture taken by D. C. Regan when he was Agent there, more than two years ago.

SALES DEPT. A Telegram:
S. TERRITORY

Shreveport, La., Nov. 11, 1914.

D. A. Vann, Houston, Texas.

DeLloyd Thompson was forced to ground at Shreveport yesterday on account of poor gasoline from a competitor. Filled tanks with Texaco Auto Gasoline and made spectacular flights on yesterday and today.

M. E. Trowbridge.

Agent Sweat, of Hugo, comes in with the most pleasant surprise of the Oklahoma District for some time, sending in a large lubricating contract reported closed by competitors thirty days prior.

Texaco Quality, and Salesmanship was again illustrated when Agent Brown, of Chickasha, placed our Leader Cylinder with an oil mill, after our competitor had sold them a cheaper cylinder oil, and had also furnished their traveling Engineer to start the mill.

In holding out for Quality, salesman Potts, of Tulsa, cinched a good Lubricating customer on Winner Oil while competitors were working on him with a 25c Oil.

Agent Groves and wife, of Ft. Smith, Ark., report the arrival of a fine baby boy.

In looking over salesman Odom's reports it is very evident that the war is seriously affecting Durant territory, as the Army Worms are mentioned so often.

On Nov. 6 the Hobart, Oklahoma Station Warehouse was completely destroyed

by fire. Agent Slate and driver W. L. Lindsay, in making their escape from the burning building, received injuries which, although they are not serious, are very painful and will keep them away from their duties for possibly two weeks.

LUBRICATING DIVISION HONOR ROLL, OCTOBER, 1914.

SOUTHERN TERRITORY

J. McAdams, Dallas District

DALLAS DISTRICT

J. McAdams, 1st	L. M. Fitzgerald
W. H. Gray	C. F. Shipp
W. M. Brown	O. S. Calloway
Will Carroll	W. R. Scott
J. W. Marriott	E. H. Browder

HOUSTON DISTRICT

M. H. Langford

NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT

F. E. Castleberry, 1st	V. L. Seddon
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ATLANTA DISTRICT

R. T. Hanna, 1st	J. W. Lovejoy
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October gallomage leaders:

Class of Products	October 1914	Leader 1913	Best Increase
Motor Oil	Dallas	Pueblo	Dallas
Harness	Atlanta	Dallas	Houston
Harvester	Dallas	Houston	Dallas
Home Lub.	Houston	Atlanta	Houston
Lq. Wax Flr.	Houston	Atlanta	Houston
Gen'l Lub.	New Orl's	New Orl's	Birm'ham
Axle Grease	New Orl's	Atlanta	New Orl's
Cup Grease	Dallas	Atlanta	Dallas
Trans. Lub.	Atlanta	Atlanta	Atlanta

TEXACO STAR

The best average result shows Atlanta District has stepped up from third place in Sept. to first place in Oct. Houston is again second, and but one point behind. Dallas drops from first to third place, seven points behind the leader.

Atlanta gained four points over Sept. and is within two points of the high record established by Houston during August. Houston gained two points over Sept., but is three behind her August record.

A further classification of October lubricating leaders, 1914 and 1913, shows the interesting results:

	1914	1913	
Sales Lub's by Classes	Atlanta	Atlanta	Galveston
Marketing Cost	New Orl's	Atlanta	Humble
Selling Price	Pueblo	El Paso	San Benito
Tank Wagon Sales	Dallas	Birm'ham	
Future Orders	Houston	Pueblo	
Contr'ts for Mot. Oil	Atlanta	Pueblo	
Motor Oil Sales	Dallas	Pueblo	
Contracts Renewed	Dallas	Houston	
Deliveries on Expiring Contracts	Pueblo	-----	
% Total Lub'ng Deliveries to min. Contr't estimates	Houston	New Orl's	

Name and District of Salesman making largest sales on each of leading brands for October, 1914.

Motor Oil L, H, EH	EH W. Carroll	Dallas
Transmis. Lub. I, 2	J. T. Foresse	Oklahoma
Cup Grease	C. F. Shipp	Dallas
Liq. Wax Fl'r Dress	F. H. Sullivan	Houston
Home Lubricant	F. H. Sullivan	Houston
Harness Oils	J. McAdams	Dallas
Castor Axle Oil	M. C. Sanders	Atlanta
Axle Grease-Graph.	M. A. Dyer	New Orl's
Separator Oil	J. T. Foresse	Oklahoma
Harvester Oil	W. M. Brown	Dallas
Belt Dressing	O. S. Calloway	Dallas
Zenith Valve Oil	B. L. Kowalski	Houston
Vanguard Cyl. Oil	T. E. Meece	Houston
Leader Cyl. Oil	W. E. McGilvery	Dallas
Pinnacle Cyl. Oil	J. W. Lovejoy	Atlanta
Alcald Oil	F. W. Silva	Birm'ham
Cetus Oil	J. F. Weller	Birm'ham
Honor Oil	J. McAdams	Dallas
Altair Oil	J. M. Jones	Houston
Aleph Oil	W. H. Gray	Dallas
Valor Oil	R. T. Hanna	Atlanta
Canopus Oil	L. M. Fitzgerald	Dallas
Gas Engine Oil	J. McAdams	Dallas
Winner Oil	W. H. Gray	Dallas
Thread Cut. Oils	R. T. Hanna	Atlanta
Transformer Oil	-----	-----
Ammonia Oil	J. McAdams	Dallas
Crater Compound	J. A. Howser	Pueblo

Stations showing over 100 per cent increase in output of Lubricants first nine months 1914 over same period 1913:

DALLAS DISTRICT		
Oils	Greases	
Baird	Albany	Hubbard
Hamlin	Anson	Kaufman
Hillsboro	Baird	Killeen
Hubbard	Canadian	Midland
Killeen	Cisco	Stamford
Lometa	Crowell	Sweetwater
McLean	Hamlin	Tahoka
Stephenville	Haskell	

HOUSTON DISTRICT		
Calvert	Livingston	Cleveland

Galveston	Runge	Kirbyville
Humble	San Benito	Mercedes

OKLAHOMA DISTRICT

None

ATLANTA DISTRICT

Milledgeville, Ga.	Carrollton, Ga.
Pelham, Ga.	Milledgeville, Ga.

BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT

Bessemer, Ala.	Bessemer, Ala.
Birmingham, Ala.	Birmingham, Ala.

EL PASO DISTRICT

Clifton, Ariz.	El Paso, Tex.
Miami, Ariz.	Nogales, Ariz.
Nogales, Ariz.	Silver City, N. M.
Silver City, N. M.	

NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT

Bunkie, La.	Abbeville
Eunice, La.	Morgan City
Plaquemine, La.	Harvey
	New Iberia
	Houma
	Plaquemine
	Lafourche
	Welsh,—all La.

PUEBLO DISTRICT

Cheyenne, Wyo.	Cheyenne, Wyo.
Laramie, Wyo.	Victor, Colo.

Stations showing over 100 per cent increase on output of lubricants September, 1914, compared with September, 1913:

DALLAS DISTRICT		
Oils	Greases	
Abilene	Hillsboro	Abilene
Amarillo	Hubbard	Anson
Anson	Kaufman	Baird
Ballinger	Leonard	Big Sp'gs
Bonham	Lometa	Cisco
Brady	McKinney	Crowell
Cisco	McLean	Dallas, A. F. S. I
Comanche	Memphis	Denison
Crowell	Midland	Harmil
Denison	Palestine	Hereford
Dublin	Pilot Pt.	Hillsboro
Gainesville	Quanah	Killeen
Hamlin	Rusk	Marshall
Haskell	Seymour	Merkel
Hereford	Stamford	Palestine

HOUSTON DISTRICT

Brenham	Angleton	Mercedes
Brownsville	Beaumont	Pt. Arthur
El Campo	Brownsville	Pt. Lavaca
Garwood	Cameron	Runge
Harrisburg	Crystal City	Sabinal
Houston	Eagle Pass	San Marcos
Livingston	Galveston	Victoria
Orange	Garwood	Webster
Runge	Giddings	
San Benito	Kingsville	
Seadrift	Laredo	
Seguin	Livingston	
Yoakum	Lockhart	

OKLAHOMA DISTRICT

Enid, Okla.	Enid, Okla.

ATLANTA DISTRICT

Chester, S. C.	Corralton, Ga.
Greenwood, S. C.	
Pelham, Ga.	

BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT

Bessemer, Ala.	Selma, Ala.
Birmingham, Ala.	

TEXACO STAR

EL PASO DISTRICT

Clifton, N. M.	Albuquerque, N. M.
Clovis, N. M.	Clovis, N. M.
El Paso, Tex.	El Paso, Texas
	Roswell, N. M.
	Silver City, N. M.

NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT

Greenv'le, Miss.	Abbeville, La.	Lafayette,
Harvey, La.	Bunkie, La.	Lafourche,
Jackson, Miss.	Greenv'le, Miss.	West Iberia,
Monroe, La.	Harvey, La.	Welsh, La.
Shreveport, La.	Houma, La.	

PUEBLO DISTRICT

Ft. Collins, Colo. Victor, Colo.

It is very gratifying to see the large number of stations on these Honor Rolls. They are as many more, falling short by a narrow margin, who are expected to appear on the next list. Mr. Agent, are your drivers all hustling for lubricating orders? Your station can be put on the Honor Roll.

Leaders on sales by tank wagon salesmen:

Class of Products	October 1914	Leader 1913	Best Increase
Motor Oils	Atlanta	Pueblo	El Paso
Misc. Auto and Gas Eng. Oils	Dallas	Atlanta	Dallas
St'n Cyl. Oils	Oklahoma	Dallas	Oklahoma
Eng. & Mach. Oils	Dallas	Dallas	Dallas
Specialties	New Orl's	New Orl's	New Orl's
Black Oil	Birm'ham	Birm'ham	Birm'ham
Transmis. Lub.	Atlanta	New Orl's	Atlanta
Cup Grease	New Orl's	Pueblo	New Orl's
Axle Grease	New Orl's	Birm'ham	New Orl's

Dallas District is again in first place based on best average on all classes; with New Orleans gaining nine points over September and going up to second place over Birmingham. Dallas, although still the leader, lost two points as compared with September. Oklahoma gained fifteen points over September, and El Paso three points.

W. L. Hammett, Agent Vicksburg, Miss., reported an order recently, totaling 76 barrels, consisting of lubricants, gasoline, and Crystallite, the lubricating portion exceeding in quantity either of the other products by 11 barrels. He also reported six oil mill contracts closed Nov. 1 to 9, and the following day closed a large sawmill contract and a garage contract.

Here's another fine one. T. E. Meece, Houston District, reports visiting five towns in one day, makes 20 calls, 12 sales, 4 collections, returns 4 iron drums. Two of the sales were for future delivery, the customers not needing goods on date of sale. (Get that Mr. Salesman and Agent.) The lubricating sales were as follows. What class of trade was the big end sold to, Mr. Salesman? Was it the large manufacturing plants or the stores?

10 cases Home Lub.	1 H-Bbl Altair Oil
3 cases Castor Axle Oil	2 cases Qckw'k Met. Pol.
1 case Grap. Axle Gr'se	1 case Motor Oil EH
1 case Harness Oil	1 Bbl. Pelican Oil
1 case Belt Dressing	1 H-Bbl. Nabob Cyl. Oil
2 Bbls. Alcaid Oil	1 Bbl. Honor Oil
1 Bbl. Alcaid Oil	

J. C. Meintzer turns in a report recently on a town of 122 population having one manufacturing plant and two stores. He sells one store Graphite Axle Grease and Home Lubricant, the other Motor Oil and Transmission Lubricant, both for immediate

delivery, and the manufacturing plant their requirement for next season, mid-summer delivery. A clean board for Texaco. Mighty fine.

G. H. Seawell, a new and enterprising Atlanta District Salesman, is showing fine results on "The Whole Line with all the Trade" for a new man. Results so far stamp him as a winner. Watch for his name on the Honor Roll.

W. P. Vick is another new Atlanta District salesman whose sales promise much for the future.

Mr. Salesman and Agent are you telling your garage trade of Texaco Harness Oil's merit as a dressing for leather composition auto tops?

Reports of Salesman R. L. Howell, (El Paso Dist.) show good results in lining up new customers. His name is expected on the Honor Roll soon.

Messrs. Porter, Barton, and Trimp, (Pueblo Dist.) continue to show steady results for Spring delivery, putting Pueblo right up on Houston's heels. Atlanta and Dallas Districts are getting in the race; El Paso also. C.S. Meece, of the latter, leads the entire South in number of "Future Orders" secured during October. Oklahoma, New Orleans, and Birmingham Districts please take notice.

Salesman D. T. Monroe, (Houston Dist.) recently reports sale of one barrel Liquid Wax Floor Dressing to a school board whose Secretary, signing the order, is agent for a leading competitor. By the way, Mr. Salesman and Agent, all public schools, colleges, etc., will be closed during the Christmas holidays. That is the time the buildings are cleaned and repaired. A large amount of floor oil will be used. Will it be Texaco Liquid Wax in your territory? It's up to you. The opportunity's there. Also, most of the merchants will take stock and clean up their establishments generally. Interest them in using Texaco Liquid Wax. Makes the whole place look cleaner, brighter. Prevents dust from being stirred up by every air current and re-settling on the merchandise, giving dull, dingy appearance to the whole place. Let's see who'll lead in Liquid Wax sales during December for the entire Southern Territory. The February issue of the "Star" will tell.

T. M. Mangum new Follow-Up clerk, Houston Dist., is finding his work highly interesting and is ambitious to put himself in the same class as "AWP" boy in New Orleans office.

J. A. Slattery, until recently Follow-Up clerk in Houston Dist., is now a full fledged Salesman, with orders bulging out of every pocket—some nights. He learned "how" several years ago with the Southern Cotton Oil Company, and it is an experience to hear "Slats" warm up on the subject of the genius of their Sales Manager and the benefits of his coaching. He says his name is going to be on that Lubricating Honor Roll before long.

Oklahoma District recently found it necessary to place rush orders with the Refining Department to take care of unusually strong demands from the gin trade. The pot is boiling in Oklahoma. There is promise of a splendid finish to a year's hard work.

O. F. Taylor, (Atlanta Dist.) reported more lubricating contracts closed during October than any other man in the South. This new business assures the early re-appearance of Mr. Taylor's name on the Honor Roll.

"THE WHOLE LINE, WITH ALL THE TRADE, ALL THE TIME, AND GET THE MONEY!"

TEXACO STAR

F. W. Beinecke has been
SALES DEPT. employed as Sales Engi-
N. TERRITORY neer, headquarters in the
New York Office. Mr. Beinecke will de-
vote his time to Fuel Oil business.

Miss Amy Garnett, formerly with the Legal Department, has been appointed secretary to Dr. L. H. Canfield of the Texaco Correspondence School. Miss Garnett takes the place made vacant by the resignation of Miss Minnie H. Cook, who had to return to her home in Richmond, Va., because of her mother's ill health.

John C. McNichol, transferred from the general office of the Sales Dept., has been appointed clerk in the office of the Texaco Correspondence School.

Mrs. A. L. Robinson, in charge of General Filing, New York Office, wishes to thank through the "Star," her many friends in the Company who so kindly remembered her with flowers during her recent serious illness.

The "Texaco Greasers" wish to announce the marriage of one of their members, A. A. Perine, to Miss Bessie Davenport of Elizabeth, N. J. Mr. Perine is one of the most popular members of the Club and has everyone's best wishes. The boys presented him with a handsome lamp, and they hope it will serve to light his way home evenings. He has no excuse now for singing "I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

By the time the "Star" goes to press Salesman Bill Holt, of the Norfolk District, will be a benedict. Here's wishing Mr. and Mrs. Holt a happy New Year, and may the years that are to come be happier.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of Salesmen and Agents of the Boston District was held at the Engineer's Club, Boston, Oct. 27-28. Supt. Reinhardt presided, and papers were read as follows:

"General Conditions of the Texas Company," Asst. Manager, F. D. Gatchell.

"Keeping the Score," C. H. Parker.

"Advertising," L. A. Jacobs.

"The Live and Prospective Street System of Reporting and its Application to Oil Salesmanship," J. T. Groves.

"Boston District Lubricating Department," W. L. Buchner.

"Accounting," J. J. Kelly.

"Equipment," F. K. Wade.

The papers and discussions were interesting and instructive. Various comparative reports were shown by reflectoscope, which were very helpful.

H. B. Jamison, who has been covering

General Lubricating trade in Baltimore, resigned, effective Oct. 31.

Cassin G. Pritchard, covering Lubricating trade in Philadelphia, was released from our service Oct. 1.

One of our Philadelphia representatives, H. B. Wright, who is an enthusiastic Motorcyclist, and who has been using Texaco Oil in a racing "Indian" motorcycle, reports the performance of this oil:

On Saturday, Oct. 31, 1914, the State Championship Motorcycle Races were held at Belmont Race Track at Narbeth, Pa. The enclosed photograph is the winning machine in the 25 mile race, which is one mile flat dirt track. In this race my machine, ridden by "Billy Armstrong" of Philadelphia, broke the track record for 25 miles of 22 minutes and 16 seconds, to 22 minutes and 12 seconds. We used the Texas Company's 63 gravity gasoline and Motorcycle Oil H NTX 3, and this Oil worked better than any oil ever used in this motor. The temperature on Oct. 31 was about 55 to 60 degrees.

The week before, on the same track with the same rider, a competitive oil was used, and the best this machine did on the same track was 22 minutes and 36 seconds for 25 miles under the same conditions; so you can see the difference in lubrication.

This machine is the fastest Blind Cylinder Motorcycle in this part of the Country, and is known as the "Blue Smoke Indian."



J. W. Thompson has been appointed Operating Inspector, headquarters at Norfolk. C. E. Krouse succeeds Mr. Thompson as Agent at Norfolk.

T. J. Stocks, Agent Greensboro, N. C., has been appointed Operating Inspector, headquarters at Greensboro. He is succeeded by E. Y. Wootten.

Miss Minnie Cook, formerly of the New York Office, visited Norfolk Nov. 17, renewing acquaintance with old friends.

It is rumored that Doc. Haden, Chief Acc't Norfolk Dist., will spend Christmas holiday in New York. We wonder why.

TEXACO STAR

Sincere sympathy is extended to Salesman W. B. Cope in the death of his mother on Nov. 17.

In some mysterious way the following letter from Mr. T. J. Bernhardt, District Purchasing Agent of the Republic Iron and Steel Co., Duluth, Minn., to our Mr. Geo. R. Rowland, reached the Three C Club.

My dear Mr. Rowland:

Enclosed please find photograph of the snap shot taken in front of the Station. No doubt you remember the time and place, *etc.* Since the film was developed I notice that Sheriff Kieren's coat was open far enough to cover the hand-cuffs which you two gentlemen wore, and I also notice that he managed to throw back his coat far enough on the other side to display his tinware. I suppose these fellows get in the habit of doing this trick. If it wasn't for that "shining north star" and the sign on the station, it would be a good picture, but I guess those bars on the windows would still explain the situation.

Of course, I am sorry that the matter went as far as it did, and if I had been notified sooner of your predicament I could have saved you embar-

rather worried about it from the expression on your face. Of course, I would have been worried also, especially when you are so far away from home.

If I can be of any assistance in explaining this incident to any of your friends, let me know, and I am sure that I can make up some sort of a story that will sound pretty good.

With kindest regards and best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Tom Bernhardt.

As the Club considers it a reflection on a member to be photographed handcuffed to a sheriff, in plain view of a Police Station, an explanation from Mr. Rowland is earnestly desired.

CRATER COMPOUND CLUB BANQUET No. 1

The tale of what took place in Chicago the night of the Crater Compound Club's first annual banquet would so eclipse other reading matter in point of human interest, that we refrain from anything but casual observations of an eye-witness, to wit:

The night was one of Autumn's own, crisp and cheerful. The foyer of the New Southern Hotel was a cozy place with its massive fire-place spouting ruddy glows from an old-fashioned log fire. In the main cafe was spread the banquet board in the shape shown in the picture. Thirty-one were expected. At 7:45 thirty-one had arrived, and at 8 o'clock thirty-one places were occupied at the table.

It was one never-ceasing round of mirth. Everybody had something to say, and every shot brought a laugh. The imitable Snell was there with his burlesque on the "dip" and "Uncle Zeke," also the Hon. "Oh! Jay" who eulogized profusely the American Eagle and the things for which it stands.

When the feast was over there was a slight pause, though it was only a lull to regain second wind. Mr. May took advantage of the opportunity to give some advice as to every-day duties with predictions as to what the future had in store for men who would continue in so edifying a spirit of co-operation and good-fellowship. President O'Hare answered to the effect that the good-will and co-operation of the men among themselves and toward their superiors was only heart responding to heart. Mr. Snell spoke about the organization, pointing out the relations of each and every part thereof, and the ultimate effect upon the selling scheme.

But the occasion itself would not permit of more than a limited amount of seriousness. After these speeches fun resumed its sway in the form of a program of professional entertainment. There were songs and dances, popular imitations, snappy monologues, music in all its forms, and clever impersonations. But the sensational event of the evening was nipped in the bud.

You, dear Reader, away in up Bangor, Maine; also you, interested one in Tulsa, Oklahoma, have you not heard of the famous pugilist, Crank-case Stewart and of the prowess of Journal-Juice Jackman? Why, certainly! Well then you will appreciate what was in store for the club when it was arranged that these two peers of the boxing world should come together in their presence. You will also lament with us when you learn that in the very midst of the encounter there came a thundering knock on the door of that banquet hall, and in its portals stood a representative of the law, come to put a stop to the innocent pastime of law-abiding citizens and ready to cast into jail all who were in-



rassment, but as everything was explained and fixed up before it was too late I do not see why we should worry now. I thought you would like to have a picture of that tough looking Sheriff to remember him by, and the next time you come up we will make him buy the drinks for his grievous mistake. Of course, you know they cannot take chances and sometimes nab the wrong man, which was done in this case no doubt.

In giving this picture another good *look* I notice that his highness the Sheriff seemed to take the matter very pleasantly, while you seemed to be

TEXACO STAR



terested in the entertainment. The eye of the policeman scanned the room. Faces were white with apprehension. Beads of perspiration stood out on every forehead and the policeman's eyes watched the beads grow until he discovered the face upon which were the most beads. His arm shot out and his brawny hand closed upon the stalwart shoulder of Dudley J. Stevenson. Gloom was written on every face when it was realized that "Dud" was under arrest, and for a time it was feared that the rage in the hearts of the crowd would burst. The ordeal of seeing a friend led out of the room by an officer of the law was painful, to say the least. Boxers, referee, and all! It was cruel. But you can't keep a Texaco salesman down! It wasn't long before "Dud" collected his wits enough to talk the officer out of arresting him. It is rumored that that officer has a car and that "Dud" took his order for some *Texaco* on the way out to the blue wagon. At least he came back, as did all the rest who so narrowly escaped incarceration, and smiles reappeared and joy hummed again. There was more entertainment on the programme. Telegrams from Messrs. Parish, Parker, and Groves were read.

As for the rest, we refer you to Engineer Rowland. He came a little late, but he saw the best part. He will tell you about it if you ask him.

M. D. Greer, Supt. of Shipping, EXPORT Export Department, recently DEPT. read to his assistants an interesting paper prepared by him on "Ocean Transportation." Mr. Greer favors imparting such knowledge to his associates, because, he says, it develops efficiency.

F. T. Fox, railroad lubricating expert of The Waters Pierce Oil Co. in Mexico, has joined our Export Dept., and will work in Porto Rico and the West Indies.

The City of Manila recently suffered the severest inundation experienced within ten years. Street traffic was greatly inconvenienced, as may be seen in the pictures.



TEXACO STAR



PRODUCERS At the annual meeting of the Producers Oil Co. held in Houston Nov. 18, Wm. D. Bates was elected a director of the Company.

W. H. Lyne has returned to Houston after an absence of several months in Tampico, Mexico.

J. F. O'Donohoe was married Nov. 17 to Miss Carrie Kell of Wichita Falls, Hearty congratulations and good wishes.

W. H. Mead surprised his many Houston friends by returning a benedict from West Haven, Conn., where on Oct. 6 he married Miss Anai Belle Whitten.

C. H. Lane is the proud father of twin girls born Oct. 13. That is a long jump in a family: from two to four.

LATE FROM SALES DEPARTMENT, S. TERRITORY

A meeting attended by all agents and salesmen in Georgia and Florida was held at the Atlanta Office Nov. 6-7. While the matter of collections was the main issue, other interesting matters were brought up. A similar meeting will probably soon be held for South Carolina agents and salesmen.

R. M. Ferguson, of the Houston District office, has been appointed Chief Accountant Atlanta District. We are glad to have Mr. Ferguson with us.

W. P. Vick, newly appointed Salesman, headquarters Savannah, is making a good showing on both sales and collections. While new in the oil game, he is an "old head" as a salesman.

Lubricating Assistant Wm. Reynolds and Sales-

man M. C. Sanders attended a meeting of the Southern Textile Association at Birmingham.

A new station has been opened at Sandersville, Ga., Mark Newman, Agent.

From Lubricating Division:—Salesman C. W. Levy, Birmingham District, reports closing a year's lubricating contract with a large university after competition with four other oil companies, three of whom had local stations and were in position to make deliveries on 'phone orders. The contract specifies all high grade products, including Liquid Wax Floor Dressing. Mr. Levy says: "The *Texaco Star* instructs salesmen to push quality; this was done. It took 31 hours' work to get this contract." There is durable satisfaction in getting business on quality products on quality basis. Price-cutting is *peanut salesmanship*.

"The price-cutter is a fool. He not only pulls down the standing of his goods; he not only pulls down his competitors; he pulls down himself and his whole trade. Nothing is so easy as to cut prices; and nothing is so hard as to get them back when once they have been pulled down. The man who cuts prices puts up the sign, *This way to the junk heap*. He admits his failure as a salesman. He admits he has been defeated according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules of business. He admits he cannot win by fighting fair. He brands himself as a hitter-below-the-belt. Who gets the benefit of price-cutting? Nobody. The man who sells makes no net profit, and the man who buys soon finds himself getting an inferior article. No manufacturer can permanently keep up the standard of his goods if the price is persistently cut. Soon he is compelled to use cheaper material, or to cut down the wages of his workers; generally both."

Bess: "Does George send you good Christmas presents?"

Tess: "The finest I ever exchanged."

"Children what is the greatest of all the virtues?"

"Think. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come and talk with you?"

A grimy fist went up.

Page forty-eight

"Well, what am I doing, little boy?"
"Buttin' in."—*Sunday Magazine*.

"Why are you sobbing, my little man?"

"My pa's a millionaire philanthropist."

"Well, well, that's nothing to cry about."

"It ain't, ain't it? He promised to give me \$5 for Christmas, if I raised a similar amount."

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 or will be sent by return mail, unless in the hands of some one who has made a previous request—and in the latter case, as promptly as possible. Please give full and exact mailing address.

EXECUTIVES Why Steel Wages are Not Cut—*The Annalist*, Nov. 23, 1914.

"The highest organization efficiency can be maintained only through the employment of the same men for a series of years. The need of non-fluctuating workers has been a prime factor in bringing about the steady advances of wages in late years."

Abolishing the "Tired Hour"—*The Annalist*, Nov. 23, 1914.

Graphic Methods for Presenting Data. IV. Time Charts, by Willard C. Brinton—*The Engineering Magazine*, Nov. 1914.

PIPE LINE External Corrosion of Cast-Iron Pipe, by Marshall R. Pugh—*Proceedings Am. Soc. Civ. Engrs.*, Aug. 1914. Discussion—*Ibid.*, Oct. 1914.

Some of the methods of prevention (e.g. from alkali soils) apply equally to steel pipes.

Volumetric Measurement of Liquids on Large Scale, by Geo. Jacob Davis, Jr.—*Engineering News*, Oct. 29, 1914.

FUEL OIL Comparative Tests with Low Grade Oils, by F. E. Junge—*Power*, Sept. 29, 1914.

Tests on a Junkers engine to determine performance with different low-grade fuel oils.

NATURAL GAS Depreciation of Natural Gas Wells, by Samuel S. Wyer—*Gas Age*, Sept. 1, 1914.

Constructing a High-Pressure Gas Line to Louisville, Ky., by Lewis S. Streng—*Engineering News*, Sept. 10, 1914.

Problems in construction of a 12-inch steel pipe line 180 miles long.

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The Advertising Division will resume this page next month—in reference to the Ad Contest.

