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Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—REVELATION, 3:20

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"All for Each—Each for All"

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Greetings

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

These greetings are not from the *Star* alone. Many expressions are thus concentrated—as from All to Each and from Each to All.

If one could put gifts of rich thoughts in the heart of another, *that* would be giving as the angels give.

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

Magnanimity

In his address to the graduating students of the University of Virginia, Finals of 1926, President Alderman said that there was just one attribute or quality that he would on that day "dangle before your imagination." The following is a portion of his eloquent discourse.

Sir William Osler, the most appealing personality in modern medical history, and perhaps—unless Sir Thomas Browne be excepted—in all English history, in saying good-bye to his students in Philadelphia a generation ago, recalled to their minds an incident related to the life of that best and wisest of rulers, Antonius Pius, as he lay dying in his home in Etruria—about to pass the flaming ramparts of the world, "flammanitia moenia mundi," as he called them. The wise old ruler summed up the philosophy of his life in the watchword *aequanimitas*, meaning by that word, poise, imperturbability, calmness of judgment, coolness in peril, fortitude in disaster. I acclaim equanimity as a great philosophy, especially for medical men, but I would choose another one for you standing today on the lintels of life. I go, too, to the same old Roman mine for that golden watchword, and I select a twin brother of *aequanimitas*, but of more exalted stature and stouter soul. The watchword I would present to you to inform your philosophy of life is *magnanimitas*.

You must have noticed that certain words we use are themselves, as words, beautiful. Valour and honour and dignity are very beautiful words and seem to possess sentient life and entity, but *magnanimitas*—magnanimity—has in it more than beauty. It has a quality

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of grandeur. It is the most moving word I know. It means greatness of spirit. A man may be powerful or brilliant, or commanding, or even charming, but he cannot be great without *magnanimitas*. A magnanimous soul does not collect resentments or cherish insults or recall discourtesies or catalogue grudges or clothe himself or herself with a nettle shirt of remembered grievances. There are irascible creatures moving about in all of our orbits who seem to watch for slights and find a kind of morbid happiness in getting even with their enemies. This I dare to call *paranimity*, even if I have to coin a word to express it, and constitutes the antipode of moral greatness. Magnanimity ranks hatred, jealousy, vindictiveness, and prejudice as the chief of the vices that steal away our happiness, rot our usefulness, and destroy our independence. I can recall no great hater who holds a supreme place in the world's Pantheon. Magnanimity is a form of exalted friendliness that seeks across all barriers of class and caste, of hostile human impact, to find out what Christ meant when he substituted love for vengeance as a practical social philosophy.

Please do not understand that I am recommending saccharine amiability as a masculine or feminine virtue. A man is entitled to his friends and his enemies, and sometimes his enemies are a credit to him. Those of us who were young in the "mauve decade" remember the famous remark about Grover Cleveland: "We love him for the enemies he has made." Edith Cavell facing cruel death, in the grey wintry dawn, said: "Patriotism is not enough." That was *magnanimitas*. Napoleon, in the wreck of Waterloo, railed at and blamed Ney and his Marshals. That was *paranimitas*. Lee, as the valiant tide receded at Gettysburg, said: "Let all good men rally. This is all my fault." That was *magnanimitas*. And perhaps it was that magnanimity that carries him into our hearts more tenderly as he stood amid the shadows of defeat, an unconquerable figure of virtue and constancy, than when he rode in triumph through the storm of victorious battle.

Men and women of 1926, take with you into life as a buckler and shield, as a companion and guide, *magnanimitas*—that quality in character which enables one to encounter danger and trouble with tranquillity and firmness, to disdain injustice, envy, or revenge.

The more mind does, the more it can do.

—William James.

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Intellectual Habits

There is much lecturing about bad moral habits, while little is said or thought of bad intellectual habits; yet the latter may be more injurious, even leading into worse immorality, than the former. But it may be still more important to realize that good habits are as effective as bad habits. We spin our own fates, good or evil. As a man becomes vicious by many separate thoughts and acts of evil tendency, so he becomes upright by right thought and action; or in practical and scientific spheres he becomes skillful or expert by many separate acts, and hours of study and reflection.

The psychologist William James counseled: "Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the *power of judging* in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faintheartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together."

The young need no strict or specific directions for profitable reading. If they will read much of what has been long known to be great or beautiful, the taste of each will form itself to the capacity of his endowment for knowledge and enjoyment. Or in pursuit of learning, they will surely be successful if they read first and chiefly the master works in each field.

Leisure

In the United States of America we are threatened by a vast amount of leisure which would destroy us, if the people do not develop in themselves character and culture to turn leisure into value. Education for leisure is this country's chief need.

That productive capacity should have out-run consumption is not a new condition. Egypt's pyramids represent a ponderous effort to turn into enduring values the surplus of energy after subsistence and security were

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assured. In the jungles of Java, Ceylon, India, and Yucatan are vast forgotten structures—monuments to surplus energy.

Wars of conquest, huge programs for amusement, and ostentation in dress and housing have nearly always appeared with great wealth. Sometimes a constructive trend is seen, as when Rome built roads over Europe, or when Ceylon and India constructed great irrigation works; or a fine spiritual quality has appeared, as when the Taj Mahal was built, or when art and philosophy flowered in Greece. History is the story of man's failures and successes in his efforts to turn surplus into value.

There is now available for us machine power equal to the labor of more than thirty slaves for each and every one of us. Leisure and surplus are increasing rapidly; and we hold ability to produce wealth in higher esteem than ability to make good use of it.

We are reproducing all ancient devices, except military conquest, for the use of this accumulating surplus. Some of these tend to degradation; others to enlarge or refine. Our country's present need is to learn how to become a great people in its manner of using its surplus. To decrease the trend toward disintegrating uses, and to increase opposite tendencies, is the chief problem of education and of citizenship.

American industry can produce far more than is being consumed. If profits are to grow, consumption must be increased. The simplest and most effective means is appeal to primitive impulses common to all men. "The more elemental the appeal, the wider the market," is good American business doctrine. In making such appeals American industry has been very successful.

Elemental desires often are sound. The desire to move freely stimulated the growth of railroads and of the automobile and road-building industries. Desire to avoid drudgery and to secure comfort led to water supply and sewerage systems, to modern heating methods, and to many labor-saving devices.

On the other hand, vast industries have grown up which exploit the sex impulse, as in popular magazine publishing and in the motion picture field. Interest in physical contests has been commercialized. Quantity production is so profitable that American industry tends to center its attention on interests that furnish unlimited markets.

More diversified interests, which require much intelligence to satisfy, and furnish small profits, are largely ignored. The tremendous

growth of tabloid newspapers is on an intellectual and cultural level that makes the older "yellow journalism" by comparison an intellectual aristocracy.

The mind of childhood and youth is chiefly formed by what is presented to it. If commercial standardization limits its appeals to the stimulation of primitive needs, the temper and tone of our civilization will change. Human interests will be standardized on primitive levels.

In the past the channels of expression have been formed by a cultural aristocracy. Church and school and press kept in view the cultural elements that were slowly won through the generations. If our rapidly increasing leisure is to make us into more than standardized consumers for a mounting production of commonplace goods, that intellectual and moral and cultural leadership must be regained.

The uses we make of our surplus are good, bad, and indifferent. Scientific research, disease prevention, good housing, and humanized industrial relations are pushing back barbarism; but our chief defense against the demoralizing effect of quantity production of standardized commonplaceness must be right education.

The undertaking to lift a whole populace to a stage of understanding and appreciation is a new phenomenon in human society; and that in this country we care enough for character and intelligence to spend for education a large part of our national surplus promises well.

Yet spending public money is not enough. American teachers are under the pressure of standardized quantity production. In general, we need enlightened virile leadership in places of authority, and the elimination of uneducated teachers. We need, also, institutions free from the pressure for mass production, where the latent possibilities of educational processes may be revealed.

No phase of life should be made supreme at the expense of the rest. Production must not lapse, or there will soon be no surplus, but unless men and women are trained for wholesome and productive use of leisure and surplus, increasing production will but hasten decay.

What will your surplus buy?

—Adapted from "Antioch Notes."

The enjoyments of leisure unmask character.

There are three kinds of talkers: those who talk about themselves; those who talk about others; and those who talk about ideas.

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Man and the Ages

He whose mighty power is immeasurable,
Whose Eternal Wisdom is beyond human imagination;
He whose breath is life immortal
Breathed upon the immensities of space,
And life pulsed and streamed through countless forms.
Creation hidden in mystery
Wrought upon the face of all things
Miracle upon miracle,
For untold eons of aging time
Till man was born and raised a living soul.

He saw man struggle through uncountable years,
Groping in gloomy shades and fears,
Blind but always seeking light,
Engaged in one unending fight
In the struggle for existence.
Then for other lengthened ages
Seeking right and equity through sages,
But in his ignorance scant justice finding,
According to the histories' pages
At length, by his own selfishness condemned,
In storms and turmoil of his life man was lost.
The Great Creator sighed.

He came again in unbelievable grandeur of soul
With his strong and loving arm
To shield man from harm;
To lift him out of darkness
And to set before him forever
A flaming light of love,
That all might be guided and blest.
But the curse of ignorance
Was still upon earth, clouding the mind of man;
The beacon light was dimmed,
And love lived in frightful darkness for a thousand
years,
A thousand years of bitter tears.

But the tender comforting spirit
He left in the hearts of men survived
And burst forth again,
Illuminating a troubled world;
And man found himself in the midst of art
And intellectual achievement.
Though man fall and fall again,
He will rise higher and higher
Through all the coming ages;
For his heart has been touched
By the Divine love of the Nazarene,
And his mind with increasing knowledge
And with abounding faith
Shall grasp enlightening truth.

Life, love, and truth are one;
And of such is religion.

—Dr. J. S. Lankford.

Poets utter great and wise things which they
do not themselves understand.—*Plato.*

The doctrine of inspiration is lost; the base
doctrine of the majority of voices usurps the
place of the doctrine of the soul.—*Emerson.*

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

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Spread the Bright Board

Spread the bright board,
Let many candles shine,
Bring in the ruddy hoard
Of tree and vine.
Let flock and field
Their fairest fruits provide
And yield
Choice viands for our Christmas-tide.
But let no neighboring table empty be
Lest our own feast become a mockery.

Welcome each guest,
Let hand clasp friendly hand
With all the zest
Of those who understand
The time is meet
For love's ingathering,
And friendship is a sweet
And gracious thing.
But let no lonely soul shiver without,
Lest our gay comradeship grow dim with doubt.

Crown love
With music, let the singing strings
Awaken echoes of
Forgotten things.
This is a time
For song and laughter free,
Rhythm and rhyme
And merry minstrelsy.
But let no sad heart droop beneath a wrong,
Else silence were a better thing than song.

—Grace Strickler Dawson.

Carols, and not minc'd meat make Christmas pipes.
'Tis mirth, not dishes, sets a table off;
Brutes and phanaticks eat, eat and never laugh.

—*Christmas Verses by a Person of Quality, 1694.*

Gleams

Star of the North, thy steel-blue light,
Shivering down through the Arctic night,
Tells of the treasured Valhalla gold
Buried so deep in the dark and cold—
Men seek Thee.

Star of the East, thy silver gleam
Breaks through the mists of morning's dream
Teaching of mysteries calm as death—
Spring of the soul and birth of breath—
Men worship Thee.

Star of the West, through the twilight glow
Drooping to rest so calm and slow,
Carry our cares and our hopes with you
To peace in your ocean deep and blue—
Men follow Thee.

Star of the South, like ruby wine,
Pouring thy treasure of life divine,
Flower and fruitage and seed-time—all
Come in one breath to your potent call—
Men love Thee.

—J. C. Tolman.

'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised, and whole;
Second in order of felicity,
To walk with such a soul.

The Doctor's First Real Christmas

By
Alice M. Colter

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And still by day and night, unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips decry—
God knoweth why!



LOUISE BROWNLEIGH turned away from the window as she heard her husband's approaching footsteps. The scarlet ribbons she had been tying on the great holly wreath slipped from her fingers and a shade of worry passed over her face that a moment before had been aglow with the joyousness that Christmas never failed to bring. She watched Dave searchingly as he tumbled a couple of packages out of his favorite chair and sat down before the fire.

"Are you very tired, Dave?" she asked quietly.

A grunt from the depths of the easy-chair was the only answer. But the doctor watched her as she hung a bit of mistletoe on the chandelier and retied a gold bow on a tissue-wrapped bundle. The poinsettia that glowed against her dark gown gave a final touch of Christmas to the room, yet Dave stirred uneasily as he noticed it. He had spent an afternoon shopping with Louise, investigating the machinery of complicated mechanical toys, condemning the poor material used in the rocking-horses, buying an absurdly expensive and impractical doll-house, and then rushing Louise home before she was ready to go; so, man-like, he felt that he had discharged his part of the Christmas duties. Louise's joy was contagious, so contagious that he really enjoyed with her the plans and the secrets, yet at times her quiet radiance gave him a queer and alien feeling. Nothing should separate them! He was beginning almost unconsciously to nourish a grudge against Christmas, since it seemed to draw her apart and touch her with mystery and aloofness.

Louise had noticed his tired face, almost haggard in the firelight. She smiled as she watched the languor, the sleepy sense of well-being with which he relaxed as she began to hum, "Silent Night, Holy Night." It could scarcely have been anything in the song that startled him, yet after a moment he sat up suddenly.

"Louise,"—the tone was so imperious that she came and sat on the arm of his chair—"Christmas means a lot to you, doesn't it? Why?"

Louise smiled softly into the fire. She crushed between her fingers a few pine-needles, and held them up for him to smell before she answered.

"I love the childlikeness of it, Dave," she said: "the red and green and gold of it, the delicious odors laden with memories and anticipation. I love these," pointing to the

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stockings hanging before the fire, "and the dear mystery of Santa Claus and his reindeer." Then she paused a moment. "I love the story of the shepherds and the wise men, the star and the song," she added softly, "and above all, it is His birthday."

The silence around the fireplace was broken by the ringing of a bell. A moment later Louise came back.

"It's a call for you from Harding's, Dave. Little Billy is much worse. I told Mrs. Harding you'd leave right away."

With a sigh the doctor rose. But Louise's eager fingers were on his arm.

"Please let me go with you, Dave," she pleaded; "we haven't had a Christmas Eve together for ever so long. I won't be cold a bit, really I won't. I've tied enough red bows this afternoon to keep me warm forever. Please, doctor-man," she added, as he turned half-smilingly away, "a drive would do me good, let me go as a Christmas treat."

A troubled look crossed Dave's face as she mentioned Christmas, but he said only: "All right, Louise, but you'll have to hurry."

As his sister-in-law was wont to say of Dr. Brownleigh, he was one of those brilliant men who possess the power of making every one else hurry while they take their own time.

As usual, Louise was ready and in the car first. She was especially happy over this opportunity for a long drive alone with Dave, for she felt that there was something that he wanted to talk to her about. He had been troubled for days, she knew, but only tonight had she suspected the trouble to be anything connected with Christmas. She thought regretfully of the interruption that had closed their talk over the fire. Well, next to fire-light, a starlit night like this was most conducive to confidences.

"I feel exactly like Mrs. Santa Claus," she said as Dave climbed in beside her, "or perhaps more like Santa Claus's white kitten, because I want to purr." She talked on as she knew Dave liked to have her do, first touching on Christmas, then avoiding it as she remembered that it had seemed to give him pain.

She need not have troubled herself about changing the subject. Dave's thoughts were on the case toward which he was hastening. Yet to have Louise beside him spelled comfort, and when her voice was for a while silent, he looked at her questioningly. "I was just wondering," she answered, as if he had spoken, "which star it was, Dave."

The doctor looked at her blankly. "Which star what was, Louise?"

"Why, the Christmas star, the star that led the wise men to the manger at Bethlehem."

Her eyes were on the distant sky; a vision of a laden camel train moving slowly across a far desert beneath an Eastern night kept her from noticing Dave's puzzled look. But his sharp decisive tone as he spoke startled her out of her dream.

"Louise, just how much does Christianity and that sort of thing mean to you?"

"A great deal, Dave," she answered simply.

Half a dozen street-lamps flashed past before the doctor spoke again. His voice was strangely uncertain.

"You've never asked me what I believed about things like that, Louise," he said.

"I never needed to; I have felt that you could not do the wonderful things you do, of yourself—alone. A faith in you and in your faith, Dave, is the biggest part of my faith."

The man beside her caught the ring of sincerity in her voice. He gripped the wheel as if to withhold a sudden surge of impatience.

"That's a dangerous doctrine, Louise." After a moment's pause he spoke more slowly. "If I were to tell you, Louise, that I was no longer sure of the things that mean most to you, that I find no satisfactory proof for them—a proof which my education and profession demand—if I were to tell you these things, what would you say?"

Without a moment's hesitation came the answer: "I'd say 'All right,' Dave."

The doctor's ears detected the tremble in her voice; and he was unprepared for the complete setting aside of self and of emotion with which she spoke as the car came to a stop.

"Forget everything now but little Billy, Dave," she said. "I want you to be at your very best." Then, half-whimsically, "Even if I don't understand the scientific basis."

Left alone in the car, a numbness of intellect enveloped Louise. She could not feel, as she knew Dave felt, that she was approaching a choice between the highest and holiest life had ever held for her, and the man whom she loved with a love whose depth she had

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never sounded. But she knew that a crisis was at hand, a crisis for Dave, and, therefore, a crisis for her. It was useless to try to think; thinking so seldom brings the real solution.

The Christmas sky was above her, the very air stung her into a Christmas glow; deep in the unchangeable places of her heart was a sense of what Christmas had meant and would mean, for all time, to the world. And Dave was missing all this, all the wonderful joy of Christmas with its deeper meaning—all this and much more. Dear Dave, how gray life must have grown to him and how he must have dreaded to tell her. Dave was suffering! If she could only help him!

It did not occur to Louise that she could bring forth arguments to dissuade him or put ponderous volumes of debate into his hands. She regarded the doctor's decision as unalterable. Its finality pressed upon her, yet her faith in Dave was not shaken for an instant. She had thrilled with admiration at the noble simplicity of his words. She only prayed that she might be true to him and to her faith, and that, somehow, she might be able to reconcile their apparent contradiction.

"Louise," Dave's voice, low and strained, reached her as he came quickly through the shadows toward the car, "I'll have to stay here all night. Little Billy is very sick. You'd better go home on the street-car."

He worked rapidly as he talked, shutting off the power, adjusting the head-lights, picking up an extra case of instruments.

Louise stepped out of the car. "Do you think Billy is—dying, Dave?" she asked, terror-struck.

"I don't know. I'll do what I can, Louise, though that's little enough. Now go."

Louise hesitated, then turned with quiet decision and followed into the house.

"I'm coming, too, Dave," she said, "and what you can't do, maybe I can. Perhaps Mrs. Harding will want me."

An awful hush shrouded the house. Mrs. Harding met Louise with the calm of a numbed emotion, and together the two women followed the doctor up-stairs. At the door of the nursery he paused and drew his wife aside.

"Keep Mrs. Harding out of here as much as possible, Louise," he said, "I'd rather have just the nurse with me, and it would do her no good."

The shrill baby voice with its delirious note came through the open door. Mrs. Harding clung to Louise in mute terror for a moment, then, jealous of even so short an absence from Billy, tried to push her way into the room.

"I must do something, I must," she moaned. "Oh, Louise, I must, even if it's nothing but to braid and unbraid the fringe on his bedspread. Why should the doctor do for him what I can not? It's cruel, cruel."

Louise, her heart heavy for the suffering of her friend, led Mrs. Harding to the window where she could feel the calm of the night sky. She told her how much Dave had studied the very disease that held little Billy; she talked of the wonderful cures of science. When talking became unbearable she was silent; then she talked again—anything, to fill the awful moments. There was no subject that did not lead to Billy and Christmas. Louise decided that it was unkind to try to divert Mrs. Harding. So she listened to long broken sentences of his doings for the last few days, of his fever, his suffering, his little habits.

Through the open door to the nursery Louise caught glimpses of Dave's struggle, and it thrilled her with a tumultuous joy—a fierce pride in his capable battling against the malignant power that sought to triumph over them all so disastrously. She saw his strong figure, with the little fair-haired child now in his arms, now grasping his hands, now clinging to him in pain. Twice, with set face, he came to the hall and wrote a prescription. While Mrs. Harding was sending to the drug-store he spoke to Louise with his usual quick precision:

"For God's sake, comfort her, Louise, if you can. I'm afraid it's about over."

Mrs. Harding, with the insight of fear, read the confirmation of her suspicions in Louise's face. She glanced in terror toward the nursery, where Billy, wrapped in hot blankets, lay in the doctor's arms. There was something so infinitely tender in the man's face as he held the child that she caught her breath.

"Look," she whispered to Louise. "It is like the picture of Christ with the children. Oh, Louise, if you know Him, ask Him to spare my baby! Louise, tell me how to pray!"

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"Look," she whispered to Louise, "it is like the picture of Christ with the children."

For the next hour, while the doctor bent every power of science to save the child, Louise worked as she had never worked before.

When at last the crisis was past, Dave came into the hall. The two women met him quietly. He looked in tired wonder at Mrs. Harding's composure; he had sent the nurse a moment before to tell her that, if all went well, little Billy would live. To his surprise it was Louise and not the mother who plied him with eager questions. When she had finished, Mrs. Harding held out her hand. Expecting the usual emotional outbreak so distasteful to him, Dave turned to Louise.

"Hurry up," he said almost rudely. "We must get home."

But Mrs. Harding was not to be avoided.

"Dr. Brownleigh," she said slowly, "you have the most wonderful wife in the world. You ought to take her with you always, to minister to the soul while you cure the body."

After a word of good-by and a final instruction, the doctor sent the happy relieved mother to keep watch over Billy. The car was cold, and the doctor decidedly cross.

"I'll have to crank, I suppose," he said irritably. "Trust a car to go back on a man at three o'clock in the morning. Louise, advance that spark. No, no; not so far, there! Now pull down the throttle. At last!"

But the car had no more than started when Dave felt that one of his tires was flat.

"Hang it all," he said crossly, "isn't it enough to doctor *people* all night, without having to tinker *cars*!"

Louise unhooked the extra tire from its oilcloth cover and handed Dave the wrench. She was too tired to talk and she knew that nothing so wore on the doctor's jaded nerves as any sort of conversation at such a time. She did not speak again until they stood together before the embers of the fire in their own living-room.

"You ought to be very happy, Dave," she said proudly, as she slipped a pillow behind his head. "Think what you have done—saved little Billy Harding's life." Then, with a tired little sigh, "I think we have both been 'even unto Bethlehem' tonight."

"Louise," Dave spoke with his usual imperative note, "sit down." The command was a characteristically thoughtless one to be given at four o'clock in the morning, but his wife smiled as she drew a chair beside his. The smile died before the blow he dealt her in the next sentence.

"I have decided to give up practising."

A little gasp—"Why, Dave?" was her only answer. In no other words could Dave have hurt her so, for not even to the doctor himself was his profession so sacred as it was to Louise.

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"I've been thinking about it for weeks," he continued, "and I've decided there's no use practising unless one can do what you did for Mrs. Harding tonight—minister to the soul. So long as there's a fighting chance, I can work. I'm fitted for the actual battling with tangible things—disease, fever; but beyond that I can not go—and I am convinced that beyond that I *ought* to go. When the fighting chance is over and they look to me for help and sympathy, I'm no good. It's exit doctor, enter priest. And they're usually more devoted to the doctor than to the priest. Lord, Louise, the questions they ask me about death—and immortality—and God! And I have to say, 'I don't know!'"

It had been a long speech, and Dave was very tired. He held his head in his hands. Louise sat motionless, waiting. After a moment the doctor spoke again.

"Now you see, Louise, what I meant when I said it was a dangerous thing for you to pin your faith on me."

"My faith in you is stronger than it has ever been before, Dave. But what are you planning to do?"

"I'm going to fit up my laboratory," he answered, "and do research work; follow up those experiments I started with Bloom in Vienna. At least germs and microbes and cultures won't question me about the hereafter."

There was a bitterness in his voice that Louise could not bear.

"Dave!" She had slipped to the hearth-rug and was looking straight at him. "Dave, do you know what suggested praying to Mrs. Harding tonight? It was the sight of *you*, with little Billy in your arms. She said you looked like the Christ."

The doctor's head sank lower in his hands. "After the way I talked to her," he sighed.

"Dave, in the midst of the awfulness tonight I think I have come to understand. I don't know how, if you were in my place, you would analyze the process; but listen, Dave! Do you remember there were two different kinds of people who were called to the manger at Bethlehem? First, the shepherds, simple folk who followed the song of the angels—the unlearned ones, the people like me, whom emotion drew to the birthplace of Christ. Are you listening, Dave?"

The doctor nodded, then, as she hesitated. "Yes, Louise. Yes, go on!"

"Then there were wise men," she continued; "scientists, Magi, who had sought in vain for knowledge and truth and wisdom—men like you, Dave, who were not sure." The doctor's hands had dropped from his face and he was gazing into the fire.

"And, doubting, they followed a star, the uncertain fulfilment of a vague prophecy which they did not understand. Have you ever thought, Dave, how little they *knew*, till the end of their journey; how much was just undefined hope?"

The doctor shook his head. "I never thought much about it, Louise. But they couldn't have known much."

The ticking of the clock filled the silence before Louise spoke again.

"Dave, the worth of the shepherds and the wise men lay in the following, and not in the arriving."

Again there was a long silence; but Louise, watching the fire, felt Dave's returning courage, and at last she spoke: "I feel as if we had both been for a little while tonight 'even unto Bethlehem,' you following the star and I the song, you offering your wise man's gift of knowledge and I my humble one of praise."

"Louise," Dave asked quietly, "are you convinced—do you feel that you have 'arrived'?"

Louise shook her head. "I used to think so," she confessed, but now I know that to think one has arrived is a sure sign of being yet far away."

The doctor's splendid courage showed in every line of his tired body. He sat alert, yet quiet, looking deep into Louise's eager eyes.

"Then you mean that for those who do not doubt, it is still only a following?"

"Yes, Dave, a following on a different road." Then she added softly, "And you will follow with me, content to follow, now, always?"

"Yes, Louise." There fell a long sweet silence between them, and under its spell the doctor began to understand for the first time his wife's steady allegiance.



The TEXACO STAR



Building Texaco Workers

VIII. An Analysis of Quality

A. A. NICHOSON, Employment Supervisor, Port Arthur Works



CULTIVATION fosters growth. This is true in either plant or animal life. As regards workers, cultivation means the installation of those factors which tend to increase the comfort and contentment of the workers, whose return is almost invariably long, faithful, efficient, and loyal service. Today, when we think of industry, our thoughts must not be in terms of equipment or piles of material nearly as much as in terms of men, and the men in any plant are largely what they are made through environment.

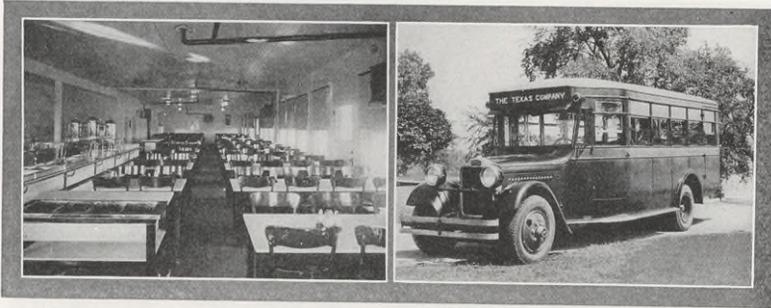
Industry is rapidly learning that the secret of production is not so much a question of how hard men can be made to work, as it is a question of how much work they can do and how well each job is completed. Without the human factor in the industrial world, our gigantic plants would be nothing but a mass of steel and bricks. With this human factor, synchronized into the scheme of operations, they become institutions of real service as well

as a source of profit to those who have invested their capital in such holdings.

In the matter of quality, it is found that the heart of the worker plays a more important part than does the latest and most improved mechanical and scientific devices. Through many channels workers learn, but there is no greater avenue of learning than the avenue of example. The company who sets an example of high ideals and high quality is training men who will approach, if not reach, the objectives. Like begets like, and the concern that pays little or no attention to cleanliness and neatness develops the same kind of personnel. Dirty and unkempt workers in the same kind of a plant never can produce a quality product. Natural laws do not permit it.

On the other hand, the worker who is taught personal cleanliness, the cleanliness of equipment, the orderly manner of handling materials and the value of sunshine, fresh air, and good food, is forming inner habits which are the close and essential allies of quality injected

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1. Cafeteria, West Tulsa Works.

2. Bus for transporting employes from town to West Tulsa Works.

into the task he is performing. Flowers and shrubbery planted around a great plant are pleasing to the public eye; but their effect is far greater than that. They furnish an atmosphere in which the tendency is to bring out the best in every worker; they are an inspiration as he enters the plant to begin his day's work; and they furnish him an incentive for building a better and more attractive home when he leaves at its close. No worker can think in terms of quality and improvement whose task is performed surrounded by rubbish and sordid conditions; where fresh air is limited and sunshine is excluded; where his company, through physical evidence, is thinking only in terms of selling the goods and getting the money. There is as much hidden quality in petroleum products as there is in a wonderful perfume, and to develop this hidden asset in their items of manufacture The Texas Company has laid out its plants as places fit for developing quality through pleasing practical conditions for the work is performed.



Employees' Service and Lunch Building,
West Dallas Works

The employes in each department are assigned to individual lockers in the departmental locker room, in connection with which are shower baths and washrooms. These locker rooms are inspected by the foremen and are at all times kept up to a high standard of sanitation and neatness. Conveniently located throughout the plants are modern sanitary toilets which are inspected daily. Practically



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Texaco Employees' Cooperative Association

all of the buildings are fireproof and have been constructed to afford maximum sunshine, light, and ventilation to the workers.

For the comfort and convenience of employes at plants where conditions justify it, cafeterias have been installed which serve a wide variety of foods of the highest quality at lowest possible cost. The question of drinking water is given constant and careful scrutiny, and water used for drinking is regularly analyzed for purity. In all of the plant buildings and in the yards are placed attractive sanitary drinking fountains which in warm weather are kept iced so that the workers are furnished at all times with pure water at a satisfactory temperature.

A Mutual Benefit Association, has been organized in our plants, known as the Texaco Welfare League, which gives its members liberal financial assistance for disability of any nature whatsoever and a substantial death benefit. The membership at the plants is about 90 percent, and to date the League has paid in benefits to its members more than \$195,000.

At the Port Arthur Works the employes have organized and operate a cooperative store

which primarily handles groceries and foodstuffs. During its first five years a business exceeding \$2,000,000 was transacted, which represents a saving of more than \$130,000.

The Texas Company has instituted a liberal vacation plan for the purpose of affording employes an opportunity for rest and recreation on a pay status. The Company further offers its employes who have been in continuous service one or more years a death and disability benefit proportionate to their length of service and rate of pay.

In the layout of the plants thought has always been given to safety. Adequate walks and highways are laid out, buildings are properly equipped with fire escapes, railroading is safeguarded, and all installation of machinery is in conformation with approved principles and practice. The effort of the management has been to constantly improve plant working conditions and provide comfort for the workers, and to promote in them Company pride, ever keeping aligned with the fact that satisfaction spells efficiency and that in the final analysis production is dependent on men.

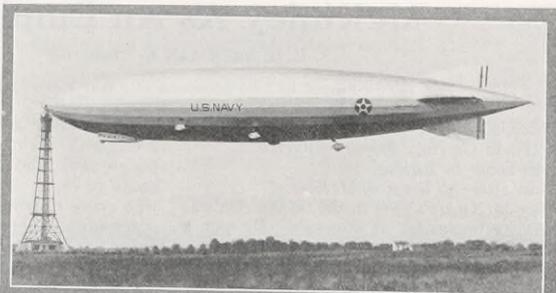
The TEXACO STAR

Lubricating the Stars

U. S. N. Dirigible "Los Angeles" anchored to Mooring Mast at the Ford Airport, Dearborn, Mich.

Texaco Airplane Oil shipped to Ford Airport for the return trip to Lakehurst, N. J.

Seaman entering tower of Mooring Mast at Ford Airport.



Our Service to the Air

The United States Navy Dirigible *Los Angeles* is Texaco lubricated. Much difficulty was experienced by the Navy in finding the proper oil for the lubrication of the powerful Maybach (German) gasoline engines upon which this beautiful man-made bird of the sky must depend. But that difficulty has been surmounted, much to the relief of the personnel in charge of the ship and the Navy air experts, and for the last eight months the engines have been purring with delight and smoothness in the use of Texaco Airplane Oil.

This Leviathan of the air recently made a tour to the Henry Ford Airport at Dearborn, Michigan, to test the expensive mooring mast that Mr. Ford had built there for its ill-fated sister ship the *Shenandoah*.

This is not the first time that Texaco Airplane Oils have taken on national significance; for we look back with pride on the fact that our oil was used on United States

Navy airplanes throughout the Great War.

Texaco Airplane Oils were also used by the Air Mail Service of the Post Office Department on the entire route from New York to San Francisco. And Texaco oils are used exclusively by the Gates Flying Circus, which disperts its air feats all over the country. Anyone who has witnessed and marvelled at those air stunts must acknowledge that the engines of the planes are put to most strenuous tests.

All of which makes it conclusive that Texaco has been placed where it belongs—among the stars.

Texaco Airplane Oils are made especially for the high powered engines of airplanes. They are made from the same stocks and crudes as our Golden Motor Oils. We trust the readers of this article will now go out and convince and convert any friends who may have been dubious of the ability of Texaco to do all we claim for it.—*Frank J. Shipman.*

The TEXACO STAR

McKinley As An Employer

C. D. BECKMAN in "Roycroft"

Printed by kind permission of Elbert Hubbard II

McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia. Rowan delivered it.

All honor to Rowan!

But also—*all honor to McKinley!*

For McKinley's part in the transaction was quite as important as Rowan's. He put a certain charge up to Rowan—and left it up to him. Did he insist on Rowan's taking a certain train to the port he sailed from? He did not. Did he arbitrarily specify when Rowan should sail and in what? He did not. He was fair enough and *efficient* enough to give Rowan the responsibility for the end and the means.

And I say to you that if Rowan is a model for the Good Employee—and truly he is—McKinley is just as truly a model for the Good Employer.

Indeed there are employees who sear men's souls with their proneness to everlastingly dodge, shirk, and evade responsibility—all too many of them. But also there are employees who crave responsibility; who thrive on it.

Admittedly there are employers who do—or would if they could—give responsibility to their employees.

But also there is a host of employers who say that they do—but so heavily condition that "responsibility" that they *don't*.

It is only when the employer who actually gives responsibility connects with one of those employees who actually crave it—and thrive on it—that the sparks fly.

That's what happened in the affair of the Message to Garcia.

Time Is An Investment

ROB'T C. GALBRAITH

In a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* Victor M. Cutter describes his conclusion, worked out by actual survey, that the average time necessary for attainment of national standing among prominent men is remarkably uniform and *close to twenty years*.

Few of us appreciate the time element which must be a factor in the progress of a successful man. We are prone to be restless at slow or deliberate promotion or advancement in our life status.

Mr. Cutter concludes his concise article with the following striking statement:

"One rule I have followed is always to train another man to take my place after I have mastered a particular position. Promotion, I have noted, generally goes to the man who is most readily available for it. Likewise, the man with a trained assistant has a mind free to develop more opportunity for himself. The man who trains himself to keep an open mind always sees more things than he can possibly do."

The last sentence in this quotation is far and away more interesting and important to

us than all that precedes it. In a flash it reveals the primary cause of delay in progress, and the same flash of thought throws a bright light on the way to success.

"The man who trains himself to keep an open mind always sees more things than he can possibly do," will become axiomatic if we will let the idea into our minds.

How does any man advance in any vocation or line of endeavor? By doing the things allotted to him and doing them well? No—by fulfilling his duty and then selecting from the myriad of opportunities around him the most important and helpful both to his employer and himself and doing those things with zest.

Regardless of modifying considerations, *we make our own way through life and our way is what we make it.*

To open minds Mr. Cutter's forceful statement is self-evident and the idea is of absorbing interest to us all. Why not apply this plan to our daily work, which is our life work?

Every big job is a bundle of little jobs.

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Trust Brings Out the Best

Frederick J. Miller, General Accounting, Sales Department, N. T.

In everyday life it can be noted that the employer who expects the best from his employes is not often disappointed; for does not this atmosphere of trust tend to bring out the highest capabilities of men and women?

In turn, the employes must expect only good from their employer, and should be rewarded in a satisfying and lasting manner. Their expectation of goodness shows that the employer's confidence will not be betrayed.



A lighter loaded with Texaco oils going ashore at Gonaves, Haiti, from the Colombian Line S. S. "Martinique." (The steamer partly shown at the left is the "Astria" of the Royal Dutch Line.) The Colombian Line ships, built especially for service in tropical waters, make twenty-eight ports of call on the Caribbean. Piers are available at only seven of those ports, and most of the discharging is done into lighters. The "Martinique" had a shipment of Texaco products to discharge at every one of its twenty-eight ports of call.

In the photograph at the right, showing the "Martinique" discharging at Petite Goave, Haiti, is seen a peculiar type of lighter found only in Haiti and in Martinique in the French West Indies. The stern end is open so that the lighter may be backed on shore and the contents rolled out on the beach.



From Rio to New York by automobile using Texaco gasoline and motor oil

1. Starting in their Ford car in front of our office at Rio de Janeiro bound for New York.
2. Replenishing their stores of motor products at station of our agent Joao do Patrocnio at Parahyba do Sul.

The TEXACO STAR

A Bird Dog and a Christmas Turkey

J. C. TOLMAN, Houston, Texas

Old man Gilmore rolled his cud of tobacco to the place on the left side of his mouth where remaining teeth would meet, and chewed meditatively. He was a well-to-do lumberman and farmer of East Texas, and the guide, philosopher, and friend to his community.

Suddenly he assumed a more active manner; he chewed faster and seemed to bristle as though aroused unpleasantly. Then he spat expertly at a point on the porch floor. He gazed anxiously and was relieved to see the faint struggles of a fly, enmeshed in the tobacco juice. His record was still unbroken. He hadn't missed a fly in years.

After a long pause he spoke, and I knew at once that he was in a reminiscent mood and that pearls of great price might be expected.

"Yeah, I don't blame that dog a-tall. O'course a dog that won't stay to home ain't worth nothin' as a rule, but when I consider what that dog Bob had to put up with and contend against, I see plenty excuses for him.

"You see, this here Bob was a thoroughbred and a very gentlemanly dog, and it warn't his fault that he got 'purchased' by young Percy Pendexter. Percy never 'bought' a thing after he was seventeen year old and went away to college. When he come back he was different—very different. He knew nearly everything—or was perfectly willing to admit that he did. He was real kind, though, and took a lot of pains to shed light into the ignorance so general in our mist. He told us all about everything, and went to plenty trouble to tell us how to improve ourselves.

"While it was true he couldn't hitch up a span of mewels, nor cut down a tree in less'n a day, still he was a humdinger on large matters. He was a particular advanced theorist on government, and he'd read a lot of theories by such men as Marx and H. G. Wells, and he felt sure it would be a fine thing not to have any men of especially strong character, nor no overwhelming ability, but just to have everybody like everybody else—except, o'course, him. He was like all them theorists I ever heard of, a strong advocate for the common people. It never occurred to Percy that he might ha' been one of them himself if his old man hadn't been a sorta uncommon lumber-jack when he was young, and a mighty fluent land-grabber when he got older and settled down.

"Me, I didn't exactly agree with Percy. I always thought a laborer was worthy of his hire if his labor was, and I like to see anybody get ahead if they deserve it.

"I remember when old man Lee died after his wife went and died of jaundice and left little Tommy without no near kinnery. I felt mighty sorry for the kid and I figgered I'd try to help him along. I ain't a easy man as a boss, as you all know, but I give that boy a chance, and let him eat and sleep at my place and do chores for his keep. After he got through grade school I let him go on through high school, so he got a pretty good education for a orphan. Then I give him five dollars a week and keep, and he done a man's work and saved most all of his money. He always was a reader and he kept on a-reading whenever he got a chanst. I remember he bought Sir Walter Scott's works, and he read a lot about George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and a lot of other men who just naturally didn't seem to be able to be common. He used to read the Constitution of these United States and he knew the Declaration of Independence by heart. He used to wish that Thomas Jefferson had put in three words—"before the law"—just after he said "All men are created equal." He supposed Jefferson meant "before the law," because otherwise it would be absurd; but he was afraid other people wouldn't see it that way, and it worried him.

"Maybe you'd think Tom a solemn and serious party; but you'd guess wrong. He did think a lot, but that didn't keep him from being frivolous.

"That reminds me of this here dog, Bob. Percy 'purchased' Bob from a exclusive kennel somewhere in Kentucky when he was a pup and had him expressed. As Percy was the first human Bob saw when he was unboxed, he looked on Percy as his liberator and got ready to worship him; but Percy wasn't a dog's man and took merely a prideful and academic interest in Bob.

"Of course Percy wanted to have the best hunting dog in the county; but he didn't know how to train a dog, so he got Tom Lee to do the job for him. Tom was mighty patient and considerate with dogs, and Bob was just naturally by inheritance smart and anxious to learn. So Bob got to be about the best bird dog in these parts; but he lost his admiration

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for Percy and he become a persistent and wholehearted slave and admirer of Tom. Percy used to tie him up with a rope and Bob, just as frequent, would chew the rope in two and romp off to hunt up Tom.

"Tom was a expert shot and Percy was a dumbell with all sorts of deadly weapons, except cigarettes. When Tom pulled a trigger Bob frisked out to bring the kill: when Percy banded away he would hunt around anxiously for something else for Percy to shoot at.

"Sometimes when no one was around and Percy made a utterly atrocious miss, he would take out his chagrin on Bob's hide. After he done that one time too many Bob quits him cold and moved over to Tom's place. Tom tried to buy him, but Percy wouldn't sell.

"Bob was liver and white in color and the only dog marked that-a-way in these parts. One day Percy went to Tom's to get Bob and when Bob seen him he run off into the bresh and wouldn't come back, even when Tom whistled for him; so Percy left without his dog.

"A couple days later Tom drove over to San Augustine and when he come back he had a fine-looking black dog that he said he'd found on the road. This here new dog stayed with Tom constant and seemed mighty capable and happy.

"When the quail season opened this 'Nig' dog proved a wonder. Him and Tom broke all records in the county for getting game.

"Percy went out with them and he admitted Nig was as good a hunter as his lost Bob had been, and o'course he wanted this here phenomonon. He bantered Tom and offered ten dollars; so at last Tom sold him Nig for fifty dollars. No dog ain't worth no such a amount o'money; but this prideful Percy paid it, with the privisos that he warent to beat the dog nor tie him up.

"Next day Nig he showed up at Tom's with a chewed-off rope around his neck. Tom left the rope on Nig and they went and hunted up Percy. When Percy seen that rope he flushed up and begun to cuss his lot-man for tying up Nig. Tom just looked at him without a word spoke, and after a little more bluster Percy turns white in the gills and stops talking.

"Then, very quiet, Tom tells him that he bought Nig under condition, and that a man whose word warn't good about a dog couldn't be trusted no way about nothing. Percy he flushed up again, but he taken it.

"After that there sprung up a considerable coolness between the two. But Nig wasn't tied up no more.

"When the hunting season was over we had a wet spell and Nig loafed around and scratched considerable. Percy managed to keep him to his place for several days, and one day he had his man give Nig a bath with some kind of improved soap. After the bath Percy was deeply grieved to find that his dog was a sorta maltise colored dog—black and liver and white."

Old man Gilmore ceased chewing and speaking. He deliberately removed the badly used-up quid and replaced it with a fresh supply of plug tobacco. I waited until he got fairly started, and then asked:

"Did they have a fight?"

"Naw!" he answered disgustedly. "This Percy took the partly revealed Bob dog over to Tom's place and yaw-yawed a heap; but Tom told him that any man aught to be able to take a joke without getting mad, so long as no harm was meant. And Tom paid him back his fifty dollars, and a few days later Percy went away from town for a visit. He stayed away until just before Christmas, and when he come back people didn't guy him so much as they did before he left."

Mr. Gilmore spattered another incautious fly with neatness, dispatch, and tobacco juice. He looked pleased with himself and resumed the thread of his discourse.

"Me and Tom went into San Augustine to make some purchases and to attend Lodge. You know that San Augustine is one of the oldest towns in Texas—white man's towns—and they have a Lodge about as old as the town. Some meetin' records in that Lodge is signed by a lot of the old timers. Men that taken a rifle an' a pinch of salt an' a chaw of tobacker an' just natcherly couldn't be stopped until they had carved a empire outen these here long-leaf yaller-pine woods. The records in the Cote House is full of Texas names—an' so is the graveyard.

"There's a lot of ancient things around that town. I reckon some of the oldest private stills in this State is located out in the bresh—an' some of the best white-mewel, too. I kinder teed up on some before we left town; but Tom he taken pains to see that I got into the hack all right, an' I was feelin' peart afore we got home.

"Two days before Christmas the usual gang was sorter loitering around the store when Percy came along, and his dog Bob, for a wonder, was follerin' him.

"Talk drifted from craps to poker and moonshine and women and Christmas and turkeys. Quite a bit was said about women and turkeys;

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it seems there is several kinds, all different, but resembling in general. For instance: you can't tell, jist by lookin' at 'em, between one of these here bronze turkeys, which is thoroughly domestic, and the wildest kind of a wild turkey. Did you know that? It's so.

"Most of the young fellers claimed to know where there was wild turkey roosts, an' every one of 'em proposed to git a turkey for Christmas.

"Percy, he knowed a very secluded turkey-roost where the biggest wild turkey in Texas stayed at night, and he was willin' to bet he'd git the biggest, best, and finest Christmas turkey that was got in San Augustine County.

"About that time Tom Lee driv up and he bantered Percy for a bet. Everybody jined in an' give plenty good advice to both parties. The upshot was that Tom put up twenty-five dollars in my hands agin Percy's promise to deliver this here dog Bob to Tom unless Percy brung in the biggest wild turkey in the bunch by Christmas morning.

"That night several hunting parties started out, taking decks of cards an' provisions an' refreshments an' some guns and ammunition. Several of 'em got a turkey next morning.

"Tom Lee, he is just natural lucky, or wise, or capable, or sumpin. Jest at dawn he sees two turkeys stretch their necks up to look around and darned if he didn't cut loose one barrel at each of 'em and git both! Both young gobblers, an' one a good size one too. He brung them to my place, an' my old cook, Aunt Lucy, just spread herself on fixings for Christmas dinner.

"Come Christmas we had a tolerable crowd to my house an'—did you ever eat any fat young wild turkey stuffed with pecan-nut dressing? And genuine yaller-yams, with the sugar browned onto 'em? And black-eyed peas cooked until they started to run together? And pumpkin-pie, and honey, and May-haw jelly, and grape jelly, and wild plum jam, and chittlings, and cream-biscuit, and corn-pone, and coffee that 'ud make the hair grow on your chest, and a occasional slug of white-mewel? Grand! Splendorovious!"

He showed real enthusiasm at the mention of food and drink. I didn't wonder at it. If there is one place in the world where the people enjoy a "party" it is in East Texas—and they have things to enjoy.

Old man Gilmore closed his eyes and almost stopped chewing.

"Come Christmas afternoon," he resumed, "that there dog Bob come a-sniffin' around

and when he found Tom Lee he just had a fit of joy. He taken on something wonderful to behold—yapped an' wagged and even done a puppy-stunt by layin' down and waving his paws in the air.

"Next day I was riding down the road by old Aunt Lucy's place when she came a-bilin' out, yellin' at me to stop. I stopped and she waddled out to the fence an' engaged in converse about things in general and celebrations in particular. When she seemed about run down I got ready to leave, when she asked if I'd seen Percy Pendexter. I told her 'No, but I expect to this afternoon.' 'Well,' she says, 'if you see him I wish you'd tell him to come git his big bronze turkey gobbler.'

"What gobbler?" I asks.

"Why, Cutie," says she.

"Good land, Aunt Lucy! 'Did you give Cutie to Percy Pendexter? I thought you cared more for him than you do for Jim!"

"I do?" she replies. 'Give nothin! Percy Pendexter he came by here day befo' yistiddy and bantered me fo' a trade on Cutie. You know yo'self, Cap'n, that Cutie's the biggest an' best bronze gobbler in these here pahts. I tried to shoo Percy off, but he wouldn't shoo wuth a cent. Finally I sold him Cutie for ten dollars. He's wuth five, as turkey on the hoof; but I just hated to sell him even for twicet what he's wuth. Percy, he tied a long piece of trot-line to one of Cutie's laigs an' him and his dratted dawg driv Cutie up the road.'

"After awhile I hearn a gun shoot an' purty soon that dawg, Bob, run yappin' up the road with his tail between his laigs, lookin' back with a horrofed expression onto his face, his eyes bugged out awful. I ain't seen Percy since; but Little Jim he found a piece of that trot-line tied onto a red-oak over the ridge yonder an' he said it looked like it had been shot in two. Last night Cutie come home to roost an' he had a piece of that there trot-line tied onto his laig an' Little Jim he said it looked like it might ha' been shot in two. It's mighty hard to fool Little Jim about anything relatin' to fire-arms. And you just tell Percy Pendexter I said to come an' git his turkey. I don't want other people's property hanging around on my place.'

"No," said Old Man Gilmore, meditatively, "I can't rightly say I blame that dog, Bob. He ain't never noticed Percy since Christmas an' he is perfectly happy with Tom Lee."

He looked around inquiringly; but there were no flies in sight. He took a practice shot at a nail-head in the floor—and hit it.

The Bibelot—II

A. L.

In the short account, offered last month, of Thomas Bird Mosher and his *Bibelot*, recently reprinted in a facsimile edition, space was lacking to give any example of the rare and beautiful things Mosher searched for, discovered, and presented in the monthly issues of *The Bibelot* during twenty years.

Amid an embarrassment of riches, I take No. 5 of Volume XVI (1910) in which was presented a little book of verse which had dropped out of sight, called *Under a Fool's Cap*, by Daniel Henry, Junior, printed by Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. in London in 1884. The author had done a quaint thing. He had taken the tiny verses of Mother Goose and enlarged them into full length portraits astonishingly consistent with the original rhymes.

Mosher had instituted one of his world-wide searches and at length a copy of the book was found. I quote the following from his introduction to the May 1910 issue of *The Bibelot*:

When we read Mr. Roe's Cornhill article for last August something at the back of our mind became awake as to the format of a very treasurable little volume. . . . After considerable research the book came over from London and our presentment was amply fulfilled. We had seen the volume. It had once upon a time passed through our hands. At this point our good friend Mr. Davis L. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio,—a bookseller both of the old school and the new—not only procured us a second copy but gave the first definite information as to the book's origin and authorship. What follows is an expansion with some additions derived from authentic sources.

Of the writer of *Under a Fool's Cap* we know at least this much: that he was born in Covington, Kentucky; that he was the son of a wealthy merchant doing business in New Orleans, and that during his father's life he called himself Daniel Henry, Junior, whereas his full name was Daniel Henry Junior Holmes. Such were his father's northern antipathies that he sent his family abroad when the war broke out and educated the children in France. On the mother's side there was English blood which may account for this first book being published in London. At his death, which occurred within the last two years, he left manuscript that may or may not see the light. From all we now gather the personality of Daniel Henry Junior Holmes was a fascinating one. Possessed of a beautiful home, a devoted family, wealth and refinement which rightly go along with it, he

traveled much, wrote little, as we measure authorship nowadays, was an incessant reader. . . . and there we have all that can be told of the author of *Under a Fool's Cap*.

For us there is one vital point of interest: the man who could take those old togs of nursery rhymes and fashion out of them the lyrics which we have reprinted to the extent of over half their number was an American by birth, and in doing this unique thing he did it perfectly. That he never repeated his first fine careless rapture is nothing to his discredit. He accomplished what he set himself to do with an originality and a proper regard to the quality of his work rather than its quantity,—and there we rest the case.

The dedication of the booklet ran:

*Olden friends, though dressed anew,
Goslings of that Dean of Mothers,
Trimmed and combed,—still it is true,
Olden friends, though dressed anew,
Here I dedicate to you,
Oh my sister-geese—and brothers!
Olden friends, though dressed anew,
Goslings of that Dean of Mothers.*

The plan of the book is unique. The author took twenty-four of the old familiar nursery rhymes, printing them in black-letter at the head of his poems related to them, nearly always maintaining the metre of the original. He used three methods: he either made them the basis of a story, or he makes them an allegory, or he simply continues and amplifies.

In the last method he is, perhaps, most successful. Well nigh perfect is *My Lady's Garden*. First in the black-letter type comes the old twice-put question with the cryptic answer:

**How does my Lady's garden grow?
How does my Lady's garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle-shells,
And pretty girls all in a row.**

And then we learn of tasks of my Lady's "girls" during the day, and how when night comes

*They spread their faint green wings abroad,
Their wings and clinging robes abroad,
And upward through the pathless blue
They soar like incense smoke to God,*

*Who gives them crystal dreams to hold,
And snow-white hopes and thoughts to hold,
And laughter spun of beams of the sun,
And tears that shine like molten gold.*

And when their hands can hold no more,

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Their chalice hands can hold no more,
And when their bells, and cockle-shells,
With holy gifts are brimming o'er,

With swift glad wings they cleave the deep,
As shafts of starlight cleave the deep,
Through Space and Night they take their flight
To where my Lady sleeps.

And there they sprinkle her bed with their gifts. And *that* is the part of the pretty girls with their silver bells and cockle-shells, and that is how the garden grows, and that is how my Lady herself grows.

The whole poem is of exquisite fancy and its thirteen stanzas are all beautifully wrought and without flaw. Note the metrical correspondence with the black-letter original, especially the charmed internal rhyme in the third verse of each stanza.

A dozen other poems are in the same vein, each expanding clues in the text above it. I can give only one more.

**Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
A jolly old soul was he:
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.**

His day was done and the sands had run
Through the measuring glass so long,
That now there was left to his setting sun
But a pipe, and a bowl, and a song.

But while the wine holds out to shine,
The pipe holds out to burn,
Why should a wise old greybeard pine?
A fond old dreamer yearn?

So, day growing dim, he filled to the brim
His pipe and his bowl also,
And he bade his fiddlers three play to him
The burdens of Long-ago,

That their spell may lift, through the purple drift
Of the smoke, and the fire of the wine,
The long-dead Past in its burial shift,
Like a ghost at a wizard's sign.

Then his fiddlers three made melody
So strange and potent of spell,
That the darkness grew as a peopled sea
With the shadows, once loved so well.

And the whole vast Yore uprose once more
On its world-wide phantom wings,
And drifted past to the magic lore
That wept from the viol strings.

First, the battlefield where two armies reeled
Under flashing and clashing of swords,
Then, the huge grim hall, where on lifted shield
A boy-king was hailed by the Lords:

The postern gate, where he used to wait
For the sweetheart—oftentimes,
Then the darkened church where she came in state
At the call of the wedding chimes.

Every scene and place—every form and face—
Which the past in its glory had used
Rolled on, in a pageant of stately pace,
Before King Cole, as he meditated.

So the music sped, as the hours fell dead
In the ebb of the ghostly stream,
While the king sat wagging his wise white head
And smiled and sighed at his dream.

And there seemed to rise wierd signals and cries
From the serried ranks and dim,
As though dumb throats and blinded eyes
Were beckoning to him.

At last the old sweet songs were told,
The ash in the pipe turned white,
The emptied breaker slipped from his hold,
And the dream sank back into night.

The fiddlers rose, and laid down their bows,
They knew they had played their last:
King Cole lay back, and his eyes were close,
He had followed after the past.

Following the first group of such poems comes another in which the author builds whole definite stories, developed from the old rhymed texts as seed-thoughts. Here comes sterner work; for some of the stories are tragedies—*Margery Daw*, for instance:

See-saw! Margery Daw!
Sold her bed to lie upon straw.
Was she not a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and live in dirt?

There is the raw material, the question to be answered. The story is told in thirteen stanzas. Margery sold not only her bed, but "the gown off her back and the shawl off her head"; and so she fed her brat:

Till all lay piled on the pawner's shelf,
Then she clenched her teeth and sold herself.

At last, her beauty passed and she stood aghast in the presence of want.

So the baby pined, till Margery, blind
With hunger of fever in body and mind,
At dusk, when Death seem'd close at hand,
Snatched a loaf of bread from a baker's stand.

She was "locked in gaol to lie upon straw."

See-saw! Margery Daw!
What a wise and bountiful thing, the Law!
It makes all smooth—for she's out of her head,
And her brat is provided for. It's dead.

It is not a pretty story, but *Margery Daw* was not a dainty rhyme. There is a story not unlike it in the *Gospels*.

In the final section the poems are allegorical. The last, the longest, and the subtlest is *The Old Man in Leather*:

The TEXACO STAR

One misty moisty morning, when cloudy was
the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in
leather;
He began to compliment, and I began to grin:
How do you do? and how do you do? And how
do you do? again.

A strange old man! and strangely clad! most strange
his mode of greeting!
And yet I felt instinctively this was no strangers'
meeting:

There was a something once well known, this unknown
face behind,
As some old tune the words of which have fallen out
of mind.

He walked in silence at my side until we reached my
gateway,
I turned in, paused to nod good-bye: he gravely
bow'd, and straightway
Pass'd on before me to my room, threw wide the door,
and took
A seat which fronts the old arm-chair in my favourite
chimney-nook.

It had been human to resent his treating me so queerly;
And yet I felt nor wrath nor pique—a sort of wonder
merely:

Where had I seen this face before? Why should he
feel at home
In this, my room? Who was the man? Whence?
Wherefore had he come?

I am not bless'd with many friends, I have nor wife
nor daughters,
Not even sunshine ever comes to cheer my bachelor
quarters:

A poor old bookworm left alone in my sere and yellow
leaf,

What have I worth the coming for, to lover, snob,
or thief?

Besides, this was no common face I saw in my new-
comer,

But nobly lined: a face that read like a kingly page
of Homer;
His suit was odd, yet rich withal—gold-figured black
shagreen,
The very dress that Shakspeare now, or Rabelais
revels in.

So while I lean'd back in my chair, my puzzled fancy
started

In search of clues, among the dust and drift of years
departed,
As he sat silent, with cross'd hands, his eyes held fast
to mine:

Grave eyes, that held a world of love, and pity almost
divine.

Then from the deep beyond those eyes, that never
closed or wandered,

Rose slowly his identity before me, as I pondered;
And though he lifted not a hand, and though he spake
no word,

With all my soul I knew him then, with every pulse
I heard.

This was the guide I followed once, in days long
unremember'd,

On land and sea, through solitudes and castles many
chamber'd,

Who taught my heart to blossom out, who taught my
lips to sing,

Who roused a sleeping god in me; my Prophet—
Poet—King.

He told of battles waged and won by deeds of mar-
vellous omen,
Of highest homage earn'd from men, and noblest love
from women,
Of youth's most radiant promises and wildest dreams
fulfill'd,
Just as a child had pictured once, just as a fool had
will'd.

No need was there to tell his name, no need to speak
his meaning,

I recognized him through the mists of ages intervening,
This was the Ghost which in my dreams the Future
show'd to me:

Myself! that never was; alas, myself! that could not be.

And now? the pity of it all! my hopes, and dreams,
and longings

The Future and its righting hand, the Past and all
its wrongings

Have left me naked at the last before this Face of old
To read it as it were a book, a story that is told.

Epilogue

When I began this loose handful of rhymes

I had no other purpose than to vary

Thy solemn saws and sayings centenary

With fresher costumes and new pantomimes,

Dear Mother Goose! that, as in olden times,

So now, thou shouldst still be the bounteous fairy

Who brings rich gifts of mirth—a drone's vagary,

As one who sets a wording to the chimes;

But as the work went on, the purpose heightened,

—For verses, like the wind, blow where they list—

It is not thou who peest through the mist

Of childish dreams, the greying years oft-frighten'd,

But one—a mother's face—with eyes love-lighten'd

Who used to bend above me to be kissed.

THE ANGEL HEART OF MAN

And they who do their souls no wrong,

But keep at eve the faith of morn,

Shall daily hear the angel-song,

"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

All that has been majestic

In life or death since time began

Is native in the simple heart of all,

The angel heart of man.

Nor is he far astray who deems

That every hope, which rises and grows broad

In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams

From the great heart of God.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE YULE OF ENGLAND

Ah, the Yule of England, the happy Yule of England,

Yule of berried holly and the merry mistletoe;

The boar's head, the brown ale, the blue snap dragon,

Yule of groaning tables and the crimson log aglow!

Yule, the golden bugle to the scatter'd old companions,

Ring as with laughter, shining as through tears!

Loved of little children; oh, guard the holy Yuletide,

Guard it, men of England, for the child beyond

the years.

—Alfred Noyes.

The TEXACO STAR

Seven Hearty Dinners

(Copyright 1926)

KATHERINE FERGUSON CHALKLEY, State College, Pennsylvania

Dinner time again!

What do those three words mean to you?

Do they mean that, even after you have hurried and puffed and fretted, your family will sit down to a poorly planned, poorly cooked, poorly served, non-nutritious meal that cost three times as much as it should and was three-quarters of an hour late?

Or, do they mean that you can devote your afternoons—or mornings, if you serve your heaviest meal at noon—to work or pleasure, secure in your knowledge that your family will come to delicious meals promptly served, because you plan ahead, shop ahead, cook ahead?

No matter what "Dinner time again!" means to you, I hope that you will read these menus and recipes for seven hearty dinners and find them good. I hope that, if you do not already plan your meals a week ahead, these menus will be an inspiration and you will sit down at once and plan meals for the next seven days.

You will have no idea until after you have tried this system how much easier meal getting will be. You will be able to make lists once a week, take them down town, and do your week's shopping in less time than it takes to collect provisions for one unplanned meal. You will also find that planning ahead and shopping ahead will cut down your food bills.

Use these menus as patterns. Plan so that you build one meal on the meal before, thus taking care of left-overs. And don't forget that every person, to be healthy and energetic, must have fresh fruit, green vegetables, and milk in some form every day.

Sunday

Fruit Cup
Roast Loin of Veal
Pan Browned Potatoes and Gravy
String Beans
Stuffed Olives Watermelon Rind Pickles
Graham Bread and Butter
Perfection Salad with Boiled Dressing
Mocha Ice Cream Little Chocolate Cakes
Coffee—and Milk, if there are children

Monday

Vegetable Soup and Wafers
Cheese Soufflé Shoe String Potatoes
Canned Asparagus Tips with Butter Sauce
Celery
Bran Muffins and Butter
Jello with Thin Cream or Custard Sauce

Tuesday

Veal Curry with Rice Mustard Pickles
Creamed Cauliflower Scalloped Tomatoes

Shredded Lettuce with French Dressing
Rye Bread and Butter
Pumpkin Pie Tea

Wednesday

Broiled Pork Chops
Mashed Potatoes
Spinach Waldorf Salad
Graham Bread and Butter
Cranberry Jelly
Baked Apples with Whipped Cream

Thursday

Clear Vegetable Soup
Liver smothered with Onions and Gravy
Pan Broiled Potato Cakes
Carrots Celery Hearts
Rye Bread and Butter
Mock Charlotte Coffee

Friday

Savory Baked Salmon
Potatoes with Parsley Butter Sauce
Carrots and Peas
Lettuce with One Thousand Island Dressing
Rolls and Butter Date Pudding

Saturday

Vegetable Hash in Peppers or with Pimento Sauce
India Relish
Baked Potatoes Buttered Beets
Cabbage Salad
Graham Nut Bread and Butter
Currant Jelly
Orange Shortcake Coffee

Recipes for many of the dishes listed here are familiar to every housekeeper. Here are some of the more unusual ones.

Perfection Salad

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 C. shredded cabbage. | 1 tbs. gelatine. |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ C. diced celery. | $\frac{1}{4}$ C. cold water. |
| 1 pimento chopped fine. | 1 C. boiling water. |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ C. nut meats. | 2 tbs. sugar. |
| 4 tbs. lemon juice. | 1 tsp. salt. |

Put the lemon juice over the cabbage and celery. Soak the gelatine for five minutes in cold water. Then add the boiling water, sugar, and salt. When the mixture begins to stiffen, add the vegetables and nut meats broken into pieces. Turn into individual molds rinsed in cold water, and chill. Serve on lettuce.

Boiled Dressing

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 tbs. butter. | 3 tbs. sugar. |
| 4 tbs. flour. | 2 tsp. salt. |
| 1 C. milk. | 1 tsp. mustard. |
| 4 egg yolks. | $\frac{1}{2}$ C. vinegar. |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. paprika. |

Melt the butter and add flour, stirring until a smooth paste is formed. Add the milk. Stir constantly and bring to a boil. Beat the egg yolks until lemon-colored. Add the sugar, salt, mustard, and paprika. Stir until smooth. Then add the vinegar. Add this mixture to the cream sauce. Stir constantly and let boil gently for about ten minutes. Keep in a cool place. Just before serving, mix the dressing with an equal amount of whipped cream, or half as much plain cream.

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Mocha Ice Cream

2 C. cream. $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ C. strong coffee. 2 egg yolks.
 $\frac{2}{3}$ C. sugar. 2 tsp. vanilla.

While the milk is scalding in a double boiler, beat the egg yolks until lemon-colored, add the sugar and salt. Pour the hot milk over this mixture, stirring constantly. Then return to double boiler and cook ten minutes. Cool. Add the vanilla and coffee. Freeze.

Ice cream is better after it has "ripened;" so, if you make this Sunday dessert on Saturday, you will not only lighten your Sabbath tasks, but will also be able to serve a more delicately flavored dessert.

Since some families are a little fussy about eating the same things two days in succession, put the left over veal in the refrigerator and serve cheese soufflé for Monday's dinner.

Cheese Soufflé

3 tbs. butter. $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. paprika.
4 tbs. flour. $\frac{1}{2}$ C. grated cheese.
 $\frac{2}{3}$ C. milk. 1 tsp. salt. 4 eggs.

Melt the butter, add flour, and stir until a smooth paste is formed. Add the milk. Stirring constantly, bring to a boil. Add cheese, salt, and paprika. Cook slowly for five minutes, or until the cheese is melted and blended with the cream sauce. Separate the egg yolks from the whites and beat until thick and lemon-colored. Remove sauce from fire and add egg yolks. When mixture is thoroughly cool, fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff and dry. Pour into a buttered casserole and bake in slow oven for 30 or 40 minutes. Serve as taken from oven.

By Tuesday the family will be glad to see the veal again, especially if it is veal curry.

Veal Curry

Cut the left over veal into one inch pieces. Cut a good sized onion into slices and fry in a third of a cup of butter until brown. Then add the meat, one teaspoon of curry powder, and enough boiling water to cover. Cook slowly for twenty minutes. Thicken with two tablespoons of flour mixed with sufficient water to make it pour. Cook slowly for five minutes. Add two teaspoons of vinegar. Turn into a large platter and border with steamed rice.

In providing the whipping cream for Wednesday's baked apples, one can get enough so that a simple dessert for Thursday will be at hand. Whipping cream ought to keep for at least two days in the refrigerator. Mock Charlotte can be made in a minute by spreading split lady fingers with a tart jam, allowing two for each person, placing them in a sherbet glass and garnishing with a tablespoon of slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Halibut steak, cod steaks, or filets of any fish may be prepared according to the following directions for

Savory Baked Salmon

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. slice of fresh 1 onion.
salmon steak. 2 pimentoes chopped fine.
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ C. milk. 1 tsp. salt.
6 tbs. butter. $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. paprika.
3 tbs. chopped parsley.

Place the fish in a buttered baking pan and rub with two tablespoons of the butter, salt, and pepper. Melt the four tablespoons of butter and add onion, parsley and pimento. Brown delicately and add milk. Bring to a boil, add salt and pepper and pour over fish. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes, basting frequently with the milk.

Date Pudding brings pleased comments.

Date Pudding

24 dates. $\frac{1}{2}$ C. nut meats.
Water. 1 tsp. vanilla.

Stone dates, cut into pieces, and add just enough water to cover. Put on stove and cook until a thick jam-like mixture is formed. Stir constantly. Remove from stove, add nut meats broken into bits and vanilla. Put into dessert dishes, set in a cool place, and serve with cream, either whipped or plain.

Saturday, for many of us, is baking day; so, if when we plan our Saturday dinner, we keep in mind that the oven will be hot, we can utilize this heat and economize on fuel bills.

Vegetable Hash

Put all left over vegetables and pieces of meat through the food chopper. Put three tablespoons of bacon grease in a skillet, add a finely chopped onion and one half cup bread crumbs, and brown. Add half a cup of tomato catsup or chili sauce and any left over gravy. When hot, add the vegetables, meat, left over rice, etc. Cook 20 minutes. If peppers are obtainable, par-boil six of them 15 minutes in salted boiling water to which a little soda has been added. Drain and stuff with hash, sprinkle with bread crumbs, bake 15 minutes.

If peppers are not available, put the hash into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and bake 15 minutes. Serve with

Pimento Sauce

2 tbs. butter. 1 tsp. salt.
3 tbs. flour. $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper.
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ C. milk. 1 small can pimentoes.

Drain the pimentoes and force through sieve, or run through food chopper. Melt the butter, add flour stir until smooth. Add milk and bring to boil. Add salt, pepper, and pimento. Cook slowly for five or ten minutes, stirring constantly.

Custard sauce as well as whipped cream makes a delicious accompaniment to

Orange Short Cake

2 C. flour. 3 tsp. sugar.
4 tsp. baking powder. $\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. shortening.
1 tsp. salt. $\frac{1}{4}$ C. milk.

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar. Work in shortening and gradually add milk. Toss on floured board. Divide into two parts. Shape into two buttered pie tins and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven. Put one shortcake on a plate, butter the crust, cover with orange sauce, put on second cake, butter, cover with orange sauce, sprinkle with powdered sugar. Shortcakes are always best when served as soon after leaving the oven as is possible.

Orange Sauce

Peel eight oranges, divide into sections, remove skin, and cut into pieces. Cover with one half cup of sugar and let stand one hour in a cold place.

These tested recipes will serve four persons generously. Use level standard measures.

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LAW CURRENT

Rob't A. John

OIL LEASES—PAYING QUANTITIES.—Whether oil or gas is found in paying quantities is determinable by the good faith and honest judgment of the operator or lessee. 283 S. W., (Texas), 608.

TRADE-MARKS—UNFAIR COMPETITION.—A trade-mark is property and has value, and, unless abandoned by the owner, an action for injunction will lie to forbid the use of the same by others.—*Fee-Crayton Hardwood Lumber Co. v. Fee-Crayton Hardwood Co.*, 286 S. W. (Ark.).

ATTRACTIVE NUISANCE.—A boy playing near the intake of an empty oil tank fired his toy gun into it, causing an explosion by which he was injured, does not make the empty tank an attractive nuisance, although liability was indicated on other grounds in the case of *Sedita v. Steinberg*, 134 Atl. (Conn.), 243.

SALES OF MIXED PRODUCT BY MERCHANT.—Where the seller of kerosene, a merchant, has purchased from a reliable wholesale dealer, or refiner, kerosene and resells the same, he is not responsible for latent defects in said kerosene, unless he has knowledge of the same, there being no implied warranty in such sales.—*Belcher v. Goff Bros.*, 134 S. E. (Va.), 588.

GARAGES—CITY ORDINANCE.—A municipal ordinance prohibiting the erection of a garage or service station within 200 feet of school, hospital, church, theater, library, or public art museum held to be a valid exercise of police power, and the ordinance therefore valid.—*Savitz-Denbigh Co. v. Bigelow*, 134 Atl. (N. J.).

CONTRACTS—PRINTED RESERVATIONS—LETTERHEADS.—A contract was submitted upon a letterhead, upon which was printed:

"All agreements are contingent upon strikes, fire, accidents or delays beyond our control. All prices are subject to change without notice and all contracts and orders taken are subject to the approval of the executive office at Hyde Park, Massachusetts."

The court held that the body of the letter making the proposition in no way referred to the reservation, printed at the bottom of the letterhead in small type, and therefore, unless referred to and made a part in the body of the letter, the same would not be assumed to be a part of the contract.—*Sturtevant Co. v. Fireproof Film Co.*, 110 N. E. (N. Y.), 440.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.—It seems that cedar

rust is not hurtful to cedar trees, but will destroy apple trees in orchards within two miles of the cedar groves. The State of West Virginia passed a law authorizing the destruction of cedar trees. Plaintiff, the owner of cedar trees, sought an injunction, claiming that the destruction of his cedar trees was unconstitutional as depriving him of his property without due process of law. Three Federal Judges, *en banc* (opinion rendered by McDowell, District Judge), held that the statute was reasonable, and that it was not unconstitutional in the taking of property without due process.—*Kelleher v. Schoene*, 14 Fed. (2d) 341.

COVENANTS RUNNING WITH THE LAND.—The plaintiff, Smith, was the owner of a filling station, and also the agent for the Standard Oil Company. He conveyed the filling station to third parties, but reserved in the conveyance as a covenant:

"It is agreed with the parties hereto that the said J. F. Posey is to use the Standard Oil Company gas and oil as long as the said G. C. Smith acts as agent for said company and the prices of same are in accord with other gasoline and oils."

Upon the grantees declining to do so, grantor brought an action for injunction restraining the grantees from selling oil purchased from the Gulf Refining Company.

The court held that the covenant quoted was a covenant running with the land, was legal and enforceable, and that an injunction should have been granted.—*Smith v. Gulf Refining Co. et al.*, 134 S. E. (Ga.), 446.

BOUNDARIES—SOVEREIGN STATES.—The Supreme Court of the United States declares that a boundary line between two states which has been run out, located, and marked upon the earth, and afterwards recognized and acquiesced in for a long period of years is conclusive, even if it be ascertained that it varies somewhat from the correct course; also adjudicating that the true boundary between Texas and Oklahoma, as to the eastern boundary of Texas where that state adjoins Oklahoma, is the true 100th meridian of longitude extending north from its intersection with the southern bank of the southern branch of the Red river to its intersection with the parallel of 36 degrees 30 minutes north, which has not been accurately located and marked.—*State of Oklahoma v. State of Texas*, United States Supreme Court Advance Opinions of October 15, 1926, No. 1, page 1.

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DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

The managers of the respective Departments have assigned to the persons whose names are here given the duty of sending to *The Texaco Star*, so as to be received by it before the 25th day of each month, departmental news, photographs, and other items of general interest. Material for this purpose should be sent to *them* before the 20th of the month. All are invited to cooperate.

Refining Dept.
Ry. Traffic & Sales Dept.
Marine Dept.

Legal Dept.
Treasury Dept.

Comptroller's Dept.

Insurance Dept.
Governmental Reports
Sales Dept. S. Territory
Sales Dept. N. Territory
Asphalt Sales Dept.
Export Dept.
Purchasing Dept.

Producing Dept.
Pipe Lines

C. K. Longaker, Houston
J. A. Brownell, New York
H. Hassell, Port Arthur
H. Norris, New York
H. Tomfohrde, Houston
H. G. Symms, Houston

K. Fisher, New York
E. E. Emerson, Houston
P. A. Masterson, New York
C. M. Hayward, New York
L. C. Oakley, New York
D. L. Lindsay, Houston

G. W. Vos, New York
J. J. Smith, New York
J. B. Nielsen, New York
J. A. Wall, New York
J. E. McHale, Houston
J. T. Rankin, Denver
Otto Hartung, Houston
Fred Carroll, Houston

REFINING DEPT.

When the Rio Bravo's T. & N. O. No. 53 belched flames far above the 112 foot derricks at Spindletop and threatened the entire 78 producing wells and 40 others being drilled or rigged up, The Texas Company answered the call of distress by sending from its Port Arthur Works its train of Foamite and fire-fighting apparatus. The Foamite prevented the spread of fire and also helped to extinguish the flames.

About 3 a. m. of November 4 the Rio Bravo Oil Company's well No. 53 while being brought in was ignited by a spark caused from attempting to place valve and fittings on top of the drill pipe. This is commonly known as the Christmas tree.

At 6:30 a. m. the Rio Bravo people telephoned to our Port Arthur Works asking if we could spare some Amdyco Powder and machine. This was sent immediately by truck.

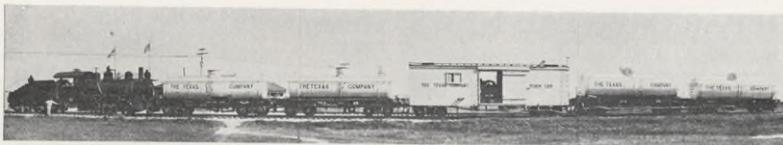


The Fire
at
Spindletop
on
November 4, 1926

The Texas Company's
Foam Train
to the rescue



The TEXACO STAR



The Texas Company's Fire Fighting Foam Train

To meet the need of having portable fire fighting equipment for risks which are not in reach of suitable permanent fire protection, this fire fighting train was provided at our Port Arthur Works. The apparatus is dependable for any fire within 1500 to 3000 feet of railway facilities.

The train consists of four tank cars for solutions, and one box car centrally located carrying the pumping equipment and two vertical solution tanks, one in each end of the car. Tools, gaskets, hose connections, etc. are kept in the car so that repairs can be readily made. The pump in the central car is a steam driven duplex piston pump, the steam being supplied from the locomotive handling the train. The tank capacity of the train is 16,500 gallons of each solution, or 33,000 gallons of liquid storage.

Apparatus auxiliary to the train, such as hose and foam mixers mounted on reels and trucks, is independent of the railway equipment. The reason for this separation is the advantage gained in time by transporting hose and mixers to the fire and having them ready for use by the time the foam train arrives. In cases of long distance where transportation of hose and mixers can be facilitated by using railways this equipment can be loaded quickly on flat or gondola cars.

A crew of three or four men, exclusive of the locomotive crew, is sufficient to operate this foam train, the labor in laying the hose lines being dependent upon the surrounding conditions.

First Assistant General Superintendent W. K. Holmes of Port Arthur Works then got in touch with the Yount-Lee Oil Company and found that they were afraid the fire would spread throughout the entire field. Mr. Holmes then offered them our foam train. We secured right of way and the foam train arrived at Spindletop about 10 a. m.

After trying out the foam equipment for a few minutes to see that everything was in readiness it was shut down until sufficient steam lines could be laid to assist in putting out the fire. About 5 p. m. sufficient steam lines were laid and with the efforts of the steam and Foamite the fire was snuffed out.

The most interesting phase of the foam service was that we were able to fill the ditch leading through the oil field from the fire completely with foam so that there could be no fire traveling down this ditch—which would have been disastrous to the field if it had occurred. This was the point of danger most feared by all; because if they were not completely successful in smothering out the fire at once they felt that the oil would start down the ditch and set everything on fire on the way down. Messrs. E. O. Smith and Ed Aden were in charge of the fire-fighting equipment belonging to The Texas Company.

Besides the burning of their well that was being brought in, derricks No. 3 and No. 5 of the Rio Bravo Company were burned down; the Gulf Mann derrick No. 5 burned down; the Yount-Lee derricks No. 5 and No. 6 were torn down to keep the fire from spreading.

Besides this, little damage was done except to some pipe and lumber stacked close to the burning well.

At the first report the well was said to be about a 12,000 or 14,000-barrel well; but after the well had been successfully capped it was learned that it was not over 7,000 barrels. The rock pressure was 600 or 700 pounds.

SALES DEPT. S. TERRITORY

Houston District.—

R. Q. Roseberry, formerly agent at Del Rio, has been appointed agent at the Houston, Texas Station vice E. S. Cain. Roger has already shown us what he can do down on the Border, and we know all the boys at Houston Station stand solidly behind him. We endeavored to obtain a photograph of R. Q.; but just about the time



Moulton, Texas

Agent Vince Rehmet, always alert to put Texaco before the public, on Armistice Day undertook to keep the Texaco flag flying. He is seen at the left, Cashier Bill Pundt in the center, and Truck Driver 'Bully' at the right.

The TEXACO STAR



E. W. Schneider's Filling Station, Poth, Texas

This attractive station was opened June 14 and is doing a fine business which is increasing under the Texaco sign. Mr. Schneider, who is also our local agent, is seen wearing a straw hat.

we were going to 'snap' him he thought he saw a prospect pass by, and darted away.

We welcome to the Texaco fold R. M. Crosby, appointed commission agent at Del Rio Station.

Dallas District.—Representatives' Meetings were held in Dallas on November 15 and in El Paso on the 19th. General Superintendent (Sales) W. H. Noble was present and his suggestions were very helpful.

Oklahoma District.—Recently the Oklahoma District inaugurated a new system for Opening Day at new company-owned filling stations. District Manager Daniel fills the old Packard full of his peppiest wide-awake men, who have had filling station experience, and heads for the new station. The last one was Ada, Okla., S. S. No. 1. He took Superintendent Faerber, Representative Geo. E. Ware, Chief Clerk B. G. Proctor, Agent Shortes from Okla. City S. S. No. 2, and Ass't Agent Eddie Scarlett from Oklahoma City S. S. No. 3 and arrived at Ada chuck full of enthusiasm. All were on the job before daylight, donned new unionalls, put up their New and Better Gasoline pennants, put up the Crank Case signs, grabbed the megaphones, and began to tell the world at large about Texaco. The day was a great success, the station putting out the largest gallonage ever put out at an Opening Day in Ada. The Ada personnel—Agent E. H. Schroeder of Ada Station, Agent J. T. Kelley of S. S. No. 1, and Representative C. L. Thomas of Zone No. 5—were extremely appreciative of the outside assistance given them.

Atlanta District.—The Seventh Biennial Southern Textile Exposition, held in Textile Hall, Greenville, S. C., November 1 to 6, was the largest and most elaborate display of cotton mill machinery and accessories ever held in the South. It drew visitors from all parts of America and many foreign countries. The list of Exhibitors included practically every prominent manufacturer of textile machinery and accessories in the United States.

Texaco was on the firing line. We were lubricating probably half of the exhibits, a small neat sign proclaiming the fact. A very attractive booth was arranged by Representative T. Q. Jones, Lubrication Engineer J. B. Walker, and Agent S. L. Styles, who well deserved the many compliments they received. Many competitive salesmen and other representatives were observed wistfully admiring our display, and it is said they frankly admitted they had never seen anything to compare with it.

The mysterious Handy Grip Can, with the never-ending stream of Texaco Golden Motor Oil, created a sensation. The Lubricating Film that Gives the Perfect Seal, flowing between wires unbroken, was very impressive.

Post cards, with pictures of our different refineries, were furnished and our guests were



J. P. Boggess & Son, Demopolis, Ala.

This station, which we hold under L. & L., is doing a good gallonage. In soliciting this business before the advent of the New and Better Texaco Gasoline, one thing in particular that impressed Mr. Boggess was the extensive national advertising that we were doing as shown by our Advertising Portfolio. Mr. Boggess, being sold on the quality of Texaco products and noting that we were getting behind them with such efforts, was easily convinced that our products were bound to forge ahead of others. A recent Motor Oil Demonstration at this station so impressed Mr. Boggess and his force that he requested our Representative to sit in a meeting with them and go over the merits of Texaco products.

The TEXACO STAR

invited to use them for corresponding with their families and friends. Stamps were provided and the cards were mailed promptly by an attendant.

Various advertising matter was distributed, including Texwax samples.

We feel sure that all in attendance left the great Exposition with Texaco firmly impressed on their minds.

J. O. Woodward, a member of the Texaco Family for several years in Atlanta District, was transferred to Norfolk District, effective November 15. We feel that it is Atlanta District's loss and Norfolk District's gain. His many friends in Atlanta District wish him continued success.

The business man of today has to read, yes, and study and go to the root of many things, that he may avoid the pitfalls which surround business upon every side.—*Andrew Carnegie.*



Super-Service Station, Demopolis, Alabama

This new station—under "Lease and License"—is owned and operated by Mr. Homer Fulweiler, an experienced operator. He is doing a good gallonage at this station which is one of the few in Demopolis where you get 24 hours service daily. The continuous service coupled with the Red Star and Green T has made a name for this station that the owner is proud of.

SALES DEPARTMENT N. TERRITORY



S. S. "Point Fermin," owners Swayne & Hoyt, San Francisco, California

Left to right: Capt. Jacobson of S. S. "Point Fermin;" H. F. Gelhaus, Marine Superintendent, Swayne & Hoyt; Marine Salesman J. H. Godwin, Norfolk.

This Company purchased five turbine driven vessels from the U. S. Shipping Board and are running inter-coastal. Marine Salesman J. H. Godwin of Norfolk secured the lubricating oil contract. It is of interest to point out that the hulls and decks of these ships are painted with our Texacoat. This product is fast gaining popularity on account of its durability and price, as it is cheap when compared with cost of old-fashioned paint mixtures.

It is saying less than the truth to affirm that an excellent book is like a well chosen and well-tended fruit tree. Its fruits are not of one season only. With the due and natural intervals, we may recur to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification, if only we ourselves return to it with the same healthful appetite.

—*Coleridge.*

Denver District.—We welcome back into our ranks our good friend S. R. Knox, who assumed duties of Creditman November 1.

Our ever smiling and genial Art Doty has been appointed Special Representative.

Big things are expected of our new Representatives Thompson and Farasey in Zones Nos. 5 and 7, succeeding Reed and Elder who were promoted to fields of larger activities.

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The Hallowe'en dance sponsored by the Texaco Club in Denver was held amid suitable decorations in the ball room of Shirley Savoy Hotel. Among unique costumes, the outstanding was Miss Texaco, portrayed by Miss Muriel Friend, a member of the force acting as Receiver for our broadcasting machines—where messages to our customers and field forces are resurrected from the static and chaos peculiar to a dictaphone cylinder.



ASPHALT SALES DEPT.

Deep and keen was the regret felt by all members of this Department when it became known that our associate, J. L. Watkins, had suddenly passed away on November 13. The last report prior to that of his death indicated that Mr. Watkins was safely on the road to recovery. It was expected that he would soon be promoting Texaco in Indiana again with his old vigor, and the news of his death was a complete surprise. To his family we would speak of the high regard in which Mr. Watkins was held in the Asphalt Department. To them we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Youngstown, Ohio, stands out in Texaco Asphalt paving history as does no other city. Since the first Texaco pavement was constructed in that city in 1917, each succeeding year has witnessed an increase of its Texaco yardage. The year 1926 makes the tenth consecutive year of paving with Texaco Asphalt in Youngstown.

We recall no other city in the country which can share with Youngstown this distinction.

Both Texaco Sheet Asphalt and Texaco Asphaltic Concrete have been laid. The total Texaco yardage in this Ohio city is approximately half a million square yards.

Outstanding among recent paving material tests was the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads' experiment with thin brick pavements at its experimental station at Arlington, Va. The outcome of this test was official approval of the use of brick, 2 in. and 2½ in. thick, for road and street construction. An important factor in all brick pavement is the kind of joint filler used. The filler affects considerably the life of the brick. The choice of filler figured prominently in the Arlington experiment and a rare tribute was paid to Texaco Asphalt, for Texaco Paving Filler was used exclusively in the trial pavement.

Among pavements of Texaco Asphalt a-



Fifth Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio, paved with Texaco Sheet Asphalt

The TEXACO STAR



A 14-Year-Old Experiment

In 1912 the Massachusetts State Highway Department undertook an experiment with Penetration Macadam paving, in which ten or eleven different grades of asphalt and tar participated. Representing Texaco Asphaltic products in this comprehensive try-out was our No. 96 Paving Cement. Approximately 6,000 square yards of the experimental highway were constructed with this material.

The lesson which Massachusetts has learned in the result of this experiment is worthy of note by highway officials generally. For fourteen years the State highway traffic between Lowell and Lawrence has rolled over this stretch of Texaco. The pavement has given an excellent account of itself—no repairs have been required to date. In competitive trials such as this one, Texaco ever comes off with flying colors.

gainst which weather and traffic have not prevailed over long periods is that on Nevins Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Nevins Street is a leading thoroughfare and carries a heavy traffic. To survive 18 years under such conditions and show promise of a much longer service is a notable record.

PURCHASING DEPT.

Houston Office.—In defeating the Humble Oil Company Golf Team of Baytown our Hoxie Daniel scored the most points for the Texaco Team, making a total of six. By doing this he won ten new golf balls besides helping his team to victory. Congratulations, Ed.

EXPORT DEPT.

N. F. Xavier of our China organization has returned to China after spending his furlough in America.

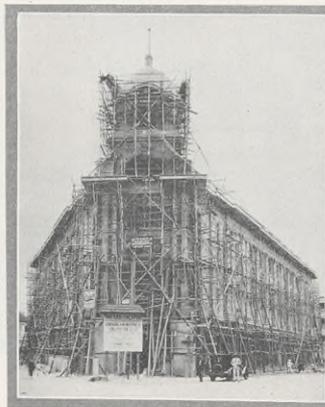
Shanghai, China

Miss Eileen H. F. Inch, Mail and File Clerk in the Shanghai office, who attended a party as a "Texaco Flapper."



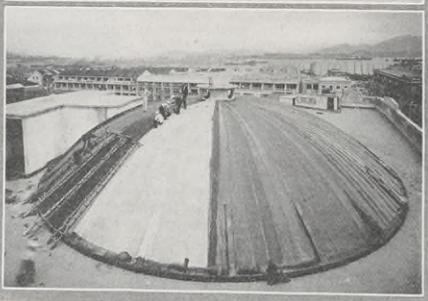
"Fill your lungs—don't be a flat tire."

The TEXACO STAR



Lee Theatre, Hongkong, China

This new Lee Theatre is located in Happy Valley—note the Hongkong harbor and other picturesque surroundings.



Our Hongkong District Manager D. S. Scott (the gentleman in white standing by the automobile) reports that the Lee Theatre is a thoroughly modern reinforced concrete structure. The roofing contract runs to nearly 200 squares of finished surface. Specification: Texaco Roofing Cement sprinkled, Texaco Asphalt Saturated Felt, Texaco Roofing No. 2, Texaco Roofing Cement poured, gravel finish. This is by no means the largest roofing job undertaken by our Hongkong people; but it is no ordinary piece of work, as it involves the covering of a dome 50 feet in diameter. This job attracted attention among architects and others interested in construction, and should prove a splendid advertisement for our roofing products.

The top picture at the right shows Texaco Roofing No. 2 being applied to the main roof. In the foreground the Asphalt Saturated Felt has been laid.

The bottom picture gives a view of the main dome taken from the smaller dome seen in the upper right-hand corner of the picture above. The felt and roofing were cut to shape and then laid to chalk line.

M. O. Blakey, the Company's representative in India, has returned to India after spending a short time in America.

We recently enjoyed a visit of the Chief Accountant of The Texas Company (W. I.) Ltd., Havana, Cuba, Mr. J. S. S. Gonsalves.

Engineer Alfred G. Pargold left New York November 20 on S. S. *Southern Cross* for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to supervise construction work in the Brazilian territory.

The New and Better Gasoline must have enraptured the heart of someone in the Philippine Islands judging by song No. 311 in the "Club Songster" used by the Manila Rotary Club, Chamber of Commerce, Elks Club, University Club, etc. at their banquets and other festivities:

No. 311

Texaco

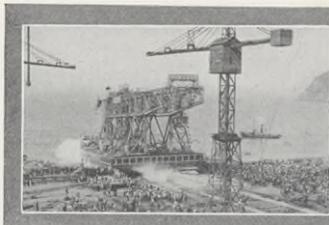
Tune—Everybody's Doin' It—Key of D

Everybody's usin' it, Texaco Gasoline,
Everybody's usin' it, Texaco gas supreme.
Use it once and you will always buy
Texaco, and here's the reason why,
In an instant Texaco is dry,
Texaco, Texaco Gasoline.

Everybody's usin' it, Texaco Gasoline,
Everybody's usin' it, Texaco gas supreme,
Makes an engine easy to start,
Does more miles, and that's just a part
Of the things that win your heart,
Vaporizin' Texaco Gas.

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

The TEXACO STAR



The Last Word in pontoons

These pictures show the launching and test load lifting of the giant pontoon "Romanus," probably the largest in the world, built for the *Sindacato Italiano Costruzioni Appalti Maritimi* (S. I. C. A. M.), who are firm believers in Texaco products

and use them on their equipment employed in the construction of harbors at Porto Marghera, Venice, the new harbor at Naples, Ferracina, Bari, Leghorn, and Bengasi (Africa).

The "Romanus" is capable of lifting blocks weighing 400 tons, in fact, in the final test before acceptance she lifted a load of rails weighing 452 tons. This enormous lifting capacity has been achieved by means of the application of a new principle to the supports of the crane, two of which are self adjusting in such a way that at all times the weight of the load is evenly distributed between the four supports. The pontoon is able to carry three blocks on the bridge and one on the crane. It navigates under its own steam.

In the engine room of the "Romanus" there is a lubricating guide instructing the staff as to proper Texaco lubricant to use for each purpose.



Hamilton, Bermuda

Mr. Donald H. Mace, of the Legal Department, New York, writes: "A short time ago while on a trip to Bermuda I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. A. J. Gorham, who handles

certain Texaco products for us in Bermuda. Mr. Gorham is located in Hamilton and extended to me and my party a great many courtesies during our stay. I enclose a snapshot. Mr. Gorham is the man in the white suit and the other two persons are members of his organization.



Here comes from the Philippine Islands just another vindication of the New and Better Texaco Gasoline. This test had to be run without any special effort to make a showing. The owners of the car had never been able to get more than 16 miles to the gallon on competitive gasolines whereas the New and Better Texaco, in addition to other notable performances, achieved 17.8 miles to the gallon, which we are told might even have been bettered. In this instance our New Gasoline broke down the resistance of a valuable connection our people had heretofore been unable to approach. Mr. Russell of our Manila office is seen in the picture with the mechanic who ran the test.

SUGGESTIVE INDEX OF CURRENT ARTICLES

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

REFINING. The Highways and Byways of Power Cost—The Application of Power in Industrial Plants. F. M. Gibson.—*Industrial Management*, November 1926.

What is Ahead for Petroleum Chemistry? James F. Norris, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.—*Petroleum Age*, November 1, 1916.

LABORATORIES. Chemistry of Gasolines. B. T. Brooks.—*Ind. and Eng. Chem.*, November 1926.

Paraffin Composition. F. Francis.—*Journal Chemical Society*, 1926, pp. 1420-3.

Treating Light Oils and Distillates. E. R. Wiles.—*Oil and Gas*, 25, 25, 80.

Calorific Value of Fuel Oils.—*Refiner*, November 1926, p. 64.

Lead Determination in Doctor Solution by Molybdate Method.—*Refiner*, November 1926, page 31.

Hydrocarbon Separation. E. Riesenfeld.—*Erdöl und Teer*, 1926, 491 and 587.

Review of Naphthology for 1925.—*Journal Inst. Petroleum Technologists* August 1926.

SALES. Accounting System Works Well in Busy Filling Station. R. W. Weston.—*The Oil Trade*, November 1926.

FUEL OIL. Oil Deliveries and the Possibilities of a Central Service Station. William A. Cahill, before the American Oil Burner Association.—*The Oil Trade*, November 1926

GENERAL. The Oil Industry Beats Prof. Ripley to It on Accounting.—*Petroleum Age*, November 1, 1926.

Farish Scouts Idea of Shortage of Oil.—*Petroleum Age*, November 15, 1926.

Parking and the Motor Industry. Walter P. Chrysler.—*The Nation's Business*, November 1926.

The Silent Revolution in Railroad. F. S. Tisdale.—*The Nation's Business*, November 1926.

The English Spirit. Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, D. S. O.—*The Living Age*, November 15, 1926.

BOOKS. Why We Behave Like Human Beings. George Amos Dorsey.—*Harper & Brothers*, 1926, New York. \$3.50.

The Story of Philosophy—The Lives and Opinions of the Greater Philosophers. Will Durant, Ph. D.—Simon and Schuster, New York, 1926, 586 pages, 21 illustrations, \$5.



More Books In The Home!

Goethe's New Year Wish

Health enough to make work a pleasure.

Wealth enough to support your needs.

Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.

Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.

Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.

Charity enough to see some good in your neighbor.

Love enough to move you to be useful and helpful to others.

Faith enough to make real the things of God.

Hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future.