

Texaco Star

CHRISTMAS-1916



VOL. IV

DECEMBER 1916

No. 2



THE WORD
MADE
FLESH

I sing the Birth was born tonight,
The author both of Life and Light;
The Angels so did sound it.
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet searched, and True they found it.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both Wills were in one stature;
And as that Wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us Heirs of Glory;
To see this Babe, all Innocence,
A Martyr Born in our Defence;
Can man forget this story?

—Ben Jonson

A CHRISTMAS that puts first things first,
spirit before symbol, and Christ before
Santa Claus:

That hallows the home and transfigures the face
and consecrates both self and pocketbook to the
loving service of others:

A Christmas that through its great good tidings
brings strength to bear our burdens, balm to soothe
our sorrows, inspiration to glorify our labor, and
poise for our sometimes harassed souls:

A Christmas that reminds us of the beautiful old
stories of the Magi and the shepherds and choir
of angels, and that transforms our hearts into living
mangers, cradling anew the eternal, inexhaustible,
Christ-begetting, world-transforming love spirit of
the Father. May this Christmas, good friend,
this merry, blessed Christmas---be yours.

—Henry Hallam Tweedy



SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

See page 4 for an account of this old masterpiece

[The processes of color photography were extremely difficult for this painting darkened by great age, and some effects in the original are but approximately reproduced.]

TEXACO STAR

VOL. IV

DECEMBER 1916

No. 2

PRINTED MONTHLY FOR DISTRIBUTION TO EMPLOYEES OF
THE TEXAS COMPANY

"ALL FOR EACH—EACH FOR ALL"

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ADDRESS: TEXACO STAR, 311 THE TEXAS COMPANY BUILDING, HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE Annual Meeting of Stockholders of The Texas Company was held in Houston on November 14, 1916. The proposed 25 per cent increase of the capital stock (from \$44,400,000 to \$55,500,000) was voted, the increase issue of 111,000 shares (par value \$11,100,000) to be offered proratably to stockholders of record at the close of business November 29, 1916, at \$100 per share. The assignable warrants evidencing rights on this basis will be issued on the terms stated in the call for the meeting as given in the October issue of The Texaco Star.

The Board of Directors were re-elected:

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

On the same date, at a meeting of the Board of Directors, its Executive Committee and the officers of the Company were elected for the ensuing year:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Arnold Schlaet, Chairman	E. C. Lufkin	A. L. Beaty
L. H. Lapham	A. B. Hepburn	J. N. Hill
J. J. Mitchell		

OFFICERS

E. C. Lufkin	President	New York
T. J. Donoghue	1st Vice President	Houston
R. C. Holmes	Vice President	Houston
G. L. Noble	Vice President	Houston
W. A. Thompson, Jr.	Vice President	New York
J. R. Miglietta	Vice President	New York
Ernest Carroll	Ass't to 1st Vice Pres.	Houston
A. L. Beaty	General Counsel	New York
C. P. Dodge	Secretary	Houston
A. C. Miglietta	Ass't Sec'y-Ass't Treas.	New York
W. W. Bruce	Ass't Sec'y-Ass't Treas.	New York
Guy Carroll	Ass't Sec'y-Ass't Treas.	Houston
S. J. Payne	Assistant Secretary	Houston

W. G. McConkey	Assistant Secretary	Houston
A. M. Donoghue	Assistant Treasurer	Houston
D. B. Tobey	Assistant Treasurer	New York
Ira McFarland	Comptroller	Houston

A dividend of \$2.50 per share of stock was declared, payable December 31, 1916, to stockholders of record at the close of business on November 29, 1916.

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

* *

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

—Douglas Jerrold.

* *

Still one thing remains to furnish the House Beautiful, without which guests and books and flowers only emphasize the fact that the house is not a home. I mean the warm light in the rooms that comes from kind eyes, from quick unconscious smiles, from gentleness in tones, from little unpremeditated caresses of manner, from habits of forethoughtfulness for one another—all that happy illumination which, in the inside of a house, corresponds to the morning sunlight outside falling on quiet dewy fields.

—William Channing Gannet.

* *

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

* *

Cheerful surroundings help to develop self-reliance and energy.

* *

Happiness consists in acting; such is the constitution of our nature; it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.

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The painting shown in the frontispiece is of unusual interest. It was recently purchased in New Orleans by Mr. Geo. M. Dickson of Houston, Texas. It was found stored in an old residence, and tradition tells that it was brought from France in 1791 by some refugee from the French Revolution. Experts to whom ordinary photographs have been sent do not know it; but some give the opinion that it is by Guido Reni himself, or by some master of his school. Mr. Dickson is extremely desirous of ascertaining whether it is an original or a copy. Good judges who have seen it and examined the ancient canvas on which it is painted deem it an original work and not a copy. The painting is 6 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 10 inches. If any one who sees the reproduction, which we print in the true colors, can suggest some clue to the authorship of this masterly work of art, Mr. Dickson would be greatly obliged.

* *

Great art may be near or may be far, and among the millions there may be future artists or not—that ought not to count if the mission of artistic instruction in school is in question. We want to open the eyes and minds of these millions to the sunshine of beauty, to carry happiness and idealism into the hearts of the young people, into the homes of the American nation. Train them for practical needs, for skill, and achievement; that is well: let them fight and run and pull and push, but let them never forget that the fight is not merely for the fighting; we must aim for an end in which we can find satisfaction, repose, and happiness. Our youth do not learn that, and do not see it in their surroundings; the chase itself becomes a habit, repose appears laziness. The nation which had in pioneer life to open the gigantic resources of a new country, has learned only to work, and not to rest from work in a way which can claim the same dignity as the work itself; yes, in a way which gives new value to the work itself. On earth beauty alone gives that repose without a struggle. That is the real mission of art instruction; not unlike indeed to that of the church—to bring into every home and into every life the ideal repose, the repose in the ideal; to bring us that rest which is not fatigue from work, that rest which is complete satisfaction, beyond the strug-

gles of the day, complete harmonization of all our energies, fulfillment of our real personality. —*Hugo Muensterberg.*

* *

The function of art is to make people understand that which was not clear to them. —*Tolstoy.*

* *

We owe to genius always the same debt, of lifting the curtain from the common, and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and peddlers. In daily life what distinguishes the master is the using those materials he has, instead of looking about for what are more renowned, or what others have used well.—*Emerson.*

* *

One of the first principles of decorative art is that in all manufactures, ornament must hold a place subordinate to that of utility; and when, by its exuberance, ornament interferes with utility, it is misplaced and vulgar.—*George C. Mason.*

* *

All works of quality must bear a price in proportion to the skill, time, expense, and risk attending their invention and manufacture. Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest. They are attended with much less profit to the artist than those things which everybody calls cheap. Beautiful forms and compositions are not made by chance, nor can they ever, in any material, be made at small expense. —*Ruskin.*

* *

Wherever Life is simple and sane true pleasure accompanies it as fragrance does uncultivated flowers.—*Charles Wagner.*

* *

The need is that we should learn to care for the great simple realities and live in them—for love and work and little children, for the hunger to gain wisdom and appreciate beauty, for the desire to be of use to others and add our mite to the welfare of the whole.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

* *

There is no brave life but a cheerful life.

* *

Real happiness is cheap enough, but how dearly we pay for its counterfeit.

* *

We are all born for love. It is the principle of existence and its end.—*Disraeli.*

TEXACO STAR

A LITTLE CONFESSION

I AM the Christmas spirit.
I am a thoroughly well-meaning Christmas Spirit and, in many ways, I feel as vigorous as I ever did.

I try to ingratiate my way into the hearts of all humankind and bring them good cheer.

I try to recall to them the great benefits of kindness and generosity.

I do not aim to be a hard taskmaster.

I ask the people for a single day in each year to pause in their headlong race for power, preferment, and pelf.

I do my best, but I find it pretty rough sledding these days.

I am told by business men that they are entirely in sympathy, but haven't time to participate. Occasionally they give me a little money, but it is cold, oh, so cold!

I am told by many tidy little housewives that they should dearly love to help me along, but that the cost of living is so high there is little left for extras.

I find it hard to get in touch with the great army of clerks, for they are extraordinarily busy. But when I finally do steal a moment of their time I am told they are too tired when Christmas comes to yield to the Christmas Spirit.

I try to interest Mrs. Climber and Mrs. Oldtree. If I succeed in forcing my way through the bodyguard of maids, modistes, and milliners, I find both of these ladies alike. They tell me that their social duties consume all their time and that I must see their secretaries. The Christmas Spirit can not do business through secretaries.

I often become discouraged.

I often fear that I am a relic of a blessed uncivilization.

I do not know, but at all events I am not wholly satisfied with the trend of things.

I do not know.

I am the Christmas Spirit.

—Ellis O. Jones, in "Life."

* *

In the days of heroic simplicity it was easy to come near to the real man, but in modern times, while the means of communication are multiplying communication itself is diminishing in its reality. The whirlwind of modern civilization has caught the world. Its features are the same in London, in Paris, in Berlin, in the manufacturing centers of America. The men

you meet have the same signs of the push and the pull of the rotating machine-wheels of the present age. They jostle you, they drag you on with the rush of the crowd, they rapidly take note of your exterior, and offer their exteriors to be taken in snap shots. They have a curiosity for the superficial details but no love for the real person. They are satisfied with the unessentials, because these can be gathered easily and got rid of as soon; these can be handled and soiled and swept away in the dust-bin with as little loss of time as is possible. For everything must make room for the next ephemera, the shock of sensations has to be carried on, and the men who have no time to lose must be amused in a hurry. They try to break chips off the permanent to make playthings for the temporary. These are the drawbacks of the present time.

—Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN

Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown,
For I have lost the way!
I wandered out of the path one day,
When my heart was broken, my hair turned gray,
And I can't remember how to play;
I've quite forgotten how to be gay,
It's all through sighing and weeping, they say.
Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown,
For I have lost the way.

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,
Oh, ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have young heart though your hair be
gray?
Go learn from the little child each day,
Go serve his little wants and play his play,
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay,
And follow his dancing feet as they stray;
For he knows the road to Laughtertown,
Oh, ye who have lost the way!

—Katherine D. Blake.

* *

You want to be true and you are trying to be. Learn these two things, never to be discouraged because good things get on slowly here, and never fail daily to do that good which lies next your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into that sublime patience of the Lord.

—George Macdonald.

* *

Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow for blow; future interest he meets with present pleasures; but love is that sun against whose melting beams the winter can not stand.—Tupper.

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

* *

To every man there come noble thoughts, that pass across his heart like great white birds. These things must be habitual with us; we must learn to live in a beauty, an earnestness, that shall have become part of ourselves.—*Maeterlinck*.

* *

The manner in which one single ray of light, one single precious hint, will clarify and energize the whole mental life of him who receives it, is among the most wonderful and heavenly of intellectual phenomena.

—*Arnold Bennett*.

* *

It is well to have visions of a better life than that of every day, but it is the life of every day from which elements of a better life must come.—*Maeterlinck*.

* *

Kindness is like the sun. Everywhere the kind man goes he brings into being priceless things—golden sympathies, radiant faces, glowing and grateful hearts.

—*Geo. A. Gordon*.

* *

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him, and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—*Washington Irving*.

* *

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine.—*Byron*.

* *

An act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness. No reward coming after the event can compare with the sweet reward that went with it.—*Maeterlinck*.

* *

Keep your faith. Your dreams will come true. Be hungry for the joy of self-expression. Give yourself to others in your work, in your talks, in your letters. In self-abandonment you will find the Paradise you seek.—*Thomas Dreier*.

* *

Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers.—*Andersen*.

There is no unbelief!
And still by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by the faith the lips decry,
God knoweth why.

Page six

THE OLD SONGS

Give me old songs! They stir my heart
As with some glorious trumpet-tone,
Beyond the reach of modern art,
They rule its thrilling cords alone

Thus, when the portals of mine ear
Those long-remembered lays receive,
They seem like guests, whose voices cheer
My breast, and bid it not to grieve.

Give me old songs! I know not why,
But every tone they breathe to me
Is fraught with pleasures pure and high,
With honest love or honest glee;

They move me, when by chance I hear,
They rouse each slumbering pulse anew,
Till every scene to memory dear
Is pictured brightly to my view.

—*Willis Gaylord Clark*.

LIFE WISDOM

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

—*Benjamin Disraeli*.

Two things fill me with awe: the starry heavens above, and the moral sense within.

—*Kant*.

It is the soul itself which sees and hears, and not those parts which are, as it were, but windows to the soul.—*Cicero*.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.—*Sir Thos. Browne*.

If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.—*Jesus*.

Divine ideas ever find us young and ever keep us so.—*S. M. Crothers*.

A happy life consists in tranquillity of mind.—*Cicero*.

Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you frequently think on, for the soul is tinged and colored with the complexion of thought.

—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Nothing is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable.

—*Goethe*.

An imperfect soul seeing what is good and great and true, but very often failing in the attempt to attain it, is apt to be very harsh in its judgment on the shortcomings of others. But a divine and sovereign soul—a soul that has more nearly attained to the measure of the perfect man—takes a calmer and gentler, because a larger-hearted, view of those little weaknesses and indirectnesses which it cannot but daily see.

—*Farrar*.

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COLONEL CARTER'S CHRISTMAS TREE

The soft light of the candles, the low, rich color of the simple room with its festoons of cedar and pine, the aroma of the rare wine, and especially the spicy smell of the hemlock warmed by the burning tapers, that rare, unmistakable smell which only Christmas greens give out and which few of us know but once a year, and often not then; all had their effect on host and guests. And so the happy feast went on. As to the Colonel, he was never in better form. To him the occasion was the revival of the old Days of Plenty—the days his soul coveted and loved: his to enjoy, his to dispense.

But if it had been delightful before, what was it when Chad bore aloft the crowning glory of the evening, and placed it with all its candles in the center of the table, the Colonel leaning far back in his chair to give him room, his coat thrown wide, his face aglow, his eyes sparkling with the laughter that always kept him young!

Then it was that the Colonel, gathering under his hand a little sheaf of paper lamp-lighters, rose from his seat, picked up a slender glass that had once served his father ("only seven o' dat kind left," Chad told me) and which that faithful servitor had just filled from the old decanter, and with a wave of his hand as if to command attention, said, in a clear, firm voice that indicated the dignity of the occasion: "My friends, before I kindle with the torch of my love these little beacons which are to light each one of us on our way until another Christmas season overtakes us; before, I say, these sparks burst into life, I want you to fill your glasses (Chad had done that—even little Katy's) and drink to the health and happiness of the lady on my right, whose presence is always a benediction and whose affection is one of the sweetest treasures of my life!"

Everybody except the dear lady stood up—even little Katy—and Aunt Nancy's health was drunk amid her blushes, she remarking to Mr. Klutchem that George would always embarrass her with these too flattering speeches of his.

This formal toast over, the Colonel's whole manner changed. He was no longer the dignified host conducting the feast with measured grace. With a spring in his voice and a certain unrestrained joyousness, he called to Chad to bring him a light for his

first lamplighter. Then, with the paper wisp balanced in his hand he began counting the candles, peeping into the branches with the manner of a boy.

"One—two—three—fo'—yes, plenty of them, but we are going to begin with the top one. This is yours, Nancy—this little white one on the vely top-tip. Gentlemen, this top candle is always reserved for Miss Caarter," and the lighted taper kindled it into a blaze. "Just like yo' eyes, my dear, burnin' steadily and warmin' everybody," and he tapped her hand caressingly with his fingers. "And now, where is that darlin' little Katy's—she must have a white one, too—here it is. Oh, what a brave little candle! Not a bit of sputterin' or smoke. See, dearie, what a beautiful blaze! May all your life be as bright and happy. And here is Mr. Klutchem's right alongside of Katy's—a fine red one. There he goes, steady and clear and strong— And Fitz—dear old Fitz. Let's see what kind of a candle Fitz should have. Do you know, Fitz, if I had my way, I'd light the whole tree for you. One candle is absurd for Fitz! There, Fitz, it's off—another red one! All you millionaires must have red candles! And the Major! Ah, the Major!"—and he held out his hand to me—"Let's see—yal-ler? No, that will never do for you, Major. Pink? That's better. There now, see how fine you look and how evenly you burn—just like yo' love, my dear boy, that never fails me."

The circle of the table was now complete; each guest had a candle alight, and each owner was studying the several wicks as if the future could be read in their blaze: Aunt Nancy with a certain seriousness. To her the custom was not new; the memories of her life were interwoven with many just such top candles,—one I knew of myself, that went out long ago, and has never been rekindled.

The Colonel stopped, and for a moment we thought he was about to take his seat, although some wicks were still unlighted—his own among them. Instantly a chorus of voices went up: "You have forgotten your own, Colonel—let me light one for you." Katy had noticed the omission, and was pulling at my sleeve to call attention to the fact: the Colonel's candle was the only one she really cared for.

"One minute," cried the Colonel. "Time

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enough; the absent ones fust"—and he stooped down and peered among the branches—"yes,—that's just the very one. This candle, Mr. Klutchem, is for our old Mammy Henny, who is at Caarter Hall, carin' for my property, and who must be lonely today—ah, there you go, Mammy!—blazin' away like one o' yo' own fires!"

Three candles now were all that were left unlighted; two of them side by side on the same branch, a brown one and a white one, below these a yellow one standing alone.

The Colonel selected a fresh taper, kindled it in the flame of Aunt Nancy's top candle, and turning to Chad, who was standing behind his chair, said:—

"I'm goin' to put you, Chad, where you belong—right alongside of me. Here, Katy, darlin', take this taper and light this white candle for me, and I'll light the brown one for Chad," and he picked up another taper, lighted it, and handed it to the child.

As the two candles flashed into flame, the Colonel leaned over, and holding out his hand to the old servant, said in a voice full of tenderness:—

"Many years together, Chad,—many years, old man."

Chad's face broke into a smile as he pressed the Colonel's hand. "Thank ye, marster," was all he trusted himself to say—a title the days of freedom had never robbed him of.

During the whole scene little Jim had stood on tiptoe, his eyes growing brighter and brighter as each candle flashed into a blaze. Up to the lighting of the last guest candle his face had expressed nothing but increasing delight. When, however, Mammy Henny's candle, and then Chad's were kindled, I saw an expression of wonderment cross his features which gradually settled into one of disappointment.

But the Colonel had not yet taken his seat. He had relighted the taper—this time from Mammy Henny's candle—and stood with it in his hand, peering into the branches as if looking for something he had lost.

"Ah, here's another. I wonder—who—this—little—yaller—candle—can—be—for," he said slowly, looking around the room and accentuating each word. "I reckon they're all here. Let me see—Aunt Nancy, Mr. Klutchem, Katy, Fitz, the Major, Mammy Henny, Chad, and me. Yes—all here. Oh!"—and he looked at the

boy with a quizzical smile on his face—"I came vey near forgettin'.

"This little yaller candle is Jim's."

—F. Hopkins Smith.

Happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven.—Washington Irving.

This Christmas spirit is a whole lot like sprinkling the front yard in the spring. You can't spread happiness all over the place without getting a few drops at least on yourself.—Puck.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

She needed pots and a new floor broom,
And window shades for the children's room;
Her sheets were down to a threadbare three,
And her table cloths were a sight to see.
She wanted scarfs and a towel rack
And a good, plain, useful dressing sack,
Some kitchen spoons and a box for bread,
A pair of scissors and sewing thread.
She hoped some practical friend would stop
And figure out that she'd like a mop,
Or a bath room rug or a lacquered tray
Or a few plain plates for every day.
She hoped and hoped and she wished a lot,
But these, of course, were the things she got:

A cut glass vase and a bonbonniere,
A china thing for receiving hair,
Some oyster forks, a manicure set,
A chafing dish and a cellaret,
A boudoir cap and a drawn-work mat,
And a sterling this and a sterling that;
A gilt-edged book of a lofty theme,
And fancy bags till she longed to scream;
Some curling tongs and a powder puff
And a bunch of other useless stuff.
But though she inwardly raged, she wrote
To all of her friends the self-same note,
And said to each of the damfool host—
"Just how did you guess what I needed most?"
—Ella Bentley Arthur, in "Lile."

"What is the use of this article?" asked a shopper.
"I really don't know," replied the clerk; "I think it is intended to be sold for a Christmas present."

"Yes," said the world traveler, "the Chinese make it an invariable rule to settle all their debts on New Year's day."

"So I understand," said the host, "but then, the Chinese don't have a Christmas the week before."

"The gift itself is not so much—
Perhaps you've had a dozen such;
Its value when reduced to gold,
May seem too trifling to be told;
But someone, loving, kind, and true,
Selected it—and thought of you.
The gift may have a hollow ring—
The love behind it is the thing!"

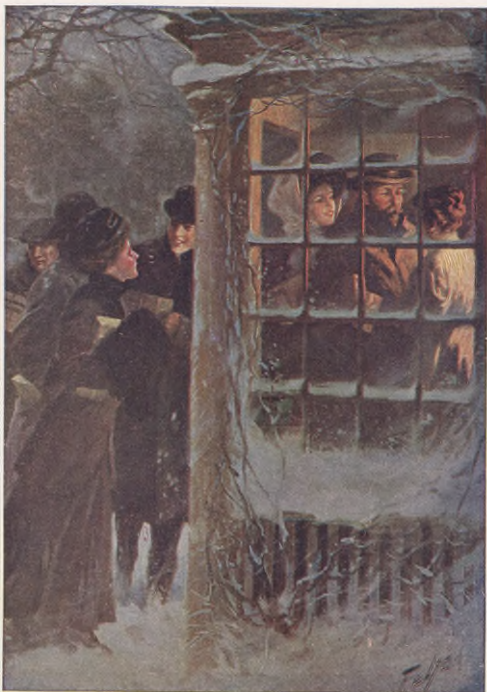
Gifts burst rocks.—Benjamin Franklin.

On
Christmas
Day in the
Morning

BY
GRACE S. RICHMOND

Illustrated by
CHARLES M. RELYEA

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Stumbling over their own feet and bundles the crew
poured into the warm kitchen

And all the angels in heaven do sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on earth do ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

—Old Song

THAT Christmas Day began a whole year beforehand, with a letter written by Guy Fernald to his younger sister, Nan, who had been married to Samuel Burnett just two years. The letter was read aloud by Mrs. Burnett to her husband at the breakfast table, the day after Christmas. It was upon one subject:

Dear Nan:

It's a full-grown shame that not a soul of us all got home for Christmas—except yours truly, and he only for a couple of hours. What have the old folks done to us that we treat them like this? I was invited to the Sewalls' for the day, and went, of course—you know why. I really thought Ralph was home—he wrote me that he might swing round that way by the holidays, but I knew the rest of you were wrapped up in your own Christmas trees and weren't going to get there.

Well, I took the seven-thirty down and walked in on them. Sitting all alone by the fire, I felt gulphish in my throat when I looked at them. Mother just gave one gasp and flew into my arms, and Dad got up more slowly—he has that rheumatism worse than ever this winter—and came over and I thought he'd shake my hand off. Well, I sat there between them by the fire, and soon I got down in the old way on a cushion by mother, and let her run her fingers through my hair the way she used to, and, Nan, her hand was trembly. They were so glad to see me it made my throat ache.

Ralph had written he couldn't get round, and you'd all written and sent them things—and they appreciated them. But—blame it all—they were just lonesome—and the whole outfit within three hundred miles, most within thirty!

Nan—next Christmas it's going to be different. I've got it all planned out. Not that they had a word of blame—not they. But that didn't make the thing any easier for them. Next year—

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but you'll all hear from me then. Meanwhile, run down and see them once or twice this winter. Somehow it struck me they aren't so young as—they used to be.

Margaret Sewall's a peach, but I don't seem to make much headway. My best to Sam.
Your affectionate brother,
Guy.

Nan had felt a choking in her throat as she read this letter. "We must make an effort to be there Christmas next year, Sam," she said to her husband, and Sam assented cheerfully.

Guy wrote the same to Edson and Oliver, his married elder brothers; to Ralph, his unmarried brother; and to Carolyn, Mrs. Charles Wetmore, his other—and elder—married sister. He received more or less sympathetic responses, to the effect that with so many little children—of course somebody would go next year—they had all sent the nicest gifts they could find. Didn't Guy think mother liked those Russian sables, and wasn't father pleased with his gold-headed cane? Surely Father and Mother Fernald couldn't feel neglected.

"Gold-headed cane be hanged!" Guy exploded when he read this. "If anybody gives me a gold-headed cane before I'm ninety, I'll thrash him with it. He isn't old enough to use a cane, and Ol ought to know it, if Marian doesn't. I'm glad I sent him that typewriter. He liked that, and it'll not make him think he's ready to die!"

WHEN the year had nearly rolled around, the first of December saw Guy at work getting his plans in train. He began with his eldest brother, Oliver, because he considered Mrs. Oliver the hardest he had to tackle. "You see," he expounded patiently, as they sat and stared at him, "it isn't that they aren't always glad to see the whole outfit, children and all, but it just struck me that it would do 'em a lot of good to revive old times. I thought if we could make it as much as possible like one of the old Christmases before anybody got married, it would give them a jolly surprise. I plan to have us all creep in in the night and go to bed in our old rooms. And then in the morning—See?"

Mrs. Oliver looked at him. An eager flush lit his still boyish face—Guy was twenty-eight—and his blue eyes were very bright. Oliver sat back and watched them both.

"It seems to me a strange plan," was Mrs. Oliver's comment. "It is not usual to think that families should be broken up on Christmas Day. Four families, with somebody gone—a mother or a father—just to please two elderly people who expect nothing of the sort. Don't you think you are asking a good deal?"

Guy kept his temper. "It doesn't seem to me I am; I know I'm asking a sacrifice, and it may seem almost an insult not to invite the children and all—perhaps next year we'll try a gathering of all the clans,—but just for this year I do awfully wish you'd give me my way. If you'd seen those two last Christmas—"

He glanced appealingly at Oliver. That gentleman shifted his pipe and put a few questions to his younger brother. Had he thought it all out? What time should they arrive? How early on the day after Christmas could they get away? Could they all crowd into the house without rousing the pair?

"Sure thing," Guy declared. "Marietta—I've had the soft side of her heart ever since I was born; she'll work the game. You see, father's a bit deaf now—"

"Father deaf?"

"Sure. Didn't you know it?"

"Forgotten. But mother'd hear us."

"No, she wouldn't. She trusts everything to Marietta since she got that fall—"

"Mother get a fall?"

"Why, yes!" Guy stared at his brother with some impatience. "Don't you remember she fell down the back stairs a year ago?"

"Certainly, Oliver," his wife interposed. "I wrote to her how sorry we were."

"She's a little lame, and always will be," said Guy, "and her knee stiffens up in the night, and she doesn't get up and go prowling about at the least noise, the

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way she used to. So if we make a whisper of noise Marietta'll tell her it's the cat or something. The only thing that worries me is that I can't get you all to take hold of the scheme. On my word, Ol,"—he turned quite away from his sister-in-law's critical gaze—"don't we owe the old home anything but a present tied up in tissue paper once a year?"

Marian began to speak. She thought Guy was exceeding his rights in talking as if they had been at fault; it was not often that elderly people had so many children within call—but a man owed something to his own family, and at Christmas! Her husband interrupted her. He took his pipe out of his mouth and spoke decidedly.

"Guy, I believe you're right. I'll be sorry to desert my own kids, of course, but I think they can stand it for once. You may count on me."

In his younger sister, Nan, Guy hoped to find an ally and he was not disappointed. Carolyn—Mrs. Charles Wetmore—fell in heartily with the plan. Ralph, from the far West, wrote that he would get home or break a leg. Edson thought the idea rather a foolish one, but was persuaded by Jessica, his wife—whom Guy declared a trump—that he must go by all means. And so they fell into line, and there remained for Guy only the working out of the details.

"**M**IS' FERNALD, I'm most forgettin' what I was to ask you. I s'pose you'll laugh, but Guy—he wrote me partic'lar he wanted you and his father to"—Marietta's face took on a curious expression—"to hang up your stockin's." Mrs. Fernald paused in the doorway of the bedroom opening from the sitting room downstairs. She looked back at Marietta with her gentle smile. "Guy wrote that?" she asked. "Then—it almost looks as if he might be coming himself, doesn't it, Marietta?"

"Well, I don't know's I'd really expect him," Marietta replied. "I guess what he meant was more in the way of a Christmas present—something that'll go into a stockin', maybe."

"It's rather odd he should have written you to ask me," mused Mrs. Fernald. Marietta considered rapidly. "Well, I s'pose he intended for me to get 'em on the sly an' put in what he sent, but I sort of guessed you might like to fall in with his idee by hangin' 'em up yourself, here by the chimbley, where the children all used to do it. Here's the nails, same as they always was."

Mrs. Fernald found the stockings, and touched her husband on the shoulder. "Father, Guy wrote he wanted us to hang up our stockings," she said, raising her voice a little and speaking very distinctly. The elderly man looked up, smiling.

"Well, well," he said, "anything to please the boy. It doesn't seem more than a year since he was a little fellow hanging up his own stocking, does it, mother?"

The stockings were hung in silence. They looked thin and lonely as they dangled beside the dying fire. Marietta hastened to make them less lonely. "Well," she said, in a shame-faced way, "the silly boy said I was to hang mine, too. Goodness knows what he'll find to put into it that'll fit, 'less it's a poker."

They smiled kindly at her, wished her good night, and went back into their own room. The little episode had aroused no suspicions. It was very like Guy's affectionate boyishness.

"I presume he'll be down," said Mrs. Fernald, as she limped quietly about the room, making ready for bed. "Don't you remember how he surprised us last year? I'm sorry the others can't come. Of course, I sent them all the invitation, as usual—I shall always do that—but it *is* snowy weather, and I suppose they don't like to risk it."

Presently, as she was putting out the light, she heard Marietta at the door.

"Mis' Fernald, Peter Piper's got back in this part o' the house, somehow, and I can't lay hands on him. Beats all how cute that cat is. Seem's if he knows when I'm goin' to put him in the wood-shed. I don't think he'll do no harm, but I thought I'd tell you, so 'f you heard any queer noises in the night you'd know it was Peter."

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"Very well, Marietta," the soft voice came back to the schemer on the other side of the door, "I shan't be alarmed if I hear him."

"All right, Mis' Fernald; I just thought I'd let you know," and the guileful one went grinning away.

"Emeline, you aren't getting to sleep."

"I know I'm not, John. Christmas Eve keeps one awake, somehow. It always did."

"Yes. I don't suppose the children realize at all, do they?"

"Oh, no—oh, no! They don't realize—they never will, till—— they're here themselves. It's all right. I think—I think at least Guy will be down tomorrow, don't you?"

"I guess maybe he will." Then, after a short silence. "Mother—you've got me, you know. You know—you've always got me, dear."

"Yes." She would not let him hear the sob in her voice. She crept close, and spoke cheerfully in his best ear. "And you've got me, Johnny Boy!"

"Thank the Lord, I have!"

So, counting their blessings, they fell asleep. But one set of lashes was wet.

CHRISTOPHER JINKS, what a drift!"

"Sh-h—they might hear us."

"Nan, stop laughing, or I'll drop a snowball down your neck! Gee *whiz!* Can't you get that door open? I'll bet it's frozen fast."

The storm-door swung open by force from inside. A cautious voice said low: "That the Fernald family?"

A chorus of whispers came back at Miss Marietta Cooley:

"Yes, yes—let us in, we're freezing."

"You bet we're the Fernald family—every man-Jack of us—not one missing."

"Oh, Marietta—you dear old thing!"

"Hurry up—this is their side of the house."

"Sh-h-h—"

"Carol, your *sh-h-ishes* would wake the dead!"

Stumbling over their own feet and bundles, the crew poured into the warm kitchen. Bearded Oliver, oldest of the clan; stout Edson, big Ralph, tall and slender Guy, and the two daughters of the house, Carolyn, growing plump and rosy at thirty; Nan, slim and girlish at twenty-four—they were all there. Marietta heaved a sigh of content as she looked them over.

"Well, I didn't really think you'd get here—all of you. Thank the Lord, you have. I s'pose you're tearin' hungry, bein' past 'leven. If you think you can eat quiet as cats I'll feed you up, but if you're goin' to make as much rumpus as you did comin' in I'll have to pack you straight off to bed up the back stairs."

They pleaded for mercy and hot food. They got it—everything that could be had that would diffuse no odour of cookery through the house, smoking clam-broth, a great pot of baked beans, cold meats, and jellies.

"Say, but this is great," exulted Ralph, the stalwart, consuming a huge wedge of mince pie with a fine disregard for any consequences that might overtake him. "This alone is worth it. I haven't eaten such pie in a century. What a jolly place this old kitchen is! Let's have a candy-pull tomorrow. I haven't been home Christmas in—let me see—by Jove, I believe it's six—seven—yes, seven years. Look here: there's been some excuse for me, but what about you that live near?"

He looked accusingly about. Carolyn got up and came around to him. "Don't talk about it tonight," she whispered. "We haven't realized how long it's been."

"We'll get off to bed now," Guy declared, rising. "They may catch us down here. If either of them should want some hot water or anything——"

"The dining-room door's bolted," Marietta assured him, "but it might need explainin' if I had to bring 'em hot water by way of the parlour. Now, go careful up them stairs. They're pretty near over your ma's head, but I don't dare have you tramp through the settin'-room to the front ones."

"Who's to fix the bundles?" Carolyn paused to ask as she started up the stairs.

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"Marietta," Guy answered. "I've labeled every one, so it'll be easy. If they hear paper rattle, they'll think it's the usual presents we've sent on, and if they come out they'll see Marietta. Quiet, now."

They crept up, one by one, each to his or her old room. There needed to be no "doubling up," for the house was large, and each room had been left as its owner had left it. It was late, and they were beginning to be sleepy, so they were soon in bed. But, somehow, once composed for slumber, more than one grew wakeful.

Guy, lying staring at a patch of wintry moonlight on the wall, discovered his door to be softly opening. The glimmer of a candle filtered through the crack, a voice whispered his name.

"Who is it?" he answered under his breath.

"It's Nan. May I come in?"

"Of course. What's up?"

"Nothing. I wanted to 'talk a minute.'" She came noiselessly in, wrapped in a woolly kimono, slippers on her feet, her brown braids hanging down her back. The frost-bloom lately on her cheeks had melted into a ruddy glow, her eyes were stars. She set her candle on the little stand, and sat down on the edge of Guy's bed. He raised himself on his elbow and lay looking appreciatively at her.

"This is like old times," he said. "But won't you be cold?"

"Not a bit. I'm only going to stay a minute. Anyhow, this thing is warm as toast. Yes, isn't it like old times?"

"Got your lessons for tomorrow?"

She laughed. "All but my Caesar. You'll help me with that, won't you?"

"Sure—if you'll make some cushions for my bobs."

"I will. Guy—how's Lucy Harper?"

"She's all right. How's Bob Fields?"

"I don't care for him now!" She tossed her head. "Oh, Guy—I heard you had a new girl. At least I think you care for her. Her name's—Margaret."

The play ceased abruptly. Guy's face changed. "Perhaps I do," he murmured, while his sister watched him in the candle-light.

"She won't answer yet?" she asked very gently.

"Not a word."

"You've cared a good while, haven't you, dear?"

"Seems like ages."

"No—only two years, really caring hard. Plenty of time left."

He moved his head impatiently. "Yes, if I didn't mind seeing her smile on Tommy Gower just as sweetly as she smiles on me. If she ever held out the tip of her finger to me, I'd seize it and hold on to it for fair. But she won't. And she's going South next week for the rest of the winter, and there's a fellow down there in South Carolina where she goes—he's red-headed after her, like the rest of us. And, well—I'm up against it good and hard, Nan, and that's the truth."

"Poor boy. And you gave up going to see her on Christmas Day, and came down here into the country just to—"

"Just to get even with myself for the way I've neglected 'em these two years while my head's been so full of—her. It isn't fair. After last year I'd have come home today if it had meant I had to lose—well—Margaret knows I'm here. I don't know what she thinks."

"I don't believe, Guy, boy, she thinks the less of you. Yes—I must go. It will all come right in the end, dear—I'm sure of it. No, I don't know how Margaret feels—Good night—good night!"

CHRISTMAS morning, breaking upon a wintry world—the Star in the East long set. Outside the house a great silence of drift-wrapped hill and plain;—inside, a crackling fire upon a wide hearth, and a pair of elderly people waking to a lonely holiday. Mrs. Fernald crept to the door of her room—the injured knee always made walking difficult after a night's quiet. She meant to sit down by the

fire which she had lately heard Marietta stirring and feeding into activity, and warm herself at its flame. She remembered with a sad little smile that she and John had hung their stockings there, and looked to see what had been wrought in the night.

"Father!"—Her voice caught in her throat.— "What was all this?" By some mysterious influence her husband learned that she was calling him, though he had not really heard. He came to the door and looked at her, then at the chimney-piece where the stockings hung—a long row of them, as they had not hung since the children grew up—stockings of quality: one of brown silk, Nan's; a fine gray sock with clocks, Ralph's;—all stuffed to the top, with bundles overflowing upon the chimney-piece and even to the floor below.

"What's this—what's this?" John Fernald's voice was puzzled. "Whose are these?" He limped closer. He put on his spectacles and stared hard at a parcel protruding from a sock.

"*Merry Christmas to Ralph from Nan;*" he read. "*To Ralph from Nan,*" he repeated vaguely. His gaze turned to his wife. His eyes were wide like a child's. But she was getting to her feet, from the chair into which she had dropped.

"The children!" she was saying. "They—they—John—they must be *here!*"

He followed her through the chilly hall to the front staircase, seldom used now, and up—as rapidly as those stiff joints would allow. Trembling, Mrs. Fernald pushed open the first door at the top.

A rumbled brown head raised itself from among the pillows, a pair of sleepy but affectionate brown eyes smiled at the two faces peering in, and a voice brimful of mirth cried softly: "*Merry Christmas, mammy and daddy!*" They stared at her, their eyes growing misty. *It was their little daughter Nan, not yet grown up!*

They could not believe it. Even when they had been to every room;—had seen their big son Ralph, still sleeping, his yet youthful face, full of healthy colour, pillowed on his brawny arm, and his mother had gently kissed him awake to be half-strangled in his hug;—when they had met Edson's hearty laugh as he fired a pillow at them—carefully, so that his father could catch it;—when they had seen plump pretty Carol pulling on her stockings as she sat on the floor smiling up at them;—



"The children!" she was saying. "They—they—John—they must be *here!*"

Oliver, advancing to meet them in his bath-robe and slippers;—Guy, holding out both arms from above his blankets, and shouting, "Merry Christmas!—and how do you like your children?"—even then it was difficult to realize that not one was missing—and that no one else was there. Unconsciously Mrs. Fernald found herself looking about for the sons' wives and daughters' husbands and children. She loved them all;—yet—to have her own, and no others, just for this one day—it was happiness indeed.

When they were all downstairs, about the fire, there was great rejoicing. They had Marietta in; indeed, she had been hovering continuously in the background, to the jeopardy of the breakfast in preparation, upon which, nevertheless, she had managed to keep a practiced eye.

"And you were in it, Marietta?" Mr. Fernald said to her in astonishment, when he first saw her.

"How in the world did you get all these people into the house and to bed without waking us?"

"It was pretty consid'able of a resk," Marietta replied, with modest pride, "seem' as how they was inclined to be lively. But I kep' a-hushin' 'em up, and I filled 'em up so full of victuals they couldn't talk."

At the breakfast table, while the eight heads were bent, this thanksgiving arose, as the master of the house, in a voice not quite steady, offered it to One Unseen: "Thou who camest to us on that first Christmas Day, we bless Thee for this good and perfect gift Thou sendest us today, that Thou forgettest us not in these later years, but givest us the greatest joy of our lives in these our loyal children."

Nan's hand clutched Guy's under the table. "Doesn't that make it worth it?" his grasp said to her, and hers replied with a frantic pressure, "Indeed it does, but we don't deserve it."

IT WAS late in the afternoon, a tremendous Christmas dinner well over, and the group scattered, when Guy and his mother sat alone by the fire. The "boys" had gone out to the great stock barn with their father to talk over with him every detail of the prosperous business he, with the help of an assistant, was yet able to manage. Carolyn and Nan had ostensibly gone with them, but in reality the former was calling upon an old friend of her childhood, and the latter had



"Merry Christmas, Mamma and Daddy!"

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begged a horse and sleigh and driven merrily away alone upon an errand she would tell no one but her mother.

Mrs. Fernald sat in her low chair at the side of the hearth, her son upon a cushion at her feet, his head resting against her knee. Her slender fingers were gently threading the thick locks of his hair, as she listened while he talked to her of everything in his life, and, at last, of the one thing he cared most about.

"Sometimes I get desperate and think I may as well give her up," he was saying. "She's so—so—*elusive*—I don't know any other word for it. I never can tell how I stand with her. She's going South next week. I've asked her to answer me before she goes. Somehow I've clung to the hope that I'd get my answer today. You'll laugh, but I left word with my office-boy to wire me if a note or anything from her came. It's four o'clock, and I haven't heard. She—you see, I can't help thinking it's because she's going to—turn me down—and—hates to do it—Christmas Day!"

He turned suddenly and buried his face in his mother's lap; his shoulders heaved a little in spite of himself. His mother's hand caressed his head more tenderly than ever, but, if he could have seen, her eyes were very bright.

They were silent for a long time. Then suddenly a jingle of sleigh bells approached through the winter twilight, drew near, and stopped at the door. Guy's mother laid her hands upon his shoulders. "Son," she said, "there's some one stopping now. Perhaps it's the boy with a message from the station."

He was on his feet in an instant. Her eyes followed him as he rushed away through the hall. Then she rose and closed the sitting-room door behind him.

As Guy flung open the front door, a tall and slender figure in gray furs and a wide gray hat was coming up the walk. Eyes whose glance had long been his dearest torture met Guy Fernald's and fell. Lips like which there were no others smiled tremulously in response to his eager exclamation. And over the piquant young face rose an exquisite colour which was not altogether born of the wintry air. The girl who for two years had been only "elusive" had taken the significant step of coming to North Estabrook in response to an eloquent telephone message sent that morning by Nan.

Holding both her hands fast, Guy led her up into the house—and found himself alone with her in the shadowy hall. With one gay shout Nan had driven away



"I haven't given you any Christmas present. Will—I—do?"

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toward the barn. The inner doors were all closed. Blessing the wondrous sagacity of his womankind, Guy took advantage of the moment.

"Nan brought you—I see that. I know you're very fond of her, but—you didn't come wholly to please her, did you—Margaret?"

"Not wholly."

"I've been looking all day for my answer. I—oh—I wonder if——" he was gathering courage from her aspect, which for the first time in his experience failed to keep him at a distance—"dare I think you—bring it?"

She slowly lifted her face. "I thought it was so—so dear of you," she murmured, "to come home to your people instead of—staying with me. I thought you deserved—what you say—you want——"

"Margaret—you——"

"I haven't given you any Christmas present. Will—I—do?"

"Will you do! . . . Oh!"—It was an explosive sigh of relief and joy, and he caught her close. "Will—you—do!—Good Lord!—I rather think you will!"

"Emeline——"

"Yes, John dear?"

"You're not—crying?"

"Oh, no—no, no, John!"

"It's been a pretty nice day, hasn't it?"

"A beautiful day!"

"I guess there's no doubt but the children care a good deal for the old folks yet."

"No doubt at all, dear."

"It's good to think they're all asleep under the roof once more, isn't it?—And one extra one. We like her, don't we?"

"Oh, very, very much!"

"Yes, Guy's done well. I always thought he'd get her, if he hung on. The Fernalds always hang on, but Guy's got a bit of a temper—I didn't know but he might let go a little too soon. Well—it's great to think they all plan to spend every Christmas Day with us, isn't it, Emeline?"

"Yes, dear—it's—great."

"Well—I must let you go to sleep. It's been a big day, and I guess you're tired. Emeline, we've not only got each other—we've got the children, too. That's a happy thing at our age, isn't it, now?"

"Yes—yes."

"Good night—Christmas Night, Emeline."

"Good night, dear."



Sometimes I wonder why they smile so pleasantly at me,
And pat my head when I go by, as friendly as can be;

Sometimes I wonder why they stop and
tell me How'd-do?
And ask me then how old I am and where
I'm going to,
And ask me can I spare a curl, and say
they used to know;
So I told Mamma how they smiled and
asked her why they do,
And she said, if you smile at folks, they
always smile at you.

* * —James W. Foley.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And gives happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes. —Lowell.

* *

Fame is what you have taken;
Character's what you give:
When to this truth you waken,
Then you begin to live.

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BLENDING OF EAST AND WEST

RUDOLFO HULEN FERNANDEZ

Mr. Fernandez, who writes this story for the *Texaco Star*, is a student in the Senior Class of the Rice Institute. Born in the Philippines, he served, although then a mere boy, as Interpreter for General John A. Hulen through both military activities and civil administration. In 1901 he came to this country with General Hulen who legally adopted him as a son.

The English are rather conceited in their opinion that they are the only people who can govern the East. They tell us, who have been forced to bear the responsibilities of westernizing the Philippines, that it is impossible to plant Western ideas among Eastern people. They seem to forget that the Spanish character, with its strain of orientalism, its fertility of resource in meeting new conditions, its adaptability in dealing with the dwellers of warmer lands, had already played its part when we annexed the archipelago, thus paving the first path of Western ideas into the East.

We found the system of government a simple one in its essential features. The missionary priest had taught the people the Faith, laying stress upon the fear of God and reconciling the people to their subjection by inculcating the Christian virtues of patience and humility. When recalcitrants refused to accept the new order, or showed inclination to break away from it, the military forces, acting under the secret direction of the priest, made raids in the disaffected parts; but after sufficient punishment had been inflicted and a wholesome fear inspired, the priest opportunely interfered in behalf of the natives, by which means the native was convinced that peace and security lay in submission to authority. It was, therefore, amazing how eagerly the native took advantage of the American public school system. More than nine thousand natives are now teaching the English language. We have supplanted the old Spanish ideas with American institutions and learning, and peace and prosperity reign throughout the Islands, from mountain fastness to the crowded streets of the cities.

But let us not forget that what we have done in the short time of eighteen years has been accomplished by the American administrator, who can keep his head when all about him are losing theirs and blaming it on him; who can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being lied about, don't deal in

lies; who can bear to hear the truth he has spoken twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools; and who could watch the things he gave his life to broken, and stoop and build them up again with worn-out tools.'

One of these faithful administrators was Alton McBlair, assistant to the chief of the Bureau of Education of the Philippine Islands. Previous to his coming to these Islands he was an instructor in philosophy in Columbia University. There he had taught many young Filipinos, whose friendship and confidence he had won. Among the girls he had taught was Lola Fortuna, the only daughter of a rich Spanish planter. To make a romantic tale short, he had fallen in love with the pretty Oriental maid, and soon after he landed at Manila they were married.

When the Democratic party came in power, and the Republicans in office were dismissed, Alton McBlair did not return to his native country, but remained in the Philippines to manage his wife's estate. Señora Fortuna had died before Lola went to the United States to study, and the daughter was the mistress of the *hacienda*. Being master of the mistress and having no punctilious mother-in-law to please, McBlair made the fields bloom like the rose. He substituted gasoline tractors for the *carabao*; a threshing machine separated the rice kernel from the hull; a modern sugar mill squeezed the juice of the sugar cane. These wonderful changes so won the admiration of Señor Fortuna, that he rarely stayed at the *hacienda* and spent nearly all of his time among the politicians in Manila.

The increasing demand for sugar by European buyers made it imperative for McBlair to install new machinery. In the middle of June, therefore, accompanied by Lola and Señor Fortuna, he motored down to Manila to sail in the first steamer for the United States.

"You are an American," said Lola to her husband, as he was about to board his ship, "and many American husbands have never

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returned to their wives here. My prayers go with you."

McBlair stooped down to kiss her, and noticed that in her candid eyes there shone forth a spotless soul.

"I shall not be long in coming back, and the thought of you will always hurry me."

"If you will come back by Christmas," she said, "I will have the most precious of all gifts awaiting you."

The small town of Santa Fortuna, to which Lola and her father returned, lies on the margin of a lake in the midst of meadows and paddy fields. From it sugar, rice, coffee, tobacco, and fruits are sent to merchants in Manila, whence they are exported to lands across the seas. When on a clear day the boys ascend to the upper part of the church tower, they break into joyful exclamations at the beauty of the scene spread before them. In the midst of the clustering roofs of *nipa*, tiles, corrugated iron, and palm leaves, separated by groves and gardens, each boy is able to discover his own home, his little nest. Everything serves as a mark; here a tree, that tamarind with its light foliage; there a coco palm laden with large nuts, like the Astarte Genetrix, or the Diana of Ephesus, with her numerous breasts; nearer by, a bending bamboo grove bowing to the power of the trade winds as they sweep the land; and yonder an areca palm or a cross. To the north is the river, a huge glassy serpent, sleeping on a green carpet, with rocks scattered along its sandy channel, breaking its current into ripples. There, the bed is narrowed between high banks to which gnarled trees cling with bared roots; here it becomes a gentle slope where the stream widens. Further away, a small hut built on the edge of the high bank seems to defy the winds, the heights, and the depths, presenting with its slender posts the appearance of a long-legged bird watching for a reptile to seize upon. Trunks of palm and other trees, with the bark still on them, connect the hut with the bank by a shaky foot-bridge which, if not very secure, is nevertheless a wonderful contrivance for gymnastic exercises in preserving one's balance, a thing not to be despised.

It was the 24th of December. Mrs. McBlair, who had been confined in bed for a week, was sitting on the veranda of their home, which stands on a hill overlooking



the river. With her were some señoritas who had come to extend congratulations and to wish her a merry Christmas. The sun was far in the west, and the stars of the Southern Cross were already blinking, soon to outshine the moon. Happy people, young and old, thronged the street, going to the market place to buy their Christmas gifts. Immediately below the veranda, a group of boys and girls from ten to twelve years old, all dressed in white and red, danced in a circle singing their native song:

Tomorrow is the day of bread:
Let all good enter here;
Let the women bear children;
Let the she-goats bring forth kids;
Let the ewes drop lambs;
Let there be much corn and rice.

Tomorrow is the day of bread:
When Christmas comes,
Let us all rejoice,
For it is a New Covenant;
For Christmas goes as
Christmas comes.

The leader held out his cap to receive the few coins Señora McBlair dropped; then they moved on to another house, in order to make room for a dusty automobile—one of the interprovincial common carriers running from Manila to the northern extremity of Luzon. It brought the longed-for McBlair, who quickly alighted and unceremoniously, in American fashion, rushed up

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into the gallery to greet his wife. After salutations and well-wishing the visitors begged to be excused and left Señor and Señora McBlair alone together.

"My dear, how pale you look!" he exclaimed, seating himself beside her, "have you been ill?"

"Do not worry," she said, "for it was only a natural illness, and this evening I feel physically stronger than the day you told me good-by in Manila seven months ago. How happy I am that you are here! Sit closer, and tell me about your travels."

She held his face between her hands and looked searchingly into his eyes.

"Tell me," she continued, "for I am jealous, did you think of me, have you never forgotten me in America and Europe among so many beautiful women?"

"The thought of you has ever been with me," he answered, "In my dreams I saw you standing on the shore, in the light of the setting sun. It seemed to me that you were a fairy, beautiful, unaffected, frank, sincere, a true daughter of these beautiful Islands, which unite with the virtues of America the admirable qualities of young people. As you unite the inheritance of both races, so indeed in me the love of you and of my country have fused into one."

She looked up into his blue eyes in reverential gratitude. At last she spoke: "When I think of you, Alton, I feel that there is no great difference between the East and the West, if viewed from one human heart to another. It seems to me that they are in a process of blending. As I sat here, just before the visitors came, I saw a train of *carromatas* pass by, and on nearly every box and barrel in the carts there was a picture, a very common one now, which is the trade mark of one of the great American firms who supply our people with oil

for their lamps and for farm machinery. The picture represents the *carabao* and there is a five-pointed red star in whose center stands a large T in green. This suggested to me one way in which the East is blending with the West.

"Also, there is an old legend about a Persian philosopher, who came to live in the forest here long before Magellan discovered the Archipelago. This old Persian, to whom the natives owe many ancient customs and ceremonies, taught the people to celebrate the 25th of December because it was the birthday of the Sun. Festal light and fires were kindled for that reason. When the Church Fathers came they found that the natives already celebrated the 25th of December, and it was easy to make it the festival of the birth day of the Lord. So you see even in our Christmas, there is evidence that East is blending with West."

"My dear," replied the husband, "you are a philosopher. But remember that Jesus was a great personality. He inspired others because he himself was inspired. He won the hearts of many because his great heart was rich in love and in mercy. His wisdom was not the dry wisdom of the scribes; it was the immediate expression of his own heart, firm in faith and warm in love, and therefore his words became the joyous message of salvation for the oppressed people of these and other lands. Whoever heard him preach and saw his face got the impression that something new had appeared, a teacher by the grace of God in whom the higher power was at work, a power wonderful in capturing hearts—as you captured mine, for it was He who put love for you into my heart."

"But do you not agree that the East and the West are blending?" she persisted.

McBlair caught a reflection of some happy fancy in his wife's face, which showed him that she had a secret to tell.

"I promised you when you left for the United States," she said, "that when you returned to me, I would have the most precious gift awaiting you. Now it is about dinner time, and you are tired from your ride from Manila. But as soon as we finish dinner, I want you to receive the gift."

McBlair was amused as well as puzzled by the attitude of his wife. After their meal, they sat in their little parlor, as if waiting for some gift from heaven, both silent yet very happy. Presently, unob-



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served by Alton, whose attention had been attracted to the toys and trinkets that were piled up on a table for the servants' children, Lola glided into her own bedroom and emerged to her husband with a babe in her arms.

"Here, dear, is the most precious gift that I can give you. Be careful," she warned, "for he is yet very tender."

IN OTHER LANDS

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

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

But carol, carol in the cold;
And carol, carol as ye may,
We sing the merry songs of old
As merrily on Christmas Day."

* * *

We stayed overnight in one of the half-asleep towns on the river, a town whose history is written on the headstones in the cemetery. We met the descendants of those who sleep there, whose pride lies in the fact that their forefathers were the pioneers. Their houses are full of old furniture from England and Holland, and we ate their food and drank their tea from costly silver and exquisite china which they have inherited. We looked upon the portraits of their ancestors and were told of their virtues and fame; we saw fine memorials of the past in churches and town halls, and rode in their automobiles to look upon the farms bequeathed to them. One thing, alas! they have not and never will have—descendants.

On one of the farms we saw a swarthy Italian with a bright-red rose behind his ear. His wife and children were working with him in the field, and they were doing this strange thing as they pulled weeds from the onion beds—they were singing. The Herr Director said, significantly, "These are the heirs to all this." If some one could tune our American ears so that our farmers might catch the melody of the singing land and sing with it; if our boys and girls would love wild roses well enough to wear them; if—a big if—some one could teach us to be proud of having descendants, we might add a new note to American out-of-doors, and keep it American.

She placed the tiny baby in his arms, and as he held it close to his breast and looked into its blinking dark eyes, he saw a rosebud with its sweet petals yet folded; he felt that he held a jewel dropped unstained from heaven, a source of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a link between angels and men. Indeed, it was a true blending of the East and the West.

That night we sat upon a wide veranda overlooking a valley through which the Hudson rolled majestically; we saw cities, picturesque villages, and bounteous farms. There was silence everywhere; no sound except that of the birds, and they did not sing jubilantly, as birds ought to sing on so glorious an evening. No one sang except the same Italian, who was coming home with his wife and numerous progeny. He still wore the rose behind his ear, although it had faded. Those who sat with us had every luxury and more money than they knew how to spend, but they could not sing, for they were old; children there were none, and if there had been they would not have been singing.

The Italian came to the veranda to get his orders for the next day, and the Herr Director spoke Italian to him and he replied in that language, which in itself is almost a song. His mistress asked him to bring his wife and children to sing for us. His wife did not come, but the children came. They would not sing an Italian song; that was just for themselves. They sang some sentimental thing they had heard in the "movies"—chewing gum the while. I asked them to sing something their teacher taught them, but they knew nothing except "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and the "Star Spangled Banner," which they sang joylessly and not understandingly. How and why should they understand when these Americans did not?

It was a day full of dismal failure in my attempt to show off the American spirit; and the failure of it was rubbed into me by the Herr Director, who, as he bade good-night, quoted this bit of German verse:

*Und wo man singt
Da las dich froelich nieder,
Denn boese Menchen haben keine Lieder.*

[Where men sing thou mayest settle happily, for bad folks have no Song.]—*The Outlook.*

EFFICIENCY

P. C. SCULLIN

Chairman Refining Dept. Efficiency Committee

A FEW FACTS OUTSIDE EFFICIENCY

T. MULLIN

Superintendent Lockport Works

Did you ever try to figure out how some men procure and hold good positions, while others, with equal opportunities, seem never to rise above the first few rungs of the ladder? This is no doubt due to several qualifications; but there is one essential and particular quality which must be acquired before the desired end can be reached, and that is "stick".

"Stick" in our vernacular is to stay on the job; and to stay on the job you must take whatever comes. If your boss is sore and, in your opinion, takes it out on you, stick to the job and do the best you can. He has probably been "bawled-out" too, and perhaps has been given a stronger dose of the same medicine. We all have bosses, from foremen to superintendents, managers and presidents; even directors are not exempt—their boss, probably the most particular of all, being the stockholders.

Just because you have been criticised or censured by your immediate boss is no reason why you should get peeved and "jack" the job, or resign as some prefer to call it. If you are called to account and it is your fault, acknowledge the point; if you are not at fault, say so as politely and concisely as possible, but do not overwork that stepped-on-dignity attitude and quit. Make for yourself the opportunity by sticking to the job allotted you, no matter how disagreeable it is, and perform it to the best of your ability. If a man has worked steadily for ten years with more or less advancement, but for a dozen or more firms, his chance of procuring a good position is slight when compared to the man who has worked steadily for one concern ten years and given satisfactory service.

The quitter generally works in a new position until by experience, at the firm's expense, he is of some use; then for some slight reason or unsatisfactory condition quits in a huff, or leaves because the climate does not suit him, or because his wife's cousin is unable to withstand the in-

convenience that particular locality offers.

If you do not stick to the job you are a quitter, and of a breed everyone knows and treats with but little respect. If you are a quitter, work for yourself—you will then learn in a short time what your actual worth is; but if you are a sticker, take any kind of a job that offers; *then stick*, and in a few years you will not be hunting Opportunity—it will be hunting you.

SAFETY AND SANITATION

ST. C. B. BYRNE

Chairman Central Committee of Safety

THE SALESMAN AND HIS STOMACH

By Frank Farrington in "Mill Supplies"

Nobody feels very proud, and not many can retain their full self-respect and self-confidence, when riding in an automobile with the paint peeling off, metal parts turning black, wind-shield broken, and the upholstery dingy and damaged. The fact that the motor is working all right is not sufficient compensation for the appearance of the outfit. On the other hand it doesn't make much difference how shiny the nickel and glass are, how bright the paint, if the engine is out of order. Did it ever occur to you that you are subject to many of the same rules as an automobile? Your engine has many parts, but the stomach is the equivalent of the cylinders.

A salesman, like an army, travels on his stomach. That is different from traveling for your stomach. Don't get the two confused. It is the difference between living to eat and eating to live. If your stomach is out of order, your brain does not work right. You lack energy. If your stomach is wrong when you come down in the morning, you start the day wrong. You know what it means to start in the morning with your stomach wrong. It means that when night comes it will find only half a day's work done, and that not done very well.

Care in regard to dress and personal appearance and manner will not enable you to do business right if your stomach is wrong. Of course nobody likes to do business with a sloppy looking salesman, even though he may be bubbling over with energy, but if you cannot have both energy

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and good appearance, it is better to have the energy—the good stomach. The man who can succeed while looking badly must use a good deal more energy than would be necessary had his appearance been better. It is less credit to a man to succeed in spite of untidy dress and manners, than to have sense enough to correct those handicaps.

Of course it is not fair to blame the stomach for all the disorders one feels, but if you treat your stomach right, you will get rid of ninety per cent of physical discomforts and disadvantages.

Eating what you need to develop a proper amount of energy and to sustain life and activity is one thing, and eating all you want is another. Because you are getting away with three big meals a day and feeling no disadvantages from the habit, is not evidence that they are not harming you, and you certainly do not need that much food, no matter how hard you work.

A day always comes when the overworked stomach rebels. All you eat more than enough to keep your strength up to normal is causing overwork on the part of some of the organs of your body, and if you persist in the habit it will cause overwork on the part of all of them. Are you going to accumulate diabetes, cirrhosis of the liver, a weakened heart, or are you going to avoid future troubles?

If your stomach is interfering with your feeling good, it is interfering with your selling goods. They say a man is as old as his arteries. Well, your arteries are as old as your stomach. Are your arteries hardening early? Then you are and have been overeating and underexercising. The clean-cut, clear skinned, medium weight fellows who live active lives, eating simple foods and avoiding such conditions as make necessary the constant use of laxatives and cathartics, these men are not troubled by premature old age in the form of hardened arteries or anything else. It is more than an accident that you find these men in the front rank of the successful business classes, though it must be admitted that a good many drop out of this physical class when they become successful enough to feel that they need not work so hard any longer.

The good chauffeur is not one who never looks at the engine as long as it will run, who spends all his time polishing the outside of the car. Neither is it he who never touches the outside of the car. It is the

man who gives both the inside and the outside of the automobile proper attention.

If you are going to use as much sense about yourself as the good chauffeur uses about his car, you know what to do. Keep your stomach and digestive tract working right and keep your outside appearance, yourself and your clothes, looking right. If you are right inside and outside, then you will have gone a long way toward making the right kind of an impression on the trade and you will have the power to impress your message on your listeners.

"Alcohol," says an exchange, "will remove stains from summer clothes." That is true, but it also removes the summer clothes, also the spring, the autumn, and the winter clothes, not only from the one who drinks it, but from the wife and family as well. It removes the household furniture, the eatables from the pantry, the smiles from the face of his wife, the laugh from the innocent lips of his children, and the happiness out of his home. As a remover of things alcohol has no equal.

—*Boy's World.*

Gluttony kills more than the sword.

—*Herbert.*

APHORISMS OF THE TEXACROW.

MANY A PORE SLOB IS GONA GO
BUSTED THIS CHRISTMAS BUYIN'
WRIST-WATCHES, DIMUND RINGS
AN' THINGS, AN' ALL THAT TH' PORE
GOOF WILL GIT IN RETURN WILL
BE A COUPLA BILIOUS GREEN
NECKTIES AN' SOME YALLER
EMBROIDERED SUSPENDERS!



TEXACO STAR



Jack FauntLeRoy (born August 17, 1916, photo at 7 weeks and 4 days, weighing 9½ pounds), son of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. FauntLeRoy, Clerk Ada, Okla. Station



Mary Elizabeth (4 months old), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Edwards, Salesman, Montgomery, Ala.



Frances (6½ months old), daughter of Salesman Wells Littlefield, Denver, Colo.



Rose Marie (Rosebud) — 14 mos., 25½ lbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sullivan, Sales Dep't Accounting offices.



Geo. W. Geiger, Jr. (2 years old), son of Agent Geo. W. Geiger, Monsey, N. Y. Station

DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

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

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

PIPE LINE DEPT. C. J. McKerren, acting Chief Clerk in Tulsa Office, has resigned to become associated with another oil concern. Carl Ruff, of the Tulsa Office, succeeds as Chief Clerk.

J. H. Ossenbeck, Chief Gauger at Electra, has resigned to go into commercial business at Electra. E. O. Sturm succeeds as Chief Gauger.

J. I. Davern, Clerk in Oil department at Houston, resigned to take an engineering course at A. & M. College of Texas. George Martin succeeded Mr. Davern, and Patrick J. Lee is in charge of Over and Short, succeeding Mr. Martin.

Emil Schiller, in Tank Table department, has been promoted to the Accounting Office—looking after the oil stocks.

C. E. Lamb, stenographer in Houston Office, resigned; succeeded by A. F. Jaggi. Mr. Albert Johnson, of the Houston



Margaret Idris (1 year old), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Davis, Pipe Line Department, Houston, Texas

Office, married Miss Marie Fourcade on October 31. The boys in his department gave a handsome present, and he is receiving many congratulations.

Your correspondent had occasion recently to visit one of our Pipe Line camps near Electra, Texas, and again partook of one of their substantial dinners. The camps, which accommodated over two hundred men with sleeping, dining, commissary, and cook tents, looked like a small Mexican army camped in the wilderness; but at close range showed they were only "Peaceful Pipe Liners." The call for dinner, given by beating on a dish pan, was heard by everybody in the vicinity, and, it being after the day's work was done, there was no need of coaxing anybody to participate. The food served in our camps is the very best that can be had, and only experienced cooks are employed. The Company feels that it can get more efficiency out of the men from a good old Irish stew and a plate of spuds and other substantial victuals than can be had in a five-foot shelf of books. There is practically no waste of the food; usually the men are so hungry they eat up everything, and what is left over is utilized to the very best advantage by the cooks. After the evening meal the men amuse themselves in various ways, but usually get in their bunks at an early hour, as tomorrow means an early rising and a hard day's work in the "trenches."

REFINING DEPT. We take great pleasure in announcing the marriage of Mr.

H. R. Keller, of Houston offices, and Miss Jessie Porter. The happy event took place October 28.

Emmet McGeever came to the office Monday morning, Nov. 20, his face radiant with smiles over the arrival of a baby girl.

We have the following card from Mr. Phillips of the Department Engineers at Port Arthur—Congratulations:

ANNOUNCING THE BIRTH OF

William Gates Phillips

BORN *November 22*

WEIGHT *Eight Pounds*

Mr. and Mrs. Drury M. Phillips

Oscar V. Brooks, stenographer to F. T. Manley, resigned, effective Nov. 15.

Friends and associates of Earl Casey unite in extending sympathy upon the death of his wife. Mrs. Casey, being

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stricken with appendicitis, was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, where after a short illness her death occurred on November 5. Mr. Casey accompanied the body to Salt Lake City, their former home, where she was buried. Mrs. Casey leaves a son three years old. She was to her husband and to her son a wife and mother in the fullest meaning of the words.

Twice within the last month has death entered the homes of members of the Lockport Refinery force. On October 18, Mrs. Ream, mother of Louis Ream, was taken; and on November 3, Mr. Schuler passed away at the home of his son, Wm. Schuler. Their friends extend to Louis Ream and Wm. Schuler sincerest sympathy



Charles Reid Goodwin (2 years and 8 months old), son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Goodwin, foreman in Port Arthur Works.



Etta Louise Newberry (4 years old), daughter of L. H. Newberry, Stenographer, Norfolk Terminal

Water Shipments by The Texas Company from Port Arthur, Texas, Month of November, 1916:

DATE	VESSEL	BARRELS	DESTINATION
		Refined.	
1st	Brg. Tulsa	8,061	Amesville, La.
1st	S.S. Rosalind	60,780	Dartm'th, Eng.
2nd	S.S. Mobile	13,477	South America

3rd	S.S. New York	66,852	Ch'ton & Norf.
5th	S.S. Silverlip	100,032	Dartm'th, Eng.
9th	S.S. Hermione	47,069	Dartm'th, Eng.
9th	S.V. Elginshire	21,304	Australia
11th	Brg. Tulsa	7,909	Mobile, Ala.
12th	S.S. Masconomo	41,758	Dartm'th, Eng.
14th	S.S. Texas	70,758	Bayonne, N. J.
19th	S.S. Northwestern	22,173	Amesville, La.
20th	S.S. New York	72,752	Providence, R. I.
21st	S.S. San Eduardo	58,379	Dartm'th, Eng.
22nd	S.S. Alabama	29,394	Bayonne, N. J.
23rd	S.S. Eustace	40,071	South America
24th	S.S. Nortonian	3,018	Liverpool, Eng.
24th	S.S. Brighton	6,184	West Indies
25th	Brg. Tulsa	8,309	Amesville, La.
25th	S.S. Northwestern	407	Amesville, La.
27th	S.S. Oberon	43,768	Italy
28th	S.S. Nettuno	47,150	Italy
28th	S.S. San Juan	6,963	Porto Rico
30th	S.S. D.N.Luckenb'h	2,644	South America
30th	Miscel. Dock Delys.	2,955	

782,167
Crude.

25th S.S. Northwestern 18,516 Amesville, La.
Total: 800,683 barrels.

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Sugarland Industries, Sugarland, Texas—These plants have used Texaco products for over six years

LEGAL DEPT. Cupid has been engaged in a relentless campaign against the bachelors of the Legal Department:

R. E. Brooks, Jr. and Miss Elizabeth Leftwich were united in marriage on November 11, at the Church of the Incarnation, Dallas, Texas. After spending two weeks in New Orleans Mr. and Mrs. Brooks returned to Houston, and then set out for San Antonio and Austin by automobile. They will be at home at the Beaconsfield after December 1.

We take pleasure in announcing the approaching marriage of F. C. Pannill, of Tampico, Mexico, and Miss Lelia Torrey on Dec. 6. Miss Torrey is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Torrey of Houston.

Messrs. Tomfohrde, Healey, and Williford are the only bachelors left in the Legal Department at Houston. Pictures of these gentlemen may be obtained from the correspondent for the Legal Department.

Mr. Amos L. Beaty, General Counsel of the Company, is spending the month of November in Houston.

**COMPTRON-
LER'S DEPT.** E. G. de la Moriniere and Earl W. Liston have entered the service as bookkeepers in the General Office.

A. R. Wilson has gone to Norfolk, Va. to assist Traveling Auditor W. E. Green, taking the place of R. E. Sinclair, resigned.

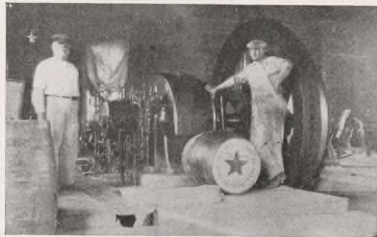
Traveling Auditor L. A. Smith is engaged in auditing work at Tampico, Mexico.

W. S. Gosney, formerly in Sales Dep't, has been appointed traveling auditor in Southern Territory.

TREASURY DEPT. Mr. and Mrs. R. Fisher, Jr. take this opportunity of thanking their many friends in the New York Office for the splendid gift received on the occasion of their marriage on October 22, 1916. They have put the gift to good service and only wish they could personally see and thank each and every one who contributed.

**SALES DEPT.
S. TERRITORY** Houston District. — Houston Filling Station No. 4, known as Oaklawn Filling Station, is running in its second month since opening, and Supervisor Ralls, in behalf of Cashiers Mrs. J. H. Wright and Mrs. Susie Ziegler, promises a continuance of the good results already received. [Views of this handsome Station will be shown in our next issue.—*Ed.*]

Agent H. W. Dodge, Houston Station, has been assigned to the duties of General Assistant Houston District. W. B. Young, salesman out of Yoakum, Texas, was appointed Agent Houston Station.



Engine Room of Hempstead Light & Power Company, Hempstead, Texas—Note the barrel of Texaco Ursea Oil

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General Assistant Gosney has been appointed Station Auditor and will probably operate in Houston District.

Stock Clerk G. W. Horton of District Office has been appointed Agent at Galveston, succeeding J. M. W. Jones, resigned.

Ray Huston has been transferred, effective Dec. 1, from Paving and Roads Division to Houston Station.

Oklahoma District.—Our District and this Office were recently favored with a highly appreciated visit from General Lubricating Assistant R. C. Galbraith and Superintendent J. C. McCullough of Equipment and Construction Division.

General Salesman S. E. Monroe has arrived, and we hope for a visit of several weeks. He always puts a new vim into the sales force that gets results.

Appointments and changes:

James Roberts, who was Agent at Altus, has been appointed Agent at McAlester, Okla.

M. Charles Apel appointed Clerk and Warehouse man at Altus, Okla. Station, succeeding P. J. Smith, appointed Agent and traveling salesman.

D. Looney, Clerk and Warehouse man at Durant,

Okla. Station, succeeding Elmer Rowsy resigned.

C. H. Beavers, Clerk and Warehouse man at Guthrie, Okla. Station, succeeding L. H. Blakley.

John H. Miller, Clerk Oklahoma City Filling Station, succeeding G. L. Lawson.

John C. Edwards, Sales Clerk, District Office, succeeding H. Northcutt resigned.

D. N. Beitman, Extension Clerk, District Office, succeeding G. W. Ware appointed clerk and assistant warehouse man at the Oklahoma City Station.

E. M. Saxon, appointed clerk and stenographer in District Office.

El Paso District.—The new El Paso Auto Filling Station is the finest structure of its kind in El Paso. As soon as we get it all "dolled up," a picture will be sent to the *Star*. Our new auto tank truck is also in a class by itself in El Paso. It is difficult to say which is the favorite. The truck has the advantage of being a "traveling advertisement," while the filling station is a fixed monument to "Texaco Superiority."

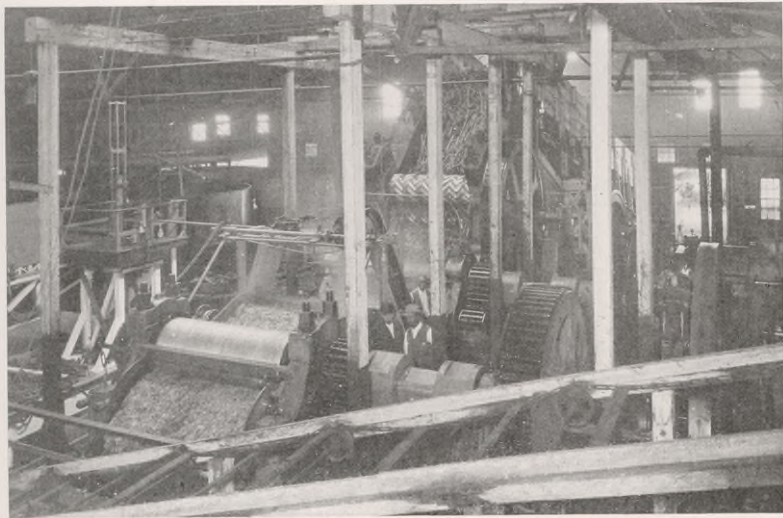
The arrival of a new agent is reported, Charles Stewart Meece, Jr., weight 10 lbs., born Nov. 25 to Agent and Mrs. C. S. Meece, Artesia, N. M. Congratulations!

Glen Lewis has been appointed stenog-



Texaco Baseball Team, Houston, Texas—They beat the Port Arthur Refinery Team, 17 to 5, in a well contested game, at the Picnic on June 10, 1916—Left to right: L. Casey, Chas. Bellie, Gene Bailey, Cy Holt, Roy Huston (Manager), W. Coles, J. Roberts, J. Herndon, Bob Countryman

TEXACO STAR



A view in the sugar mill of the Jefferson Planting & Manufacturing Co., Waggaman, La. This is one of the best equipped plants in the State, and Superintendent Landry is one of the best posted sugar men. He is ably assisted by Chief Engineer Poche, to whom credit is due for the perfect condition of the machinery. The picture shows Superintendent Landry, Chief Engineer Poche, and The Texas Company's Salesman M. A. Dyer. This mill operates continuously during the grinding season. Remarkable time was made in its initial strike of sugar, for the first lot of sugar was produced within 21 hours after the mill was put in operation. Since the initial strike a strike has been made about every 18 hours.

The picture shows the cane coming down the runway to the crusher where it is crushed and passed on to the rollers. The pressed out juice runs into a vat whence it is drained off and carried to other parts of the mill to be strained, boiled, and skimmed before going to the evaporation pans and thence to the centrifugals.

Mr. Landry and Mr. Poche, who are considered authorities in their lines, give due credit to Texaco lubricants for the good records they have made, and for the excellent condition of the plant. The gears which show up so well in the picture are protected by Texaco Crater Compound. Thanks are extended to Mr. Landry, through whom Mr. Dyer secured this picture.

rapher to Credit Clerk in District Office, and B. F. Hazelton clerk in El Paso Filling Station No. 1.

Denver District.—Comptroller McFarland and Department Agent Rulfs paid us a visit which we enjoyed very much.

The Texas Company calendars for 1917 have just arrived and we consider them the best advertising ever furnished us. We heartily thank Mr. Tipper and the whole Advertising Division for them.

J. G. Griffith has joined the Texaco family as bookkeeper Ledger No. 2, *vice* W. L. Bagley, who resigned on account of his health, which we trust will be fully restored by a rest.

Agent J. N. Rea, Sterling, Colo., reports: "A girl eight pounds." Congratulations, Jack!

New Orleans District.—President Lufkin and a party of his friends passed through New Orleans recently and was shown around our property by Messrs. Bradford, Jung, and Eldredge.

Sup't Bradford attributes the increasing business of our District to the loyal co-operation of agents and salesmen.

Our exhibits at the Jackson, Miss. and Shreveport, La. Fairs were visited by enthusiastic crowds who were convinced of the quality of our products by the men in charge.

Much credit is due Salesman M. A. Dyer for sending within ten days orders for three carload shipments, as well as closing contract with one of the largest cypress lumber concerns in the South.

J. F. McConnell, City and Marine Sales-

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man, has been securing some attractive business in New Orleans.

Agent Peret of LaFayette, La. was painfully injured while disconnecting a tank car, but we are glad to say he is back on the job and going after big business.

Agent Daigle of Donaldsonville is setting a record with his Ford and Trailer.

Congratulations are extended to Engineer Salesman J. T. Downs and wife on a fine big boy—"Red" junior.

We wish to express our deepest regret over the death of our friend Mr. Jno. D. Fisher of Baton Rouge, La.

Appointments and transfers:

H. J. Dougherty, Agent New Orleans Station vice S. V. Shelburne resigned. C. J. D. Gerrets succeeded Mr. Dougherty as Chief Clerk District Office.

F. Ryan entered the service as Extension Clerk.

L. Scherer, from New Orleans Station to Stenographer in District Office.

Birmingham District.—Sup't Jones and Lub. Ass't Taylor recently renewed contract with the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company for the year 1917, one of the largest lubricating contracts in the country, and the fourth consecutive year it has been awarded to The Texas Company.

Salesman W. L. Neill has resigned to be associated with his father in coal mining.

We deeply sympathize with Clerk-Cashier W. L. McMeans, Montgomery, Ala. Station, in the death of his father.

Atlanta District.—We welcome Construction Man J. H. Sayer to our District again, after an absence of nearly a year.

The District Office has installed a telephone exchange with Operator Walter Klements in charge.

The Farmers Products Company is our agent at the new West Point, Ga. Station.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Buchanan have a fine 10-lb. baby boy at their home.

SALES DEPT. New York District.—Geo. N. TERRITORY W. Vos, Representative of Advertising Division, spent

several days in the steel mills of Youngstown watching the performance of Texaco products, particularly Crater Compound. Mr. Vos secured much valuable material for advertising.

Our new filling station at Communipaw Ave., Jersey City, being on the Lincoln Highway in the lowlands between Newark and Jersey City, is admirably situated for an aeroplane filling station and will undoubtedly be used as such.

Our new filling station at Pavonia Ave., Jersey City, will be kept open 24 hours a day during the summer months, and from 5 a. m. to 12 p. m. winter months.

Appointments and transfers:

C. L. Tolford, Filling Station Inspector in New Jersey, transferred to the Metropolitan District.

H. W. Salbador, from the Lubricating Division, to District Engineer, headquarters Youngstown, O.



Agent G. A. Harrison, Abbeville, S. C. Station—For three successive months he has had no outstanding accounts other than current accounts



Agent O. M. White, Bartow, Fla. Station—For three successive months he has had no outstanding accounts other than current accounts

TEXACO STAR

C. W. Mackay, from the Equipment and Construction Division, to the New York District as Supervisor of Structures.

T. J. Hastings, from Agent Newburgh, N. Y. Station to Lubricating Salesman. W. J. Snyder, recently returned from the border, has temporary charge of Newburgh Station.

E. L. Holloway, from Assistant Filling Station Inspector to Gasoline Salesman in Brooklyn.

H. E. King, from Tankwagon driver to agent at Herkimer, N. Y. Station, *vice* B. A. Sheridan, appointed Representative in Herkimer Territory.

J. J. Gully, from Agent Alexandria Bay Station (closed for the season) to Agent Barren Isl., N. Y.

E. O. Woodruff, from Morristown to Agent Elisabeth, N. J. Station *vice* H. C. Cole resigned.

L. Henderson, formerly at Montclair Filling Station, appointed Agent Morristown, N. J. Station.

Raymond Keale, Filling Station Agent Pavonia Ave. Filling Station, Jersey City.

E. J. Galvin, Filling Station Agent Hillside Filling Station, Jamaica.



This picture is said to represent the genial Mr. Frank J. Doran, of the Philadelphia District Office, on a business trip through Washington

Boston District.—The annual meeting of the salesmen and agents of the District, held in Boston at the Engineers' Club on Nov. 16, was attended by nearly all agents and salesmen, together with all members of the District Staff and a number of Officials from New York. The session was opened by Sup't Reinhardt. The following subjects were presented:

"How Texaco Quality is Safeguarded," K. G. McKenzie.

"How the Proper Handling of Equipment Will Increase Your Sales," John C. Ostrup.

"How the Proper Handling of Collections Will Increase Your Sales," D. B. Tobey.

"U. S. Navy," E. J. Shipman.

"How Coupon Books Helped Me to Get and Hold the Best Gasoline Accounts," Agent J. L. Rolley of Lawrence-North Adams, Mass.

"How I Got Over 75% of the Kerosene Business," Agent J. D. Rogers of Provincetown, Mass.

"How I Got Over 75% of the Business in Haver-

hill," Agent John Busfield of the Busfield Machine Company, Haverhill, Mass.

"How to Increase Your Sales Through the Use of Advertising," Harry Tipper.

"What Is Expected of the Boston District in 1917?" F. D. Gatchell.

"Opportunities in The Texas Company," F. D. Gatchell.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Benjamin of the Sheldon School gave his forceful talk on "Every Man a Success or Failure by Choice."

The Third Annual Banquet of Boston District Employes of The Texas Company, held in the evening at Hotel Westminster, was attended by about 180 employes of the District, all the persons mentioned above, and C. E. Woodbridge, W. R. Ellwood, C. H. Parker, W. E. Greenwood, J. T. Groves, W. G. Jenkins, and A. L. Kennedy of New York, Sup't Snell of Chicago District, Sup't Thompson of Norfolk District, and Messrs. Kennedy and Cranston of John Baker, Jr. While the gentlemen were enjoying the dinner in the Banquet Hall, the young ladies of the Boston Office enjoyed a similar repast in the Winter Garden of the same Hotel, and afterwards "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." at Shubert Theatre.

On Nov. 17, a further meeting for the benefit of the salesmen was held, at which valuable talks were given by Sup't Reinhardt on General Affairs, C. H. Parker on "General Lubricating Business," and J. T. Groves on "How the Sheet Reporting System Can Increase Your Efficiency." We feel that the time was well spent, and the District thanks all who assisted in making the meetings a success.

Montgomery Ogden, who has been extremely successful at Worcester, Mass., has been transferred to the District Office for special work. He will be succeeded as Agent at Worcester by J. H. Carroll, formerly of the Export Department.

G. W. Gilman Agent at Westerly, R. I. *vice* C. A. Gibbs transferred.

Our New Street Filling Station in Springfield has been opened in charge of S. W. Marshall, Clerk and Cashier.

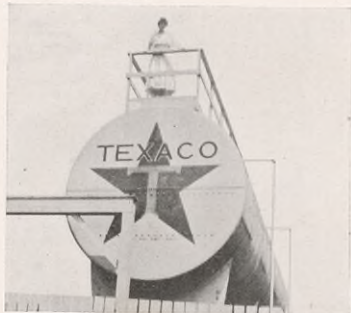
George N. Beaton, assistant to J. H. Morrison, and Miss Doris Le Faucher of Norfolk, Va., were married on Nov. 14. Mr. and Mrs. Beaton have arrived in Boston. Congratulations and best wishes.

Norfolk District.—W. J. Barton of the District Office, who was operated on for appendicitis Oct. 30, was able to visit us on Nov. 21, and says he will soon be able to take up his duties.

Robert Wilson, formerly head office boy, has been transferred to Tank Wagon Ticket Record Keeper; Lee Donagan succeeds as head office boy, and John Henderson has been added to the force. We feel sure that

TEXACO STAR

our new boys will continue to handle this work in the efficient manner established by their predecessors.



Clifton Forge, Va.—"Texaco Products"

Chicago District.—President E. C. Lufkin and party of executives and stockholders visited the Chicago office Nov. 9, and also inspected Chicago stations and equipment.

Geo. N. Olson and E. B. Cato have joined the Chicago selling force.

"Knock 'em Dead" Strauss certainly is going some. Keep the good work up, Phil.

At the monthly meeting of the Crater Compound Club Nov. 17, J. R. Bolt and W. E. Wansbro were elected President and Vice President to fill vacancies. New officers for 1917 will be elected at the December meeting.

EXPORT DEPT. J. J. Simon sailed on S. S. *Siberia Maru* Nov. 4 from San Francisco for Shanghai, China, where he will have headquarters, attending to lubricating oil business in Far East.

W. C. Guptil sailed Nov. 25 for Santo Domingo.

C. E. Bishop, lubricating salesman at Manila, will be transferred to South American territory on his arrival in New York.

Geo. F. Anderson, recently Chief Engineer in the Pacific Mail Service, has joined the Export Department and has been assigned to the Philippine Islands as lubricating engineer with headquarters at Manila, relieving C. E. Bishop.

PRODUCERS Geo. B. Miller, Field Superintendent for the Humble Pool, resigned Nov. 1 to go with the Atlantic Coast Oil & Gas Company as General Manager with headquar-

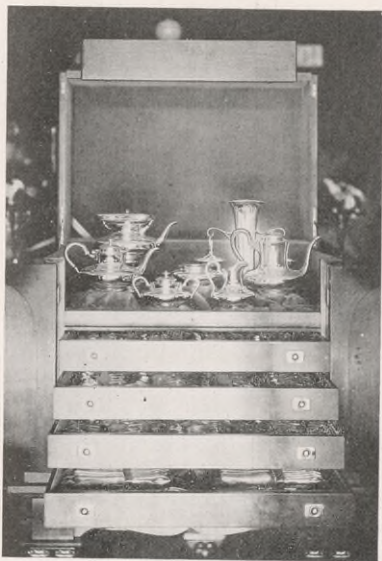
ters at Houston. On leaving he was tendered a banquet at the Rice Hotel by the employees in the Humble Field who presented him with a silver loving cup and diamond stud. Mr. Miller was succeeded by C. E. Morgan of Land and Lease Department.

W. H. Hammonds, on whom a heavy timber fell while at work in the Humble Field some weeks ago, died at the Baptist Sanitarium on Nov. 11. Mr. Hammonds had been with the company a number of years and was liked by all who knew him.

F. L. Pevito, Machine Shop Foreman at Humble, resigned to go into business for himself at Beaumont. He was succeeded by W. L. Church.

Lake Fowler, formerly a scout in the Humble Field, has been transferred to the Lease Department.

C. E. French, Clerk in Purchasing Department, Houston, has been transferred to the Gasoline Department in Oklahoma.



The beautiful 211-piece silver service, in mahogany case, which was presented to Mr. Frank Cullinan by employees and contractors of the Producers Oil Company in North Texas Division just before his leaving as General Superintendent to move to Houston to assume his new duties as Vice President and Manager of Operations. The gift was delivered to Mr. Cullinan at his home, no formal presentation being made.

SUGGESTIVE INDEX OF CURRENT ARTICLES

THE MAIN INTEREST IS INDICATED BY CLASSIFICATION OR BRIEF COMMENT

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

COMPTROLLER'S The Principles of Depreciation Accounting, by Robert G. Klotz—*Egng. Mag.*, Nov. 1916.

The Federal Trade Commission insist that manufacturers allow for plant depreciation—Presents critical survey of methods.

REFINING Warring on Waste. I. Reducing Losses of Liquids, by G. A. Townsend and F. H. LeMont—*Factory*, July 1916.

Making Money by Stopping the Smoke, by Kenneth Hawkins—*Factory*, July 1916.

SALES Six Principles of Scientific Salesmanship, III, by E. St. E. Lewis—*Egng. Mag.*, Nov. 1916.

Is There a Best Way to Pay Salesmen? by Dwight T. Farnham—*System*, Nov. 1916.

How 19 Buyers Pick the Right Time to Buy, by Neil M. Clark—*System*, Nov. 1916.

Faulty Installation Causes Pump Defects—*National Petroleum News*, Nov. 1916.

"Points oil dealers should keep in mind in installing operating outfits."

Issued a False Report on Gasoline Pumps.—Can Oil Trade Trust Bureau in Other Matters?—*National Petroleum News*, Nov. 1916.

FUEL OIL How Oil Burners Help Our Peak Loads—*Electrical World*, Oct. 14, 1916.

LUBRICATING Measuring the Viscosity of Oil by H. C. Hayes and G. W. Lewis—*Iron Trade Journal*, Oct. 26, 1916.

Existing types and a new viscosimeter based on a new principle.

EXPORT Some Trade Possibilities of Central America, by Edward Perry—*Egng. Mag.*, Nov. 1916.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every new year find you a better man.—*Franklin*.



Help him make a Christmas of HEALTH—

AFTER all, Christmas is only a success when you give to make *others* happier. And what better gift can you give than health to sufferers and protection to those about them!

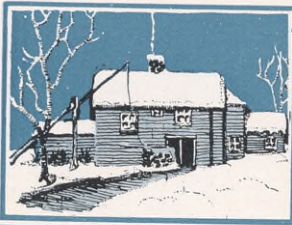
Once a year the Red Cross Seal makes its appeal to you for support in its winning fight against tuberculosis.

With the money paid for **RED CROSS SEALS**, both children and grown-ups are taught how to escape and conquer Tuberculosis, nurses are sent among the poor, dispensaries and hospitals are secured.

Here is your chance to do a real good—and right in your own state. For the Seals support the health work in the state where they are purchased. Buy liberally to bring new life to those who have less of life's pleasures than you.

If you cannot buy Red Cross Seals in your town, write to the AMERICAN RED CROSS, Washington, D. C., for as many as you want at one cent each.





I went back home for Christmas,
And I was glad I went,
For in that little village
I found that old content.



The wreathes within the windows,
The nods and smiles for me.
The unforgotten welcome,
The dear serenity.



And ah! that wondrous moment
I clicked the little gate,
And trod the snowbound pathway,
Joyful, swift, elate!

The porch,—and then the fire
Within the ancient room!
Oh! in my heart a fragrance,—
The holly's deep perfume!



And then the old folks round me,
The servants in the hall,
A dozen hearty kisses,
A warm "God bless you all!"



I went back home for Christmas,
And I was glad I went,
For in that little village
I found that old content.

