

The TEXACO STAR



The Worker Who Thinks

Vol. XIII

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No. 11

"Let's Read Together"



The TEXACO STAR

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"All for Each—Each for All"

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The Worker Who Thinks

The front cover shows a statue of a steel worker, by Daniel Chester French, placed beside the Carnegie Free Library of Allegheny in Pittsburgh. The attitude of concentration, so well expressed, tells plainly that this man who works with his hands is thinking.

Of all human activities *thinking* is the most indispensable for usefulness and flourishing life. And the best basis for sound thinking is found in good and strong books. The man who does not read such books has no advantage over the man who can not read.

The statue's suggestion of studying after work, or during its intervals, applies to everyone of us whatever his job may be. Industry, as well as the professions, needs more men who will think not only about their immediate work but beyond it.

Thanks are due to the Reference Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh for assistance in procuring a photograph of this remarkable work of art which offers an inspiring call to the noblest self-development.

If we encounter a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read.

—Emerson.

Industry of the Minute

The editor cannot introduce the suggestions he wishes to offer here more pointedly than by quoting a passage in a book of his authorship on the Organization and Administration of Institutions of Higher Education, published just before he undertook thirteen years ago his present work with The Texas Company:

If I may address one word directly to undergraduate students, I will submit a suggestion of the importance of *the industry of the minute* not only for ease and success in college studies, but as a life habit. It is, also, at every stage of life, the best guard against all minor vices. If this item of life-wisdom be heeded in youth, both the accomplishment and the pleasures of life will be greatly enlarged. Among the younger generation of men who profess scholarship I observe some who have never read a great book and few books of any sort. They have looked at passages in some great books and have read articles about them, but a whole volume is too much for them. Had such men learned to *use the minutes*, this intellectual timidity would not have weakened them as it has, nor would they as teachers have brought up a generation of students who would be dismayed if a book were assigned for collateral reading—students who expect only a paragraph on a given page assigned and not too many of them. This attitude and practice has developed many men who try to pass off rumors of culture and scholarship, gathered from magazines and fragmentary references to the literature of special subjects, in place of the vital and comprehensive grasp which could easily have been attained by better courage and the industry of the minute. Most men have had plenty of time during youth to read, independ-

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ently of school or college tasks, all the greatest monuments of universal literature (which is the surest way to become a free and strong man), and during manhood to read all the most important masterpieces of their specialties—reading the while everything in the former pasturage that appealed most vitally, as recalled in after life. Every important book should be read (at least for the first time) as an organic whole; no great or valuable work can be otherwise comprehended. With the industry of the minute, youth and man may do all this and yet give much more time to gracious intercourse with friends and family and to rejuvenating relaxations than is usual in our present civilization.

A Book That Made a Railroad President

In a sketch of the life of Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, it is related that his reading of Wellington's *Economic Theory of Railroad Location* exerted a determining effect upon his career.

When Daniel Willard was a young locomotive fireman working on a road in Vermont, some branch of the Boston and Maine, he happened to look into a book—Wellington's *Economics of Railroad Location*. His interest was aroused, and he bought a copy of the book and tucked it away in his cab. Whenever he was not busy keeping up steam in the boiler, he devoted those spare minutes, previously idled away, to reading that masterpiece in the science of railroad building.

He became a locomotive engineer, and got a job on the Great Northern. Fred D. Underwood was conductor on his train. When Underwood became a superintendent he chose Willard for assistant superintendent, and when he became president of the Erie he took Willard along and made him vice president.

It may be supposed that some one book has marked the turning point in the lives of many men who have achieved great careers. Daniel Willard's case is particularly interesting, however, in that a technical book written for civil engineers won the attention of a workman and aroused and guided him to press onward and upward from firing a locomotive engine to the executive management of a great railroad. That was a strong book. It is only such books that endow their readers with strength.

Speaking of Wellington and his *Economics*

of *Railroad Location*, a competent critic says: "His style was not merely lucid, it was luminous, and he wrote with the enthusiasm of a discoverer. Many engineers make the mistake of reading only the latest books on a subject. The latest book is often only a dull recital of facts. So, read Wellington in the original. Go to the works of the great masters in each line if you would learn their methods of reasoning."

Can You Buy Books?

You can not afford to buy books? Can you afford carpets on your floors, feathers on your bonnets, sweetmeats on your tables, seats in the theatre? Then you can afford to buy books. You might far better live in a house with bare floors, and dispense with many of those luxuries of food and dress, than to deny yourself books. When it comes to be understood that books are necessities of life—indispensable furnishing of every adequate home—even the poorest people will find ways of purchasing them.—*Washington Gladden.*

No Time to Read?

One who declared he had no time to read would expose his small caliber or slavery to routine, if the statement were true. But commonly such a one *does* read daily enough square yards of worse than useless print to cover in a few years all that he most needed to read. Such a deluge of trash and poison is vomited by printing presses, that many men and women and children are hopelessly swamped by it. How can they be led to understand that if they read *only* the froth of newspapers and the meretricious sort of magazines, they are worse off than those who cannot read.

More opportunities are lost in our leisure time—those golden hours wasted by so many in foolish pursuit of pleasure—than cross our paths while engaged in our regular work. As Jeremy Taylor warns: A man is commonly either made or marred for life by the use he makes of his leisure time.

No book is worth anything which is not worth much, nor is it serviceable until it has been read and reread, and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it.

—*Ruskin.*

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Commuter's Luck

While commuting is famed more for its sorrows than its joys, it should also be praised for the opportunities it offers. Many a person longs for time to do certain things, and the commuter has it thrust upon him willy-nilly.

Are you a commuter? If so, what do you do with the time you spend on the train? Do you use it or just let it glide by? If you are on a train an hour each day, the total is six golden hours a week, three working days a month, and in the course of a year there is spent on the train the equivalent of a month of eight-hour days.

What luck, all that time thrust upon one! What a chance to do some special thing! Don't throw away commuter's luck if it is yours.—*The Three Partners.*

Live and think.—*Samuel Lover.*

The Petroleum Section of the National Safety Council

The pioneering work which The Texas Company has done for the elimination of accidents in the oil industry has been recognized by the election of V. R. Currie, for the last twelve years Chairman of the Refining Department's Central Committee of Safety, as Chairman of the Petroleum Section of the National Safety Council, at the 15th Annual Safety Congress, held in Detroit, October 25 to 29.

Mr. Currie, in accepting the honor, spoke in part as follows:

Although nominated and elected over my strong personal protest, I bow naturally to the will of the majority.

I am accepting the Chairmanship of this Section not as a recognition of any individual effort, but, if you please, as a tribute and compliment to the hundreds of our boys in the ranks who, for many years as members of our Safety Committees, have been doing the work; to our Foremen, most of whom have served on these Committees and realize the importance and responsibility for safety work; to our Assistant Superintendents, who, as a rule, are Chairmen of our Safety Committees and who have shouldered the responsibility for the safety work performed and interest maintained; to our General Superintendents and Superintendents, whose active support in safety work has never faltered; to our Managers and Assistant Managers, who have always been ready and willing to approve

every sane suggestion submitted by our Safety Committees; and last, and by no means least, to our President, who twelve years ago this week issued the first instructions and appointed our first Safety Committee, and whose interest in the welfare and safety and happiness of our employes has been the main factor in accomplishing the results whatever they may have been.

The Petroleum Section of the National Safety Council includes the membership of ninety oil companies located over the entire United States. It was organized in 1921, and since that time has made wonderful progress and its sessions at each yearly Safety Congress have been well attended and have increased in general interest.

Chairman Currie's first official duty was to appoint the Secretary for the Section to serve during the next twelve months. His selection as a co-worker was Captain A. A. Nicholson, for some years Employment Supervisor at Port Arthur Works, and recently appointed Manager of Employment and Service Office, New York.

Around the World with Texaco

The edition of the book "Around the World with Texaco," printed last year for free distribution to schools, especially to teachers of geography, is not yet exhausted. Nearly one thousand copies are still available. It was never possible to distribute the book to friends in general, and the remaining copies must be held strictly to meet requests for use in schools. Any school or teacher may obtain a copy (or several copies if required to facilitate reading in class) by writing to The Texaco Star, The Texas Company, Drawer F, Houston, Texas.

It is suggested to all Texaco representatives that they mention this opportunity to teacher friends, giving them the *Star's* address.

The book is a handsome volume, unusually well bound, illustrated by engravings made from 359 photographs mostly taken by the author while on his tour. It contains the serial articles in *The Texaco Star* during 1924 entitled "Around the World with Texaco," by Charles Stuart Dennison, which were reprinted in book form in response to the expressed desires of a great many teachers who had found the articles as they appeared very stimulating and helpful to geography classes. Enthusiastic praise of the book for that purpose has come from teachers all over this country and from some foreign lands.

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Recompense

Oftimes when our busy day
Towards its high-tensioned end had spun,
He came, an old, old man and sat
Quietly beside the window waiting for his son,
Who was our "Big Boss," the chiefest noise,
Stern-eyed, who sent our ships to sea,
Whose iron fingers felt Industry's pulse,
And ruled what was or was not to be
With no deviation, cold and hard with us,
But to this old man, gentle and mild,
Speaking at all times with such deference
As might well become this old man's child.

For history told of this old man
That he had been the guest of kings,
Sat in with Councilors of State,
Come home from wars with pomp that victory brings.
And I considered: "He has lived so hard and well,
What recompense has age for him
Who sits and watches crowds go by,
Shadowed and more alien as his eyes grow dim?"
And then, as if within him my thoughts
Had stirred some ever-sweetened spring,
He turned to me and said: "My dear,
Memory is such a lovely thing."

Oh! he had wrapped his past about
With Life's scarlet banners shot with gold,
Sipped Beauty, known Courage at its best—
What Memories his heart must hold!
I thought I could almost see with him
A phantom army marching by,
Hear fanfaring trumpets' loud acclaim,
And a long-lost Legion's battle cry.
So I went and stood there by his side
Watching the crowd's rain-smitten blur,
And said: "I was just wondering
What you were thinking, Sir."

"The sorcery of memory makes old years young,"
Gently the old man said,
"And I often think, as I sit here,
Of my Mother, so long dead.
Life, for her, was a gallant song
To sing, all kinds of weather,
And I was wishing that just once more
We two could be together;
That just once more she could hold my hand
As we smelled the first lilacs wet with rain,
And hear the high cry among budding leaves
Of redbirds back again."

Memories! Such simple things as these,
A mother, lilacs wet with rain,
And redbirds in the trees!

—Jacqueline Walters,
Refining Department, Houston Office.

Good Taste

Whenever, for any soul, religion is beclouded,
when philosophy is vague, and morals dis-
traught, it is only good taste that can tell how
to feel and think rightly. As Agnes Replier
has expressed it: Taste is the guardian of mor-
ality. There is a rectitude outside of the sphere
of morals, and it is upon that austere element
in Taste that self-respect is established.

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Who Goeth Hence

When death shall come to summon us at last,
Some will remember children and the sound
Of little footsteps hallowing the past.

As driven snowflakes hallow oft the ground;
Some will remember sunlight on a fence;
And some the breath of blossoms in the rain;
Some will glimpse stars. And all the going hence
Of these will be a wishing to remain.

But some will think of One who said, "And I,
If I be lifted up will draw to me
All men." And when these latter come to die,
With faces lifted to Eternity,
They shall go forth with calm untroubled eyes,
Like children hastening to a glad surprise.

—Helen Frazee Bower.

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits,—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book:

—E. B. Browning.

LIFE WISDOM

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

—Benjamin Disraeli.

Read the best books first, or you may not
have a chance to read them at all.—Thoreau.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or
other you will find what is needful for you in
a book.—MacDonald.

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

What in me is dark, illumine; what is low,
raise and support.—Milton.

How does the poet speak to men with power,
but by being still more a man than they.

—Carlyle.

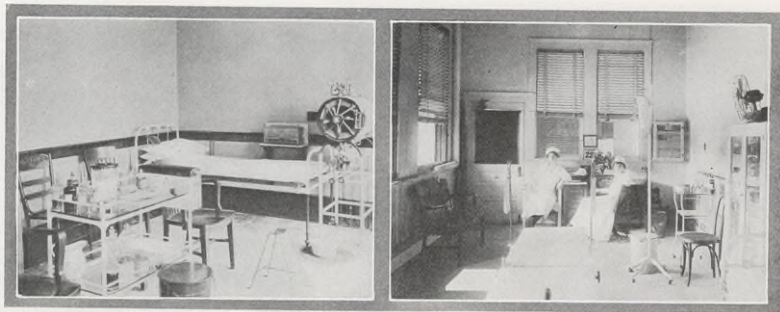
The beautiful is a manifestation of secret
laws of Nature, which but for this appearance
had been forever concealed from us.—Goethe.

The ideal is a poison unless it be fused with
the real, and the real becomes corrupt without
the perfume of the ideal.—Amiel.

Knowledge may be gained from study, but
wisdom comes rather through inspiration.

If you love learning, you shall attain unto
learning.—Inscribed in golden letters by Isocrates
over the entrance to his school in Athens.

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First Aid Rooms at Port Arthur Works and Port Arthur Terminal

Building Texaco Workers

VII. The Medico and the Steam Whistle

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



EVERY WORKER has two sides, the inside and the outside, and the outside man is always the reflection of the inside man. The worker who doesn't feel right can't act right, and ill health or impaired physical condition always reacts in a tendency to decrease or deteriorate production.

Competition and efficiency made it apparent that physical fitness had a direct bearing on production. Analysis disclosed that costs of operation were substantially affected. Within the last few years much has been accomplished, but during 1925 the average worker lost from nine to twelve days on account of illness which, like accidents, might have been easily avoided.

To correct this condition and in the interest of removing this serious cause which affects the smooth operation of a plant, through labor turnover, idle equipment on account of lack of operators, overloaded pay roll, etc., industry has instituted the doctor, nurses, and first aid clinic, which represent prevention rather than cure. The plant physician becomes almost the wizard of production through his close contact with the work force, and his ability to improve its physical side.

Since the inauguration of this department in The Texas Company, the plan has been not only to secure at the outset workers physically

fit, but the effort has been to maintain and improve such original fitness, and at some of the plants to increase the area of service to include the members of the family as well as the workers themselves.

The plant physician is the first company representative the successful applicant meets. The physician takes him into the clinic where he is given a thorough physical examination, paying close attention to the factors which have a vocational influence such as vision, hearing, heart, lungs, and hernia. During the course of the examination the doctor, through questioning, obtains from the applicant a general family history covering health, and for minor physical defects which he finds in the applicant he makes plain spoken and easily understood suggestions for their correction.

In the general waiting room of the Employment Office are illustrated pamphlets covering matters pertaining to good health, special emphasis being laid on teeth, vision, brain, general health rules, and diet. After applicants have satisfactorily passed the medical examination they are given a general talk concerning personal hygiene and the importance of appreciating the value of a strong and healthy body. The Company's policy relating to medical lines is explained, also the service rendered by the first aid room.

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Nurses, Port Arthur Works



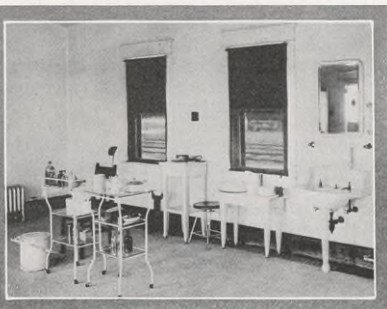
Visiting Nurse, Case and Package Division

Practically all plants are equipped with one or more complete first aid rooms, maintained by competent nurses and supervised by able physicians. The prime purpose of these rooms is to render first aid to employes who have incurred any injury, and their location within the plant is to make them easily accessible from the greatest number of points or departments. The equipment of these stations is adequate to properly administer for any case. Aside from service rendered in case of injury, employes are privileged to visit the first aid rooms in the interest of health and receive gratis consultation and prescriptions from the attending physician. At Port Arthur the families of employes are permitted gratis service from the physicians between the hours of 9 a. m. and 12 m. This liberal policy has been an educational medium and it has been noted that through this service and the promulgated

information concerning good health, interest of the workers in the physical welfare of themselves and families has markedly increased.

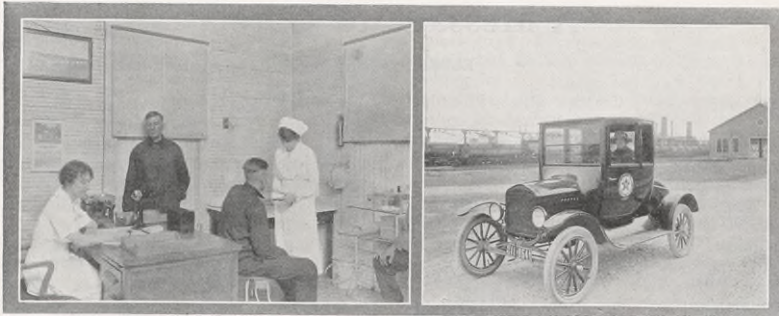


Visiting Nurse, Port Neches Works



First Aid Room, Port Neches Works

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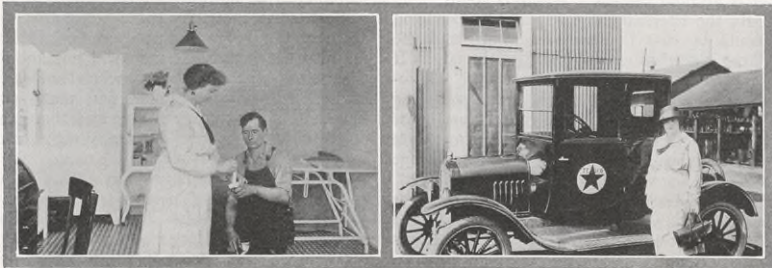


First Aid Room and Visiting Nurse, West Tulsa Works

In connection with the medical department at the larger plants, visiting nurse service has been inaugurated. These nurses afford home service not only to employes who may be incapacitated through accident or illness, but their work is extended to all Texaco families and includes home economics and child welfare. The popularity of this service is manifested in the fact that our nurses are scarcely able to fulfill their daily appointments, and there can be no gauge placed upon the amount of good this service has rendered and is rendering.

Housing sections which are Company owned are subjected to regular sanitary inspections, and conditions found to be below standard are immediately corrected. These sanitary sur-

veys include streets, drainage, screening, garbage disposal, etc. On the bulletin boards throughout the plants from time to time are displayed bulletins pertaining to health preservation and improvement, and the workers are continually encouraged to make free use of the medical service rendered by the physicians and the visiting nurses. Without question the medical policy of the Company has been a factor in attaining the high rate of punctuality among the plant workers, and in showing a reduction in 1926 compared with 1925 of the time lost on account of illness. The grand annual total for industry of time lost on account of illness is approximately one million years.



First Aid Room and Visiting Nurse, Lockport Works



A Message to Garcia

ELBERT HUBBARD

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In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his cooperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this

request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions: Who was he? Which encyclopedia? Where is the encyclopedia? Was I hired for that? Don't you mean Bismarck? What's the matter with Charlie doing it? Is he dead? Is there any hurry? Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself? What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

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Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet is absolutely worthless to any one else because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He can not give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy

for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed and needed badly—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

(How to get "A Message to Garcia" in booklet form: Send 10 cents for a single copy of a neat booklet—or, if you are an employer, ask The Roycrofters to quote on thousand quantities printed in two colors with your "card" or advertisement printed on front or back cover. Address: The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.)

What Does It Mean?

Charles William Eliot died on Sunday, August 22, 1926, in his ninety-third year; for more than half a century he was counted the foremost American in the educational field. Rudolph Valentino perished the next day, aged thirty-one years, and for two years preëminent among the artists of the screen. The Boston papers of Monday and one New York paper contained adequate notices of Eliot's career; the Baltimore Sun gave him just sixteen lines. The press of all America sobbed in multitudinous columns over Valentino's catafalque, and surging crowds of hysterical men and women and children beat in riotous waves against the protective guard of uniformed and armed policemen set to preserve the decencies of death.—*Professor Wm. M. Thornton.*

The TEXACO STAR



Permanent building for exhibit



Flow down glass steps illuminated from below

Texaco Exhibit Attracts Wide Attention at State Fair

D. L. LINDSAY, Assistant to W. H. Noble

For ten years "Aunt" Virgie Quilla has put in her appearance at our Dallas State Fair Exhibit to act as maid to visitors of the fair sex who throng our building. At the close of each Fair she disappears into the night, but at the dawn of the Fair of each succeeding year she reappears. There is at least one month in each twelve that Aunt Virgie is a proud and faithful Texaco employe.

This, however, is not a story of Aunt Virgie, but a peek at our splendid exhibit.

Passing through the gate and up the main thoroughfare of the Fair Grounds, one's attention is vied for by "speelers" of many kinds, who, for the most part, expend unproductive energy. Following the crowd on this thoroughfare it is observed that most of them halt in front of a quiet and dignified little building. The interior is so inviting that a large percentage of the visitors cannot resist the temptation to cross the threshold.

The exhibit to which we allude is the Texaco headquarters for our friends and customers.

Once inside the door one naturally assumes the attitude of a guest—thanks to the warm welcome of our boys on duty and the pleasant personality of Miss Irma Matthews who acts in the official capacity of "Wax Girl." It is the duty of the Wax Girl to dispense miniature samples of Texwax, which are eagerly accepted by the kiddies and many of the grownups, who find Texwax an excellent substitute for high class chewing gum. About 20,000 of these samples are passed out during the Fair.

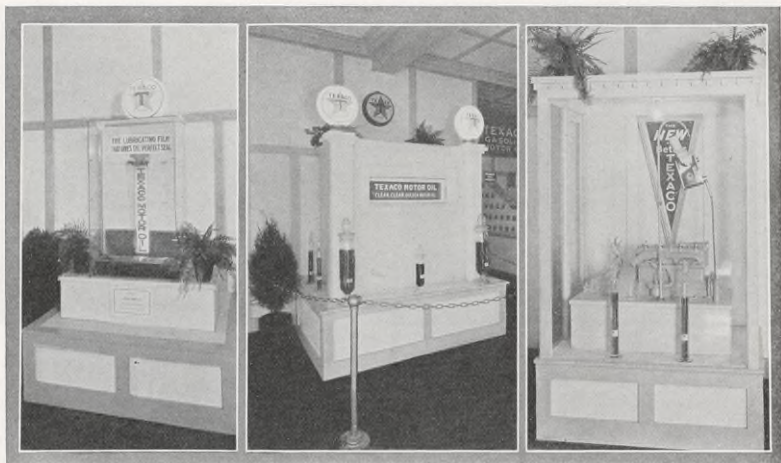
The first general impression as one glances through the large and inviting entrance is the cleanliness and symmetry of the scene, which is very refreshing and restful.

Probably the first thing that claims the attention of the visitor is the Handy Grip Can Display to the right. This is a Handy Grip Can held by a hand suspended by wires. A constant stream of Texaco Golden Motor Oil flows from the can, and the continuous flow is a mystery that few spectators solve. It is amusing to watch the puzzled faces of both old and young, and to hear their varied solutions of the phenomenon is an experiment in popular psychology and logic.

Turning from this rarely solved mystery, the visitor's attention is attracted to an oil fall, in the center of the room, in which a film of oil runs over a series of glass steps illuminated from the underside. Here our salesmen take advantage of many opportunities to drive home the superior points of Texaco Motor Oil, which, please be assured, are listened to with unflagging interest.

The third thing inspected is also a display of action—an apparatus invented and designed by Arthur Lefevre, Jr. This ingenious demonstration shows motor oil flowing in a broad unbroken film between two wires, and presents impressively the excellent body of Texaco Motor Oil and its capacity to make a perfect seal in piston cylinders. We venture the statement that this demonstration clinches the perfect seal argument.

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The central sign revolves showing four faces referring to different products

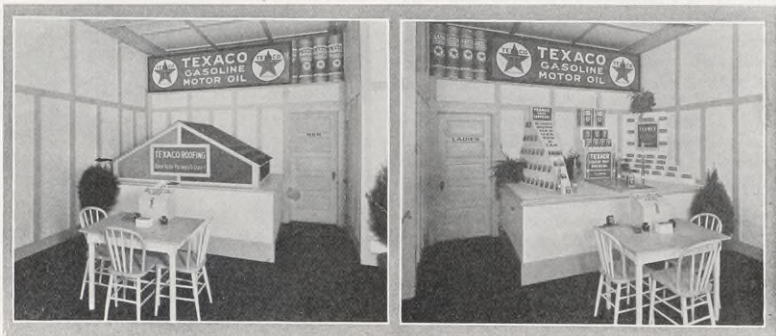
Another moving display is a revolving sign in the rear of the room, which attracts attention to its well worded advertising matter.

These four moving displays are so placed that they guide the visitors from one end of the exhibit to the other. Wax pyramids are built at strategic points, dressed with oil samples of various sizes and color. Our lithographed packages, export cases, roofing, and other things of interest which we have not space to enumerate, are attractively displayed.

After inspecting the Exhibit a goodly num-

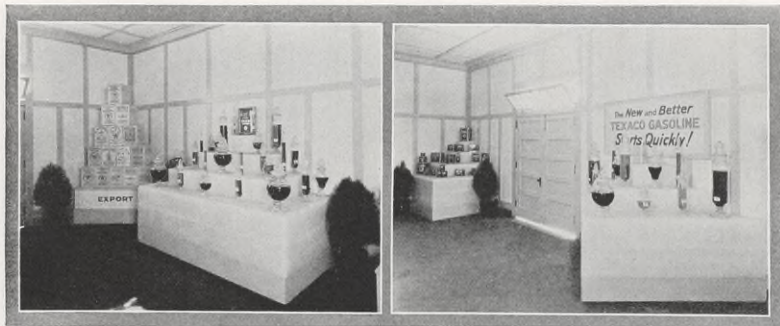
ber of visitors take advantage of a free post card service. The cards show views of our Port Arthur Refinery, Port Arthur Terminal and Case and Package Division, and West Dallas Refinery. They are placed on a writing table for anyone who wishes to use them and thousands of greetings are written from the Texaco Building at the great State Fair. The cards are dropped into a mailing box from which they are taken at convenient hours and mailed at the expense of The Texas Company.

At the time of preparing this article the



The inscription on the mailing boxes reads: "We stamp and mail these cards free."

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number of postal cards written during the period of the Fair is not available, but a count at the close of a busy day totaled nearly one thousand. Many of the cards are invitations from the writers requesting the person addressed to meet them at the Texaco Exhibit.

The Exhibit is put up entirely by employees of the Company. This year it was planned by Arthur Lefevre, Jr., assisted by Lubricating Engineer F. R. Splawn, Motor Inspector H. A. Lawson, and Construction Foreman W. P. Creasey. F. M. Matthews, one of our Dallas salesmen, is in charge. He is also taking care of the assignment of men who come to work during the exhibition. These are Texaco representatives and salesmen from all over the District, and are assigned, three each day, to explain our products and to interest visitors in their superior qualities.

In assigning men to the Exhibit, the Fair Program is studied so as to have men from the respective territories to meet their customers and agents. For instance, on East Texas Day an effort is made to have representatives and agents from East Texas; on the day that Texas Christian University and Baylor University play football, representatives from Waco and Fort Worth, the homes of these universities, are selected. On Dallas Day, Dallas employees are assigned to work in the Exhibit, the personnel being made up of the Chief Accountant, Creditman, and Chief Clerk, in addition to salesmen and agents.

If we were to hazard a guess at the number who pass through our building during the sixteen days of the Fair we would place the figure between eighty and one hundred thousand. Practically everyone sees our building and exhibit, as it is on the main thoroughfare leading

to the Grandstand, Amusements, and Football Stadium.

District Manager Will Carroll is enthusiastic about the fact that every employe of the District Office, from the mail boy to District officials, visits this Exhibit every year and finds many things of educational value and brings from it a greater enthusiasm for his work.

The time consumed in preparing the Exhibit is from twenty to thirty days after the building has been put in first class condition, should it need repainting and refinishing which is necessary every two or three years. One of our wide awake salesmen is already planning the Exhibit for next year and he promises that it will be a world beater.

Aunt Virgie is preparing to fade from view, but if she is in the land of the living next year, she will assume her familiar role as maid to our lady visitors.

A few hours spent at this Exhibit would convince anyone that there is truth in Mr. Carroll's contention that the money we expend on this annual Texaco Exhibit pays substantial dividends. It is advertising of the highest order.

Scrambled Sexes

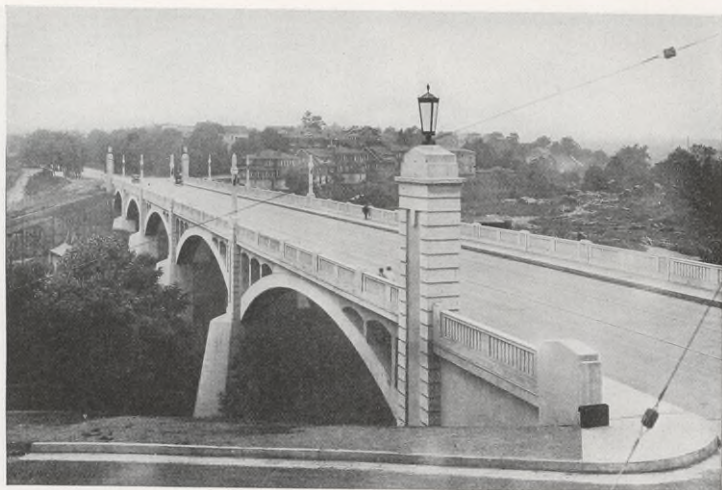
Gather round and hear Annabelle rave;
She is one you might call fashion's slave.
In a barber shop chair
She dozed off, I declare,
And the barber man gave her a shave.

—C. A. Leedy, *Youngstown Telegram*.

Go on and let Annabelle rave—
Your deeper compassion I crave:
When I took a nap
In his chair, the poor sap
Went and gave me a permanent wave!

—Ted Robinson, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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Memorial Bridge, Roanoke, Virginia

Just opened as part of the newly completed North-South highway running 527 miles through western Virginia, the longest completed hard surfaced highway in any State.—*Photo from Virginia State Chamber of Commerce.*

Completion of a Great Historic Highway

One of the most historic highways in the United States will be completely hard surfaced through Virginia on November 17, 1926, when its opening and the 150th anniversary of Montgomery County are to be celebrated at Christiansburg. This longest through State road to be completely hard surfaced in the United States is opened to the public just 100 years after its first hard surfaced link was built near Winchester. It will connect the North and the South running 527 miles through western Virginia. It connects the new Shenandoah National Park area with the Smoky Mountains National Park area, and along it are thousands of points of great historic interest.

The history of the nation centers in large measure on this road, which was the only way of reaching that great Southwest territory where Virginians and Pennsylvanians made possible the continental extent of these United States. This is not too broad a statement; for if the pioneers who pushed west and south from Virginia and Pennsylvania had not taken possession of Kentucky and Tennessee and West Virginia, historians say that foreign

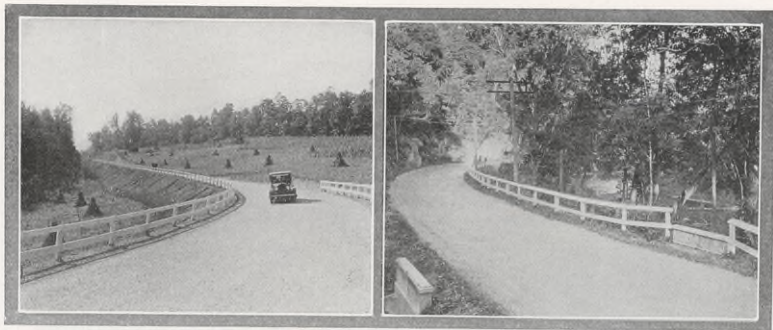
powers would have cut off the growth of the original thirteen colonies.

The Appalachian Mountains, stretching from the headwaters of the Mongahela southward along the border of the colonies marked their extreme western frontier before the Revolution. This frontier could be reached only by the "Wilderness Trail," made famous by Theodore Roosevelt in his work *The Winning of the West*, a great natural highway worn by buffaloes from the banks of the Potomac through the center of the Shenandoah Valley to the blue-grass covered hills of Kentucky.

When Governor Spotswood crossed the Blue Ridge and claimed the great valley he saw beyond for the English Crown and Virginia, that highway was centuries old. Along its well worn way countless buffaloes had traveled long before the time of the Indian. With the coming of the red man, this road was named the Warrior's Trail. Near the present border of Virginia, on the site of Winchester, was once the capital of the Shawnee Nation.

When the first settlers came into the great valley, pushing along the natural road from

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1. A section of the last link to be completed in the North-South highway, officially opened November 17, 1926.
2. Where the first completely hard surfaced North-South highway in Virginia skirts the Reedy River not far from Wytheville.—Photographs from Virginia State Chamber of Commerce.

Pennsylvania on the north and across the Blue Ridge from Virginia on the East, Mary Johnston in her new book, *The Great Valley*, states that for some inexplicable reason both the buffalo and the Indian had deserted the lovely region. The settlers were unmolested except by wandering bands of Indians, and gradually they pushed onward along the Warrior's Trail, through Cumberland Gap, and into the region known as the Southwest Territory.

At length the "Warrior's Trail" was forgotten and the highway became known as the Pennsylvania Road, because it led to Philadelphia. George Washington, realizing the great importance of this road, followed it from the site of Winchester, where he established Fort Loudoun, to Cumberland Gap, urging the settlers to build block houses and prepare for

an inevitable struggle with the Indians. It was due to his foresight and energy that the highway was kept open during the French and Indian War, and that Kentucky and the scattered block houses in Tennessee were not cut off from the colonies. Roosevelt in *The Winning of the West* credits those scattered settlements for the fact that England did not cut off the territory of the colonies at the Appalachian Mountains and retain for herself the Southwest Territory and the Northwest Territory. Undoubtedly we owe the result to Washington's foresight and patriotic labors.

The importance of the Pennsylvania Road became evident to all as great loads of fur and other wilderness products began to trickle over its rough length to markets along the Atlantic Ocean. In 1826 the work of putting a hard



Campers at Elizabeth Furnace

Old iron furnace

Photos U. S. Forestry Service and Virginia State Chamber of Commerce cooperating.

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1. Chief Bengé Falls, near Bristol, Virginia. 2. Ancient shot tower used in Revolution and by Confederates, near the North-South highway. The tower overhangs New River with 175 foot drop down which the shot were poured.—*Photographs from Virginia State Chamber of Commerce.*

surface on the highway was begun. For 50 years slaves and convicts, with blasting powder, mules, and hammers, converted native rock into road making materials, and much of that wonderfully constructed roadway—built for heavy wagons—is the foundation of the road today. The Stone Road, as it was called at this period, began near Winchester and continued past Staunton, and it was so good during the War between the States that Stonewall Jackson dragged railroad locomotives over it from Winchester to the nearest Confederate railroad at Staunton.

The Stone Road was never completed for the entire distance of the Great Valley, because in 1850 the railroad was completed to Bristol on the Virginia-Tennessee line. Long before this time, however, the atmosphere of the road had changed. Andrew Jackson drove over it in his great coach, stopping at the old Raleigh Tavern at what is now Roanoke but then known as Big Lick, *en route* to his inauguration as President of the United States—and often before on state business. Even before the Stone Road days the highway was in good condition and used for travel from Louisiana and the far South to Washington and the Northern States.

The completion of the North-South Virginia highway connects it with the transportation systems of Tennessee, North Carolina, West Virginia, and other States. The great hard surfaced road begins at the Virginia line near Martinsburg, West Virginia, and runs through Winchester, site of Fort Loudoun and home of General Daniel Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, who lies buried in one of its cemeteries. The highway runs on through one of the great apple growing regions of the United States, between the Appalachian Mountains on the west and the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains on the east. It connects the Shenandoah National Park with the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and connects the Shenandoah, Natural Bridge, Unaka, and Pisgah National Forests—playgrounds for the tourist and visitor. It runs past the site of the Battle of New Market, through the town of the same name, past the famous caverns of the Valley. It runs through beautiful Staunton, where on file in the Court is a deed signed by the Chiefs of the Indian tribes for all of the land to the Mississippi, by which Augusta County claimed all the land to the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. Going on south, it passes Lexington, seat of Washington and Lee University and

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Looking from highway into West Virginia



View from the Peaks of Otter

Photos U. S. Forestry Service and Virginia State Chamber of Commerce cooperating.

the Virginia Military Institute, where Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson lie sleeping. The highway runs across the top of the Natural Bridge of Virginia, which "spans a river, bears a State highway, and makes two mountains one." Through Roanoke it runs to Christiansburg, Pulaski, Abingdon, Bristol, and on through Cumberland Gap into Tennessee.

The road opening celebration also commem-

orates the sesqui-centennial of the founding of Montgomery County, Virginia, which was formed almost to the day 150 years ago. At that time Montgomery County included all of the territory which is now Kentucky and twenty-five counties in territory which is now Virginia and West Virginia.

Besides ceremonies opening the great highway, a pageant of its history will be presented.



Sheep crossing Shenandoah National Forest



Riverside Restaurant 2 miles north of Mt. Jackson

Photos U. S. Forestry Service and Virginia State Chamber of Commerce cooperating.

Of the 3,000,000 miles of highway in the United States, approximately 500,000 are reported as improved roads.

An optimist is a man who sees only the initial payment; the pessimist can't overlook the future instalments and the upkeep.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Judge.—Why did you run down this man in broad daylight on a perfectly straight road?

Prisoner.—Your honor, my windshield was almost totally obscured with safety-first stickers.—*Ohio Northern Review.*

Fire losses on American farms total \$150,000,000 annually.—*Dearborn Independent.*

The Bibelot

A. L.

More than thirty years ago I began to hear of *The Bibelot*, and occasionally a monthly issue of the charmed little journal came to my hands—and heart. I had known of “the Mosher books” and possessed one of them, and from time to time scanned covetously a catalog of the several hundred exquisite and usually forgotten masterpieces he had published in formats which made his imprint a guaranty, the world over, of high skill in bookcraft and genius in selective taste. “How many of us in this generation,” exclaimed Christopher Morley, “had from his output almost our first look into the dantier delicacies of literature and the physique of fine bookmaking.”

Each month Mosher produced a section of *The Bibelot* (bib-lo), beginning January 1895, and bound these in a volume at the end of each year. After twenty years he made an index volume and brought his unique undertaking to a close. The price for the set was (and still is, as originally published) \$80. Now, a facsimile edition (twenty-one 12mo volumes) has been issued by Wm. H. Wise & Co., 5 West 47th Street, New York, at less than one-third of that price,—which should be a boon to thousands.

There have been many anthologies made of verse and prose, and collections of curiosities and amenities of literature; but there has never been any other assemblage like *The Bibelot*. In his salutation in the first number Mosher stated his purpose:

To bring together the posies of other men bound by a thread of one's own choosing is the simple plan of the editor of THE BIBELOT.

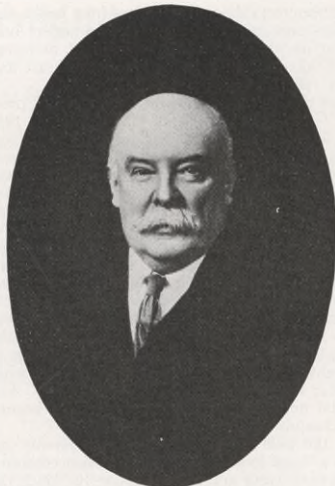
In this way those exotics of Literature that might not immediately find a way to wider reading, are here reprinted, and so to speak, resown in fields their authors never knew.

THE BIBELOT does not profess to exploit the new forces and ferment of *fin de siècle* writers; it offers the less accessible ‘things that perish never.’ . . .

Besides this, to more widely extend the love of exquisite literary form, it must be shown by example that choice typography and inexpensiveness need not lie far apart. That there is the most intimate connection between literature and the printed page is a truism. And yet nothing on the lines of THE BIBELOT has so far been attempted in a regular monthly issue. . . .

In a preface to the index volume he said “to those who now come upon it in its entirety.”

If *The Bibelot* means anything it means definitely an aid to self-culture in literature and is based upon the underlying spirit of beauty as



Thomas Bird Mosher

expressed in the “things that perish never,” not only as seen in the classics or well known works of any age or of any writer, but which are discoverable in scarce editions and rescued from sources not generally known.

The contents of *The Bibelot* possesses unity of purpose: it represents what I have personally accepted as specimens of the finer spirit,—what I have individually felt as making the deepest impression upon myself. . . .

I now “at the gateway cry you farewell.” “I have steered by the stars.” Henceforth our journey together is ended.

The ending of *The Bibelot* called forth from William Marion Reedy the following:

For twenty years no month has passed that I have not had one certain joy. It was in the reading of the dainty gray-blue covered *Bibelot* that came from Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. And now the end. The last number of the twentieth volume appeared in December. . . .

The things of *The Bibelot* remain—they perish never. They are a recurring inspiration, consolation, sustenance to the soul. Beautiful verse by masters of song, rescued from books little known; treasures of delicate or virile prose, the cadences of which set the heart to marching; clairvoyant and clairaudient perspicacities of interpretation of life and letters and art; jewelry work in words that carry an oversoul of sense and thought; exquisite of the little masters otherwise lost to

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remembrance; exhumed splendors from books and authors unaccountably committed to neglect bordering on oblivion; a whole world of literature which has concern only for life of the heart and spirit—all this was, nay is, the *Bibelot*.

But this literature is more than merely "precious." It is vital. It deals with the things that give life its pattern: the splendor and the sadness of it; the mystery of it and those hints that sometimes come to all of us of the meaning of the world and its pageantry sumptuous or sordid—all the "intimations of immortality." Two hundred and forty issues of such inner-life-stuff presented always sympathetically, never in contempt of the world of here and now, and never in insensibility to the something without the world and space and time, are a body of literature which, but for the resurrectionist Mosher, we might never have known. Burns in it all the flame of the spirit in the urn of form. The perfect marriage of thought or feeling with expression was what Mosher sought—and found, and gave to us. And to that union he added another element—beautiful, chastely beautiful printing.

In the wide range of the *Bibelot's* contents one finds a *fugue* consistent. Each selection conforms to an underlying informing purpose—to touch the soul to finer issues, to acquaint it with the ecstasies of life lived and contemplated. The introductions he wrote for each number were gems of expository lucidity, touched with color, vibrant with music—"the still, sad music of humanity" and its mightier diapason organ tones. He did not preach to us this or that. He taught us to see, to hear, with spirit's eye, its ear.

That the effects of those labors will go endlessly on and on in lives made better, saner, more "in tune with the Infinite," is his exceeding great reward.

Christopher Morley is said to have insistently urged Mosher to write the story of his life. But Mosher demurred—probably with the same unerring judgment of literary appropriateness that characterized all his decisions concerning the work of others. Thus, two years after his death, we know few details of his long eventful life.

This man, Thomas Bird Mosher, who so successfully and with such unflinching perception sought beauty in literature and having found it presented it to those whom he describes in one of his little prefaces as "that saving remnant who when they see a good thing know it for a fact at first sight"—was an entirely self educated man.

When he was thirteen years old his father took him to sea in his clipper ship. There his schooling stopped and his education began. For his father filled a shelf in his cabin with good books, chosen wisely. Five years later when his seafaring days ended, the boy had developed a taste for the best in literature.

Mosher once said: "I am grateful to my father for saving me from college. Having had little of schools it is no wonder that I love literature."

Mosher's life-work is a splendid example of the power of good and strong books to develop character and genius. If those books, read in long evenings in a ship's cabin by an oil lamp could light such a flame in a boy like Thomas Bird Mosher, what might similar books illuminated by *The Bibelot* do for other youths?

When he left the sea at eighteen Mosher had already commenced collecting rare, choice, out-of-print books. He worked in various businesses, spending all spare time and money in ransacking the books of the ages for gems of literature. But not until he was forty did he begin the business in which he could give all his time to books—the business of publishing exquisite or forgotten or neglected masterpieces. In this he became known as "the dean of the world's booklovers."

He built up the finest private library of rare and beautiful books in the world, and in his search for such books he carried on a world-wide correspondence. He was known in every book mart in the world, and whenever he wanted a rare volume a thousand co-workers helped him to hunt for it.

Always on an honored shelf in Mosher's library stood the little collection of classics given him by his father when he was a young boy—the nucleus of his great collection and the original inspiration of his fruitful life.

In the *Calcutta Review* of December 1923, a native writer said:

Mr. Mosher was so busy supplying the peoples of distant lands with books that his townspeople were scarcely familiar with him. The distinguished bookman was better known in Australia and India than he was in Portland. Yet there he lived surrounded by his books and pictures, receiving his friends and patrons from the literary centers of the world, attending to his immense correspondence and to a still greater extent finding companionship with the great men of letters of the past. . . . He was always ready to welcome good work of men of today as well as to preserve the productions of great authors of the past. Much might be said of his cultured home life, and of the gaiety, optimism, and irony combined in his delightful personality. He lived profoundly, which was the secret of his producing greatly.

For twenty years Mosher distilled into his *Bibelot* the beauties collected by him. Whatever had the ultimate seal of beauty he wanted for it. Whenever and wherever written, if it showed the true spirit of grace and power and beauty, it was for him "as young at four thousand years as it was old at birth."

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Goodies for the Yuletide Feasts

(Copyright 1926)

KATHERINE FERGUSON CHALKLEY, State College, Pennsylvania

Christmas and feasting! Christmas and gifts! Happy ideas for celebrating this season go galloping through our heads.

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! What can we do to make this Yuletide long remembered by our families and our friends? Christmas gifts! Christmas feasting! There's an idea. Why not combine gifts and feasting? Why not compound a variety of delectable surprises for the members of our own household? Why not, at the same time, make large enough quantities so that we can pack festive baskets and boxes with dainties for our friends?

Plum puddings really belong to the Christmas feast. And they ought not to be left out of gift baskets. Make some according to this recipe, wrap in oiled paper, make gay with red tissue paper, ribbons, and a sprig of holly.

Plum Pudding

4 c. bread crumbs	1 glass cherry preserves
1 c. suet.	or
1 c. molasses.	1 bottle maraschino cher-
1½ c. milk.	ries and juice.
3 eggs.	1 c. raisins
1 tsp. salt.	½ c. chopped citron.
½ tsp. soda	½ c. candied orange peel.
3 tsp. baking powder.	½ c. candied lemon peel.
2 tsp. cinnamon.	1 c. chopped figs.
½ tsp. cloves.	1 c. chopped nut meats

Sift the soda, baking powder, spices, and salt into the bread crumbs. Run the suet through the food chopper, dredge with flour, and rub into the crumbs. Mix well. Add the milk. Mix again. Add the molasses. Flour the fruit and nuts. Add to bread mixture. Beat well. Add the eggs which have been beaten until light. Stir thoroughly. Pour into well greased molds and steam for three hours. Remove from molds and keep in a cool place. Heat before serving. Serve with hard sauce, pudding sauce, or whipped cream.

Fruit cakes may be made—in fact, are better if they are made—several weeks before Christmas. This recipe will make two large cakes or a number of smaller ones.

Christmas Fruit Cake

2 c. brown sugar.	2 tsp. cinnamon.
2 c. butter.	½ tsp. allspice.
6 eggs.	½ tsp. cloves.
4 c. flour.	4 c. seedless raisins.
6 tsp. baking powder.	1 c. currants.
¾ c. grape juice.	1 bottle maraschino cher-
1 tsp. salt.	ries and juice.
2 c. finely sliced citron.	¾ c. candied lemon rind.
1 c. broken nut meats.	¾ c. candied orange rind.

Cream butter and add sugar. Beat. Separate the egg yolks from the whites and beat until thick and lemon colored. Add to butter mixture. Sift one cup

of the flour over the fruits and nuts. Add to the first mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff and dry. Sift the flour, baking powder, salt, and spices. Add alternately with the grape juice to the first mixture. Add the maraschino cherries and juice. Mix well. Lastly fold in the egg whites. Pour into well buttered pans and bake four hours in a slow oven. It is a good idea to cover the pans with buttered paper after the first hour of baking. This keeps crust from getting too hard.

A day or two before the cake is to be served or put into gift baskets decorate it with candied fruits, nut meats, or bits of candied orange or lemon peel cut into fancy shapes. Or, if you choose to ice the cake, you will find this simple boiled icing most appropriate.

Boiled Icing

2 c. sugar.	Whites of 2 eggs.
½ c. boiling water.	¼ tsp. cream tartar.

Dissolve the sugar with the boiling water. Then let the sirup boil until it forms a long thread when dropped from the spoon. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Flavor as desired. Just after the sirup begins to boil—before it threads, add two tablespoons of it to the egg whites and beat thoroughly. This will help to keep the frosting from drying out and getting sugary. When the sirup threads, pour slowly into the egg whites and beat vigorously until it is the right consistency for spreading.

Candied orange and lemon peels can be obtained at any grocery, but I prefer to make my own candied peels. They are so much fresher and have so much more flavor.

Candied Orange or Lemon Peel

Remove peel from fruit in quarters. Cover with cold water and cook slowly until tender. Drain. When cool, scoop out the white part with a sharp spoon. Cut the remaining yellow portion into thin strips with a sharp knife. Make a sirup by boiling one-half cup of water with one cup of sugar until it threads. Add peels to sirup and cook for five minutes. Drain and roll in granulated sugar.

Sugar cookies cut into stars and leaves and flowers and animals and hearts and squares and diamonds and crescents. Sugar cookies cut into every conceivable shape and image and sprinkled with colored sugars, shredded coconut, chopped blanched almonds, or decorated with bits of citron, candied cherries, lemon or orange peels, chopped dates or specks of preserved ginger root, are almost as much a part of Christmas as the Christmas Tree. Make the cookie part this way. Let your imagination run riot when you put on the festive touches.

Christmas Sugar Cookies

2/3 c. butter.	1 tsp. salt.
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1½ c. sugar.
3 eggs.
3 c. flour.
3 tsp. baking powder.
Grated rind of lemon.
2 tbs. lemon juice.

Cream sugar and butter and add well beaten eggs. Mix and sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Add to first mixture. Add grated lemon rind and juice. Mix until smooth, cover and let stand over night in a cold place. Roll out thin, cut, and bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

Almond cakes are nice to tuck into the corners of Christmas boxes. And they are good!

Almond Cakes

1 c. sugar.
2 c. butter.
4 c. pastry flour.
1 egg.
1 c. almond meats.

Use unsalted butter. Cream it well and add sugar. Cream until mixture is light and fluffy. Add well beaten egg. Run almonds through the food chopper and add to first mixture. Work in flour. Form into tiny cakes by pressing through a pastry tube or dropping from a spoon. Put half a blanched almond meat on each cake. Bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

In most families there are bachelor uncles, dear old friends, distant cousins, for whom it is almost impossible to find appropriate gifts. Every year one fusses and frets about what to give these men. This year and next year and the year after you may send them boxes of homemade goodies. Never worry that your gift will not be most welcome.

Every woman, whether she professes to be a good cook, or whether she swears she'd rather starve to death than prepare a meal, has a pet confection which she loves to concoct and which has made for her an enviable reputation. She will, of course, prepare many of her pet confections. But she will also be delighted if she tries out some of these recipes.

Fondant is the basis for many of the fancy sweetmeats. It is used for stuffing dates and prunes, as the centers for bonbons and chocolates. It may be flavored and colored and combined in a multitude of ways.

Fondant

2 c. sugar.
½ c. boiling water.
⅓ tsp. cream tartar.

Dissolve sugar with the boiling water. Add cream of tartar. Boil rapidly until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from fire and cool. When cold, beat until white and creamy. Turn on to a platter and knead until smooth and delicate in texture. Cover with waxed paper and keep in a cool place until wanted. When candy recipe calls for melted fondant, place the required amount in a bowl and set the bowl in a pan of boiling water.

Fondant Nut Squares

Melt one half the amount of fondant and flavor with vanilla. Stir in two cups of mixed nut meats. Turn into a butter dish. When cool, cut in squares.

Oriental Fruit Bars

Melt one half the recipe of fondant. Flavor with vanilla and add one half cup each of chopped dates,

figs, and candied cherries, and one cup of chopped nut meats. Turn into a buttered dish and when cool cut into oblong bars.

Homemade Pralines

2 c. light brown sugar.
½ c. boiling water.
1 tsp. vanilla.
2 c. broken pecan meats.
1 tbs. butter.

Dissolve sugar with boiling water. Then let boil without stirring until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from fire and add butter. Let cool and add vanilla. When cold, beat until creamy. Just before the mixture loses its glassy appearance add nut meats. Stir until it begins to set. Then drop quickly from spoon to form patties. If it sets too soon, turn into platter and knead until smooth and delicate in texture. Mold into a loaf, or long roll, and cut into slices.

Holiday jams and marmalades should not be neglected. Winter and Christmas season bring their own fruits and berries—oranges, grapefruit, and cranberries. Why not take advantage of this? Can there be anything more delicious than cranberry compote or orange marmalade? There are any number of cunning little jam jars in the shops which, when filled with these preserves, will make splendid gifts.

Cranberry Compote

1 qt. cranberries.
1 c. water.
4 c. sugar.
1 c. seedless raisins.
½ c. nut meats.
1 orange.
1 lemon.

Wash and pick over berries. Put in a granite kettle, add water and cook until soft. Rub through a sieve. Cut orange and lemon into thin slices and remove all seeds. Then cut into small pieces. Break nut meats into pieces. Add to cranberry together with raisins and sugar. Let simmer fifteen minutes or until thick. Stir constantly. The amount of sugar may be varied according to taste.

Of all the orange marmalades I have ever tasted I like this one best. It is so easy to make. It takes such a short time. Best of all, it has the most delicate flower-like flavor that reminds one of the fragrance of orange blossoms. Try this orange marmalade, you who do not care for bitter flavors.

Orange Marmalade

5 oranges.
3 lemons.
8 c. sugar.
½ c. commercial pectin.

Remove peel from oranges and lemons in quarters. Cover with cold water and cook until tender. Drain. Scrape out and discard all of the white part. With a very sharp knife shred the yellow rinds as thin as possible. While the rinds are cooking, break up the fruit pulp and remove all seeds. Add one cup of water and simmer in a covered pan for half an hour. Add the shredded rinds and sugar. Mix well to dissolve sugar. Cook over hot fire and stir constantly. Boil hard for three minutes, remove from fire and stir in commercial pectin. Let stand three or four minutes, stirring occasionally to cool it. Then pour into jars or glasses and paraffin at once.

Perhaps it is a far jump from marmalades to party food. Perhaps it isn't. At any rate

JOIN!

LANCASHIRE
W.L.G.P.

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