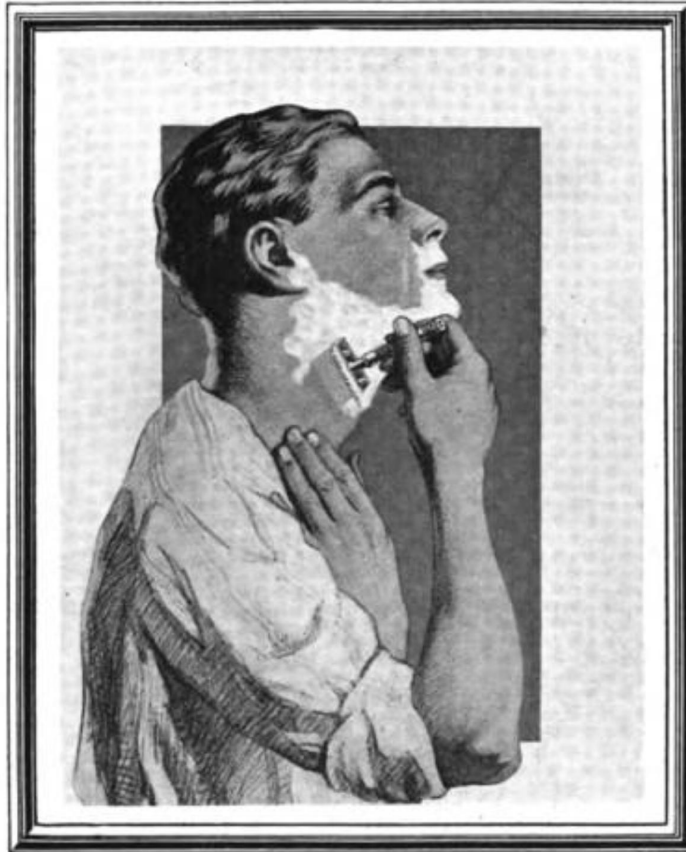


# *The* Gillette Blade

JULY 1918



*The Gentle Art of Shaving the Gillette Way*



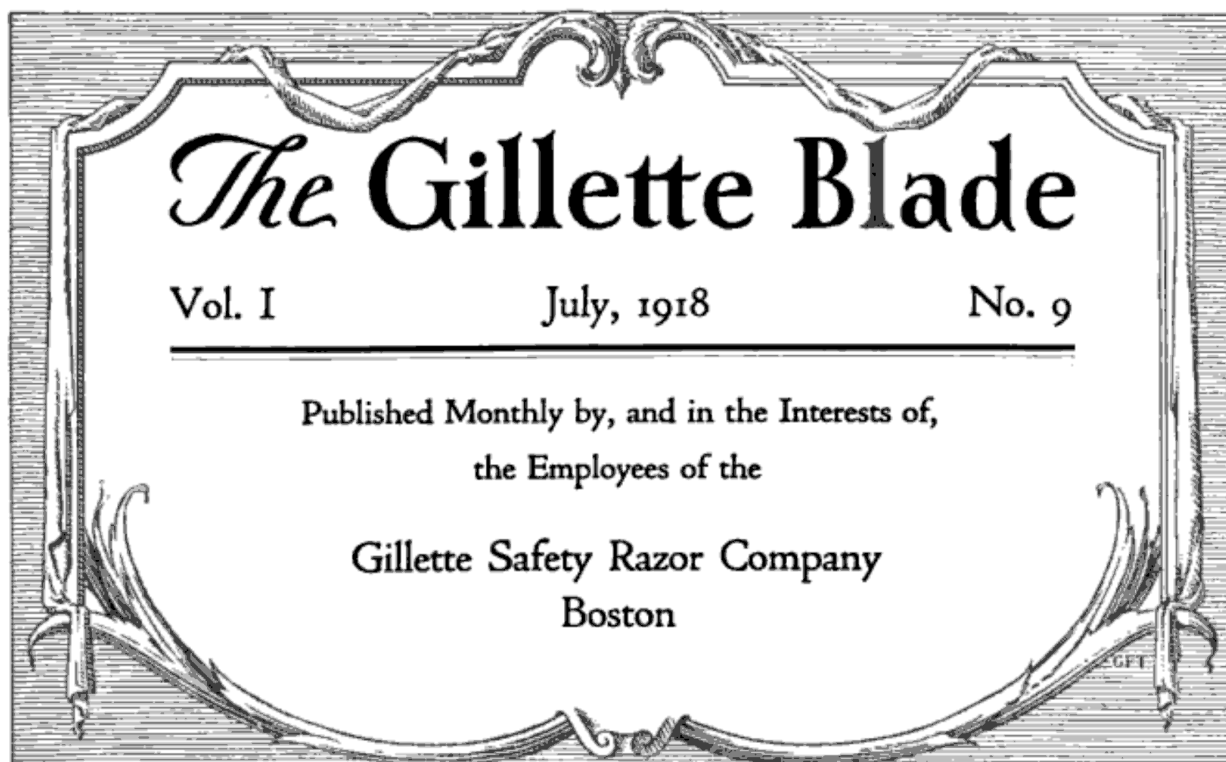
GET

# The American Citizen's Creed



- I Believe** in myself, in my power to live and think and do for myself, my loved ones, my community, State and Country.
- I Believe** in my neighbors, who are children of the same God, citizens of the same Country, and with me equally responsible to both.
- I Believe** in the community in which I live. Our interests are one; therefore our efforts should be united to make conditions better — moral, social, industrial and civic.
- I Believe** in my State as a part of our common Country; in doing my bit toward cleansing its politics, improving its moral and social conditions, developing its natural resources and its industries, and in making it an effective factor in our national life.
- I Believe** in my Country; in her heroic birth and history; in the farseeing statesmanship of her founders and the lofty patriotism of her defenders; in her manifest destiny as a leader among the nations of the world in Liberty, Intellectuality, Morality, Religion, Industry, Science and Art, and as the exponent of the highest and truest type of Civilization the world has ever seen.
- I Believe** in the Flag and all that it symbolizes — the most beautiful, the strongest, the broadest and most comprehensive national emblem ever flung to the free air of Heaven.
- I Pledge**, without reservation, my intellect, my affections, my ambitions, my strength and my very life, to uphold my Country and my Flag; to sustain their noble traditions, and to do my best to help my fellow-citizens to be true to these high ideals.

“The Great Divide.”



Copyright, 1918, by Gillette Safety Razor Company

## Across the Atlantic on a Troop Transport

THOMAS W. PELHAM, *Sales Manager*

*Editor's Note:* Ocean travel in these days of the submarine is apt to be attended with a good many thrills. Mr. Pelham, who has just returned from his fourth European trip since the outbreak of the war, will tell us something of the hazards of such a trip.

This article should interest every patriotic American. Here is an opportunity to learn something of the inside conditions as they exist "over there" which may not be found in the average daily newspaper.

### A SUBMARINE ATTACK

**W**HEN the American liner, the S. S. Philadelphia, left her dock in New York on April 16th, I was one of the eight civilian passengers aboard.

The trip was without special incident until the convoy was within forty-eight hours of an English port, when an attack was made on one of the ships by a submarine. It was interesting to note how quickly one of the torpedo boat destroyers

darted to the spot where the submarine was sighted and how it immediately began to drop depth bombs.

The second attack by a submarine was made late in the evening of the same day, and a third attack early in the evening of the next day. When the third attack was made it was said that the submarines had scattered floating mines and the convoy was held up until the mine sweepers had located and destroyed the mines.

We reached an English port on April 28th. I was naturally very much interested in seeing the debarkation of American troops. It was a sight to arouse the patriotic fervor of any good American.

The soldiers were in splendid physical condition and made a fine appearance. The officers in their natty

uniforms certainly looked and acted their part.

#### THE MORALE AND SPIRIT OF OUR MEN

Many interesting conversations were had with officers and men on the way over. I became well acquainted with a Major General and his various staff officers, as well as junior officers who were proceeding to France to join their own companies. I found officers and men in the best of spirits and while all of them realized the magnitude of the task before them, not one expressed a doubt as to the ultimate outcome.

I reached London late Sunday evening, April 28th, and met Mr. Gaines and his office staff at the Gillette office on Monday.

I spent ten days or more in London and had an opportunity to talk with many English officers, as well as the civilian population. There are very few English soldiers in England, but quite a number of Australians and a number of American officers, but no American soldiers.

#### BUSINESS, THE CONSERVATION OF FOOD

Business seemed to be going on about as usual. Every store was open and customers seemed numerous. There is naturally a shortage of certain commodities, but for the most part people can find the article they want or a substitute therefor.

The Government is regulating the distribution of food; therefore, everyone is on rations; whether it be an English Duke or an English workman, the rations are the same. There is no complaint of the food

control. People are patriotically obeying the Government's regulations and requests with respect to food consumption. Small quantities of meat are allowed four times a week, but fish is in reasonable abundance and can be purchased readily. Sugar, butter and eggs are scarce and almost unobtainable. No sugar, butter or meat can be purchased without so-called food cards, and then only in certain restricted quantities.

#### THE SPIRIT THAT WINS

The spirit of the people is wonderful. It is said that there is scarcely a family in England that has not made sacrifices of blood and treasure. The English people say there is not a family unwilling to make further sacrifices in order to win the war.

#### THE IMPORTANT TASKS OF WOMEN

Nearly all the English women are working in the fields, factories, offices or hospitals. Hundreds of thousands are organized, wear uniforms and are styled "Women's Auxiliary Army Corps." They work in France and in England doing rough work as well as office work. Nor is the work done by the women of England confined to the so-called working class. Many of the families of the old nobility, of the gentry and of the wealthy, are working in factories and in offices as well as in hospitals. Thousands are driving motor busses, taxicabs, running elevators, and driving automobiles for army and navy officers, and in every way contributing their bit to the cause.

### AN AIR RAID

There were no air raids on London while I was there, but one occurred shortly after I left for Paris. During this air raid a bomb was dropped upon a building across the street from the Gillette office. The building was destroyed and all the windows of all the buildings in the square were shattered.

London theatres and other places of amusement were open as usual and the attendance was about the same as in normal times.

There was a very noticeable restriction of the sale and consumption of intoxicants. Saloons and other places where drinks were sold were open from 12 to 2.30 and from 6.30 to 9 P. M. Restaurants and hotel dining rooms were closed at 9.30 P. M.

All windows of public and private buildings were darkened and no lights could be burned except when the shades were drawn. Streets were dark except for an occasional shaded street lamp. No lights were allowed on automobiles or other vehicles.

### TRAVELING UNDER RESTRICTIONS

Railroad passenger traffic in England is considerably restricted and railroad fares have increased 50%. Parlor car and restaurant car service has been discontinued entirely on some trains and greatly restricted on others.

Anyone traveling in England outside their own town must register with the Police Bureau. When leaving a town they must call on the Police and have their passport vizaed before they can leave. Many other restrictions as to travel are imposed and all are controlled by the Defence of the Realm Act and all are intended to safeguard England and her Allies; therefore, all such regulations are complied with without complaint.

### GRIM DETERMINATION OF THE PEOPLE

If there is one thing noticeable in England more than another, it is the quiet determination of the people to continue the war until victory is won.

Great admiration is expressed for America, for the American soldiers and officers and for President Wilson. Clubs for American officers are established in various parts of London and there are numerous places where soldiers can likewise find a resting place and amusement. The Y. M. C. A. and other similar organizations have provided every possible comfort and convenience for the American and other soldiers.

After completing my business in London I then proceeded to France, crossing the English Channel from Southampton to Havre and thence to Paris by train.

I will advise you in a later letter of some of the incidents in connection with my visit to France.

(To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for August)



MR. JAMES D. McLAUGHLIN

**M**R. McLAUGHLIN, who has been in charge of our Export Shipping for some time, has gone to South America, to advance the interests and better the "Gillette Service" in Latin America.

He has the necessary qualifications and training to fit him for this important mission.

He is a graduate of the Hugh O'Brien School, Roxbury, and after

entering Boston College he took up a special course in Business Training at Boston University.

He has done much good work since entering the employ of this Company and he doubtless will give us an interesting account of his activities in the Latin countries.

His friends in the Gillette organization extend to him their best wishes for a successful trip and safe return.



## The Gentle Art of Shaving

### CHAPTER I—THE BEARD

**B**ACK in the early morning of the world, when men wore whiskers for suits of clothes, shaving would hardly have been considered modest. Some time later, but while the world was yet very youthful, certain gentlemen started the rather risky business of skinning wild animals out of their costumes. From this time on the purpose of whiskers changed.

Some several centuries after the advent of Adam, swearing by the beard of the Prophet and pulling the whisker of the heretic were popular pastimes. Wars have been fought for and against whiskers. They have furnished disguises taxing the penetration of Sherlock Holmes. They have been sung to by the poets and laughed at by the populace.



*An Eastern  
Jungle*

Though shaving may have been a questionable practice back in the early chapters of the Stone Age, it is nevertheless a custom rivalling the hills for antiquity. The first book of the Bible bears a reference to shaving

which relates to no less a person than Joseph, who performed this operation with great ceremony preparatory to answering a summons to appear before the Egyptian king. At that time the Egyptians were the only people who made a national practice of shaving. Whether their supremacy was reflected in this custom is a matter for argument, though the clean face might be taken as a calculable item in that nation's progressive methods. They suffered the beard only as a sign of mourning.



*Quick, Watson, the Razor*

Some twenty-five centuries ago the Romans invented the word *barbarian* to apply to those who did not shave or barber their faces. On the other hand the Moslems so revered the beard that they buried all hairs which escaped during the process of combing. Then, later came along Sultan Selin I, who gave his subjects a jolt by shaving off his beard.

History would seem to throw a

bomb into the idea that beards were wont to indicate strength, dignity and manliness. Alexander the Great, champion heavyweight soldier of his time, shaved and ordered all his army to do likewise, that none of his fighting men might be grasped by the beard in battle. Pliny tells us the stalwart Scipio Africanus was the



"Go get 'em mowed!"

first Roman to shave daily, though a little later the Roman youth celebrated his coming into man's estate with a shaving festival.

The conquering Normans who invaded England not only shaved the entire face, but also the backs of their heads. The fighting Tartars waged a long war against the Persians, claiming them to be infidels because they refused to follow the

custom of Tartary and shave their faces. And in Russia, during the reign of Peter the Great, that mighty monarch taxed the unsanitary beards of his people in an effort to force them to shave.

Whiskers have served many purposes. They have substituted for neckties, acted as jungles for germs and concealed the lack of a chin. Yet the beard has degenerated as the world has aged and grown in wisdom.



Scraping an Acquaintance

There is even reason to doubt the genuineness of the ancient love of the beard in the light of the torturing methods then employed in its removal. Almost anyone would put up with nearly any kind of hirsute scenery rather than suffer the shaving torments of antiquity.

## CHAPTER II—THE RAZOR

When the civilization of ancient, classic Greece was at its height, shaving was looked upon as an indication of refinement. Perhaps the learned men of that day were blessed with especially tough skins, or possibly some Greek inventor worked out a razor that did not leave a jig-saw decoration on the countenance. However that may have been, it is certain that the varied shaving devices employed during many hundreds of years were so crude that if we used them today we would have shaving hospitals instead of barber shops; anæsthetics would be given and the job put down as a minor surgical operation. Think of having your

whiskers operated on, every day or two!

Many savage tribes still use pieces of shell, sharks' teeth and chips of flint for shaving. Some of those of Polynesia use two pieces of flint and grind off the whiskers be-



Brushwood Boys

tween the stones. A somewhat more sensational method is employed by some of the tribes of Africa. They use a plate of iron about an inch wide, three inches long and half an inch thick, mounted in a horn handle. This is made white hot and then passed over the beard, close to the



face. Strange as it seems, this is said to produce a good shave, and with comfort to the most tender skin. Obsidian, or volcanic glass, has long been used as a substitute for the razor; and slivers of bamboo are still



*Cutting His Best Friend*

in common use among certain savage tribes. Mr. F. J. V. Skiff, Director of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, is authority for the statement that razors were extensively used during the so-called Bronze Age of Europe. Hundreds of bronze knives especially designed for this purpose have been found and experiments have been made with one taken from a Swiss pile-dwelling to prove its shaving qualities. The earliest type of bronze razor was made crescent-shaped with short, spiral handle; later it assumed a rectangular and straight shape.

The late Julius Cæsar, at the time he was operating a king trust, vouchsafed a statement to the effect that among the ancient Britons the shaving of the beard was an indication of noble birth and that it was customary to inter razors with

these gentry at the time of their burial. This accounts for the large number of razors found in the graves of the Bronze Age.

It is known that bronze razors were popular in Egypt 2,000 B. C., and a razor set of a period some five centuries later is in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The practice of shaving in Egypt has been traced definitely back to 3400 B. C., so that with more than five thousand years of practice behind us, we really should know something of the gentle art. For years beyond number the Chinese have used a razor that looks like a split half dime mounted on a stick.

Among practically all civilized people, however, the common, knife-shaped blade has seen little real change from the time of the Bronze Age to the production of our modern safety razor.

Art rather than utility seemed to possess the razor maker for many generations, for



the handles of our shaving knives have been made of many kinds of materials and decorated in weird and wonderful ways.

### CHAPTER III—THE BARBER

Here we have an occupation with as checkered a history as one may find in many a long day's search. There are indications that the gentlemen of the steel plied their profession in Greece and Rome hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, but we have scant information relative to their methods and

equipment. These pioneers could hardly have been more antiquated in their operations, however, than are some of the rural barbers of present-day Spain. Possibly the national sport of bull-fighting has calloused Spaniard tonsorial artists; at any rate their regard for the human skin is not noticeable. They rub hard soap

into the moistened cheeks of their victims and then, without the slightest attempt at lathering, they proceed to shave off this concrete sur-



"The Barber of Seville"

face. If the soap becomes too hard to permit the penetration of the razor a dash of water is applied. At the conclusion of this butchering the victim washes his own face.

By way of contrast, the custom of "barbery" among the Turks has long been an elaborate ceremony, though by no means a painless one. The native customer, placed in a chair and wrapped in a huge apron, had his head, face and neck speedily converted into a frothy field of soap bubbles and hot vapor. After this had been thoroughly scrubbed in with hair mittens, the patient was ducked in very hot water, allowed to breathe a moment, and again ducked, this time in icy water. Then followed a brisk rubbing and an application of



"The Heathen Chinese is Peculiar"

lukewarm suds, after which the shaving is accomplished. The Turkish barber of fifty years ago was the official advertiser of baths, the dispenser of drugs, rat poison, anti-fleabite lotions and charms. Certainly a man of parts.

Barbers, in their day, have held lofty positions. They have been the friends of kings and the confidential advisers of statesmen. In the reign of Louis XIV the French barber-

surgeons were incorporated and during the reign of Henry VIII the English barbers were united with the company of surgeons, though their surgical operations were confined to blood-letting and the pulling of teeth, while surgeons were not allowed to indulge in "barbery or shaving."

The shame of the black eye has been the barber's abettor since the rosy youth of the world, even as today the tonsorial artist softens the shadows 'round the swollen optic of the victim of an indiscreet encounter.

During the days of Queen Elizabeth nobles frequently lodged over the shop of the barber-surgeon and spent many hours with him, having their mustaches curled, beards starched and love-locks frizzed and trimmed.



"Starch for My Beard, 'awkins"

The famous Samuel Pepys refers to "barbers' music," made with a "Cittern" and "two candle sticks with money in them for symballs." And there were women barbers in London as long ago as the reign of Charles II. Long before the discovery of America the barber shops of England were the great centers for news, even as now they are the clearing houses for gossip.

When in 1745 the barbers and surgeons were separated into distinct corporations, the historic barber pole lost its original meaning. When the wielder of the razor was also a duly accredited minor surgeon the striped pole was supposed to represent an applied bandage.

When fashion decreed that gentlemen should shave at home, many struggles with stubborn stubble ensued and many a cheek gave evidence of the flow of crimson; yet that which started as a fad has grown into a great international custom, until no home is now complete without its battery of razors.



*Another Turkish  
Massacre*

More than fifty centuries have elapsed since man, in a desire to rid

himself of a mat of clotted whiskers that he might see in some clear pool the lines of his own features, set about the scraping of his face with a piece of flint. Perhaps there was a woman in the case, some fleet-footed maiden whose downy cheek rebelled at the touch of so much masculine under-brush. Yet with all these thousands of years of experience little advance was made prior to this generation. Until the coming of the safety razor the principal changes effected in the shaving instrument were concerned with decorating the handle.

#### CHAPTER IV — THE SOAP

Soap and its shaving substitutes rather parallel the progress of razors, there being many variations but little improvement for centuries. Certain savage tribes still scrape dry faces, others wet the bearded parts with water. Some of the tribes bordering the Amazon use the thick juice of the rubber tree, while the favorite lubricant of tropical Africa is the oil of the oil palm.

In the East Indies the pulp of the ripe banana mixed with juice drawn from the same plant, offers a very fair substitute for shaving soap. An application of green orange provides another fresh-fruit shave popular with certain natives.



*The Mirror up to  
Nature*

Like many shaving soaps of today, these primitive lubricants have little virtue beside offering a skid for the razor. So far as history enlightens us soap has been used for shaving as long as it has been used for

cleaning purposes; and yet it has been practically the same old soap, leaving in its wake the same old smart and tingle and drawn skin.

The introduction of the round cake to fit in the shaving mug brought no relief to the burning cheeks of shaving men. When the more sanitary stick superseded the cake the question of skin service was still unsolved. And the experimental shaving powder, which struggled for recognition on the tail of the publicity built about the stick, continued to ignore the question of comfort. All of these attempts at improvement dealt only with the outward appearance or convenience of the soap, leaving its ingredients practically unchanged.



*The Aboriginal  
Shave*

And so it would seem that the history of shaving soap is as long as its development is short and not apace with razor development.

Adequate razors are easily obtainable, but the secret of proper shaving rests with the lather—and here science enters; the physical and chemical structure of the skin and hair are involved.

Of all agents with which man has experimented, soap makes the best lather. But soaps, and their lathers, are as unlike as January and June. A necessary part of every soap is caustic, but the manner in which the caustic appears in the lather marks the difference between a comfortable shave and torment.

If the caustic in soap has been “neutralized”—balanced by its “opposite” in the wonderful adjustment of atoms that chemistry shows—the lather is mild and non-irritating. But if a minute amount runs wild, becomes “free,” it is destructive and profanity-inspiring out of all proportion to its size.

Undissolved soap differs from lather in its action on the face, so that the ideal soap is the one that dissolves most quickly, and gives the creamiest lather for the least soap and effort. This means that the long-endured “hard” shaving soap, whether cake, stick or powder, is as sure to fail of popularity as the hair shirt of the penitential priest, because it does not readily dissolve and yield a copious, moist lather.

And this explains why so many men have tried half a dozen or more brands of safety razors. The faults laid to the razors generally belong



“No, Cecil, Not Till You Shave”

to the soap. And the quick-drying, slow-lathering, irritating soap is essentially medieval, just as are many of our little fetishes of shaving ceremonials.

We have gone through an ancient ritual of shaving. We have swabbed the face with hot water, which merely loosens the skin. We have rubbed in the lather to “soften” the beard, but instead of affecting the hairs we have brought the blood to the surface, opened the pores and forced an irritating soap into the skin. The grinding off of the hard stick soap on a stubble of beard is an even more effective way of adding to this irritation.

When David Harum “shaved to the blood” he merely denuded the flesh of his face of much of the outer skin, even as you have done when indulging in an extra-close shave that brought the little dots of blood to the surface and gave you the feeling of intimate association with a bunch of nettles. This does not mean that a close shave is impossible without removing sections of skin; it simply means that you are not using a correct lather, that actually softens the beard without unduly opening the pores or bringing the blood to the surface.



Great Caesar's Ghost

We miss the tonic effects obtained from shaving with cold water, simply because all our soaps have required hot water. Yet nothing is more beneficial to the skin, a greater protection against exposure and a preventive of the tenderness that tor-

tures so many, than shaving with cold water—providing the soap be completely soluble.

As a business people in a day of common sense, we demand that we

The technical information used in the preparation of this article was furnished in part by the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N. Y., and the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, Ill.

(Courtesy G. Mennen Chemical Co.)

## Gillette Night at the Shubert Theatre

**I**N response to a generous invitation extended to their employees, families and friends by the Gillette Safety Razor Company, we enjoyed a real get-together family party at the Shubert Theatre, June 24th.

The program included the pictures now being shown under the auspices of the U. S. Government, "Pershing's Crusaders," and singing and dancing specialties by the Gillette employees.

We also had the pleasure of a few words from Mr. Pelham, who had just returned from France. Everybody listened with the greatest of interest while he told of some of the incidents of his recent trip, particularly his meeting in Paris with Lieut. Geo. Evans, formerly of our Buffing Department, who has won the coveted Croix de Guerre. "Shellproof" Mack and Mr. Stansfield, U. S. Supervisor of Savings, made a stirring appeal for the purchase of War Savings Stamps, and we feel sure that all Gillette employees will respond nobly.

A brief announcement was made of the newly formed Women's War Committee, which will have charge of the Gillette Red Cross work.

The pictures of Pershing's Crusaders were splendid reproductions

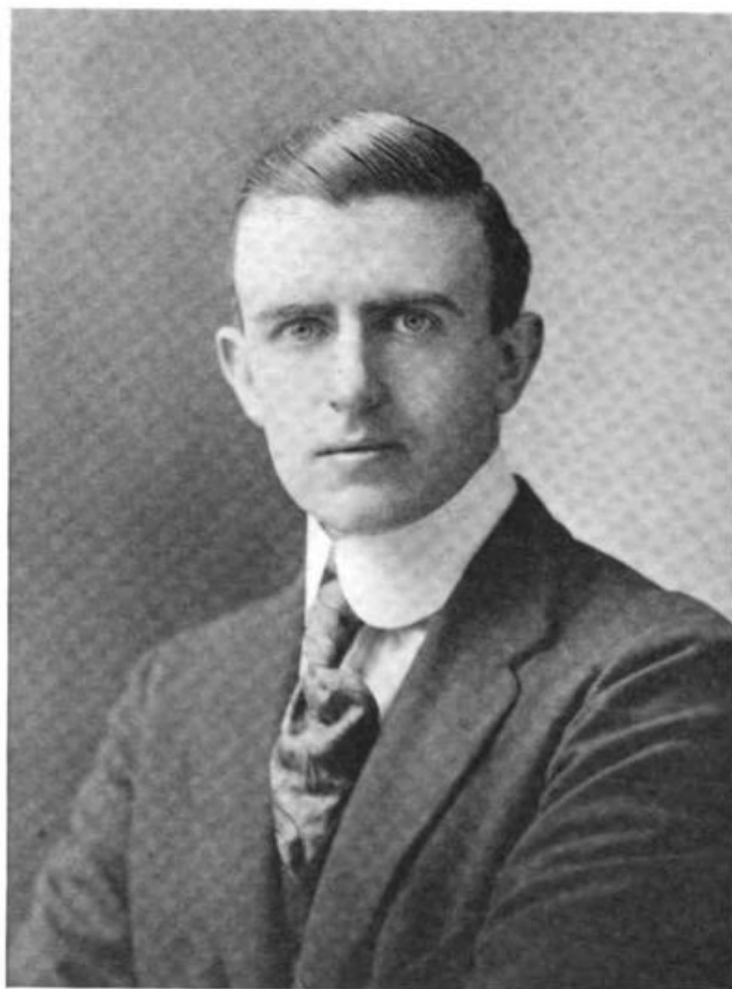
shall not be compelled, at the expense of our skin, our time and our temper, to supply or endure the deficiencies of the kind of lather that was old-fashioned when Columbus landed.

of the war and the part played by our soldiers in this country and in Europe. It was thrilling to sit comfortably in a Boston theatre and have our boys, who are thousands of miles away from us, brought back to us so that we could see just what they are doing that we may continue to enjoy the comfort and safety of our homes. All eyes were strained looking for Gillette boys. Although we recognized none, they are all our boys just the same, and we are proud of them. We are very grateful to the individual employees who contributed to our programme during intermission, and take this opportunity of heartily thanking them.

We also desire to express our thanks to the Gillette Safety Razor Company on behalf of all the employees for not only this splendid entertainment, but for the many other courtesies they have extended to us. We trust the time will never come when we fail in appreciation of their many kindnesses to us and that we may continue to repay them in the only way possible for us—by our loyal and hearty cooperation.

CATHERINE L. COYNE, *Office.*

F. G. BRADY, *Blade Packing Dept.*



MR. FRANK G. FLYNN

**M**R. FRANK G. FLYNN is our Assistant Auditor. In April, 1912, he secured a position with the Gillette Safety Razor Company as cost clerk. Here he found his opportunity. To prepare himself for anything that might come his way, he entered the Pace Insti-

tute, where he took a course in accounting, law and finance. He has made a special study of "Costs," and is a keen student of the varying conditions in the marts of trade.

Mr. Flynn was born in Roxbury, Mass., April 25th, 1892.

## Bonus Received in Various Departments During Month of June, 1918

The Weekly Bonus is figured on a basis of 95 per cent for Attendance and 97 per cent for Tardiness. The department must come up to both percentages in order to receive the Bonus in full.

Each employee who is neither Late or Absent receives 50 cents, and if the required percentages of the department are also reached, such employee receives an additional 50 cents, making the total Bonus \$1.00 per week.

Name	Department	June 5	June 12	June 19	June 26
Mr. Evans	Cleaning	*	*		*
Mr. Gabarino	Grinding	*	*		*
Mr. Kelly	Honing (3--A)		*		*
Mr. Kelly	Honing (4-B)			*	
Mr. Olsen	Punching	*	*	*	*
Mr. Sides	Hardening	*	*	*	*
Mr. Sullivan	Stropping	*	*	*	*
Mr. Rattray	Carpenter	*	*	*	*
Mr. Vezina	Blade Print., Polish.	*		*	*
Mr. Fisher	Printing			*	*
Miss Brady	Fin. Packing	*	*	*	*
Mr. Raphael	Shipping			*	
Mr. Wm. Donovan	Adv. Shipping	*	*	*	*
Mr. Blank	Engraving	*	*	*	*
Mr. Ruppel	Laboratory	*	*		*
Mr. Hatfield	Power	*	*	*	*
Mr. Sorenson	Screw Machine	*			
Miss Macaskill	Blade Packing	*	*	*	*
Mr. Crichton	Janitors		*		*
Miss Driscoll	Leather Goods	*	*	*	*
Mr. Wharton	Handle Press		*	*	
Miss Denny	Handle Insp.	*	*	*	*
Mr. Biggar	Painters			*	*
Mr. Hoar	Plating	*			
Mr. W. Murphy	Stock	*	*	*	*
Mr. Lord	Stores Rec'd	*	*		*
Mr. Briscoe	Watchmen	*	*	*	*
Miss Quinlan	Blade Insp.		*	*	*
Mr. Gaskin	Electrical		*	*	*

\* Received Bonus

Where no stars appear, the department did not receive Bonus

## Loyalty

[Found in Mr. Fahey's note-book.]

**I**F you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position,

and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But as long as you are a part of the institution, do not condemn it. If you do, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to that institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track, and probably you will never know why.

## The Volunteer

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Sez I: My Country calls? We'll, let it call.  
I grins perlutely and declines wiv thanks.  
Go, let 'em plaster every blighted wall,  
'Ere's *one* they don't stampede into the ranks.

Them politicians with their greasy ways;  
Them empire-grabbers—fight for 'em? No fear!

I've seen this mess a-comin' from the days  
Of Algyserious and Aggydear;

I've felt me passion rise and swell,  
But .... wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Sez I: My Country? Mine? I likes their cheek.

Me mud-bespattered by the cars they drive,  
Wot makes my measly thirty bob a week,  
And sweats red blood to keep meself alive!  
Fight for the right to slave that they may spend,

Them in their mansions, me 'ere in my slum?

No, let 'em fight wot's something to defend;  
But me, I've nothin'—let the Kaiser come.

And so I cusses 'ard and well,  
But .... wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Sez I: If they would do the decent thing,  
And shield the missis and the little 'uns,  
Why, even *I* might shout "God save the King,"

And face the chances of them 'ungry guns.  
But we've got three, another on the way;  
It's that wot makes me snarl and set me jor;

The wife and nippers, wot of 'em, I say,  
If I gets knocked out in this blasted war?

Gets proper busted by a shell.  
But .... wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Ay, wot the 'ell's the use of all this talk?  
To-day some boys in blue was passin' me,

And some of 'em they 'ad no legs to walk,  
And some of 'em they 'ad no eyes to see.

And—well, I couldn't look 'em in the face,  
And so I'm goin', goin' to declare

I'm under forty-one and take me place  
To face the music with the bunch out there.

A fool, you say! Maybe you're right.

I'll 'ave no peace unless I fight.  
I've ceased to think; I only know  
I've gotta go, Bill, gotta go.





MR. JOSEPH J. HICKEY

**I**N the March issue of the GILLETTE BLADE we made mention of the addition to our sales force of Mr. Joseph J. Hickey. We are now pleased to be able to present to our readers a portrait of Mr. Hickey.

Mr. Hickey's first position was with Swift & Company, the meat packers, in Boston, as cashier, where he worked until 1912. In the latter

part of that year he went to work for the United Fruit Company and was sent immediately to South America. In the fall of 1913 he returned to the United States.

Mr. Hickey was born in South Boston, December 21st, 1891. He received his education in the public schools of his native city, graduating from both the Boston Latin School and the High School of Commerce.

## Gillette Service Stores

J. FRANK REBUCK, *Assistant Sales Manager*

**O**UR Company has been making rapid progress. As we develop we shall try to keep our readers informed.

The Service Campaign, to which we have referred in previous issues, revealed to us an opportunity to render Gillette users a service of exceptional value. The letters we have received from thousands of satisfied users throughout the country, as a result of the service of our experts, made a decided impression upon our executives. The Sales Department made a further investigation among the retailers in whose stores our experts were stationed. Dealers were unanimous in the belief that the Campaign had done more to increase sales, and establish *good will* between manufacturer and customer, than any other method attempted. They suggested we should extend the Campaign indefinitely, making this service part of our general Advertising and Sales policy.

The management is in favor of prolonging this program, and plans are now being formulated to continue the work.

The Gillette Company maintains selling offices in New York and Chicago, but these, like the Boston office and factory, are inadequate for our future requirements. With the success of our Service Campaign in mind, it naturally followed that a permanent place for adjusting complaints would be a "step in the right direction." As it was necessary to enlarge our branch offices, we de-

cidied to open, in connection with these, two Gillette Service Stores. These stores, prominently located, would give an opportunity to show conspicuously our complete line to millions of people. From an advertising standpoint, in addition to the service we can render the public, the benefit derived would be invaluable.

While the principal object of these Service Stores will be to render a service similar to that given during our Service Week Campaign, we will also sell our merchandise at retail. We will educate the public in these cities and adjacent territory, who may complain of Gillette merchandise, to call at one of our Service Stores. Here we shall adjust the complaint to the satisfaction of all. This service will establish a friendly relationship between the dealer, the manufacturer, and the Gillette user. "Satisfy a customer in every instance and you will always have a customer to satisfy" is sound logic and good business sense.

The first Service Store was opened on June 3rd at No. 123 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, the heart of the financial district. It has a frontage of fifteen feet on La Salle Street and is fifty feet deep, with a floor space of seven hundred and fifty square feet. Illustrations on these pages show the pleasing appearance of the new Chicago store.

At the opening we displayed a complete line, also the \$500.00 Panama Exhibition Razor for which the



FRONT VIEW OF STORE

SIDE VIEW OF INTERIOR



INTERIOR VIEW OF OFFICE

GENERAL VIEW OF STORE  
ENTERING DOOR



Gillette Safety Razor Company was awarded first prize for the practical art of Safety Razor manufacturing.

The store is furnished throughout in solid mahogany. In combination with the glass show fixtures, it reflects an exceptionally rich appearance and well in keeping with the complete line of Gillette articles displayed.

Back of the display room, separated by a mahogany partition, is the office. In the rear is our stock room, accessible from the office. The latter may also be entered by a side-door, convenient for receiving goods, etc. Semi-indirect fixtures are installed in all parts of the building, giving a soft light, restful to the eyes, displaying the merchandise to good advantage. A large mirror, set in a mahogany casing on the side wall, is an added attraction to the store. Handsome rugs cover the floor, harmonizing with the surroundings.

Our second Service Store and new office is located at 172 Broadway, New York City, at the corner of Maiden Lane. The interior decorations are not far enough advanced to warrant a complete description at the present time. Complete details, with photographs, will be printed in a future edition of THE GILLETTE BLADE.

A cordial invitation is extended to all our readers to visit these Service Stores at any time.

The following letter was recently received as a result of our Service Week Campaign in Washington:

Navy Department,  
Office of Naval Operations,  
Washington, June 14, 1918.

Gillette Safety Razor Co.,  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

During your recent special Gillette week here in Washington, D. C., your kind lady representative replaced a damaged part of my Gillette Razor, which was no fault of the construction of the razor.

The damage was caused by dropping it on the floor and poor treatment on my part, and I am sure that if it was not the very best of metal it would have been impossible for me to shave with it long ago.

I have had my Gillette Razor three years and it looks good for that much longer.

I have always shaved myself since I bought the Gillette Razor, and that is more than I can say about the others I had.

I am one of Uncle Sam's Jackies and I have to keep clean shaved all the time; makes no difference where I may be, and I find friend Gillette *always ready*.

Most all the boys use Gillette Razors in the Army and the Navy, so there must be a reason.

If you have time you can tell friend King C. Gillette that if we could make Germans fly as fast as his razor will whiskers, the war would soon be over.

I thank you very much for the replacement, which was very good of you people.

Sincerely,

J. E. B.



## Burglars Steal Tasty Display of Razors in Large Show Window

**H**UNDREDS of thousands of dollars are spent annually in advertising the virtues of the Gillette Safety Razor. Its manufacturers have discovered the truth of the adage, "It Pays to Advertise."

But there are exceptions to every rule—except maybe that one made of gold has stood the acid test of all ages. Witness the experience of Chester J. Wheeler, of the Gillette Company. He came to Birmingham Friday in the interest of the sales of Gillette razors. He proclaimed their pre-eminence in a tasty array of cutlery in the show window of Wimberly and Thomas Hardware Company. The window was more than attractive. It was ablaze with all sorts

of shining scimitars for shaving. But in the blaze of glory the blaze of the Gillette was like unto the illuminating power of the searchlight compared to the puny glow of the firefly.

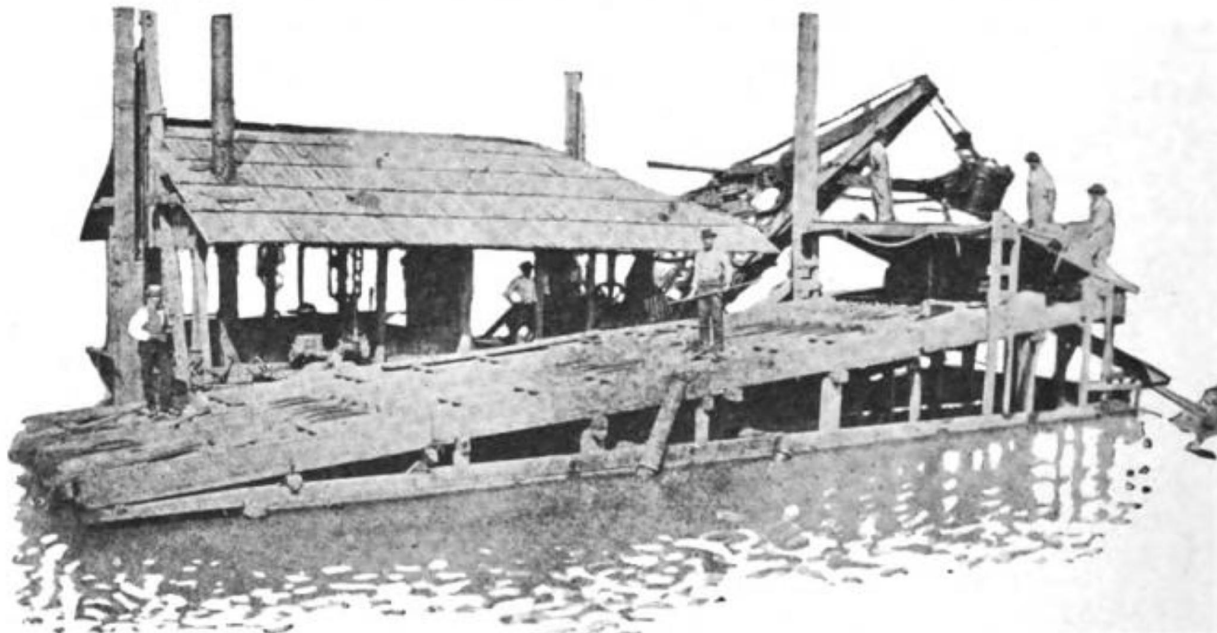
The advertising agent had said boldly that there is no razor that compares with the Gillette, and his lesson went home. At least, it was believed by burglars, who, in the watches of the night, broke the window open, stole all the Gillettes. The other razors were left as safe as a baby in its cradle with its mother watching and the family bulldog standing watch just outside the door.

*Birmingham (Ala.) News.*

## The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II CONTINUED—IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS



RIVER MINING APPARATUS, ETOWAH RIVER, GEORGIA

ON my return from Europe I succeeded in getting my resources rebuilt sufficiently to put up a laboratory with an assaying equipment in Somerville and engaged in miscellaneous analytical work, in assaying and in the refining of gold and silver waste for jewellers and others. This kept me busy until I had a call from an importer of analine dyes to engage in testing the relative values of his goods and at the same time travel among the New England Cotton and Woolen Mills and introduce the same. I was engaged in this work, which was the last professional chemical work I ever did, until the late spring of 1881 when a friend, a Technology classmate, invited me to take a trip to northern Georgia where he was

superintending a gold mine. I made the journey and became interested in dredging the gold bearing gravel in a Georgia river. I leased several miles of the river bed and coming back to Boston purchased a steam shovel, large steam pumps and other equipment, all of which I shipped to the scene of my new enterprise. My grandmother used to call me Venturesome and she may have been right, for it was a dull day for me when I was not venturing something. I built two large flat boats, and launched them in the river, one to carry the steam shovel and the other the pumps and the sluices in which the spangles and grains of gold were to be washed out from the gravel. It was no small task for one of my still limited experience, for I was

then but twenty-eight years old. The accompanying cut shows my river mining apparatus in operation in the Etowah River, Cherokee County, Georgia. I pushed the river mining for nearly a year, and although I recovered considerable gold, the expenses exceeded the returns and I was obliged to give up the work. Nothing daunted I shipped the steam shovel back to Boston and sold it to the parties from whom I had bought it, but at a price so much reduced that it did not seem to have any relationship with the one I had paid for it. I then took the steam boilers,



A GEORGIA NUGGET

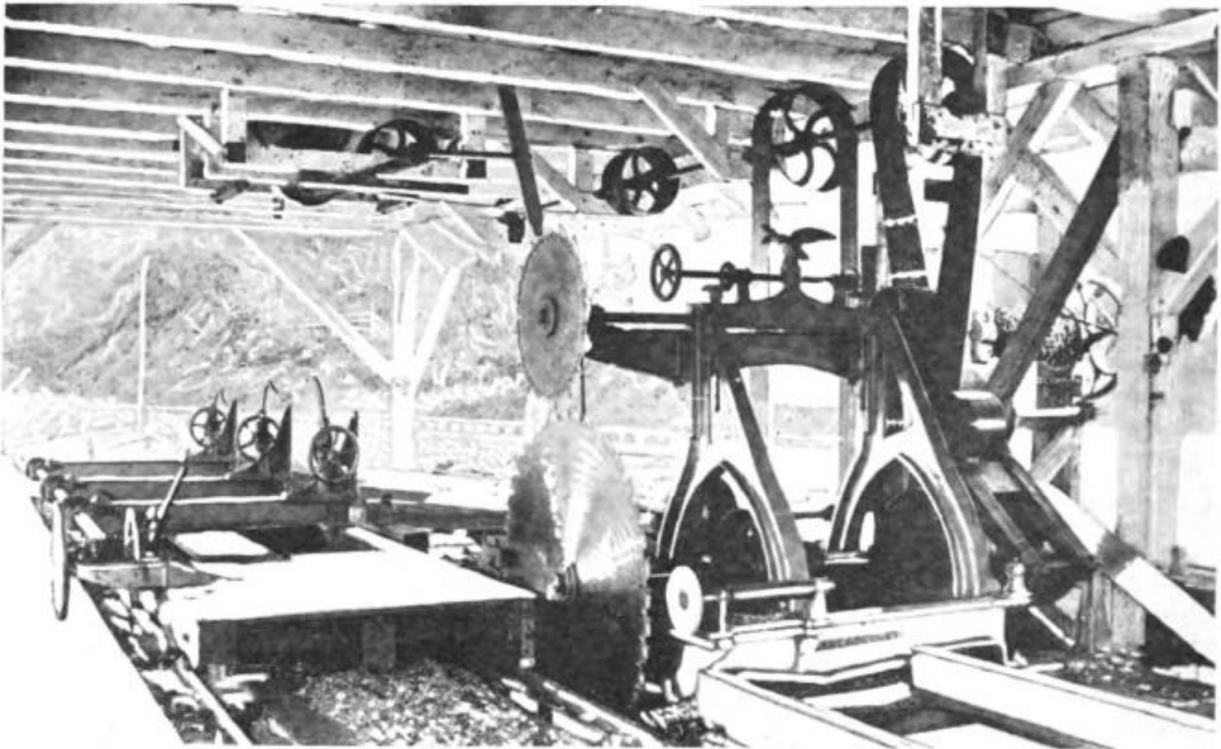
pumps and piping and started to do some placer work on a hillside where gold was known to exist. I worked some six months at this, but the results were disappointing and I regretfully gave up the idea of making money in Georgia gold mining.

The free gold which occurs in the gravel in northern Georgia at the bottom of rivers and creeks and, also in other locations, is in the form of small thin spangles or rounded grains most of which are not larger than the grains of ordinary table salt. Occasionally, however, larger pieces are found. Where these are of sufficient size they are dignified by

the name of nugget. The largest nugget which came into my possession is shown natural size photographed with the black background and weighs fifteen penny-weights. I keep it among my mementos.

Although my mining ventures had not been successful from the standpoint of profit, I was not yet ready to go home beaten. While building my boats, I had not been able to buy the quantity or quality of lumber that I needed, so had purchased a portable saw mill and sawed my own material. This had given me some experience in the gentle art of lumbering and rather than go back North with nothing to show for my efforts and expenditures, I resolved to go into the lumber business. I bought a good sized saw mill outfit in Cincinnati and a suitable engine in Atlanta, numerous oxen and logging carts and established a mill in Canton, Cherokee County. The logs were collected on the river and floated down to the mill. I ran this business for about two years, selling my best lumber in Atlanta and the miscellaneous stuff locally. The prices I got for it would look pretty small in the lumber yard of today. By this time I had used most of the easily available timber and began looking around to see what I should do next, for I was not yet ready to return home.

I took a trip into the pine woods country of middle Georgia and found there was an opportunity to establish a planing mill in connection with a large saw mill in Emmanuel County, at a point about midway between Macon and Savannah. The saw mill cut dimension lumber, con-



INTERIOR OF SAW MILL, SHOWING SAWS AND LOG CARRIAGE

sisting mostly of large pieces, on orders from the North and shipped by way of Savannah and coastwise vessels. The work of the planing mill was to manufacture the boards cut from the logs in the operation of squaring them for the dimension stuff, into flooring, matched sheathing, mouldings, window and door frame stock, etc. So I closed a bargain with the mill people and hastened back to Canton to close up my business there and move my effects to Emmanuel County.

During my absence from Canton my mill sawyer had got into some trouble and had left town. As no other sawyer was to be obtained, there was nothing to do but go at it myself. I swedged and filed saws and stood at the control lever of the mill carriage, until all the logs I had on hand were sawed up and a large part of the timbers of the mill itself.

The cut shows part of the interior of the saw mill, especially the saws and log carriage and will convince the reader that it was no toy affair that I was operating. While I stood at the carriage playing the part of sawyer I kept the mill gang on the jump and they had to give me full credit for being able to do so. I think the reader will have no difficulty in discerning by means of the cut that the interior of the mill was whitewashed, and perhaps also the reader will believe with me that it was the only mill so treated in Georgia, or perhaps in any other state. The whitewashing was done to make the light in the mill better in the morning and evening hours.

The first year I spent in the South, though my mining operations were in Cherokee County, I lived in Acworth, Cobb County and daily rode on horseback to and from my



work, seven miles each way. I vividly recall that while returning to Acworth one evening about dusk, the rain falling in torrents and the mud six or eight inches deep in the road, my horse stumbled over something and fell on her side with one of my legs under her. I could not get up until she did and when she was on her feet once more and I in the saddle we were about as muddy a pair as ever travelled together. Acworth was the dreariest, most uninteresting town it was ever my lot to live in. The hotel where I boarded was a little different from any that I have seen elsewhere. It was kept by an old couple of very singular characteristics. He was supposed to be a lawyer and went popularly by the name of "Judge." Although born in Connecticut he had lived in the South so long that all trace of the yankee had disappeared. She was a native Georgian and wholly illiterate. They were an honest, kind-hearted pair but their ways were past ordinary understanding. The old couple occupied a room on the ground floor with three windows. Every night they took a hammer and nails and nailed up three old bed quilts over the three windows and in the morning pulled out the nails and took down the quilts. The guests of the hotel were mostly travelling salesmen and a few regular boarders. When all were seated at the table the old lady would say:—"Now all you uns pitch in and help yourselves, if you don't git enough it ain't my fault." This was quite true for the fare was bountiful such as it was. The old lady always milked the hotel cow, which gave as much as

three pints of milk daily. This she performed by holding a small tin cup in one hand, milking with the other, while the attention of the cow was absorbed in a bundle of fodder. When the tin cup was filled the old lady would carry it to the hotel and return for another cup full, and so on until the milking was finished.

I could write much further of the oddities of the Acworth Hotel and its queer proprietors but will dismiss the subject after saying that the dining room had no windows, but outside doors at each end. These doors were always opened for light at meal time, and winter mornings I often ate breakfast with my overcoat and hat on.

After one year I moved my domicile to Canton, Cherokee County, where there was a much better hotel, and where I resided for the next two and one half years. There was also a much better class of people in Canton among whom I soon made many warm friends.

While I was living in Canton the walking match craze swept over most of the United States. We caught the fever and our match was open to contestants from several Counties. I was inveigled into the race, it being known that I was a pretty good walker. I am pleased to record that I won the first prize without difficulty, to the tune of nearly thirty-six miles in six hours, go as you please. From this it may be seen that my legs and wind at least did me credit. I still have a photograph of myself in my racing costume, blue and white, but I am not going to put it in the GILLETTE BLADE, either now or at any other time.



MOVING BOILER AT RATE OF ONE  
MILE PER HOUR

On one occasion a mining concern had a large boiler to transport from the railway station in Canton to a mine up among the hills about twenty miles distant. They had no facilities at hand for this work and they applied to me. With my oxen and logging wheels I managed to get the boiler delivered, but it was a tough job and required all the resources and ingenuity at my command, including numerous blocks and tackle. The average rate of progress was less than one mile per hour and the time required was over two days. The cut shows how I slung the boiler on the wheels and the appearance of the rig in general.

After settling my affairs in Canton and packing up my belongings I started for Emmanuel County. I was made welcome in my new location. I built the planing mill and went North and bought wood working machines from the S. A. Woods Machine Company of Boston.

I should have had a profitable business this time, but as time went on the people who owned the saw mill and in whose hands I had rather unwisely placed myself, began to put on the screws. After the lapse of a year and a half the conditions had become intolerable. They were not willing that I should make anything at all and they controlled the situation absolutely. I began to long for home and the prospect of spending my life in the back woods of Georgia, practically the slave of the rapacious mill owners, looked very dismal and discouraging. I capitulated with the mill men and the terms were unconditional surrender; so I virtually made them a present of all my right, title and interest in the business. As this was the price of my escape I willingly paid it and with only personal effects and very little money fled from surroundings which I had learned to de-



PLANING MILL MIDWAY BETWEEN MACON AND SAVANNAH

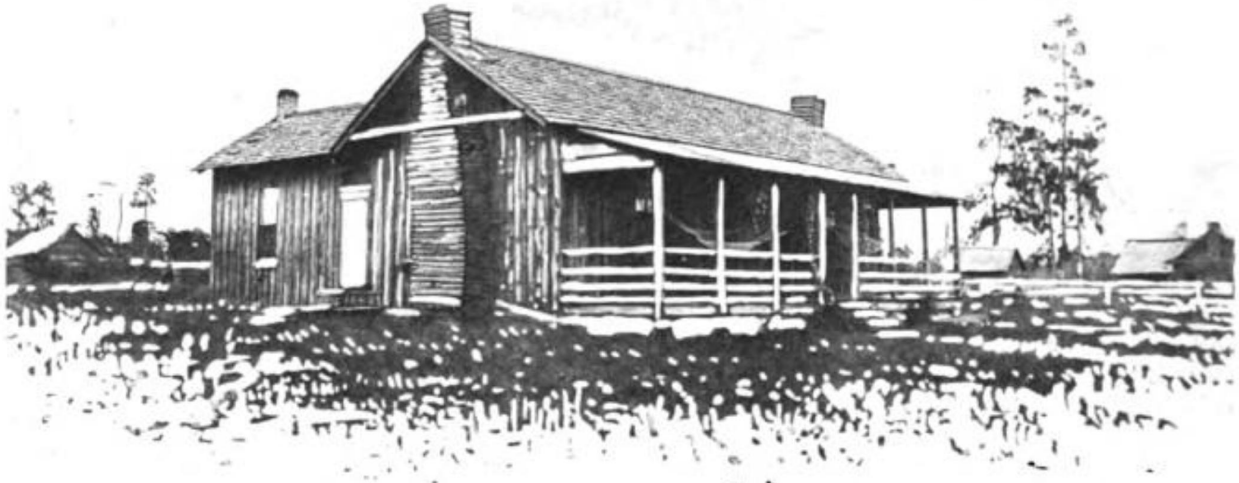
test and a sadder although probably not a much wiser man, turned my steps toward God's Country, as the colored people of Georgia were accustomed to call the North, more especially Massachusetts.

It seemed to me at that time, that the five years I had spent in Georgia were wasted years. As a matter of fact, however, I had learned to depend chiefly upon myself, and also, that "all that glitters is not gold." I had gathered a large amount of experience in planning and building and in the practical handling of various sorts of machinery. I also found much amusement in the quaint ways of the southern people. I tried to be fair with them and they responded by giving me their friendship and trust, so that when I left the southern country I left many good friends behind, especially in Canton.

During my residence in Canton, Atlanta had been my headquarters for supplies and banking, but on removing to Emmanuel County this was changed to Savannah which was about one hundred miles distant.

There were two trains a day each way between our station and Savannah, while the Mill, and so of course my residence, was seven miles from the station by way of a logging railway track through the woods. The train which I was accustomed to take to go to Savannah left our station in the morning, arriving in Savannah about noon. This gave the afternoon in Savannah. The return train left Savannah about nine o'clock in the evening, arriving at our station at one o'clock in the morning. Many a time I have walked over that logging railway track the weary seven miles through the woods to my house, between the hours of one and three in the morning. On such occasions I always carried my hand in my pocket and a loaded revolver in my hand, out of respect to bands of negroes who generally traveled at night. To the credit of these people I am able to say that I was never molested.

I present to my readers a picture of my residence situated near the planing mill, for we kept house in



RESIDENCE, EMMANUEL COUNTY

this last place. It will be noted that the chimneys are of the "stick and mud" type. Sticks about two inches square and of suitable length were cribbed up and the spaces filled with clay and the interior of the chimney was thickly plastered with the same material. Such chimneys frequently burn through the back if care is not used and often take fire. Ants, roaches, fleas and mice were very neighborly and occasionally snakes would pay a visit. If one rocked awhile in a rocking chair, black streaks would be found on the floor under the rockers, caused by the numbers of ants which were crushed during the rocking. It was easy to get used to having mice peeping at you from various points of vantage, the building being roughly built, but the limit was reached when Mrs. Nickerson went to a closet to get some article of clothing and was confronted by the head of a good sized snake looking at her from out of the top of a skirt hanging on a hook. I was sent for and I arrived just in

time to see the snake disappearing up through the loose boards that formed the ceiling. We never saw him again although for some time we expected him to drop on our heads any moment.

The names of cross road localities and villages in the vicinity of my Georgia residences were a source of a good deal of amusement to me. I recall a few, of which the following are samples: Jug, Hickory Flat, Possum Trot, Laughing Gal, Black Ankle, Shake Rag and Licksillet, none of which are suggestive of highly cultivated inhabitants.

The reason I have been able to show the pictures relating to my southern life is this, before going South I bought a 5 x 7 dry plate camera which was quite a new thing at that time and learned not only to take pictures but also to develop the negatives and print the positives. In this way I procured a large number of pictures which have given me much satisfaction and my friends some pleasure.

(To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for August)

## With the Gillette Expeditionary Forces in America

MISS OLIVE EATON, *Service Expert*

**N**O doubt the other members of Company E., Volunteers, will have written such interesting letters that mine will fall far short by comparison, nothing particularly startling having befallen me as yet.

On April first the awkward squad members were declared first class privates and sent out by our Commanding Officers to meet the enemy single handed, and win! Said enemy appearing in various forms, viz: the clever, keen, calculating Bostonian—the wide awake, hustling New Yorker—the energetic Philadelphian and his Quaker brother—the Washingtonian, that composite of all States and types—the Virginian with his soft Southern accent—the rugged mountaineer—the mechanic—the cotton planter—the ranchman—the railroad man—the breezy Westerner—all with the same battle to fight—and our weapons to use in vanquishing them being Lewis', automatics, bayonets, gas and grenades—in the form of soft words that turneth away wrath—common sense talks backed by the heavy artillery of facts—and our machine guns incessantly spitting out the two fundamental principles of preparation—"holding the skin tightly and setting your weapon at the proper angle."

I secretly thank our able instructor many times daily for our knowledge of tactics.

Capt. B— has charge of the ordnance department of this sector and

when our ammunition is nearly depleted and we have little left but gas, we are sure to see his welcome face very soon and know that fresh supplies are at hand.

We come up with our advance guards P— and W— on rare occasions and enjoy the brief flash of signals.

Occasionally, we get reports from our long range guns, then answering the S. O. S. call, the ambulance (parcel post) brings in the injured—quick pathology followed by a painless operation restores the member to former usefulness with always an expression of deep gratitude.

One night recently, when the heaviness of the heated atmosphere in our trench was well nigh unbearable, Private S— spied a Boche in the form of a large rat (or was it a mouse?) entering the parapet, now Private S— while brave as a lion, and daily handling with great skill a deadly double edged weapon (with three holes punched through the center) has one pet aversion—and that is a mouse—I mean a large rat—and having no suitable weapon at hand with which to annihilate the enemy, cleverly manoeuvred and reached another dug-out, thereby securing reinforcements who promptly dispatched said Boche—and quiet again reigned in *No Man's Land*.

In Birmingham, Alabama, we encountered the Red Cross Drive and a fine parade. We realized we were

way down South—"sure nuff" for the bands all played Over There—then Dixie, to great enthusiasm.

There were white American units—Syrian, French and Italian units, and bringing up the rear a unit of colored Red Cross workers who marched like veterans behind their band which played Over There and Dixie with a slightly accelerated tempo, led by a diminutive pick-aninny dressed as a drum major.

People wore their hands out applauding, and their pockets through with much digging.

Last week a lady came for instruction in shaving the back of her husband's neck. I hastily complied, as I was doubtful of him having a heavy accident policy.

The next day I asked a Gillette owner what results he was receiving. He replied, "I don't use it." When I offered to instruct him, he astonished me by saying, "What's the use? My wife always shaves me." No suggestions of her ever being incapacitated could induce the indulgence of the—to him—unnecessary

exertion. Such was his faith in her longevity.

A Tech student en route from Boston to a Southern aviation field introduced me to an officer who said he had a Gillette but had very poor results with it. I asked to look it over and told him he had only a German imitation of the Gillette. He could not believe me until I showed him the guard stamped "The Juliet—Made in Germany." He declared he was going to throw it away and purchase the *real thing* on arriving at his destination.

Today I interviewed a traveling salesman who advanced a new reason for using a dollar razor. He said, much as he liked a Gillette, he never used it away from home, that when traveling in the South the porters always relieve him of two or three razors a season, so he carries a cheap razor as he cannot afford to stock them up with Gillettes. I must cease now or the censor will cut it for me.

Sincerely,

PRIVATE O. EATON,

Fort Smith, Arkansas, June 4, 1918.

## Sharp Edges

¶ Some farmers have big granaries with little in them. Others have small ones filled to capacity with quality grain. The same comparison often obtains with regard to men's heads.

¶ Every constantly growing and prospering institution must portray the ever growing shadow of some ingeniously strong man.

¶ So many men scatter their fire and miss their aim.

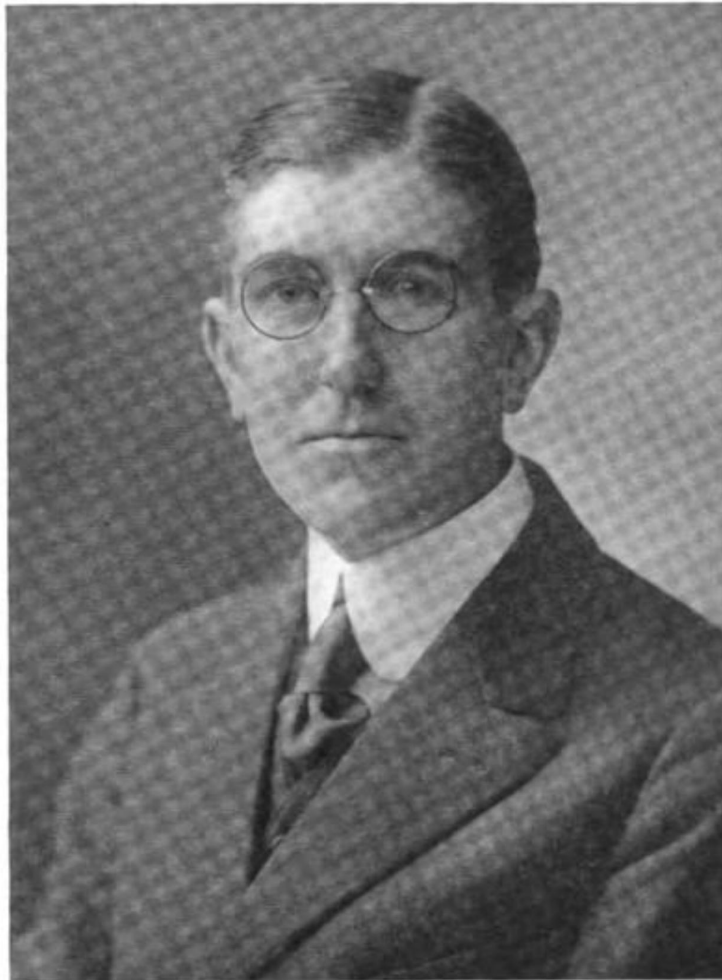
¶ If you are discontented with your work, it will not be long before your work will be discontented with you.

¶ A failure is one who has blundered, but is not able to cash in on the experience.

¶ Nobody has ever found that it costs more to keep things in their right places than scattered all over the place wherever they were used last.

¶ Some folks talk so much they never have time to say anything.

¶ "I never," says an employer, "lack beginners in my office or factory, but the supply of completers is never equal to the demand."



MR. JAMES M. LESLIE

**M**R. JAMES M. LESLIE, who has recently joined our organization as assistant in the Sales Department, is a native of the city of Brotherly Love.

Mr. Leslie is a graduate of the Philadelphia Central High School with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

He further pursued his studies in the Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry. On completing the prescribed courses of the Institute, he set about getting a practical knowledge of business.

Mr. Leslie has a broad business experience and is well fitted for the position he occupies.

Somewhere in

Dear Mick

I got a sheet of paper from you last week with some writin on it - you called it a letter - but if that's a letter you write letters like I write short hand - darn short.

Well old top things is just about as usual, working parties etc. and the game of duckin shells is played as extensively as ever. Say Mick, you lost your reputation in the company for takin ditches on high. We got a guy here now who can play tag with the bottom of a ditch quicker than you can talk about it - all he's got to do is hear the whistle of a shell and he just naturally fades into the landscape. He'll never get hit, he's so fast he hears a shell twice - once when it passes him, once when he passes it.

Fritz put on a straffe last night and I think he musta had a consignment of Bolshevikites from dear old Russia for never did I see a gang that needed shavin like that bunch. We had good shootin while they were comin over but our wire was all shot up and they got in close with the bombs. I thought I was die for an R.I.P. but I couldn't even draw a blighty. Dave got a dandy in the leg and is decorating a cot somewhere on the Island haven't heard where yet.



In my last letter I touched you for a Gillette Safety Razor and here goes to remind you that I want it bad. That old stuff about two hairs in the head being worth ten on the chin, is O.K. especially in the Army. Ship that razor soon and I hope it don't get torpedoed by the tin fish for I sure need it and am sick of wrenching the face off myself with the Army issue.

Well, Mick be good and go to the movies; look out for wooden money and ship that razor or I'll have your pension cut off.

An revoir old dear & keep dry,

Your old pal,  
Joe

THE CHAMPION  
FADE-A-WAY







MR JOHN D. STEM

**W**E are pleased to present to our readers Mr. John D. Stem, whose portrait appears above.

Mr. Stem has entered our employ as special sales representative in New England and New York.

Mr. Stem is a product of the Middle West, having been born in Columbus, Ohio. He is an experienced and able salesman.

For a number of years he was associated with the firm of Horrocks-Ibbotson & Co., Utica, N. Y.

## Letters from Gillette Boys at the Front

*France, June 2, 1918.*

MY DEAR MR. PELHAM:—

Received your letter and regret you were unable to obtain permission to visit me. Naturally with the big offensive on it was impractical for me to even think of asking for a permit to go to Paris.

We are still at the front, our only diversion consisting of moving from one sector to another without pausing for rest.

The beauty of this operation, however, is that it keeps all on the alert learning the new terrain and the habits of the enemy in front—so no chance for mental stagnation although it is rather wearing on officers and men.

We are all greatly elated because of the information that thousands of our soldiers are pouring into France every week. This news we obtain from new officers coming from the rear for a few days' or weeks' instruction with us "old timers," for you should know that we have for several months worn the gold stripe showing that we have lived in France for six months.

I imagine Thomas W. Jr. is somewhere in France or on the way. What a pleasure to see him.

My brother, the only one I have, is here in France and full of pep, fight, etc., he writes. I only wish there were a dozen in the family or that my own three sons were just a little older. You know, we'd sort of make it a family affair, says I.

Still just an ordinary Captain but am satisfied like all underlings that a General's job is a snap, best wishes.

Captain WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY,  
101st Inf., A. E. F.

*France, June 7, 1918.*

MY DEAR MR. FAHEY:—

Received today an order which states that "yours truly" is a Major—GILLETTE BLADE advance information being therefore confirmed.

It is the practice for an officer receiving promotion to accept or decline the increase in rank. I might state that I have accepted, although, of course, I had to give the matter my deep thought and study, ahem!

We fortunately received today a copy of the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald* dated June 6th, and were surprised to learn that enemy submarines are operating along the Atlantic seaboard. Just now we don't know to what proportions these opera-

tions will grow, but all Germany can hope to attain is a further intensity of feeling against her and her allies.

American aviators are sure coming along in great shape. They fly over our lines all day, patiently waiting for some Heinie to come out and fight. Anti-aircraft guns continually fire at them, and of course we, the poor infantry, get the splinters, for what goes up must come down, that is, everything but the spirits of our men.

I trust this will find you and all my friends in the same spirits.

Yours very truly,

MAC.  
Major WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY,  
101st Infantry, A. E. F.

*France, June 1, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

This is the first opportunity I have had to write to you. I received a letter from you and Louis Gale, also receive the GILLETTE BLADE regularly and I am certainly glad to get it. There is always some interesting news in it, and all the boys in my company are anxious to read it when we get it. I hope it will continue to come, as long as we are over here. I was sorry to hear that the War Committee could not send us any more packages. I hope the law will be lifted, as we used to look forward to a package from the Gillette. All the boys appreciate what you have done for us, also the War Committee, and the other employees.

We are now in the trenches, having great summer weather, and the boys are glad as the trenches are good and dry. When the weather is bad, the trenches are full of mud and water but the boys are used to mud now, and don't mind it very much.

No doubt, by the time you receive this letter, you will have read where the boys of Capt. McCarthy's battalion had a battle with the Huns. They did fine work, and the Huns certainly got a bad licking. They brought some dead Huns back in the morning, and they were very young. One of the prisoners was badly wounded, and may not live. Capt. McCarthy is proud of all the boys in the manner they gave battle to the Huns. We are all hoping he gets the gold leaf soon.

I was talking to Corp. Martin Mullen yesterday and he was telling me he wrote to you lately. He is making good over here, and so are all the boys. I have not seen

Herbie Ryan for a long time as he is on detached service, and when we were in the training camp Herbie and I had some good times together. I received a letter from Frank Ward yesterday. He is in school studying for an officer. I heard he had made good, and is now a lieutenant. I wish him all the luck in the world, and hope to see him over here soon.

I am glad to hear the factory is doing so much work and hope it keeps up. Almost every soldier "Over Here" carries a Gillette Safety Razor in his kit. We have to shave almost every day, on account of gas. When a fellow is not clean shaven the gas mask does not fit good, and he is usually out of luck.

We also can now see the old familiar sign all over France, "Gillette Safety Razor" for sale here. Believe me, France is a different place now, than when we first came over. Everything is getting more Americanized every day, and before long France will be like the old country and the best country in the world. There are real American engines drawing freight cars now, and they are certainly better than the ones the French had when we came here.

Well, Mr. Thompson, I think I will close. Hope to hear from you soon, and hope you are enjoying good health. All the boys are enjoying good health, and they all send their best regards to you and the others in the Gillette. With my best wishes to you.

One of the Boys,

JOHNNIE HURLEY,  
Co. B., 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

—  
*Somewhere in France, May 25, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I will write you a few lines to let you know that I and all the Gillette boys are in good health, and also hope this letter finds you the same. Well, I have received all the boxes to date, and also that interesting book, the *BLADE*. There was one letter I received from the War Committee stating that there would be no more boxes allowed over. Now I guess you can imagine the feeling felt by the boys over here when they got that letter. Now they are not putting any blame on the War Committee for they know that it is not their fault, but there is one thing we all wish for and that is that they do not stop the *BLADE* from coming over, for there is a lot of interesting news in it. For instance, the announcement of Frank Kelley getting married.

Frank and I were always good pals. Now I am going to send him my congratulations through you and also please tell him that I wish all his troubles to be *Small Ones*. Now getting back to the *BLADE* again, there are lots of times in the line when one can't sleep or write and the boys are always looking for one thing or another to read, and believe me the *BLADE* took many lonely hours off my mind. I always, when I get through with it, pass it to the next man, and that way it goes right through the Company. So here is hoping once more that the issue will still keep coming. We look for it on or about the 15th or 18th of each month.

Well, I suppose there are some great changes around the factory now. Remember me to Fred Curran, also Eddie Goodsell, and my old foreman, J. A. Sullivan 4th A.

Well I must come to a close now as it is getting late and I have quite a lot of sleep to get to make up for what I have lost, so hoping to hear from you and Mr. Gale in the near future, I remain,

Very truly yours,

JAS. H. WALLACE,  
Co. D., 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

P. S.—Johnnie Hurley and I are now together with Batt. Hdqts.

—  
*France, March 2, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Received all the packages up to date and was exceedingly thankful for same, but really it is utterly impossible to carry all the knitted wear we receive. A poor Dough Boy over here is weighed down between 75 to 100 pounds when he is hiking, so imagine what it is at the end of a hike, every thing excess is dropped even to our canned "Willie."

We spend our evenings in a very exciting game called "Cootie Chasing," or shirt reading, just like a Billiard Game, open to all. It is an impossible thing to be free from them, the trenches and dugouts are full. Change your underclothes tonight, next night same readings. Some of the places here are in tough shape from artillery and wanton destructiveness, but as Sherman said, "War is Hell."

Outside of having a clean face, which is compulsory, or rather the "Gillette Face," we all have them, but I won't vouch for the rest of myself.

It is wonderful to see the air fights pulled here. The French and the German aviators are wonders at it. The Germans have a

machine that is almost noiseless, and they have a bad habit of dropping bombs at us from the clouds.

The French had an observation balloon doing duty, directing artillery fire, I suppose. Fritz came down from the clouds, zip, good night balloon. He had the warmest time trying to get back to his lines, I'll bet in his career. The Anti-Aircraft guns tried to get him and regardless of personal danger from flying shrapnel we were out betting on his chances of getting away. Two French machines climbed up after him. For a while we could hear the rat-tat of

the machine guns. He went down but after a tough fight.

I was reading about Hoover and his methods in some of the papers and about conditions in the states, incidentally about the French starving. I only hope that if they are starving, the U. S. Army will starve me the same way.

It's about 7 o'clock now and I will have to start my readings before retiring. Wishing you all a prosperous New Year, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Mechanic JOHN HARTNETT,  
Co B., 101st Regt.

### New Addresses of Gillette Boys with the Colors

Bernardini, Albert A.

Co. A, 331st Battalion T. C. N. A., Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.

Linsky, Cornelius

C. A. C., Fort Howard, Baltimore, Md.

Corp. Sweeney, Frank J.

Quartermaster Officers' Training Camp, Jacksonville, Fla.

Abrams, Max

Co. I, 60th U. S. Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces.

Word has been received that Corporal Albert W. Page, who was "gassed" in one of the early engagements in which his company took part, is now out of the hospital, after having spent thirty-six days there. All his many Gillette friends will be glad to hear of his complete recovery.

### Factory Notes

Mr. King C. Gillette, our President, arrived from California last week, and will be with us for a short time.

Mr. W. E. Marshall of the London office has been quite ill with pneumonia, but we are pleased to say he has completely recovered and is now back to his work.

Miss Katherine L. Gage, whom many of us will remember from her association with the New York and Boston offices, has been transferred from Paris to the London office.

Miss Celia Landfield, of Handle Inspection Department, was married Sunday, June 16th, to Mr. William Stillier.

Miss Anna Oram, of the Blade Packing Department, was married on Sunday, June 30th, 1918, to Mr. Frederick B. Hamilton. Miss Helen Oram, of the Packing Room, was bridesmaid.

Another benedict in the Shipping Department. Mr. William A. Kelly and Miss Mary Morrison were married Sunday, June 30th.

Miss C. N. Boyer, one of our Service Experts, was married to Mr. Alvin B.

Choate, of the AT Outfit, San Antonio, Texas, May 31st. Mr. Choate was drafted recently.

We are sorry to report Miss Ethel E. Jenkins, one of our Service Experts, is quite ill at the Saint Louis Baptist Hospital. Latest reports indicate she is improving and we trust she will soon be entirely recovered.

Ground was broken for the new Gillette building June 11th.

The structure will face on Second Street 160 feet and 70 feet on Colton Street, and will be eight stories in height, built of reinforced concrete.

One of the finest illustrations of patriotism we have witnessed in a long time is the case of one of our girls in the Blade Packing Room. This young lady subscribed \$1.00 to the Red Cross to be paid in weekly installments of 25 cents. She has been ill for the past week and of course has received no wages, but in spite of this on Saturday morning she sent in her 25 cent payment.



### A BRIGHT REJOINDER

A crusty individual called an Irish shoe-black a "dirty rascal." This the boy resented and turning to the man said: "My soul! all the polish you've got is on your shoes, and I gave you that."

### STRONG SUPPORT

Booker Washington tells of an old negro "mammy" who, having seen her mistress inflate an air cushion and then sit on it, rushed out in great excitement declaring: "Missus is settin' on 'er own bref!"

### WELL BUTTERED

Betty Botter bought some butter;  
 "But," she said, "this butter's bitter;  
 If I put it in my batter,  
 It will make my batter bitter;  
 But a bit of better butter  
 Will but make my batter better."  
 So she bought a bit of butter,  
 Better than the bitter butter,  
 And made her bitter batter better.  
 So 'twas better Betty Botter  
 Bought a bit of better butter.

### INDISCRIMINATE

A young girl whom they called Arabeller  
 Was exceedingly mushy and meller.  
 She delighted to spoon  
 By the light of the moon,  
 And she didn't care who was the feller.

### FOOLING THE DOCTOR

An old Scotchman, not feeling very well, called upon a well-known doctor, who gave him instructions as to diet and exercise and rest. Among other things he advised the patient to abstain from all forms of Spirits. "Do as I say," he added cheerfully, "and you'll soon feel better."

The Scotchman rose silently and was about to withdraw when the doctor detained him to mention the all-important topic of the fee. "My advice will cost you \$2.00," he said.

"Aw, mebbe," said the Scotchman, "but I'm nae gaun to tek yer advice."

### SOME FUNERAL

"Can't I get off this afternoon, to go to a funeral?" asked the office boy.

"Whose funeral?" asked the man with a cynical smile.

"I guess it's goin' to be the home team's."

### DANGEROUS

The stranger: "And who are the Murphys' ancestors?"

Mr. M.: "Ancestors? What's that?"

The stranger: "I mean, who do the Murphys spring from?"

Mr. M.: "The Murphys spring from no one. They spring at them!"

### DOWN TO FINE POINTS

A lady who owned a fine tortoise-shell cat called her grocer up one morning and gave her usual economical order, an order for dried beans, hominy, yesterday's bread, etc., and she concluded with a request for one cent's worth of cat's meat.

The grocer sighed, for the order would have to be delivered three miles away—but as he was entering the items in his order book the lady called him up again.

"Mr. Sands," she said, "O, Mr. Sands!"

"Yes, madam."

"Mr. Sands, I want to cancel the order for cat's meat. The cat has just caught a bird."

### WANTS ONE HIMSELF

Some years ago a friend of J. P. Morgan came to him and said: "Mr. Morgan, I am getting along in years and I want to rid myself of business cares. You know a lot of bright young men. I wish you would pick out one who can shoulder the bulk of my work; one whom I can rely upon to do things right and keep them going smoothly when I am away. Send him to me and I will give him \$15,000 a year."

Mr. Morgan replied: "Yes, I shall keep my eyes open. If I find such a one as you want, I will take him myself and give him \$50,000 a year."

## BE NOT DISCOURAGED

If what shone afar so grand  
Turn to nothing in your hand,  
On again! The virtue lies  
In the struggle, not the prize.

## THE FRIEND

Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy like the wind,  
Faithful friends are hard to find,  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend.  
But, if store of crowns be scant  
No man will supply thy want.  
He that is thy friend indeed  
He will help thee in thy need.  
If thou sorrow he will weep,  
If thou wake he cannot sleep,  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friends from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNFIELD

## IF YOU WANT FRIENDS

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evils you hear.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."

## THE PATHS OF SUCCESS

The path of success in business is invariably the path of common sense. Notwithstanding all that is said about "lucky hits," the best kind of success, in every man's life, is not that which is brought about by accident. The only "good time coming" we are justified in hoping for is that which we are capable of making for ourselves.

It is not good for human nature to have the road of life made too easy. An eminent judge, when asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connections, some by miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

It may, indeed, be questioned whether a heavier curse could be imposed on man than the complete gratification of all his wishes, without effort on his part, leaving nothing for his hopes, desires, or struggles.

Those who fail in life are very apt to assume the tone of injured innocence, and conclude too hastily that everybody excepting themselves has had a hand in their personal misfortunes; but it will generally be found that men who are constantly lamenting their ill luck are only reaping the consequences of their own neglect, mismanagement, and improvidence.

Attention, application, accuracy, method, punctuality, and despatch, are the principal qualities required for the efficient conduct

of business of any sort. It is the result of every-day experience, that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress; and that diligence, above all, is the mother of what is erroneously called "good luck."

A proper consideration of the value of time will inspire habits of punctuality. Nothing begets confidence in a man sooner than the practice of this virtue, and nothing shakes confidence sooner than the want of it. He who holds to his appointment, and does not keep you waiting for him, shows that he has regard for your time as well as for his own. Thus punctuality is one of the modes of testifying respect.

The unpunctual man is a general disturber of others' peace and serenity. He is systematically late; regular only in his irregularity. He always arrives at his appointment after the hour; gets to the railway station after the train has started; and posts his letter when the mail has closed. It will generally be found that the men who are habitually behind time are habitually behind success, and that they become grumblers and railers against fortune.

Integrity in word and deed ought to be the very corner-stone of all business transactions. To the tradesman and manufacturer, it should be what courage is to the soldier, and charity to the Christian.

**I**N the GILLETTE BLADES for May and June selections were given from *Troilus and Cressida*. This remarkable drama is once more quoted. This time Nestor is the speaker. "In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men." In other words, it is opposition, misfortune, the overcoming of difficulties and the uphill fight against unfavorable circumstances which bring out the virtues and strong qualities of men and of women. Strength and weakness are frequently unsuspected in people until adversity shows them in their true colors.—W. E. N.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. *Act 1, Sc. 3.*

In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk!  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis and anon behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy boat,  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbor fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide  
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness  
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage  
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize  
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key  
Retorts to chiding fortune.



TRADE → **Gillette** → MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER