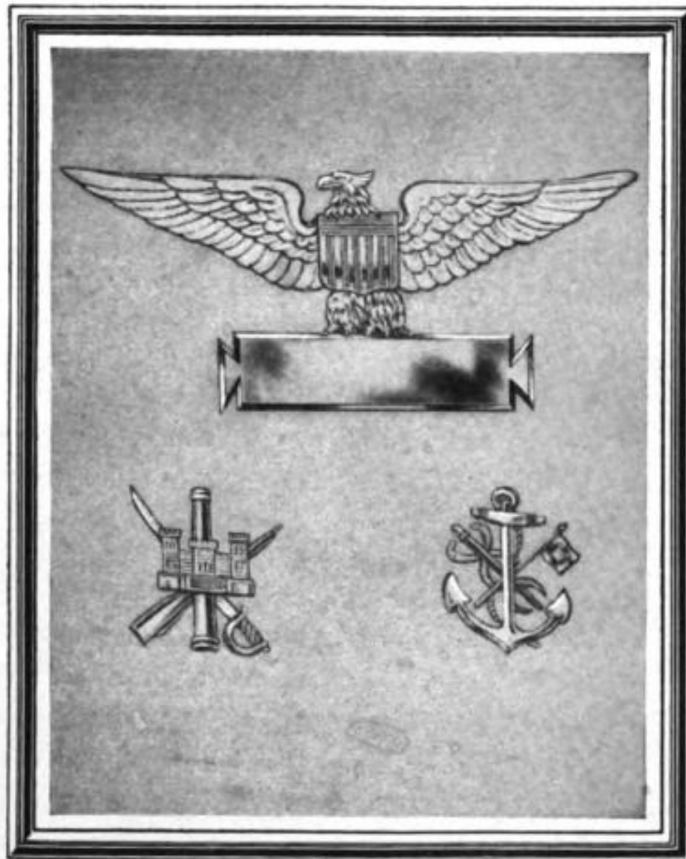


The Gillette Blade

FEBRUARY 1918



RELIEF DESIGNS

From Cover of Gillette U. S. Service Set



GET

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Gillette Blade

Vol. I

February, 1918

No. 4

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of,
the Employees of the

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston

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Origin of the Gillette Razor

MR. KING CAMP GILLETTE

President of the Gillette Safety Razor Company

THE history of the Gillette razor is such that its reading will seem more in keeping with the tales of the Arabian Nights rather than with sober facts of the Twentieth Century, and though I have been intimately associated with its birth, growth and development, and take much pride in the fact that I am its inventor I hardly feel mentally equipped to do the subject justice, and fear my ability to make that personal appeal which I feel would be sure to reach the public heart.

It was in 1895, in my fortieth year, that I first thought of the razor, and to appreciate the causes that led to its conception it is necessary that I should go back a little and become somewhat personal in regard to myself and my affairs.

I was born January 5, 1855 in Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin, and from the time I was seventeen, and immediately following the Chicago Fire, in which my father lost everything, I have been the pilot of my own destiny. From the time I was twenty-one until the fall of 1904 I was a traveling man and sold goods throughout the United States and England, but traveling was not my only vocation for I took out many inventions, some of which had merit and made money for others, but seldom for myself, for I was unfortunately situated not having much time and little money with which to promote my inventions or place them on the market.

My impulse to think and invent was a natural one, as it was with my

father and brothers—as will be found in looking over the records of the Patent Office where there are a great many inventions to our credit.

In 1891 I took the position of traveling salesman for the Baltimore Seal Company, who were manufacturing a seal for stoppering bottles. It was a small rubber disc—with a metal loop by which it was extracted, which when compressed in a groove in the mouth of a bottle served as an effective closure for beers and carbonated beverages. Mr. William Painter was the inventor of this stopper and it was at his solicitation that I took my position with the Company. At that time they occupied a small factory on Monument Street, Baltimore, Md. Later Mr. Painter invented the present Crown Cork—the tin cap with the cork lining, now so extensively used. When the Crown was invented the corporate name of the Baltimore Company was changed to the Crown Cork & Seal Company. From the first I had a great liking and friendship for Mr. Painter as he apparently did for me, and when I would go to Baltimore, instead of putting up at a hotel Mr. Painter would invite me to his home either in the city or at Pikesville where he resided in the summer.

It was during one of my visits to his home that we drifted into one of our intimate talks on inventions—which always fascinated me, for Mr. Painter was a very interesting talker when interested in his subject and thoroughly conversant with all the details and possibilities of his own inventions, which though little in themselves seemed without bound-

ary to their possibilities, when one realizes their unlimited fields of application. In the course of this particular conversation, he made these remarks to me which I have never forgotten, for after the evening was over and other days came they stuck to me like a burr. He said: "King, you are always thinking and inventing something, why don't you try to think of something like the Crown Cork which, when once used, it is thrown away, and the customer keeps coming back for more—and with every additional customer you get, you are building a permanent foundation of profit." In answer I said: "It is easy to give that kind of advice, Mr. Painter, but how many things are there like corks, pins and needles." He said, "King, you don't know; it is not probable that you ever will find anything that is like the Crown Cork, but it won't do any harm to think about it." That was the sum and substance of what was said, and I don't remember ever referring to the subject again to him until years after, when I showed him a model of the razor. At that time he was ill and losing his grip on things. He said at that time, "King, it looks like a real invention with great possibilities and I am sorry I cannot join you in its development, but my health will not permit it; but whatever you do, don't let it get away from you."

After his memorable advice about my inventing something that would be used and thrown away, I became obsessed with the idea, to an extent that made me provoked at myself, for I applied the thought to nearly every material need; but nothing came of it



MR. KING CAMP GILLETTE
Inventor of the Gillette Safety Razor
From a photo taken in 1907

until the summer of 1895, when, like a child that we have looked for and longed for, it was born as naturally as though its embryonic form had matured in thought and only waited its appropriate time of birth.

I was living in Brookline at No. 2 Marion Terrace at the time, and as I said before I was consumed with the thought of inventing something that people would use and throw away and buy again. On one particular morning when I started to shave I found my razor dull, and it was not only dull but it was beyond the point of successful stropping and it needed honing, for which it must be taken to a barber or to a cutler. As I stood there with the razor in my hand, my eyes resting on it as lightly as a bird settling down on its nest—the Gillette razor was born. I saw it all in a moment, and in that same moment many unvoiced questions were asked and answered more with the rapidity of a dream than by the slow process of reasoning.

A razor is only a sharp edge and all back of that edge is but a support for that edge. Why do they spend so much material and time in fashioning a backing which has nothing to do with shaving? Why do they forge a great piece of steel and spend so much labor in hollow grinding it when they could get the same result by putting an edge on a piece of steel that was only thick enough to hold an edge?

At that time and in that moment it seemed as though I could see the way the blade could be held in a holder; then came the idea of sharpening the two opposite edges on the thin piece of steel that was

uniform in thickness throughout, thus doubling its service; and following in sequence came the clamping plates for the blade with a handle equally disposed between the two edges of the blade. All this came more in pictures than in thought as though the razor were already a finished thing and held before my eyes. I stood there before that mirror in a trance of joy at what I saw. Fool that I was, I knew little about razors and practically nothing about steel, and could not foresee the trials and tribulations that I was to pass through before the razor was a success. But I believed in it and joyed in it. I wrote to my wife, who was visiting in Ohio, "I have got it; our fortune is made," and I described the razor and made sketches so she would understand. I would give much if that letter was in existence today, for it was written on the inspiration of the moment and described the razor very much as you see it today, for it has never changed in form or principle involved—only in refinements.

The day of its inception I went to Wilkinson's, a hardware store on Washington Street, Boston, and purchased pieces of brass, some steel ribbon used for clock springs, a small hand vise, some files and with these materials made the first razor. I made endless sketches which have since then been used in our Patent suits—and were the basis of establishing the time and scope of my invention. These sketches are still a part of the company's records. Then came the hour of trial, for I could not interest any one in a razor, the blades of which were to be used

once and thrown away, for I then thought that the razor blades could be made for very little, as I learned that steel ribbon could be had for 16 cents a pound and a pound would make five hundred blades, for my blades were slightly narrower and shorter than the blade finally introduced.

I did not know then that the steel to be used must be of a particular quality and that it would cost many times what I supposed per pound, and that it was to cost the future company over a quarter of a million of dollars in laboratory tests before this question alone would be decided.

I approached many friends and strangers in an effort to secure capital, but when my prospective capitalist would blow cold—it gave me a chill, and I did not have the courage to press my point.

The razor was looked upon as a joke by all my friends and a common greeting was, "Well Gillette, how's the razor?" but no offering was made to take an interest. So it went on for nearly six years, during which time I was experimenting with blades. I tried every cutler and machine shop in Boston and some in New York and Newark in an effort to find someone who knew something about hardening and tempering thin steel so it would keep its flatness and not be warped by strains. Even Technology experimented and failed absolutely in securing satisfactory results. Those whom I went to or consulted invariably advised me to drop it; that I never would succeed in putting an edge on sheet steel that would shave. They told me I was throwing my money away; that a

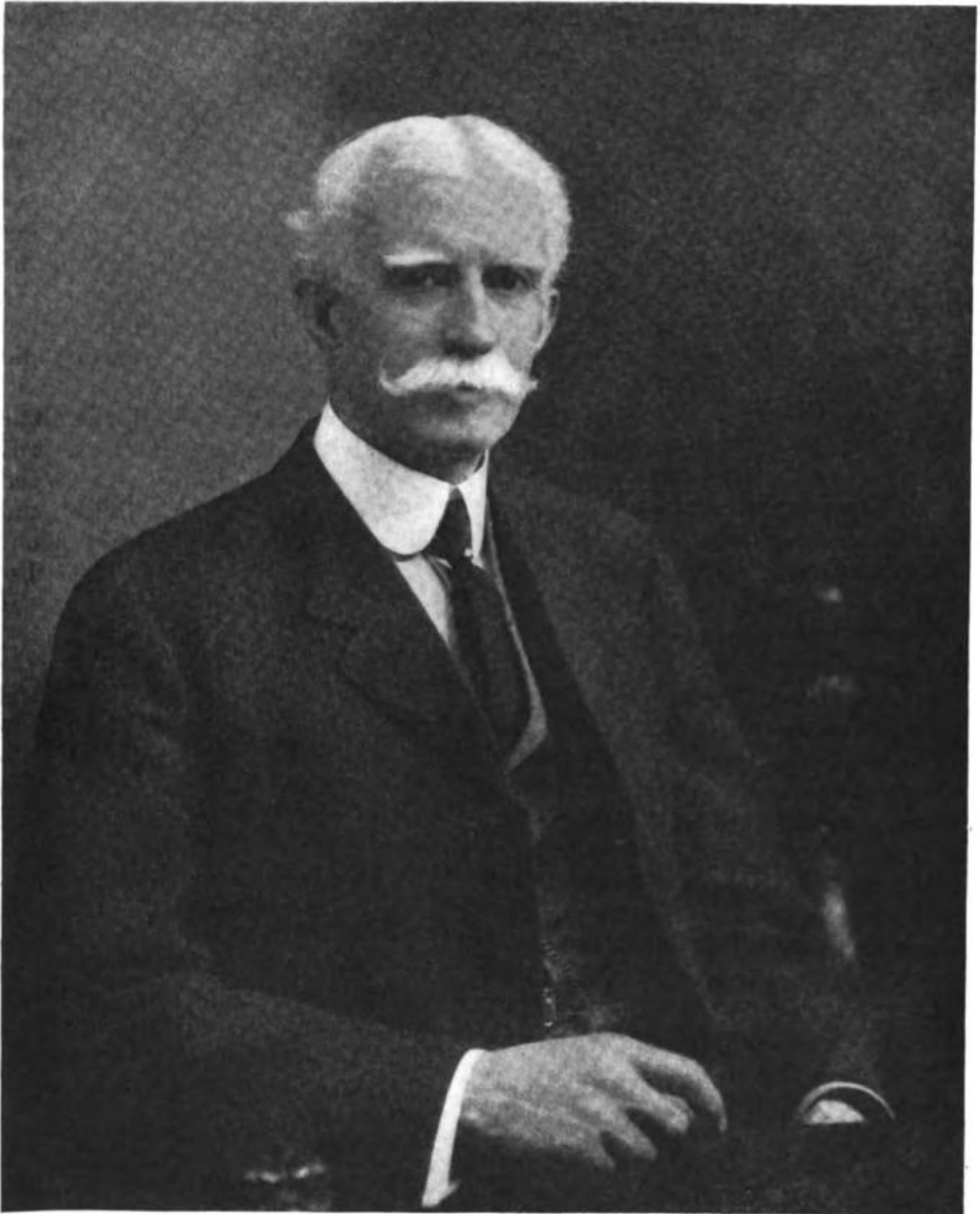
razor was only possible when made from cast steel forged and fashioned under the hammer to give it density so it would take an edge. But I didn't know enough to quit. If I had been technically trained I would have quit or probably would never have begun. I was a dreamer who believed in the "gold at the foot of the rainbow" promise, and continued in the path where wise ones feared to tread, and that is the reason, and the only reason why there is a Gillette razor today. Of all the little things that have been invented it is the biggest little thing ever issued from the U. S. Patent Office, and though it is passing a yearly profit of \$4,500,000, it has not even disclosed the wonderful possibilities of the future.

It would be interesting for the reader to follow all the hopes and fears of those early years, of continued disappointment, for I was getting on in life and traveling and selling goods was becoming distasteful. Though I always received a fair salary, I had saved very little, not because I was improvident, but because I was experimenting on something whenever I could find time, or had money.

Now we will pass to the next stage of development—the formation of our first company and its promotion.

THE FLOTATION OF THE GILLETTE RAZOR

It was in 1901 and I was still traveling for the Crown Cork & Seal Company when I met a Mr. Stewart, who asked me what I was doing with the razor. I told him I was doing very little except hoping and experi-



MR. WILLIAM E. NICKERSON
The Mechanical Genius Who Developed the Gillette Razor

menting. Mr. Stewart thought he knew a man who might promote a company, and thus be able to secure money to develop the razor commercially. He introduced me to a Mr. Heilborn, and at our first talk I told him we would need a practical man to give his time and attention to perfecting the blade, without which we could not succeed. Mr. Heilborn knew a Mr. Nickerson who was a graduate of Technology and a very successful mechanic. It sounded good and a time was set for meeting Mr. Nickerson at Mr. Heilborn's office. When the meeting took place it developed that Mr. Nickerson was employed by the Automatic Weighing Machine Company, but as they did not use all his time, he agreed to take on the razor and give half his time for a year, provided we would raise \$5000 and put it in the bank, half of which was to be paid to him for salary and the other half was to pay rent and purchase a few tools, etc., for his use.

We accepted his terms and then came up the question of securing the \$5000. It was finally decided to form a corporation of \$500,000 divided into 50,000 shares of \$10 each. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Heilborn were the ones appointed to sell shares and secure the \$5000 needed. We came to a mutual agreement as follows—\$100,000 of the capital stock was set aside and divided into twenty blocks of \$5000 each, to be sold for \$250 for each block, which would bring the \$5000 needed. Next there was divided between Messrs. Stewart, Heilborn and Nickerson \$125,000 of the capital stock for their services,—each receiving \$41,250. Next there

was set aside \$100,000 for the treasury, which left me out of a total capital of \$500,000—\$175,000. Our company was formed and Mr. Stewart and Mr. Heilborn started to sell the twenty blocks of stock, but after more than three months' time had elapsed, they had only succeeded in selling thirteen blocks out of the twenty, so in order to complete the sale and get Mr. Nickerson started on his work, I gave up 4,000 shares of my stock as an inducement to a third party who completed the sale of the twenty blocks.

I will make a little digression here to tell a little side story about one of the twenty blocks that was sold to secure the \$5000. Mr. Stewart was in the bottling business in Millis, Mass., where Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is now made, and there came to him one day C. L. Flacius, of Pittsburgh, a manufacturer of bottles, who as an inducement for Stewart to buy bottles purchased a block of razor stock for \$250, which he considered of no particular value and when he got back to Pittsburgh he put it in his safe and forgot all about it. I bought this block of stock from Flacius personally four years later for \$62,500 cash and to do so I mortgaged and pledged everything I had in the world. I secured the money to carry out this purchase from the First National Bank of Boston.

Our first Company was called the American Safety Razor Company and my name was given to the corporation later. After securing the \$5000, we rented a small room on a top floor on Atlantic Avenue, Boston, where we could get a little

power. We put in a work bench, a lathe, a muffle furnace for heating blades and a few tools and Mr. Nickerson with a helper went to work. I am most pleased to say that I believe Mr. Nickerson by luck or providential design was the only man in the world who could have perfected the razor and our factory today in all its machines and mechanism is testimony of the mechanical genius and resourcefulness of this remarkable man in overcoming obstacles, in arriving at simplicity and efficiency. I could not say too much about William E. Nickerson if I should write this whole article about him alone. The most marvellous fact of this wonderful man is his ability to construct in thought an intricate mechanism with hundreds of parts and many accurately timed movements, without drawing a line on paper until it is completed and operating in his mind, and when the machine materializes it works as he saw it working with his mind's eye. He did not conceive our present machines in the early days, but he did produce machines and processes during the first year which made the razor a commercial possibility,—but alas, we had spent our \$5000 and were in debt nearly \$12,000. In fact we were busted and apparently done for. In addition to spending all our money and being \$12,000 worse off than nothing, I had in an effort to interest outsiders given away my personal stock until my holdings were down to less than 6000 shares. We all tried to sell treasury stock but could not dispose of a share at any price. Many who had purchased the original blocks had sold out for what they could get,

and there was no market.

Up to the end of this first year we had not sold any razors, but a few had been made by Mr. Nickerson and distributed among friends for the purpose of securing an opinion, after they had been used. Among those to whom I had given razors was Mr. John Joyce, whom I had known since I first came to New England, and who had been associated with me in many of my inventions. The reason why Mr. Joyce was not associated with me in the razor at that time was because we had recently been associated together in another invention and he had backed my end and we lost about \$40,000, for when we dropped the invention I was owing him \$19,700, therefore I did not have the nerve to ask him to go into the razor; but I gave to him 1250 shares of stock—and a razor.

Such was the situation at the end of the year. We were backed up to the wall with our creditors lined up in front waiting for the signal to fire. We had a meeting in Mr. Sachs' office one morning to consider ways and means, but no one had any suggestions that seemed likely to relieve the situation in time to avoid a receiver, so we broke up with clouds settling down on the business—the end had apparently come. When I left the office with the others I turned my steps to Young's, where I usually lunched, and by chance met Mr. John Joyce, who invited me to dine with him. When we had sat down at the table where we had eaten together hundreds and hundreds of times, in fact nearly every day for years when I happened to be in town, Mr. Joyce said to me, "King, what's the matter? You look worried." I said, "I am



THE LATE MR. JOHN JOYCE
Former Vice-President and One of the Founders of the Gillette Safety Razor Co.

worried, and thoroughly discouraged. We have had a meeting of the Razor Company this morning and we are at the end of our rope," or words to that effect. He said, "That's too bad. I have been much pleased with the razor; I have used it ever since you gave it to me, and I think it's fine, and if it were put on the market it should make money." I said I thought so too, but I could see no prospect of securing the necessary money to keep the business alive. Before we were through our lunch Mr. Joyce, who had been thinking, said: "King, I'll go into the razor on certain conditions. If your Company will issue \$100,000 worth of 8% bonds, I will agree to buy these bonds if the Company will sell them to me at 60 cents on the dollar, and will issue with each bond an equal amount of stock of the Company. I will agree to buy the bonds in lots of 5000 as the Company needs money, and will reserve the right to refuse to furnish more money

after I have paid in \$30,000, if the progress made does not in my judgment warrant further investment." I said, "When will you do this, Mr. Joyce?" He said, "At once—after you have called your Board of Directors together and they pass the necessary resolutions to protect me, and assure me that they will accept my proposition and arrange for the bond issue."

I left Mr. Joyce, went to Mr. Sachs' office and by phone called a meeting of the Board, and within an hour I had them together, the necessary resolutions were passed, copies subscribed to by members of the Board, and I was on my way to Mr. Joyce's office to secure his approval, and if possible close the transaction then and there, with the result that I went from Mr. Joyce's office with a check in my pocket sufficient to meet all our pressing obligations and permit the continuance of our experiments.

The continuation of this highly interesting article will be found in the March issue of "The Gillette Blade."

Gillette News Items

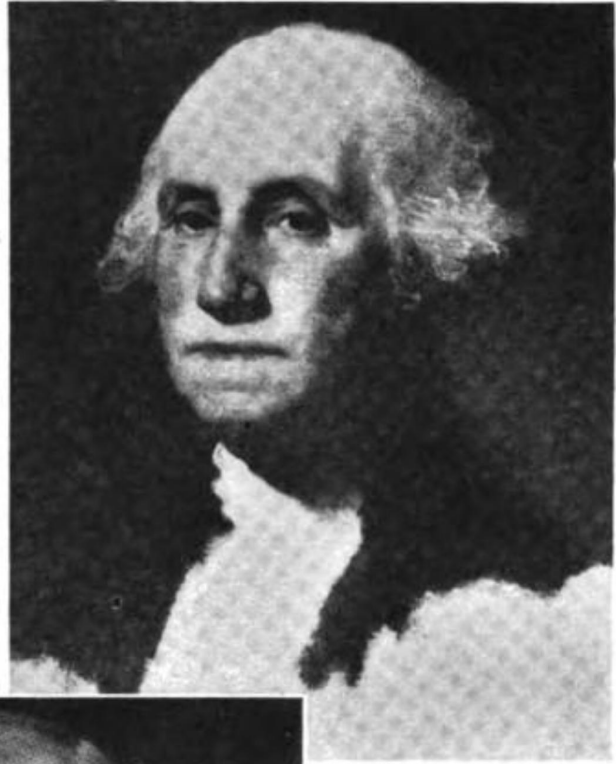
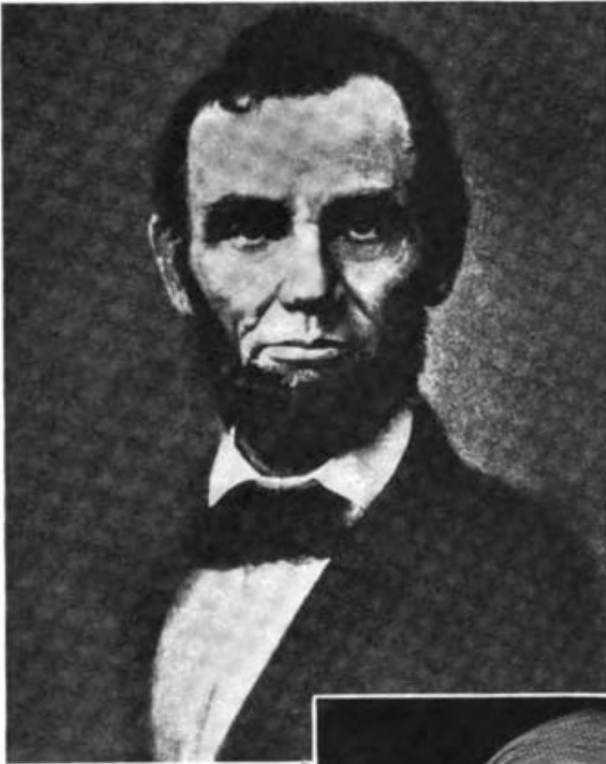
January 15th, a cable order was received from the Gillette Company in Paris for 50,000 razors and 300,000 dozen blades for our Italian Agency and the Y. M. C. A. in Italy.

January 15th, the Directors declared a dividend of \$1.75 per share

payable March 1, 1918, to shareholders of record January 30, 1918.

The best wishes of this organization are with our employees who are now serving in the trenches, many of whom are under the command of Capt. McCarthy of the 101st Inf.

Elbert Hubbard wrote, "Initiative is the ability to do the right thing without being told. Next to doing the right thing without being told, is doing it when told *once*."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Born February 12, 1809
Hardin County, Ky.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Born February 22, 1732
Westmoreland Co., Va.



WOODROW WILSON

Born December 28, 1856, Staunton, Va.



LET us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare do our duty as we understand it.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From address, Cooper Union,
New York City, Feb. 27, 1860

THE time has come to conquer or submit.

For us there is but one choice. We have made it.

—WOODROW WILSON

LABOUR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

Rule from the copy-book of Washington when a schoolboy

A War-time Shipment of Gillette Razors and Blades to Russia

RUSSIA with a population of 175,000,000 offered unthought of opportunities to the American manufacturer who had foresight, courage and initiative.

The Gillette Safety Razor Company realized at the outbreak of the War their foreign business would be revolutionized—new channels of distribution must be created if they would expect to retain and extend their trade abroad. Therefore, with a definite plan for having the Gillette as well known in Russia as at home, Mr. Thomas W. Pelham, sales manager, left Boston for Russia, April 27, 1915, taking with him \$50,000 worth of Gillette razors and blades, traveling via Norway and Sweden to a point ten miles south of the Arctic Circle, then crossing to Russia by peasant carts, a distance of twenty-four miles, arriving in Petrograd about May 15th.

A sales agency was established with Mr. A. G. Micheles in Petrograd, a policy outlined and the entire quantity of razors and blades sold him for cash. Before Mr. Pelham returned home, July 20, 1915, repeat orders were received, and during 1916 additional shipments were made Mr. Micheles, each one more difficult to deliver. Goods were forwarded by Archangel and Kola, until these ports were closed by the Russian Government, then shipments were made by freight to Vancouver, crossing the Pacific to Vladivostok, unpacked at this port and sent parcel

post through Siberia to Petrograd, a total distance of 15,000 miles. Later this route had to be abandoned.

The demand for Gillette goods in Russia continued to increase. Our agent cabled as follows: "Rush eighty thousand razors, six hundred thousand dozen blades. Russian permit obtained. Send by courier if necessary, but keep me supplied by all means."

Delivery was planned, but the unprecedented demand for Gillettes everywhere in 1916 had so depleted our stock, it was impossible to fill this complete Russian order immediately. However, we appreciated his urgent need of these goods, so it was decided to make weekly shipments of 5000 razors and 25,000 dozen blades by first-class registered mail, in all 30,000 razors and 200,000 dozen blades, to tide him over until we could manufacture sufficient stock for a big shipment. Preparations were made for Mr. Pelham to accompany the goods, passports were obtained to go via Norway and Sweden as formerly. Thirteen tons of Gillette razors and blades were packed in tin lined cases, space was engaged by the Traffic Department and all was ready for sailing on February 7, 1917, then on January 31st we received the following cable: "Permit cancelled."

Everyone was surprised and disappointed, but not discouraged, and no one would admit defeat. If the usual entrance to Russia was blocked



RUSSIAN AGENCY FOR GILLETTE RAZORS AND BLADES

Mr. A. G. Micheles, 53 Liteiny, Petrograd

Note the Gillette Diamond Trade Marks and the American Flags in the Windows

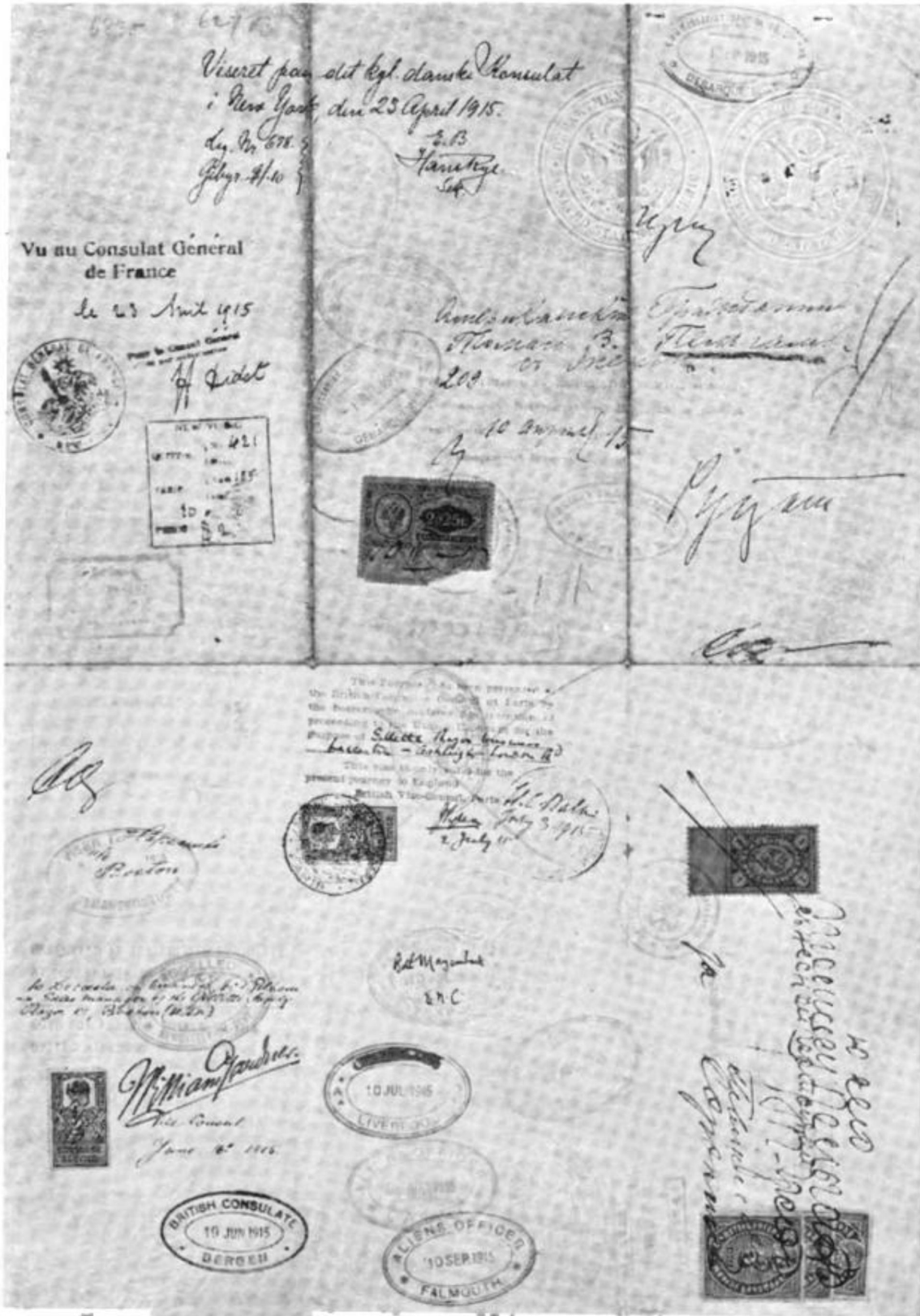
they would go in another way. Mr. Micheles had sold the goods and it was up to the Gillette Company to make delivery, and they were more determined than ever to accomplish the task they had undertaken.

We had previously learned the

port of Vladivostok was congested with 400,000 tons of Government supplies and merchandise, and at Irutsk, a point on the Siberian railroad, freight was piled along the tracks for five miles. We were also informed that only eighteen passen-



Passport Used by Mr. Thomas W. Pelham in His Trip from Boston to Petrograd, Russia. Mr. Pelham Left Boston April 27th, 1915, and Returned September 20th, 1915. In that Time He Traversed the Following Countries: Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Denmark,



England, France and Switzerland. The Illustration on the Left Hand Page Shows the Front Side of the Passport and the Reverse Side is on This Page. Note Signature of W. J. Bryan and the Endorsements of Different Consuls.

gers a week were allowed on the regular trains, but there was one extra train a day, for passengers only, from Vladivostok to Petrograd, which took fourteen days to make the trip. These unusual conditions precluded our considering taking the goods as personal baggage. Many concerns would have given up in despair, but we believed some way could be found. We interviewed the Russian Consul—our Shanghai agents in New York—the Japanese and Chinese Consuls, and found we could ship by freight to Vancouver, across the Pacific to Yokohama, Japan to Kobe, transfer to another boat and cross the Yellow Sea to Darien (Dalny), Japan, where it would be possible through an agreement between Japan and Russia to forward 10½ lb. parcel post packages wrapped in burlap to Petrograd.

Here, at last, was an available plan; space was engaged on the S. S. "Empress of Asia," scheduled to sail from Vancouver on March 15th. Mr. Pelham applied for passports to Russia by way of Japan and secured stateroom after repeated telephoning to Montreal, as reservations were not obtainable in New York or Boston. The goods were then unboxed and wrapped in 10½ lb. parcels, repacked in tin lined cases and freight transportation engaged to Vancouver. A special car was placed at our disposal and everything in readiness for leaving Boston when we were advised there was an embargo on freight. It seemed that Russia was to be deprived of Gillette razors, but wait, we were not yet defeated; why not ship by American Express to Vancouver steamship dock? Thirteen

tons of Gillette razors and blades were loaded February 16th on four American Express auto trucks and left the factory for the 15,000 mile trip across two Continents and the great Pacific Ocean to Russia. Mr. Pelham accompanied this shipment to Darien and personally superintended the transfer for shipment to Petrograd. The story of Mr. Pelham's experiences in his trip across the Continent, the Pacific Ocean and through Japan, China, Siberia to Petrograd and from there home, is best told in his own language.

"My voyage across the Pacific from Vancouver presented no difficulties. The "Empress of Asia" is the largest and finest ship sailing from America to the Orient. The crew, including the room stewards and table stewards, are all Chinese. The service was most excellent. The food was good, well prepared and also well served.

The trip to Yokohama was made without incident. Crossing the Pacific brings home to one more fully than does a trip across the Atlantic, the fact that the world is pretty large. On the steamer were Hollanders going to Java and other Dutch colonies, natives returning to Manchuria and the Philippine Islands, Chinamen returning to their homes in Shanghai, Japanese business men returning to Japan, Hindus and Englishmen going to India and to Mesopotamia, in fact, nearly every country was represented and the passengers were going to almost every point in the Orient. During the voyage of nearly two weeks to Shanghai I became acquainted with most of the passengers and found the great ma-



25,000 Gillette Safety Razors—3,000,000 Gillette Blades. Carload of Gillette Razors and Blades shipped by American Express, February 16th, 1917, via Vancouver and Yokohama, thence by Trans-Siberian Railroad to Petrograd, Russia.

jority were users and advocates of the Gillette razor.

On reaching Yokohama the Japanese medical customs and emigrant authorities boarded the steamer. The medical authorities examined every member of the crew. With respect to the passengers, they accepted the steamer physician's report. The examination by the customs and emigrant authorities was very superficial. We were asked to exhibit our passports and then to find our names on the passenger list. We were also asked if our parents, grandparents or great grandparents were Germans. If the answer was "no" we were permitted to go on shore with-

out further difficulty. If, however, a German ancestor was discovered the passenger was allowed to go on shore only when accompanied by a Japanese detective. This same examination was conducted at the ports of Kobe and Nagasaki.

I was not favorably impressed with Yokohama nor with any of the Japanese cities that I visited. Ninety-eight per cent of the people wear wooden shoes and their earnings are just enough to enable them to live in their simple, primitive way, and that simple, primitive way means that a family lives on from \$50.00 to \$75.00 per annum. If the father is taken ill, or if he is a farmer and the crops

fail, or if any sort of bad luck comes, it naturally follows that there is not enough money to keep the family. A small debt, perhaps \$5.00 or \$10.00, is the result of the year's work. If this debt increases from time to time it may amount in a few years to \$50.00 or \$75.00; then one of the daughters of the family is sold for a period of three to five or seven years and the proceeds of the sale of the daughter are used to extinguish the debt. At the end of the period of slavery the daughter returns to the family and having been a good daughter and having done her share in relieving the family of debt she is again restored to her social position in life.

Manufacturing in Japan is done in a very primitive way, with few exceptions. There are some modern factories where modern machines have been installed by Americans, by the English, or others, and are now operated by the Japanese, but with the exception of these few factories the manufacturing methods are as primitive as those of one hundred years ago. The Japanese are not originators of anything. They are simply clever enough to copy, but in copying they look to appearance only; they do not imitate quality. I, therefore, think that Japan as a commercial nation is not likely to be the immediate commercial rival of England or America, but rather the commercial rival of Germany, which country is also an imitator and a manufacturer of cheap goods; goods made to sell, not to wear or to use.

There is one thing very noticeable in Japan and that is they are a very highly organized nation with respect

to their army and navy. They are a miniature Germany in military matters. I saw building in the docks in several of the cities of Japan upwards of 200 ships, many being naval ships of large size.

The city of Kobe, and the same is true of Nagasaki, is strictly Japanese, with the exception of a few buildings along the waterfront. The waterfront buildings are substantial; the others are one-story buildings of frail construction. The business street of Kobe, also of Nagasaki, is about 30 feet wide with a ditch on either side covered with a flat stone, which ditch takes the place of a sewer. The goods displayed are all of Japanese manufacture, and with the exception of those few things that Japan makes so wonderfully well, such as silks, pottery, hammered brass, etc., they are cheap goods.

The home of the merchant is in the back of the store. There is no furniture in the house, with the exception of a table about six inches high, cushions to sit on, a few simple utensils for cooking and still fewer to use in serving the food.

From what I saw of Japan I would say that most of the people are far from civilization as we understand it. The balance is made up partly of people who have obtained an education in America or Europe, or who have been educated by those who have obtained an education in America or Europe. Such Japanese are clever; they are able to imitate anything they see made in this country and to teach the other Japanese how to make such things.

There is a limited market for the



MR. THOMAS W. PELHAM
Sales Manager, Gillette Safety Razor Co.

Gillette in Japan. The natives cannot buy; in fact, only a few of them need to shave. Our distribution is therefore confined to the white people, transients and residents, and of the latter there are 20,000 or 30,000 in Japan.

I remained on the "Empress of Asia" and crossed the Yellow Sea to Shanghai. You leave the ship some twenty miles from Shanghai and go up the river in a tender. All along the river are large substantial warehouses of modern construction. The city of Shanghai from the waterfront is very modern in appearance. What you see from the waterfront is the new city of Shanghai built on the French and International concessions. About 50,000 white people are at Shanghai and all live in the new or modern city. The natives are farther back in the walled city.

Shanghai is the commercial center of China; that is, the commercial center as far as white people are concerned. It is at Shanghai you find the great warehouses, the large export and import firms and the great banking institutions. The clerical work is done largely by the Chinamen, who are found to be very honest and very competent in financial matters; in fact, the Chinese merchant is very honest in all of his business dealings. I was most favorably impressed with the modern city of Shanghai, but the native city is like all other Chinese cities, very dirty, very badly built and very thickly populated.

There is comparatively little business for the Gillette in China. The natives, or only a few of them, grow beards. The demand for the Gillette in China is limited to foreigners, of

whom there are less than 80,000 in the Republic of China. Three-fifths of these are in Shanghai.

Hotel accommodations in Shanghai are very poor. The hotel looks very attractive from the outside. The same is true of the tea room, dining room and office. The food is not so bad, but the rooms are very undesirable. Sanitary arrangements are deplorable.

In Shanghai, you can if you wish, ride in a modern electric car, but as these are patronized very largely by natives, the Europeans prefer a rickshaw or motor car. A rickshaw will cover six to eight miles an hour and the fare is about 5c for the ordinary trip that you would take in a rickshaw.

A few miles out of Shanghai is the Convent of Bubbling Wells, established by the French Catholics. Before the convent was established the Chinese mothers used to throw their girl babies into the pool formed by the bubbling wells or springs. When the convent was established the Sisters put baskets at the edge of the pool and the mothers, or some of them, would deposit the babies in the baskets. Gradually the mothers were taught to take the babies to the door of the convent and deposit them in the baskets. The institution has grown until there are now many thousands of Chinese orphan girls cared for at the Convent. They do wonderful needle work, but not in such large quantities that it is found on sale at any place except within the convent walls. I brought home some of the work, which is pronounced the most exquisite needle work ever seen.

From Shanghai I journeyed by modern train to Nankin, the ancient capitol of China, which city is enclosed within a high wall. At Nankin you leave the train and cross a ferry over the Yang-tsi-Kiang to Pukow. The distance from Shanghai to Nankin is about 250 miles. From Pukow you go on a modern train over a good roadbed to Tientsin and from thence to Peking, a distance of five or six hundred miles.

Going through the interior of China you notice the tremendous number of waterways. Every stream is utilized as a waterway and hundreds of canals are constructed, so that China has in waterways what we have in railroads. There are all sorts of craft, some sailboats, rowboats, craft that look something like the gondolas used in Venice, some steam launches and boats such as are used on the Erie Canal, etc.

The land seems to be extremely fertile. It is very flat and its fertility, however, is due to intense cultivation and yearly fertilizing. The land is divided into very small farms. One of the most striking features of the farms is the innumerable number of mounds in the shape of pyramids. These mounds are from ten to fifty feet in diameter and from six to ten feet high. They are in the centers, on the sides and in the corners, all over the farm. Each farm has from three to one hundred of these mounds. On inquiry I found they were the graves of ancestors. A Chinaman in his lifetime picks out his favorite spot for his grave. His wishes are carried out and he is buried in his favorite spot; hence there is no collection of graves forming a graveyard in China, but

all China is a graveyard. It is said, and I quite believe the statement, that 1/7 of all available farm land in China is given over to graves. The farming is done in a very primitive way and with very primitive tools. A great deal of the cultivation is done entirely by hand, but some of the larger farms use a wooden plow. All sorts of animals are used in plowing the fields. One farmer will use an ox, another an ox and a burro; still others will have a burro and a mule, and in a number of instances I saw an ox and a man pulling a plow. Towards Peking I saw innumerable teams consisting of two mules and a man.

On reaching Peking I went to a very modern, up-to-date hotel that would do credit to any modern city. The next day I was taken in a rickshaw to the various stores where our goods are sold, then to several points of interest, including the Forbidden City. The Forbidden City is simply a great wall surrounding the palaces and other buildings formerly occupied by the Manchurian emperors. The buildings are centuries old and their beauty is that of Oriental, barbaric ages. The architecture is very barbaric. The startling shades of green, blue and yellow are very attractive to the eye. These colors are found in the tiles of the roof and the exterior and interior of the buildings. The buildings are now empty, with the exception of one which is converted into a museum wherein is contained priceless pottery, bronzes, etc., that were in the Imperial Palace.

There are other very interesting sights in Peking, such as the Buddh-

ist temples, of which I visited four or five. All of them appeal to you only because they are centuries old and because of their barbaric splendor. The images are as horrible as the Buddha pictures with which we are all familiar.

Peking, like all other Chinese cities, is a veritable ant hill. Its teeming, sweating population crowds the streets until you can hardly pass through. I naturally saw the four walls enclosing Peking, viz., the Chinese Wall, Tartar Wall, National Wall and the Wall of the Forbidden City. All are extremely interesting because of their tremendous height and width and their historical association.

Leaving Peking early in the morning I again traveled through a flat country until I passed the Great Wall of China, 2500 miles long. The railroad passes through the wall and on either side you can see the wall winding up over the mountains that are seen to the left and to the right along the level land as far as eye can see. This wall, 2500 miles long, appears to be twenty or more feet in height and as broad, the outer wall being of stone or brick and the inner portion being of stone and mud. I was naturally very much interested to see this, one of the great historical landmarks of the Orient.

Late that evening I reached Mukden, the city made famous by the great battle between the Japanese and Russians during the Japanese-Russian War. The only great point of interest in Mukden is the tomb of the ancient Manchu. The tomb is simply a mound of earth 200 feet or 300 feet in diameter and 50 feet in

height, the approaches to same being an innumerable number of barbaric buildings, stone images, dragons, elephants, etc.

The city of Mukden consists of the old Manchurian City occupied by natives and the new city built by the Russians but now occupied by the Japanese. You will recall that Russia obtained a concession from China that enabled her to build a railroad from the Trans-Siberian through Manchuria to Port Arthur and Dalny and that as a price of peace with Japan she surrendered this railroad and all her Chinese possessions. It is at Mukden that you obtain your first knowledge of the tremendous inroad that Japan has made and is making in Chinese territory. Manchuria is one of the most important provinces of China. This province, with its millions of inhabitants, its tremendous production of soya beans, hemp, etc., is absolutely dominated by the Japanese who own the railroads, the docking facilities, the banking houses, the stores, and in fact, own everything worth while in all South Manchuria.

From Mukden I took the Manchurian road to Darien, formerly the Russian town of Dalny. The sleeping cars are an exact imitation, except as to quality, of the Pullman. The train service is excellent. An all night ride brings you to Darien and its wonderful docks built by the Russians and improved by the Japanese. The modern city of Darien is very interesting. Formerly 40,000 Russians were there; now only 35 white people live in Darien, some 70,000 Japanese and 200,000 Manchurians and Chinese. It is the strategic, com-

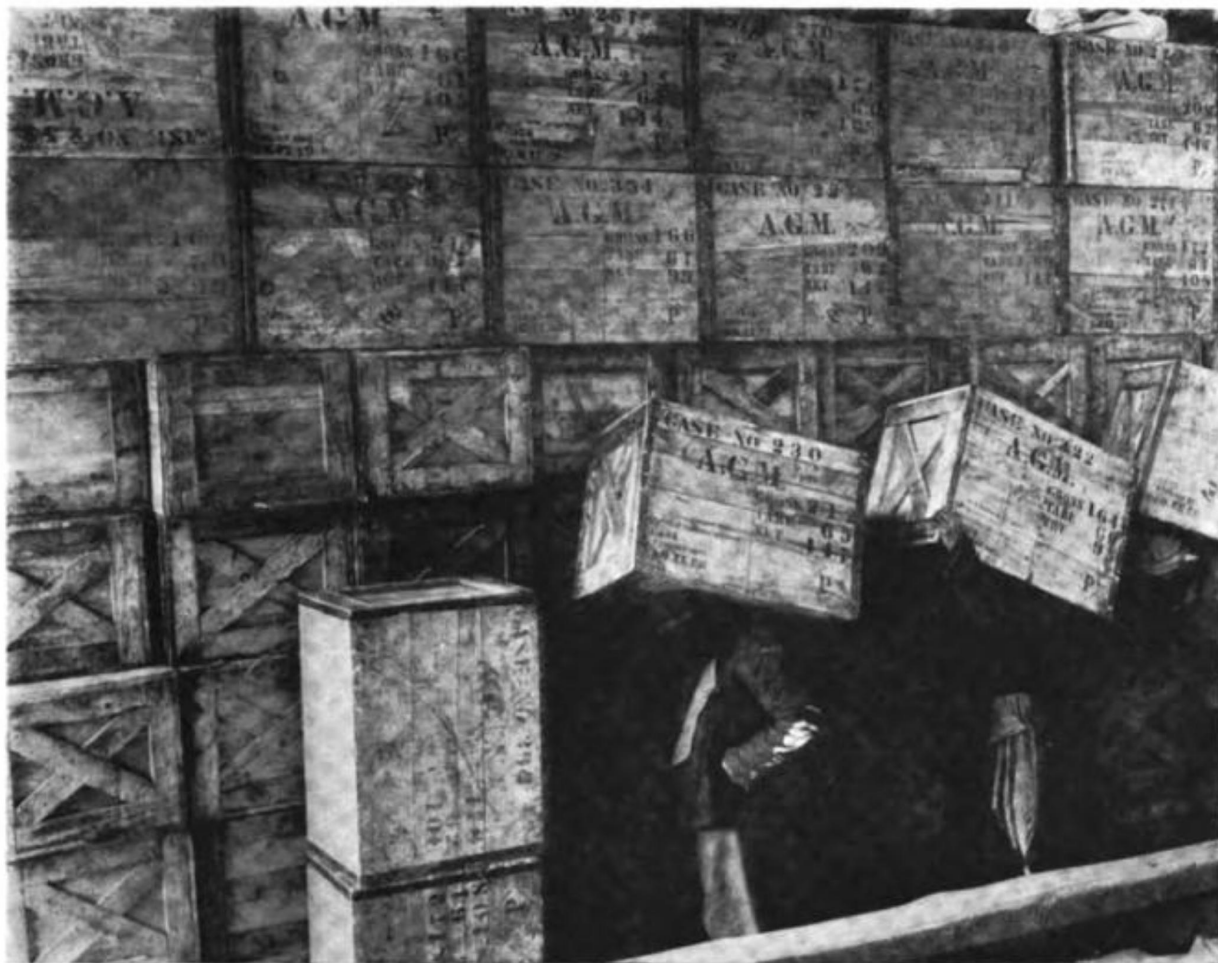
mercial city of Manchuria. A branch road runs to Korea and another to the coal mines where they have a vein of coal 700 feet deep.

At Darien I found the 164 cases of Gillette razors and blades which accompanied me on the "Empress of Asia." I had photographs taken of the goods on the docks and again when they were loaded to transport to the storage warehouse.

The postoffice is under control of the Japanese, as is every other Government or private enterprise in Darien.

After arranging for the transportation of the goods to Russia I left Darien and retraced my route over the South Manchurian road through Mukden to Chanchun, which latter town marks the northern boundary of the Japanese sphere of influence in Manchuria and also marks the southern boundary of the Russian sphere of influence in Manchuria.

Leaving the Japanese railroad you walk across the stone platform to the Russian railroad called the Eastern Chinese Railroad, and there take a train for Harbin, which is a junction point on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. It is interesting to see the Japanese soldiers on one side of the railroad and the Russian soldiers on the other at Chanchun. Harbin is dominated entirely by the Russians, although it is Chinese soil. Harbin is about one thousand miles from Vladivostok. A single line of road runs from Vladivostok almost in a straight line and largely through Chinese territory to Harbin. Another line runs from Vladivostok, following closely the Russian frontier line and joining the first line of road at Harbin;



Showing the unloading of 164 cases of Gillette Razors and Blades from the S.S. Empress of Asia into Freight House on Dock at Darien, Manchuria.

therefore, it may be said that Russia has a double track road from Vladivostok to Harbin. Harbin is a very important center for Russia and Northern Manchuria and having 30,000 or 40,000 white people, a fairly good market for the Gillette.

From Harbin there is a double track road. I may say right here that the Siberian road is not standard gauge, but broad gauge. Over the Siberian railroad the Russians run a weekly express train, making the trip from Vladivostok to Petrograd in ten days. This train consists of one international sleeper and five or six Russian sleeping cars, which

latter cars are almost equal to the international sleeper. The cars are divided into compartments, upper and lower berth, except the second-class cars, where there are four berths. A restaurant car is attached and all meals en route are served in the restaurant car. The train service is very good, everything considered. The porters are not very attentive. The food is quite simple, nothing to choose from; but in these times of war, going through a country at war and over a railroad upon which must be transported all their ammunitions and other supplies, it is quite surprising that the accommodations



Transferring Cases of Gillette Razors and Blades from Dock to Storage Warehouse, there to be wrapped for Parcel Post Shipment to Russia. Note the Various Modes of Conveyance—Man Power (Manchurian Coolies) and Mule Power—Mr. Pelham and Mr. Thompson of Thompson, Hannam & Co., Freight Forwarders, in the Right Hand Foreground.

were as good as I found them. In addition to the weekly train the railroad operates a daily post train, carrying first and second-class passengers. They also operate two or three daily local trains.

In going through Siberia I was much surprised to see the many large and well built cities and to see the amount of development in the agricultural lands. For the most part Siberia was prairie land, although some hundred of miles were mountainous and for some hundreds of miles at intervals there would be woodland. The agricultural development seemed

greater than in Western Canada.

Except for the red flag of the Revolution which was everywhere visible on my trip through Siberia, no evidence could be seen of the Revolution that had taken place. Men, women and children at the railroad stations, the officers there and the people waiting for trains, were as quiet, orderly and unconcerned as though they were living under a Government that had existed for years. There were evidences of congested freight traffic and confusion incident thereto, but I learned that since the Revolution better conditions obtained

with respect to movement of goods; in fact, while in Darien I learned that some 30,000 cars of freight had been moved within the past week. I also found it possible to arrange for a car to transport the Gillette goods, but owing to the fact that the importation of razors had been prohibited I was obliged to defer forwarding the goods until I reached Petrograd and obtained a permit to import.

One cannot travel in Russia as I did two years ago, nor pass through Siberia and parts of Russia as I did in April and May, without feeling, as well as seeing, the great future possibilities, industrial, agricultural, mining, commercial, etc. Its undeveloped wealth is perhaps greater than that of any other country in the world. Within a generation or two Russia will doubtless be one of the greatest nations on earth.

After nine days on the train from Harbin I reached Petrograd about ten o'clock Sunday morning. In proceeding from the station to my hotel I noticed an absence of police and I found later that immediately following the Revolution all the police of Petrograd were either imprisoned for offences or were sent to the front and that no police protection is given the city except a few private watchmen hired by owners of buildings, tenants in apartment houses, etc.

During the two weeks that I was in Petrograd I looked somewhat into the political and economic condition of Russia, as well as the possibilities for increasing sales of Gillette razors. Our agent, Mr. A. G. Micheles, is a very able merchant. Eight years residence in the United States has

acquainted him with American enterprise and energy and he has displayed American energy in the development of Gillette business in Russia. Mr. Micheles evidently believes, and I share his belief, that our sales in Russia will exceed 50,000 razors per annum and upwards of 300,000 dozen blades per annum.

It will probably be found to our advantage to have some one in authority visit Russia at least once a year and very likely it will be found advantageous to have a sales representative in Russia, calling on the trade and doing missionary work for our agent, Mr. Micheles. Russia is one of our greatest markets for the future. We should, therefore, advertise with reasonable liberality and should in every way cooperate with our agency with a view to increasing sales and establishing ourselves upon a permanent basis in Russia.

The Russian population is largely composed of peasant farmers and workmen. The peasant farmers live in villages and they go out from the villages each day to work the land which is owned by the nobility and other rich people. The wages paid to the peasant farmer are only sufficient to enable him to buy coarse food and the necessary clothing to keep him warm. His bed is a pile of straw in a corner of the room. Such conditions have prevailed for centuries. The workman is also paid a very low wage and in many instances two, three and even four families live in one room owned by the factory. The wage paid was only sufficient to enable them to live in this primitive, unsanitary condition.

With the Revolution and the word

"Freedom," the workman and the peasant farmer expected immediate betterment of their condition. The peasant farmer is demanding a proper division of the land and the workman is demanding a better house, higher wage and better living conditions. The social problem will take years to work out, whereas the workman and peasant farmer are demanding that the problems be worked out immediately. A committee of the workmen, as well as a committee of the army, is working with the Duma and with the Ministers upon these problems and the general impression seemed to prevail in Petrograd that the workmen and farmers could be held in check until the different problems were worked out.

The crying need in Russia is organization. She needs Americans and Englishmen to organize her industries, particularly her railroads, manufacturing, coal mining, oil, etc. With proper organization Russia, in spite of the ignorance of her people, will make tremendous strides and very quickly.

National pride seems to be lacking in Russia. Very few of the people seem to care whether the Baltic Provinces are German or Russian; the same with respect to Poland or any other part of Russia. They are lacking in patriotism, but the soldiers when officered and under proper discipline give a good account of themselves regardless of their lack of patriotism. More than ten million soldiers are under arms in Russia.

In talking with the banks, American Embassy, English Military Control and various business men, I find the opinion unanimous that Russia

will meet all of her financial obligations and that she will emerge eventually from her present condition a big, strong, healthy nation.

One of the most remarkable scenes I ever witnessed in my life was that of Labor Day in Petrograd. On Labor Day no food was served in the hotel; the chambermaid would not make the bed; the elevator boy would not run the elevator, nor the porter carry your bag. One clerk remained in the office and with that exception, all the hotel help was on the street taking part in the labor demonstration. The same was true of every other hotel and every factory and store. No street cars were running, nor carriages, nor automobiles. A crowd estimated at one million people took part in the Labor Day parade. I witnessed the parade from a street and I saw in line children from five years of age up, workmen from the factories and other industries, women and girls, black men from Turkestan, Mohammedans, Tartars from the Caucasus, Kurds from the Trans-Caucasus, Mongolians, Manchurians, Laplanders and people from every part of Russia. Some soldiers were in the procession, business men and all classes and conditions of people. All wore the red badge of the Revolution and each separate crowd carried a banner. The children for instance were singing "We Want Free Schools"; the workmen, "We Want Better Wage and Better Living Conditions"; the peasant farmers, "We Want the Land." Other banners were "No Peace Until Victory." No policemen nor traffic officers nor anyone in authority were on the street to preserve order, yet the

day passed without the slightest accident of any kind. There was no crowding and no apparent confusion; everyone seemed to do his part towards preserving order and making the day a great success. There was not a drunken man to be seen anywhere; in fact, no drink is obtainable in Russia.

At night political rallies were held on every street corner. People were permitted to speak freely on any subject and say anything they pleased in defense of or in condemnation of the Government; in fact, free speech is allowed in Russia to a greater extent than it is in this country. I was on the street in the evening and it was but a repetition of the day with respect to order being preserved.

Food in Petrograd is not plentiful and some kinds of food are unobtainable. People stand in line to obtain bread, denatured alcohol, meat, shoes, and in fact every article which they consume or wear; yet all of this is done without any central authority. The people are very patient under these severe privations, much more patient than our American people would be and far more orderly. The food problem is not so much a lack of food in the entire country as it is the proper transportation of food to the large centers.

In some instances workmen have demanded the discharge of superintendents and foremen in factories and in a few instances they have practically taken possession of property, but in no case have they damaged private property or attempted to deprive the owners of their financial rights. Even where they have taken possession of the factory the

workmen have continued the operation of the business under their own leaders. The physical damage done to property during the Revolution in Petrograd was not very great. Many of the police stations were burned, that is, the wood work was burned, but the walls and roof were intact. The same is true of the halls of the Palace of Justice and the jails. Hotel Astoria had the windows in the lower floor destroyed. The Palaces of the Dowager Empress received bullets from machine guns which were imbedded in the brick and some windows destroyed. The number of people killed in Petrograd during the Revolution was less than one thousand.

I left Petrograd on May 4th. Certain formalities must be gone through with all travelers, in the way of vising of passports by the Russians and the English and French, etc. These are mere formalities, as is the examination of your baggage and papers. I had no difficulty whatever in leaving or in passing over the border at Tornea into Sweden, although some of my fellow passengers with German names were less fortunate.

At Tornea you cross the large river on the ice to the Island of Tornea, where you pass the civil and military examinations; then across the small river on the ice to Haparanda, Sweden. The ice crossing is rather dangerous; in fact, the ice in the river broke the next day. I was extremely fortunate in escaping a mishap.

From Haparanda I proceeded to Stockholm and thence to Christiania where I looked into the question of a shipment of steel. I spent some days



United States of America

Department of State

To all to whom these presents shall come

I the undersigned Secretary of State of the United States of America

do hereby request all whom it may concern to permit

Thomas W. Pelham
a Citizen of the United States

to pass and re-pass safely
and freely to pass and in case of need to give
all proper aid and protection

Description:

Age 35 years
Sex Male
Height 5 ft 8 in
Complexion Reddish
Hair Brown

Signature of the Secretary

Thomas W. Pelham



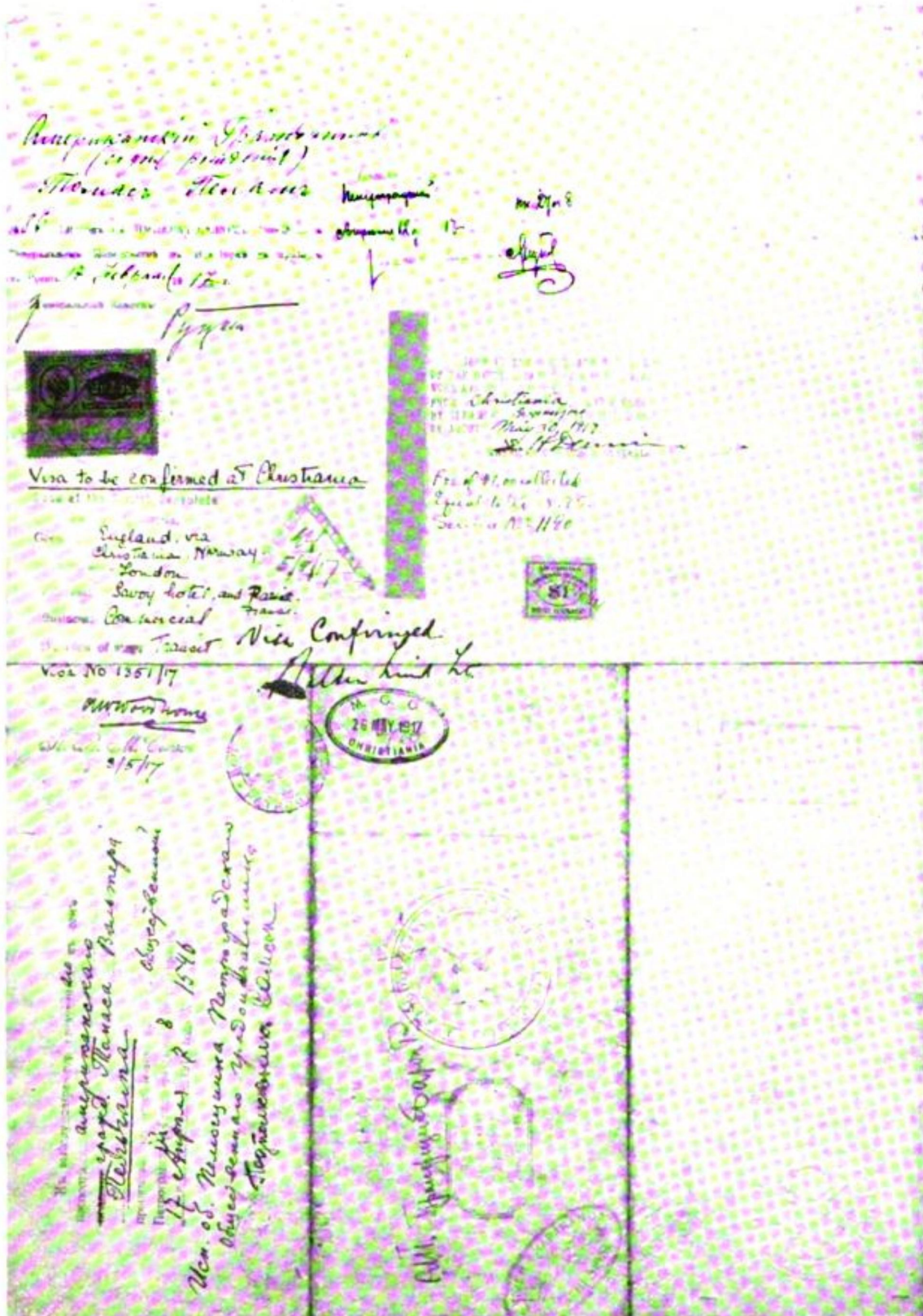
GIVEN under my hand and the
Seal of the Department of State
at the City of Washington
the 12th day of January
in the year 1917 and of the
Independence of the United States
the one hundred and forty first

Richard Lansing
CANCELLED

England, France, Italy
Commercial Business

May 25, 1917

Passport of Mr. Thomas W. Pelham Covering His Second Journey from Boston to Petrograd, Russia, and Return. Left Boston March 1st, 1917 and Returned June 14th, 1917. He



Travelled via Canada, Japan, China, Manchuria, Siberia, Russia, Finland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. This Passport is Signed by Robert Lansing, Present Secretary of State.

looking into the steel situation and visiting the steel mill. The makers of our steel are very much interested in our account; in fact, they say one-sixth of the labor in their cold rolled mill is on Gillette steel. They are using extreme care in the manufacture of Gillette steel and invite our co-operation with a view of still further improving the quality of the steel; in fact, they have urged that Mr. Ruppel go over and work with them to see if any improvement in quality can be made.

The outlook for Gillette business in Scandinavian countries is exceedingly good and particularly in the sale of blades. I cabled orders for about \$50,000.00 at list and brought additional orders with me to go forward at a later date. Owing to a temporary suspension of freight shipments to Scandinavia all of our trade were without razors or blades, but this condition was remedied just before I left for the States, several steamers arriving with consignments of Gillette goods.

The economic conditions in the Scandinavian countries are somewhat deplorable. Practically all foods are under Government regulation and nearly all can be obtained only with tickets. Pleasure automobiles are prohibited. Gasoline and tires for automobiles are unobtainable at any price. Coal is \$65.00 per ton. Coffee,

sugar, potatoes and many other articles are unobtainable at any price in Sweden. There is plenty of money in the country, an abundance of money, in fact. The Scandinavian people are very prosperous, but they cannot eat money nor use it for fuel.

Part of my intended trip was to cross the North Sea to England, then to France and Italy, returning from Bordeaux to the States. One way of crossing the North Sea was by a Norwegian tramp steamer, going as a seaman, and as only one out of two of the Norwegian steamers reach port, such a trip did not appeal to me. Another way was on an English cargo steamer which has accommodations for a few passengers, but as two out of six English cargo steamers between Norway and England are torpedoed, and as one went down two days before I left with 28 passengers, not one of whom was saved, I decided not to go across the North Sea but to return direct to the States.

I left Christiania May 30th on the S. S. Bergensfjord. The steamer proceeded along the coast of Norway to a point just South of the Arctic Circle, thence West just south of Iceland, then in a straight line to Halifax. We were held at Halifax two days and reached New York Tuesday, June 12th. The trip home was without incident.

Thou shalt not in any wise boast, brag, bounce or bluster or the wise men will hold thee in low esteem.

Thou shalt not keep company with an unpunctual man, for he will certainly lead thee to carelessness and ruin.

Thou shalt not forget that a servant who can tell lies for thee may one day tell lies to thee.

—From the Decalogue of an English Merchant.



CADET T. L. WATSON

Imperial Royal Flying Corps, Formerly of the Office Staff of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

Cadet T. L. Watson Writes of His Experiences in Training for the Royal Flying Corps

DEAR MR. BITTUES:—

After riding in the train from Saturday noon until Tuesday about 4 P. M. a number of others and myself arrived at Camp Everman, which as you know, is about ten miles from Fort Worth. On arrival we were assigned to a tent which was ready for us, and we used the remainder of Tuesday afternoon in arranging our tents, beds, blankets, etc., in our new home.

The following morning we were distributed into squadrons (I am in No. 82) and in the afternoon I had my first joy-ride. I do not think I shall ever forget the sensations I experienced. Early in the afternoon I was taken in charge by one of the instructors. The instructors here have the rank of lieutenant, and this one seemed to

be enjoying himself. One of the aeroplanes was ready for us, and in the presence of a crowd of others we climbed aboard. I was strapped securely to my seat, and then we started. A few bumps along the ground and then my tummy dropped into the bottom of the car; my heart settled into where my tummy used to be, and suddenly I realized we were above the ground.

My internal economy had resumed its normal position by this time, but the earth seemed to be falling away from us at an alarming rate. The engine made so much noise I could hardly think, and I can assure you I did not feel very much like indulging in light conversation just then. All I could do, and did, was pray that the instructor would not smash both me and himself.

After we were in the air things happened

so fast that it is hard for me to describe the sensations I had. When we had gone up what seemed to me a half a mile the machine started, nose down, on a very sharp incline and I had a brief vision of myself as a smear on the ground. However, this did not last more than a second when we started straight up, and we were pointing at a little cloud that happened to be there. Thank goodness I am alive and breathing yet, although my jaws are sore from being clamped down tight to keep from yelling.

We are pointing at the cloud yet, when suddenly everything is very quiet,—Ye Gods the engine has stopped, and we are dropping tail down. (I found out later that the instructor had cut off the gas and that the stunt is all part of the game). Having caught my breath and swallowed my heart, I turned to the instructor and forced a smile. Right away, seemingly thinking I liked the feeling he started to repeat the performance, but I was prepared and did

not feel quite so much that the end of the world had arrived for me.

This was only one of the stunts performed, and it seems to me now that from the ground we must have looked like a feather being tossed here and yon by a gale of wind. We must have been at least half a mile up, that is a long way to fall, but I expect to go much higher than that very soon.

This is a great life and flying is most fascinating after you get accustomed to the sudden shifting positions, and have acquired enough knowledge to be able to control the machine.

Please give my regards to Mrs. Bittues, Mr. Petersen and the others. I hope that you and they are well, and that I may be favored with a letter from you in the near future.

Sincerely,

T. L. WATSON.

Roll of Honor

Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada, Ltd.

KILLED IN ACTION

CORP. E. A. McMULLEN

Corp. E. A. McMullen went overseas with the 87th Battalion Grenadier Guards in 1915. He was killed November 20th, 1916, in the Battle of the Somme from the effects of a shrapnel wound in the hip.

PRIVATE JAMES SARGENT

Private James Sargent went overseas early in 1915 with the 42nd Battalion Royal Highlanders of Montreal and was killed at Courcellette in 1916, exact date unknown, as his next of kin is in the old country.

PRIVATE BERT LYDER

Private Bert Lyder went overseas with the 87th Battalion Grenadier Guards and was killed at Ypres on July 5th, 1916, from the effects of a gunshot wound.

WOUNDED

CORP. A. PLANTE

PRIVATE A. LYNN

GUNNER E. KILPATRICK

SERVING WITH THE COLORS

C. FERGUSON

J. TAYLOR

A. FAWNS

H. FAWNS

J. BUTLER

L. CUNNINGHAM

C. CAVANAGH

J. BISHOP

J. DUPUIS

BERT LOVEDAY

O. E. ROGERS

T. NEILSON

A. TONKS

F. JONES

Imperial Royal Flying Corps

T. L. WATSON

F. TOBIN

F. J. KEEN

A. PROULX

Another New Gillette Idea for Uncle Sam's Men
The Gillette Safety Razor Cased in Khaki



No. 18

MILITARY SET

For Uncle Sam's Officers, a Gillette Combination Set, in case of U. S. Regulation Khaki—nickel-plated "Bulldog" Razor; indestructible Trench Mirror fitted in pocket in lid; Shaving Brush and Stick Gillette Shaving Soap in nickel-plated Holders, and two Blade Boxes; 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 Shaving Edges).

Retail Price \$7.00



open

closed



mirror

KHAKI SET

In roll case of U. S. Regulation Khaki—a compact Gillette Set to slip into the soldier's pocket or pack. Gillette Safety Razor and metal Blade Box containing 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 Shaving Edges). Indestructible Trench Mirror inside pocket. Razor and Blade Box nickel-plated. Size of set complete—4¼ in. long, 2 in. wide, ¾ in. thick. Weighs next to nothing and takes no room.

Retail Price \$5.00

New Addresses of Gillette Boys with the Colors

Abrams, Max

Co. A, 302nd Mach. Gun Battalion, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Boltz, Henry C.

Rifle Range Detail, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

Henderson, John Thomas

Co. A, 104th U. S. Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces

Chaisson, Wm.

U. S. Naval Training Sta., Barrack No. 8, Hingham, Mass.

Mannion, James T.

Headquarters Co., 104th Infantry, Amer. Exped. Forces

Sorenson, Oliver

Machine Gun Co., 301st Infantry, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Anderson, Geo. L.

Cook, Headquarters Co., 103rd Infantry, Amer. Exped. Forces

Page, Edward A.

U. S. Naval Operating Base, Co. 6, Aviation, Hampton Roads, Va.

Kearney, Wm. H.

Motor Car Co., 304, Camp J. E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.

Kenny, Walter

Fifth Evacuation Corps, M. O. T. C., Camp Greenleaf, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

Winn, Owen

31st Co., Fort Warren, Boston, Mass.

Two Interesting Letters

Mr. J. W. Hirst recently received the following in a letter from a friend:

"While traveling in the South last Summer, I went into the hotel wash room and saw a porter shaving with what appeared to be a piece of wood. When he put down the article I found he had a Gillette Blade held in a stick which he had split and inserted two pins to hold the blade in place. On questioning him he told me he found the blade and had used it a number of times and got good shaves every time."

Extract from letter received from a friend by Mr. Geo. R. Brown, Jr., of our Sales Department:

Somewhere in France.

October 3rd, 1917.

"I am going to ask you to send me a couple of little things when you get a chance. First will you please buy for me two packages of Gem safety razor blades,—there are seven blades in a package. Over here it is quite hard to get any razor blades except those for the Gillette."

Gillette News Items

The War Committee is pleased to report that up to time of going to press we have distributed to the Gillette boys serving with the colors:

- 84 pairs of Socks
- 27 Sweaters
- 48 Face Cloths
- 7 pairs of Wristlets

Quite a number have acknowledged receipt of same and expressed their great

appreciation of the kindness of everybody concerned.

PERSONAL MENTION

Margaret J., eldest daughter of Mr. James L. Driscoll of our Sales Department passed away after a short illness on January 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll have the sincere sympathy of everybody in their great sorrow.



MALAY PROVERBS

Because the water is still you must not think there is no crocodile there.

Better die with a good repute than live with a bad one.

Back turned, language changed.

Good manners are neither sold nor bought.

The kite sings duets with the fowl, to pounce on it and eat it at last.

The fuller the ear of rice the more it leans; the emptier it is, the straighter it stands.

Where there is no kite the grasshopper says, "I am the Kite!"

If you slap the water in a tub, it will splash in your face.

The perfume of flowers is far off, the odor of dung is near.

If some dogs bark, can they make the mountains fall down?

If one makes friends with scoundrels, he has to be a scoundrel too.

If the root is dead, it is best to pull it up.

If you love the rice, pull up the weeds.

The elephants fight, and the musk-deer between them gets killed.

When the bait is gone you catch no fish.

If one crosses a river he may be swallowed by a crocodile, but he ought not to let the little fishes bite him.

The ass would like to be a horse.

The crab orders its children to walk straight.

He who is ashamed to ask, goes astray.

Good bargain on the lips, dear on the balance.

The deer forgets the snare but the snare does not forget the deer.

A sea turtle lays eggs by the hundred and no one knows anything about it; a hen lays one egg and the noise goes all over town.

To go on a horse and come back on a cow.

It is best to prepare the ointment before you fall.

He can see a louse in China, but he could not see an elephant at the end of his nose.

If you dispute with the wells, you end by dying of thirst.

. . .

Broadly speaking, all the brown races which inhabit the portion of Asia south of Siam and Indo-China, and the islands from

the Philippines to Java, and from Sumatra to Timor belong to the Malayan family.

As a race they are exceedingly courteous and self-respecting. Their own code of manners is minute and strict and they observe its provisions faithfully.

The Malays are indolent, pleasure-loving, improvident, fond of bright clothing, of comfort, of ease, and they dislike toil exceedingly.

In a famous duel fought between Alexander Shott and John S. Knott, Knott was shot and Shott was not. This seemed to show that it was better to be Shott than Knott.

A commonplace critic has something to say upon every occasion; and he always tells you either what is not true, or what you knew before, or what is not worth knowing.

WHERE DO WE LIVE?

A New York sportsman was once chatting with an old woman who lived alone on a little backwoods farm in Maine.

"Where do you live?" asked the old lady.

"In New York City."

"How far might that be?" she queried.

"Oh, about five hundred miles."

"For the land's sake!" said she, "I don't see how you can bear to live so far off."

How often do we stand in the old woman's position, when considering the views of others?

TOMORROW IS NOT JUST AS GOOD

Tomorrow! Tomorrow?

'Tis a period nowhere to be found

In all the hoary registers of time,

Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

Wisdom disclaims the word,

Nor holds society with those who own it.

Tomorrow, didst thou say? Tomorrow?

'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury

Against thy plenty; takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes and promises,

The currency of idiots.

THE MAKING OF MILKANWATHA'S

MITTENS

Of the squirrel's skin Marcossett
 Made some mittens for our hero;
 And she put the fur side inside,
 Put the fur side next his fingers,
 For to keep his hands warm inside,
 That was why she put the fur side,
 Why she put the fur side inside.
 She, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the cold side, skin side outside.
 She, to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side, fur side inside,
 Put the inside on the outside,
 Put the outside on the inside,
 Thus she made them outside inside,
 Made them truly inside outside.

HOW ABOUT OURS?

Mark Twain gave it as his opinion that
 nothing in the world so much needs reform-
 ing as other peoples' habits.

Do we agree with him?

I have generally found that a man who is
 good at excuses, is good at nothing else.

BEN FRANKLIN

WORTH CONSIDERING

Have you ever rightly considered what
 the mere ability to read means? That it is
 the key that admits us to the whole world
 of thought and fancy and imagination; to
 the company of the wisest and wittiest at
 their wisest and wittiest moment?

THE FIREPLACE ON A WINTER'S
NIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME

As night drew on, and, from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
 The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
 From sight beneath the smothering bank,
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack
 Of wood against the chimney-back,—
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 The knotty forestick laid apart,
 And filled between with curious art
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
 We watched the first red blaze appear,
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
 On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
 Until the old, rude-furnished room
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
 While radiant with a mimic flame
 Outside the sparkling drift became,
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

Shut in from all the world without,
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the north-wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat
 The frost-line back with tropic heat;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed,
 The house-dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall

A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andiron's straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood.
 What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north-wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,
 The bull's eye watch that hung in view,
 Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely-warning sign
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.

Within our beds awhile we heard
 The wind that round the gables roared,
 With now and then a ruder shock,
 Which made our very bedsteads rock.
 We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
 The board-nails snapping in the frost;
 And on us, through the unplastered wall,
 Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
 But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
 When hearts are light and life is new;
 Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
 Till in the summer-land of dreams
 They softened to the sound of streams,
 Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
 And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

If any of our readers are interested to know
 from what sources these selections are taken
 they may ascertain same by applying to the
 Editorial Department of "The Gillette Blade."

THRIFT

WITHOUT me no man has ever achieved success, nor has any nation ever become great. I have been the bedrock of every successful career, and the cornerstone of every fortune.

All the world knows me and most of the world heeds my warning.

The poor may have me, as well as the rich.

My power is limitless, my application boundless.

He who possesses me has contentment in the present and surety for the future.

I am of greater value than pearls, rubies and diamonds.

Once you have me, no man can take me away.

I lift my possessor to higher planes of living, increase his earning power, and bring to realization the hopes of his life.

I make a man well dressed, well housed, and well fed.

I insure absolutely against the rainy day.

I drive want and doubt and care away.

I guarantee those who possess me prosperity and success.

I have exalted those of low degree, and those of high degree have found me a helpful friend.

To obtain me you need put out no capital but personal effort, and on all you invest in me I guarantee dividends that last through life and after.

I am as free as air.

I am yours if you will take me.

I am **THRIFT**.

— AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

Reprinted from the Southern Public Utilities Magazine.

