

The Gillette Blade

OCTOBER 1918



TRADE  MARK
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

GEI

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

WE are all interested in our **GENERAL PERSHING**. The portrait on the cover more than any other we have seen reveals the intellectual power, the determination, and withal the kindness that are broadly his dominant characteristics. His comment on visiting the tomb of La Fayette in Paris, "Well, La Fayette, here we are," will live as one of history's notable phrases. In it he expressed the nation's thought.

The photograph from which the reproduction was made was taken in England just before he embarked for France.



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Patent Soliciting

E. D. CHADWICK, *Patent Attorney*

THE job of the patent solicitor is not an easy one to describe. At least, it is not easy if the idea is to write a description which other people will read and in which they will find something to interest them. The job, like most others, has its advantages and its disadvantages. It has the great advantage that one can work and smoke at the same time, with his feet on his desk. On the other hand, it has its full share of drudgery, and when it is done there is not much to show for it. In this respect the inventor has the advantage. Mr. Nickerson, for example, can go practically anywhere in our factory and see the results of his work in the form of all sorts of machines which are demonstrating their value every day, but when I get a patent on one of his machines the only visible result is a document ornamented with a blue ribbon and a red seal, which immediately disappears in our company's files. No one can tell how good or how bad it is until it gets into some court or other, and most patents never get into court at all. Hence it is often easy for the solicitor to do poor work and get away with it, while if he does good work he is likely to have but

little attention paid to it. In these circumstances, it seems to me, he is under a special obligation to do the best he can.

I commenced the soliciting of patents in the office of a well known firm of patent lawyers in Boston. After I had been there a few months one of them put me at work on the preparation of an application for a patent on a machine which, while not particularly complicated, was quite ingenious and was supposed to be substantially different from anything that had preceded it. I had no trouble in understanding the mechanism and how it worked, and I proceeded with considerable confidence to prepare the description and claims which, with illustrative drawings, constitute the principal parts of a patent application. My work when finished was submitted to my employer, who told me after looking it over that I had described the machine very well but had not described the invention at all. That was my first lesson on the necessity of distinguishing between an invention and the particular mechanical form in which it is made available for use. The importance of this distinction is due to the fact that an invention, es-



pecially when it is of basic character, can usually be given mechanical form in a variety of ways. Machines differing widely in design and detail may still be based on the same principle and mode of operation and produce the same result. It follows, in such a case, that unless the patent for the invention describes and claims it broadly enough to cover all such machines it is likely to be evaded.

What I have just stated is well illustrated by one of the most famous patents ever granted. This was the patent commonly known as the Bell Telephone patent, although it was entitled "Telegraphy" and the word "telephone" nowhere appeared in it. Probably the word itself had not been invented at the time when the patent was applied for. It described a method by which speech can be electrically transmitted and also illustrated and described an apparatus for doing this, but the only apparatus disclosed was one in which an electro-magnet was employed. Since at that time the transmission of speech by any sort of electrical apparatus was a marvelous thing, it would not have been surprising if the one who prepared the patent application had assumed that speech could not be transmitted without using an electro-magnet and had therefore made such use an essential part of the invention, but if this had been done the history of the telephone art would have been profoundly changed, for within a few years other kinds of electrical apparatus not employing any sort of electro-magnet were devised and used for transmitting speech. As a matter of fact, however, the specification and claims of the Bell patent were so drawn that they covered the use of any apparatus

capable of transmitting speech by the use of "electrical undulations," similar in form to the vibrations of the air accompanying the sounds transmitted, to quote from one of the claims, and as a result the patent gave to its owners complete control of the telephone art throughout the term of the patent.

I have spoken of the illustrative drawings which usually form a part of an application for a patent. These drawings are required in every case where the invention is capable of illustration by a drawing, and have to be produced in accordance with rigid rules prescribed by the Patent Office. They are not working drawings and do not have to be drawn to scale, but are rather in the nature of a picture illustrating the various parts of the machine, or whatever the thing is on which the patent application is based. For these reasons the draughtsman needs to have special training and experience, and he should also be capable of seeing clearly the important features of the invention he is to illustrate, in order that he may be able to lay out the drawings in such a way as to show these features without wasting too much time on details which are matters of design rather than invention. There was formerly in Boston a draughtsman who had these qualities to perfection and who made many drawings for me. I recall in particular the drawings which he made for two patent applications relating to mechanisms which were complicated and exceedingly difficult to illustrate. In acting on one of these applications the Patent Office Examiner went out of his way to include in his official action a complimentary reference to the "excellent illustration of a very difficult



subject matter," the only instance in my experience in which this has been done. The Examiner in charge of the other application told me orally, in the course of a conference which I had with him, that the drawings were the best he ever saw. Unfortunately for me this draughtsman is no longer available to do my work, because he has another job; he is the head of the draughting and construction department in our factory—Mr. Parry.

In addition to the drawings a patent application includes a specification, which is made up of a description of the invention and one or more claims for it. The purpose of the description is, primarily, to disclose the invention and teach the public how to make use of it after the patent expires. This disclosure constitutes in effect the price which the inventor pays to the public for the protection which his patent gives him, and, conversely, the protection which the inventor receives is the inducement for disclosing his invention to the public instead of keeping it secret. The claims are the measure of the monopoly asserted by the inventor, and in so far as the invention is not covered by them it becomes public property when the patent is issued. Consequently, although the legal requirements are satisfied if the specification describes and claims any one way of putting the invention into practice, if it does no more than this a part of the invention is liable to be thrown away. For example, Mr. Nickerson's blade sharpening machines are specifically designed for sharpening flexible double-edged blades, but they contain many patentable features which could be used for sharpening flexible single-edged

blades, or for sharpening rigid blades whether double-edged or single-edged. Hence if the patents on them covered no more than the specific machines used in our factory, many of their valuable features could be appropriated and used for sharpening other kinds of blades by anyone who cared to do so. In preparing the specification, therefore, what the solicitor has to do is to determine what the essential features of the invention are and use such mechanical imagination as he has in an effort to foresee the various ways in which these features can be practically applied, for unless he can do this he is not in a position to describe and claim the invention in such a way as to cover it completely and effectively. He should also be able to see the relative values of the various features, in order that he may give due weight in his description and claims to those features which are of fundamental importance, in contrast to those which are of minor importance. In many cases this work is difficult and requires long-continued study, but it can be very interesting to one who has a mechanical turn of mind.

It is the wording of the claims which involves the hardest work, for in addition to being adequate to cover the invention they are supposed to be both concise and clear. They are usually concise, but the claims found in some patents are the reverse of clear. In some cases they seem to have been purposely framed in ambiguous language, with the idea of making them flexible enough to mean whatever it is necessary for them to mean in order to cover the invention without being themselves void. In the words of a Federal Judge, who must have been reading



Artemus Ward, the intention is "to hit it if it is a deer and miss it if it is a cow." In other cases the attempt is made to secure effective protection for the invention by means of a large number of claims which are expressed in different forms of words but otherwise differ but slightly or not at all. As an instance of the extent to which claims can be multiplied I remember seeing a patent on a golf ball which contained, if my recollection is correct, more than 80 claims. Probably the golf ball itself did not contain half a dozen parts at the most, and it might be suggested that it required at least as much invention to produce the claims as to produce the golf ball.

After the filing of a patent application comes the prosecution of it in the Patent Office, and this is a highly technical procedure on which a book might easily be written. Briefly, the procedure is commenced by the Patent Office Examiner who has charge of the particular art to which the invention relates, and who first examines the application to see if it is in proper form and then compares the claims with patents previously granted. If any of the claims are so broad that they cover subject matter which was not original with the applicant, such claims are rejected by the Examiner, who refers to the patents showing the subject matter claimed to be old, and thereupon the applicant has the option of canceling these claims, or limiting them by amendment, or arguing with the Examiner that the latter's decision is wrong. The Examiner then makes a further action, to which the applicant can make a further response if necessary, and this procedure continues until eventually the claims are

all finally rejected or the application is allowed. Provision is made for appeals from the Examiner to higher tribunals and for conducting what are known as "interferences." An interference arises when two or more inventors claim the same invention at the same time, and its purpose is to determine which of such inventors was the first inventor and therefore entitled to the patent. An inventor who gets into an interference has my sympathy and needs a fat pocketbook.

After an application has been allowed the next step in order is the issuing of the patent, which contains a copy of the drawings, description and claims in the form finally given to them as a result of the proceedings in the Patent Office. It also contains a grant to the inventor or assignee of "the exclusive right to make, use and vend" the invention throughout the term of the patent, which in this country is 17 years from its date. The patentee is sometimes misled by this language, because it gives him the impression that his patent secures for him the right to make, use and sell the machine or other thing in which his invention is given tangible form, and at times I have had considerable difficulty in making it clear that this is not the case. As a matter of fact, the right of the patentee to make, use and sell does not depend at all upon the granting of his patent. He has that right whether he gets a patent or not, unless the patented thing which he wants to make, use or sell is an infringement of some prior patent which is still in force. What he really gets is a right of exclusion, that is to say, it is not the right to make, use or sell but is the right to exclude



others from making, using or selling. Hence an inventor may obtain a patent for an improvement on some prior machine, for instance, and still be unable to make, use or sell his patented improvement because it infringes the patent for the machine on which it is an improvement. The prior patentee, on the other hand, cannot make, use or sell the improvement invented by the later patentee without the latter's consent. The reasonableness of this situation becomes apparent when we consider that otherwise an invention patented by one person could be monopolized only so long as it was not improved upon by some other person.

It is essential to the validity of a patent that it be for an invention which is "useful." This does not mean commercially valuable. Neither the Patent Office Examiners nor any one else can determine in advance what the commercial value of an invention is going to be, and the Examiner makes no attempt to do this. If the thing described in an application will apparently work in the manner described, and will not be injurious to the public welfare, that satisfies the requirements of the Patent Office so far as utility is concerned. The result is that a considerable number of what are known as "freak patents" have been granted. I have seen or heard of several examples of these, one of which was for a tape-worm trap. I cannot describe the construction in detail, but the idea was to attach a species of trap to a piece of string and bait it and let the afflicted person swallow it, whereupon the tape-worm was supposed to get his head caught in the trap and be extracted by pulling on the string. Another was for

a device for removing sunken wrecks constituting obstructions to navigation. This device consisted of a float adapted to be anchored over a wreck, a pole connected to the float and extending downward from it to the level of the wreck, and a double-bitted axe-head secured to the lower end of the pole. The theory of operation was that the rocking of the float by wave motion would swing the axe-head to and fro and eventually chop the wreck to pieces. In contrast to these ridiculous and, in a way, pathetic examples of wasted effort and expense are the patents for historic inventions such as the cotton gin, the sewing machine and the telephone, all of which were the product of brains of the highest order and have exerted an influence on civilization which cannot be estimated.

The final test of the validity and scope of a patent comes when a suit for infringement of it is brought in a Federal Court. The procedure in such a suit is entirely beyond the scope of this article, but an interesting illustration of the number of questions that can be raised in connection with a patent is furnished by the suits on the telephone patent, to which I have referred. When this patent came before the Supreme Court as a result of several suits based on it and argued as one suit, eleven patent lawyers, including the best in the United States, participated in the argument of the case and it took an entire volume (Volume 126) of the Supreme Court Reports to hold the statement of the case, extracts from the arguments of counsel and the decision of the Court, 584 pages in all.



Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II CONTINUED—IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS

HOW to make an incandescent lamp without using a hermetically sealed or all-glass bulb was now my problem. I speedily decided on the general form of the bulb. It is shown in the accompanying diagram. The neck of the bulb is provided with two ledges or shoulders, shown at B and K. On these shoulders rest the disks C and H respectively, which were punched out of sheet mica. The upper disk, C, serves to support the cement plug, D, by which the bulb is closed, and the lower disk, H, acts as a heat reflector for the protection of the cement plug and also to steady the leading-in wires, E E. The metallic disks, L, L, L, L, are clamped to the wires for the purpose of preventing the wires from carrying up enough heat to soften the cement plug, and were called "radiators." They were suggested by the lamp superintendent, who got the idea from a "professor" under whom he had formerly studied. Nevertheless, the suggestion let him in as a joint inventor. A indicates the glass bulb of the lamp, F the filament, G G the cemented connection between the leading-in wires and the filament, M the brass cap of the lamp, J the plaster of paris by which the brass cap is secured to the bulb neck, I a porcelain insulating piece, and N N the contact pieces to which the leading-in wires are connected.

Now came the search for a suitable cement with which the bulb could be made absolutely air tight. After a few experiments and some hard thinking, I chose a mixture of

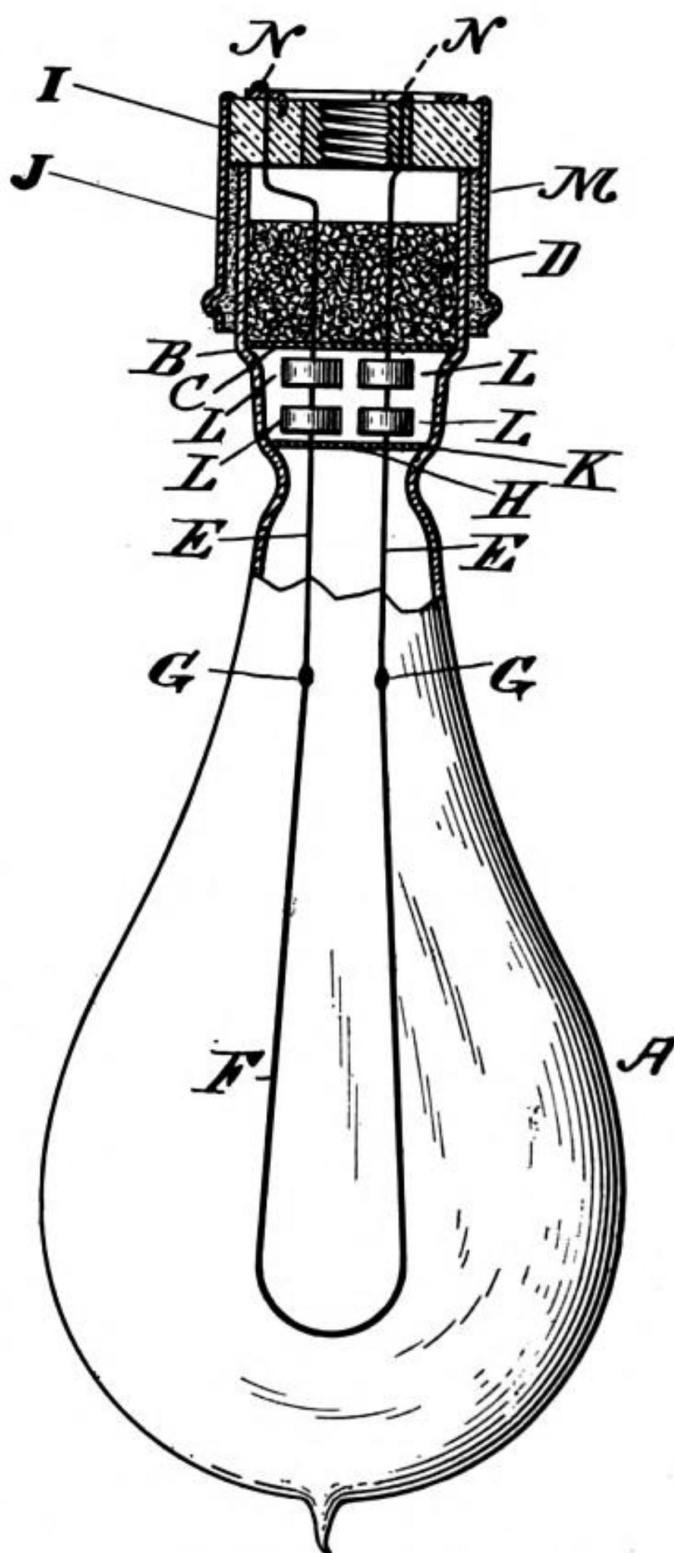


DIAGRAM OF NICKERSON PLUGGED LAMP



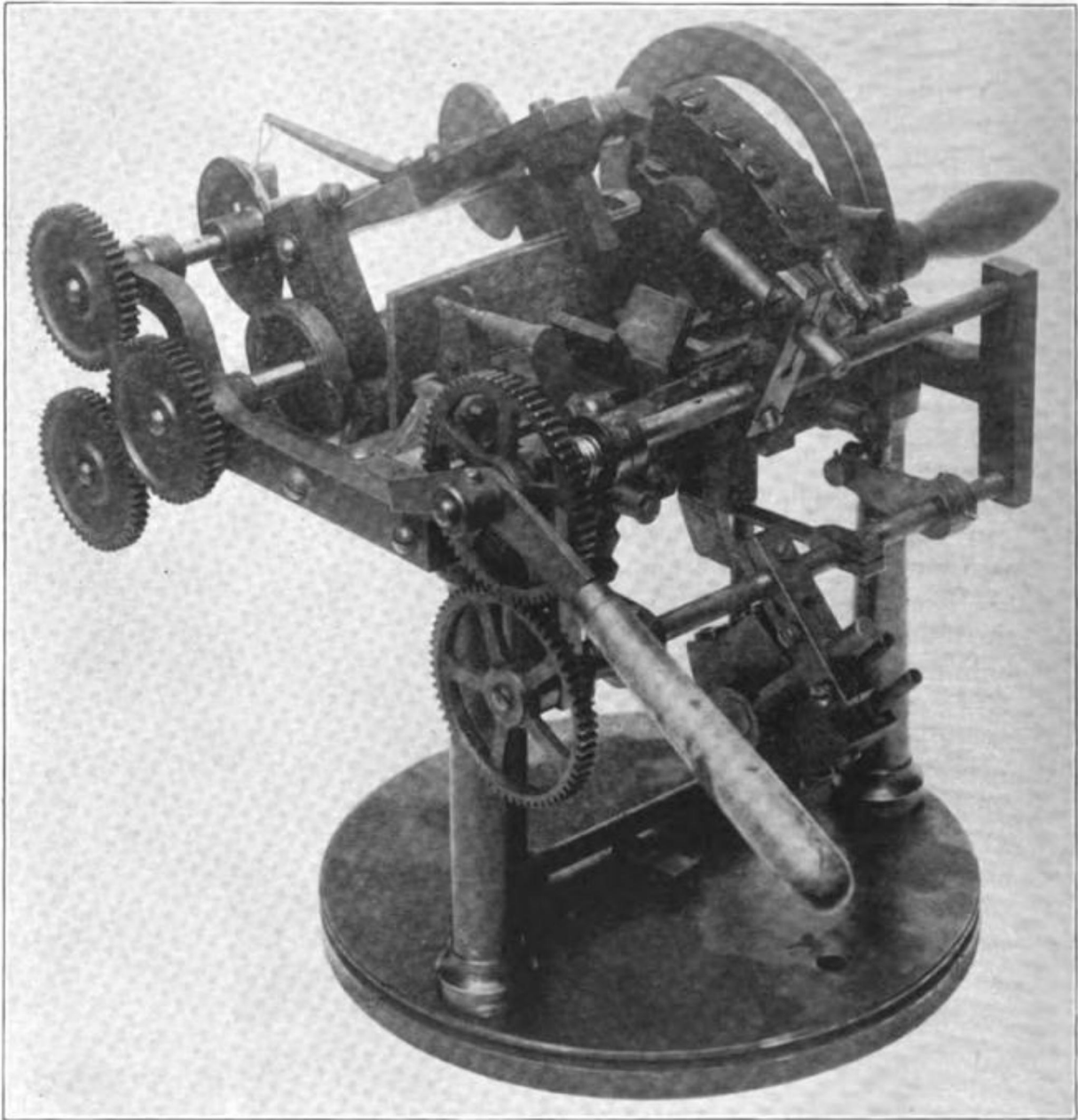
Egyptian asphaltum, a peculiar petroleum wax which I found on the market, and partially oxidized linseed oil. These substances had to be treated to quite a high temperature for many hours in a huge vacuum apparatus which I designed and built for the purpose in order that all volatile matters might be removed. This cement was mixed with pulverized glass before being introduced into the neck of the bulb, which was done in the melted state.

It was only a few weeks after the Edison people had obtained the injunction against us when we were ready to put our new lamp on the market. The lamps sold well, and in most instances gave very good service, holding the vacuum remarkably well. One other manufacturer of lamps who had been closed up by the Edison patent undertook to make a plugged lamp, and their variety appeared on the market about the same time as ours. This concern was the great Westinghouse Company, and their method consisted in mounting the wires in a glass stopper which was ground into the neck of the lamp and then inserted into the neck with some kind of cement. While this form would seem at first sight to be more rational than mine, it did not, as a matter of fact, succeed nearly so well, and proved to be a very poor article. We were told at the time that it cost the Westinghouse Company a quarter of a million dollars to get ready to make it, and doubtless it did, and very likely much more. It only cost a few hundred to get ready to make my lamp, and it beat out the Westinghouse sample anyway. They were both substitute lamps and were naturally inferior in many ways to the standard all-glass type. Nevertheless, we did business on ours for a

year and a half and made and sold hundreds of thousands of them.

During the time we were making the plugged lamp I was a very busy man. In fact, I never worked harder in my life, and that was going some. There were all sorts of contrivances that had to be thought out and made in order to make the new type of lamp, and continual experiments on the cement always in the hope that a better mixture might be found or the treatment of the ingredients improved. It kept me thinking continuously, and my hands and feet were keeping time with my thoughts with what came pretty near being perpetual motion.

During my strenuous efforts to improve the lamp, it became desirable to tie the leading-in wires of the lamp together by means of a glass bar into which the wires were fused. Our expert glass blowers said it would not be practicable. In the first place, a good glass blower could only make a score or two in a day, with no two alike, and furthermore, most of the bars would crack off the wires in spite of all they could do. Nothing daunted, I made up my mind I would solve the problem, and designed a machine for putting on the bars. The glass blowers had the laugh on me at the first attempt to use the machine, for sure enough, just as they said, the bars all cracked off the wires. I changed the form of the bar, and then some of the bars held. I changed it again and none cracked off, and I turned the laugh on the glass blowers. One girl with the machine could put on eight hundred good, solid, uniform bars in a day against a couple of dozen by a skilled glass blower, half of which would crack off. I mention this incident to show how the thorough-go-



MACHINE FOR MOULDING GLASS BARS ON WIRES

ing inventor has occasionally to do things that those skilled in the art believe cannot be done. I saved one of these little machines, and the cut is from a photograph recently taken.

There were two conditions under which my cement plug lamp would not do well. One of these conditions was that of very severe cold, zero or below. When the lamps were exposed to this low temperature the cement would separate from the glass, allowing air to leak in and so destroy

the lamp. The other was that of excessive heat, causing the cement to melt and run into the lamp. Whenever this happened our competitors sarcastically referred to our goods as "Molasses" lamps. Under the circumstances we did very well and kept the ball rolling up to the time that the Edison patent expired, in 1895, I believe. The cut shows my perfected plugged lamp. It will be noted that the leading-in wires are held together by the glass bar which shows



NICKERSON PLUGGED LAMP, FULLY DEVELOPED

just below the brass cap, and also takes the place of the brass "radiators" shown in the lamp diagram.

We all expected to go back to the standard all-glass bulb on the expiration of the Edison patent, and up to the last minute everything looked quite rosy. Disaster, however, was lying in wait for us in a form we had not dreamed, for the very day the Edison patent expired the Edison Company reduced the price of lamps from about thirty cents to fourteen cents, which was less than what it cost us to make them. Furthermore, they would give them away to anyone who was using their current. This was an unexpected blow, and one which was fatal to our prosperity. I owned stock in the company

which was supposed to be worth sixty thousand dollars, but when I heard of what the Edison Company had done I well knew it was not worth one cent, and began immediately to cast about for a new job.

A friend of mine had been experimenting on a machine for automatic weighing, and I had become somewhat interested in the problem. I now began to construct one in accordance with my own ideas. When it was completed it performed so well that I began to think seriously of going into the business. A little later, when it became evident that the lamp business was doomed, I made arrangements with my weighing machine friend, Mr. Phillips, and was before long out of the lamp business and making a start in the automatic weighing machine business, of which I shall tell you later.

While I was in the incandescent lamp business I made a number of acquaintances which have proved both lasting and pleasant. Among them is Mr. Henry Sachs, now of Colorado Springs, Col., who was manager of the lamp company, and afterward instrumental in organizing the Gillette Company, of which he is still a large stockholder. Another is Mr. Frank M. Brown, of our Experimental Department. Mr. Brown was my right-hand man in the lamp company. He came to us at that time from the White Electric Lamp Company, and was well posted in many of the methods of lamp making. It was Mr. Brown who built the machine for putting the glass bars on the wires, shown in this article. He also built my first weighing machine. He was with me most of the time that I was in the automatic weighing machine business, and was



the third man to work for me when I took up the Gillette Razor scheme, Mr. W. H. Parry, of the Construction Department, being the first, and the late Harrie G. Richardson the second.

My readers can now see how little I got for all my desperately hard work in the vacuum pump and lamp

business. It is true it got me out of debt from my elevator misfortunes and for a while put me in the way of prosperity, but only at last to lead me to a disappointing collapse as trying as any I had before. Still, I was training for the Gillette job. How my weighing machine affairs went I shall tell you next month.

To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for November

Across the Atlantic on a Troop Transport

THOMAS W. PELHAM, *Sales Manager*

PART III.—IN THE WAR ZONE

IT was my good fortune to obtain from the French military authorities at Paris a pass permitting me to travel in certain cities in the military zone.

Leaving Paris at seven o'clock in the morning, I had in the same compartment as traveling companion First Lieutenant C— of the U. S. Army. The Lieutenant was a Harvard graduate and his company was among the first troops reaching France. He was attached to a Trench Mortar Battery, and his battery had been at various sectors at the front. He was with the English during the retreat towards Amiens and with the French in another sector when they were driving the Germans back.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

Lieutenant C— was full of praise of the courage of the American soldiers, and particularly of the men in his own company. He spoke of the splendid spirit of the troops under most trying circumstances. He told me of two of his men who were from the slums of one of our large cities.

While holding back the German drive in March, a German shell exploded and frightfully injured one of the men and very seriously injured the other. The Sergeant ran up to aid the man who was so frightfully injured, but was waived aside and the man said, "Go along; don't bother about me; I am done for. Look after my chum." Ten minutes later the man was dead. Lieutenant C— found in the pocket of his coat a letter he had just written to his mother, in which he said, "Do not worry about me. It is just a picnic over here. We are having a good time and are in no danger."

Many other stories were told by Lieutenant C—, who had been on the firing line for more than eight months. The Lieutenant, by the way, wore a cotton khaki suit. He carried his gas mask, revolver and a small pack, and said it was the last he had left of his \$600.00 officer's outfit.

I passed through Chaumont and on to Langres and saw many American troops. I left the train at Langres with Lieutenant C—, and a U. S. truck carried me from the railroad station to the business part of the city. American soldiers were



everywhere, all eager to get word from "Good old U. S. A."

THE LARGEST GILLETTE CUSTOMER IN FRANCE

While in Langres I met one of our largest customers in France. He is a man of about seventy years of age. His three sons had been in the war since August, 1914. Two were still at the front, and had been wounded several times. One was a prisoner in Germany. This old French gentleman said to me, "Mr. Pelham, you do not know how kindly we feel towards America and how much the American soldiers are doing for us. I can't say enough in their praise. They are wonderful soldiers, but, above all, they are so good to our children, to our sisters, daughters, and mothers." And so it was everywhere. All praise for the American soldier, not only as a fighting man, but as a moral man. Some of the soldiers with whom I talked said that they intended to remain in France after the war was over.

ANOTHER AIR RAID AND "BIG BERTHA"

Returning to Paris about midnight, I was just in time for a German air raid, which lasted about an hour, but did no considerable damage.

HE SAW THE POINT

A young man, employed in one of our largest woolen mills, became greatly discouraged because he did not appear to "get ahead." He was ambitious but lacked initiative.

He would say, "Oh, what's the use? I am no account and never will be in this place. No one pays any attention to me, and I'd never be missed if I left. Why, I occupy the most humble place here."

One day he approached his "superior officer" in the department with the thought of "throwing up the job." The kindly disposed department head had noticed the

I left Paris the last of May, and just as my train pulled out of the station bound for Havre, "Big Bertha," the long-range German gun, resumed its bombardment.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' CONVOY

I remained in England a week or ten days, then proceeded to a seaport, but unfortunately the steamer upon which I embarked was unable to sail with its convoy, and was tied up in the harbor for five days. During these five days I saw a large number of transports come in with American troops, and among other big ships was the *Mauretania*.

On the return trip there were about fifty civilian passengers, a number of American, English and French officers and some soldiers. Two torpedo boat destroyers convoyed our ship for twenty-four hours and after that we proceeded alone to New York. There was some little excitement on the return trip owing to rumors of the destruction by U-boats that were then infesting the Atlantic coast, but aside from these rumors the trip was without incident.

The Statue of Liberty looked pretty good on the 23rd of June, when I entered New York harbor.

young man, as he did all who came under his supervision.

After talking the matter over and learning where the trouble lay, the older man led the youth to one of the greatest and best machines in the mill.

"Which wheel in all this wonderful machine is the most important, think you?"

After careful consideration, the young man replied: "Why each one is important; one is just as necessary as the other, the largest wheel could not get along without the smallest."

The boy returned to his work with "much food for thought," and in time became foreman of a large department.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB
111 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Philadelphia, Penna.,
August 12th, 1918.

Mr. King C. Gillette, President,
Gillette Safety Razor Company,
41 W. First Street,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Gillette:-

You may imagine my surprise today upon receiving your letter and the exceedingly handsome razor set which you so kindly and evidently had specially made for me.

I feel as much honored in knowing you as you can feel honored in knowing me. I have always regarded you as a great and ingenious inventor and a man who justly deserves all the credit he has received from a clever invention, and one which has brought much comfort and economy to mankind.

It afforded me great pleasure to meet you a short time ago in Chicago to renew our old acquaintance and, as I stated to you that day, I am very much pleased to know you have been successful.

It is difficult to dictate what one ought to say on such an occasion as this, but please be assured that I accept the set with much pleasure and retain it as a kindness of a great inventor and a successful man.

Sincerely yours,

Chas Schwab



A Memo of Mr. and Mrs. King C. Gillette's Visit to Montreal, Three Rivers, Shawinigan and Quebec City

ON Saturday night, July 20th, Montreal was honored by a visitor "Known the World Over,"—Mr. King C. Gillette, President of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, who was accompanied by Mrs. Gillette.

They were met by Mr. A. A. Bitues, Managing Director; Mr. G. P. Shortrede, Traffic Department, and Mr. John A. Aird, Purchasing Agent.

The party proceeded to the Ritz Carlton Hotel where reservations had been made for our visitors.

Sunday, July 21st, being an ideal summer day, was spent in touring the city by automobile. Many places of interest were visited, including the world-famed Notre Dame Church, renowned for its old architecture, and considered the most magnificent ecclesiastical structure in America. The ancient Notre Dame de Bonsecours Church built in the seventeenth century was next visited; the Art Gallery, a magnificent building of Italian marble; the Montreal Harbor, which covers an area of eighteen miles on each side of the river from above Victoria Bridge to Bout de l'Île; the Royal Victoria Hospital; Mount Royal Park — Montreal's beautiful park — where, released from work the people may breathe the pure air of heaven without let or hindrance, and where visitors from all over the world enjoy a panorama more wonderful than any other city on the continent can offer. Many of the historical statues and monuments for which Montreal is famous were noted; the Vickers-Maxim Dry Docks

and Ship-Building plant—the Canadian Branch of the famous English company—was also inspected. This plant covers a large territory of land and is working night and day building ships and submarines that are helping to destroy Germany's underseas activities.

After touring the city, an automobile trip was taken to St. John's by way of Chambly. While in St. John's Mrs. P. D. Gordon was called upon and an invitation extended her to accompany Mrs. and Mr. Gillette on their proposed visit to Quebec City. The invitation was accepted and Mrs. Gordon returned with the party to Montreal.

Monday, the Canadian plant was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Gillette and Sir Herbert S. Holt (President of the Royal Bank of Canada, and a director of the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada). The visitors were escorted through all the departments and were greatly interested in the various machines and their operations. Sir Herbert S. Holt was greatly interested in the various blade operations. He afterwards remarked that it was one of the most interesting plants he had ever seen.

Mr. Gillette expressed himself as greatly pleased with the arrangement of the different departments, their economic relation to each other and the order and system that prevailed and, in particular, the apparent cleanliness of the plant as a whole.

Although the Canadian Plant is one of the best fireproof buildings in



the city, every care is taken to protect the lives of the employees in case of fire. To illustrate this a fire alarm was sounded. In one minute and forty-five seconds three hundred and twenty-eight employees walked out from the factory and office in orderly manner. Our visitors highly commented upon this performance.

Monday afternoon was spent by our esteemed President with Mr. Bittues discussing business matters. During the afternoon many members of the staff were given the opportunity of personally meeting Mr. Gillette, who welcomed each with a hearty handshake and a kind word. All were pleased with Mr. Gillette's informal manner, for he made everyone feel at ease while talking to him.

Monday night an informal dinner was held in the blue room of the Windsor Hotel in honor of Mr. Gillette. The tables were tastefully decorated with flowers and flags of the United States and Great Britain, and the tables were of novel design, being a facsimile of our trademark, the Gillette Diamond.

The following guests were present:
King C. Gillette
A. A. Bittues



NOTRE DAME DE BONSECOURS CHURCH,
MONTREAL



PHOTO TAKEN ON DUFFERIN TERRACE
Reading from left to right: MR. D. P. COTTER, MRS. P. D. GORDON, MR. A. A. BITTUES, MR. KING C. GILLETTE, MRS. KING C. GILLETTE, MR. G. D. SHORTREDE

John G. Watson, Shoe Manufacturer
Justice Marechal, Judge of the Supreme Court
Howard Murray, Vice-President Shawinigan Water & Power Company
Thomas H. Flett, Manager R. G. Dun & Company
J. W. Thomas, of Williams-Thomas, Limited
Dr. L. de L. Harwood, Dean Laval University and Notre Dame Hospital
S. M. Lowrie, *The Montreal Gazette*
P. D. Gordon, Mason & Gordon, Lumber Merchants
Chief Tremblay, Director of Public Safety
Deputy Chief Mann, Assistant Director of Public Safety
J. Hamilton Ferns, Chairman of the Board of Assessors
Lawrence Macfarlane, Lafleur, MacDougall, Macfarlane & Barclay
W. H. A. Eckhardt, Assistant Postmaster
C. M. Gardiner, Manager, The Crescent Machine Company
W. B. Somerset, President, A. McKim, Limited
H. W. Stephenson, Secretary, A. McKim, Limited
J. W. Service, A. McKim, Limited
Julian C. Smith, Vice-President and Chief Engineer, Shawinigan Water & Power Company
C. Graham Drinkwater, Vice-President, Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd.
George C. Davis, Frothingham & Workman, Limited
Malcolm D. Barclay, Government Land Surveyor
George W. Pacaud, Insurance Broker
Paul Mellinger, Manager, The National Acme Mfg. Co.



The Gillette Blade



Arthur B. Wood, Actuary, Sun Life Assurance Company
C. W. Wiggins, Manager, Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd.
W. G. M. Shepherd, Manager, Colgate & Company
Col. Starke, President, Starke-Seybold, Limited
H. B. Seybold, Manager, Starke-Seybold, Limited
J. W. Gill, *Montreal Daily Star*
W. S. Weldon, Collector of Customs
W. J. Sadler, Sadler & Haworth
H. J. Elliott, Elliott, David & Mailhiot
George Ham, Publicity Department, Canadian Pacific Railway
Arthur Lyman, Lymans, Limited
J. W. Dowling, Manager, Caverhill, Learmont & Company
J. D. G. Kippen, Manager, Merchants Bank of Canada
F. T. Walker, The Royal Bank of Canada
H. R. Carlton, General Advertising Agent, Grand Trunk Railway
C. W. Tinling, National Drug & Chemical Company, Limited
N. P. Petersen
P. T. Flanagan
G. P. Shortrede

Before introducing our guest of honor, Mr. Bittues proposed a combined toast to King George and President Woodrow Wilson, this probably being the first time that a toast coupling the names of the King of England and the President of the United States was ever suggested. The response was spontaneous, every member of the party immediately rising and singing, "They are Jolly Good Fellows." Following this toast Mr. Bittues introduced our president, Mr. King C. Gillette, outlining briefly Mr. Gillette's rise, from the time of his invention of the Gillette Safety Razor to his present position as president of the most popular and best known safety razor company in the world.

Mr. Gillette, on being called upon, was somewhat reluctant to make a speech, but expressed his delight at being present and meeting the gentlemen who had accepted our invitation, and also of the pleasure it

afforded him to be once more in Canada where he had spent many years of his industrial life. He then resumed his seat, but not for long, as upon Mr. Bittues reviewing Mr. Gillette's part in connection with the invention and perfection of the Gillette Safety Razor, the president asked to be allowed to state a few facts in his own way.

Mr. Gillette's story as to how he happened to think of the now world-famous razor and of the many obstacles he had to overcome before he could convince anyone of the possibilities of his invention was very interesting indeed and, being expressed in his own inimitable way could not help but be thoroughly understood by everyone, and was listened to most intently by all. At the end of his story he was given a unanimous hearty vote of thanks and resumed his seat to the vocal strains of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Strange to say there were many guests of the evening who, before Mr. Gillette was introduced, had thought him a myth; that there was in reality no such person.

Mr. Bittues next introduced in a tactful manner, Director Tremblay, our new Director of Public Safety, and gave those present a brief outline of the exceedingly difficult task that had been placed in the hands of Director Tremblay, and the assurance of everybody of his ability to accomplish the work allotted to him. Mr. Bittues coupled with this introduction the name of the Director's assistant, Mr. Arthur Mann, who had given Director Tremblay such able assistance as late assistant chief of the fire department.

Director Tremblay, in replying to Mr. Bittues, stated he realized the



difficulty of the task before him, and of the many difficulties that he would have to overcome before he would be able to get the affairs of the city in proper shape; but he felt quite confident that with the assistance of his many business friends who had been the means of putting him into office he would, in due course, be able to give the citizens of Montreal a much more efficient police force and a cleaner city in every way than they had had in the past.

Mr. Arthur Mann, on being called upon for a few words, endorsed the remarks of his chief, and concluded a short speech with the remark that he would stick to his chief through thick and thin; and while not possessing many qualities he had two that he was proud of, namely, "he could not be frightened," and, "he could not be bought."



ON DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC CITY

A few well chosen remarks from several of the other guests followed, but on account of it being a particularly warm evening the very successful informal dinner was brought to a close a little earlier than planned and was concluded with the singing of the National Anthem. On departing everyone remarked that it was one of the most enjoyable dinners they had ever attended.

On Tuesday, July 23rd—a glorious summer day—Mr. and Mrs. Gillette, accompanied by Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Bittues and Mr. Shortrede, left by automobile for Three Rivers, Shawinigan Falls and Quebec City.

The route along the King Edward Highway is one of the loveliest parts of the Province and lies through a rich farming region where is raised a large portion of the fruit, vegetables and farm products that go to the feeding of Montreal's large population.

Seven miles from Montreal the village of Boucherville was passed, whose church register contains the name of an Indian infant baptized by Marquette in 1668—probably the first baptism celebrated in Canada.

Vercherres, the next point of interest through which the party passed, was easily distinguished by its old French windmill. Sorel, a large growing manufacturing city, was seen on



AT THE FOOT OF CHAMPLAIN'S MONUMENT, QUEBEC CITY



CHAMPLAIN'S MONUMENT, QUEBEC CITY

the other side of the St. Lawrence River.

Three Rivers was reached at 1.30 P. M. This prosperous little city was founded in 1634, and played an important part in the early history of Canada.

As the drive had given all a bracing appetite, a halt was called, and the party adjourned to the Sanitarium Hotel for luncheon.

Following luncheon, Mr. W. B. Baptist, representing the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, met the party and invited them to inspect their wonderful plant, of

which Mr. Aldred, chairman of our board of directors, is president.

Mr. C. S. Saunders, the resident engineer, met the party at Shawinigan Falls and pointed out and ably explained the many interesting features of one of the most wonderful power plants in the world, which has cost upwards of twenty million dollars; is delivering more than one hundred and fifty thousand horse power and serving a population of more than a million people for all the purposes for which light and power are used.

A trip to the falls and an inspection of a pulp mill concluded the visit. The party returned to Cascades Inn for supper and afterwards motored back to Three Rivers.

Wednesday morning the party left Three Rivers, and, after a most interesting and enjoyable trip Quebec itself came into view—Quebec, the cradle of New France; the mother of all Canadian cities.

Here one sees the grim fortress, the gray stone ramparts, the yawning moats, the beautiful Dufferin Terrace, with its stately Chateau Frontenac; the architectural splendor of the houses of Parliament; the towering citadel that commands its utmost heights, the atmosphere of medievalism that clings to it in spite of centuries of progress.

The party proceeded to the Chateau Frontenac hotel (a magnificent building constructed on the site of old Fort St. Louis), where they were met by Mr. Cotter, who had made reservations for the party at the Chateau. The suite engaged for Mr. and Mrs. Gillette commanded a beautiful view of the St. Lawrence River, on which ocean-liners were proceeding



either up to Montreal, or down on their way to the Gulf.

In Quebec one lives in the past. Every turn in the road is a footprint to yesterday; every street a hallowed memory.

Mr. D. P. Cotter, to whom Quebec is home, made sure that the most interesting and historical places were visited, some of which were the Basilica, a beautiful example of old world architecture, consecrated by Mgr. Laval de Montmorency, first bishop of Quebec, whose See embraced all the then known Canada; the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, erected to celebrate the failure of the two British naval expeditions under Phipps and Walker respectively; the church of the Franciscans, consecrated to the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—its white-robed nuns ever before the altar; the Hotel Dieu, most ancient of Canada's hospitals, founded in 1639; Laval University, established in 1668 as the Quebec Seminary and granted a royal charter in 1852; the Citadel, erected in 1823 at a cost of \$50,000,000; the Little House on St. Louis Street, said to be the oldest building in Quebec, where Montcalm had his last headquarters, and where were drawn up the articles of capitulation; the Plains of Abraham (now known as Battlesfield Park), where, on that memorable day in 1759 General Wolfe gave battle to General Montcalm's forces. Here the battle waged fiercely, the British finally wresting the city from the French and gaining final possession of the country. A few yards away both Wolfe and Montcalm fell mortally wounded, cheering their men onward with their dying breath—the one victor, the other vanquished. The Duf-



WOLFE'S MONUMENT, QUEBEC CITY

ferin Terrace, where Champlain laid the foundation of the city and of New France, situated at the base of the Frontenac Hotel, is a board walk about half a mile long and fifty yards wide. It is the most popular promenade in Quebec and commands one of the most interesting views of the St. Lawrence River.

The business section of Quebec lies immediately beneath Dufferin Terrace; and it is rather amusing to have the feeling of walking on a board walk above the house tops of the business section of the city.

The Grand Battery, situated mid-



Photo by E. M. Finn, Official Photographer, St. Lawrence Bridge Co.

QUEBEC BRIDGE

way between the water front and the Citadel, with its frowning guns, predominates the St. Lawrence Channel between Quebec and Levis.

In contrast to all that was old and beautiful, imbedded in its years of history and story, stands out the visit to Quebec Bridge, for which permission was obtained through the military authorities by Mr. Cotter, enabling our visitors to walk on the bridge to its central span. This marvelous structure of steel will stand out for all time as one of the great engineering achievements of the world; for the designers had to accomplish the seemingly impossible, and build across a wide, swift, deep river, a single arch of steel of greater span than had ever before been built,

and to carry that arch up to such a height that the biggest ocean liner could pass beneath it at high tide. Two disasters overtook its building; but in September 1917, it was completed and the great necessary link between the north and south shores of the St. Lawrence became an accomplished fact. Victory was theirs. Seen from the river it is a majestic spectacle, while from a distance it looks like a spider's web tied to opposite shores. The length of the Quebec bridge is 3939 feet, and the cost, when all its approaches are finished, will approximate \$18,000,000. This bridge impressed Mr. Gillette, as it does every one else, with its wonderful strength and its efficiency in meeting the need of overcoming Na-



ture's separation of the Provinces north and south, east and west.

Thursday the party left Quebec on their return journey to Montreal and arrived at the Ritz Carlton Hotel after a most enjoyable and interesting trip.

The thing that most delighted our visitors about Quebec Province was its difference; not only the difference in its beautiful forests and lakes, streams and fertile valleys; the paralleling of the great ocean highway for the greater part of the trip from Montreal to Quebec which runs through the heart of the Province; but in the character and customs of the people themselves. It was like being transported into another part of the world. The architecture, from the noble churches to the humble farmhouse, is distinctive. The language is different. Here is where one can practice his French—as Mr. Gillette tried when speaking to a French habitant's wife and kiddie—for the larger portion of the population, and especially in the country districts, speaks French; though English will take one anywhere.

On Friday, July 26th, Mr. and Mrs. Gillette, with many expressions of appreciation at the pleasure their Canadian visit had afforded them,

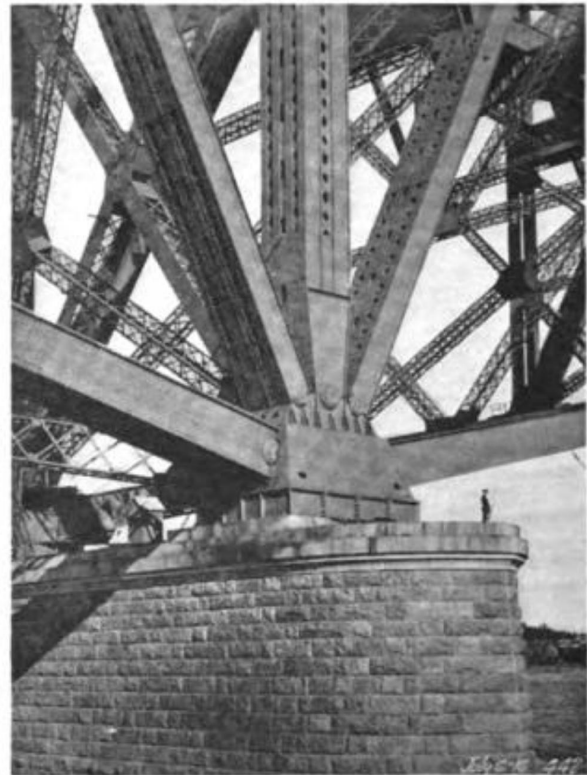


Photo by E. M. Finn, Official Photographer, St. Lawrence Bridge Co.

ONE OF THE MASSIVE SUPPORTS OF QUEBEC BRIDGE

and regret upon the part of Mr. Bit-tues and the members of the Gillette Razor Company that they could not longer remain, but expressing the hope that they would soon see them again—left for Chicago on their way to California.

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Gillette to Montreal will be remembered with much pleasure by all who met them.

Do Your Bit

FRANCES HAYES, *Hardening Department*

Do you even think of it
As you plod along each day,
That you'll have to do your bit,
Whatever comes your way?

In the workshop, at the bench
Or while running a machine,
If you're wishing for success
Your best effort must be seen.

Be saving in your wages,
In food and raiment, too,
And help the boys that are fighting
In a foreign land for you.

You may not wear a rifle,
Or even see the foe
But you can give the Kaiser
A fatal knockout blow.

Oh, do not be a slacker—
From your duty do not run—
A dollar for the soldiers
Is a bullet for the Hun.

So, when the war is over
And the tyrant's on his knees,
The world will be an Eden
And the people be at ease.



WHEN COME
FRITZ'S TUGS PUT ON YOUR
OUT RAIN COAT

Paradise Alley near Bohemia

Dear Mick



I received two letters from you on the last mail. One son-of-a-gun had taken a couple of weeks leave in Blighty, but the other must a got scared of the Subs or something for he came over to Joe in 15 days - pretty quick eh? They aint no use talking Mick, the Navy's there - but they got one awful job ketchin them tin fish. What gets me is the Huns say - "they want to fight" and then they go dodgin around the Ocean like a lot of scared ducks.

Peek - a - boo - I see you, stuff, just like the rats you remember when we used to burn them out how they beat it for the old Canal and ducked out of sight. The sailors dont get no show with them subs, but some day Fritz is going to get careless with his cold-footed fleet and then Zowie! - scrap iron! Well the old game still goes on, several times lately the Boche has tried to put the wind up us with heavy bombardments but we smashed up his attacks like a bunch of drunken Irishmen busting up a picnic. They aint nothin to it Mick he's a has-been when it comes to puttin a dint in the Western front.

Say I saw that Jane of yours - "Maryjelle" - the one that runs the Estaminet near Dead Horse Crossin - her that used to sell us those eggs laid before the war and wore the wooden dancin pumps. She says "Where's Mickey" and I says "He's back in Canada livin on the fat of the land. He never writes to me," she says "That's no mystery" says I, "he only writes to people that owes him money" and by the way that's me Mickey I never did send you the five for that Gillette Service set did I? Well old top, you know if I had the coin you'd get it for that shavin set is worth a heap of dough to me in convenience I don't get bawled out for bring half shaved any more and the whole case slips in my tunic pocket so I aint never without it. She's some dandy little case and just like a real old chum to me now. I'll get even with you for it & don't forget. If I get the R.S.P. you can cash in on the insurance. for five, Well old dear something smells like stew and I hear Smithy yellin "Duffer up." so I'm in with the mess tin. Oh Revoir and keep your money in the bank, as ever.



Joe



Getting Ahead

EDWARD V. HICKEY

THERE is a little book of about fifty or seventy-five pages written by Arnold Bennett, which has more common-sense ideas about our every-day work to the square inch of paper than most of our present-day literature has to the square mile. It is called "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," and is based on the theory that most of us are squandering lavishly, if not actually throwing away one of the few assets which we have when we start out to make ourselves successes in either industrial or private life.

In one of the chapters, entitled "The Cause of the Trouble," he makes a statement which, from the point of view of dollars and cents, is worthy of a great deal of careful consideration by you and by me, a point which should be applied by every one of us to his own particular case. He says: "The great and profound mistake which the typical person makes in regard to his day is a mistake of general attitude, a mistake which vitiates and weakens two-thirds of his energies and interests. In the majority of instances he does not precisely feel a passion for his work; at best he does not dislike it. He begins his business functions with reluctance as late as he can, and he ends them with joy as early as he can, and his engines while he is engaged in his business are seldom at their full horse-power. (I know that I shall be accused by angry readers of traducing the city worker; but I am pretty thoroughly acquainted with the city and I stick to what I say.) Yet in spite of all this he per-

sists in looking upon those hours from eight to six as *The Day*, to which the eight hours preceding them and the six hours following them are nothing but an epilogue and a prologue. Such an attitude, unconscious though it may be, of course kills his interest in the odd fourteen hours, with the result that, even if he does not waste them, he does not count them; he regards them simply as margin."

And right there in exposing our attitude towards our day and our vocation Bennett is putting his finger on one cause of a great many failures. It is high time that we realized,—those of us who are ambitious and who look forward to amounting to something in the future,—that only the increased development of our own powers and abilities, not the mere passage of months or years, can lift us out of our present plane into a higher one. And this increased development cannot come from automatic, lackadaisical, blind performance of the job we are holding. In each one of us the Creator has deposited a little gray substance directly beneath the top of the skull. Our entire future depends absolutely, solely, and irrefutably on the way we develop this all-important deposit. If we ignore it, if we let it grow stale through lack of constant attention, we are traveling straight as an arrow along the road to economic failure, typified by the unthinking human cog in the great industrial machine who usually procures release from the dreary monotony of his under-productive days only upon the visit of the embalmer. We all



know hundreds of good consistent, steady, hard-working men and girls who end up not far from where they began. Why? Because no one ever took enough interest in them to impress upon them—and they themselves never stopped to realize—that without brain-development they would not amount to a hill of beans either in the industrial world or in private life. We all know what the Gillette Company has done, and we all have highest hopes for what it is destined to do in the future. But this organization, like every other highly successful organization, from its very birth was scrutinized and analyzed from every angle, carefully developed, stimulated, and strengthened in its weak points,—built up by every method that strong executive ability, unceasing, painstaking study of ever-changing conditions, and marvelous inventive genius could devise. In what condition would the Company be today if it had been allowed to develop under a hit-or-miss policy, if its builders had stopped thinking of it at six o'clock and trusted to time to bring success? Where under the sun will we land if we stop our own semi-development at six o'clock and trust to time to bring success? The same answer is applicable to both questions.

“Well,” you are probably saying, “suppose you are right. I'd like to ask you just two questions. First, where am I going to get the time to develop my brain when every day I put in nine hours or more here in the factory; and second, what form would you have this brain-development take? Am I supposed to go to night school or enroll in the International Correspondence Schools course?” Well, let me take the first

question. Let us assume that everyone in the factory works on an average fifty-four hours a week. (I think this is a little high, but let us accept it anyway.) That means, in a fifty-week year 2700 working hours. In the actual calendar year there are 8760 hours, so that, if Gillette takes 2700 hours of your year there remain to you for your own use over 6000 hours in which to sleep, eat, play, and develop. If you are really in earnest about developing yourself, don't you think that you could get along nicely with 95 per cent of that outside time for sleeping, eating, and the other things, and invest the remaining 5 per cent in the development of yourself? I will guarantee it to be the best investment you ever made,—not even excepting Gillette stock. All right then, suppose you do admit that you can squeeze six hours a week out of your own time, would I have you put it in at some school? No, not at all,—though you might do worse.

There are three distinct lines of development which can be followed in any plan looking towards increasing your mental efficiency, your productive power, your earning capacity, and you are free to choose any one or two or, if you will, all three. The first embraces the development of your own personality, and calls for carefully-planned stimulation of the positive qualities you already possess as well as the acquisition of new ones, and for the elimination of your negative qualities. (Positive qualities are those which re-act to your benefit, i.e.: industry, observation, initiative; negatives re-act to your detriment, e.g.: carelessness, laziness, inaccuracy.) The second line includes such outside develop-



ment as will allow you to do your specific daily work better; a stenographer, for instance, may work up speed, an office clerk may make a study of filing systems, a man in the plating department may begin with an elementary book on chemistry, and so on. The third line concentrates on the development of your mentality in general. A very eminent philosopher once said, "A man who will devote even only half an hour a day to reading, in ten years will become an intellectual giant." It is probably unnecessary to say that by reading he did not mean the perusal of the sporting page of the daily newspaper, nor of the gutter-literature found in the lurid monthlies of the present period.

The Solvent of Success is Service, and service to be efficient must be intelligent. Other things being equal, the man with the better-developed brain is the better workman, receives

the higher wage, and wins the more rapid promotion. Do not be deterred by the thought that you can make only a small showing. This will hold true only at the start. Redouble your efforts and you will be amazed at your rapid development and its return. Small initial attempts very often are productive of great results; you know that if you should put away only one cent on the first day of this month, and on every succeeding day put away double the amount of the day previous (two cents on October 2nd, four on the 3rd, eight on the 4th, sixteen on the 5th, and so on), you would have nothing to be ashamed of on the last day of the month; the total would aggregate well over \$20,000,000.00.

Your success, and plenty of it is waiting for you, depends entirely upon your own development of yourself. No one else will develop you. Your future is in YOUR hands.

"THE MAN WHO LOST HIS TRAIN"

In the excitement of attending to Gillette business from year to year, a great many humorous incidents transpire which are somewhat overlooked.

We are wondering how many are familiar with the varied routes some of our people take in making the trip from Boston to Montreal and return.

This little experience will perhaps be interesting to some. After an intensive auditing campaign of the Canadian Company's accounts, our representative decided to return to Boston and looked forward to enjoying the return trip. He boarded the train in the evening and settled down for the journey. In the morning he awoke, inquired of the porter where they were. Porter replied, "Passing through Troy, bound for NEW YORK." The trip to Boston was made via the Shore Line.

Of course, the man's name is not divulged, but the Auditing Department, by careful checking could establish his identity.

Our employees will be glad to know that he enjoyed the Hudson River scenery on his circuitous trip. (*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*)

CONGRATULATIONS

Our Vice-President and Treasurer, Mr. Frank J. Fahey, and Mrs. Fahey are receiving felicitations upon the arrival of a son, October 4th.

The Gillette organization welcomes to its ranks this new exponent of the Gillette Razor, and extend their heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Fahey.

THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS

By ANDREW CARNEGIE

If a young man does not find romance in his business, it is not the fault of the business, but the fault of the young man.

Business is not all dollars. These are but the shell—the kernel lies within and is to be enjoyed later, as the higher faculties of the business man, so constantly called into play, develop and mature.

"The opportunity of a lifetime lasts only during the lifetime of the opportunity."

Faith has been defined by a little girl as "believing things that don't seem true."



For Liberty

DEDICATED TO JOHN T. HENDERSON

Killed in Action

MICHAEL A. O'DONNELL, *Handle Press Dept.*

Across the Atlantic, landed in France
To fight for Liberty's cause;
In the thick of the battle, awaiting his chance
To help end the greatest of wars.

Somewhere in France he is lying
Close to the shot and shell,
Over his grave, the Stars and Stripes flying
Yes, over a hero who fell.

He went from among us to answer the call
Of One who is high up above,
He's one of the many, may God bless them all
And is worthy of our truest love.

Here in our factory a service flag's flying
Adorned by a golden star;
It's simply a symbol of one who died trying
To help us at home and afar.

Save Fruit Stones for Gas Masks

Barrels have been placed throughout the factory for the collection of fruit stones and pits and everyone is urged to assist in filling the barrels.

A gas mask may mean the difference between life and death for a Gillette boy.

The Gas Defense Division of the United States Army announces that

the following stones are all useful for this purpose;

Peach stones
Apricot pits
Prune pits
Plum pits
Olive pits
Date seeds
Cherry pits



Painted Boards one hundred feet by twelve feet are dotting the landscape carrying the message of Gillette. Between Boston and New York on the New Haven Line there are twelve of these "Jumbo" signs. On the Pennsylvania, between New York and Chicago, are twelve more, and on the New York Central between the same points there are twelve. These boards have attracted considerable attention and have been spoken of as the kind a man will "turn around to look at."



Back Row, left to right: JOHN D. STEM, ANNE CRONIN, ANNE KANALY, MARGUERITE PURDY, JANE PENNEY, BLANCHE ROBERTS, ETHEL JENKINS, J. J. DONOVAN. Front Row: ANNE LYONS, HELEN McCASHIN, INEZ BOUDREAU, OLIVE EATON. Insert: ANNE SHARPE

Second Service Campaign

JOHN J. DONOVAN, *Sales Department*

THE second Gillette Service Campaign was started in Boston and Springfield, Mass., on September 3rd. This campaign will be in force for a period of sixteen consecutive weeks, or until December 21, 1918.

The results achieved and the enthusiasm created amongst Gillette users during the first campaign prompted the company to continue this excellent service. The purpose of the second campaign, like that of the first campaign, is to teach Gillette users how to attain greater efficiency in the use of their Gillette razor, and to adjust handles, which have been damaged by the users by dropping their razors.

Eleven trained experts, in charge of Mr. John D. Stem, represent the company on this campaign.

During the first campaign the experts were stationed in 286 of the leading hardware, drug, sporting goods, and department stores of the

69 cities where our campaign took place. The experts examined 8,475 razors and supplied 6,469 new parts. They also taught thousands the correct way of the Gillette shave.

In reply to our follow-up system to the Gillette user whose razor was adjusted, over 1,500 letters were returned expressing complete satisfaction from results received.

On the present campaign our experts are assigned to the cities below, on the dates specified:

Boston, Mass., Springfield, Mass. Two weeks, beginning Sept. 2nd to the 14th.

New York, N. Y., Newark, N. J., Trenton, N. J. Three weeks, beginning Sept. 16th to Oct. 5th.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Philadelphia, Pa. Two weeks, beginning Oct. 7th to the 19th.

Chicago, Ill., Milwaukee, Wis. Three weeks, beginning Oct. 21st to Nov. 9th.

St. Paul, Minn., Minneapolis, Minn., Toledo, O., Two weeks, beginning Nov. 11th to the 23rd.

Detroit, Mich., Cleveland, O. Two weeks, beginning Nov. 25th to Dec. 7th.

Buffalo, N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y. Two weeks, beginning Dec. 9th to the 21st.



Ballad of the Experts

MISS OLIVE EATON, *Service Expert*

(With apologies to Robert W. Service and The Cremation of Sam McGee.)

1. There are strange things said, by a man
—so I've read,
When he gashes his face as he shaves.
Then his trouble grows, if he shrieks his
woes
To the bath-room walls,—and raves;
The city lights have seen queer sights
But the queerest of all, I ween,
Is a girl teaching men, the why and the
when
And *how* to make blades cut clean.
2. On a heatless day,—back o' Boston Bay
Big chiefs sat at council grave
When the pipe had passed from first to
last,
There arose one stalwart brave—
"Brother F. A. R.—we have come from
far;
Let us hear what you're advising,
We'll go over the top—with never a
stop,
In a campaign of advertising."
3. Said the chief, "Let's go!" The com-
mand rang low;
Into action leaped every brave,
As they donned war-paint, not a heart
was faint,
For the men must be taught to shave.
"We will work out a plan to bring to
each man,
The Service that he has been needing;
For early each day, he is scraping away;
Many rules of the game all unheed-
ing."
4. Soon from Kalamazoo e'en to Timbuctoo,
On the billboards bright were seen,
A maid and a man,—and the wording
ran,—
"Buy him a Gillette!"—in green.
The newspapers, too, flamed a greeting
new
"Announcing Gillette Service Week!"
Thus the caption read—wise men smiled
and said:
"This Service I surely will seek!"
5. Twelve men were drawn—full of brain
and brawn,
To explain what Gillette Service meant;
But ere they could start, Allies cried,
"Have a heart!"
So across the pond they were sent,
For our Uncle Sam had said to each
man,
"I need you for parts to play—
Some—for Leads to do—others—'bits'
—'tis true"—
We cheered when they marched away.
6. Then the chief thought a bit—and said—
"Now! I have it!
Girls—this situation will save!
We will bring them in here,—all prob-
lems make clear,
And teach them the knack of the shave.
Service experts we'll call them,—no task
will appall them,
These blazers of pioneer trail;
They must be over twenty, and have
tact a-plenty;
Our Service Campaign must not fail."
7. Thus we started out, to put to the rout,
The demon—I can't get a shave;
Men stood in a row, all anxious to know
The way to make razors behave.
There were small Anne Sharpe—that
cute little Harp—
Anne Kanaly and Marguerite Purdy;
There was Helen, too—eyes of black—
and you
Knew they'd snap in an argument
wordy.
8. Blanche Roberts you knew, and Henne-
man too;
Anne Lyons and Caroline B;
Miss Collins was near, with words of
good cheer,
And Miss Jenkins who liked San Louee.
For luck to the measure, they tossed in
with pleasure
A Penny—who cannot be beaten—
Eleven good workers, and none of them
shirkers,
The twelfth was a girl they called
Eaton.
9. By the last of May, we were mushing
our way
Along on the Texas trail;
To describe the brand of that Lone Star
land,
Mere word of mine doth fail.
If your eyes you'd close, then a buzz
arose,
Like the hum of an aero raid;
No need for alarm—'twas only a swarm
Of mosquitoes upon parade.



The Gillette Blade



10. In that Long Horn state,—by the hand
of fate,
Dan Cupid had joined our ranks;
But his aim was bad,—which made him
sad,
He had nearly ceased his pranks.
Then a soldier true, said, "It's up to
you,
Dan, boy,—now shoot your dart!"
Dan did his best—you know the rest—
C. N. Boyer lost her heart.

11. And every day my chest of gray
It seemed heavy and heavier grew,
As on we went—for the baggage gent
To get even with McAdoo.
Unless memory fails,—just glanced at
the scales,
And then—I declare to you,
He guessed at the weight, and guessed
at the rate,
And likewise the war tax, too.

12. The sands are run for Campaign one,
We surely have done our best,
Thousands of men have dipped a pen
Gillette Service to attest.
Moons may wane ere we again
Return from Campaign two.
We are out to win, with the Blade so
thin,
Here's to Service! And here's to you!

13. There are strange things said by a man—
so I've read,
When he gashes his face as he shaves,
Then his trouble grows, if he shrieks his
woes
To the bathroom walls, and raves.
The city lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest of all, I ween,
Is a girl teaching men, the why and the
when,
And how to make blades cut clean.

WHAT DOES A MAN THINK ABOUT WHEN TAKING HIS MORNING SHAVE?

By Briggs



(Copyright, 1918, by the Tribune Association, New York Tribune)



Valuable Gillette Advertising

The following article was clipped from the September 22nd edition of the *Atlanta Constitution*. This is the kind of publicity every salesman should endeavor to obtain. Accompanying the article was a splendid photograph of Mr. Berry.

"SAFETY FIRST," SAYS THIS GILLETTE MAN

A. P. Berry to Make Atlanta Headquarters for Sales for Nine Southern States.

Although a resident of Atlanta for only a short time, A. P. Berry, Southern sales representative for the Gillette Safety Razor Company, has become one of the city's best boosters and has imbibed the Atlanta Spirit just like many of our oldest-timers. Mr. Berry's original home was in Massachusetts, though he has been traveling Southern territory for the razor company for the past year or more. Being a young man of splendid business attainments, a good salesman and a cordial good fellow, he has lately won a deserved promotion, and has been placed in charge of sales for the Gillette Company for nine Southern states.

Mr. Berry was allowed to select his own city to make headquarters for his work, and knowing of Atlanta's advantages, and desiring to locate in a real live city, naturally Atlanta was selected. It will be the permanent headquarters for the sales of the South, handled through the office of Mr. Berry here, and is the first time such headquarters have been established in the South.

This was made necessary, declares Mr. Berry, by war conditions and by the great demand for the Gillette razor and blades. The growth of this convenient article has been most remarkable for the past year or more. It is one of the most widely advertised razors in the world, and up to the war in this country was enjoying a large demand. But war conditions, with thousands of men going into camp and wanting a handy razor has made an unusually large demand. As evidence of this growth it need only be mentioned that the sale of razors for the first three months in 1917 was 190,216, while the first three months for 1918 showed 515,535 razors sold. Blades for the same three months in each year were, 1917, 1,995,595 dozen; 1918, 2,912,013 dozen. Speaking of a shortage in blades just at this time, Mr. Berry said:

"Our present blade shortage is only temporary, and I know that during this shortage we are receiving the most hearty co-operation from our users, as they realize how necessary it is for the boys who are so bravely defending us in this great struggle for democracy to be supplied with shaving conveniences."

No Need to Hoard Gillette Blades

Propaganda instigated by A. M. Williams, salesman in the Ohio territory, and being run as news matter in many papers throughout the country.

RAZOR BLADE SHORTAGE IS TEMPORARY

Representative of Manufacturer Says Consumers Can Help by Refraining from Hoarding Blades—Urges Buying Only as Needed.

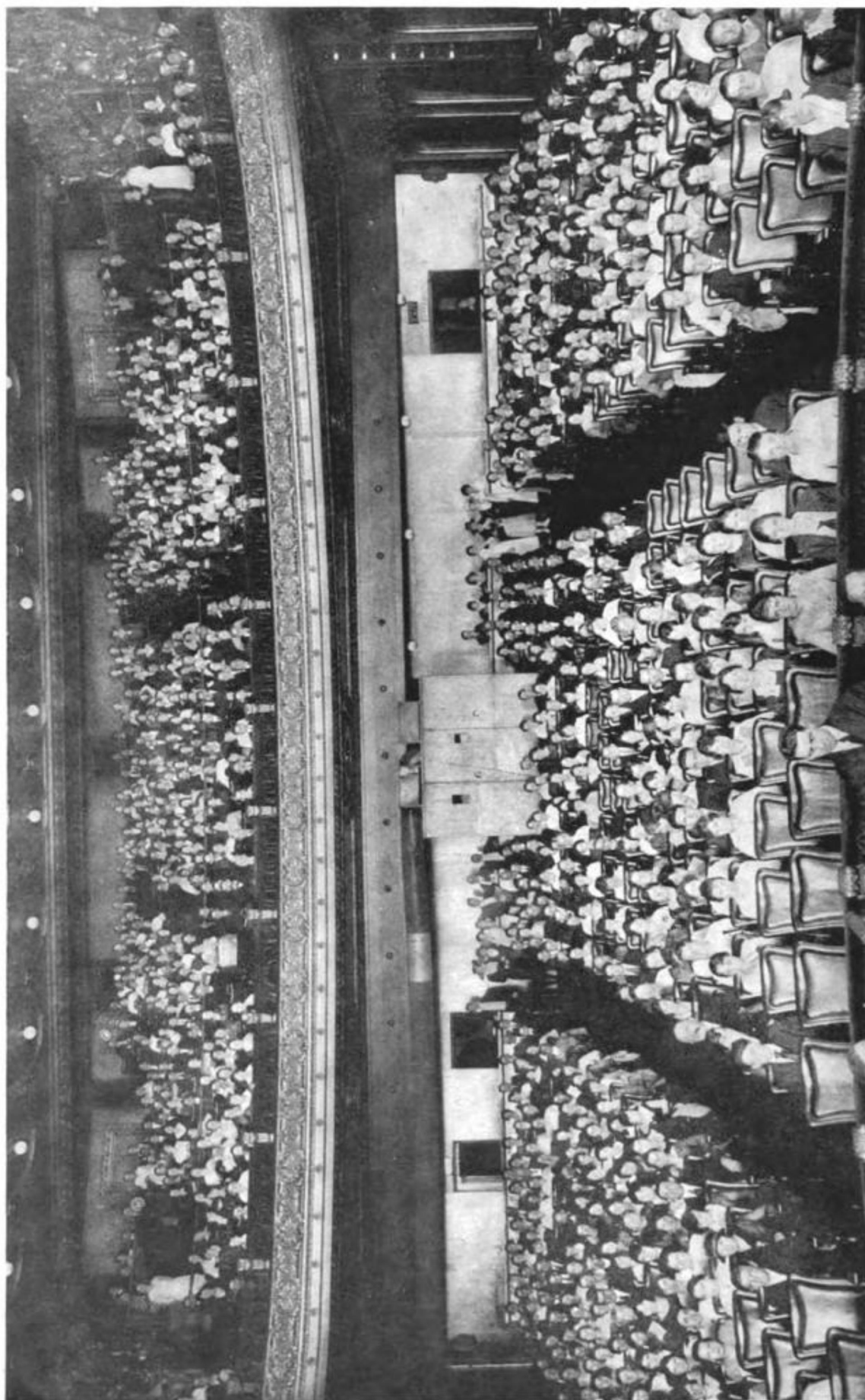
Shortage of safety razor blades, while it exists, is but temporary, according to a representative of one of the largest manufacturers of these articles who talked with a reporter of *The Times-Union*, this morning.

While the government is placing large orders with a number of the razor manufacturers it has not commandeered the output of any of them and the enlarging of the plants made necessary by the government

orders has really placed them in a better position to attend to the public trade. The government, however, is placing large orders which must be filled on certain dates and this fact slightly hampers the manufacturers in filling dealers' orders at the present time.

Both manufacturers and dealers urge consumers not to hoard blades, but to buy as they need them. It is said that the recent rumors of blade shortage has resulted in a run on the dealers, some customers buying two and three dozen blades at a time. This practice, it is represented, is unfair to other consumers and is wholly unnecessary as the manufacturers will be in a position to supply every one long before the hoarders have used up their supplies.

"*The Times-Union*," Rochester, N. Y.



GILLETTE CO-WORKERS THEATRE PARTY AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE, AUGUST 26, VIEWING THE STIRRING MOTION PICTURE
"AMERICA'S ANSWER"



More Hun Dishonesty

Following is an extract from an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* of September 28th, entitled "Merchandise as Propaganda," by Isaac F. Marcossou. It is obvious that Mr. Marcossou refers to Gillette blades.

"The cleverest piece of substitution, however, that came to my knowledge in Holland relates to the blades of one of the best-known American safety razors, which has enjoyed an immense sale on the Continent. Its name is almost as familiar in Holland as it is in Illinois. With the clamping down of the blockade the supply of genuine blades was cut off for some neutral countries, especially Holland. Thousands of Dutchmen had these razors, but they ran out of blades. Again the German found a way to meet their requirements, this time in a fashion that reveals imitation at its best—or I should say at its worst.

As I write I have before me the original blade, the German substitute and their respective wrappers. At first glance you cannot tell the blades apart. In size, identification marks, edge—in fact in every detail they seem to be identical. On close examination you find that the German imitation is made of inferior metal, that it is not cut so true as the American, and that the numbering and lettering are slightly different. Both have the words U. S. A. Patent. The German, however, has a different patent number. It also bears the letters D. R. P.—which stand for *Deutsche Reich Patent*, Royal German Patent—and a spurious patent number that looks like the real American number. Likewise it is stamped *Bt  France*—patented in France.

Even more ingenious is the wrapper, both on the blade and the little box, which holds the usual lot of a dozen blades. On the original wrapper and box is the picture of a man's head. The German imitation is an exact facsimile—picture and all—of the American and Canadian package, except that it gives the countenance a distinct German cast. He does not appear to like the advertising he is getting, because he scowls in the lithograph. The one concession that the German fakirs have made to decency is that they have omitted the words "Made in U. S. A." from the wrapper and box.

I took the precaution to show the blades and wrappers to the London agent of the razor company, and he at once pronounced them clever imitations. In fact no genuine blades have been shipped into Holland for more than two years.

The Germans did not put their imitations on the market with their usual *flair* of saving the trade day. Knowing the penalties they were incurring, they planted them at first. They advertised in a few newspapers that some of the blades were available. I found upon investigation that the articles were manufactured at Solingen, which is the German Sheffield, and distributed from Oldenzaal, a small town on the Dutch-German frontier. This explained the whole business. No further inquiry was necessary."

Gillette War Work

The Gillette Red Cross Unit No. 112, organized the latter part of June, consists of one hundred girls—fifty meeting on Tuesday evenings and fifty on Thursday evenings.

These girls have all taken the "Oath of Allegiance" and are very proud of the little Red Cross that now adorns the front of their white uniforms.

The Gillette War Committee reports that since the organization of said committee in November, 1917, 234 pairs of socks have been knitted by the Gillette employees, also 50

sweaters, 2 helmets and 73 face cloths. There is still on hand in the Treasury \$338.83.

They have completed and returned to The American Red Cross Headquarters, the following:

- 6,800—4" x 4" Compresses
- 316—11" x 12" Pads
- 256—Wicks
- 200—Wipes
- 60—12" x 24" Pads

We are very proud of the spirit of all our Gillette girls and the work which they are accomplishing for the boys in France.



Salesmen's Department

Mr. C. A. Carlson, our Scandinavian representative, has been made Vice-Consul of Sweden.

Mr. Carlson will, however, attend to looking after the Gillette interests in Scandinavia.

Messrs. Rebeck, Rock and Smith went over town Monday, September 23rd, had their lunches and returned to the office in thirty-three minutes.

This includes, of course, the time spent by Mr. Rock in the purchase of his twenty cents' worth of candy.

FROM A HOTEL BED-ROOM

Mr. W. L. HAYNES, *Sales Department*

Many minutes each day he would spend in a shop,

Simply waiting to be shorn of his hirsute crop;

The delays became irksome as the years sped their way,

Till at last in despair to himself he did say:

"No longer I'll linger, and fume and fret, I'll be up to the minute, and buy a Gillette."

This is the handle with guard attached,
For durability and neatness unmatched;
This the blade, double-edged and true,
Which gives many shaves, at slight cost to you;

While here is the cap, bright and trim,
With two small studs and centre pin;
Completing the handiest sort of a set
And "known the world over" as the Gillette.

A PERFECT DAY

Contributed by A. M. WILLIAMS,
Sales Department

The soldier's dream of a perfect day
Is a day when the guns grow hot
As the valiant doughboys blaze away
In the joy that the day has brought;
When the barrage lifts in blank dismay
The vanquished foeman runs,
With the steel, at the end of a perfect day,
In the hearts of a thousand Huns!

The sailor's dream of a perfect day
Is the day of the U-boat's doom,
When children, no longer the pirates' prey,
Are safe from a wat'ry tomb;
When the ships of the allies put to flight
The German navy's drones,
To rest, at the end of a perfect fight,
In the locker of Davy Jones!

The free man's dream of a perfect day
Is the day when the foeman yields,
When the Belgian orphans romp and play
In the peaceful Belgian fields;

When the Zeppelin raids forever stop,
As the Huns give up all hope,
And the Kaiser takes a six foot drop
At the end of a perfect rope!

—JAMES W. M'GEE, in *N. Y. Herald*.

EXPERIENCES IN THE SOUTH

C. I. PROUTY, *Sales Department*

During the past seven years travelling in the South, I have had some very pleasant and very unpleasant experiences. I will not go into detail on the pleasant ones, but I will relate a few of the unpleasant.

About six months after I came to Texas, I was stopping in a small town one night. About 2 a. m. was awakened by a mob outside—also noticed a very strong odor. I immediately dressed, and upon getting outside the hotel found a beautiful bonfire with a live negro hanging above same. He was not needed in Texas.

A few months later one afternoon while in a small Oklahoma town, I was in the depot purchasing a ticket when someone outside yelled to me to Drop. Having been in Texas long enough then to know what that meant, I sure did Drop—just in time to hear the sing of a bullet over my head. It was just a little family row and a man had killed his wife. He was soon strung up, and as my train was leaving I left to avoid being detained as a witness.

Then came the Galveston Flood. Three days and nights without anything to eat or drink except rain water, and it was during said flood that I lost a SAMPLE CASE.

I have witnessed four lynching incidents, one burning incident and have been through one flood.

One night while sleeping on a Pullman, the porter woke me up and told me I would have to get up and get out of said car. Upon inquiring as to why, he stated that the man opposite me had just died of spinal meningitis. I got out.

Travelling the smaller towns of South Texas is great. It's one place where you ride combinations. That is, one chair car, ten freight cars, and sometimes you can go as fast as six miles in one hour. Fine for a sixty mile jump.

If I was in a reminiscent mood, I could fill the BLADE with my experiences, but am simply writing a few in hopes that other salesmen will follow with theirs. Know all would be interesting.

The one feature lacking in the BLADE up to now is the lack of articles from our Sales Force. KICK IN, FELLOWS.



With the Gillette Boys



GREAT WEATHER—GREAT SPORT
READS GILLETTE BLADE
SIX TIMES

HOW IT FEELS TO BE BOMBED
BY BOCHE AERO-
PLANES

*Somewhere in France,
August 11, 1918.*

*Somewhere in France,
Sunday, August 11, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I thought I would write you letting you know how I am getting along.

The weather is fine over here and we are having good times. We have boxing matches and baseball games every week. We go down to the river twice a week either for a swim or to wash our clothes. Talk about fun washing—I know one thing, I'll never make a wash woman but I will learn how to wash clothes before very long.

Cigarettes and tobacco are scarce in this town but a few of the boys went into the next town yesterday afternoon and bought us some. We get cigarettes 5c a package and tobacco 5c a plug—where at home we would pay 14c to 16c.

I'm still in the town of Lacella Bruere Cher, France, Post Office number A. P. O. 773. This is a fine town. The only trouble is that I don't understand French, wee wee. They are all good people over here but the only way I can talk to most of them is by signs.

I got the GILLETTE BLADE with me yet, the June number. I have read it over about six times. We get one newspaper here called The New York Herald containing two pages, so you see we don't get much news to read. This paper comes out every night about seven P. M.

If there is any way in which you can send me the July number of the GILLETTE BLADE I would be glad to get it.

How is Mr. Fairweather, also all the other boys? Tell them I was asking for them.

I think I will close for now and hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Yours very truly,

Private THOMAS F. LINEHAN,
Co. L, 301st Inf., A. E. F.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Received your most welcome letter and was more than glad to hear from you.

I hope you are in the best of health, and as for me, why I am fine. I am enjoying the traveling our hospital has been doing trying to catch up with our troops, who have been pushing the Huns back so fast, that we have not had time to breathe. We are away back yet, but are on the ground where the Germans ran so fast that they fell into the river and drowned by the thousands.

You said in your last letter that my letter to you was very interesting,—well I am going to try to make this more interesting. It was only a few days after I wrote to you that we were bombed. We call it a nice little bombardment by Fritz.

We had all our supplies packed, all our tents down and were already to move in a minute's notice. We expected to move that night, but somehow or other we did not. So with all our tents down, we pitched our shelter half (or pup tents as we call them), two men to a tent. We did not turn in to go to sleep until about eleven o'clock. Just as I was beginning to snooze we heard the Boche's machine—he was right over us before we knew what happened and began dropping bombs. The only thing we could do was to lay flat and we did that thing. He circled around our little camp four times and let us have them.

I laid on my back with my helmet (tin derby) over my face. One bomb dropped about fifty feet from our camp and did not explode—lucky for us. Well if it had exploded, why I would not be writing this letter to you, that's all. I laid in my tent until he came round the third time, then I said—nothing doing—so I ran as fast as I could to a cave that was *only* a half mile away and by that time most of the Com-



pany was there. You see I was not the only one who was afraid. One fellow asked me if I was cool under fire from a German Air Raid, I said, "Yes, I was so cool my teeth were chattering."

Where we are now we expect to be bombed every night, so I sleep in a barn, in the hay loft, and right across the courtyard is a dugout. Safety First for me after this.

I will say this much to you Mr. Thompson, no matter how brave a man might be, he will be terror stricken when he is under a Boche machine that's dropping bombs as big as a flour barrel and that's no lie.

I might be in the Medical Corps, but we are doing our bit and some times we are doing more than our bit. When you are working fifty or seventy-two hours steady carrying litters, taking care of the wounded or moving from one place to another inside of a week—why I say it's doing your bit.

You don't know how glad I am to know that there is a new building being added to the others. It makes me feel proud to tell my comrades that I worked for the Gillette Safety Razor Company—the best razor that was ever made—one that you will find, no matter what part of the world you go to. When I come back—and I hope to inside of another year, I hope to continue my service with the Company. I remain,

Your sincere friend,

Private WALTER KENNEY,

Evacuation Hospital No. 5, A. E. F.

P. S.—Received the BLADE and found it very interesting. It brings me back home again when I read it through. I hope I may receive it every month and I thank you for it.

I was sorry to read in the BLADE of the death of William Boyle's mother. He has my heartfelt sympathy.

AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO PLACE
WITHIN MY RECOLLECTION
WHICH TOPS GILLETTE

Boston, September 8, 1918.

DEAR FRIEND JOE:—

I trust you will excuse me for not writing you before as I have been very busy of late and could not correspond with very many of my friends. I have been on the move most of the time from Kingston, Rhode Island, to New Jersey and down to Georgia and am now back in dear old Boston with a transfer to Fort Warren in the harbor as an artilleryman. I have been in three branches of service and think that I am permanently placed at present.



EDWARD T. FITZGERALD

Well, Joe, I suppose you are as busy as a bee, as you generally were when I was at the plant. There has been many a thought pass through my mind about the factory and the crowd as they were dandy people to work with.

John Bernan has left me. We got split up during the transfer period and I have not heard from him as yet but am trusting and looking forward for a letter from him. He certainly was some boy and many a good time we had together. Every morning when we shaved he would look at our razors and say, "Fritz, how would you like to be back to Southie lifting brass this morning?"

I am sending you my picture as you have spoken to me before about it.

I have been in some dead towns and am glad to reach Boston until ready to ship across. Will try and run in to see you some day if it is possible.

With best regards to all the Gillette Organization, I remain as ever,

EDWARD T. FITZGERALD,

C. A. C., Fort Warren, Boston, Mass.

FIGHTING IN FRANCE FURNISHES
MORE EXCITEMENT THAN
THE MEXICAN BORDER

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MOTHER:—

I am writing today hoping to find you in the best of health and also everyone else. I am in good health and feeling fine. I am glad to hear that you go to the movies as



EVERY GILLETTE CO-WORKER
SHOULD READ THIS LETTER
FROM MAJOR McCARTHY

France, August 7, 1918.

MY DEAR MR. FAHEY:—

Just received your letters of July 7th and also find that I have a letter from you dated June 18th that was received by me just prior to the big (that is for us) push of July 18th and on account of which I was unable to answer sooner.

The last two weeks I have enjoyed white sheets and real food in a very pleasant hospital. I am now feeling somewhat like myself—minus some of the old-time pep.

After six days of the movement forward I decided to allow the litter bearers to trundle me back to the ambulance. I then travelled via ambulance and hospital train to my present residence.

That I have recovered quickly is assured by the fact that I expect a sick leave of absence in a few days to visit southern France. If this leave is received, I intend to go via Paris and see Barry and young Pelham.

I would like to write you about the sector we were in before the 18th and from which we started on the morning of that day. I expect the little towns and the larger one also will be quite famous in the future histories of France and the U. S. when the story of the German second attempt to reach Paris is written. The shindig itself was sure the "darb" as the men say and while stating that it was enjoyed by all, may hardly be truthful, all those still on their feet are pleased to say they were present.

Our men are wonderful (think I've stated this before). Just to give you an idea of the way they take things, just imagine a town right in the front line where the Germans were held up. The people have left hurriedly without taking much of their belongings. Our men are in the town and the boche is continually dropping in shells with the result that houses, roads, etc., are being badly torn up. The medical officers are busy and a burial detail is at work; two civilians to our surprise are making their way down what was once the main "stem." The man in black frock and tall hat (you know the French style), on his arm is a wonderful lady daintily holding up her skirt and carrying a sunshade—they must have lost their minds to come back here and especially act the way they do with all the shelling going on. When they come nearer we discover that they are a few of our



HERBERT F. RYAN (on right)

often as you do to see the war pictures; it gives you an idea of what we boys are up against and the life we are living and what to expect.

I suppose you know by this time that this is not a Mexican Border trip. There is a lot to do and it will take a lot of us to do it.

I am up where the big fighting is now though our Regiment has been pretty lucky up to date. Al Page was in the Hospital for a week or so but he is back with us just as good as ever. I was in the Hospital for a few days with the trench fever but I am feeling all right now.

I know you were surprised to receive that book with my picture and no letter, but I had a letter all written and forgot to put it in with the book. I did not know it until the book had gone and I found the letter in my pocket and I sent it along right after it and I hope you received it. That fellow in the picture with me is in the 104th Infantry and his name is Clark; he happened to be with me when I had it taken.

How does Pa like the day off in three? I suppose he has a lot of time to himself now. I wrote him a letter a short time ago and expect a letter soon.

In case anything happens to me I think the Government will let you know about the insurance as you know it is taken out of my pay each month.

Well, Ma, no more paper, so I will close, hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Your loving son,

HERBERT F. RYAN,
Co. B, 101st Infantry, A. E. F.



own men who have been looking over the town and even in the presence of death can still enjoy a little pleasure.

This town where the above incident happened must have had for inhabitants, people who were quite musical. Almost every house we looked over had some instrument. You can imagine the fun our men had. I even found one man with a bass violin as large as himself. He thought it wouldn't be such a hard job to get it back to the States.

Back of this town in a small wood, I had two companies. We dug small shelter proofs—just imagine these mud holes with ceiling, sides and floor covered with lace curtains, expensive linens, bed puffs, etc., silverware, copper pots and cut glass, were the order of the day. This loot of course came from the surrounding towns.

Your Gillette production is wonderful. Here at the hospital I have become the "Prof" on shaving and have talked with hundreds of officers regarding the razors. When a line officer arrives here at the hospital, he usually has no toilet articles for the reason that he is picked up on the field and hurried away. The first thing he needs is a razor.

I trust all my friends are enjoying the best of health and wish you would remember me to them. With best wishes,

Yours very truly,

Major WILLIAM J. McCARTHY,
101st Infantry, A. E. F.

THIS LETTER MAKES YOU FEEL
AS IF YOU WERE IN
FRANCE

We are having a little rest, but it is just a little rest. The aeroplanes come here every night and cause a little excitement. Yesterday, several officers and men were injured.

I had occasion to go to the front August 30th, and saw some of our boys in action. The gas shells, high explosive and machine guns were very much in evidence. Streams of wounded were being carried back and the roads were filled with wounded walking back to the aid station. Troops, horses, cannon, trucks, etc., were going towards the front. About a half mile from the actual front lines, we ran into gas shells. Of course we had to wear our gas masks.

All the towns in this sector have been pretty well shattered. Many of the homes remain partially intact, but in every case, everything of value has been looted by Germans, paintings, furniture, silverware, etc.

I went into house after house and in

every case, empty wine bottles were in every corner of the rooms; everything was most unsanitary, and showing evidence of German habitation.

All the men here have a very high respect for German Artillery, but our boys are certainly far superior as Infantry. Don't jump to conclusions as to the possible duration of War. We have no idea here. Estimates vary from three months to two years. All of us are anxious to get back to the dear old U. S. A.

Very little that is French appeals to me. I admire some of their ideals, and the wonderful fight they have put up, but they are so painfully slow about some things and inefficient.

This is Uncle Sam's War from this day on, and it is up to him to finish it. Everyone else has about given all they have except the "dregs."

There are no civilians here, but they will probably return soon.

Tell Dad to discontinue sending cigarettes. I can buy them here for less than they cost him. By the way, I have saved quite a tidy little sum. I am going to invest it in some bonds. No letter from you in two weeks.

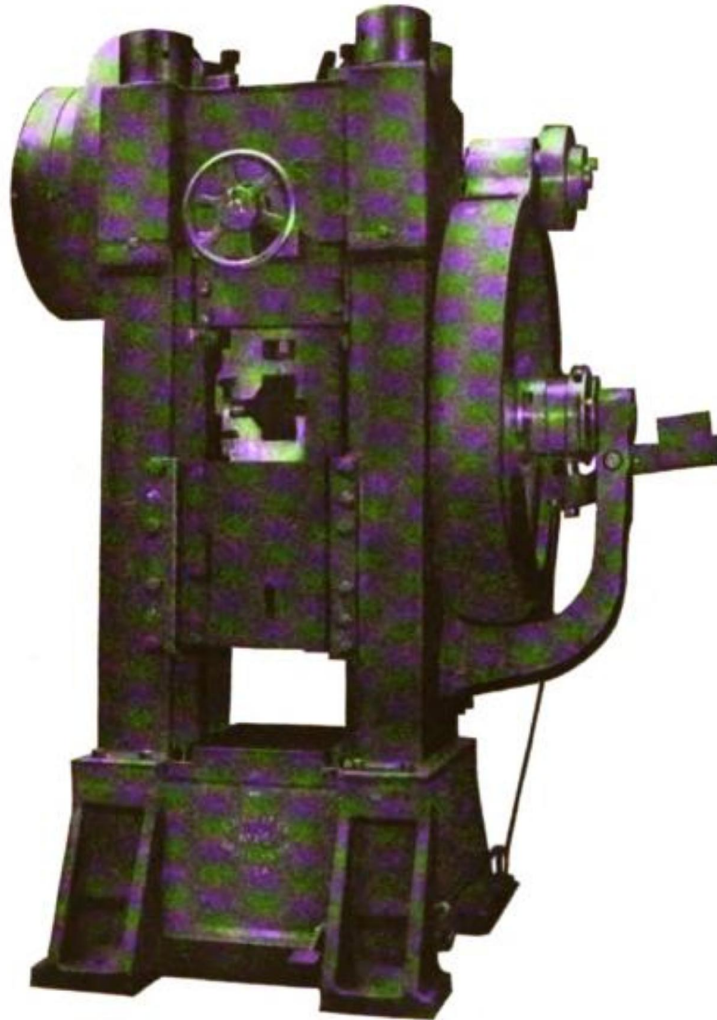
You probably know that our Division has stood the brunt of the fight here with one other division in France. We have had more fighting than any other division in France, even including those here a year or more. The men need a rest and only hope that the stress of the moment will not force them back again. You see my work is hard and all that, but the infantry men have it much harder. Some losses have been very very great. Losses in the train have only been a few to a Company, and no officers. I am still in command of three companies whenever they are detached.

Thousands of U. S. Troops pour into this sector every week, everyone of them expecting to lick the Boche in a couple of weeks. Those coming here are not disheartened, but the experience has tempered judgment. Many a time I have heard them say, "The Boches are good fighters but not as good as we are; it will take a long time to lick them though." I have been all through the sector captured recently, right up to the front. All roads were placarded with German signs, crosses along the road bore French, American and German names, marking graves. Some horses and soldiers had not yet been buried. Thousands and thousands of German shells of all sizes were seen everywhere. Apparently they did not expect the advance. In the church near — were found considerable loot, and all kinds of Brass & Copper utensils taken to be sent back to Germany, but in their hurry it had been left behind.

THOMAS W. PELHAM, JR.



New Embossing Presses



A NEW addition to the Handle Press Department has been made in Building B, First Floor, in the quarters formerly occupied by the blacksmith.

In this room has been installed two (2) Bliss embossing presses which will be used to emboss the design on our P. E. Cases. These cases consist of the well known U. S. Service Set, the floral, shell, basket, empire, and Canadian service.

To bring out these designs properly it requires a pressure of from 150 to 600 tons, according to the thickness of the metal and the amount of stock to be raised.

These presses are known as the Bliss knuckle joint embossing press and are a No. 24 and No. 25. The size of the presses are about twice the size of any press now being used by the company. An idea of the size can be seen by glancing over the following dimensions.

No. 24 press weighs about 18,500 lbs., stands 9 ft. 3 ins. high and has a pressure of 400 tons.

No. 25 press weighs about 33,000 lbs., and is 10 ft. 6 ins. high and has a pressure of 600 tons. Both these machines are the last word in modern machinery as can be seen by the illustration.



Factory Notes



Reporters for THE GILLETTE BLADE September, October and November

<i>Name</i>	<i>Department</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Department</i>
HELEN CROWLEY,	<i>Grinding Room</i>	GRACE E. LOGAN,	<i>Inspecting Dept. 4-A</i>
ALICE BURKE,	<i>Blade Printing and Polishing</i>	ALICE BRUSARD,	<i>Leather Goods Dept.</i>
ALVINA OSTER,	<i>Honing 3-A, 4-B</i>	BESSIE MAJOR,	<i>Paper Box Dept.</i>
MARY HENIGAN,	<i>Stropping 4-A</i>	CAROLINE JONES,	<i>Set Packing Room</i>
MARY HALL,	<i>Burnishing 4-D</i>	GLADYS STEVENS,	<i>Set Packing Room</i>
EDWARD CREIGHTON,	<i>Printing 5-A</i>	AGNES DONAHUE,	<i>Hardening Dept.</i>
KATHRYN J. TRAVERSE,	<i>Office</i>	JOSEPH SULLIVAN,	<i>Store Room A</i>
MARGARET MILLS,	<i>Blade Packing</i>	B. J. O'DONNELL,	<i>Plating Dept.</i>
T. P. KELLEY,	<i>Machine Dept.</i>	JOHN F. McAVOY,	<i>Elec. Dept.</i>
LEO F. CALDWELL,	<i>Shipping Dept.</i>	MICHAEL A. O'DONNELL,	<i>Handle Press</i>
EDWARD F. FERRY,	<i>Buffing Dept.</i>		

George Baxter is undergoing an operation.

If you happen to find your feelings all worked up, order a fresh supply.

Marriage intentions have been filed by (Our bird) Pigeon—Oh! you Nelson.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lemon on the birth of a son.

Arthur Lemon has been proclaimed Champion Clam Digger of Hough's Neck.

The many friends of Reim Crepo will be glad to hear he is convalescing after several months' illness.

There's a service flag flying from "Al's" chest since "Billie" Garland joined Uncle Sam.

I wonder why Miss Mae Mahoney of the Set Packing Room favors doing errands on the 2nd floor?

Friends of William McNaughton, night foreman of the Hardening Room, will be glad to hear he is on the way to recovery and will soon be able to resume his duties.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Morris Manofsky, night foreman of the Blade Pressers, who died September 19th.

Josephine Mullen is recuperating at her home after an attack of typhoid fever. She is an employee of the Hardening Department.

The sympathy of all the Department is extended to James Campbell in the loss of his young daughter, and to John Norton in the loss of his wife.

Miss Helen O'Leary has the sympathy of her friends in the Blade Packing Department at the death of her brother, Charles O'Leary, who passed away September 24th.

Talking about millinery, we hear and read of the great work done in hat trimming, but we cannot overlook the fact that in the Handle Press Department 2-D, there is a sextet of cap trimmers that can't be beat, and 30,000 trimmed caps is a mere trifle any old day.

Miss Bertha Baker of the Blade Packing Department was bridesmaid at the wedding of her sister, Marion Baker, to Benjamin Thibeault, August 26th.



The sympathy of the girls of the Blade Packing Department was extended to Miss Ellen Murphy at the death of her father, Jeremiah Murphy, September 16th.

The recent twelve per cent raise received by all employees came in very handy to Dick Mahoney of the Hardening Department, who purchased a wonderful diamond ring. Its glitter would blind the Kaiser.

Miss Alice Morse of the Leather Goods Department has the sympathy of all in the death of her sister, Lucy M. Morse, who also was a former employee of the Leather Goods Department.

On September 15th the stork paid a visit to the home of Mrs. Murphy, formerly Miss Margaret Cronin of the Paper Box Department, and left a little son. Mother and son are doing well.

Things are beginning to look serious, for every Saturday morning finds Fred Kelley of the Hardening Department spending the greater part of his overtime change in candy. Fred should worry about Hooverizing as long as he has a girl.

Marion Briggs of the Blade Packing Department is wearing a smile these days and also a diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand. Marion makes delicious pies—there is a method in "Jimmey" Brown's madness.

We all sympathize with Miss Josephine Birmingham of the Blade Packing Department in the loss of her brother, William Birmingham, who died September 16th.

Among the victims of Influenza was Edward Kehoe, brother of Margaret Kehoe of the Blade Packing Department, who passed away September 23rd. Miss Kehoe has the sympathy of all her friends.

Reading of our gallant boys going "Over the Top" at the Huns, has nothing on some of our folks rushing to the sinks at night. They would put a *Longboat* or a *Brickley* in the shade.

If some of the same whirlwinds were to shake their legs in the same way mornings, in getting in on time, we could get the whole department on the 100% bonus list.

Ever since the members of the Rose-Mere Club of the Blade Packing Department spent their vacation at their cottage at None-Such-Pond, Wellesley, the subject of conversation has been "Jim." How about it, Marie?

For speed and accuracy it would pay one to stop and look over the blanking and forming of the caps and guards which is done in the Handle Press Department 3-C.

These machines have operators who can produce 60,000 guards and caps every day.

It looks as if Cupid has issued a declaration of war on the Handle Press Department, and proceeded to make a quick victory.

During the week of August 18th, he captured three employees of this department. Those whom he captured were Miss Agnes Cavanaugh, an inspector of caps, who became Mrs. George Quarews. Miss Pheobe, who was inspector on guards was married to Mr. John Jaeger, and Miss Agnes McCollom was married to Mr. Richard Beatty who is in the service of Uncle Sam.

Agnes Kennedy, a patriotic little hustler of the Hardening Department, took up a collection among its employees to purchase stamps for the wounded soldiers now in the Boston City Hospital, and realized the tidy sum of \$13.30, which she turned over to the Boston American Stamp Fund. Miss Kennedy has a brother serving with the 7th Supply Company in South Carolina.

In January, 1917, the Handle Press Department occupied one-half of the floor space in building D, 2nd floor, and they were producing about 5000 handles daily with about 60 employees.

Today the same department occupies the entire floor of building D, and two-thirds of the floor space of building C, this floor being given over to machinery for the manufacture of the handles. One-half of the 6th floor building C was given over to benches for the inspection of Guards and caps and the part of building B, 2nd floor, formerly occupied by the blacksmith shop in which two embossing presses for the metal cases are now being installed. The machines which are the largest in the factory, have a combined weight of 55,000 lbs., and are capable of giving a pressure of 400 tons and 600 tons. Where formerly about 60 employees were kept, now there are nearly 300, and the machinery in this department has doubled.

Frank O'Brien, Stock Department "D" refused a nomination for a seat in the Massachusetts Legislature. Good Boy Frankie!

Another useful mechanic has been added to the Machine Department that of Martin F. Gaygin, formerly connected with the Automatic Screw Machine Department.

It looks as if Alice Foley of the Handle Press Department, 2 D, is about to resign her position to enter a new line of business. We don't know whether it is a model or a saleslady, but we think that she would make good in both. She recently showed her abilities as a demonstrator and saleslady, carrying a full line of aprons.



"Mickey" Monahan is having the time of his life looking after his eight girls. The girls we refer to are not his sweethearts—but the girls he has operating the milling machines. "Mickey" admits that he is too old to have a sweetheart now.

The sympathy of all is extended to Mr. Miller, operator of the elevator in Building D, upon the death of his wife, which occurred September 29th.

—LOST—

Somewhere between Coney Island, New York, and the Gillette Factory, South Boston, Miss Margaret Griffin, Assistant Forelady of the Handle Press Department on 2 D, 3C and 6C. She left the factory on August 28th and was due to return on September 12th, but she has not made her appearance as yet. When last seen she was carrying a knitting bag containing some useful wearing apparel for the boys at the front.

P. S.—Miss Griffin is now back on the job, but minus her knitting bag. We wonder if she traded the bag for the diamond bar pin she now wears.

The record for forming Guards or Caps in a nine hour day was smashed to pieces on September 5th, when Charlie Clancy, working on a No. 20 Bliss Press, formed 46,000 P. E. Guards. The former record was held by R. Muller who formed 43,000 caps in nine hours.

Another piece of record breaking work was done on the milling machines on September 16th, when "Mickey" Monahan and his girl operators milled 24,000 caps in nine hours, with one machine stalled all day. On the same day the six girls who operate the cap trimming presses, trimmed 32,000 caps. This only goes to show the spirit the employees of the Handle Press Department work with.

Another one of the boys in the Handle Press Department has left to join the colors, Rob. Mullen of the night shift. In appreciation of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow employees, he was presented with a purse of money, contributed entirely by the night employees.

The boys all wish him the best of luck and hope when he comes back he will bring the Kaiser.

Would suggest that all employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company taking out one or more 4th Liberty Loan bonds be extended the privilege of keeping all their Government Bonds in the "Strong Box" of the Company and the cost of a Safe Deposit Box thus saved will buy a W. S. S.

Somebody asked for a suggestion in the last issue that would help everybody and as everybody owns Bonds and undoubtedly will purchase more its a poor place to keep them in an "Old Coffee Canister" and then by mistake throw it out in the ash pile like one fellow I know.

Team work will "Win the War."

Exit—Patrick Joseph McSweeney—Teamster, Class A 1.

Enter—"Gasoline Joe" McSweeney—the dare-devil chauffeur—Class Z 13.

At present the new truck does not respond very promptly to "Whoa" and "Gid-dap" but "Gasoline Joe" is putting it thru some very intensive training and expects strict obedience in the near future.

A. Vanloan Sullivan of the Shipping Department has recovered from the grip and is now telling thrilling stories about his escape from the Spaniard that flew in the window.

Will someone on the fifth floor "C" explain why a certain young man looks out the Second street window of the shipping room each afternoon at five-fifteen and Saturdays at twelve-thirty.

Pat—"This is the foist time enny of these corporations hev done innynthing to binnefit the workingman."

Mike—"How is that, Pat?"

Pat—"It is this siven-cint fare. I hev bin walkin' to and from me work and savin tin cints, and now I kin save 14 cints."—Boston Transcript.

A year ago a manufacturer engaged a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the work he was doing. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want my pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"Ten shillings a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Fifteen shillings."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yessir, and I've been thinkin' so for three weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I ain't had time to speak to you about it!" The boy got the raise.—*Uplift Magazine*.

Contributed by Margaret Mills, *Blade Packing Department*.



"TO THE SLACKERS"

Do you shudder from the country's call
 To fight the Huns, one and all?
 And doesn't your heart like an American,
 ever boil
 To be in this, our battle royal?

Are you sick with fear at the thought of
 the fray?
 And do you try from your friend to hide
 it away?

It's the best in you that you must tame,
 And it's up to you to play the game.

Trample the beast that is in your heart,
 Take up a gun and do your part,
 For we are trying to make men free,
 In this our bloodiest battle of history.

Sent in by PEGGY LE GERE.

J. A. Cote of the Machine Shop was feeling flush the other morning. The cause of it all must have been those real honest-goodness "Canadian Ten's" he had that his wife didn't know about.

"A GREAT EYE FOR LINES"

A machinist who had worked with T. P. Kelley a few years ago came here in search of a job. Seeing Kelley he approached him with extended hand and greeted him most effusively, saying: "Gee, I didn't think you would remember me." "Well, I didn't at first, old man," answered Kelley, "but I recognized the shirt."

Knowledge is Power. But it requires knowledge to discover knowledge and give impetus to the power.

Machine Shop.

"THE LIFE STORY OF THE AVERAGE PERSON"

When he was born they handed him the wrong Christian name; and later gave him the wrong training and sent him to the wrong school. When he grew up he entered the wrong business, on the wrong street, in the wrong town, and married the wrong woman. He always managed to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. Most of the things he did got him in wrong. Now he wonders if, when he dies, he will go to the wrong place.

Machine Shop.

Mossy Leonard of the Machine Shop has come to the conclusion that he doesn't believe in marrying until they get the "Kaiser." Nevertheless, it will not be necessary for the girls to lose any beauty sleep over that, for Frank Thorne hasn't been caught yet.

WORK OR LABOR

MR. FRENCH, *Machine Shop*

If we want to get the best out of life
 Let's go to our work with joy,
 Forgetting that we are growing old,
 Try to feel as if we were still a boy.

The more we dread or put off a job,
 The longer it makes the day.
 Don't let work pile up; keep it moving along
 And the time will pass quickly away.

Don't put too much time on a job
 That has for a finish no call.
 Make it right—and know when to stop—
 Don't make it cost too high—that is all.

Every hour that is wasted on work
 Comes back to the laboring men;
 It helps put the price of things that we use
 So high they will not drop again.

The passing of booze as it looks today
 One of the greatest blessings of men,
 May it go so high that no one can buy—
 I believe we will be better off then.

No, it is not Mutt and Jeff—it is Enos and Morrill. Why doesn't the cartoonist get busy, for these two fellows are good-natured if they get a Commission.

Talk about your war brides when this big
 fight is o'er;
 Keep your eyes wide open and direct them
 on this floor.

Margaret Greene is broken-hearted since
 her John went to camp;
 I'll bet we cannot hold her when he arrives
 in France.

C. Cady's John wrote home and said he'd
 soon be in the trench;
 But that's more appropriate now than sitting
 on a bench.

Alvina said when her sweetheart gets Kaiser
 Bill alone
 He'll fill him full of dynamite and send his
 body home.

Margaret Winter's other half has been in
 the fight;
 He'll keep right on because he said: "Gee,
 this is the life."

Helen Gildea's sailor boy will soon be over
 there
 For he knows Uncle Sam will not collect
 the fare.

Ella Cronin's beau is always on the run,
 And he says he'll never stop until he gets
 a Hun.

While Mae Huban's John is sailing across
 the foam,
 J. Fein's Billy is on duty here at home.

Honing A



Sharp Edges

Think hard and you won't have to work so hard.

The knocker never wins and the winner never knocks.

Don't try to get to the front on the other fellow's push.

It is better to be partly right in practice than to be perfectly right in theory.

It is possible to have more money than brains and then not be very wealthy.

"Genius is two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration."—Edison.

Abraham Lincoln said: "I will study and get ready and maybe my chance will come."

"A man with whiskers has to do something darned unusual to be interesting."—George Ade.

"He who will, not he who wont, will go ahead and reach the front."—Lincoln.

When you find a house that insists on a good price for its goods, you are generally safe in assuming that it furnishes a good article.—The Spartan.

One authority wrote concerning an army: "Every one must remain within the boundaries of his duties, otherwise everything will be confusion."

Never be content with yourself or your work. No successful man is ever satisfied. He could not have been successful if he had been.

"Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition. To have the harvest we must sow the seed."—Bailey.

"My son, deal with men who advertise, you will never lose by it."—Benjamin Franklin.

"Men give me credit for some genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly; day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort

which I have made is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.

—Alexander Hamilton.

Formula for efficiency:—

Pick a good man. Give him a definite job and then leave him alone.

Economy is the watchword of victory. Are you saving your share of food and other vital necessities of life?

The grand secret of success is that successful men take one hundred times the trouble that men usually do.—Parton.

"A good resolution is half the battle"—but a resolution is not good until it is carried out.

There's economy in quality.

There are only two classes of employees: the efficient and the inefficient.

"That is a good book which is opened with expectation, and closed with profit."—Alcott.

A man was finding fault with his secretary for having done something in a routine way; i.e., without thinking.

"But that's the way it's always done," pleaded the secretary.

"I know that," he replied, "but it's a stupid way and you would have found a better way if you had thought for two seconds."

Some things are so easy that it requires a real man's backbone and determination to carry them through.

The sentence for inspiration is: "All and the best of me into this task, for so comes the magnetic will."

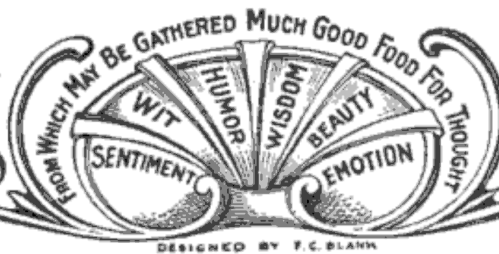
"Get your principles right," said Napoleon, "and the rest is a matter of detail."

Napoleon had his battles fought out in his mind before armies assembled on the field.

"He is a rich man who can avail himself of other men's faculties. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest number of men."

"Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.



CASUAL

He—"Did you notice that woman that just passed?"

She—"The one with the gray hat, the white teather, the red velvet roses, the mauve jacket, the black skirt, the mink furs and the lavender spats?"

He—"Yes."

She—"No, not particularly."

GOOD START

Doctor—"Madam, your husband must have absolute rest."

Mrs. Chatt—"Well, doctor, he won't listen to me."

Doctor—"A very good beginning, madam; a very good beginning."

OPTIMIST

Philosopher's Wife—"Why, professor! Did you fall down those steps?"

Philosopher—"Yes, Mirandy, but it's all right. I was going down, anyway."

NOT ENCOURAGING

"Do you think your father would object to my seeking your hand?"

"Don't know, I'm sure; if he's anything like me he would."

TRAMP JOKE

Facetious Old Lady (to tramp)—"You remind me of a piece of flannel."

Tramp—"I do, eh? And why so, missus?"

Facetious Old Lady—"You shrink from washing."

THIN

Customer—"Look here, waiter, is that the stuff you've got the cheek to call oxtail soup?"

"Waiter—That's it, sir."

Customer—"Well, you'd better take it out and let the ox dip his tail in two or three times more."

CAUTIOUS

Mr. Willis—"But why don't you take your bankbook in to have it balanced?"

Mrs. Willis—"I don't want that snoopy-looking cashier to know how much money I've got in there!"

HIS NEW BROTHER

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nuther,
But he's here;

They just went ahead and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him,
Wasn't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him,
And then Mamma, 'course, would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
"Why!" I says, "My sakes, is that him?
Just that mite?"
They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?"
And I thought they must be funnin'—
He's a sight!

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red.
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!
All he does is cry and holler
More and more;
Won't sit up and can't arrange him—
I don't see why Pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
Mor'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
Have a dog?

THOUGHTFUL

A man was walking along the street, and he saw a house on fire. He rushed across the way and rang the bell. After some time a lady, who proved to be slightly deaf, appeared at the door.

"Madam, your house is on fire."

"What did you say?"

The man began dancing up and down. He pointed above. "I said your house is afire! Flames bursting out! No time to lose!"

"What did you say?"

"House afire! Quick!"

The lady smiled. "Is that all?" she said sweetly.

"Well," replied the man hopelessly, "that's all I can think of just now."



If the spring puts forth no blossoms in summer there will be no beauty, and autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible and old age miserable.

Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, once received a call from a frier. l who inquired how the work on a certain statue was progressing. The artist showed him a number of seemingly small changes and improvements which he had made. "But these are trifles," said the friend. "Ah," said the sculptor, "Attention to trifles produces perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

There is no trick in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in their trial.

—*Shakespeare*

WORTH THINKING ABOUT

NOTE.—Most of my readers know who Daniel Webster was; know that he represented Massachusetts in the U. S. Senate for many years; was called the great expounder of the Constitution, and by his eminent services as lawyer, statesman and publicist, placed the state and the nation under an eternal debt of gratitude, and this in spite of the fact that the temptation of the Presidency caused him to swerve a little at one time from his convictions and thereby bring down upon his head the angry maledictions of some contemporary reformers. The following is from one of his speeches, delivered before the U. S. Senate in the year 1833. It has a special application to the present days, and I trust my readers will grasp its import.—W. E. N..

"There are persons who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation and pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations, and all means by which small capitalists become united in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke the fountain of industry and dry all streams. In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more evenly divided than anywhere else, they rend the air, shouting agrarian doctrines. In a country where wages of labor are high beyond parallel, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave."

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither if, through years of folly, you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine Providence to bring round everything at last for the best.

—*Ruskin.*

TRUTHS AND SEMI-TRUTHS

Every day is a dull day to a dull person. Friendship, like a farm, requires constant cultivation.

Some people are like lamps: they stand in their own light.

If you stretch the truth it is liable to fly back and hurt you.

Some of our so-called necessary evils are not so necessary as they are convenient.

It is all right to drink your friends' health, but don't drink away your own.

The office that seeks the man isn't nearly so persistent as the creditor on the same mission.

Nearly everyone is looking for encouragement, but the most successful men have found it necessary to encourage themselves.

HEALTH AND EXERCISE

The reproach of selfishness is sometimes ignorantly brought against persons who are very careful of their health. But, in reality, no man is so thoroughly selfish as he who, in the ardent pursuit of pleasure or profit, heedlessly neglects those habits and conditions of life, without proper attention to which, health cannot be preserved. The burden of such a man's support may, through his own fault, be thrown on society or on his friends; and he may, too late, regret his inattention to a few simple rules, by the observance of which he might have maintained his constitution unimpaired.

In proportion as we give to the matter the consideration it deserves, we shall become anxious rather to take care of health when we have it, than first to lose it, and then exert ourselves to recover it. Says an old writer: "You that have health, and know not how to prize it, I'll tell you what it is. Health is that which makes your meat and drink both savory and pleasant. Health is that which makes your bed easy and your sleep refreshing; which revives your strength with the rising sun, and makes you cheerful at the light of another day."

NOTE.—Horatio was Hamlet's most trusted and best loved friend. Success had never puffed him up nor misfortune embittered or discouraged him. Neither his love nor his loyalty had been purchasable, and he had fully justified the confidence reposed in him. Hamlet desired to impress upon Horatio the depth of his affection for him and the admiration he felt for his fine qualities. He addressed him in the words of the following selection. It was a splendid tribute and most beautifully expressed. He who possesses such a friend as Horatio, should "Grapple him to his heart with hoops of steel," and be thankful for the privilege.

W. E. N.

HAMLET.

ACT III.

SCENE II.

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

*Let Every Gillette Co-Worker Pledge Him-
self or Herself to*

WIN THE WAR!

A good day's work well done goes far to beat the Hun, while for every day we loaf the Kaiser thanks us.

It ain't the guns nor armaments,
nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation,
that makes them win the day;

It ain't the individual,
nor the Army as a whole,
But the ever-lasting teamwork
of every bloomin' soul.—*Kipling*

Our former fellow-workers are now fighting our battle for LIBERTY.

Let None of Them Ever Say That We Have Failed Him.

Let us all, in addition to subscribing to Liberty Loans, Red Cross, War Savings Stamps, and every other patriotic movement to assist the Government, *save food and fuel* and—

FIGHT WASTE WHEREVER SHOWN

Let us make a solemn pledge that we will back up our fellow-workers who have gone to the colors to the utmost of our ability by working hard and steadily, cheerfully and eagerly, to get out GILLETTE RAZORS AND BLADES needed by our Government—by our boys over there.